

Jocelin's Penance

He would have been entirely desolate had not some happy chance brought him a friend in the form of the Master Armorer, a dwarfish little Norman, whose great head and long arms seemed far too heavy for the rest of his body. Jocelin had found him on his couch in a high fever from a wound inflicted by Geoffrey, who, angry because the Armorer had beaten him in a broadsword bout, had thrust him deeply in the thigh; and the neglected wound had fared to the detriment of his life, when Jocelin nursed him to health, prescribing the remedies learned in the Abbey schools. This was the beginning of the friendship, and when the Armorer expressed his gratitude to the kind fool, and promised to relieve his pains, the latter asked that he be allowed to come to the Armory, and under the Norman's tutelage learn to wield the broadsword and carry the buckler.

"By Saint Francis, chunky fool!" he cried, "thou art the first, methinks, of thy calling who feared not the sword as a menacing hussy fears a raton. I'll teach thee the trick, if thou so desirest, but for one of thy condition it were to learn a dangerous trade or two for who would fight with a fool? A blow from behind, my bucco, is the way for such as thou to settle up old scores." Jocelin turned white at this, though he made some jesting answer as he hurried away. He brooded on the Armorer's words all day, and that night he whispered to the ape as they buddled on the straw—"By the rood, little frier, that Norman is a very devil. What saw he in mine eye that he should speak me thus?"

As day by day passed with no message from the witch of Ely, Jocelin concluded that she had left her home to follow up some new clue; so, relying on his mysterious powers, he began to hope that she had restored Rohese to freedom; and though he did not abate his watch upon the Favorite, he began to "peruse his book with patience" until such time as the welcome news of Rohese's safety should leave him free to return to St. Edmunds. Still, not to miss a chance, however slight, of finding the maid, Jocelin persistently followed De Clifford, who never went forth unattended but a thin, bent figure skulked after him, often it followed his horse like a shadow, and usually the scold ordered far into the heart of London town, where, in Jewery, in a weather-beaten old manor house, whose lands the busy town had long since usurped, Geoffrey would alight, and entering, spend an hour or so; but he always returned alone, and poor Jocelin gained naught for all his spying but weary limbs and bedragged garments. Finally, finding his watch of the Favorite to be futile, he grew almost confident that the witch would some day send him a message that all was well, and it grew to be a daily habit with him to stay to the ape each morning.

"Well, little wisecracker, will the good news come to-day?" and the ape, with its head on one side would chatter knowingly.

Alas for Jocelin's high hopes, for Dame Bernice had sent him no message because in her poor hut, she lay ill unto death, with good Dame Margot and another village wife endeavoring to cure her with such simples as they knew. As long as she was conscious she forbade them to take from her either her cap, cloak or staff. So one morning she lay fully dressed on her truckle-bed, a dreary sight to see; and when in delirium she called upon Heaven, Amosue, eye, ealled on the foul fiend himself, her attendants became so frightened that they ran away and did not return until midday. The snow sparkled silver-white under the noon sun; the hut stood black against the gleaming, ice-bound river; no smoke curled from its wide chimney against the cloudless blue sky; on a bench near the door, a red-breasted robin chirped a promise of winter's end on the threshold; his black murrett turned to the sky, howling mournfully. Pre-saging evil, Dame Margot braved his angry growls, and pushed by him, followed by her neighbor.

The one small window of the room let in a stream of sunlight, which fell across the witch's couch. Amosue had proven false to his "familiar," and the wren-like bird, after a few years of life was never to be fulfilled, for Dame Bernice's face was waxen white; her dove-set eyes fixed and staring, and the black cat licked the cold, claw-like hand, mewing piteously. She had come to find if there be "remembrance in the grave." The witch of Ely was dead.

