POOR DOCUMENT

The Coming of The King.

"It may be naught," said the farmer learning and have read wise books, nay say it was naught; nevertheless 1 be eve it was what I say it was, althoug "The what do you say it was?"
"I say it was the devil."
"And what is the thing you cannot un-

"Ay, but I can understand that," remarked one of the others, who had been histening intently. "Wherever the devil is at work you always find a woman. For Bedford, while a crowd of men were how! that matter I doubt if the devil could get

on at all but for woman."

"That's true, John Trounsen," remarkted the third. "My wife is a good woman, let who will say otherwise; but for all that there's a woman in all devilry. The devil could not do his work without croft. All that's been done there these last few years could not have been done

"But what did he look like?" I asked orly, for as may be imagined other aghts had come into my mind than hose spoken by the simple farmers.
"Look like?" said the farmer who told

the story. "Well that again seems strange. And yet I do not know. The parson says the devil can appear as an angel of light, so I do not see why he cannot appear as

"An old man?" I cried.

"Ay, an old man. This was how it happened, young master. I was passing by the Pycroft woods on Faday evening, when I heard the noise like thunder. It fairly seemed to shake the very ground. I looked around me, but I could see nothing. Then I heard something like a cacare, and on gazing around me I say him standing a little distance from me with a woa little distance from me with a wo-by his side. Mind you, nothing was,

"Did he say aught?" "Nay, but he laughed—or rather he packled, and then he shook his hand towards Pycroft. Ay, but I was frightened."

"And the woman-what was she like?"

and the woman away."

After this the man told his story again, but I gathered nothing new. He simply detailed for the willing ears of the others such trifles as were of no importance to me. But he had told me enough to set me thinking. The man was doubtless old Solomon. But the woman, who was she? I called to mind that on the night when I called to mind that on the night when I first went to Pycroft I saw not only Mistress Constance Denman in the room, but another woman. Might not this be the woman? She must have known Mistress Constance, else they had not been together. Moreover, what might be the significance of her desire to go to Bed-Constance had flown? Was it not natural, therefore, that some understanding exist-

When all was quiet in the inn that night, and the visitors had departed, I lay thinking of all that had taken place, and I felt that I must start for Bedford the mext day. It was by this means only that I should again find the old man, and I blessed the lucky happening which had led me to the inn, and thus had been enabled to hear the farmer's story. Much as I cudgelled my brains, however, I was the mystery which faced me, neither ould I so much as arrive at a suggestion of the truth concerning the link which bound the unknown woman at Pycroft Hall with Mistress Constance Denman. Also I was as much in the dark as to the ties which bound these women to old Solomon. Everything was a mystery, and I

I knew that my way to Bedford lay straight through London, yet did I not deem it wise to go thither. I had not yet Next morning I was on horseback again. and heard. So I determined to bear to the left until I reached the Portsmouth road, and then by riding through the little village of Wandsworth, and crossing Battersea fields, I should miss London al-

tersea fields, I should miss London altogether. I knew that I could obtain a ferry at Battersea, and then by riding across country I could get to Barnett without so much as being seen by any who dwelt in London town.

Although I was eager to get to Bedford I knew that I incurred great danger by going thither. Doubtless searchers would be abroad to find the man who had liberated the daughter of Master John Leslie from Bedford goal, and as not many days had passed since the event, the desire to papture me must be still keen. Still nother than the first sight of the think was at that moment too curious to do anything save that I spoke at the save in wonder. But as I spoke as ther first sight of the king, even while I became so drunk that I failed to do my duty," I replied.

"As to being a braggart, Master Gaoler, I have told you maught but the truth. And this I swear, if Mistress Constance Leslie, or whatever you are pleased to call her, be not kindly treated. I will see that I will not be again taken in by your boasting."

"I never said I was a zealous servant of the king, even while I became so drunk that I failed to do my duty," I replied.

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"As to being a braggart, Master Gaoler, I have told you maught but the truth. And this I swear, if Mistress Constance Leslie, or whatever you are pleased to it that a true story of the way you conducted yourself be widely published. Ay, it shall even reach the king's ears.

icken speed but went straight on. I wondered much by what means colomon could take the woman to Bedord, seeing that his peculiar appearance that he was a man of great resource, and ossibly he had friends unknown to me. It took me two days to reach Bedford, even although Black Ben might have covered the distance in less time. The truth was, however, I could not accomplish the journey in one day, and I did not wish to

reach Bedford town until after dark on the second day. ing after me, that I should so soon draw ear the same place, yet as the sun was setting on the second day after I left the inn where I had heard news of Father they sheltered themselves behind me.

