## POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1905.

## Under the Rose

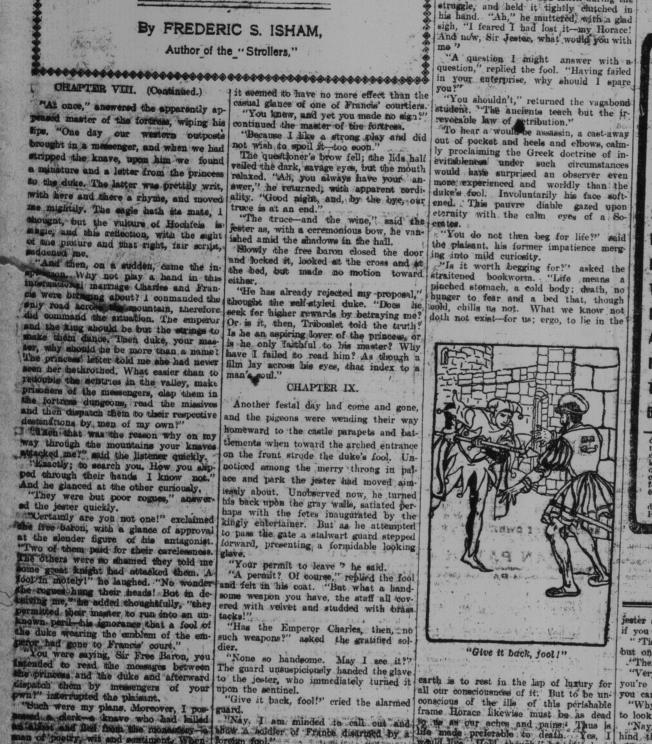
By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,

about him on the road. Then his face brightened.

orightened.

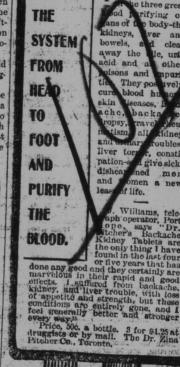
"With your permission—I have e'en dropped something."—

And, stooping, the scamp scholar picked up a small leathern bound volume from the ground, where it had fallen during the struggle, and held it tightly chutched in his hand. "Ah," he muttered, with a glad sigh, "I feared I had lost it—my Horace! And now, Sir Jester, what would you with me"



DR. PITCHER'S BACKACHE - KIDNEY ABLETS

CLEANSE



"Very well. Follow me, sir, and if for you're still of a mind when you see her

ruptly ceased. The ministrels and mounte-banks gazed in surprise at the slender figure of the alien jester (whose rich garments proclaimed him a personage of importance, one who had reached that pinnacle in buffoonery, the high office of court plaisant. The gypsy, too, looked at him over her shoulder, offering him the full sight of her bold cheeks and shameless eyes.

whether ito enter or run away.

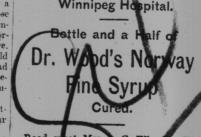
whether ito enter or run away.

"Yes, I am Nanette, his true and lawful spouse," she answered, with a shrill laugh.
"But what would you have, fool? A song, a jest, a dance, or have you come to learn a new story or ballad for the lordlings you must entertain?" Unabashed, she approached a step near.

"Your stories, mistrees, would be unsuited for the court, and your ballads best unsung," he retorted. "I came not to sharpen my wits, but to learn from whom the thief friar got the small piece of silver you gave your consont, and also to pro-

"How dared you come here," she said oarsely, "after"—
"After your mate proved but an indis-"After your muste proved but an indifferent servant of yours?" he concluded, meeting her sullen gaze with one so stern and inflexible that before is her eyes fell.

"Do you know," she said, endeavoring to maintain a hardened front, "I have but to say the word and all these friends of mine would tear you to pieces? What would you do, my pretty fellows, I ask you?" she cried out, her voice rising audaciously. "Would you suffer this duke's jester to stand against me?"
Glances of suspicion and animosity shot from a score of eyes, fists were half clinched, knives appeared in a truce from the concealment of rags and a low murmur arose from the gathering. An expression of diagust replaced all other feeling on

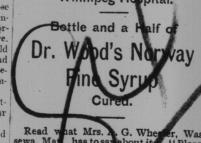


"Are you Nanette, wife of this phillo-spher?" asked the duke's fool, approaching and indicating the miserable scamp who clung near the doorway as one undecided

the thief friar got the small piece of silver you gave your consont, and also to procure a horse."

Her brazen eyes wavered. "A horse and a fool flying," she multtered. "Even what the cards showed. The fool seeking the duke." A puzzled Book crossed her face. "But the duke is here," she continued to herself. "A strange riddle. All the signs show devilment, but what it is"—

"Good Nanette," interrupted the jester satirically "I have no time for spells or incantation.



