

# THE CRUCIFIX OF BADEN.

A Legend of the Middle Ages.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

## CHAPTER VIII.

One morning the Baron Otho of Arneck and the young Countess Gertrude, now his dear lady and noble wife, were partaking in their house in Baden of their morning collation of fruits, hydromel and spiced cakes. Flow charming seemed their repast, since they enjoyed it together. The cakes were exquisite, the hydromel of the sweetest; the cups were of gold, the cloth of fine brocade; Gertrude beautiful and loving. What was needed to complete Otho's happiness?

When the young baroness had clasped her hands to order away the breakfast service, the servant who entered approached the knight, bearing on a silver plate a piece of parchment folded in the form of a letter.

"What have we here?" asked the noble lady. "Another invitation? Indeed, Otho, they become wearisome. We are allowed no rest, although happiest together."

"It is indeed an invitation, but not one for thee, my cherished one," replied Otho, when he had cast his eyes over the missive.

"In good sooth! And who is it who dares so soon attempt to separate thee from thy wife?"

"An unfortunate man, and as such thou must forgive him," replied Otho, smiling.

"And what demands he?"

"Thou shalt hear sweet one."

And the knight, unfolding the sheet of parchment, read these words aloud to the baroness:

"An old friend—a once dear friend—prays the Baron of Arneck to grant him a moment's converse for the sake of their common affection and of his unhappy lot. The Baron Otho is happy; that is a reason why he should seek to pay his debt of gratitude to heaven by aiding the unfortunate. Let him, then, not refuse this prayer which a friend's voice addresses to him."

"For many reasons which the writer will explain by word of mouth, the meeting should be in the burial ground of Baden; for the old friend of the Baron of Arneck can no longer have the honor of receiving him in his house, hereafter forever closed and accursed. The Baron of Arneck is expected to-morrow at six of the clock."

"How strange a letter! How strange a meeting place!" cried Gertrude, turning pale. "Canst imagine Otho, who hath addressed it thee?"

"Some banished friend. Thou knowest, Gertrude that at the accession of the present margrave may nobles of Baden were exiled, and among them were some old friends of my father, and without doubt it is one of them who hath written this."

"But—but, Otho—why should he choose such a place of tryst? A place so solemn, so fearful! Where there are only the dead and their tombs?"

"Tis the time and place that should reassure thee, my cherished one. One harboring designs of evil would have appointed a forest, mayhap, or a hostel; but never a burial place, where no Christian man would do aught of wrong, and my sweet wife, not my father nor I had ever friend among infidels."

"Thou wilt go, then!" said Gertrude.

"Of a surety."

"Even so, for if it be a prescribed exile who seeks me, our virtues must not know of his presence."

"But fearst thou my danger, Otho? When thou wert alone, thou mightest laugh at prudence; but now, canst thou forget that I am here, that I love and tremble for thee?"

"Fear not, my love. Even if this request should hide a snare—which I credit not—remember that the guards of the cemetery would not give entrance to a party of armed men, and that against one I have my skill to defend me and this," said he, drawing from his belt a pointed and keen-edged dagger.

"But imagine not vain terrors, my Gertrude. He who hath written me hath mayhap for long years tasted naught of tenderness or joy, and our happiness should render us the more kind to the unfortunate."

The young wife felt proudly moved at these noble words of her husband and the happy pair began their preparations for the margrave's reception, and spoke no more of the strange meeting of the morrow.

Otho, however, did not forget it; and scarcely had he perceived the first rosy tints of day when he arose and donned his pourpoint and cloak. Gertrude yet slept, and, after kissing his wife's forehead and tenderly stroking her flaxen hair, he called gayly forth.

Half an hour later saw him in the burial ground; but, although he had arrived before the hour appointed, he saw that the unknown was already there.

