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WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

On The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

and Rendered Into Modern English From Sir Edwin Caskedon's Memoir

Carry this to the king: That I will see him and the whole kingdom sunk in hell before I will marry Louis of France. That is my answer once and for all. Good even, Master Wolsey." And she swept out of the room with head up and dilating nostrils, the very picture of deflance

After Wolsey had gone Jane said to Mary: "Don't you think it would have been better had you sent a softer answer to your brother? I believe you could reach his heart even now if you were to make the effort. You have not tried in this matter as you did in the

"Perhaps you are right, Jane. I will Mary waited until she knew the king

was alone, and then went to him. On entering the room she said: Brother, I sent a hasty message to you by the bishop of Lincoln this morning, and have come to ask your forgive-

"Ah, little sister, I thought you would change your mind. Now you are a good girl."

"Oh, do not misunderstand me. I asked your forgiveness for the message. As to the marriage, I came to tell you that it would kill me and that I sould not bear it. Oh, brother, you are not a woman. You cannot know.' Henry flew into a passion and, with oaths and curses, ordered her to leave him unless she was ready to give her consent. She had but two courses to take, so she left with her heart full of hatred for the most brutal wretch who ever sat upon a throne, and that is making an extreme case. As she was going she turned upon him like a fury

"Never, never! Do you hear? Never!" Preparations went on for the marriage just as if Mary had given her solemn consent. The important work of providing the trousseau began at once. When the queen went to her with silks and taffetas and fine cloths to consult about the trousseau, although the theme was one which would interest almost any woman, she would have none of it, and when Catherine insisted upon her trying on a certain gown she called her a blackamoor, tore the garment to pieces and ordered her to leave

Henry sent Wolsey to tell her that the 18th day of August had been fixed upon as the day of the marriage, De Longueville to act as the French king's proxy, and Wolsey was glad to come off with his life.

Matters were getting into a pretty tangle at the palace. Mary would not speak to the king, and poor Catherine of her. Wolsey was glad to keep out of her way, and she flew at Buckingham with talons and beak upon first sight. As to the battle with Buckingham, it was short, but decisive, and this was the way it came about: There had been a passage between the duke and Brandon, in which the latter had tried to coax the former into a due, the only way of course to settle the weighty matters between them. Buckingham, however, had had a taste of Brandon's nimble sword play and, bearing in mind Judson's fate, did not care for any more. They had met by accident. and Brandon, full of smiles and as polite as a Frenchman, greeted him.

"Doubtless my lord, having crossed swords twice with me, will do me the great honor to grant that privilege the third time and will kindly tell me where my friend can wait upon a friend of his grace."

There is no need for us to meet over that little affair. You had the best of it, and if I am satisfied you should be. I was really in the wrong, but I did not know the princess had invited you to her ball." "Your lordship is pleased to evade,"

returned Brandon. "It is not the ballroom matter that I have to complain of. As you have rightly said, if you are satisfied I certainly should be, but it is that your lordship, in the name of the king, instructed the keeper of Newgate prison to confine me in an underground cell and prohibited communication with any of my friends. You so arranged it that my trial should be secret both as to the day thereof and the event, in order that it should not be known to those who might be interested in my release. You promised the Lady Mary that you would procure my liberty, and thereby prevented her going to the king for that purpose, and afterward told her that it had all been done, as promised, and that I had escaped to New Spain. It is because of this, my Lord Buckingham, that I now denounce you as a liar, a coward and a perjured knight, and demand of you such satisfaction as one man can give to another for mortal injury. If you refuse, I will kill you as I would a cut-

throat the next time I meet you." I care nothing for your rairs, ter low, but out of consideration for the feelings which your fancied injuries have put into your heart, I tell you that I did what I could to liberate you and received from the keeper a promise that you should be allowed to escape. After that a certain letter addressed to you was discovered and fell into the hands of the king, a matter in which I had no part. As to your confinement and noncommunication with your friends, that was at his majesty's command after he had seen the letter, as

I say this for my own sake, not that I care what you may say or think." This offer of confirmation by the king made it all sound like the truth, so much will even a little truth leaven a great lie, and part of Brandon's sails came down against the mast. The whole statement surprised him, and most of all the intercepted letter. What letter could it have been? It was puzkling, and yet he dared not ask

he will most certainly confirm to you.

