

The Coming of The King.

Author of "All Men Are Liars," "The Flame of Fire," Etc. Exclusive Copyright for this province secured by The Telegraph.

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued).

Before an hour had passed I was in the town lockup with eight others, amongst whom was Master Barnbridge. As my name was I was placed with myself. King, because I was no Independent at heart, and second because my interference had done more harm than good. Moreover I was angry that I should be in prison, as though I were a drunken rascal, and in company with people whom my father had often called hypocritical plain-dealers. For we were all bundled together in an open space, neither had anything to sit upon, although straw was placed upon the floor, upon which most of my companions lay down.

CHAPTER XX.

Both the equire and the vicar eyed me closely as I entered, as though they seemed doubtful as to how they should treat me. I noticed that my sword which had been taken from me, was placed in a corner of the room, and as presently both of them nodded to me with a smile, I concluded that they intended to treat me with some courtesy.

more than the shell of the building remained. A minute later I made my way to the room where I had my interview with the old man, but the place was scarcely recognizable. Only one thing remained which reminded me of our meeting. That was a grinning skull, which had somehow survived the wreck of other things.

For a moment I was stunned. I could not comprehend what it all portended; but presently my mind became clearer. Following as well as I was able the course I remembered to have taken on the night of my interview, I found my way to the place where the trap door had been hidden. A great heap of rubbish crossed the place now, and this I set to work to move with my spade. Ere long I discovered the spot I sought, and remembering the story where old Solomon had pressed his foot, I did even as he had done. Only one thing remained which reminded me of our meeting. That was a grinning skull, which had somehow survived the wreck of other things.

Having seen to it that my flint and tinder and candle were in good condition, I put my foot on the step of the ladder, and descended into the depths as I had done when the old man was with me. I thought I heard a strange mocking laugh as I did this, but I put it down to my excited imagination, and although my eyes were dimly lit, I went straight on. On reaching the bottom of the shaft I lit my candle, and then followed the windings of the tunnel, even as I had followed them before. I was seeking to do, I determined to probe this thing to the bottom. I felt sure that this was all done by human means, although I could not understand it.

Without much ado, therefore, I went back to the inn, and not desiring to remain any longer in the town, mounted Black Ben and rode through the night towards Folkestone. Not that I was overmuch pleased at the way things had turned out. It is true I was not without my share of the supernatural, which was so rife in every home in our land. But this was not all. The desire to possess the thing which would allow me to travel, as I had done, was plainly in sight, it is another matter to face dread darkness, and the thousand things that haunt the darkness. In truth I doubt whether I should have gone for my father's daring. For this stood me in good stead now. Often had I laughed at the stories of witches and wizards; often had I scoffed at the tales of the supernatural, which were so rife in every home in our land. But this was not all. The desire to possess the thing which would allow me to travel, as I had done, was plainly in sight, it is another matter to face dread darkness, and the thousand things that haunt the darkness.

After a few moments I located the place which I had been told to go to, and presently, little by little, I followed the conversation to Pycroft Hall. Directly the same passed my lips, however, they became silent, as though a great fear possessed me. "Is aught ill with the place?" I asked. "There is no Pycroft Hall now," said one presently, and his voice almost sank into a whisper as he spoke. "No Pycroft Hall? Why I saw it not long since myself, and a goony old place I thought it was," I said. "I heard the man say it to atoms," said the man fearfully. "You are not laughing at me," I cried. "Nay, worshipful master, but we be not, 'tho' we have a notion of late that this hath been some pass."

If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put forth more strength. The lips of a fool will swallow up himself. The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness, and the end of his talk is mischief and madness. Vanity of vanity, saith the preacher, all is vanity. Words of Solomon the Wise. This was all. The marriage contract was gone, and nothing was left in its place save the paper on which the words were written. I had planned my discourse, and after a time I grew more calm. There must be a meaning in all this. If the old man had planned all this he must have had reasons for so doing. He could not have been stricken with fear? After all the things I had seen different from this. I had seen the grinning skull of Charles Stuart. Nothing could destroy that fact. If the old man had taken the parchment away, and destroyed the house, he had done so with a purpose, and I had a motive in so doing. What was that motive for or interest? Besides, the old man must have another hiding place. True I had been a fool, and I had not kept the thing in my hand; but it might not be too late to redeem the past. I would find out the meaning of what I had seen; I would probe the thing to the bottom.

