

At the Tomb of King Arthur. BY AUBREY DE VERA. Through Glastonbury's cloister dim The midnight winds were sighing, Chanting a low funeral hymn For those in effluence lying, Death a gentle flow, 'mid shadows grim East bound, and unpropitious.

Hard by the monks their Mass were saying; The organ overtones The wave in alteration airy On that smooth vault above The voice of their melodious praying Toward heaven's eternal shore. Long a princely multitude Moved on through arches gray, A hazy yet, though shattered, stood where stood (Who grant they stand for eye) St. Joseph's Church of woven wood On England's baptism day.

The grave they found; their swift strokes fell, Forcing dull earth and stone. They reared one wall on an oak cell, And cross of oak, whereon As grave-d, "Here sleeps King Arthur well, In the isle of Avalon."

I've met on every knightly breast, The steel at each man's side, Sent forth a sudden gleam; each crest Bowed low its plumed pride: Down o'er the coffin stepped a priest— But first the monarch cried:

"Great king" in youth I made a vow, Earth's mightiest son to greet; His hand to worship; on his brow To gaze; his grave to greet Therefore, though dead, till noontide then Shall fill my royal seat!"

Away the massive lid they roll'd— Alas, what found they there? No kingly brood, no shapely mould, But dust where such things were, Ashes o'er ash, fold on fold— And one bright wreath of hair.

Queen's hair! like gold it lay; For Time, though stern, is just, And humbler things feel last his sway, And Death reverses his trust— They touched that wreath; it sank away From sunbeams into dust!

Then Henry lifted from his head The Conqueror's iron crown; That crown upon that dust he laid, And knelt in reverence down, And raised both hands to heaven, and said, "Thou God, art King alone!"

The Kaiser's Tree.

It was in the year of grace 1511. Two men were crossing the turf of the quiet minister square in Breisach. One was somewhat advanced in years, with fine aquiline nose, full blonde beard verging on gray, and long hair that occupied in heavy locks from under a red velvet beretta. He walked with so majestic a tread that it was very evident he was no common man, but one on whose broad shoulders rested an invisible world. Handsome, tall and noble, he was indeed a king among men—a Kaiser—a German Kaiser from crown to toe. A poet, too, he was, and a hero in the true sense of the word—Anastasius Gran's "Last Knight," Maximilian I.

Here in Breisach his city, as he called it—the Kaiser escaped from all affairs of state, and here he wrote those tender letters to his daughter Margaret in the Netherlands. But in 1511 threatening clouds hung low and shadowed the Kaiser's brow, for they presaged a storm that was to carry him away forever from the quiet spot of earth he loved so well. His eyes swept sadly over the bright landscape that lay at his feet. And suddenly turning to his companion he asked: "Whose children are those?" pointing as he spoke to a niche in the wall where a boy and girl knelt and with great industry were planting a rose-bush. The girl was about 8 years old and the boy some four years her senior, and so absorbed were they in their work that they did not hear the Kaiser's approach. When he stood beside them, the boy looked up and exclaimed: "Why, it is the Kaiser!"

"What are you doing there?" asked Maximilian, his artist eyes feeding the while upon the charming little pair. "We are planting a rose tree to the dear God," said the lad fearfully. "And do you think the dear God will be much pleased?" "It is the best we have," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "The Kaiser smiled as he asked, "What is your name?" "Hans Liefnick." "And is the little girl your sister?" "No; she is our little neighbour, Councillor Ruppacher's Maillie." "Ah, indeed! And you love each other very much?" "Yes; when I grow up—and have a knife—I am going to marry her." The Kaiser looked astonished. "Must you have a knife to get married?" "Yes, certainly," answered the lad. "Without a knife I cannot cut, and if I cannot cut I cannot earn money, and I must have a great deal to marry Maillie, because she is a councillor's daughter."

