2

CHAPTER VI. CONTINUED.

"You speak of the Lady Matilda, daughter of the Lord Robert de Be-thune," observed Daconinck. "How know you that ?" inquired Adolf surprised.

Adolf surprised. "I know yet more, sir. The Lady Matilda was not brought to your house so privily, but that Deconinck knew it, nor could she have left it again un-known to me. But be not alarmed, for I can assure you that but few besides manifed Barrow are in the second."

"You are a wonderful man, Master Deconinck. But now to the point. I feel that I may trust in your magnan-imity to defend this young daughter of imity to d

Inity to detend this young daughter of our Lion, if need be, against any vio lence from the French." Spring from among the people, De coninck was one of those rare geniuses who come before the world from time to time as the leaders of their age and country. No sconer has years rigened his capacity, than he called forth his brethren out of the bondage in which they slumbered, taught them to under-stand the power which lies in union, and rose up at their head against their tyrants. The latter now found it im ssible to resist the awakened energies

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possible to resist the awakened energies of their former slaves, whose hearts Deconinck had so roused and kindled by eloquence, that their necks would no longer bear the yoke. Yet some times the fortune of war would favor the nobles, and the people for a time submitted, while Deconinck seemed to have lost at once his eloquence and his accentiv. Nevertheleas he slumbered sagacity. Nevertheless he slumbered not, but still worked upon the spirits of his comrades with secret exhortations. till a favorable moment came; then the commons rose against their tyrants, and again broke their bonds. All the political machinations of the nobles vanished into sm ke before the keen intellect of Deconinck, and they found themselves thus deprived of all their power over the people, without any possibility of permanently holding their ground. With truth it might be said, ground. With truth it might be said, that a chief share in the reform of the political relations between the obles and the commons belonged to Decon-inck, whose waking thoughts and sleep

ing dreams were solely to the aggrand-isment of the people, who had so long groaned, so to say, in the dark dungeon and he vy chains of feudal bondage. It was with a smile of satisfaction then, that he listened to Adolf of Nieuwland's appeal in behalf of the young Matilda; for it was a great triumph for the people whose represen-tative he was. In an instant he counted over the advantages which might be derived from the presence of the illustrious maiden for the execution of his

great project of deliverance. "Sir Adolf of Nieuwland," he answered, "I am greatly honoured by this application. I will spare no effort ich may contribute to the safety of the illustrious daughter of the Flemish

Desirous of bringing the matter more entirely into the hands of the commons. he added, with cautious hesitation, "But might she not easily be carried off hence before I could come to her aid ?'

This remark was somewhat displeas ing to Adolf ; for he thought he saw in it a disinclination on the Dean's part to take up Matilda's cause with heart and soul. He therefore replied : "If you cannot yourself give us efficient aid, I pray you, master, to advise us as to what is the best that can be done for the safety of our noble Count's daughter.'

"The Clothworker's Company is strong enough to stand between the lady and all fear of insolence," rejoined Deconick; "I can assure you that she may live as peacefully and safely at Bruges as in Germany, if you will take counsal of me." counsel of me."

is your difficulty, then ?" asked Adolf.

Noble sir, it is not for such as me to make arrangements for the daughter of my prince ; nevertheless, should she e pleased to do as I shall recommend er. I will undertake to be answerable

THE LION OF FLANDERS. BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. CHAPTER VL CONSCIENCE. CHAPTER VL CONSCIENCE. disconcerted, either by the unexpected presence in which he found himself, or by the inquiring look of Master Roger. He uncovered his head, howed hastily all round, and went straight up to Deconinck; then seizing him familiarly by the arm, he exclaimed: "Ha, Master Peter I I have been look-

"Ha, Master Peter II have been look-ing for you these two hours; I have been running all over the town after you, and nowhere were you to be found. Know you what is happening, and what news I bring ?" "Well, what is it then, Master Breydel ?" inquired Deconinck im-patiently. "Come, don't stare at me so with your cat's eve. Master dean of the Cloth-

"Come, don't stars at me so with your cat's eye, Master dean of the Cloth-workers," oried Breydel; "you know weil enough that I am not airaid of it. But that is all one! Well, then, king Philip the Fair, and the accursed Joanna of Navarre, are coming to Bruges to morrow; and our fine fellows of city magistrates have ordered out a hundred outhworkers forth hotchers hundred clothworkers, forty batchers and I know not how many more of the rest, to make triumphal arches, cars for a pageant, and scaffolding." "And what is there so wonderful in

that, that you should waste your breath about it?

