

WHEN THE TIDE RISES

By Ida De Thael

PART I.

Amour! dans ton étroit empire
Les deux amis
Bien document jusqu'à la porte
Du Paradis.

—Duchess de Rohan.

The air was cold, but the sun shone brightly on the grim old castle. The stout walls showed stains of blood, for often invaders had tried to hew their way into the stronghold, but it had resisted all their fierce onslaughts and now the banner of the Lord of Tremaneuk floated proudly on the highest tower.

The clang of arms, martial music, could be heard, yet it was not to raise an alarm. Peace reigned and this was a day of rejoicing.

After a long absence Tremaneuk had returned to his castle. But the old warrior delighted only in fights and in battles, so he had immediately summoned all the neighboring lords to a magnificent tournament.

From far away places young knights hastened to come, eager to win the praise of the brave old warrior still more pleased at the thought of covering themselves with glory in the sight of Guireka, his beautiful daughter.

Several times that morning the drawbridge had been lowered, and knights, followed by squire and page, were admitted.

Guireka was in the great hall with her father, greeting his guests with words of welcome. But though she tried to smile there was a pensive look in her eyes—her thoughts were far away.

At least, seizing her opportunity, she slipped out unnoted. Through narrow winding passages she ran till she found herself on the roof of the big central tower.

From there an extensive view could be obtained seaward, for when the tide was high the waves beat the foot of the battlements, but she gazed instead at the white road that through the "lande" led to the castle.

It was empty, but after a while a small speck became visible. It grew rapidly, and she could distinguish a knight. The face was concealed by the visor, yet she soon recognized him, and her heart began to beat faster.

When they had first met she was but fifteen and Kerbrenn was not yet a knight, but from that day her image had remained green on his heart. It was Guireka that he had chosen as his lady when he had been knighted. It was to win her love, it was to win her, that he had fought during all those wars, madly risking his life, heedless of the danger, heedless of the beauty of other women.

Was she not the fairest among the fair? Her voice when she sang rang out sweet as that of an angel. Her heart was warm and tender.

When Guireka grew into a woman her charm was everywhere, and many wooed her, but her father had refused to listen to any proposal. His only son had been killed, and Guireka would inherit the castle and his large dominions—powerful and noble indeed must be her lord.

Yet, in spite of all, Kerbrenn had not given up hoping. He was handsome and brave—loved in the lady's bosom and feared by his enemies.

Never had he dared to speak openly to her, but had she not guessed his secret?

The clang of arms, martial music in a neighboring castle. The drive back was long, and Guireka had to rest during the heat of the day in a glade. Guireka had asked for some music, and he had sung, inspired by love.

Her eyelashes were moist when he had concluded, and as he went away his hopes were high.

During the following months Kerbrenn had achieved many a heroic deed, and now he was hastening back, eager yet trembling. If he distinguished himself during the tournament and carried away the prize that Guireka was to give away herself, might he not hope that one day she would become his wife? But it was against no mean rivals that he would have to fight.

She came forward to greet him, but they could only exchange few words. Guireka soon after retired to her apartments, but they would meet at the banquet given that evening in honor of Tremaneuk's distinguished guests.

The hall presented a magnificent sight when Kerbrenn came in.

On the heavy oak tables stood silver ewers full of scented water, which young pages brought round to the guests, and when the meal had begun musicians hidden in the balcony started playing.

The knights wore their richest armor, gaily colored sashes hung from their shoulders and ornaments of precious stones glittered in the light of many lamps.

The hum of voices filled the hall, but silence fell when Guireka appeared and sat down by her father's side under a raised dais. She was wonderfully lovely in her gold-embroidered white gown, but her face was sad. The full red lips did not smile, and she kept her large eyes obstinately cast down.

But her father seemed boisterously cheerful, and his gaiety was infectious.