Solomon I found myself at the very place What would have happened I know not Solomon I found myself at the very place where I had met the man called John Beyan. My plans, however, did not make witches, and I doubt not he was obliged to have many witches with him at Py-danger. Rather it was my purpose to go inquiries to find out the things I desired to know. I did not hurry, for the sun had set in a clear sky, and I knew the twi-light would last for well-nigh an hour, so Black Ben, catching my humour, walked "What are you going to do with me quietly along, but we had not gone far in this way before I perceived something was afoot. There was the noise of the tramp-

ling of many feet in the near distance, while I could hear the excited manner of I looked eagerly around me, but the trees and hedges being in full leaf hid well-nigh everything from me. I saw lowever that I was nearing the place where, on the night of Mistress Constance's escape from prison, we left the main road and turned towards the narrow lane where we had been molested by the constable and his friends.

"They seem to be coming from Good-lands," I said to myself, as I tried to locate the noise of the people, and at this my heart grew cold, for I feared lest man by his side. Mind you, nothing war, to be seen afore the great noise, then all of a sudden he appeared."

"Ay, that must have been the devil,"

man I had tried to befriend.

Forgetting all possible danger

a truncheon in his hand. Never, if I live the sun had now set, leaving only a great golden glow in the western sky, I saw it "Do not fear," I said to her. plainly.

fear. Her lips were compressed and determined, while hey eyes burned with a But sh

dream, for I knew quite well.

"Doing? Why, taking her to goal again; the question, and tired as I should have been under ordinary circumstances, I felt and I warrant she does not escape again, no weariness.

and had been engaged in evil plots against
His Majesty. And yet I loved her. But
this was not all. She was the wife of Sir
Charles Denman, a man who bore an evil
name, and who had been actively intering for myself I meditated not one white
ing for myself I meditated not one white ested in the death of the king's father. for all my interests were swallowed u band, forgot everything, in fact, save that | tered. her life was dearer than my own, and that I must seek to save her at all haz-cried. "So your sins, like chicken, have cruelty. But few men can speak lightly ards. That my love was hopeless I knew,

also knew, for what could one do among so many? Yet regardless of everything I sprang from my horse, and as if by magic I made a road for myself amidst the "Anger me not, or it will go hard with

"Mistress Constance!" I cried. And then, spite of everything, a great I will e'en tell the town clerk and the accomplished the thing I had set out to do, and I did not feel like going back to the Duke of York to tell what I had seen turned towards me they lit up with a great

"Mistress Constance!" I repeated, and

These and a hundred other disjointed ries I heard, and then I was roughly seizd by many hands.
"What shall we do with him?"

'Do! Why to gaol with him!" "This will be sugar and honey to Mas r Sturgeon:" 'Ay, and a feather in our cap when the ing hears of it!" "We'll see now if he'll laugh

All this I heard as I was dragged along out I took but little head. My eyes wer ixed on Mistress Constance's face, and needed not the angry shouts of those wh held me in my delight at being

fear, and turning I saw Black Ben rushing towards me, while the crowd made way for him. He might have judged that I was in danger, for he came up to me his eyes wild and his head uplifted high

I thought for a moment that those who held me fast would have let me go as he ess they did not release me, although for at that moment the crowd was much excited, but Black Ben, as I thought seemed to be making for Mistress Con stance whereupon I spoke angrily to hi and bade him be still. He obeyed like child, for so much had we been together at home that he had learnt to take no "What are you going to do with me?

"Do? Take you to gaol, young mas "Why? What charge have you again

I said to the men who held me fast.

at the County Court!" was the reply "Then let my horse be taken to the Bull stables," I said, for even then I could not bear for him to suffer because of me. "Ay, and who'll take him?" was the re-

saw, as we walked towards the river; for although my captors still held me fast, Black Ben walked near me, his eyes flashing dangerously, while every now and then he shook his head, and snorted dan

When we reached The Bull we stopped? "Call the ostler," I said, as though I "All of a sudden, all of a sudden, just like he always comes! What did the parson say on Sunday? 'He cometh like a thief in the night,' "remarked the other. "Did any smoke come out of his nost trils?" asked Trounsen.

"No, he was just a simple old man with a short neck and long whiskers. Ay, but you should have seen his eyes. Fire seemed to come from them."

"Did he say aught?"

