throw prudence to the winds and come

enough to be sure he would never go

to New Spain if he allowed another

win a hopeless cause and end it all by placing his head upon the block.

It required all his strength even now

to hold fast his determination to go to

New Spain. He had reached his lim-

ful of all wisdom, knowledge of self, and knew his limitations, a little mat-

ter concerning which nine men out of

ten go all their lives in blissless ig-

Mary, who was no more given to self

analysis than her pet linnet, did not appreciate Brandon's potent reasons and was in a flaming passion when she

received his answer. Rage and humili-

ation completely smothered for the

time her affection, and she said to her-

self over and over again: "I hate the

lowborn wretch. Oh, to think what I have permitted!" It seemed only too

clear that she had been too quick to

give, no very comforting thought to a

proud girl even though a mistaken one.

did not come her anger cooled as usual,

and again her heart began to ache, but

her sense of injury grew stronger day

by day and she thought she was be-

yond a doubt the most ill used of wo-

with old Louis XII. of France were be-

ginning to be an open secret about the

court. The Duc de Longueville who

had been held by Henry for some time

as a sort of hostage from the French

king, had opened negotiations by in-

flaming the flickering passions of old

ty. As there was a prospect of a new

emperor soon and as the imperial bee

had of late been making a most vehe-

ment buzzing in Henry's bonnet, he

very sweet and kind to Henry.

fact maker, of human character.

and grief when she stared in the face

the prospect of her double separation

est of all tortures for any of us to bear,

but especially for a girl like Mary.

Death itself is not so terrible as the

Now, about this time there lived over

in Billingsgate Ward, the worst part

of London, a Jewish soothsayer named

and had of late grown into great fame

as prophet of the future—a fortune

His fame rested on several remark-

able predictions which had been ful-

filled to the letter, and I really think

the man had some wonderful powers.

They said he was half Jew, half gyp-

sy, and, if there is alchemy in the mix-

ing of blood, that combination should

surely produce something peculiar. The

city folk were said to have visited him

in great numbers, and, notwithstand-

ing the priests and bishops all con-

demned him as an imp of Satan and a

follower of witchcraft, many fine peo-

ple, including some court ladies, con-

tinued to go there by stealth in order

to take a dangerous, inquisitive peep

Mary had long wanted to see this

Grouche, at first out of mere curiosity.

but Henry, who was very moral-with

other people's consciences—would not

think of permitting it. Two ladies, La-

dy Chesterfield and Lady Ormond, both

good and virtuous women, had been de-

tected in such a visit and had been dis-

graced and expelled from court in the

most cruel manner by order of the

Now, added to Mary's old time desire

to see Grouche, came a longing to know

into the future.

king himself.

Grouche. He was also an astrolo

fear of it.

encouraged De Longueville and thought

Louis with descriptions of Mary's beau-

The negotiations for Mary's marriage

As the days went by and Brandon

norance.

He had a fund of that most use

RISE

S VERY GERMANS.

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Schleswig-Hollittle town preeacance in its ne marriage to ard, Duke a. a nephew of ncess Victoria ghter of Duke ig-Holstein-Sunand niece of ived today and are here except will represent many princes gh nobility from have arrived.

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WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening In the Reiga of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

Rewritten and Rendered Into Modern English From Sir Edwin By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

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least expected and when the way was

must meet it face to face.

art than men-and continued:

so narrow he could not escape, but

Mary soon recovered her self posses-

ion-women are better skilled in this

"I am not intending to say one word

about your treatment of me that day

over in the forest, although it was very

bad and you have acted abominably

ever since. Now is not that kind in

me?" And she softly laughed as she

peeped up at the poor fellow from be-

neath those sweeping lashes, with the

premeditated purpose of tantalizing

never greater than at this moment.

Her beauty had its sweetest quality,

for the princess was sunk and the

woman was dominant, with flushed

face and flashing eyes that caught a

double luster from the glowing love

With the mood that was upon her I

wonder Brandon maintained his self

restraint even for a moment. He felt

that his only hope lay in silence, so he

sat beside her and said nothing. He

told me long afterward that while sit-

ting there in the intervals between her

speech, the oddest, wildest thoughts ran

through his brain. He wondered how

he could escape. He thought of the

window and that possibly he might

break away through it, and then he

thought of feigning illness, and a hun-

dred other absurd schemes, but they

all came to nothing, and he sat there

to let events take their own course, as

they seemed determined to do in spite

After a short silence Mary continued

half banteringly: "Answer me, sir! I

will have no more of this. You shall

treat me at least with the courtesy you

"Oh, that you were only a burgher's

'Yes, I know all that; but I am not.