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR] \$

As the duke was about to walk away Brandon stopped him: "One moment, your grace; I am willing to admit what you have said, for I am not now prepared to contradict it, but there is yet another matter we have to settle. You attacked me on horseback and tried to murder me in order to abduct two ladies that night over in Billingsgate. That you cannot deny. I watched you follow the ladies from Bridewell to Grouche's, and saw your face when your mask fell off during the melee as plainly as I see it now. If other proof is wanting, there is that sprained knee upon which your horse fell, causing you to limp even yet. I am sure now that my lord will meet me like a man, or would he prefer that I should go to the king and tell him and the world the whole shameful story? I have concealed it heretofore thinking it my personal right and privilege to settle with

Buckingham turned a shade paler as he replied, "I do not meet such as you on the field of honor, and have no fear of your slander injuring me."

He felt secure in the thought that the girls did not know who had attacked them, and could not corroborate Brandon in his accusations, or Mary, surely, never would have appealed to him for

I was with Brandon-at a little distance, that is-when this occurred, and after Buckingham had left we went to find the girls in the forest. We knew they would be looking for us, although they would pretend surprise when they saw us. We soon met them, and the very leaves of the trees gave a soft. contented rustle in response to Mary's low, mellow laugh of joy.

After perhaps half an hour we encountered Buckingham with his lawyer-knight, Johnson. They had evi-



"Kindly tell me where my friend can wait upon a friend of his grace." dently walked out to this quiet path to consult about the situation. As they approached, Mary spoke to the duke

with a vicious sparkle in her eyes. "My Lord Buckingham, this shall cost you your head. Remember my words when you are on the scoffold just when your neck fits into the kollow of the block."

He stopped, with an evident desire to explain, but Mary pointed down the path and said: "Go, or I will have Master Brandon spit you on his sword. Two to one would be easy odds compared with the four to one you put against him in Billingsgate. Gol" And the battle was over, the foe never having struck a blow. It hurt me that Mary should speak of the odds being two to one against Brandon when I was at hand. It is true I was not very large, but I could have taken care of a

lawver. Now it was that the lawyer-knight earned his bread by his wits, for it was he, I know, who instigated the next move, a master stroke in its way and one which proved a checkmate to us. It was this: The duke went at once to the king and in a tone of injured innocence told him of the charge made by Brandon, with Mary's evident approval, and demanded redress for the slander. Thus it seemed that the strength of our position was about to be turned against us. Brandon was at once summoned and promptly appeared before the king, only too anxious to confront the duke. As to the confinement of Brandon and his secret trial, the king did not care to hear. That was a matter of no consequence to him. The important question was. Did Buckingham

attack the princess? Brandon told the whole straight story exactly as it was, which Buckingham as promptly denied and offered to prove by his almoner that he was at his devotions on the night and at the hour of the attack. So here was a conflict of evidence which called for new witnesses, and Henry asked Brandon if the girls had seen and recognized the duke. To this question of course he was compelled to answer no, and the whole accusation, after all, rested upon Brandon's word, against which, on the other hand, was the evidence of the Duke of Buckingham and his conven-

fent almoner. All this disclosed to the full poor Mary's anxiety to help Brandon, and, the duke having adroitly let out the fact that he had just met the princess with Brandon at a certain secluded spot in the forest, Henry's suspicion of her partiality received new force, and he began to look upon the unfortunate Brandon as a partial cause at

least of Mary's aversion to the French Henry grew angry and ordered Brandon to leave the court, with the sullen remark that it was only his

sa sed mm from a day with papers on

Henry was by no means sure that his suspicions concerning Mary's heart were correct, and in all he had heard he had not one substantial fact upon which to base conviction. He had not seen her with Brandon since their avowal, or he would have had a fact in every look, the truth in every motion, a demonstration in every glance. She seemed powerless even to attempt concealment. In Brandon's handsome manliness and evident superiority the king thought he saw a very clear possibility for Mary to love, and where there is such a possibility for a girl she usually fails to fulfill expectations.