A beautiful August morning spread its freshness and virginal splendor over the earth; turtle-doves cooed in the tall yew trees; and sparrows, pursuing each other among the lindens and lilac bushes, showered the dew drops which glittered upon the leaves in a rain of diamonds over the green turf; daisies lifted their little heads and rosy crowns above the grass-grown graves; and the grim tombstones, and even the black crosses, seemed to cast aside their sombre look and to dress themselves almost gayly in the growing sunlight.

"If Gertrude were here, she would cease to tremble," murmured Otho, advancing. "Who could fear in the midst of the melody of tiny songsters pour forth, or surrounded by

this light, this perfumed air, and walking in so verdant a sod?" There was, however, a dark stain amid all this splendor. In an angle at the foot of a lofty ash stood a man whose tall form and black attire were sharply outlined in the surrounding brightness.

"Wonder is my unknown," thought Otho, and with a few rapid strides he approached him.

The man stood motionless, his head bowed upon his breast, his eyes fixed upon an oblong space upon which the grass had not yet begun to grow.

"Thou art doubtless he who hath called me hither," said Otho. "I am the Baron of Arneck."

The stranger quickly raised his head and threw back the hood of his mantle, exhibiting to the young knight's gaze thin locks of snow-white hair, and a face on which sorrow had traced more furrows than age.

"Master Koerner!" cried Otho, joyfully stretching forth his hand. "But why so much mystery and solemnity? You needed but to call me to your side, dearest master, if grief or calamity threatened, and whatever might have conspired to keep me back, I had obeyed the summons; and, indeed, I have heard that you were afflicted, but I hope that the Demoiselle Mina hath fully recovered from her illness."

"She is healed, indeed," replied old Sebald again, lowering his eyes to the bare spot of earth.

"If I have not before presented myself at your house," continued Otho, who felt it necessary to offer some explanation, but who could not without blushing attempt it, "it was because I felt it well to silence by my absence the slanders of envious tongues and, believe me my master, that such a resolution cost me dear. For you, excellent master, I hold deep respect and warm friendship, and I honor and admire your daughter, who to me is a model of beauty, of wisdom, and of modesty. Her praises are ever upon my lips, and sweet memories of her in my heart."

"Tis well—very well," murmured the old sculptor; "but be careful, Sir Knight, you are treading upon her grave!"

And with trembling and flashing eyes, he pushed Otho, who unwittingly had trod upon the turfless space, back, back, far from the grave.

"Can this be true?" cried the knight, turning pale. "Mina dead! sleeping here! She so young, so beautiful, so tenderly loved! And you called me not, master, to accompany her to the tomb to weep with you!"

"You are very generous, Sir Knight; but what I would demand of you is not your tears."

"Need you, then, friends or aid? You know, Master Koerner, that since I have known you I have been but too glad to place my influence my relations at your service, and I would now gladly offer you the benefit of my fortune. Speak quickly, I pray you. Command of me what you need or desire."

"I will first relate to you a tale of truth, and then demand vengeance of you," replied the old man, in calm tones but with glittering eyes.

"Sir Knight, you presented yourself at my dwelling with the fervor of an artist and the submission of a pupil. You sought, you said, a nobler and holier goal than success at court or the triumphs of war; you wished with ardent heart and zealous hand to produce the sacred images of our Saviour, his virgin Mother, and the saints. And I believed you, Sir Knight; for to me art was more glorious, more fruitful, more divine than aught else on earth, because in art I found my mission, my recompense, my safety, and my life. But you deceived me; you, who pride yourself on your name of gentleman and, while feigning to study my art, you were killing my daughter. Repent; deny not my words," continued Sebald, fixing a lurid gaze upon Otho, whose words died on his lips. "She loved you, and for your sake died. But before condemning you, justice commands me to hear you. You yourself have just said Mina was wise, beautiful, and pure; that you lauded her virtues to the world; why, then, did you not wed her?"