Forgetting all possible danger to myself, therefore, I urged Black Ben forward, and soon I saw a number of people who as far as I could judge were much wrought upon. That they were not drunken was easy to see, for they walked circumspectly, and yet many angry cries reached me, as though there were a division of opinion among them. I had barely reached the spot where the lane joined the highway when in spite of myself I gave a cry, for there, right in the midst of a mofely with head erect, and over the bridge, with head erect, and over the bridge, with head erect, and over the bridge, with head erect, and the faraway look in there, right in the midst of a motely with head erect, and the faraway look in crowd, was Mistress Constance, while on ther eyes as when I had seen her first of all that night.

"Nay, he didn't, and you may be sure forget the look on her face, for although ther had my hands been free, but she did

"I fear nothing-for myself," she re-"Ay, there you have me again, master, she was very pale, I remember, save for the woman yas young, and I thought for a pink spot that burned on either cheeks, but she showed no other sign of the king. If we are we shall be set at

But she shook her head, and after that

"Ay, they talked to each other in words which I could not understand; but presently I heard the woman say that must entitly I heard the woman say that must awaiting them there. But when she had spoken he shook his hand towards Pycroft and laughed such a laugh as I never heard before."

"What'll you find!' he said in a terrible voice. Perhaps a few skulls, but maught else;' and then he started, as I thought, to come where I was, so I just creeped under a withy bush, and had myself and the woman away."

She paid not the slightest heed either to those who muttered angry threats against her or those who evidently sympathized with her; her eyes were fixed on the distant skies, as though is a man told his story again, but I gathered nothing new. He simply detailed for the willing ears of the others are the conditions of the multitude, in stead of being a prisoner. Headgear she had none, but her hair hung in rich profusion around her shoulders and far thoughts and feelings which possessed me thought, to come where I was, so I just creeped under a withy bush, and had my myself in a dark dungeon of a place, where the myster was neither light to see nor fresh affer to be breathed. I will not try to set down here the shead of being a prisoner. Headgear she had onne, but her hair hung in rich profusion around her shoulders and far thoughts, to come where I was, so I just creeped under a withy bush, and had my myself in a dark dungeon of a place, where the myster was neither light to see nor fresh affer the was neither light to see nor fresh affer the was neither light. I will not try to set down here the thoughts and feelings which possessed me thoughts the plaudits of the multitude, in stead of being a prisoner. Headgear she had none, but her hair hung in rich profusion around her shoulders and far thoughts and feelings which possessed me thoughts, to come where I was, so I just creeped under a withy bush, and had my myself in a dark dungeon of a place, where the might to see nor fresh affer the was neither light to see n

to a man standing on the outskirts of the crowd, but I spoke like a man in a

As may be imagined, sleep was out o

When daylight showed itself, even in the witch or no witch!"

When daylight showed itself, even in the foul den where I lay, I fell to wondering that which maybap will draw away from the sympathy of all good people, for at that moment I, Roland Rashcliffe, refelt so certain of being able to avoid capalized that I loved this woman more than ture, should have allowed herself to be my lown life. I knew of what she had taken by such a clumsy set of yokels as been accused, and she had never denied those who brought her thither. I won these accusations. She was said to be dered much also where Master Leslie might guilty of attempting to murder General Monk for seeking to bring back the king.

Monk for seeking to bring back the king.

And yet at that moment I forgot everyin those of the woman, the very thought
thing. Forgot that her hands were stained with blood, forgot that her life was
tore my heart with grief. It must have surrounded by mystery, forgot that she been perchance eight o'clock when the with men. In truth I know it is; for lowed the allegience of a wife to a hus-door opened, and Master Sturgeon enhance seen men of high standing and

come home to roost?" "No, Master Sturgeon," I said, looking for she belonged to another; that my determination to save her was madness I him steadily in the face. "I so enjoyed

you," he cried.
"As to that, anger me not," I cried, "or

though he put a brave face on it.
"Bah! Master Braggart," he cried, "you

gaoler, but a prisoner."
"As to that it is my full intention that she shall be treated with all due courtesy," he replied, and I saw that he feared me, "but tell me the meaning of what hath taken place, young master. you, and why came you to Bedford? I promise you that aught you shall say to me shall do you good rather than harm."

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904.

"As to that presently," I replied. "But will you on your part first tell me some "I will tell you all that seemeth right to tell," he replied. "Then how was the woman who was ought here with me last night taken

"Ay that is easy to tell," he replied. "I had my suspicion that there might be doings at Goodlands which it might adrantage me to know, so I got a warran o search the place from cellar to cock loft. And this, as you will see, led to good results, for truly the constables had the place where the constables were, and gave herself up. Was not this mighty elever on my part?"

"And then you searched no more?"