All my superstitious fears were gone. I no longer heard whispering voices, or saw shadows, or felt the presence of evil forces. I no longer saw grinning faces or evil forms. The darkness had no dread for me, my anger had driven away all my terrors. Taking the box with me I hurried back to the main way which I had entered, and in a few minutes later I stood in the sunlight again. The evening had now begun to draw to its close, but the sun was still visible behind the tree tops, and it seemed to me that I had been immersed in light very pleasant. "I will not rest until the box hath the true parchment again," I said grimly, as I placed within it the paper on which old Father Solomon had written his mocking words. "There must be some trace of him somewhere, how can I find it?" I gave a long sharp whistle, and a few minutes later I heard Black Ben whinnying. This was followed by the trampling of hoofs, and directly after he came up to me, and rubbed his nose against my hand. "The devil hath done it," we are beaten this time; but you and I will yet succeed," and I patted him gently.

Again he whinnied as though he understood what I meant, and he said, "I will not rest until the box hath the true parchment again," I said grimly, as I placed within it the paper on which old Father Solomon had written his mocking words. "There must be some trace of him somewhere, how can I find it?" I gave a long sharp whistle, and a few minutes later I heard Black Ben whinnying. This was followed by the trampling of hoofs, and directly after he came up to me, and rubbed his nose against my hand. "The devil hath done it," we are beaten this time; but you and I will yet succeed," and I patted him gently. After seeing to it that Black Ben was well groomed and saddled, and having packed up my things, I set out on my way to the room where three or four men, whom I judged to be farmers, were drinking. They had been talking of the devil, but on seeing me they rose, touched their foreheads and then sat down again. I greatly desired them to speak freely, and I performed them with more refreshment than I tried to draw them into conversation. To my satisfaction I soon discovered that my honesty unlocked their tongues, and I found that they had been continually growing worse, and began to despair of ever getting well again. One day friend called to see me and strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so, and it was not long before they began to help me. I gained in strength, and my nerves became more quiet, and after using about a dozen boxes of the pills I was fully restored to my old time health and cheerfulness. I now think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an ideal medicine for nervous debility, and for all the ailments of the nervous system.

After this I spoke of the coming of the king, and the devil doing at Dover, and presently, little by little, I followed the conversation to Pycroft Hall. Directly the same passed my lips, however, they became silent, as though a great fear possessed me. "Is aught ill with the place?" I asked. "There is no Pycroft Hall now," said one presently, and his voice almost sank into a whisper as he spoke. "No Pycroft Hall? Why I saw it not long since myself, and a goony old place I thought it was," I said. "I heard the man say it to atoms," said the man fearfully. "You are not laughing at me," I cried. "Nay, worshipful master, but we be not, 'tho' we have a notion of late that this hath been some pass."

"We were speaking of it at the moment when you entered the room, young master, and knowing how you might rest such talk, we've held our tongues." "What talk?" "Why, about the Devil blowing up Pycroft Hall." "If you know aught I should be glad to hear of it. I love such such stories as you speak of." "You are not one that fears the devil, young master?" "I trust in an easy conscience and a good sharp sword," I made answer. "Nevertheless I love the gossip of the times, whether it concerns the devil or of those who have no dealings with him." "Well, master, this is what hath taken place. It is said that three days ago some of the king's men came hither to visit it, and when they reached it, although they drew near to it, they heard a great noise, as though the world were coming to an end. Of this there can be no manner of doubt, for I myself heard it, although I was a mile away." "When was this?" I asked. "Last Friday that ever," replied the man. "Friday the devil's day, and he played his game last Friday. For years it's been haunted as all the country knows. Your honor may have heard of it." "What will you set down here, because I have already mentioned much of the things you said in what I have previously written." "Well," I said, when he had finished the story, "the king's men went to see it, you say."

"People say it was the king's men, but we be not sure. But be that as it may, when they were on the way to the house, a place I would not go to myself, no not for ten pound in gold, they heard a noise like a clap of thunder, and they said felt the ground shaking under their feet." "Well, must them?" I said eagerly, for the man stopped. "When they came up to it they could see nothing for smoke," said the man; "a smoke that smelt of brimstone, and then they were so frightened that they came back. Next day the person went near to see it, and he said he believed that the spell of the devil was broken, although the house was well-nigh blown to pieces." "When did the person go?" "On Saturday, but 'twas Friday evening when the king's men went up." "You say you heard the noise yourself?" "Ay I did, and I saw more than any of them." "Did you see the devil?" "I tell me about it." "I'm afraid," said the man, "I've never seen him myself before, who is to say you've given me his name to fire my courage." "Tell me and you shall have some more. Nay, your jug is empty. I will order some more." The landlord brought a stoop of strong waters and placed it on the table, and having left us, we drew our chairs close to the farmer, so that we could the better hear what he had to say. (To be continued.)