the deep shadow of the royal frown, and like many another man he sank his fortune in the fathomless depths of a woman's heart and thought himself rich in doing it.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE SIREN COUNTRY. WITH the king admiration stood for affection, a mistake frequently made by people not

given to self analysis, and in a day or two a reaction set in toward Brandon which inspired a desire to make some amends for his harsh treatment. This he could not do to any great extent on Buckingham's account-at least not until the London loan was in his coffers-but the fact that Brandon was going to New Spain so soon and would be out of the way both of Mary's eyes and Mary's marriage stimulated that rare flower in Henry's heart, a good resolve, and Brandon was offered his old quarters with me until such time as he should sail for New Spain.

He had never abandoned this plan, and now that matters had taken this turn with Mary and the king his resolution was stronger than ever in that the scheme held two recommendations and a possibility.

The recommendations were, first, it would take him away from Mary, with whom, when out of the inspiring influence of her buoyant hopefulness, he knew marriage to be utterly impossible, and, second, admitting and facing that impossibility, he might find at least partial relief from his heartache in the stirring events and adventures of that faraway land of monsters, dragons, savages and gold. The possibility lay in the gold, and a very faintly burning flame of hope held out the still more faintly glimmering chance that fortune, finding him there almost alone, might for lack of another lover smile upon him by way of squaring accounts. She might lead him to a cavern of gold, and gold would do anything, even perhaps purchase a price-

less a treasure as a certain princess of the royal blood. Brandon at once accepted the king's offer of lodging in the palace, for now that he felt sure of himself in the matter of New Spain and his separation from Mary he longed to see as much as possible of her before the light went out forever, even though it were playing with death itself to do so.

Poor fellow! His suffering was so acute during this period that it affect- blood through which he would have to ed me like a contagion.

It did not make a mope of him, but came in spasms that almost drove him wild. He would at times pace the room and cry out: "Jesu. Caskoden. what shall I do? She will be the wife of the French king, and I shall sit in the wilderness and try every moment to imagine what she is doing and thinking. I shall find the bearing of Paris and look in her direction until my brain melts in my effort to see her, and then shall wander in the woods, a suffering imbecile, feeding on roots and nuts. Would to God one of us might die! If it were not selfish, I should wish I might be the one."

I said nothing in answer to these outbursts, as I had no consolation to offer. We had two or three of our little meetings of four, dangerous as they were, at which Mary, feeling that each time she saw Brandon might be the last would sit and look at him with glowing eyes that in turn softened and burned as he spoke. She did not talk much, but devoted all her time and energies to looking with her whole soul. Never before or since was there a girl so much in love. A young girl thoroughly in love is the most beautiful object on earth-beautiful even in ugliness. Imagine, then, what it made of

Mary! Growing partly, perhaps, out of his unattainability-for he was as far out of her reach as she out of his-she had long since begun to worship him. She had learned to know him so well, and his valiant defense of her in Billingsgate, together with his noble self sacrifice in refusing to compromise her in order to save himself, had presented him to her in so noble a light that she had come to look up to him as her superior. Her surrender had been complete, and she found in it a joy far exceeding that of any victory or triumph she could imagine.

The trouble began in earnest with the discovery of our meetings in Lady Mary's parlor. There was nothing at all unusual in the fact that small companies of young folk frequently spent their evenings with her, but we knew well enough that the unusual element in our parties was their exceeding smallness. A company of eight or ten young persons was well enough, although it of course created jealousy on the part of those who were left out, but four-two of each sex-made a difference in kind, however much we might insist it was only in degree, and this, we soon learned, was the king's

You may be sure there was many a jealous person about the court ready to carry tales and that it was impossi ble long to keep our meetings secret among such a host as then lived in

Greenwich palace. One day the queen summoned Jane and put her to the question. Now, Jane thought the truth was made only to be told, a fallacy into which many good people have fallen, to their utter destruction, since the truth, like every other good thing, may be abused.

