

# Under the Rose

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,  
Author of the "Strollers."

## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Princess Louise of France is to wed the Duke of Friedwald, a stranger to the French Court, in order to cement the friendship of King Francis and the Emperor Charles V. The Duke's father comes to ensure the princess's wedding is celebrated by Triboulet, the king's fool. II.—Francis contains the Duke's father to death the scene of Triboulet, who is jealous, then appears with a warning. III.—The stranger, identified by Jacques as a female Jew, in the suit of the Princess. He tells the princess of the Duke's life for she seems high born and she appoints a setting table in the garden. IV.—The Duke meets with the princess, Jacques thinks he loves Louise. The Duke is coming to court ahead of the appointed time.

## CHAPTER II.

"Well, Sir Marquis, do you not fear to venture so far on a dangerous sea?" asked a mocking voice.

"A dangerous sea, fair Jaqueline?" he replied, stroking the head of the mottled which lay before the bench. "I see nothing save smiling fields and fragrant beds of flowers."

"Oh, I recognize now Monsieur Diplomat, not Sir Marquis!" she retorted.

Beneath her forehead, resembling in some degree two great butterfly wings, her face looked smaller than its wont. Laced tight, after the fashion, the cote-haric made her waist appear little larger than could be clasped by the hands of a soldier, while a silken shawl fast with which she clasped the ground would have nestled neatly in his palm. Was it pique that moved her thus to address the duke's jester? Since he had arrived Jaqueline had been relegated, as it were, to the corner. She, formerly ever first with the princess, had become about last on the coming of the French fool whose comical her mischievous pranks seemed to prefer to her own.

First had it been talking, walking and jesting, in which last accomplishment, he proved singularly expert, judging from the pearls of laughter to which her mistress occasionally gave vent. Then it had become riding, laughing and, worst of all, reading, the Duke's jester, Jacques, had displayed a marvellous facility for books of all kinds—The Tale of Beues, by Bonnet; the lives of the Brevisary of nobles in verse; the Livre des Fais d'Armes et de Chevalerie, by Christine de Pisan; and in a secluded garden spot, with her fool and servant, she judiciously pursued her literary labors.

As books were rare, being hand printed and had illumined, the princess's choice of volumes was not large, but Marguerite, the king's sister, possessed some rarely acquired poems, she generously lent them to her mistress for the use of several previous choruses, while the abbot in the convent near by, who esteemed Triboulet for his piety and accomplishments, admitted to her care a gorgeously painted, satin bound Livre of St. Agnes, a Roman virgin who died under the sanguinary persecution of Diocletian. But Jaqueline frequently noticed that the saint's life lay self-composition, though fittings, on the altar table, while a manuscript of the Queen of Navarre suspiciously accompanied the jester when he sought the princess. "Some one is coming," said Triboulet, selected for reading and conversation.

"It was to this spot the maid repaired one soft summer afternoon, where she found the fool and a volume of Marguerite by the purple binding and the low knit in silver—awaiting doubtless the coming of the princess, and at the sight of them, she turned to the Duke's jester, who she saw she had brought in—what wonder her patience gave way."

"You have been here for a fortnight, Monsieur Diplomat," she continued, looking at the Duke's jester, who she saw she had brought in—what wonder her patience gave way."

"Sweet Jaqueline! 'Gentle mistress! you are profuse with soft words!" she cried sharply.

"And yet they turn you not from anger?" she said, her eyes flashing.

"Not another man at court would dare to talk to me as you do."

"I know, mistress," he returned innocently.

## CHAPTER III.

"You have a reputation for 'scorery, but I think it lies more in your eyes than in the moon."

"And yet I can see the future for all that," she replied persistently, defiantly.

"The future?" he retorted, and looked from the earth to the sky. "What is the goal of yonder tiny cloud? Can you tell me that?"

"The goal?" she repeated, upflitting her head. "Wait! It is very small. The sun is already swallowing it up."