Salisbury, Aug. 26.—Among the clever American people who are visiting in this locality this summer are the Messrs. Marion and Mrs. Marion, who are spending a few weeks in Salisbury visiting the scenes of their mother's girlhood days, their mother formerly being a Miss Perry of this place. The Messrs. Marion are the guests of the mother's aunt, Mrs. C. Crandall, and her cousin, Mrs. J. W. Carter. Miss Marion Littlefield is a talented contralto singer who has rapidly won her way to the highest honors in the musical world. She has recently graduated from the Conservatory of Music in Paris, and is now in New York city something over a year ago with the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Company under the direction of Maurice Grau and Henry W. Savage. After a few weeks' rest Miss Littlefield will start on a singing tour extending over several months, singing in the principal American cities and in Montreal and Toronto. She will sing in St. Louis in October. Her younger sister, Miss Vera Littlefield, who is an accomplished violinist, was recently graduated from Radcliffe College with high honors, doing four years work and winning a valuable scholarship in three years.

Mrs. Abraham Deschene, wife of a well known farmer at St. John de Grand Que, considers herself a very lucky woman. And she is, for she has just received a letter from her husband, who is now in the hospital, telling her that he is recovering from a very serious illness. Mrs. Deschene is a very kind and generous woman, and she has been very anxious to see her husband again. She has been very kind to her husband, and she has been very kind to her children. She has been very kind to her neighbors, and she has been very kind to her friends. She has been very kind to her country, and she has been very kind to her world.

Not Time to Set. Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has had his portion of consultation with committee from labor unions. His services and good offices have been requested in all disputes ranging from disorders at the stockyards to controversies over the laying of a brick by a member of the Live Stockers' Union. "This is an exceedingly hot day," remarked an alderman, as he entered the mayor's office. "I wonder if we'll have relief soon." "Not today," responded the weary ex-councilman. "There is a committee consulting 'Old Sol' on the advisability of working eight hours a day, and the old fellow hasn't had time to set."

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NEWS OF THE WORLD IN BRIEF

Boston, Aug. 27.—The cruiser Des Moines sailed today for Gibraltar. The Des Moines has been ordered to join the European squadron. Vienna, Aug. 27.—Anthony J. Drexel entertained King Edward at dinner at Marlborough tonight. Covers were laid for eighteen guests. Halifax, Aug. 29.—A. C. Bell, M. P. for Pictou, is retiring from his drug business at New Glasgow to become general organizer and platform campaigner for the Conservative party in the dominion. Ottawa, Aug. 28.—(Special)—There are now 320 entries for the D. R. A. meeting which begins tomorrow. The first prize will be in the extra series at 500 yards, beginning at 8 o'clock. New York, Aug. 27.—J. A. Ellis and A. G. Schmidt have succeeded in making a new automobile record between Chicago and New York—72 hours and 46 minutes, beating the former record three hours and fourteen minutes. Port Worth, Tex., Aug. 27.—Four persons were severely injured in a collision between a fast passenger train on the

JAPS BOUND TO TAKE PORT ARTHUR

Mikado's Envoy to the United States Tells Why It Must Fall. Boston, Aug. 27.—The fall of Port Arthur is inevitable, not only because the Japanese planned at the very outset of the campaign, to spend, if necessary, from 40,000 to 50,000 men on its capture, but because the whole population of Japan regard it as a point of national honor that it should be retaken from the Russians and returned to the nation into whose possession it rightfully came ten years ago. This is the assurance given by the Mikado's special envoy to the United States who is now on a visit in Boston. Seen in regard to the news from the east, Baron Katoke Kaneko said: "Port Arthur, on which the attention of the world is now centered, is really the pivot of the present war, and we are applying the full strength of our army and navy to effect its recapture from the Russians. Nor do our plans to this end include any reckless sacrifice of life, for until Port Arthur comes again into our hands it cannot but be regarded—not only by our generals, our soldiers and sailors, but also by the whole Japanese population—as the scene of a national disgrace. Ten years ago we lost many men and spent an enormous sum of money in capturing this fortification from the Chinese. To take a fortress which even then had the reputation of being 'the Gibraltar of the east,' was surely a glorious achievement in the military annals of Japan. But after the treaty of Shimonoseki Port Arthur was snatched away from us by Russia, and ever since then our soldiers and sailors have viewed the existence of Port Arthur in Russian hands as a blot on our military and naval honor. Japan would only its recapture can wipe out the stain from our national history. One day I think of the fact that at the mere mention of the name many Japanese widows and orphans weep at the thought of dead husbands and fathers, whose lives they gave unflinchingly, and whose supreme sacrifice of themselves was nullified by the Muscovite. "It was for these reasons that, at the very outbreak of the war, the whole nation concentrated its energies and resources on the recapture of Port Arthur, believing that failure to retake it would injure forever the national prestige of Japan. There is a parallel for our action in your own American history; for after Washington had been captured by the British, did not every American soldier and sailor, as well as the population at large, regard it as a point of national honor that the capital city, the pivot of the nation's life, should be retaken? "Let me speak of some one," continued Baron Kaneko, "that happened in May, 1903. In that month, Gen. Kuropatkin was sent by the czar to Japan on an official tour of inspection. At a banquet given in his honor, Kuropatkin was introduced to the 'brother-general' who, ten years ago wrested Port Arthur from the Chinese. The Russian said on that occasion: 'I am glad to meet the hero of Port Arthur, because I have heard so much of him. But since then we have made our landward fortifications three or four times stronger than the Chinese had them. You can't therefore,' he added, 'take Port Arthur now as easily as you did then.' "The Japanese 'brother-general' simply bowed, without uttering a word. And by this war broke out, it was this same 'brother-general' who demanded as a right that he should be permitted to lead the attack on the fortification, with the result that he was placed in command of the investing forces. "Many such instances as this," said Baron Kaneko, "have helped to arouse the determination of the nation to its latest pitch, and nothing can satisfy our sense—arises in the field, sailors and population alike—short of the recapture of the fortress. This morning the papers report the fall of the western fort, 'Elephant.' This is far higher than the other Russian fortifications; from it the Japanese have a view that commands not only the harbor, but also the city. The whole attention of the Japanese is now directed towards the capture of this point. You will already have passed into our hands, we are now tightening the cordon around the fortress on the land side. "Gradually our armies are approaching the centre, the nucleus of Port Arthur. From a reliable source I have word that Port Arthur hasn't a building in it unincorporated; that it is impossible to shelter the wounded; that the ammunition is getting scarce, and that, with the Russian fleet