It can't be helped, and you shall an-

"There is no answer, dear lady.

"Yes, yes; but answer my question

"Indeed, ves: a thousand times. You

have always been so kind, so gracious

and so condescending to me that I can

answered Brandon almost shyly, not

Mary saw the manner quickly enough

-what woman ever missed it, much

less so keen eved a girl as she-and it

gave her confidence and brought back

"How modest we have become!

Where is the boldness of which we

I always been so? How about the first

time I met you? Was I kind then? And as to condescension, don't—don't

use that word between us."

sed to have so much? Kind? Have

"No," returned Brandon, who in his

turn was recovering himself; "ne, I

can't say that you were very kind at

first. How you did fly out at me and

surprise me! It was so unexpected it

almost took me off my feet." And they

both laughed in remembering the scene

of their first meeting. "No, I can't say

your kindness showed itself very

strongly in that first interview, but

ture asserted itself, as it always does

and you were kind to me-kind as only

That was getting very near to the

sentimental—dangerously near, he thought, and he said to himself, "If

this does not end quickly, I shall have

"You are easily satisfied if you call

that good," laughingly returned Mary.

"I can be ever so much better than

"Let me see you try," said Brandon.

Mary, with a distracting little pout.

"Don't you know genuine out and out

goodness when you see it? I'm doing

Yes, I think I recognize it, but-but

"No, I won't! I will not be bad even

to be had, and I will not-not even to

be good. This," placing her hand over

her heart, "is just full of 'good' today."

And her lips parted as she laughed at

"I am afraid you had better be bad.

give you fair warning," said Brandon

huskily. He felt her eyes upon him all

the time, and his strength and good

resolves were oozing out like wine from

an ill coopered cask. After a short si-lence Mary continued, regardless of the

"But the position is reversed with us

At first I was unkind to you, and you

were kind to me, but now I am kind to

"I can come back at you with your

wn words," responded Brandon. "You

don't know when I am kind to you. I

should be kinder, to myself at least,

were I to leave you and take myself to

"Oh, that is one thing I wanted to

She was anxious to know, but asked

the question partly to turn the conver-

sation, which was fast becoming peril

ous. As a girl she loved Brandon and

ask you about. Jane tells me you are

you, and you are unkind to me."

the other side of the world."

going to New Spain."

her own pleasantry.

warning:

please you. I have determined not

my very best now. Can't you tell?"

"Why, I'm trying now," answered

that if I try."

was there nevertheless, and when

dy Jane led me back your real na-

the easy banter of her old time man-

only thank you, thank you, thank you,'

daring to lift his eyes to hers.

Am I not kind, more than you de-

would show a bourgeoise girl."

beg you-oh, do you not see"-

daughter!"

swer me."

serve?

that made her heart beat so fast.

He told me of his plans and spoke of his situation. "You know the reason for my going," he said, "even if I have never spoken of it. I am not much of I Joseph and am very little given to running away from a beautiful woman, but in this case I am fleeing from death itself. And to think what a heaven it would be! You are right, Caskoden-no man can withstand the light of that girl's smile. I am unable to tell how I feel toward her. It sometimes seems that I cannot live another hour without seeing her. Yet, thank God, I have reason enough left to know that every sight of her only adds to an already incurable malady. What will it be when she is the wife of the king of France? Does it not look as if wild

life in New Spain is my only chance?" I assented as we joined hands, and our eyes were moist as I told him how should miss him more than any one else in all the earth-excepting Jane, in mental reservation.

I told Jane what Brandon was about to do, knowing full well she would tell Mary, which she did at once

Poor Mary! The sighs began to come now, and such small vestiges of her ill humor toward Brandon as still remained were frightened off in a hurry by the fear that she had seen the last

She had not before fully known that she loved him. She knew he was the most delightful companion she had ever met and that there was an exhilaration about his presence which almost intoxicated her and made life an ecstasy, yet she did not know it was love. It needed but the thought that she was about to lose him to make her know her malady and meet it face to

Upon the evening when Mary learned all this she went into her chamber very early and closed the door. No one interrupted her until Jane went in to robe her for the night and to retire. She then found that Mary had rebed berself and was lying in bed with her head covered, apparently asleep. Jane quietly prepared to retire and lay down in her own bed. The girls usually shared one couch, but during Mary's ill temper she had forced Jane to sleep

After a short silence Jane heard a sob from the other bed, then another and another.