Well, Jane told it all in a moment, and Catherine was so horrified that she

services to the Princess Mary that READ THE SEMI- WEEKLY SUN.

was like to faint. She went with her hair-lifting horror to the king and poured into his ears a tale of imprudence and debauchery well calculated to start his righteous, virtue-prompted indignation into a threatening flame.

Mary, Jane, Brandon and myself.

were at once summoned to the presence

of both their majesties and soundly reprimanded. Three of us were ordered to leave the court before we could speak a word in self defense, and Jane had enough of her favorite truth for once. Mary, however, came to our rescue with her coaxing elequence and potent feminine logic and soon convinced Henry that the queen, who really counted for little with him, had Now, all this brought Brandon into made a mountain out of a very small molehill. Thus the royal wrath was appeased to such an extent that the order of expulsion was modified to a command that there be no more quartet gatherings in Princess Mary's parlor. This leniency was more easy for the princess to bring about by reason of the fact that she had not spoken to her brother since the day she went to see him after Wolsey's visit and had been so roughly driven off. At first, upon her refusal to speak to him after the Wolsey visit, Henry was angry on account of what he called her insolence, but as she did not seem to care for that and as his anger did nothing toward unsealing her lips he pretended indifference. Still the same stubborn silence was maintained. This soon began to amuse the king, and of late he had been trying to be on friendly terms again with his sister through a series of elephantine antics and hearlike pleasantries, which were the most dismal failures-that is, in the way of bringing about a reconciliation. They were more successful from a comical point of view. So Henry was really glad for something that would loosen the tongue usually so lively, and for an opportunity to gratify his sister, from whom he was demanding such a sacrifice and for whom he expected to receive no less a price than the help of Louis of France, the most powerful king of

Europe, to the imperial crown. Thus our meetings were broken up, and Brandon knew his dream was over and that any effort to see the princess would probably result in disaster for them both: for him certainly. The king upon that same day told

Mary of the intercepted letter sent by her to Brandon at Newgate and accused her of what he was pleased to term an improper feeling for a lowborn fellow.

Mary at once sent a full account of the communication in a letter to Brandon, who read it with no small degree of ill comfort as the harbinger of trou-"I had better leave here soon or I

may go without my head." he remarked. "When that thought gets to working in the king's brain, he will strike. and I-shall fall.'

Letters began to come to our rooms from Mary, at first begging Brandon to come to her and then upbraiding him because of his coldness and cowardice and telling him that if he cared for her as she did for him he would see her though he had to wade through fire and blood. That was exactly where the trouble lay. It was not fire and pass: they were small matters-mere nothings that would really have added zest and interest to the achievement. But the frowning laugh of the tyrant, who could bind him hand and foot, and a vivid remembrance of the Newgate dungeon, with a dangling noose or a hollowed out block in the near back-



Poured into his ears a tale of imprudence and debauchery.

ground, were matters that would have taken the adventurous tendency out of even the cracked brain of chivalry itself. Brandon cared only to fight where there was a possible victory or ransom, or a prospect of some sort at least of achieving success.

Go every phase of the question which his good sense presented told Brandon. whose passion was as ardent though not so impatient as Mary's, that it would be worse than foolhardy to try to see her. He, however, had determined to see her once more before he left; but, as it could in all probability be only once, he was reserving the meeting until the last, and had written Mary that it was their best and only

She could not endure inaction, so she did the worst thing possible. She went alone one afternoon, just before dusk, to see Brandon at our rooms. I was not there when she first went in, but having seen her on the way suspected something and followed, arriving two or three minutes after her. I knew it was best that I should be present and was sure Brandon would wish it. When I entered, they were holding each other's hands in silence. They had not yet found their tongues, so full and crowded were their hearts. It was pathetic to see them, especially the girl, who had not Brandon's hopelessness to deaden the pain by partial resignation.