"What Master Dean! what is there in that? more than you think; for certainly not a single butcher will put his hand to the work, and there are three hundred clothworkers standing in front of your hall waiting for you. far as I am concerned, it will be long enough before I wag a finger for them. The halberts stand ready, the knives are sharp ; everything is in order. You know, Master Dean, what that mean when I say it."

when I say it." All present listened with curiosity to the bold words of the Dean of the Butchers. His voice was clear, and even musical, though with nothing of womanish softness in it. Deconinck' cooler judgment, meanwhile, soon perceived that Breydel's designs would if executed, only be injurious to the cause, and he answered:

"I will go with you, Master Jan ; we will talk over the necessary measures together; but first, you must know that this noble lady is the Lady Matilda, the daughter of Lord Robert de Bethune

Breydel, in much surprise, three If on one knee before Matilda. himself on one knee before Matilda, lifted his eyes to her, and exclaimed : "Most illustrious lady, forgive me the random speech I have heedlessly used in your presence. Let not the noble daughter of our lord the Lion remember it against me." "Rise, master !" answered Matilda

raciously; "you have said nothing that I could take amiss. Your words were in-spired by love for our country, and hatred against its enemies. I thank you for your faithful allegiance."

"Gracious Countess," pursued Brey-del, rising, "your ladyship cannot imagine how bitter are my feelings against the Lilyar's and French taxgatherers. O that I could avenge the wrongs of the House of Flanders ! - 0that I could! But the Dean of the Clothworkers here is always against me; perhaps he is right, for late is not never; but it is difficult for me to keep back. To-morrow the false Queen Joanna comes to Bruges; but unless God gives me other thoughts than I have now, she shall never see France

again." "Master," said Matilda, "will you promise me what I am going to ask of

"Promise you, lady ? say rather that you command me, and I will obey. Every word of yours shall be sacred to

"Then I desire of you that you shall the new linear to you that you shall do nothing to break the peace while the new princes are in the city." "So be it," answered Breydel, sor rowfally. "I had rather your ladyship ad called upon we to use any arm or more

had called upon me to use my arm or my knife; however, it's a long lane that has no turning, and if t. -day is for them

to-morrow may be for us.'

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. the best knife; it cuts slowly, but it never blants and never breaks. Sup-pose you do shut the gates, what have you gained then? Listen, and take my word for it. Let the storm go by a little, and things get quiet; let us wait till a part of the foreign troops are some back to France; let the French and the Lilyards have their own way a little, and then will be less on their little, and then they will be less on their guard."

No!" cried Breydel, "that must "No!" cried Breydel, "that must not be ! They are already beginning to be insolent and despotic more than enough. They plunder all the country round about, and treat us burghers as though we were their slaves." "So much the better, Master Jan ! so much the better is a sole to be a sole to be a sole to be and the sole to be a sol

much the better." "So much the better! what do you

"So much the better! what do you mean by that? Say, master, have you turned your coat? and do you mean to use your fox's wit to betray us? I know not, but it seems to betray us? I know not, but it seems to be that you begin to smell very strong of lillies!" "No, no, friend Jan! but just be-blick you, that the more there is to think you, that the more there is to irritate, the nearer is the day of deliv-erance. If they cloaked their doings s little, and ruled with any show of jus tice, the mass of the people would sit down quietly under the yoke till they grew accustomed to it . and then, adieu, once for all, to our hard won liberties i

once for all, to our nard won neeroes: Kaow that despotism is freedom's nurs ing-mother. If, indeed, they ventured to make any attempt upon the privil eges of our town, then I should be the first to exhort you to resistance; but even then not by means of open forcethere are other means surer and better

than that. "Master," said Jan Breydel, "I "Master," said Jan Breydel, "I understand you; you are always right, as though your words, stood written upon parchment. But it is a bitter pill to me, to have to put up so long with those insolent foreigners. Better the Saracen than the Frenchman! But you are right enough; the more a frog blows nimesif out, the sconer be breats!