"Heigho!" yawned the jester, outstretching his yellow pointed foot. "I catch not the moral to the fable—in there he comes!"

"The moral?" she said quickly. "Ask Marot."

"Why Marot?" balancing the stick with the fool's head in his hand.

"Because he dared love Queen Marguerite!" she answered impetuously. "The fool in motley; the lady in purple! How he jests at her wedding! How he weeps when he thought himself alone!"

"He had but himself to blame, Jaqueline," returned the other, with composure. "Although his eyes were now bent straight before him. 'He could not climb to her; she could not stoop to him. Yet, I dare say, it was a mad dream he would not have foregone.'"

"Not have foregone!" she exclaimed quickly. "What would he not have given to tear it from his breast—aye, though he tore his heart with it! That day, bright and fair, when Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre, took her in his arms and kissed her brow! When amid gay festivities she became his bride! Not have foregone? Yes; Marot would forego that day—any other day."

"Still that inertia; that irritating immobility. 'What a tragic tale for a summer day!' was his only comment."

"And Chaillet!" she continued rapidly. "Distinguished in mind, graceful in manner, in the house of a patron he dared look up to that nobleman's daughter, Diane de Poitiers. A dream, a youthful dream! Enter M. de Brézé, grand seignior of Normandy. Shall I tell you the rest? How Chaillet stars, moodily, knitting his brows at his cups! Of what is the jester thinking?"

"Whether the grand seignior will let him sleep with the Spanish, Jaqueline, or turn him out," laughed the jester.

"Angry she clasped her hands before her. 'Is it the way your mind would move?' she retorted.

"A jester without a roof to cover him is like a dog without a kennel, mistress. You but seek to flout me from my bed. In the king's antechamber! All such, as you know, they were young together. 'Twas said he confessed his love! That tokens passed between them—how he wrote to her! A flower, perhaps, the girl gave him. A flower, he yet cherished, nay, dried, dried, yet plucked by her!"

"A flower for himself, no doubt—not given him for another!"

"What man you?" he asked, momentarily dropping his unfringed manner.

"Not that name! I hope so, for she is a blind, broke off a flower and regarded it mischievously. 'Why should people hide that which is so sweet and fragrant!' she remarked, and she rose in her hair."

"Hush!" he said, looking at the flower, but not at her.

"I trust you kept the rose, Monsieur Diplomat." she spoke up suddenly, her expression most serious.

"What rose?" he asked, now become restless beneath her cutting tongue.

"What rose? As if you did not know! How innocent you look! How many roses are there in the world? A thousand, or only one? What rose? Her rose, of course. Have you got it? Let me see, for the duke is coming and might ask for it!"

"The duke—coming!" The next moment he was by her side and had taken her arm, almost roughly. "Speak out! 'What rose is it? Is the duke coming? What duke is coming?' she exclaimed, angrily. 'You hurt me!' she exclaimed, angrily. He loosened his grasp.

"What duke?" she answered scornfully. "Her duke! Your duke! The emperor's duke!"

"The Duke of Friedwald?" he asked.

"Of course! The princess's fiancé, bridegroom to be, future husband, lord and master," she explained, with indubious and positive iteration.

"But the time—oh, by the wedding—has not expired," he protested with what

she thought seemed a suspicion that she was playing with him.

"That is easily answered," she said cheerfully. "The duke, it seems, that comes here and more enamored. Finally his passion has so grown and grown he fears to let it grow any more and as the only way out of this dilemma, petitioned the king to permit the time of betrothal and relieve him of the constantly augmenting suspense, to which his most gracious majesty, having been so long and poor fellow's troubles by the quills he has himself experienced, has been generally set to cut off a few weeks of waiting and let the wedding for the near future."

"The princess—has she heard the king has received a letter from the duke and that his majesty has changed the wedding date?"

"The princess knows, has heard all from the king. Not long since he sent for her. 'Will she consent? What else can she do?' 'The monarch who commands, we who obey!'"