side and placed her hand os his should der. Turning her face toward me she said, "Str Edwin, I know you will for give me when I tell you that we have a great deal to say and wish to be I was about to go when Branden "No, no. Caskoden, please stay. It would not do. It would be bad enough. God knows, if the princess should be found here with both of us, but with me alone I should be dead before morning. There is danger enough as it is, for they will watch us."

could not resist a vicious little glance toward me, who was in no way to blame. Presently we all moved into the window-way, where Brandon and Mary, sat upon the great cloak and I on a

Upon my entrance she dropped his

hands and turned quickly toward me

with a frightness look, but was reas

sured upon seeing who it was. Bran-

don mechanically walked away from

her and seated himself on a stool.

Mary, as mechanically, moved to he

stopped me.

camp stool in front of them, completely filling up the little passage. "I can bear this no longer," exclaimed Mary. "I will go to my brother tonight and tell him all. I will tell him how I suffer and that I shall die if you are allowed to go away and leave me forever. He loves me, and I can do anything with him when I try. I know I can obtain his consent to our-ourmarriage. He cannot know how I suffer, else he would not treat me so. I will let him see; I will convince him. I have in my mind everything I want to say and do. I will sit on his knee and stroke his hair and kiss him." And she laughed softly as her spirit revived in the breath of a glowing hope. "Then I will tell him how handsome he is and how I hear the ladies sighing for him,

fear. I wish I had gone at it long ago." Her enthusiastic fever of hope was really contagious, but Brandon, whose life was at stake, had his wits quickened by the danger.

"Mary, would you like to see me a corpse before tomorrow noon?" he ask-

and he will come around all right by

the third visit. Oh, I know how to do

it. I have done it so often. Never

"Why, of course not! Why do you ask such a dreadful question?" "Because, if you wish to make surd of it. do what you have just said-go to the king and tell him all I doubt if he could wait till morning. I believe he would awaken me at midnight to put me to sleep forever-at the end of a rope or on a block pillow." "Oh, no; you are all wrong. I know

what I can do with Henry." "If that is the case, I say goodby now, for I shall be out of England, if possible, by midnight. You must promise me that you will not only not go to the king at all about this matter, but that you will guard your tongue, jealous of its slightest word, and remember with every breath that on your prudence hangs my life, which, I know, is dear to you. Do you promise? If you do not, I must fly. So you will lose me one way or the other if you tell the king-either by my flight or by my

death." "I promise," said Mary, with drooping head, the embodiment of despair, all life and hope having left her again. After a few minutes her face brightened, and she asked Brandon what ship he would sail in for New Spain, and whence.

"We sail in the Royal Hind from Bristol," he replied. "How many go out in her, and are

there any women?" "No, no!" he returned. "No woman could make the trip, and, besides, on ships of that sort, half pirate, half merchant, they do not take women. The sailors are superstitious about it and will not sail with them. They say they bring bad luck-adverse winds, calms, storms, blackness, monsters from the deep and victorious foes."

"The ignorant creatures!" cried Mary. Brandon continued, "There will be a hundred men if the captain can induce so many to enlist." "How does one procure passage?" in-

quired Mary. "By enlisting with the captain, a man named Bradhurst, at Bristol, where the ship is now lying. There is where I

enlisted by letter. But why do you

ask?" "Oh. I only wanted to know." We talked awhile on various topics, but Mary always brought the conversation back to the same subject, the Royal Hind and New Spain. After asking many questions she sat in silence for a time and then abruptly broke into one of my sentences. was always interrupting me as if I were a parrot.

"I have been thinking and have made up my mind what I will do, and you shall not dissuade me. I will go to New Spain with you. That will be glorious-far better than the humdrum life of sitting at home-and will solve the whole question."