When another fortnight had passed, without a sign from Dame Bernice, Jocelin lost his assurance, and grew restless; action being the great assuager of suspense, he naturally turned to the Armory for comfort, and practiced his sword exercise so diligently that the Armorer soon pronounced him a good pupil, though "weak in the wrist." The Armory was a long, low room, hung with armor, old and new. Stacks of lances leaned in corners upon racks of battle-axes, and there were piles of weapons of all kinds and ages. At one end the Norman had hung his best swords against the wall above a seat in front of which was the space reserved for fencing. Often as he and Jocelin thrust and cut at each other, a tall, melancholy man with long, black hair and careless dress, would saunter in and lounge on the seat, listening by watch them for a while, and then go slowly away, with a mere nod at the fencers. Jocelin never knew him to speak, and when he had come and gone several times he asked the Norman his name.

"Know'st not Blondel de Nesle?"

Then thou art a fool indeed! That, ninny, is King Richard's Rimer; he grieved sore at being left behind his royal master, and now that it is known that His Highness has left the Holy Land this sixth month, and none can tell in what country he has arrived, the minstrel hath become confounded with melancholy, as thou seest. Some day, might, I'll wager thee my best bladed broad, he'll vanish from the palace like a quick-wink; and then we'll know that he's about that which he's oft vowed—seeking the King."

After that Blondel de Nesle was a source of much interest to the Jester; until one morning, as the Armorer prophesied, he left the palace secretly, and sailing from Dover to Normandy shores, set out to traverse the country in search of news of King Richard.

Some days after Blondel's disappearance, Geoffrey rode forth one dark night, with Jocelin following as usual. He passed through the city into Jewery, entered the manor house, which Jocelin had long since learned belonged to Benedict the Jew; and the fool, as usual, waited to see him come forth again.

The time set for the payment of the money borrowed on the stolen pendant had passed, and the Favorite and his mother had been able to raise but a small tithe of the sum with the heavy usury Benedict exacted. The pendant was almost useless to the Jew. In that to break it up meant a great lessening of its value, and he felt it anywhere would result in his instant arrest and certain death, for it was known in all the neighboring courts as one of the most splendid of England's jewels, and really belonged to King Richard. So in his last interview with De Clifford, Benedict said plainly that if the money was not forthcoming in a certain time he would deliver the jewel to Prince John, and trust to receiving his reward from him, rather than wait longer for so uncertain a recompense. In vain had Priores Rosamund pleaded; Benedict was inflexible. In vain had she offered him certain lands near Oxfordtown at Godstowe, granted her by Henry. The wily Jew knew his old enemy, the Church, too well; to believe he would ever be allowed to hold so rich a property.

Seeing her offers refused, the Priores left London, pausing at the Priory only long enough to see that Rohese was safe, and pressing on to Godstowe, where she purposed extracting certain jewels and plate held in trust there for an infant heiress the nuns were rearing. After some delay, she returned to London with her spoil, by which (though it valued but half enough) she hoped to gain time in which to raise the rest.

It was to meet her that Geoffrey rode to the Jewery this night; and he left in high good humor. The Jew, mollified by Rosamund's payment, had granted him a month's continuance, and the Priores had pledged her son that ere the month had passed De Cokedelf gold should pay the debt.

Jocelin, crouched in the miry lane behind the manor wall, saw a woman come out with Geoffrey, and stand in the doorway as he mounted. She was tall, like and muffled in a black veil, so that he could not see her features in the dim light coming from the hall behind her. She waved a white hand to the courtier, who responded with a flourish of his plumed hat and a gay "Sweet dreams, my dear Rose-lady!"

Though standing ankle deep in cold mire, and lately shivering in the cold wind, the sweat broke out on Jocelin. There was no mistaking that tall and graceful figure, or that long, taper hand; then, too, Geoffrey had called her his "Rose." The dreaded calamity had fallen: Rohese was lost to all good and purity forever. Hidden away in the old Jew's house, she had finally accepted her fate, and now, to all appearances, seemed loath to let her hair depart.