nimself out, the sooner he bursts I After all, I must confess that under-standing is with the Clothworkers." Weil, Master Breydel, I, for my part, acknowledge that it is the But-chers that are the men of action. Let us ever put these two good gifts, caution

us ever put these two good gifts, caution and courage, together, and the French will never find time to make fast the irons about our feet." A bright smile on the face of the butcher acknowledged his satisfaction

"Yes," he replied, "there are fine fellows in our company, Master Pe er ; and that the foreign rascals shall know, when the bitter fruit is ripe. But now I think of it, how shall we keep our Lion's daughter from Queen Joanna's

knowledge ?" "We will show her here openly in

the light of day." "How so, master? let Joanna of Navarre see the Lady Matilda? You can never mean that in your sound senses! I think you must have some thing wrong in your upper works."

"No; not yet, at any rate. To mor-row, at the entry of the foreign masters, all the Clothworkers will be unde arms; so will you, with your Butchers. What can the Frenchmen do then Nothing, as you know. Well, then, to morrow I will put the Lady Matilda in a conspicuous place, where Joanna of Navarre cannot but notice her. Then I shall be able to judge from the queen's countenance what her thoughts are, and how far we have to lear for our precious charge.

ee the French (fier to harm or affront her: for my hands itch to be at them, and that's the truth of it. But to - day I have to go to Sysseele to buy some oxen, so it will be your turn to keep

guard over the countess." "Now, then, only be a little calm, friend Jan, and do not let your blood boil over: here we are at Clothworkers" Halt.'

As B. eydel had said, a considerable group of Clothworkers stood about the door. All had gowns and caps of the same form as their Dean, though here o-morrow may be for us." Then, once more bowing his knee be journeyman with longer hair, and something more of ornament about his apparel. This, however, was but an ex parel. This, however, was but an exception; for the company kept strict discipline, and did not permit in its members much of idle display. Jan Breydel spoke a few words more with Deconinck in an under tone, and then left him in high satisfaction. Meanwhile the Clothworkers had opened a passage for their Dean as he approached ; and all respectfully uncov ared their heads, followed him into the hall.

beavens with lilies substituted for stars; and many other like images, such as a spirit of base truckling had suggested to these traitorous Flemings. If Jan Breydel had not been kept in restraint by the Dean of the Cloth-workers, the people would certainly not have been long scandalised by these symbols of abasement. As it was, however, he swallowed his indigna-tion, and looked on in dark and desper ate endurance. Deconinck had con-vinced him that the hour was not yet come.

come. The Cathelyne street was hung throughout its whole length with snow-white linen and long festoons of foll-age, and every house of a Lilyard bore an inscription of welcome. On little four cornered stands burned all kinds of perfumes in beautifully chased vases and young girls strewed the streets with flowers. The Cathelyne gate, by which the king and queen were to enter the town, was decked on the out-side with magnificent scarlet hangings; there, too, were placed allegorica pictures intended to glori'y the the stranger, and to throw scorn noon the lion, the ancestral emblem of victory. Eight angels had been secretly planted on the gatehouse to sound a to the prince and announce his arrival.

In the great square stood the companies, armed with their halberts, and drawn up in deep file along the houses. Deconinck, at the head of the Clothworkers, had his right flank covered with the egg-market ; Breydel, with his Butchers, occupied the side towards the Stone street; the other companies were distributed in lesser bodies along the third side of the square. The Lilyards and principal nobles were as embled on a richly decorated scaf folding immediately in front of the town hall.

town hall. At eleven o'clock, the angels who

were stationed upon the gatehouse gave the signal of the king and queen's approach, and the royal cavalcade at last passed through the Cathelyne gate into the town.

First rode four heralds on magnifi cent white horses, from whose trumpets hung the bacners of their master, Philip the Fair, with golden lilies on a blue field. They sounded a melodious march as they went, and charmed all hearers with the perfection of their playing.