"But that would be impossible. Mary," said Brandon, into whose face this new evidence of her regard had brought a brightening look; "utterly impossible. To begin with, no woman could stand the voyage, not even you,

strong and vigorous as you are.' "Oh, yes I can, and I will not allow you to stop me for that reason. I could bear any hardship better than the torture of the last few weeks. In truth, I cannot bear this at all. It is killing me; so what would it be when you are gone and I am the wife of Louis? Think of that, Charles Brandon; think of that, when I am the wife of Louis. Even if the voyage kills me, I might as well die one way as another, and then I would be with you, where it were sweet to die." And I had to sit there and listen to all this foolish talk! Brandon insisted: "But no women are going. As I told you, they would not take one. Besides, how could you escape? I will answer the first ques-

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tion you ever asked me. You are of sufficient consideration about the court' for all your movements to attract notice. It is impossible. We must not think of it. It cannot be done. Why build up hopes only to be cast

"Th, but it can be done. Never doubt it. I will go, not as a woman, but as a man. I have planned all the details while sitting here. Tomorrow I will send to Bristol a sum of money asking separate room in the ship for a young nobleman who wishes to go to New spain incognito, and will go aboard just before they sail. I will buy a man's complete outfit and will practic being a man before you and Sir Edwin." Here she blushed so that I could see the scarlet even in the gathering gloom. She continued: "As to my escape, I can go to Windsor, and Mary knew he was right, but she then perhaps on to Berkeley castle, over by Reading, where there will be no one to watch me. You can leave at once, and there will be no cause for them to spy upon me when you are gone, so it can be done easily enough. That is it. I will go to my sister, who is now at Berkeley castle, the other side of Reading, you know, and that

will make a shorter ride to Bristol when we start." The thought, of course, could not but please Brandon, to whom, in the warmth of Mary's ardor, it had almost begun to offer hope, and he said musingly: "I wonder if it could be done? If it could-if we could reach New Spain, we might build ourselves a home in the beautiful green mountains and hide ourselves safely away from all the world, in the lap of some cozy valley, rich with nature's bounteous gift of fruit and flowers, shaded from the hot sun and sheltered from the blasts, and live in a little paradise all our own. What a glorious dream, but it is only a dream, and we had better awake from it!"

Brandon must have been insane. "No. no! It is not a dream." interrupted downright determined Mary.



"It is not a dream. It shall be a realour little house now nestling among the hills, shaded by great spreading trees, with flowers and vines and golden fruit all about it, rich plumaged birds and gorgeous butterflies. Oh. I can hardly wait! Who would live in a musty palace when one has within reach such a home, and that, too, with you?"

Here it was again. I thought that in terview would be the death of me. Brandon held his face in his hands and then, looking up, said: "It is only a question of your happiness, and, hard as the voyage and your life over there would be, yet I believe it would be better than life with Louis of France. Nothing could be so terrible as that to both of us. If you wish to go, I will try to take you, though I die in the attempt. There will be ample time to reconsider, so that you can turn back

if you wish." Her reply was inarticulate, though satisfactory, and she took his hand in hers as the tears ran gently down her cheeks, this time tears of joy, the first she had shed for many a day.

In the Siren country again without wax! Overboard and lost! Yes, Brandon's resolution not to see Mary was well taken, if it could only have been as well kept. Observe as we progress into what the breaking of

it led him. He had known that if he should but see her once more his already toppling will would lose its equipoise, and he would be led to attempt the impossible and invite destruction. At first this scheme appeared to me in its true light, but Mary's subtle feminine logic made it seem such plain and easy sailing that I soon began to draw enthusiasm from her exhaustless store, and our combined attack upon Brandon eventually routed every vestige of caution and common sense that even he had left.

Siren logic has always been irresist ible and will continue so no doubt despite experience.

I cannot define what it was about Mary that made her little speeches. half argumentative, all pleading, so wonderfully persuasive. Her facts were mere fancies, and her logic was not even good sophistry. As to real argument and reasoning, there was nothing of either in them. It must have been her native strength of character and intensely vigorous personality-some unknown force of nature op-erating through her occultly-that turned the channels of other persons' thoughts and filled them with her own will. There was magic in her power, I am certain, but unconscious magic to Mary, I am equally sure. She never would have used it knowingly.