The banquet lasted long. When it was at last ended the Lord of Tremaneuk rose and, taking his daughter by the hand, led her into the middle of the hall. "Before going further," he began, "I want to announce to you, my friends, a joyful event. My daughter is betrothed to the Lord of Rolken. Let us drink to the health of the young people." A shout of congratulation was heard, and the guests and the vassals rose to their feet and drank, lifting the wine goblets high in the air. But the cup fell from Kerbrenn's hand and a miet came before his eyes as Rolken drew near to Guireka and took the maiden's hand in his.

Passively she listened to the enthusiastic toasts and to the praises of her chosen betrothed. She was, she walked by her betrothed's side.

The revels lasted long—they appeared endless to Kerbrenn. At last the table was cleared, and the guests gathered round the huge fireplace, in which entire trees burned and blazed. The minstrel tuned his harp and sang a long lay in honor of some of the glorious victories achieved by the Lord of Tremaneuk. He was much applauded, for there was a martial strain in his music that roused the hot blood of the younger men.

When he had ceased playing some of the knights sang in their turn, for in those chivalrous days music was deemed a necessary accomplishment.

All exalted the beauty of some fair lady, but the words of love sounded as a little mockery to Kerbrenn. He did not even listen to the talk of his companions, but kept gazing in silence at Guireka.

Suddenly he rose and, tuning his harp, asked permission to sing.

He chose the poem he had improvised the last time he had been with the maiden, for he wished to ascertain whether she remembered what had been for him a never to be forgotten day.

He sang of a happy spring morn and of the exquisite tenderness of a youthful love. The hearts of all his listeners were gladdened, and they forgot the cold winter wind that blew outside.

But when he had struck the last chord Guireka suddenly rose from her seat. Large tears fell on her cheeks and she hastily sought the darkness

liver this paper into his hand. Tell him I await his answer."

The boy ran quickly away and speedily returned. On the same paper Rolken had replied:—

"The maid of Tremaneuk shall be mine, and never will she become your wife. Thou art not worthy of her. Neither shall I deign to cross my sword against thine."

With a gesture of fury Kerbrenn dashed the paper to the ground.

"It shall not be!" he passionately cried. "Guireka shall never be his!"

Then, picking up the paper, he wrote underneath:—

"Take care; I will be revenged."

He gave the message to his page, and as his head throbbed with fever he began to walk on the terrace that overhung the ocean.

The weather was infinitely sad and dreary. The grey clouds seemed to crawl on the ground; in that light fog

dismissed his page with an abrupt gesture.

When he was alone he took up his lance and dipped the point in a liquid he had poured out from a small phial.

His hand trembled, but he did not falter. Resolutely he followed his friends and joined in the conversation.

The bright weather added to the beauty of the scene. Under the balcony on which Guireka stood all the knights rode past, their horses curvetting and caracoling, wishing to show off their magnificent horsemanship.

With a flourish of trumpets the tournament began, and the knights stood motionless as steel statues and on their helmets and breastplates the sun sparkled gaily. Then when silence fell they separated in two groups, facing one another and with bent lances waited for the last signal.

Kerbrenn had quickly gazed round

one gave some advice or offered an extraordinary remedy. Kneeling at his side, Guireka chafed the cold clammy hands in hers.

The leech began bleeding the knight. He understood nothing of this strange illness, but it was necessary to do something to inspire the beholders with confidence in his skill.

Twice the dying man tried to raise himself and speak, but only a moan escaped from his pallid lips. Then suddenly the convulsed features relaxed, and he fell back dead.

In a few minutes the general joy had been changed into sadness. Of course all the festivities were instantly stopped, and after a while all the guests departed, talking in hushed whispers of the tragic death of their friend.

During the confusion Kerbrenn had disappeared. His end was tragic and unexpected. It could not be traced. Two days after the funeral took place. The corpse was borne on an

"I accuse this knight of having foully murdered Lord Rolken."

A storm of indignant cries interrupted the monk.

"Kerbrenn is a brave and loyal knight, incapable of feloniously acting, boldly asserted, pressing forward, an old warrior who had himself knighted the young man. "I knew him since he was a child and he ever proved himself worthy of esteem."