"Ah, Jesu, I thought not that she would lie so tame within such hands, Rohese, Rohese!" he cried, leaving the wall, stretching out his arms as he came into the dim circle of light, his painted face glistened in his agony. She started at sound of his voice, and drew her veil more closely about her, but she looked at him intently a moment; then she archly shook one finger at him, and with a low laugh closed the door.

Jocelin stood as if turned to stone. "Mad I heard that one of the blessed images had descended from its pedestal to play the wanton," he muttered, "I might have believed that sooner than this, but by the blood! I cannot believe such prostitution of sweet womanhood when I behold it with mine very eyes. Alas, Rohese, how charged thy very laugh is, sideah! 'Tis said that wantoning and drinking will coarse the voice and dim the eye. How thou must have revelled at it, madam! Alas, alas, for the maid and monk that were, and woe, ah, woe, for the poor fool that now lives!"

Jocelin turned slowly, and shuddered the weary miles which lay between him and the palace, threatening the dark way with faltering footsteps, peering through the night in dry-eyed grief, but when he reached his straw, and the little ape, cuddling close to welcome him, laid one small black hand upon his fast-falling tears washed the paint from his cheek as he laid it against the friendly beast's, crying, "Ah, little ape, woe, woe, for the poor, poor fool!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Rosamund had not counted on a lengthy absence from the Priory, or she would not have left Sister Isopel in charge of Rohese; knowing well that should the maid be aggressive, that turbulent woman's violent temper would conquer her judgment, and the prisoner would be likely to suffer



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severe mental and physical discomfort.

Many weeks of solitary confinement are conducive to taming the most haughty spirit, and Rohese's imprisonment, broken by daily visitations from the red-faced virago, was well-nigh unendurable. For, following the Priores' instructions, Sister Isopel daily presented to Rohese in no measured terms the difficulties of her position, and the advantages of an alliance which would remove her disgrace and set her among the proudest of the land; to queen it in court; through her husband (the Favorite) ruling the Priory, and under the eye of the Lord's ordering, Rudolph," said the Abbess in grave disapproval. Rudolph blushed and left the room, answering, "I shall be ready in a little space, Domine; who shall ride with me?"

"Didst think I would send forth one of my household to do what I would not, my son?" I ride with thee." So the Abbess, under the cloak of silence, who had been sent by the Abbess to console the ailing person; and fall not Rudolph, to ask when the Priores returns."

When they reached the Priory and Sister Isopel greeted them in the Hospitium, the capuchined monk stood aloof, his hood drawn over his face.

Isopel was volubly explanatory until the secretary cut short her flow of words, and she left the room, to lead the Norman father to the professional.

To be continued.

with voluminous correspondence, word was brought that a clown craved audience, he impatiently ordered the scribe to repair to the offices to await some more convenient time. So the man cooled his heels about the servant's quarters of Bradford for several hours, until the secretary plucked up courage to remind my Lord that he waited. Now, had the messenger (an ignorant churl) delivered his message on his arrival he would have soon been back at the Priory with the despatch confessor. But, as Samson was unaware of the urgent nature of his errand, it was evening, and they had supped, ere the messenger was called before him.

When he stammered out his story, the Abbess's manner changed, and with self-reproach mentally assigning himself a penance for his neglect, he began to interrogate the fellow. Asked the name of the sick person, the clerk answered, "I cannot say, my Lord." And when the Abbess pressed him more closely, he replied, "La, now my Lord, I dare not say, if I knew, but Saint Sain, around the buttery me heard the sisters whisper that our Lady rejoiced to get her claws (methinks, my Lord, they said) upon the young one, and that Sister Isopel hath a hard fist for smiling, as the bruises on the poor maid's limbs and throat showed."

"What greatest of fellow" interrupted the Abbess, "I ask who desired confession, and here thou presentest the small ale of nunnery gossip in our ears. Who lies ill at the Priory, churl?"