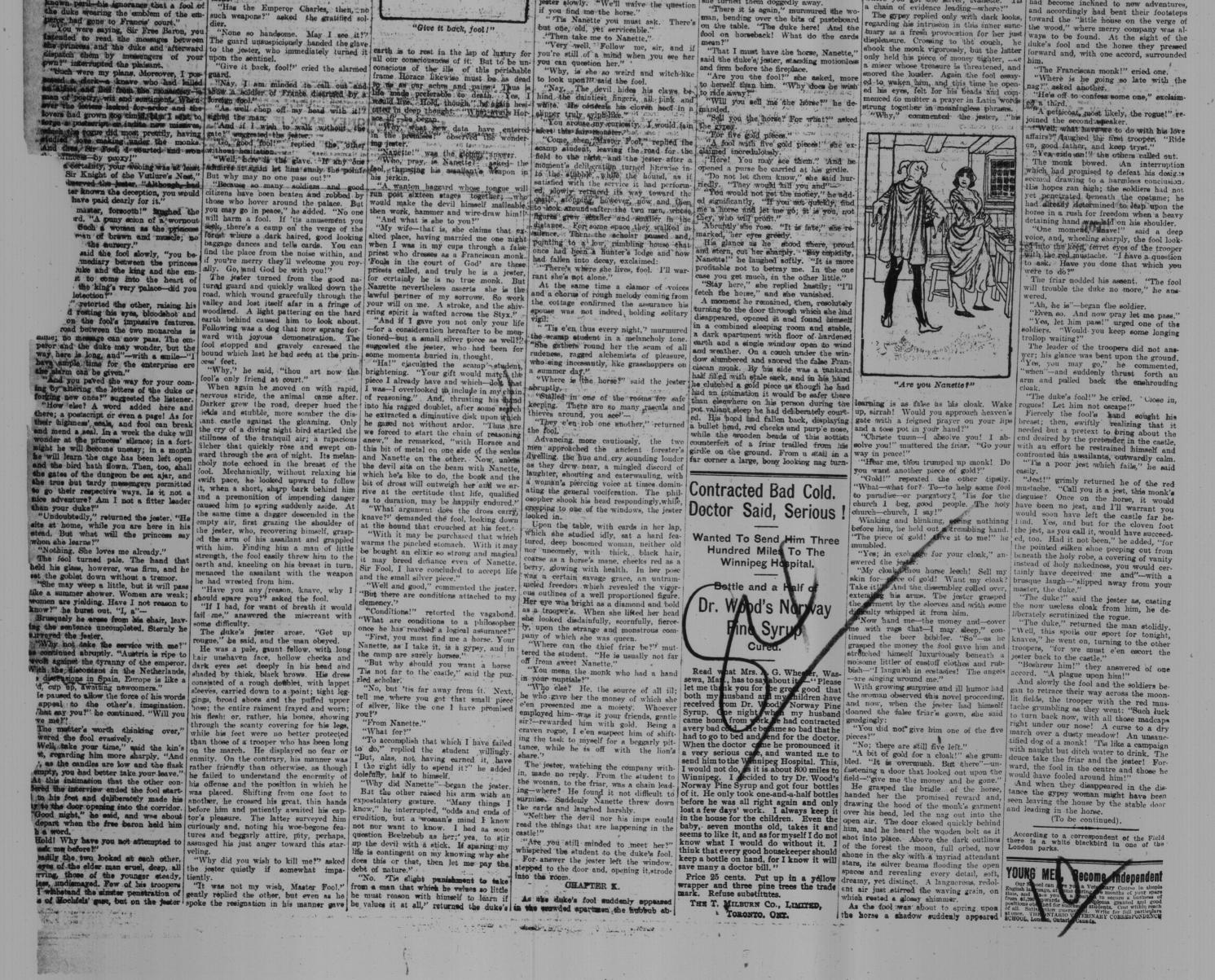
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"Spare me your threats, Nanette." he replied coldly. "Had you instended to set them on the you would have done it long or the disks."

The woman hesitated. Something about him —was it dignity or pride or a name less fear sie herself experienced, but could not understand?—beat down her eyes, and she turned them doggedly away.

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"The woman hesitated. Something about him —was it dignity or pride or a name where you got the silver, Nanette." Tis a chain of evidence leading—where."

The grysy replied only with dark looks, where merry company was altered to the could not he table. "The duke here! And the fool on horseback! What do the cards mean?"

"The I must have the horse, Nanette," and the monk vigorously, but the latter only held his piece of money tighter, …ae a miser whose treasure is threatened, and "The Franciscan monk!" cried one.

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