"Mary, are you weeping?" she asked. "What is the matter, dear?"

"Nothing," with a sigh. "Do you wish me to come to your "Yes, I do." So Jane went over and

lay beside Mary, who gently put her arms about her neck. "When will he leave?" whispered

Mary, shyly confessing all by her ques-"I do not know," responded Jane, "but he will see you before he goes."

"Do you believe he will?" "I know it." And with this consolation Mary softly wept herself to sleep. After this, for a few days, Mary was quiet enough. Her irritable mood had vanished, but Jane could see that she was on the lookout for some one all the time, although she made the most

pathetic little efforts to conceal her watchfulness. At last a meeting came about in this way: Next to the king's bedchamber was a luxuriously furnished little apartment with a well selected library. Here Brandon and I often went afternoons to read, as we were sure to be

undisturbed. Late one day Brandon had gone over to this quiet retreat and, having selected a volume, took his place in a secluded little alcove half hidden in arras draperies. There was a cushioned seat along the wall and a small diamond shaped window to furnish light.

He had not been there long when in came Mary. I cannot say whether she knew Brandon was there or not, but she was there and he was there, which is the only thing to the point, and, finding him, she stepped into the alcove before he was aware of her presence.

Brandon was on his feet in an instant and with a low bow was backing himself out most deferentially to leave her in sole possession, if she wished to rest.

"Master Brandon, you need not go. I will not hurt you. Besides, if this place is not large enough for us both, will go. I would not disturb you." She spoke with a tremulous voice and a quick, uneasy glance, and started to

move backward out of the alcove. "Lady Mary, how can you speak so? You know-you must know-oh, I beg you"- But she interrupted him by taking his arm and drawing him to a seat beside her on the cushion. She could have drawn down the Colossus of Rhodes with the look she gave Brandon, so full was it of command, en-

treaty and promise. "That's it. I don't know, but I want to know, and I want you to sit here beside me and tell me. I am going to be reconciled with you despite the way you treated me when last we met. I am going to be friends with you whether you will or not. Now what do you say to that, sir?" She spoke with a fluttering little laugh of uneasy nonassurance, which showed that her heart was not nearly so confident nor so bold as her words would make believe. Poor Brandon, usually so ready,

knew it only too well, but she knew also that she was a princess, star had nothing "to say to that," but sat next to the throne of the greatest king in helpless silence. dom on earth-in fact, at that time the Was this the sum total of all his heir apparent, Henry having no chilwise determinations made at the cost of so much pain and effort? Was this dren, for the people would not have the Scotch king's imp, and the possibility the answer to all his prayer, "Lead of such a thing as a union with Branme not into temptation?" He had done don had never entered her head, howhis part, for he had done all he could. ever passionate her feelings toward him. It was not to be thought of be-Heaven had not helped him, since here was temptation thrust upon him when tween people ? Agr apart as they.

Brandon answered her question: "I do not know about going. I think I shall. I have volunteered with a ship that sails in two or three weeks from Bristol, and I suppose I shall go."

"Oh, no! Do you really mean it?" In gave her a pang to hear that he was actually going, and her love pulsed higher, but she also felt a sense of re lief, somewhat as a conscientiou housebreaker might feel upon finding the door securely locked against him. It would take away a temptation which she could not resist and yet dared not yield to much longer.

"I think there is no doubt that mean it," replied Brandon. "I should like to remain in England until I can save money enough out of the king's allowance to pay the debt against my father's estate, so that I may be able to go away and feel that my brother and sisters are secure in their homemy brother is not strong-but I know it is better for me to go now, and 1 hope to find the money out there. 1 could have paid it with what I lost to Judson before I discov I him cheating." This was the fi. ime he had ever alluded to the duel, and the thought of it, in Mary's mind, added a faint touch of fear to her feeling tohim, I suppose. She was beginning to ward him. know her power over him, and it was

She looked up with a light in her eyes and asked: "What is the debt? How



much? Let me give you the money. have so much more than I need. Let me pay it. Please tell me how much it is, and I will hand it to you. You can come to my rooms and get it, or I will send it to you. Now tell me that I may. Quickly!" And she was alive

with enthusiastic interest. "There, now, you are kind again, as kind as even you can be. Be sure, I thank you, though I say it only once," and he looked into her eyes with a gaze she could not stand even for an instant. This was growing dangerous again: so, catching himself, he turned the conversation back into the banter-

ing vein. "Ah, you want to pay the debt that may have no excuse to remain? Is that it? Perhaps you are not so kind after all.'