"La, now, an' crave thy worship's pardon; didst I not say the maid was Lady — nay, I mind not her name now, but they've used her but unkindly, it seemeth to me—starved and beaten, and as the poor bird, being awary of the cruel cage, seeks to mount to Heaven on the wings of a ghostly father's prayers." The Abbess sprang to his feet with a look on his face not good to see.

"Zounds! And does that—that, Priores dare to vent her spleen upon our ward! Is't Lady de Cokedelf thou speakest of, fellow?"

"Aye, Highness, that was the name of the patient."

"Get thee to horse, messenger; get thee to horse. Come thou, Brother Rudolph; we'll look well into this matter, so prepare thee for a journey. I sent the girl for spiritual correction, nor for abuse, by my halidame!"

"But, my Lord, the way is long, and it is dark and cold," protested the secretary.

"Since when hast thy blood grown too thin to brave the cold, at thy Lord's ordering, Rudolph," said the Abbess in grave disapproval. Rudolph blushed and left the room, answering, "I shall be ready in a little space, Domine; who shall ride with me?"

"Didst think I would send forth one of my household to do what I would not, my son?" I ride with thee." So the Abbess, under the cloak of silence, who had been sent by the Abbess to console the ailing person; and fall not Rudolph, to ask when the Priores returns."

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To be continued.

DISEASES OF THE NERVES

Are Due to Poor Blood and Only Curable Through the Blood.

There is an excellent reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the most severe cases of neuralgia, sciatica, and other complaints of the group known as disorders of the nerves. This group also included nervousness and excitability. Each of these complaints exists because the nerves are not getting a proper nourishment from the blood. The reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure nervous disorders is because they make the rich, red blood upon which the nerves depend for proper tone. It is thus seen that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure nervous disorders because they go to the root of the trouble in the blood, and while they are doing this they strengthen and fortify the whole system against disease. Among the many who have found relief from such ailments, the following is a case in point: Miss Ethel Smith, residing near Burlington, Ont., who says: "Some years ago I was seized with a great pain in my right leg, between the hip and knee. It became so bad that I got no rest, day or night, and often cried with the pain. The doctor said the trouble was rheumatism of the sciatic nerve. Liniments were used until they actually took the skin off, and still the pain grew worse and worse. Then all the other nerves in the limb seemed to be affected, and it kept jerking and twitching until it would have to be held to keep it still. Then the doctor put the limb in a paper mache cast, but it was not long until the trouble began in my other limb and it had to be treated in the same way. I lay in that condition for three years with my whole nervous system so badly shattered that it would make me scream if any one walked across the floor. Then my throat became paralyzed and I could scarcely speak. During this time I had been attended by three different doctors, who did all in their power, but each said I would never be able to walk again. Then my father decided to get me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used them long I felt them helping me. This so encouraged us that in a few months the pills were continued. During this time I was able to walk half a mile each day to get the mail. I used in all eighteen or twenty boxes of the Pills and they did what three years of doctoring had not been able to do. I am as well as ever I was in my life, and have had no return of the trouble. My family and friends think my cure was a miracle, and we give all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BRAZIL ENGLISH

Some Amusing Language in Book of Instruction.

Occasionally we hear expressions of discouragement that the South Americans do not respond warily enough to our efforts to win their confidence, even since the withdrawal of our troops from Vera Cruz. Let the doubting parus: the pages of a booklet published in the city of Paris, a copy of which has just been received in New York city by a merchant dealing with Brazilian firms.

Apparently it is a pocket dictionary of English and Portuguese for the use of Brazilians, to be referred to while out walking or meditating in the street cars, or perhaps while journeying up the Amazon on a river boat.

"English for the Mass," is the title of it, as translated by the author. Apparently the "mass" in Brazil, whoever it may be, need not be very fastidious in the matter of spelling for the first ten or twelve pages, devoted entirely to columns of words, would not earn a very high percentage in a primary school examination. However, it is when he comes to his constructed sentences that the author displays a poetic fancy not to be restricted by mere rules.