him carve, and now I want to learn myself, but father is dead, and mother cannot buy me a knife." "Will this do?" And the Kaiser drew a magnificent, many-bladed one from his pocket. The hot color rushed into the boy's face and one could almost see his heart beat with joy through the coarse, torn shirt. "Yes, yes," he stammered, "it is splendid!" "It is yours. Be diligent with it," said the Kaiser. Hans took it timidly. "Thank you, very much," was all he could say, but a bright fire glowed in the dark eyes that showered sparks of love and gratitude upon the Kaiser. "Now you can go to Nuremberg," "I should love to go there to Duro's, for I will never carve plates. I can't bear such flat work. I mean to carve figures that are natural and that one can take hold of." "The genuine sculptor," exclaimed the Kaiser. "You are right, Hans Liefnick. Hold to what is natural, and you will never fail." He drew a leathern purse from his doublet, and handing it to the lad said "Only have patience, Hans. Keep these guildens until you are old enough to travel, then go to Duro and tell him that as his sister once held the ladder for him so shall he hold it now for you, to mount as high as he. Will you promise me all this?" "Yes, dear Herr Kaiser," cried Hans enthusiastically, and he took the Kaiser's hand and kissed it in his sudden joy. "I ever carved the image of Christ," he exclaimed, "I will make Him look just like you." "Farewell," laughed the Kaiser as he strode down the mountain with his companion.

The boy stood as in a dream, while Maillie carved a hole in her apron. A maid came and took of her, and the Herr Maillie told the story of the Kaiser and the knife. It soon became the gossip of all Breisach. "Hans Liefnick was such a bold fellow. It was no marvel that he should have been prattling to the Kaiser"—and everyone wanted to see the wonderful knife and the contents of the leathern purse. But the latter Hans was prudent enough to show to no one.

Years passed. Hans Liefnick lost his mother, Maillie hers, and the orphan children were drawn closer together. In the evening after work Hans would break through the hedge that separated the gardens and would carve lovely figures of Maillie, such as no child in all Breisach possessed, and she listened in open-eyed wonder and admiration while he told her of the wonderful pictures and wood carving he had seen in the Freiburg Cathedral. Whenever they could they ran up to the minister and watered the rose tree—the Kaiser's tree, Hans had named it—and where they loved to linger, hoping always that their kind friend might come again. Often they called aloud, "Dear Kaiser, dear Herr Kaiser, come again!" but the childish voices echoed and rang in vain under the blue sky, and the Kaiser came no more.

The little ones grew up, and the Kaiser's tree grew with them, and they seemed more and more drawn to it and to each other, as though its tender roots had reached out silver threads of love into each heart and bound them close with ties that held them fast. But, alas! this one true friend was not strong enough to hold together what men would keep apart. The lovely, stately Ruppacherin, the councillor's daughter, dared no longer be friendly with the poor wood-carver. Her father strongly forbade it and put a high wall between the two gardens, so that Hans and Maillie lost all chance of meeting save at the "Kaiser's tree," and here but rarely when the minister was deserted.

But this only made the stream of love that coursed in their hearts overflow their lips, and one evening when Maillie had long been absent from the "Kaiser's tree," Hans sang his first love song under her window that overlooked the little garden: My heart is mine no longer, 'Tis stolen quite away. By a maiden sweet and lovely, Who listens to my lay. There grows a slender rose tree, Within the minister's shade, And underneath its branches A sign of love is laid. Early next morning Maillie came to the rose tree and found a tiny golden heart hidden in the moist grass. She listened with sparkling eyes and burning cheeks to Hans' words of love and laid the tiny golden heart on her own breast, and she swore never to leave the sign of the rose tree and many another, all telling of his love for Maillie, till at last her father noticed it and threatened her with his curse if she did not stop all intercourse with the "good for nothing artist."