"It is not possible Kerbrenn should be a murderer," said Guireka in her turn, and she bravely came and stood by the accused man.

"Listen," and with an imperative gesture the priest hushed the excited crowd. "I have found a paper on the body of Rolken. The eve of the death of the tournament Kerbrenn wrote to threaten him, swearing he would be revenged. On the morning Rolken was no more and his end was tragic and unexpected. It could not be traced. Two days after the funeral took place. The corpse was borne on an

her! Murder and even perjury became possible.

He raised his hand. "I swear—But as he began he glanced at the dead man who was opening his lips to speak, and he abruptly stopped.

A faint murmur—was it anger or astonishment?—rose. Then silence fell. Kerbrenn thought he saw an expression of horror come into Guireka's face.

He hastily withdrew his gaze and cleared his throat began anew.

"I swear—"

Once more his voice broke. A magnificent oath! He could not bring himself to pronounce the dreadful words. He felt that he was doomed. His soul was lost. His life was wrecked. Wildly he threw up both hands and staggered back.

"I swear!" he repeated. He shrieked in a hoarse, agonized voice. He struck gold cross on the altar seemed to be burning like fire, a red veil came before his eyes, and covering his face he fell prostrate on the ground.

"He is guilty! He shall slay our friend! Murderer!" and springing forward Tremaneuk raised his sword and would have struck had not a strong hand held him back.

"Hold!" cried the monk. "Thou standest on consecrated ground. Shed no blood here!"

After a slight hesitation Tremaneuk sheathed his sword.

"Seize that man and carry him out," he ordered.

He was obeyed and they were soon all gathered outside. But Guireka now stood forward as an angel of mercy.

"Have pity on that wretched man," she said to her father. "True, his crime is a horrible one—"

"He cannot remain among us," sternly replied Ploudaoc, whose heart bled in witnessing the dishonor of his friend. "Let the indignity of his knighthood be taken away from him."

"You are right," Tremaneuk slowly replied. "His life will be spared, but our friend will be avenged for dishonor is worse than death. Then raising his voice so it could be heard by all, he cried:—"Since the Lord of Rolken has been treacherously slain before my eyes, I shall not submit to see his murderer go unpunished. Bring the traitor knight forward. Dasm his execution in the mire, tear off his belt and break his sword."

During all that time Kerbrenn had remained in a semi-conscious state, too paralyzed with horror to be able to move or speak. But when some of the soldiers raised him to his feet and began unbuttoning his armor he understood, and tried to thrust them away.

"No, no!" he cried. "Not that! Kill me rather!"

Tremaneuk said to his men, but they were not powerful enough to resist Kerbrenn, who now fought in a frenzy of despair.

"Kill me! I have slain thy kinsman. I deserve death. But not that—not dishonor. I shall not submit to it!"

Tremaneuk laughed harshly. "Thou hast dishonored thy knighthood. This is thy just punishment."

"Have mercy!" Kerbrenn went on, turning toward the other knights. "Ploudaoc, remember I fought by thy side for years as a loyal knight. But I could not resist that awful temptation. I deserve punishment and will submit to your verdict, only spare me that shame."

But Ploudaoc suffered much and that made him merciful.

"Thou hast sinned thy name and fair fame; thou deservest no pity," he gloomily replied.

With a groan the miserable man turned away. On all the faces he saw hate and disgust. Again the soldiers tried to seize him, but he escaped from them and fell on his knees in front of Guireka.

"Guireka, thou at least shalt be merciful! I ask not for pardon. I implore but death. Put me on the rack, torture my body as thou wilt, but spare me that disgrace," and clinging to the maiden he tried to seize her hands.

But she drew back and gazed at Kerbrenn with such scorn and contempt that he shrank back as if she had struck him.

"May God forgive thee," she simply said.

"This must end," said Tremaneuk. "Hold him tight and tear off the knightly spurs."

"Do not touch me!" Kerbrenn wildly cried as he sprang up. "No one will be merciful and put an end to my suffering. Take care! You cast me off! I will revenge myself."