"Is the court, then, only a mart, a guild-hall for the 'woman, even a princess, should be won, not exchanged!'"

Her lashes dropped. In her gaze shone once more the ironical amusement. "Why? From what wills for the future do you come?" The heart followed where the leader leads! Thank you the princess will wear the willow!" she laughed. "How well you know women!"

"Do you mean that she—"

"I mean that her welfare is in strong hands; that there be few greater in all. Will she consent? What else can she do? The princess is vast. But here comes the princess." The bound sprang to his feet and ran gamboling down the path. "Here she comes, the most unscrupulous, the most cunning, the most beautiful, with a touch she could not resist, 'what a handsome bride she will make for the duke!'"

## CHAPTER IV.

Through the flower path, so narrow her gown brushed the leaves on either side, the Princess Louise appeared, walking slowly. Intently the jester watched her draw near and ever nearer their common meeting spot, his favorite garden nook. A handsome bride, forsooth, as Jaqueline had suggested. All in white was she now, a glittering white, with silvery adornment, resembling a diamond on a bride for a duke or a king, more stately than the queen, handsome than the favorite of favorites who ruled the king and France.

"Jaqueline," she said, "envying neither surprise nor any other emotion as she approached, 'go and fetch my fan. I believe 'tis in the king's antechamber.' 'Madam carried so far when' began the girl.

"Think 'tis someone else. Do not bandy words, but fetch it."

"Sinking on the bench as the maid walked quickly away, she remained for some moments in silent thought, a reverie the jester loathed to disturb. Against the clambering ivy which for centuries had revealed in this chosen spot lay her hand, a small ring of curious workmanship gleaming from her finger. The ring caught the jester to start, remembering he had last seen it worn by the king.

"Jolly the Princess Louise plucked a leaf from the old ivy, picked it apart and laid the pieces flat away. 'As they flattered and led at the jester's feet she regarded him with thoughtful blue eyes.

"How far 'is it," she asked, "to the duke's principality?"

"If he had doubted the maid's story he would now convinced. The ring and her question convinced Jacques's narrative. 'About fifteen days' journey, princess,' he replied.

"No farther?"

"And left unattended?"

"Because I was a jester, madam; something less than man; a lordling's slave, a woman's plighting! Their sentence shared with me their flocks; I slept before their signal fires and even sipped in the heart of their stone fastnesses. Fools and monks are safe among them, for the one unsmiles and the other absolves their sins. Yet is there one free baron," he added reflectively, "whom even I should have done well to avoid; he, the most feared, the most savage! Louis of Dalmatelli!"

"Have you ever met him?" asked the princess in a mechanical tone.

"No," with a short laugh. "A few of his leaves I encountered, however, which I should blame the courtesy of the other mountain regions. I all but fared ill indeed from them. To the pleasure of my greeting they replied with true piffer's humor; the free baron had ordered every one searched. They would have robbed and stripped me, despite the color of my coat, only fortunately instead of a fool's staff I had a good blade of the duke's

for a moment it was cut and thrust—not jest and gibe. The suddenness of the attack surprised them, and before they could digest the humor of it the fool had slipped away."

"The duke would not be molested by these outlaws," she continued, pursuing her line of questioning.

"The duke has a strong arm," he answered curtly. "They may by well content to permit him to come and go as he sees fit."

"Well, well," she said perversely, "I was only curious about the distance and the country."

"The leguas the land is wild, bleak, inhospitable, and then 'tis level, monotonous, deserted, so lonely the song dies on the wandering minstrel's lips. But duke risks with his troops, and soon would cover the mountain paths and dreary wastes."

"Nay," she interrupted impatiently. "I asked you for the distance and the country."

"I thought you wished to know, princess," he replied humbly.

"You thought," she began angrily, at length. "I know, princess, a fool should be just, not think."

"Why do you cross me today?" she demanded pertinently. "Can you see I am not?"