"No. no: vou know better. But let to whom is it owing? Tell me at once, urrection in New Spain.

"No, no, Lady Mary; I cannot." "Please do. I beg, if I cannot command. Now I know you will. You would not make me beg twice for anything?" She drew closer to him as she spoke and put her hand coaxingly upon his arm. With an irresistible impulse he took the hand in his and lifted it to his lips in a lingering caress that could not be mistaken. It was all so quick and so full of fire and meaning that Mary took fright, and the princess for the moment came uppermost.

"Master Brandon!" she exclaimed sharply and drew away ber hand. Brandon dropped the hand and moved over on the seat. He did not speak, but turned his face from her and looked out of the window toward the river. Thus they sat in silence, Brandon's hand resting listlessly upon the cushion between them. Mary saw the eloquent movement away from her and his speaking attitude with averted face; then the princess went into eclipse, and the imperial woman was ascendant once more. She looked at him for a brief space with softening eyes and, lifting her hand, put it back in his, say-

"There it is again—if you want it." Want it? Ah, this was too much! The hand would not satisfy now. It must be all, all! And he caught her to his arms with a violence that fright-

"Please don't; please! Not this time! Ah, have mercy, Charl- Well! There! There! Mary mother, forgive me!" Then her woman spirit fell before the whirlwind of his passion, and she was on his breast, with her white arms around his neck, paying the same tribute to the little blind god that he would have exacted from the lowliest maiden of the land.

Brandon held the girl for a moment or two, then fell upon his knees and buried his face in her lap.

"Heaven help me!" he cried. She pushed the hair back from his forehead with her hand and as she fondled the curls leaned over him and softly whispered: "Heaven help us both, for I love

He sprang to his feet. "Don't! Don't, I pray you," he said wildly, and almost ran from her.

Mary followed him nearly to the door of the room, but when he turned he saw that she had stopped and was standing with her hands over her face, as if in tears.

He went back to her and said, "I tried to avoid this, and if you had helped me it would never"— But he remembered how he had always despised Adam for throwing the blame upon Eve, no matter how much she may have deserved it, and continued: "No, I do not mean that. It is all my fault. I should have gone away long ago. I could not help it. I tried,

Mary's eyes were bent upon the door, and tears were falling over ber

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flushed cheeks unheeded and uncheck-

"There is no fault in any one. Ne ther could I help it," she murmured.
"No, no; it is not that there is any fault in the ordinary sense. It is like suicide op any other great self inflicted injury with me. I am different from other men. I shall never recover.' "I know only too well that you are

different from other men, and-and I, too, am different from other women. Am I not?" "Ah, different! There is no other

woman in all this wide, long world. And they were in each other's arms again. She turned her shoulder to him and rested with the support of his arms about her. Her eyes were cast down in silence, and she was evidently thinking as she toyed with the lace of his doublet. Brandon knew her varying expressions so well that he saw there was something wanting, so he asked: "Is there something you wish to

"Not I," she responded with emphasis on the pronour

"Then it is something you wish me to say?" She nodded her head slowly, "Yes." "What is it? Tell me, and I will say

She shook her head slowly, "No." "What is it? I cannot guess."

"Did you not like to hear me say that -that I-loved you?" "Ah, yes! You know it. But-oh!do you wish to hear me say it?" The head nodded rapidly two or three times, "Yes." And the black curving lashes were lifted for a fleet-

ing, luminous instant. "It is surely not necessary. You have known it so long already, but I am only too glad to say it. I love you." She nestled closer to him and hid her

face on his breast. "Now that I have said it, what is my reward?" he asked, and the fair face came up, red and rosy, with "rewards," any one of which was worth a king's

"But this is worse than insanity," cried Brandon as he almost pushed her from him. "We can never belong to each other. Never!"

"No," said Mary, with a despairing shake of the head, as the tears began to flow again. "No, never!" And falling upon his knees he caught both her hands in his, sprang to his feet and ran from the room.