There was still another obstacle to which Mary administered her favorite

MONCTON, Nov. 7 .- The first snow of the season fell here this afternoon A regular blizzard revailed for a few minutes, but melted as fast as it fell, after which the weather cleared.

CHARLEROI, Pa., Nov. 6.-Art Simms of Akren, Ohio, was knocked out tonight in the fifth round by Billy Ryan of Syracuse, New York.

THAT STAB-LIKE PAIN IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK COMES FROM THE KIDNEYS

KIDNEY PILLS It is not the back that is aching, but the

AND CAN RE CURED RY

DOAN'S

Therefore, dull pain in the back, or sharp, quick twinges, are warnings of sick kidneys—warnings of kidney trouble. Plasters and limiments will not cure a bad back, for they cannot reach the kidneys which cause it. Doan's Kidney Pills reach the kidneys. That is what they are for and that only. So, if you would be free from backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, frequent thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs or bladder, you must keep your kidneys well. Help them to work

freely, and help them to flush off all the body's waste and impurities. Doan's Kidney Pills are made from the purest roots and herbs, and have a remarkable healing and toning effect on the kidneys. Mrs. Barling, 26 Locomotive Street, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled considerably with my kidneys, using many remedies, but finding no relief. I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and found them to act directly on the kindeys, and

making them strong again."

Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

remedy, the Gordian knot treatment. Brandon said: "It cannot be. You are not my wife, and we dare not trust a priest here to unite us."

"No," replied Mary, with hanging head, "but we can-can find one over there.' "I do not know how that will be. We

shall probably not find one—at least I fear. I do not know" After a little hesitation she answered: "I will go with you anyway andand risk it. I hope we may find a priest." And she flushed scarlet from

her throat to her hair.

Brandon kissed her and said: "You shall go, my brave girl. You make me blush for my faint heartedness and prudence. I will make you my wife in some way as sure as there is a God.' Soon after this Brandon forced him self to insist on her departure, and I

went with her, full of hope and completely blinded to the dangers of our cherished scheme. I think Brandon never really lost sight of the danger and almost infinite proportion of chance against this wild, reckless venture, but was daring enough to attempt it even in the face of such clearly seen and deadly consequences.

CHAPTER XV.

TO MAKE A MAN OF HER. "It is not a dream. It shall be a reality. How glorious it will be! I can see Converted part of Mary's jewels into money. She said she was sorry now she had not taken De Longueville's diamonds, as they would have added to her treasure. I, however, procured quite a large sum, to which I secretly added a goodly portion out of my own store. At Mary's request I sent part to Bradhurst at Bristol and retained the rest

for Brandon to take with him. A favorable answer soon came from Bristol, giving the young nobleman a separate room in consideration of the

large purse he had sent. The next step was to procure the gentleman's wardrobe for Mary. This was a little troublesome at first, for of course she could not be measured in the regular way. We managed to overcome this difficulty by having Jane take the measurements under instructions received from the tailor, which measurements, together with the cloth, I took to the fractional little man who

He looked at the measurements with twinkling eyes and remarked: "Sir Edwin, that be the curiousest shaped man ever I see the measures of. Sure. it would make a mighty handsome woman or I know nothing of human dimen-

"Never you mind about dimensions. Make the garments as they are ordered and keep your mouth shut, if you know what is to your interest. Do you hear?' He delivered himself of a labored wink. "I do hear and understand, too, and my tongue is like the tongue of an In due time I brought the suits to

Mary, and they were soon .djusted to her liking. The days passed rapidly till it was a matter of less than a fortnight until the Royal Hind would sail, and it really looked as if the adventure might

turn out to our desire. Jane was in tribulation and thought she ought to be taken along. This, you may be sure, was touching me very closely, and I began to wish the whole infernal mess at the bottom of the sea. If Jane went, his august majesty King Henry VIII. would be without a master of the dance just as sure as the stars twinkled in the firmament. It was, however, soon decided that Brandon would have his hands more than full to get off with one woman, and that two would surely spoil the plan. So Jane was to be left behind, full of tribulation and indignation, firmly convinced that she was being treated very

(To be continued.)



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