"Enough, enough!" Tremaneuk violently cried, and a dozen men fell on him.

A horrible scene followed. Kerbrenn was like an infuriated brute, and, shrieking with fury, struck heavy blows right and left. Suddenly his voice would break and he would pitifully implore them, begging for a speedy death. His mad ravings were horrible to listen to, and even those strong men shuddered.

At last when the remains of the defiled sword had been dashed to the ground Tremaneuk spoke again.

"Take this man and put him outside the castle door. Henceforth he is an outlaw and whoever sees him may kill him without sin. Go," he said, turning to Kerbrenn. "Go far from here to hide your disgrace and the shame you have brought upon knighthood."

Kerbrenn spoke not a word in reply. The fierce struggle, the agony of mind he had endured had exhausted all his strength.

The men led him forth and the door was closed with a heavy clang. His life was ended; he was an outlaw.

Friday, June 19,

ORCHARD CONFERENCE
DETECTIVE
ATTORNEY

Counsel For Defence
To Show Reason
"Coaching"

FURTHER DETAILS

Independence Explosion
Bradley Further Inq
By Defence



OR TO WIN HER! MURDER AND EVEN PERJURY BECAME POSSIBLE.

that reigned at the bottom of the hall, so hide there her grief.

One rapid glance Kerbrenn threw at her, and joy filled his heart.

She loved him. The words of worship he had whispered to her had not faded from her memory. Her heart was swelling with happiness, and, finding it was above his strength to conceal the tumult of his feelings, he went out of the hall.

But when in the cold, chilly air the hope that had sprung up in his breast as suddenly died out. What should it matter to her father, the sympathy Guireka might feel for him! She was engaged to another, and he would never listen to her objections.

"Though brave and loyal—even his enemies recognized him as such—Tremaneuk was a stern man, and no one ever dared to disobey his commands, for his will was law."

Kerbrenn thought for some time, but he could make no plan. Suddenly acting on his impulse, he went to his room and hastily wrote to Rolken:—"I love thy betrothed. One of us must disappear. Will thou fight with me? On foot or on horseback?"

Calling to his page, he said to him:—"Go to the Lord of Rolken and de-

clared the sea was scarcely visible. All appeared dim and confused.

Kerbrenn shivered as the cold wind blew on his heated brow. He gazed up at the huge castle; it seemed to wave threateningly on him, and, though brave, he felt suddenly weak and helpless.

At full speed they rode against one another, bending on their lances.

With a deafening crash Kerbrenn's weapon struck against his rival's mail shirt, the sharp point went through the steel and penetrated the flesh.

Rolken was unhorsed, yet, when his squire helped him to his feet, he could mount again on his charger.

During a few minutes he rode to and fro, ready to attack another knight, but suddenly he swayed in the saddle and would have fallen off had not his squire caught him and helped him to dismount. But he was unable to stand, and, with a groan, he fell back. The tournament was stopped, and Tremaneuk rose hastily to see what was the matter. Some friends had already gathered round the wounded man and were trying to unbutton his armor.

"A leech! Call a leech!" cried Tremaneuk as he saw with horror the knight's distorted features.

A great confusion followed. Every

open litter by four knights, and the Lord of Tremaneuk followed with Guireka.

His face was stern and sad, for he had a despotic will and was resolved that Rolken should be his daughter's husband. It was impossible for him to fight against death, but he was looking visibly disturbed.

They were entering the chapel when suddenly on a gesture of the priest, the funeral procession was stopped.

Then the monk, who stood by the door, slowly advanced. Surprised, the knights made way, till he stood but a few steps from Kerbrenn. Pointing to him with his hand he said in a clear voice that was heard by every one:—"This man is not worthy to enter the house of God."

There was a short silence. Every one gazed quizzically at the priest and the young man till, turning round, Tremaneuk hastily asked:—"What is the meaning of this disturbance? What does all this signify? In the same clear voice the priest replied:—"A man whose hands are stained with blood may not enter this church. But explain yourself," the impatient lord violently cried.

brought on his death—unless the lance was poisoned.