Her words showed him the chasm anew. She saw the distance between them even better than he. Evidently it seemed farther looking down than looking up. There was nothing left

now but flight He sought refuge in his own apartments and wildly walked the floor, exclaiming: "Fool, fool that I am to lay up this store of agony to last me all my days! Why did I ever come to this court? God pity me-pity me!" And he fell upon his knees at the bed, burying his face in his arms, his mighty man's frame shaking as with a palsy. That same night Brandon told me how he had committed suicide, as he

put it, and of his intention to go to Bristol and there await the sailing of me pay the debt. How much is it, and the she and perhaps find a partial res-Bristol at once, as he had given some challenges for a tournament at Richmond and could furnish no good excuse

to withdraw them, but he would not

leave his room or again see "that girl from him, her marriage to another and who was driving him mad" the countless miles of fathomless sea that would be between them. She could It was better, he thought, and wise endure anything better than uncerly, too, that there be no leave taking, tainty. A menacing future is the keenbut that he should go without meeting

"If I see her again," he said "I shall have to kill some one, even if it is only

I heard him tossing in his bed all night, and when morning came he arose looking haggard enough, but with his determination to run away and see Mary no more stronger than ever up-

But Providence or fate or some one ordered it differently, and there was plenty of trouble ahead.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BOUT a week after Brandon's memorable interest THE TROUBLE IN BILLINGSGATE WARD. Mary an incident occurred which changed everything and came very near terminating his career in the flower of youth. It also brought about a situation of affairs that showed the difference in the quality of these two persons thrown so marvelously together from their far distant stations at each end of the ladder of fortune in a way that reflected very little credit upon the one from the upper end. But before I tell you of that I will relate briefly one or two other matters that had a bearing upon what was done and the motives prompting it.

To begin with, Brandon had kept himself entirely away from the princess ever since the afternoon at the king's antechamber. The first day or so she sighed, but thought little of his absence; then she wept and, as usual, began to grow piqued and irritable.

children to support-"

wife an' three children to support me.'

the outcome of the present momentous What was left of her judgment told complication of affairs that touched her it was better for them to remain her so closely. apart, but her longing to see Brandon She could not wait for Time to unfold grew stronger as the prospect of it himself and drop his budget of events grew less, and she became angry that as he traveled, but she must plunge it could not be gratified. Jane was ahead of him and know beforehand the right; an unsatisfied desire with Mary stores of the fates, an intrusion they was torture. Even her sense of the usually resent. I need not tell you that was Mary's only object in going. great distance between them had begun to fade, and when she so wished nor that her heart was as pure as a for him and he did not come their posibabe's, quite as chaste and almost as tions seemed to be reversed. At the nnocent. It is equally true that the end of the third day she sent for him large proportion of persons who visited to come to her rooms, but he by a mighty effort sent back a brief note Grouche made his soothsaying an excuse. The thought of how wretched saying that he could not and ought not life would be with Louis had put into to go. This, of course, threw Mary into Mary's mind the thought of how sweet great passion, for she judged him by t would be with Brandon. Then came herself, a very common but dangerous the wish that Brandon had been a method of judgment, and thought that prince or even a great English nobleif he felt at all as she did he would man, and then leaped up, all rainbow

"I must compliment you on the re "Why don't you go to work?" de manded the housekeeper. markable lightness of your bread," said the woman customer.
"Thank you," rejoined the baker, "It "Well, yer see," began the grey-haired

old loafer, 'I've got a wife an' three is my aim to turn out the lightest bread in the city." "But if you don't work how can you "Yes," continued the customer; "and if you get it much lighter it will take "As I was a-sayin', lady, I've got a two of your pound loaves to weigh six-

nued, the hope that he might yet, by to her, as she knew she would go to reason of his own great virtues, rise him if she could. It did not occur to all of these and she become his wife. her that Brandon knew himself well But at the threshold of this fair castle came knocking the thought that perhaps he did not care for her and had grain of temptation to fall into the baldeceived her to gain her favors. Then ance against him, but would remain in she flushed with anger and swore to London to love hopelessly, to try to herself she hated him and hoped never to see his face again. And the castle faded and was wafted away to the realms of airy nothingness.