"Abruptly she rose, impatiently moved away, but a few steps, however, when she turned, her face suddenly free from annoyance, in her eyes shone a smile half a smile, half a repentance. "How can any one be angry on such a day—as all sunshine, butterflies and flowers."

"He did not reply, and, mistress once more of herself, she drew near.

"What a contrast to the stuffy palace, with all the courtiers, ministers and laymen! Here, 'tis the duke's air you breathe. But how shall we make the most of such a day. Shall we into the forest; sit by the fountain; run over the grass?"

"His voice was sweet as it had been; but words fraught with suggestions of exhilarating companionship. Did she note their effect? As any rate she laughed. "Lovers fell the princess, hand until it touched the reader's hand; touched and touched. Before the fool's eye, the letters of the book became blurred, then faded away. Doubt, mistaking, fear, vanished on the moment. The flower he had seen him seemed to burn on his heart. He forgot the degree of the king, her companion, the unanswered question. Passionately he thrust his hand into his doublet.

"The rose and love are one," he cried.

"The rose is!"

"Madam, madam," said a voice, and Jaqueline, clear eyed, calm, stood before them. "The fan was not in the king's bedchamber or I should have been here sooner, as I trust you have not been put out for want of it."

"Not at all, Jaqueline," returned her mistress, with a natural, tranquil movement. "The fan was never so long as you longer than you should have been."

(To be continued.)

# JAPS CAPTURE MORE POSITIONS

## All the Russian Forts in Front of Nogi's Right Army Have Fallen—Thrilling Account of "Fiercest Fight Yet" Before Port Arthur

### —Oyama to Be Reinforced With 500,000 Men.



"How much splendid the peninsula has shown!"

Tokio, Dec. 25, 3.30 p. m.—The following report was received from the besiegers at Port Arthur this afternoon:

A body of our right wing surprised the enemy at Housanyantun (Housanyantun) and Siaoantun (the latter about six and a half miles northeast of Port Arthur) at ten o'clock Saturday night and occupied the villages and subsequently dislodging the enemy, occupied the whole of Talinhantun (about five miles northeast of Port Arthur) at 2.55 o'clock this morning.

Our repeated attacks during the past few days were uniformly successful and now the whole of the enemy advanced positions fronting our right wing is in our hands.

The Most Terrific Fight Yet.

Headquarters of the Japanese Third Army before Port Arthur, Dec. 20, via Yankou (delayed in transmission), via Tien Tsan, Dec. 24.—Since the general assault of Nov. 29-27 against the forts of Kihlung and Kekewan Mountains, resulting in furious fighting and great loss of life and disability on the part of the Japanese, described at length by the Associated Press correspondent in a despatch filed Nov. 28, the Japanese have been engaged in tunnelling under the north of Kekewan Mountain. Two main tunnels ran under the north wall of the fort from the moat for a distance of forty feet and there were four short branch tunnels.

On the morning of Dec. 18 seven dynamite mines were laid, the objects of which were to destroy the north wall and so give the Japanese access to the fort. The fort had long resisted the assaults of the Japanese that it was considered necessary that the explosions of the mines and the subsequent attacks should be carefully planned. General Samejima, commanding the left division, asked the fort of the fort to be prepared to capture the fort to die in the attempt. Two entire battalions answered the general's call, one from the left division and the other from the general reserves.

The first battalion remained in the caponiere during the explosions of the mines, while the second battalion was to a parallel close to the wall of the caponiere.

In order that the dark blue uniforms of the men might not be conspicuous, the force of the explosion, all the attackers wore brown woollen undershirts over their trousers, and brown sweaters over their shirts. Instead of caps, each man wore a brown woollen hoodpiece, which extended to the shoulders, leaving only the face visible.

Every man carried a rifle in his right hand and a dynamite grenade in his left; while a lighted match was attached to the grenade, ready to be used to ignite the fuses of the grenades.