"Conversations for the Daily," is the heading of the first round of this battle with English syntax. Then follows a sample of "conversation" that should take place between two Americans meeting each other out walking.

"Good morning, sir; is it not the day fine?"

"Very pleasantly, thank you, and how are you?"

"Very goodly with your permission, sir; are you walking?"

"Yes, sir; for the health. Will you break some fast with me?"

"Gracious, yes. Shall we go to the coffee?"

"With pleasantness, sir. Let us eat meat and bread."

And so each lesson progresses, until the mass is supposed to be so advanced as to be able to enjoy a more scholarly essay on "The American Sellman."

"The American Sellman" writes the author, "is typically of an energy which is to admire in the warmth of tropics. Of a youthfulness generally, he breathes lively and walks springy, searching the customer loyally for the firm; him. To all greets smiles and one is to admire his frank. He is fresh of the cold northerly. Yet under the breast of the American sellman bends the heart wariness, therefore let us give greeting smiles with two hands open to him crying 'welcome to Brazil, Mister."

Need the United States business man be discouraged with such a greeting awaiting his commercial representatives when they sail south to capture the South American trade?—New York Sun.

"Sorry not to have heard your lecture last night" said the luncheon host, "I know I missed a treat; everybody says it was enterprising; if you wonder how they found out," said Mr. Procknow: "the lecture, you know, was postponed."—Kansas City Star.

HEROIC WOMEN

Amulance Man From Belgium Front Says They Outdo Men.

Those who scoff at the "equal rights movement" so hotly contested as the issue goes before the voters of our largest states will find food for thought in the words of Arthur Gleason, who has just returned with Mrs. Gleason, after over a year's ambulance service at the battle front in Belgium. Much of what he has seen at the front he has put into his new novel made of facts, "Young Hilda at the Wars." But he has many other stories to tell. And he has a strongly revised opinion about women.

"The women I met in Belgium were all alike. They refused to 'take their place.'"

"I have seen several hundreds of them, nurses, helpers, chauffeurs, writers, under varying degrees of strain and danger. They are all strangely lacking in fear. There have been individual men who have turned tall, but none of these women."

"Three women established a miniature hospital in the cellar of a ruined house in Pervyse. They had to move several times when shells put them out. English officials were horrified at their being right at the front and tried to send them home, but they stayed on by order of the Belgian King and the Prime Minister. Lady Dorothy Fielding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, was one of them. She had all the characteristics of what we like to think is the typical American girl. She speaks swiftly and directly. She is pretty and executive, swift to act and always on the go. I have seen her drive a touring car carrying six wounded men, from Neuport to Furnes at eight o'clock on a pitchdark night, no lights allowed, over a narrow, muddy road down which the car skidded. She had to thread her way through silent marching troops, artillery wagons and horse."

"She drove a motor into Neuport another day when the troops were marching out of it. A war correspondent was her guest for the afternoon. 'This is a retreat,' he said. 'It is never safe to enter a place when the troops are leaving it. I have had experience.' 'We are going in to get the wounded,' she replied, and they went in."

One of these three women was Mrs. Gleason, who has since been decorated with the coveted Order of Leopold II, "for skill and bravery," by King Albert of Belgium in person.

SCOTLAND'S PALLADIUM

A Famous Piece of Artillery is Ancient Mons Meg.

In the most honorable location in the Argyll battery of Edinburgh castle is a huge piece of ancient artillery which is known as Mons Meg. This old fashioned piece of ordnance is held in the highest esteem by the Scottish people; in fact, it holds a position in their hearts similar to our feeling toward our own Liberty bell.

Mons Meg was made at Mons, Belgium, about the year 1503, by order of James IV., and was named Mons in honor of his wife, Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII. Its great bulk and weight rendered it almost worthless in those days of hand to hand conflicts. However, it was used on special occasions to help celebrate national events. In the reports of the financial transactions of the time may be found charges of "grease for Meg's mouth" (this was used to increase the loudness of the report), ribbons to deck her carriage and pipes to be played before her when accompanying the Scottish army on an expedition. After the union in 1707 the people feared that the "odious surrender of national independence" would be consummated by the removal of Mons Meg to England. In 1757 the piece was removed to Woolwich, but it was restored to Scotland in 1823, "to quiet the people."