Ah, how people will sometimes lie to themselves, and sensible people at that! So Mary wanted to see Grouche, first, through curiosity, in itself a stronger notive than we give it credit for; second, to learn if she would be able to dissuade Henry from the French marriage and perhaps catch a hint how to do it, and last, but by no means least, to discover the state of Brandon's

heart toward her. By this time the last named motive was strong enough to draw her any whither, although she would not acknowledge it, even to herself, and in truth hardly knew it, so full are we of things we know not of.

So she determined to go to see Grouche secretly and was confident she could arrange the visit in such a way that it would never be discovered. One morning I met Jane, who told me with troubled face that she and Mary were going to London to make some purchases, would lodge at Bridewell House and go over to Billings. gate that evening to consult Grouche.

suade her. The court was all at Greenwich, and nobody at Bridewell, so Mary thought they could disguise themselves as orange girls and easily make the trip without any one being the wiser.

Mary had taken the whim into her

willful head, and Jane could not dis-

It was then, as now, no safe matter for even a man to go unattended through the best parts of London after dark, to say nothing of Billingsgate, that nest of water rats and cutthroats. But Mary did not realize the full danger of the trip and would, as usual, allow nobody to tell her.

it would be a good time to purchase the help of France at the cost of his She had threatened Jane with all beautiful sister and a handsome dower. sorts of vengeance if she divulged her secret, and Jane was miserable enough Mary of course had not been consulted. and although she had coaxed her between her fears on either hand, for brother out of other marriage projects Mary, though the younger, held her in Henry had gone about this as if he complete subjection. Despite her fear of Mary, Jane asked me to go to London and follow them at a distance, unwere in earnest, and it was thought throughout the court that Mary's coaxings would be all in vain-a fear which known to the princess. I was to be on she herself had begun to share, notduty that night at a dance given in withstanding her usual self confidence. honor of the French envoys who had She hated the thought of the marjust arrived, bringing with them comriage and dreaded it as she would death mission of special ambassador to De itself, though she said nothing to any Longueville to negotiate the treaty of marriage, and it was impossible for one but Jane and was holding her forces in reserve for a grand attack. me to go. Mary was going partly to avoid this ball, and her willful per-She was preparing the way by being sistency made Henry very angry. regretted that I could not go, but I Now, all of this, coming upon the heels of her trouble with Brandon promised Jane I would send Brandon made her most wretched indeed. For in my place, and he would answer the the first time in her life she began to rpose of protection far better than feel suffering-that great broadener, in I suggested that Brandon take with him a man, but Jane, who was in Above all, there was an alarming mortal fear of Mary, would not listen sense of uncertainty in everything. She

to it. So it was agreed that Brandon could hardly bring herself to believe should meet Jane at a given place and that Brandon would really go to New learn the particulars, and this plan was Spain and that she would actually lose him, although she did not want him as Brandon went up to London and saw Flashes of all sorts of wild schemes hid himself behind a hedge near the had begun to shoot through her anger

private gate through which the girls intended to take their departure from They would leave about dusk and return, so Mary said, before it grew

The citizens of London at that tim paid very little attention to the law requiring them to hang out their lights, and when it was dark it was dark. Scarcely was Brandon safely enconsed behind a clump of arbor vitee when whom should he see coming down the path toward the gate but his grace the Duke of Buckingham. He was met by one of the Bridewell servants

dark.

who was in attendance upon the prin-"Yes, your grace, this is the gate," said the girl. "You can hide yourself and watch them as they go. They will pass out on this path. As I said, I do not know where they are going. I only

overheard them say they would go out

Yes, your grace, this is the gate.' at this gate just before dark. I am sure they go on some errand of gallantry, which your grace will soon learn, I make no doubt."

He replied that he would take care Brandon did not see where Bucking ham hid himself, but soon the two innocent adventurers came down the path attired in the short skirts and bonnets of orange girls and let themselves out at the gate. Buckingham followed them, and Brandon quickly followed him. The girls passed through a little postern in the wall opposite Bridewell House and walked rapidly up Fleet ditch, climbed Ludgate hill, passed Paul's church, turned toward the river down Bennett bill, to the left on Thames street, then on past the bridge,

Robinson-"Did you hear about Trav ers? He went fishing the other day, and an hour afterwards his hat was seen floating down the stream just beere he had been."

Dawkins-"Good gracious! Where Robinson—"He was trying to get it out with his ashing rod."

following Lower Thames street to the neighborhood of Fish street hill, where they took an alley leading up toward East Cheap to Grouche's house.