Some twenty yards after the heralds came the king, Philip the Fair, on a horse of mejestic figure and paces. Among all the knights about him there was not one that approached him in beauty of features. His black hair flowed in long waving locks upon his shoulders; his complexion wied with that of any lady for softness and clear ness; while its light-brown hue im-parted to his countenance an expression of manly vigour. His smil countenance. A little on one side of the throne was stationed a group of noble ladies, mounted on the most beautiful palfreys; and all, in honor of the occasion, so bedeeked with jewellery that the eye could hardly bear to rest upon them. Matilda, the fair young daughter of the Lion of Flanders, had her place in the front row, and was the very first that fell under the queen's eye. She was most magnificently attired. A high pinted hat of yellow silk, copiously trimmed with ribbons of red velvet, sat lightly and gracefully upon her head: countenance. sweet, and his manner remarkably captivating. Added to this, a lofty capturating. Anded to this, a lofty stature, well-formed limbs, and easy carriage, made him in all externals the most perfect knight of his day; and thence his surname, by which he was known throughout Europe, of Le Bel, or, as we translate it, the Fair. His dress was right combenidered with ead dress was richly embroidered with gold and silver, yet not overloaded with ornament; it was clear that good taste, and not love of display, had guided the selection. The silvered heimet which glittered on his head bore a large plume, which fell down behind him to his horse's croup. light'y and gracefully upon her head; from under it fell a flowing mantilla of

behind him to his horse's croup. Beside him rode his consort, the imperious Joanna of Navarre, upon a

Some Mysteries of the

erected a magnificent triumphal arch with Gothic pillars. Above, at the spex of the arch, hung the shield of the arms of France; lower, one on each pillar, those of Fianders and the city of Bruges. The rest of the avail-able space was occupied with allegor ical devices, such as might best flatter the breign lord. Here might be set flatter the black lion of Fianders humbly oringing under a lily; there were the heavens with lilies substituted for stars; and many other like images.

on at the magnificent show. On the other side of the king rode his son, Louis Hutin, a young prince of good dispositions, and who carried his greatness unassumingly. He re-garded these rew subjects of his house with a compassionate air ; and the eyes of the citizens ever found a gracious of the citizens ever found a gracious smile up in his countenance. Louis possessed all the good qualities of his father, unalloyed by any of the vices that might have been looked for in the son of Joanna of Navarre. Imm-diately after the king and queen

rubies of great value. The harness of the pairrey, profasely enriched as it was with studs, drops, and tassels of gold and silver, correscame their personal attendants,---gentlemen of the chamber and ladies of honour ; then a numerous cavalcade of nobles, all magnificently arrayed. ponded in magnificence with the of the rider; and with like splendor were the other ladies attired in chang-Among them might be distinguished Enguerrand de Mariguy, De Chatilion, St. Pol, De Nesle, De Nogaret, and many others. The royal standard and ing stuffs of every varied hue under eaven. The queen, with her retinue, rode slowly up, and turned her eyes with piteful carlosity upon these Fienlish numerous other banners waved merrily over this princely company. dames, who glittered so brilliantly in the

Last of all came a body of men-at arms, or heavy cavalry, some three hundred strong, all of them armed from head to foot in steel, and with long lances projecting above the r heads Their heavy chargers, too, were steel barbed from counter to crupper.

The citizens, every here and there gathered into groups, looked on in solemn silence; not a single cry of welcome ascended from all that multiwere plainly traceable on her features, and did not escape Joanna's notice, She looked Matilda imperiously in the tude, no single sign of joy could any where be seen. Stung to the soul at the coldness of this reception, Joanna iace, thinking to make the Flemish maiden quail beneath her frown; but in this she found herself mistaken; for of Navarre was still more irritated at the looks of scorn and hate which she could perceive from time to time were turned upon her.

As soon as the procession reached angry queen, whose displeasure at the sight of so much magnificence had not the market-place, the two figures of Fame, planted on the pedestals, put become too great to be concealed. With evident annoyance she turned her their trumpets to their mouths blew a blast of welcome that resounded horse's head, and exclaimed, while throughout the square; upon which the magistrates and other Llyards (of casting a look of scorn upon the band whom, however, there were but few) raised the cry, "France! France! Long live the king! long live the queen!" of ladies. that I alone was queen in France ; but methinks our Flemish traitors whom

Still more intense was the inward rage of the proud queen, when not a single voice from the people or the companies joined in this cry, and all the citizens stood motionless, without giving the slightest sign of respect or

even by some of the citizens : then with pleasure! Still, for the moment she swallowed her wrath, and contrived so cealed veration, she inqu red of ill con the knight who rode next her: "But, Messire de Chatillon, who is to command her features, that nothing of what she felt was perceptible on her this insolent girl before me, with the Lion of Flanders upon her breast ; what doth that betoken ?'

princesses.'