"Maillie, tell me that you do not think me such a worthless fellow?" Her blue eyes looked full into his brown ones, and a smile of love and trust crept over her face. "No, Hans, indeed I do not. No one shall ever make me think that. They do not know you as I do. You have taught me all that I know that is great and beautiful. You have molded me and made me what I am, even as your artist hand forms an image from a shapeless piece of wood." And she took his strong hand and pressed it to her soft warm lips, then folded his white fingers over his brown ones and added, "I will believe in you always, for you honor God with your art, and whoever does that cannot be evil."

"And will you be true to me, Maillie, till I have brought my art and myself to honor, and till I come back to claim you for my bride?" "Yes, Hans, I will never leave my father's house but to go to you—or to the cloister. And if I should die before you come I will ask them to bury me here under the Kaiser's tree, where you have been so happy. Then, if you come back and lie here in the sunshine to rest you from your toil and sorrow, every rose leaf that falls upon you shall be a kiss from me," and she wept on his breast, their tired hearts beating against each other in the pain of parting, while the promise of spring—of love and roses—pulsed and throbbled in the rose tree with the rising sap. "Don't cry, Maillie," Hans said, trying to be strong. "I am going to Duro's, and when I have learned to do something of worth I will seek the Kaiser and ask him to use his influence with your father."

"Oh, yes, if the dear Kaiser would but come!" "He will certainly come, my love," said Hans, "for we will pray the good God to bring him to us—or me to him." They knelt together in the cool, damp grass, and it seemed to their trusting hearts that God must work a miracle and change the Kaiser's tree into his own presence.

Suddenly the sound of the great minister bell smote upon their ears—full of forebodings, mournfully, slowly it tolled. People began to climb the hill that led to the church, and Hans ran to them with eager inquiry. "Where have you been? Have you not heard that our Kaiser is dead?" The Kaiser dead! Poor Hans stood as if turned to stone. Where were all his hopes now? He reeled his burning brow against the cool stem of the rose tree and groaned aloud.

The knell had ceased, and all of nature was as still and dead it seemed as though spring and life could never come again. A light hand rested on his bowed head. Maillie had come to be his comforter. "Oh, Maillie, the Kaiser will never come again!" "But God is with us," said Maillie, softly. As she stood before Hans in her maiden purity and beauty the light of inspiration overspread his face, and he whispered low: "Maillie, God is truly with us. He shows me now, as in a vision, the Queen of Heaven, surrounded by holy angels, and if I can but carve all that he shows me I shall be great myself and need a Kaiser's help no longer."

Next morning at daybreak Hans set out. As he passed Ruppacher's house loud and clear his voice rang out: My heart is mine no longer, 'Tis stolen quite away.

Softly one of the lower windows was raised, and a white handkerchief waved a last farewell through the dusky light, the song went on, but the voice grew trembling and uncertain—full of unshed tears—then ceased, and all was still once more.

Years passed, and nothing was heard of Hans Liefnick, and no one thought of him save Maillie, in whose gentle loving heart he was ever present and ever dear, and who watched for him till at last hope was almost dead, and the roses faded in her cheeks, and a dumb sorrow looked out of the sweet blue eyes. Breisach was trembling for its old faith, and Duke Ferdinand, Kaiser Maximilian's nephew and successor, counseled her children to do all they could to strengthen the Catholic faith by means of votive offerings and ideal painting and sculptures in their churches. The minister had long lacked a high altar worthy of it, and notices were sent broadcast bidding all German artists to send in their plans, that the best might be chosen and the work begun.

Maillie heard but little of all this, for she never went among the people and lived alone in her little bay windowed room waiting for Hans to come. But she was growing weak and weary with waiting, and the eyes she turned toward the Christ that Hans had carved for her were often full of tears. Five long years had passed since she had seen him, when one evening There grows a slender rose tree Within the minister's shade echoed softly a summer sephyr under her window. She sprang to the easement and looked out, but could see no one in the darkness. Love lent wings to the dew, and like an escaped bird, she flew to the mountain side to the Kaiser's tree, where two strong arms clasped her, and held her close, while her head swam, and it seemed as if the waters of the Rhine were closing in about her. They held each other