It was a brave thing for the girl to do and showed the determined spirit that dwelt in her soft white breast. Aside from the real dangers, there was enough to deter any woman, I should

Jane wept all the way over, but Mary never flinched.

There were great mudholes where one sank ankle deep, for no one paved the street at that time, strangely, enough, preferring to pay the sixpence fine per square yard for leaving it undone. At one place, Brandon told me, a load of hay blocked the streets, compelling them to squeeze between the houses and the hay. He could hardly believe the girls had passed that way, as he had not always been able to keep them in view, but had sometimes to follow them by watching Buckingham. He, however, kept as close as possible and presently saw them turn down

Grouche's alley and enter his house. Upon learning where they had stopped, Buckingham hurriedly took himself off, and Brandon waited for the girls to come out. It seemed a very long time that they were in the wretched place, and darkness had well deupon London when they

Mary soon noticed that a man was following them, and as she did not know who he was became greatly alarmed. The object of her journey, had been accomplished now, so the spur of a strong motive to keep her courage up was lacking.

"Jane, some one is following us." she whispered. "Yes," answered Jane, with an unconcern that surprised Mary, for she

knew Jane was a coward from the top of her brown head to the tip of her little pink heels. "Oh, if I had only taken your advice, Jane, and had never come to

this wretched place! And to think, too, that I came here only to learn the worst! Shall we ever get home alive, do you think?" They hurried on, the man behind them taking less care to remain unseen than he did when coming. Mary's

fears grew upon her as she heard his step and saw his form persistently following them, and she clutched Jane by the arm. "It is all over with us, I know. I would give everything I have or ever expect to have on earth for-for Mas-

ter Brandon at this moment." She thought of him as the one person best able to defend her. This was only too welcome an opportunity, and Jane said: "That is Master Brandon following us. If we

wait a few seconds, he will be here." And she called to him before Mary could interpose Now this disclosure operated in two ways. Brandon's presence was, it is true, just what Mary had so ardently wished, but the danger and therefore the need was gone when she found that the man who was following them had no evil intent. Two thoughts quickly flashed through the girl's mind. She was angry with Brandon for having cheated her out of so many favors and having slighted her love, as she had succeeded in convincing herself was the case, all of which Grouche had confirmed by telling her he was false. Then she had been discovered in doing what she knew she should have left undone and what she was anxious to conceal from every one, and, worst of

person from whom she was most anxious to mide it. So she turned upon Jane angrily: "Jane Bolingbroke, you shall leave me as soon as we get back to Greenwich for this betrayal of my confidence.'

all, had been discovered by the very

(To be continued.)

POLICE SEARCHING FOR WOMAN'S BODY

Dragging Harlem River for Remains of Nrs. Duerr-Husband and Friend Suspected of Murder.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.-Police today dragged the Harlem River for the body of Mrs. Katchen Duerr, who was drowned last night under circumstances so suspicious as to cause the arrest of her husband and his friend, Charles Hahn. Raymond Messmer and his wife, par-ents of the drowned woman, declared ed that she had been a victim of foul play. The police hope the body of the ing woman will give them so as to whether the suspicions of her parents are warranted.

Mrs. Durr was only 18 years of age and had been married less than a year to Otto Duerr, a clerk in a jewellry store. Hahn was a boarder with the Duerrs and a fellow clerk with her husband. With the consent of the husband Hahn and Mrs. Duerr spent yesterday at Fort George, an outing place near the Harlem River, and at sunset went rowing on the river. Hahn said later that a swell from a passing tug fright-ened Mrs. Duerr and that she rose from her seat and fell overboard. In trying to save her, he said, he lost an oar, and with the other was unable to res her before she was drowned. Hahn was turned over to the police by persons in a launch who found him adrift in the river.

Duerr told the police he thought his wife's death was an accident and that Hahn was not to blame, but Mr. and Mrs. Messmer stated that Duerr had quarrelled with his wife, and said that her husband threatened to kill her. Duerr was then arrested pending investigation.

STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES Mr. Alex. M. Finn, Inkerman, N. B. wries: "I have used Dr. Chase's Kid-ney-Liver Pills for derangements of the kidneys and liver and stomach towards kidneys and liver and stomach troubles, and can certify that they did me a good deal of good. I can heartily recommend them to anyone suffering as I did."