scattered, the defenders are cut off from supplies of food as well as of ammunition. The blockade of Port Arthur by land and sea from the surrounding world is effective. The fortress cannot hold out for more than a few days. In closing, Baron Kaneko told an affecting story of Gen. Noji, who is known to general as the 'Lord Roberts of Japan.' The general has two sons, one of whom lost his life at the battle of Nanshan. When asked whether the funeral of his dead boy should take place, the general, whose surviving son had accompanied him to Port Arthur, countermanded the ceremony, saying: 'Unless Port Arthur is recaptured, I and my son will never return alive, and you may have the funeral for all three. But if Port Arthur is taken by our hands, and we survive, I and my son, will attend the funeral.'

A QUIVER OF VERSE AGAINST WAR. By Edith M. Thomas in Collier's. Weekly. "THE SHADOW OF SWORDS." He spoke but truth, that prophet wild and gaunt, Whose mortal body in Media lies; And his mad, fierce words the soul of the world's strife haunt— "Under the shadow of swords is Paradise!" "THE DIFFERENCE. A thousand men as one are slain—'tis naught; No human brother must by thee be slain. 'Tis well 'tis ill! It is as we are taught; This is no glorious War—'tis death, Murder slain!" "A LITTLE SOLDIER." It is the child's first letter, That he writes to his mother, And with it goes a packet Of sweets the child loves best. Of books himself has chosen, No warlike things to read; A pipe—and, yes! tobacco; All that he loves to eat. It is the child's first letter, In dragging symbols traced; Five thousand verses it travels The white Siberian wastes! It is the camp at Dalmy, Amid the Hungarian snows; There, to the youngest private, And half the pack's treasures, He reads it to his comrades— Scarce more than boys are shy; And half the pack's treasures, By lot he gives away. He folds and keeps the letter, His answer speeds afar; "O, love thee, little comrade, For comrades true we are; And though, one day, for Russia, And for her dear 'White Czar'!" It is a field of battle, On which the sun has set; It is the child's first letter, With trickling blood-red wet! "Pray on, little comrade, Pray on—thy little comrade, His death has gladly met!" WORLD'S-PATRIOTISM. They serve their Country, who at her behest, Against her foes their armed valor prove; But men would serve the World (and Country) best, If, everywhere, no man to War would move. For Best and Driest War will have, or none, That wine, undriven, remains the less alone. And for the wasted vintage Earth must lose. CASSANDRA. I am Cassandra, as in dreams of sleep Crying, "Beware, beware!" you note gives ear. None flees before the looming Shape of None turns the footfall from the boating stern. Ye heroes! whom unnumbered eyes shall weep, I have no dreams, ye will not, will not hear? Accursed be War, that costs our world so dear! Accursed be Mars, who makes your pulses leap! I am Cassandra, on my soul was laid Gram power of forecast. Ye are dead men The stern field morns with the departing shade. And moaning answers from the empty hall— "What is the wife, that of the plighted maid— Oh, let the veil before my vision fall!