"Because—because—" stammered Otho, blushing—"because, Master Sebald, your daughter was not noble. You well know my dear master, that the customs of the nobility are sacred. Many a one of

us is forced to silence the voice of his heart, lest, as they say, a stain should be cast on his escutcheon. Why was Mina a bourgeois's daughter and not a countess? But, you yourself understand, my old master, that I whose ancestors were counted among the companions of Charlemagne—that I could not take for my wife the daughter of a sculptor, without title, without crest, or quarterings."

Otho pronounced these words in a low voice, with drooping head and downcast eyes. He dared not meet the glance of the sculptor, who remained a moment silent, and then spoke:

"Otho of Arneck, you have crushed the father and slain the child. As you say, the sculptor has neither title nor quarterings, but he has an arm for vengeance!"

And springing furiously forward, more rapid than thought in his movement, the old man, his eyes gleaming, but his hand grasping firmly the glittering chisel, flung himself upon the baron, and before the latter could draw the dagger from his girdle, the steel disappeared in the folds of his velvet doublet and buried itself in his breast. The hand that aimed it was firm, the blow was sure; the chisel as of old failed not to perform its master's will; and Otho of Arneck fell upon the bare space of ground—full, never more to rise, upon the very spot where Mina lay cold and dead.

"Thou doest well—thou art avenged," gasped the full man, fixing his glazing eyes upon Sebald. "In thy place I had done likewise—but in honorable combat—for I am a knight and noble. But I truly loved Mina."

His head dropped back, his limbs relaxed, and he was silent. The clear red blood of youth and health flowed from the wound and stained the bare earth.

Sebald with his arms folded upon his breast, gazed upon his work.

"Let his blood flow on," he murmured at length; "let it moisten her coffin, as it should. And now I shall deliver myself to justice. My vengeance as a father and my mission as a sculptor are fulfilled."

He turned away and walked with rapid steps from the cemetery, leaving his weapon still fixed in the baron's body.

## CHAPTER IX.

A few weeks after the occurrences detailed in the last chapter, on a dull, gray day of the autumn of 1435, a crowd of the bourgeois of Baden assembled in the great hall of justice to listen to the judgment to be pronounced against Master Koerner, the sculptor. Who, they said, "would have imagined a few months since that an artist so skillful, so fervent a Christian, would be dragged to that sad infamy?" They would as soon have expected to hear the judges condemn themselves to death and to see themselves led by the grand provost to the gibbet. Master Sebald a criminal! Master Sebald an assassin! Alas for poor humanity, if that were all sixty years of virtue could bring forth.

Nevertheless, there he was, the artist criminal—the white-haired murderer—standing erect before the magistrates in their robes of crime and carnation, before the ivory image of Christ crucified, with its black velvet background, which hung above their heads. There he stood, while near him on a table lay the mute witness against him; the velvet pourpoint, stiff with blood; the fine linen tunic, now reddish brown in its hue; the murderous chisel, with its once gleaming blade dark and rusty and covered with a crust of clotted blood.

Several witnesses were called; the servant who received from Master Sebald the treacherous letter, which he delivered to Count Otho; the keeper of the burial-ground, who testified to having seen the accused enter the field of the dead on the morning of the twenty-second of August. But tears flowed fastest when the Countess Gertrude, the youthful widow of the baron, gave her deposition. While relating her mournful story, the noble lady swooned several times, and her beauty, her placid face, and long, closed lashes, and waving flaxen hair, unfastened and rolling in masses over her black robe, so moved the auditory that more than once the life of the assassin seemed in instant danger.

But the depositions of witnesses were almost useless. The most striking evidence of his crime was the chisel lying there, still covered with the victim's blood. And when the president, after declaring to Master Sebald the crime of which he stood accused, asked, pointing to the blood-stained weapon, "Dost thou recognize thy chisel?" the old sculptor replied:

"Yes, it is mine."

"And thou seest that with it was the life of the Baron of Arneck taken. Canst thou say by whose hand he came to his death?"

"Yes—by mine," replied Master Sebald unhesitatingly.