In this peculiar war, with the lighted matches at their waists, the troops prepared a strange scene. General Samejima personally accompanied the men to the trenches, who were distinguished by white badges on their arms, were to make the second assault. General Samejima personally accompanied the men to the trenches on the afternoon of Dec. 19, after the explosions had place.

Seven Mines Exploded.

The first mine exploded without warning, and the explosion was not entirely successful, owing to the heavy concrete above the mine. The explosion of this second mine followed immediately and this was succeeded by five smaller explosions. The sight was wonderful in the extreme. High clouds of brown earth arose in the air and it looked as if the whole fort was sent heavenward. When the clouds of earth had settled down the scene was a picture of confusion. The ground was covered with yards around the fort, and blocks of concrete.

The explosions made two large breaches in the north wall of the fort, the second and third were the most serious. They charged so quickly that fifty of them were either killed or wounded. The first and second succeeded in gaining the ramparts and charged the interior of the fort, but they were repulsed by a portion of the garrison from behind the wall at the rear of the fort, which had not been touched by the force of the explosion. Behind this wall there were four field guns and three machine guns.

In the meantime the Russians had rushed reinforcements of some 200 to the rear. The second battalion of attackers were unable to advance immediately as the sapping trenches from the parallel to the moat were filled with debris. When this debris had been excavated the battalion gained the moat and reached the ramparts through the breaches that had been made by the explosions.

Whole Garrison Killed! But Twenty.

The commander of this enterprise realized that any attempt to gain the interior of the fort would end in disaster if his whole force advanced in one body, so he disposed his men along the wall and ordered them to gain the lower level of the interior of the fort by two and three at a time, and to reach the holes which had been made in the surface by the Japanese shells, and those offered good cover for the rifle and machine gun fire directed from the rear of the fort. In these holes the attackers had found cover by 5 o'clock in the morning.

Advancing carefully the Japanese approached the Russian defenses in the rear under cover of the darkness the entire force gained the interior of the fort, notwithstanding the desperate resistance made by the Russians.

The first charge made against the wall of sand bags proved unsuccessful, but the charge followed charge until midnight,

when the last cover of the Russian defenses was captured.

The fighting was desperate in the extreme, with bayonets and dynamite hand grenades, and the entire garrison was killed with the exception of a party of twenty who escaped through the covered walk, which they destroyed behind them by exploding four mines and thus prevented the Japanese from pursuing them. Though the numbers engaged and the area of the fighting were small, both assault and defence were more furious than in the previous history of the siege of Port Arthur.

600,000 Jap Recruits to the Front.

Tokio, Dec. 25, 5 p. m.—Tokio is again a great military camp, and the scenes of last spring when the first armies were mobilized and dispatched, are being duplicated. Thousands of recruits and reserves are assembled, drilling and equipping preparatory to taking the field. The permanent and temporary barracks are filled and it is necessary to billet soldiers brought to the city. Oyama field is a scene of activity, where infantry and cavalry and artillery are constantly drilling. The batteries fire blank cartridges for the purpose of breaking in the new recruits.

The general military preparations are on a grand scale. It is planned to give Field Marshal Oyama a rough total of half a million men, with a heavily-armed artillery arm, beside providing a defence for Formosa and Southern Islands, in anticipation of the Russian second Pacific squadron's attempt to seize the straits between the two seas. A large number of Japanese are being prepared in a state of siege and other preparations in Formosa and the Pescadores are progressing. Winter is not interfering with the plans. The railway between Dalny and Yentai is working well and the running time between Tokio and Liao Yang is six days.

Never Retreat, Says Kurapakin.

Mukden, Dec. 25.—General Kurapakin, addressing the troops today, said: "You must never allow yourselves to retreat. Even in the case of the smallest detachment having only formed a plan, it must be carried out to the end."