De Chatillon, drawing nearer to her,

replied: "It is Matilda, the daughter of Robert de Bethune."

And with these words he put his finger to his lips, as a sign to the queen to dissemble and keep silence-a sign which she well understood and accepted with a smile-a smile full of treachery. hatred and revenge.

Any one who might have been obser-ing the Dean of the Clothworkers at this moment could not have failed to perceive the steadfastness with which his eye was fixed upon the queen : not the slightest shade had come or gone

APRIL 18, 1908.

dun coloured palfrey, her apparel all one blaze of gold, silver and jewels. A long riding dress of goldstoff, secured in front with a lace of silver cord, fell in heavy folds to the ground, and glistened as she went with its thousand ornaments. Both she and her palfrey were so beset with studs, buttons and tassels of the most costly materials, that scarcely a single vacant spot could be perceived upon them. Arrogance and vanity filled the whole soul of this princes, and tit might be seen in her countenance that the pomp of her entry had filled her heart with pride. Full blown in insol-the conquered people, who filled the windows, and had even climbed upon the roots of the houses in order to look on at the magnificent show. On the other side of the king rode his groat cost unasumingly. He re-bis greatness unasumingly to her parks method ther the root proveness the fulled her her the greatness unasumingly. He re-bis greatness unasumingly and had her parks method ther her the straing the theory movement the methous the theory movement the theory and then the theory movement the fulled her her the straing the theory and the great the theory and then the theory movement the theory movement the theory movement the theory and the theory the theory the theory the straing the theory the theory the theory the straing the theory the theory the theory the theory the theory the theory th sgain, it would shade off into green. On her bosom, where the two ends of a string of the finest pearls met, shone a plate of beaten gold, with the Black Lion of Fianders artistically carved agon it in jet. A girdle, also be-spangled with gold, and with silk and silver tassels, was fastened round her waist by a clasm in which facut

sun's rays. As soon as she had arrived

within a certain distance, the ladies rode up to her at a stately pace, and greeted her with many coartly speeches.

Matilda alone was silent, and regarded Joanna with a stern unbending coun-

tenance. It was impossible for her to

show honor to a queen who had thrown her father into prison. Her feelings

the young girl proudly threw back glance for glance, without lowering her

evelids, even for an instant, before the

"Look you, gentlemen. I thought

we hold in prison are princes one and

all; for here I see their wives and

daughters dressed out like queens and

These words she spoke alond, so as to

for her safety." "I hardly understand you, master. What have you to ask of the Lady Matilda? you would not carry her to another place?"

"O, no; all I desire is, that she should on no account leave the house without my knowledge, and should, on the other hand, at all times be ready to accompany me, should I judge it necessary. Moreover, I leave it to you to withdraw this trust from me the

moment you feel any doubt of the loyalty of my intentions." As Deconinck was universally held

in Flanders as one of their ablest heads, Adolf doubted not that his demaid was founded on good reasons, and therefore made no diffi ulty in granting all he asked, provided he would undertake to be himself answerable for the Lady Matilda's safety; and, as he was not yet personally acquainted with her, Maria went to request her presence. On her entering the room, Deconinck made a lemand buble challers he here here

made a low and humble obeisance before her, while the princess looked at him with considerable astonishment, not in the least knowing who he could be. But while he thus stood before her, and she awaited an explanation of the scene, suddenly a noise of load disputing was

heard in the passage. "Wait then !" cried one of the voices, "that I may inquire whether you can be admitted."

"What !" cried another voice of much greater power, "shall the Butchers be shut out while the Clothworkers are let in? Quick, out of the way, or you shall rue it !"

