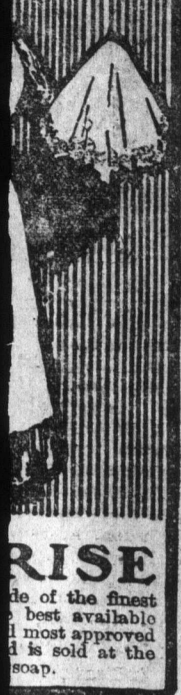


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BROWNE'S DYNE. SPECIFIC FOR Cholera.

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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 Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

(Continued.)

He told me of his plans and spoke of his situation. "You know the reason already indicated here and there in my never-spoken-of it. I am not much of a 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 be when she is dead? Will she live in 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 I 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 of him.

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. Her life was 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 face. Upon the evening when Mary learned of 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 robed herself 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 alone.

After a short silence Jane heard a sob from the other bed, then another and another. "Mary, are you weeping?" she asked. "Yes." "What is the matter, dear?" "Nothing," with a sigh. "Do you wish me to come to your bed?" "Yes, if I do." So Jane went over and hid behind the door. "Why do you weep so?" she asked. "When will you leave?" whispered Mary, shyly confessing all by her question. "I do not know," responded Jane, "but he will see you before he goes." "Do you believe he will?" "I know it," answered Jane. "You know 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 afterwards 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 I 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 from the cushion. She left 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, I 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, entreaty 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 assurance, which showed that her heart was not nearly so confident as she bold as her words would make believe. Poor Brandon, usually so ready, had nothing "to say to that," but sat in helpless silence.

Was this the sun total of all his wise determinations made at the cost of so much pain and effort? Was this the answer to all his prayer, "Lead me not into temptation"? He had done his part, for he had done all he could. Heaven had not helped him, since here was temptation thrust upon him when

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?" I gave her a pang to hear that he was actually going, and her love pulsed higher, but she also felt a sense of relief, somewhat as a conscientious 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 I 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 homes—my brother is not strong—but I know it is better for me to go now, and I hope to find the money out there. I would have said 'no' to what I lost to Judson before I did it. I am sure I have ever alluded to the duel, and the thought of it, in Mary's mind, added a faint touch of fear to her feeling toward him.

She looked up with a light in her eyes and asked: "What is the debt? How much?" Let me give you the money. I 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 ever as I need. Let me 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 bantering channel. "Ah, you want to pay the debt that I may have no excuse to remain? Is that all? Perhaps you are not so kind after all."

"No, no; you know better. But let me pay the debt. How much is it, and to whom is it owing? Tell me at once, I command you." "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 a 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 flight, and the princess for the moment came uppermost.

"Master Brandon!" she exclaimed sharply and drew away her 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, saying: "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 frightened her. "Please don't please! Not this time! Ah, how merry, Charles! 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 you!" 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 be!" 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, oh, I tried!" Mary's eyes were bent upon the door, and tears were falling over her

flushed cheeks unheeded and unchecked.

"There is no fault in any one. Neither could I help it," she murmured. "No, no; it is not that there is any fault in the ordinary sense. It is like suicide on 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 say?"

"Not I," she responded with emphasis on the pronoun. "Then it is something you wish me to say?" She nodded her head slowly. "Yes." "What is it? Tell me, and I will say it." 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?" "I will say it," she said rapidly two or three times. "Yes," and the black curling lashes were lifted for a fleeting, 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 on her knees 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 ransom. "But this is worse than insanity," cried Brandon with 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 princess. Her eyes were fixed upon her hand as she held it. She had begun to share, notwithstanding her usual self-confidence. She hated the thought of the marriage and dreaded it as she would death itself, though she said nothing to any one but Jane and was holding her in reserve for a prospect of a husband. She was preparing the way by being very sweet and kind to Henry.

Now, all of this, coming upon the heels of her trouble with Brandon, made her most wretched indeed. For the first time in her life she began to feel a reserve for a prospect of a husband. She was preparing the way by being very sweet and kind to Henry. Above all, there was a alarming sense of uncertainty in everything. She could hardly bring herself to believe that Brandon would really go to New Spain and that she would actually lose him, although she did not want him as yet—that is, as a prospect of a husband. Flashes of all sorts of wild schemes had begun to shoot through her anger and grief when she stared in the face of the prospect of her double separation from him, her marriage to another and the countless miles of fathomless sea that would be between them. She could endure anything better than uncertainty. A menacing future is the keenest of all tortures for any of us to bear, but especially for a girl like Mary. Death itself is not so terrible as the fear of it.

Now, about this time there lived over in Billingsgate Ward, the worst part of London, a Jewish soothsayer named Grouche. He was also an astrologer and had of late grown into great fame as prophet of the future—a fortune teller. His fame rested on several remarkable predictions which had been fulfilled to the letter, and I really think the man had some wonderful powers. They said he was half Jew, half gypsy, and if there is alchemy in the mixing of blood, that combination should surely produce something peculiar. The city folk were said to have visited him in great numbers, and notwithstanding the priests and bishops all condemned him as an imp of Satan and a follower of witchcraft, many fine people, including some court ladies, continued to go there by stealth in order to take a dangerous, inquisitive peep into the future.