You see I had the house searched the day after you—you—set her free from here; but naught could I find, no not a sign of her. But I bided my time. I said, 'she will return,' and in truth she did.'
"You say you did this?" I asked.
"'Ay I did—that is me and the justices

I said naught at this, although I was sore puzzled at his words, for I thought I saw a meaning in it all far greater than had dreamt of.

"And now tell me what you promised tell me?" he said. "At what hour am I to be brought be fore the justices?" I asked.
"At ten o'clock," he replied.
"Then I must needs think of my defence," I replied, "and you will have to

wait until their worships have examine This, as may be imagined, did not sa

sfy him, but he had to be content, for would not answer a single question h At ten o'clock I was brought before the ustices of Bedford, but I never dreamed, as I appeared before them of the things I should learn before two hours had pass

CHAPTER XXII.

The place into which I was taken wa I judged from this that the affair ha been much noised abroad, and th of procedure was to be of no ordinary to examine us concerning the nature of our guilt, and then if they thought fit, either to pass us on to the assizes or to set us at liberty, just as they felt inclined. But not being versed in the ways of the law, I did not trouble much about such matters. For of this I was sure: the jus-tices would not dare to set Mistress Constance at liberty, seeing a warrant had been out against her for a great length of time, while it was not to be expected that they would have mercy upon me, seeing I had helped the woman to liberty. Nevertheless I knew that for the sake

of their own curicsity they would be sure to ask us many questions, and in this way such matters might come to light as 1 much longed to know.

treated as prisoners of the period were wont to be treated. Nay more, I saw that many of the rustics gazed on us with a kind of respectful curiosity.

"Who are their worships on the bench?"

I asked of a man who had conducted me them out to me in a friendly way. "That is Sir John Napier," he pointing to a stout choleric old man, "and that," nodding to a man with a very solemn face, "is Sir William Beecher of Howbury, The one to his left is Mr. Gery of Bushineade, who fought with King Charles I against the Roundheads, while the one on his left hand is Sir St. John

hernocke of Hulcote." And so on, speaking to me as if I were visitor instead of a prisoner. a vasitor instead of a prisoner.

"They are the greatest gentry in Bedfordshire, young master," he said confidentially, "and King Charles himself might be proud to call some of them his friends. Not that they are easy to ge over. No, no. They are terrible hard upon them as breaks the law."

I saw that Mistress Constance was not in the room when I entered and I won dered why, seeing I had been brought I had not to wait long, for scarcely had I taken a careful view of what was tak-There was a general "hush" as she en-tered, and even the justices looked curjously towards her, as though she were to be treated with all due courtesy.

For this I have found throughout my whole life. It all depends on the woman nine cases out of ten because of the kind with men. In truth I know it is; for or rudely to a woman who is of gentle

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For although Mistress Constance Leslie was the daughter of a man whom the ing hated, and although she was accused of attempting to murder the great ge back to the throne, there was not one the justices who spoke to her in an un-becoming way. Therefore I say this: If a woman be treated by men with scant

spect the woman.

Mistress Constance was still pale for the pink flush on her checks, but detracted not one whit from her beauty Rather in my eyes it added to it. More ver, no man, I do not care who he is, mess. In truth I hated the man who called her wife, and I wondered why Goo rad allowed her to be mated to Sir Charles Denman. But this might be because, eve

will generally find the reason there. It well nigh impossible to respect a

should in every case be courteous to

went out to her, if possible more She were the same attire as on the pre vious night, and I heard a buzz of admi ation pass around the room as she stood there bareheaded before the gaping crowd But she seemed to be unconscious of it for she took no notice of those who watched her, but instead turned her face o the justices, as if she would read their

Her lips were compressed, sign of fear did she show. Not an eyelid puivered, neither did her hands tremble. Whether she saw me I know not. But she made no sign as if she did, although I thought I once saw her looking at

I do not remember any of the formali ties which preceded the trial; but when presently the chief justice called her name, she bowed in a stately way, and emed prepared to answer any questions

they might put.

"Constance Denman."

My heart grew bitter as I heard the name, and I thought I saw a look of eger cross her face.
"You are accused of attempting to stab to the heart with a knife his Grace the Duke of Albermarle, but who was at that time General Monk, and in truth did stab his secretary. Because of this a warrant hath been issued against you. Although for a long time you escaped the law, you have at length been brought to justice."

(To be continued).

[From M. A. P.] These who still feel compelled to betory for Russia at the close of the deathstruggle between the two nations, base much of their opinion on the extraor-dinary tenacity of Kuropatkin. An army "coach" whom I know compared the gen oral the other evening to Fabius Cuncta tor, the man who wore out Hannibal by his delays, and "restored the common weal" of Rome. Be this as it may, the ommander who hung on with bull-dog tenacity to the very last at Liao Yang is simply displaying in maturer age the qua-ties of his boyhood.