"So thou hast already declared in delivering thyself up to the hand of justice," said the president. "But that declaration, made in a moment of trouble and grief, was insufficient. It needed a public avowal to confirm it. But one question more; Thou hast doubtless motives for the commission of so barbarous an act?"

"Assuredly," replied the sculptor. No man kills wantonly one who was for three years his pupil and his friend."

"What cause, then, impelled thee?" The prisoner remained silent for a moment, bowed his head still lower, clasped his hands tight together, and bit his lips till the blood trickled from them; then he replied:

"No; my motives were too holy. I will not tell them."

"Reflect, accused," said the president. "It is because thy motives were grave that they should be revealed. Reflect, and say why such a crime sullies thy once pure hands."

"No," repeated Sebald; "I am

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

A pure hard Soap  
Last long—lathers freely.  
5 cents a cake.

ready to die, but the history of my crime lies with me."

Then a young man dressed in the habit of an Augustine novice, who had obtained the favor of remaining by the side of the accused, rose, and in a timid voice addressed the judges:

"Although, my lords I know not fully Master Sebald's motives, I may, perhaps, suspect them. There are moments in the lives of the wisest and of the most just when the heart may harden and the judgment err under the goad of some great grief. Remember, my lords, that Master Koerner has lost his only child, and you, who knew the daughter, can conceive the grief of the father."

"Johann! be silent!" cried old Sebald, rising, trembling and furious. "Let the dead sleep in their graves. Their agony is past, and mine needs no increase. I make no avowals—I desire no defence. The crime was mine, and I seek, but to die with my secret!"

The old man fell back exhausted by this burst of indignation, and the young friar, covering his face with his hands, sank upon his knees before his master upon the stone floor, while the president glanced around upon his colleagues, as if to read their judgment in their faces.

"Before such a resolution," said he, "further questions were useless."

Then he called upon the prisoner to stand erect and listen to his sentence, which the clerk proceeded to read.

"Master Sebald Koerner, sculptor and bourgeois of the good city of Baden, having been convicted of having on the morning of August twenty-second last past, treacherously wounded and killed the noble Otho Rayner, Baron of Arneck, and esquire to his highness the margrave, is condemned to die by the halter."

"Accused, hast ought to say," asked the president when the reading of the doom was ended.

"Nothing," replied Master Sebald, bowing with folded arms before the judges.

The president covered his head with his black furred robe, and continued:

"Master! the justice of man hath pronounced thy doom, and will soon be satisfied. With a common criminal, our office would here end, and but a few words of exhortation to repentance would accompany him to the executioner. But, criminal as thou art, we cannot forget that for sixty years thou wast our neighbor, and our friend, and that those hands now red with murder have carved many a pure and holy image to strengthen and lift our souls toward God."

"How canst thou, whose works have so long glorified our Lord, now refuse to repent? Hast thou not read a thousand times the command, 'Thou shalt not kill'? Hast never reflected upon our Saviour's agony—his wounded hands, his lance-pierced side, his crown of thorns, the blows his face received, his shame, his griefs, avenged only by the words, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Thou hast thought upon all this; thou hast even modelled with thy hands the bloody scenes of thy Redeemer's life; and yet thou couldst not learn to forgive—thou, who wast but a man!"

Here the president was for a moment silent, overcome by his emotion, and the old sculptor, as if shaken in his fierce resolve and his gloomy pride by the words of his judge, slowly lifted his head and cast a troubled look around. "In the bitterness of thy heart," continued the president, "in the madness of thy wrath, all this thou didst forget; and yet to recall it all to mind, thou neededst but to lift thine eyes. Gaze not on us, Master Sebald; bear thy glances higher, and see above us the pallid face, the wounded form, the holy eyes of him who loved more than thou, and who only avenged himself upon his torturers by saving them from death, albeit at the price of his own blameless life. Iarken to me, betrayed friend! that Man God had, too, a friend and was betrayed

by the kiss of that friend; listen, unhappy father! that Father was sold, scourged, crucified by his children. And, if this God, reviled, dishonored, avenged not himself, was it not to set man an example of forgiveness? Thou hast not yet expiated thy crime, Master Koerner, and the hand of the executioner will soon deliver thee to a higher Judge. Christ will await thee at the gibbet, just and inflexible. Gaze on him ere thy death, poor sinner, with faith and love, for thy Judge is also thy Saviour."