The door opened, and a young man of powerful limbs and handsome features entered the chamber. His dress was made like that of Deconinck, but with more of taste and ornament; the great cross handled knife hung at his girdle. As he passed the threshold he was in the act of throwing back his long fair the act of throwing back his long tair hair from his face; but the sight that mot his syst cut the sight that the door-way. He had thought to find there the Dean of the Clothworkers and some of his fellows; but now see that will not do. Caution, Breydel, is the door way. He had thought to find there the Dean of the Clothworkers and some of his fellows; but now see that will not do. Caution, Breydel, is the door way. He had thought to find there the Dean of the Clothworkers and some of his fellows; but now see that will not do. Caution, Breydel, is the beginning of the Lady street, was

fore the princess, he added. "I beg and pray of you, noble daugh-ter of our Lion, not to forget your ser-

vant Breydel, whenever you have need of strong arms and stout hearts. The Butchers' Company will keep their hal berts and knives ready ground for your

service. The maiden started somewhat at an

offer which savored so much of blood; but nevertheless she replied in a tone of satisfaction. "Masters," she answered, "I will not

forget to make your fidelity known to my lord and father, when God shall re-

store him to me; for myself, I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you." The Dean of the Butchers rose, and taking Deconinck by the arm, they went out together. Long after they went out together. Long after they had left the house this unexpected visit were in the street Deconinck began : friend of the people; it is therefore our bounden duty to watch over his daugh-

ter as a sacred deposit.' "What need of so many words about it?' answered Breydel ; the first o'c'ock in the morning, all was in read-Frenchman that dare but look askance iness.

at her shall make acquaintance with my cross knife. But, Master Peter, would it not be the best plan to close the gates, and not let Joana into the

halberts stand behind the doors, and at the first word every Lilyard will be packed to---

"Beware of any violence 1" inter "Beware of any violence 1" inter rupted Deconinck. "To receive one's prince magnificently is the custom everywhere; that can do no dishonor to the commons. It it better to reserve our strength for occasions of more im-portance. Our country is at present round. swarming with foreign troops, and we might very easily get the worst of it." "But, master, this is terribly slow

CHAPTER VII.

The Lilyards had made unusual preparations for giving a magnificent re-ception to their new prince, whose favour they hoped by this means to earb. No cost had been spared ; the fronts of the houses were hung with formed a topic of conversation for its fronts of the houses were hung with inmates. As soon as the two Deans the richest stuffs the shops could furnish ; the streets were turned into "Master Jan, you know that the green avenues, by means of trees Lion of Flanders has always been the brought in from the neighbouring friend of the people; it is therefore our woods and fields, and all the journeymen of the different companies had been employed in erecting triumphal On the following day, by ten arches.

In the middle of the great square stood a lofty throne, erected by the Carpenters' Company, and covered with blue velvet, its double seat adornhalberts stand behind the doors, and with richly worked cushions: two figures, Peace and Power, stood by, which with united hands were to place

crowns of olive and laurel on the heads of Philip the Fair and Joanna of Navarre. Hangings of heavy stuffs descended from the canopy, and the very ground of the square was covered with costly carpets for some distance

At the entrance of the Stone street stood four columns painted in imita tion of marble, and on each of them a

Nervous System Explained.

There is so much mystery associated with the nerve force which controls the organs of the human body that it can best be likened to electricity, of which we know so very little and yet make such varied uses.

By referring to the accompanying illustration we want to point out some things that are known in regard to the workings of the nervous system and emphasize the necessity of keeping up the supply nerve force in order that the various organs of body may perform their functions and health be maintained. Of the two sets of nerves in the human body, this sketch illustrates those which have to do with external objects, and control seeing, hearing, feeling, moving, etc.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The cut shows how at sight of an apple the message is carried by the optical nerve to the brain, which receives, thinks and decides on some form of action, and then sends out its command through the nerves which lead to the hand.

You cannot even brush a fly from your forehe, d without this process being carried out, though the frequency with which the act is performed lessens the amount of thought required.

Simple as it may seem to see and pick up an apple, this act cannot be properly carried out if there anything wrong with any of the nerves involved.

Injury to the optical nerve means defective sight or blindness, disease of the brain may mean para-lysis of the nerves which control the movement of the arm, or even the tiny nerves of the fingers may be defective, so that the fingers are not under control of the brain.

Cures

The brain is the source of all nervous energy, for here it is that blood is converted into nerve force, and for this purpose fully one-fifth of all the blood of the human body is consumed. This explains the necessity of looking to the condition of the blood at the first sign of nervous trouble, and shows how itis that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood-builder, is so remarkably successful in curing