Russia Rushing Third Squadron.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 25.—Admiral Blendl, chief of the navy, is saying that all the ships in the Baltic are working day and night and that the third squadron will go out in two sections. The admiral pledges to have the first section, which will include the Sennavin, Apraxin, Lisovoff, Nicholas II and Koroff ready by February; and the second, consisting of the Slava, Alexander II and Pamiatova a little later.

Sweeping Reforms To Be Made By Czar?

London, Dec. 26.—A despatch to a news agency from St. Petersburg says it can be stated on reliable authority that the manifesto on the subject of reforms approved by Emperor Nicholas will contain four points as follows:

First—Rachko Zenski's bill to the council of state three representatives to advise on the question of international affairs.

Second—That the press censorship shall be abolished and the press made free.

Third—That freedom of conscience shall be allowed, and fourth, that elementary education shall be made compulsory throughout the empire.

The Daily Mail's St. Petersburg correspondent says that the manifesto probably will be issued December 28.

CARLETON COUNTY TEACHERS' OFFICERS

Institute Finishes Business—Woodstock Man Loses Foot as Result of Accident.

Woodstock, N. B., Dec. 23.—(Special)—Otis Graham, son of James Graham, who had a leg and a foot taken off in an accident on the Main Central Railway, in Rangor some weeks ago, and was cared for at the public hospital, has arrived home. The wounds are healing quickly. It is said the Maine Central will assist the young man by furnishing an artificial leg and foot.

This morning the teachers' institute resumed its session. Mayor Lindsay addressed the boys in an eloquent speech. This afternoon the election of officers resulted as follows: President, H. F. Perkins, B. A., Harland; vice, Miss Evangline Kinney Brastol; secretary, G. H. Harrison, Woodstock. Additional members of executive, Wm. Crawford, Deber; Miss Hattie Jameson, Richmond Corner.

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"Speak out!"

"I had a beautiful rose tree," she said the fool in a low voice. "During the rose, he cried, 'Where he did leave off?'"

"Where he did leave off?" she asked, "Where the rose tree, arriving at a fountain, beheld a beautiful rose tree, said the fool in a low voice. "During the rose, he cried, 'Where he did leave off?'"

"Yes, I remember. And then Reason and Danger did battle with love."

"What was the result?" she asked, "I would fain learn if he gathers his rose. Nay, sit here on the bench and I will tell you. He took over your gold and ever and anon, steal a glance of the pretty pictures."

"Unquestionably he obeyed her, the book illuminated, gleaming in the sunshine. The action, red, gold many used, dancing before them. Love in crimson, the five silver shafts of Cupid, the tower of jealousy, a frowning fortress; the rose, instead of the crown, shone, and instead of all floated by on the creamy parchment leaves. So interested was she in these wondrous pages, executed with such precision and perfection, with marginal adornment and many a graceful turn, and fancy in initial letters and tailpiece, she seemed to him for the moment rather as a simple lowly maiden than a proud princess of the realm.

"How much splendid the peninsula has shown!" she murmured, her breath on his cheek. "The more beautiful than the life of St. Agnes. Is not that figure well done? A hard, austere old man; Reason, I believe, in monkish attire."

"Reason or Duty over passions of the monarchy," he retorted, with a short, mirthless laugh.

"Duty, obedience!" she broke in. "Do I not know them? Please turn the page."

"Oh, princess," he said wittily. "I know what the king hath told you. Why you wear the monarch's ring?"

"The monarch's ring?" she repeated as recalled suddenly from wandering thought. "Why, how know you—? Ah, Jaqueline—"

"As a ring signifies consent. You will fulfill the king's desire?"

"The king's desire?" she replied mechanically. "Is it not the will of God?"

"Then you will obey the king?" he persisted daily.

"Why," she answered, smiling and bending nearer, "will you spoil the day?"

"You would give yourself to a man whether or not you loved him?"

A frown gathered on the princess's brow, but she stopped, herself picked up the book he had dropped, brushed the earth from it and seated herself upon the bench.