Although only a mere mass of rusty iron, it is revered by the people to-day and is always decorated with thistle and other flowers on anniversary days. In processions it has always had the place of honor, but recently it was decided that it was dangerous to submit it to the shock of cartage, and now it looks down from its resting place over the great Scot city.—Chicago Herald.

THE KRUPP WORKS.

This Gigantic Plant is Divided Into Five Separate Groups.

Five separate groups of works are comprised in the Krupp organization. The first of these is the Essen Steel Works, with proving grounds at Meppen, Tanager-Huetto and Essen, consisting of some sixty departments and covering an area of about 500 acres. Here are housed some 7,200 machine tools, 17 roll trains, 187 hammers, 81 hydraulic presses, 207 steam boilers, 569 steam engines, over 2,200 electric motors and 900 cranes. The total coal consumed in the entire establishment last year alone was 3,000,000 tons. In this group is included also the Milhofer-Huetto, with its four blast furnaces; the Hermann-Huetto, with three blast furnaces, and the Sanyer-Huetto, with coal and iron mines.

The second group consists of the Friedrich-Alfred Iron Works at Rheinhausen, with six blast furnaces, fifteen blowing engines, and Siemens-Martin Steel Works.

The third group is the Annen Steel Works, producing principally steel castings up to twenty-five tons.

The fourth group is the Gerson Machine Works at Malsburg-Buckau, made up of more than fifty different shops. These cover an area of seventy-five acres and house 1,850 machine tools and nearly 5,000 cranes.

The fifth group is the neutral section of the Krupp works, the Germania shipyards at Kiel. These works cover sixty acres, containing eight building slips, four of them roofed, the two largest of which can accommodate vessels up to 725 feet in length and 130 feet in width. Two acres are devoted to forge shops. The main bay of the fitting shop is 400 by 78 feet, and the boiler shop is 400 by 212 feet.—Review of Reviews.

Droping, Tired, Weary, Try This Remedy!

Don't give in to that depressed, played-out, don't-care sort of feeling. Better days are ahead. Cheer up, do as the other fellow is doing, tone and strengthen your blood, and you'll feel a new vigor. You'll derive with a few-found energy once you use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They will quickly fill your system with energy, bring back the old appetite, restore that long lost complexion, make you feel like a kid again. A wonderful medicine, checked full of health bringing qualities. You need Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Get a 25c box to-day, at any dealer.

AN ICEBERG AT SEA.

One of the Most Awe Inspiring Spectacles in Nature.

There is nothing in nature so awe-inspiring and awe-inspiriting as the iceberg. Write Larry Amy in the World Magazine. It gives an eye-opening sense of realism, force, and dignity of brilliance.

Through the sun's vivid rays or the dark clouds of a threatening storm, in the moon's cold beams or dimly through the shadings of nocturnes, it can be seen; every one of them from the tiny snow-crow to the huge mass of spires, towers at first, and then a vast, undiminished by a growing appreciation of its heavy bulk.

Always before one is the thought that but an eighth of the iceberg's bulk shows above the water, the remainder stretching down and down into the blue-green depths of the sea until the horizon line is reached, only when the horizon is clear of them. Far out in the sea, with the largest steamers passing swiftly miles inside, they are seen at the bottom in treacherous depths and slowly awaiting the relieving touch of sun and current.

In the wild sea and strongest gales these frigid mountains, "lost unobserved," have caused the loss of ships and the death of thousands as a fathoms below the wave obstructance.

Stubbs—Eve was the first woman suffragist. Grubb—How do you like that? Stubbs said the male sex of her day that things would be greatly improved just as soon as a woman was allowed to decide public questions.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.