"But reply; why don't you defend yourself?" Tremaneuk and the old Ploudaoc cried at the same time, turning toward Kerbrenn.

With a violent effort the young man sought to master his agitation, and in a hoarse voice he replied:—"I disdaint such an accusation. You are my comrades—during years we have fought side by side and you know that I ever acted as a true and loyal knight."

"He speaks well! It is the truth!" cried a dozen voices.

There was a pause; then the priest slowly said:—"When let Kerbrenn stand before the altar and swear by the Cross and the Blood of Our Savior that he is not guilty of Rolken's death, and if my suspicions are unjust may the Lord forgive me."

By one common impulse all the other men drew back and Kerbrenn found himself alone at the foot of the altar.

He threw one despairing glance behind him. All his friends were gazing anxiously at him and Guireka's eyes were full of distress. Oh, to win

Friday, June 19,

ORCHARD CONFERENCE
DETECTIVE
ATTORNEY

Counsel For Defence
To Show Reason
"Coaching"

FURTHER DETAILS

Independence Explosion
Bradley Further Inq
By Defence

Boise, June 10.—On the Orchard first asked permission to show reason. One that "Petitbone dope" at Crig the other that he and had carried their shotgun when they were staked Peabody. He said "Bill and not Easterly, made means with him, and Adams did not carry the holsters.

Attorney Richardson, brought out that Orchard interference with Detective this morning and with M. Attorney Hawley yesterday each morning he visits the.

"Did not McPartland about the method by which withstand cross-examination Mr. Richardson.

"No sir," replied Orchard spoke of what gave me through the examination has professed religion.

"Now then, I asked 'didn't you make this cause you discovered the here and Ackerman in the Ackerman is in Goldfield Richardson next dema what Orchard had told Nelson Franklin and A. The Mine Owners association had a certificate a bank which had closed these men were buying cates.

Orchard denied that he cussed the mining Franklin Carlton, "Kid" Beardon, A. T. Nohman Tom McClellan. Orchard first discussed the blow Independence depot with Davis, the strike man Cripple Creek district whistled constantly but at this juncture, Orchard discussed the Independence with Parker and Davis in the lobby of the mine which then was in session. He declared that he pulled off." Richardson back to the Lyte Gregor Denver, asking if Orchard gone to the Adams hotel.

"No sir," replied the first went to Peitbone and fired the sawed-off shot went home.

Orchard denied that he from a window of the while Detective Chief Laver sought him. Attorney finally asked Orchard why here, have you been cage definitely any time long this cross-examination. "I have been cautioned but to tell the truth," replied Orchard.

"Who cautioned you?" land and Mr. Hawley." "Mr. McPartland has," "No sir."

Orchard thought the received from Peitbone in the rear of the latter one was present at the gardening money except Mr. Hayward, Moyer and Peing the time he and working on Mr. Peab said they got \$50 or they asked for it.

Orchard defendant to do with planning mine explosion," suggested Orchard.

"Nothing other than replied Orchard.

"They had nothing to of your outrage, still ence depot affair?" "I believe they had so with that, yet," "I mean as to planning." "No they did not plan as to the Independence fair, Orchard said it would blow up the depot before of the train. This was save the train men."

"Why did you want train men?" asked Mr. "Sherman Parker said the men on the train he witness in the trials and want him hurt."

Orchard testified that of Fred Bradley was a Sunday afternoon in the conference between Hone and Orchard in Pe yard in Denver. Hayward should go alone, ley because he was at mine owners and was d eration out of California Orchard said he registered letter from Peitbone while he in Francisco, to Mr. Bradley said he had told people disco that he had held a conductor to get mine fair. In reply to Richards was in the habit of tel his criminal habits.

"At the time I put Bradley's milk I was I did not care whether he was family of father, and three servants." "In reply to Mr. Richardson ination on the attempt, ley's life in San Francisco Journal at 2:30 with a stand telling in detail the attempt on Bradley.

Andrew Carnegie has president of the western Agricultural Society. It is opposed to absentee pr