So speaking the president uncovered his head and pointed solemnly to the ivory crucifix. The eyes of Master Koerner followed the uplifted hand and rested on the agonized face of Christ. Then their fixed and stony glare grew soft; their dry and burning lustre grew moist; his lips quivered; he clasped his hands, and after some moments of fierce struggling with himself, the old artist murmured in a trembling voice:

"Christ! God of the wretched—God of fathers—alas! since Mina's death never have I turned mine eye to thee!"

His head fell once more upon his breast and his voice was choked in a sob, while Johann at his side lifted his hands toward heaven in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude.

There was a murmur and a motion in the crowd; then all was silence again as the voice of the president arose once more:

"A ray of grace from on high hath illumined thee; let us pray that it may conduct thee through the gates of death to eternal light. I have a few words more to address thee. The court, while punishing as it should the crime of the murderer, forgets not the merits of the artist. It therefore accords thee, to lessen the bitterness of thy last moments, the favor thou mayst most desire. Reflect Master Sebald, ere thou fixest thy choice. Any grace thou mayst demand shall be accorded, any save life."

A murmur of astonishment and joy ran through the crowd, which was hushed only to hear the old sculptor's reply. Master Sebald remained long silent, but at length rose and spoke:

"I would not ask life were I free to do so," he answered. "My life hath already been too long, and she whom I love awaits me beyond the grave. But you have spoken of expiation, my lord, and it seems to me that even here below my death would not afford a complete one. My life, ended at the gibbet, may satisfy the justice of man; but what shall I do to appease the anger of my God? I appear before him with no penitential act to plead for my pardon; no work of reparation wherein with sweat and tears I might have washed my blood-stained hands? Repentance came while I gazed upon you crucified; in carving another, pardon might perhaps descend upon me from heaven. If the court will for a few weeks prolong my life, as I now see Christ's image before me, as will I produce it in the stone!" cried he with enthusiasm. "I ask not to quit my prison—to live in the midst of men. No! let me be immured in a dungeon, let my door be sealed until I leave it to go to my death. Let but a ray of sunlight enter, that I may see to model the august countenance of my God, while I remain there with the thoughts of eternity and the remembrance of my crime for my only companions."

"Master Koerner," replied the judge, "thy request is that of a good Christian and a noble artist, and the court accords it with joy, in the hope that the work of thy last days may bring thee pardon and salvation. Thou wilt be led back to thy dungeon, and, before thy door closes upon thee, all thou mayst require for thy work will be brought thee."

The judges arose and retired. Johann, radiant with joy, and his grief almost consoled, accompanied his old master to the prison, and then sought the stone, the clay—all that the sculptor could need. Even the fatal chisel, cleansed of its stains, was brought to him bright and shining, like the soul of the criminal, stained by sin, would soon be cleansed by grief and labor.

Then the old sculptor passed his hand over his seamed brow and hollow cheeks and called for a mirror. The door was then built up with stone and mortar, and only an opening large enough for his food to be passed through was left, and Master Sebald stood alone in the cell which he was only to leave to pass to the gibbet.

(To be Continued.)

We claim that the D. and L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgic pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

There are 80,000 native Christians in China and 70,000 in Japan.

That hacking cough is a warning not to be highly treated. Pyny-Pectoral cures coughs and colds. Take it in time. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry-Davis' Pain-Killer.

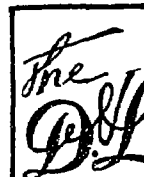
## A REMARKABLE CLOCK.