long in silent embrace, for true love needs no words to toll its depths. Hans was the first to speak. "How pale you are, sweet heart! Are you ill?" She shook her head, with a happy laugh. "Oh, no, not now! But you were gone so long. Why did you not come sooner?" "I could not, little one. If I had come back a poor, unknown fellow, your father would have dismissed me again. So I stayed and feasted my eyes on all the art treasures of the great cities and worked in Duro's studio till my name was mentioned with honour among the pupils, and I said to myself, 'Now you are, too, lovely Maillie.' And when I heard there was to be a new altar put in our minister I hastened here to make application, and if I am found worthy to do the work what can your father have against me then?"

Maillie shook her head doubtfully, but Hans was full of joy. "How the Kaiser's tree has grown!" he cried in wonder. "It seems to have taken all the warm blood out of your cheeks, its roses are so red. Give my love's roses back to her," he said, playfully brushing her cheek with a flower, but they were all pale and white. "That is not good point. Let us try this," and he pressed a kiss on her cheek. "Aye, that is better," he laughed, and laid her blushing face against his breast. "Bloom out, my little rose. The spring is almost here!" The next morning the usher of the high-chamber took Hans into the council chamber with hesitating steps. "Your honorability will be graciously pleased to pardon, but there is one without who insists upon coming into your presence."

"Who is it?" asked the burgo-master. "It is Hans Liefnick," said the usher, "but so much changed I hardly knew him. He wants to compete for the new altar and submit his plans."

"What would we have to do with such a scapgrace as he? Let him go back where he came from," was the decision. "We want no such bunglers as he." The kindly old messenger left the room with a somewhat crestfallen air, but returned almost immediately, bringing a paper of drafting with him, which he presented with many bows and apologies. "Liefnick begs you will examine these, your worships, and you can inquire of Duro, in Nuremberg, as to his ability."

"The fellow don't take himself off we will have the gaoler after him," cried Ruppacher, in a rage. "Softly, softly, Master Ruppacher. The draft represents the coming of the Mother of God in heaven, and is right fancifully thought out, it seems to me."

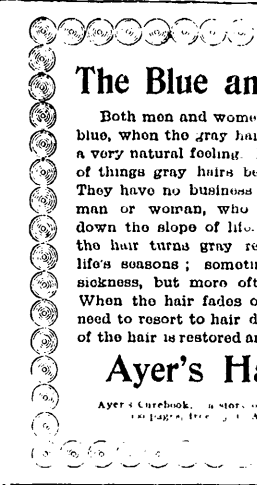
"But to imagine a thing is much easier than to do it. Liefnick never could do such a thing," said one of the councillors. Besides, it was simply ridiculous to give such a work into the hands of a Breisacher child, whom some had even looked askance upon. So Hans was summarily dismissed. The authorities finally decided to send their plans to Albrecht Duro and to let him be their judge. And at the same time with the letter from the councillor went a letter from Hans to his great teacher and good friend.

Weeks slipped by in alternate anxiety and sweet stolen happiness for the lovers. They met as formerly at the Kaiser's tree, for the struggles of 1524 drew Ruppacher's attention from his daughter, and Maillie grew bright and rosy in the springtime of love. At last Duro's answer came, but who can describe the amazement of the council when they found that the letter contained Hans Liefnick's design plan, and these words: "I can recommend nothing more beautiful than this plan of my friend and pupil, Hans Liefnick, whose ability to execute it I fully guarantee."

A half hour later a crowd of people pressed up the narrow street and stopped before Hans Liefnick's little house. He came to the door, and to his astonishment saw a deputation from the council, one of whom stepped up and told him with great pomp that his plan had been approved by Duro, and he had been chosen by the council to execute the high altar for the minister.