For it was Kuropatkin's innate inability ever to realize when he was beaten that gave him his first chance of seeing active "It was in 1866," says a writer in a contemporary, "and Kuropatkin ap-plied for employment in the Khokand expedition, being at the time an obscure icutenant without influence. He peticomrades, according to the Russian cusom, petitioned on his behalf. The colonel refused, and dismissed the petitioners, but Kuropatkin remained behind, standing at the foot of the staircase where the colonel left him. Eighteen hours later the colonel came out of his apartment and found the young officer still waiting to speak to young officer still waiting to speak to him, and this time he acceded to his junior's request. 'Very well, you can go,' he said. 'You're the sort of man the army wants.'" Quite so. Just now the Russian army needs all the patience with Russian army needs all the patience with a pig fifty feet." which it can be inspired from headquar-ters, if ever an army did. And now let me further illustrate this trait of Kuropatkin's by some passages from Geoffrey Drage's admirable book, Russian Affairs (London: John Minger, 21, 21, 21, 21, 22) (London: John Murray. 21s.), which was passing through the press just when war

"The last of the great men I have chosen to represent the ideals by which Russia is animated," writes Mr. Drage, "is General Kuropatkin, the man on whom the mantle of the famous General Skobeleff has fallen, and who has been since 1898 soldier and one of the most capable adtry, the strictest of disciplinarians, he is gentle and modest in manner. He has had more than thirty-five years of military service, and has won the affection and re-spect of all who have served under him

"He has studied the practice of war under a great chief, and has an intimate knowledge of the peoples of the East and the balance of power in Asia. His first distinctions were gained in 1568, when, at the age of twenty, he assisted at the storming of Samarkand, and won the Or-ders of St. Stanislans and St. Anne for listinguished gallantry.

"On the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war in 1877 Kuropatkin became lieuten-ant-colonel and chief of the staff to General Skobeleff, and greatly distinguished himself at Pleyna. Indeed there is little doubt that some of Skobeleff's laurels were won by him. Skobeleff was a dashing, impetuous, reckless leader: Kuropatkin the cool, patient, calculating corrective who restrained him. In 1879, Colonel Kuropatkin became professor of military statistics at the Staff College, but, pining for more active service, was sent in 1880 as commandant of the Turkestan Rifles on the expedition which resulted in the reduction of Kuldja.

the reinforcements sent to General Skobeleff, who was conducting the campaign against the Tekke Turcomans. Starting from Sumarkand in November, 1880, with a detachment of five hundred strong, he hurried through Bokhara to Charjuy,bare ly three days' ride from the Tekke lair at Merv; then, fetching a long detour by way of Khiva, to avoid the Tekke bands with which the desert swarmed, he join ed headquarters on December 25. Well

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might Skobeleff say, 'Kuropatkin is the only man capable of performing so dan-

at St. Petersburg, during which he was entrusted with schemes of mobilization and defence of the western frontier of Russia, he became governor and commander-in-chief of Transchspin when it was made a government in 1890. In this post-lie showed great capacity as a civil administrator, and obtained a reputation for firmness and sympathy as well as for thorough knowledge of the native character, and here he romained till he be-came minister of war."

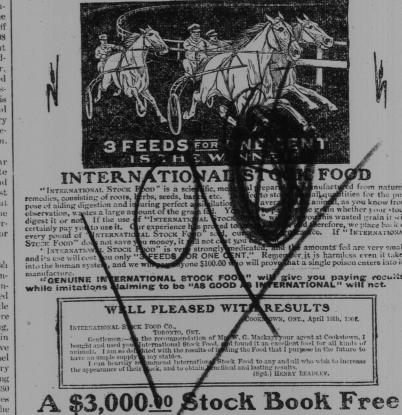
Horse and Horse. The Buffalo News figures out that the ally reciprocity that would be attractive Canada would open the seventy-million market to the Dominion without opening nything here to United States manufacturers. That may be about correct, but on the other hand the only reciprocity he United States would agree to would pen the Canadian market to its manuacturers without opening anything of alue to Canada in return. So it appears o be a case of horse and horse.-Hamil-

Shipwrecked.

A man stood on a lonely isle, A shipwrecked sailor he, While all about him roared and crashed The angry, restless sea. he waves dashed high, as rose the tide With deafening, maddening glee-"I guess it's up to me."

-Collier's for September 3, 1904.

IN THE LEAD



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