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, Lady Chesterfield and Lady Ormond, both good and virtuous women, had been deceived in such a way and had been disgraced and expelled from court in the most cruel manner by order of the king himself. Now, added to Mary's old time desire to see Grouche, came a longing to know the outcome of the present momentous complication of affairs that touched her so closely. She could not wait for Time to unfold himself and drop his budget of events as he traveled, but she must plunge ahead of him and know beforehand the stores of the fates, an intrusion which usually resented. I need not tell you that was Mary's only object in going, nor that her heart was as pure as a babe's, quite as chaste and almost as innocent. It is equally true that the large proportion of persons who visited Grouche made his soothsaying an excuse. The thought of how wretched life would be with Louis had put into Mary's mind the thought of how sweet it would be with Brandon. Then came the wish that Brandon had been a prince or even a great English nobleman, and then leaped up, all rainbow

throw prudence to the winds and come to her, as she knew she would go to him if she could. It did not occur to her that she would never see him again.

"It required all his strength even now to hold fast his determination to go to New Spain. He had reached his limit. He had a fund of that most useful of all wisdom, knowledge of self, and knew his limitations, a little matter concerning which nine men out of ten all their lives in blissful ignorance.

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 humiliation completely smothered for the time her affection, and she said to herself over and over again: "I hate the low-born 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 mistake she was. As the days went by and Brandon 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 beyond a doubt the most ill used of women.

The negotiations for Mary's marriage with old Louis XII. of France were beginning 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 intimating to the king that he was in possession of descriptions of Mary's beauty. As there was a prospect of a new emperor soon and as the imperial bed of late had been making a most vehement buzzing in Henry's bonnet, he encouraged De Longueville and thought it would be a good time to purchase the help of France at the cost of his beautiful sister and a handsome dowry. Mary of course had not been consulted, and although she had coaxed her brother out of other marriage projects Henry had gone about this as if he were in earnest, and it was thought throughout the court that Mary's counsels would be all in vain—a few weeks she herself had begun to share, notwithstanding her usual self-confidence.

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"I must compliment you on the remarkable lightness of your bread," said the woman customer. "Thank you," rejoined the baker, "it is my aim to turn out the lightest bread in the city." "Yes," continued the customer, "and if you get it much lighter it will be like two of your pound loaves to weigh six teen ounces."

nied, the hope that he might yet, by reason of his own great virtues, rise to all of these and also become his wife. But at the threshold of this fair castle came knocking the thought that perhaps he did not care for her and had deceived her to gain her favors. Then she flushed with anger and swore 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 motive 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 the would not act 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.

She had thought of Jane with all its sorts of vengeance if she divulged her secret, and Jane was miserable enough between her fears on either hand, for Mary, though the younger, held her in complete subjection. Despite her fear of Mary, Jane asked me to go to London and follow them at a distance, unknown to the princess. It was to be on duty that night at a dance given in honor of the French envoys who had just arrived, bringing with them commission of special ambassador to De Longueville to negotiate the treaty of marriage, and it was impossible for me to go. Mary was going partly to avoid this ball, and her willful perversity made Henry very angry. I regretted that I could not go, but I promised Jane I would send Brandon in my place, and he would answer the purpose of protection far better than I. I suggested that Brandon take with him a man, but Jane, who was in mortal fear of Mary, would not listen to it. So it was agreed that Brandon should meet Jane at a given place and learn the particulars, and this plan was carried out.

Brandon went up to London and saw Jane, and before the appointed time he himself behind a hedge near the private gate through which the girls intended to take their departure from Bridewell. They would leave about dusk and return, so Mary said, before it grew dark. The citizens of London at that time 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 ensconced behind a clump of arbutus when whom should he see coming down the path toward the gate but his servant, the Duke of Buckingham, who was in attendance upon the princess.

"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, and I do not know where they are going. I only overheard them say they would go out

POLICE SEARCHING FOR WOMAN'S BODY

Dragging Harlem River for 'Remains of Mrs. Duerr—Husband and Friend Suspected of Murder.



NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—Police today dragged the Harlem River for the body of Mrs. Katherine 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, believed to be the drowned woman, declared to Coroner O'Gorman that they believed that she had been a victim of foul play. The police hope the body of the young woman will give them some clue as to whether the suspicion of her parents are warranted.

Mrs. Duerr was only 18 years of age and had been married less than a year to Otto Duerr, a clerk in a jewelry 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 frightened 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 reach her before she was drowned. Hahn was turned over to the police by persons in a launch who found him adrift in the river.

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 bright day, and 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 think.

Jane swept 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, straggled along, preferring to pay the sixpence fine per square yard for leaving it undone. At one place Brandon told me, in a loud voice, that he had seen the pelling 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 at last they had descended upon London when they emerged. 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 toes. "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 to 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 Master 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 excitement was gone when she found that the man was, in fact, 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 for 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 all, had been discovered by the very person from whom she was most anxious to seek 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." (To be continued.)

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STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.

Mr. Alex. M. Finn, Inkerman, N. B., writes: "I have used Dr. Cassel's Kidney Pills for derangements of the 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."