A noteworthy mechanism, invented by P. M. Ravenskilde, has attracted much attention in Cabery, Ill. It is a clock, which, started as a time-keeper in August, 1898, has run, its owner claims, without any attention and with an action as methodical as the sun. The clock proper is run with a wheel of sixty inches' circumference, and, from the outside surface of the latter are suspended 20 cups, each one half inch in diameter and a third of an inch deep; forty of these cups, which are successive, contain steel balls three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Every minute and a half, as this wheel turns by weight of these balls, one of them falls out of its cup and rolls down an inclined plane twenty inches long, when, by its own weight, it routes a broken circuit of electricity and is again elevated by a little car travelling along a steeper inclined plane to the top of the wheel, where it falls into a cup which stands vertical for a short time; after the car discharges its cargo, it returns to its original station from its own weight. From the time one of these balls is dropped into a cup until it is again dropped into another cup it travels three feet and thus the work done by all of the balls is equivalent to one ball travelling over a mile a day. The electricity used is generated in an ordinary storage battery, which does not require any attention for fully a year.

Plum puddings and mince pies often have bad effects upon the small boy who over indulges in them. Pain-Killer as a household medicine for all such ills is unequalled. Avoid substitutes; there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25 cents and 50 cents.

The population of the Soudan is numbered at 3,000,000, nearly wholly uneducated.

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all Druggists. 10 cents a bottle.



### EMULSION

CONSUMPTION AND ALL LUNG DISEASES. SPITTING OF BLOOD. ROUGH, RAW, AND SENSITIVE THROAT. LOSS OF APPETITE. DEBILITY. The benefits of this article are most manifest.

By the aid of The D. & L. Emulsion, I have gotten rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight.

T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal.  
50c. and \$1 per Bottle  
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited,  
MONTREAL.

## SPECIALTIES OF GRAY'S PHARMACY.

FOR THE HAIR: CASTOR OIL.....25 cents  
FOR THE TEETH: SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE. 25cents  
FOR THE SKIN: WHITE ROSE LAMOLIN CREAM. 25cents  
HENRY R. GRAY,  
Pharmaceutical Chemist  
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.  
N.B.—Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with care and promptly forwarded to all parts of the city.



### MENTHOL PLASTER

FOR SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CRICKS, STITCHES, LAMENESS, BACK PAIN, etc.

THE BEST ANTI-RHEUMATIC PLASTER MADE

EACH PLASTER IN ENAMELED TIN BOX PRICE 25c. ALSO 10c. and 5c. BOXES PRICE \$1.00

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. LTD.  
MANUFACTURERS MONTREAL

## A Blessing to the Fair Sex!



PERFECT BUSTS by the use of ORIENTAL Powder. The only Powder that assures perfect development of the bust within three months, and cures Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Price per box, with directions, \$1.00; six boxes for \$5.00.

General Agent for the Dominion:  
L. A. BERNARD.  
1582 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.  
United States: G. L. DE MARTINIS, Druggist, Manchester, N. H.

### A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

## Pyny-Pectoral

The Canadian Remedy for all THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS. Large Bottles, 25 cents.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited,  
Prop's. Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.  
New York Montreal

Mantels Hardwood Brick and Tile.

Tiles for Bathrooms, Fireplaces, Vestibules, Etc.

## ANDREW F. MURRAY & CO.

CONTRACTORS and IMPORTERS.  
40 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL, Que.

Rails and Wrought Iron. Gas Logs, Gas Pipes, Gas and Coal Grates.

Designs and Estimates Submitted.

# ANEMIA

is thin blood. It causes pale faces, white lips, weak nerves and lack of vitality. A blood-enriching, fat producing food-medicine is needed.

Scott's Emulsion goes to the root of the trouble, strengthens and enriches the blood, and builds up the entire system.

For Anemic girls, thin boys, and enfeebled mothers, it is the Standard remedy.

and \$1.00, all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.