Hans clasped his hands for joy. Was it really true or only a beautiful dream? When the deputation had departed, he hastened over to Ruppacher's, for this was his time to speak. Maillie opened the door for him—a low cry of happy fright, a quick kiss—and she disappeared into her own room, where, with beating heart, she sank before her crucifix and implored the Blessed Virgin's help. Hans stepped fearlessly into Ruppacher's presence, who cried, with flaming eyes: "What do you want?"

"Herr Ruppacher, I know an honest man who loves your daughter and who would marry her, and I want to bring him to you." "So—and who may he be?" "Myself, Herr Councillor." "You! Did anyone ever hear such impudence? The lazzar dars—!" "Herr Councillor!" Hans cried out. "I never was a beggar. My father was poor, but he supported us with his wood carrying; and after his death my mother took care of herself and me by the honest labour of her hands. The only things I ever received in my life



The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

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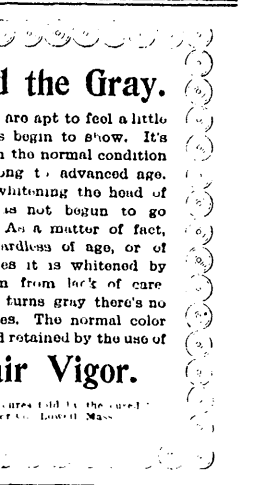
were the knife and the purse from Kaiser Max and those I did not beg—he gave them to a poor boy in whom he recognised an aspiration for better things. I have worked hard with the knife and educated myself with the money, and both have yielded me good interest. I am no beggar, Herr Councillor, and for the next two years the commission I have just received will enable me to abundantly provide for a wife."

"Two years, and what then?" sneered Ruppacher. "Then now commissions will come!" "Oh, you think you are something fine, no doubt, but you belong to a race of star gazers and loafers, who do nothing but spin dreams and are too lazy to work."

Hans was burning with indignation, but he controlled himself for Maillie's sake and only said: "A Kaiser held the ladder for Albrecht Duro—the ladder on which he painted—and a town councillor of Breisach, whose dust will soon be scattered to the winds, insults his best loved pupil. There I tasted all the honour of my reputation. Here I must be insulted and trampled upon!"

"Then, go back to your honour. Why did you come here with your silly air?" "Because I love your daughter so truly that no sacrifice is too great to be made for her, and because I want her for my wife." "Well, then, I will tell you that you are as likely to marry a wife as far above you as my daughter is as you are to build an altar in the minister higher than the minister itself."

"Is that all you have to say, Herr Councillor?" He laughed contemptuously. "Carve an altar that is higher than the church in which it stands and you shall have my daughter—not before—so help me God!" A piteous cry came from the next room. Ruppacher opened the door. Maillie lay unconscious before the crucifix. Hans hastened to her, but the angry man raised his hand against him. For a moment it seemed to him that the sacred knife must leap from his pocket, but he struggled with himself and rushed out of the house, up the hill to the minister, to his friend, the "Kaiser's tree."



"Well said! He is right," was heard on all sides. Now Hans went fearlessly to where Ruppacher stood. "Herr Ruppacherin," he said, "two years ago, you promised me your daughter for my wife, and now I should have fulfilled a strange condition made by you. I was to build an altar higher than the church—an impossible thing you thought—but look up, Master Ruppacher, the altar is a foot higher than the place in which it stands. I have only bent the top."

The councillor looked up and grew pale. He had not thought of that. A moment of applause ran through the house. "I have done my part, Herr Councillor. Now do yours and give me your daughter for my wife."

Ruppacher tottered as if struck by a heavy blow. Hans had taken him at his word, and he was not the man to trifle with his oath. He took Maillie's hand and placed it in her lover's.

Three weeks later Hans and Maillie were betrothed before the altar. Breisach had never seen so magnificent an affair. After Herr Ruppacher was no longer so leaty as one might think, for he had no more respect for the worthless art of his son-in-law.

"Place yourself once more in harmony with the universal religion; accept the song of God; make a religious use of life; work while it is yet day; be as one serious and cheerful; know how to repeat with the Apostle: 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.'"

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