THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER II. CONTINUED. On the way, Charles ce Vaiois, re-sumed his conversation with the old expedition into France, was yet out of love for his children, disposed to undertake it; and finally, on the re peated instances of the French prince, resolved on casting himself at King Philip's feet, with all the nobles who ed faithful to him, in the hope that so humiliating a homage might move the conqueror to compassion The absence of Queen Joanna, flattered him with a ray of hope that he should not find her husband inexorable.

Since their moraing's quarrel Robert de Bethune and De Chatillon had not met again; they purposely avoided each other, and neither of them said another word on the subject of what had passed between them. Adolf of Nieuwland was now riding beside Matilda and her brother William. The young lady was evidently occupied in learning off some lay or tale which Adolph was repeating to her; for every now and then one of her ladies exclaimed in admiration; "What a master in minstrelsy Sir Adolph of Nieuwland is!"

And so at last they got back to Wynandael. The whole train entered the castle; but this time the bridge was not raised nor did the portcullis fall, and after a delay of a few minutes the French knights issued again from its walls armed as they had come. As they rode over the bridge De Chatillon eserved to his brother:
"You know that I have this evening

is that to the purpose?" answered De Chatillon hastily. "A

not to mere strength. "You are quite right, my good brother; a knight must hold his ground against every one, be he who he may; but for al that it is better not to expose oneself unnecessarily In your place I should have let Rober talk his spite out. What signifies what he says now that his lands are gone

and he is as good as our prisoner?"
"Be silent, St. Pol. Is that
seemly way to talk? Are you
coward?"

As he spoke these words they dis appeared among the trees. And now the portcullis fell; the bridge was raised; and the interior of the castle was again concealed from view.

CHAPTER III.

The knight or minstrel, who was admitted within the walls of Wynandael by the hospitality or compassion of its inhabitants, found himself on passing inhabitants, found himself on passing its gates in an open square; on his right he saw the stables, amply sufficient for a hundred horses, before which innumerable pigeons and ducks were picking up the stray grain; on his left were the lodgings for the soldiers and military retainers of all kinds, together with the magazines for the siege artillery of that day; as, for instance, battering-rams, with their carriages and supports, balistas, which at one cast threw a shower of arrows at one cast threw a shower of arrow into the besieged place, and catapults which hurled crushing masses of stone against the hostile walls; besides scaling ladders, fire barrels, and other like implements of war.

Right in front of the entrance lay the residence of the Count and his family, rising majestically with its turrets above the lower buildings about it. A flight of stone steps, at the foot of which two black lions reposed, gave entrance to the ground-floor, consisting of a long range of consisting of a long range of with the arms of bygone Counts of Flanders, and with banners and pen-nons won on many a hard fought field. On the right hand side, in one corner of this vast building, was a smaller apart-

ment, altogether different from the rest. On the tapestry with which its walls were adorned might be read the whole story of the sixth crusade in figures which almost looked alive. On one side stood Guy, armed from head to foot, and surrounded by his warriors, who were receiving from his hands the Cross; in the back ground was a long train of men at arms already on their way to the scene of action. The second side exhibited the battle of Massara, won by the Christian army in the year 1250. St. Louis, king of France, and Count Guy, were disting-Cross; in the back ground was a long France, and Count Guy, were distingnishable from the other figures by their banners. The third side pro sented a hideous scene. A multitude of Christian knights lay dying of the plague upon a desert plain. Among the corpses of their comrades, and the carcasses of horses, black ravens flew over the fatal camp, watching for each one's death to gorge themselves with his Resh. The fourth side showed the happy return of the Count of Fianders. His first wife, Fogaets of Bethune, lay weeping on his breast, while her little sons Robert and Baldwin lovingly pressed his hand in theirs.

By the marble chimney-piece, within which a small wood fire was burning, sat the old Count Guy in a massive arm chair. Full of deep thought, he was supporting his head on his right hard his expectations. right hand, his eye resting unconsciously on his son William, who was busily reading prayers from a book silver clasps. Matilda, Robert de Bethune's youthful daughter, stood with her hawk on the other side of the chamber. She was caressing the bird, without heeding her grandfather or uncle; while Guy, with a dark misgiving of the future, was brooding over the past, and William was praying to heaven for some alleviation of their sorrows, she was playing with her favourite, without a thought that her father's inheritance was confiscated, was confiscated, where the batterial would soon be at an end, if it depended on him. May God grant him eternal by him. May God grant him eternal on him. May God grant him eternal by the sorrow and him eternal on him. May God grant him eternal by the sorrow and grant him eternal on him. May God grant him eternal on hi

and possessed by his enemies. Not that she was wanting in feeling; but, half child as she was, her sorrow did not last beyond the immediate impres sion which excited it. When she was told that all the towns of Flanders were occupied by the foe, she burst into abundant and bitter tears; but by the evening of that self-same day her tears were dried and forgotten, and she was ready to caress her hawk

After Guy's eyes had for some time

After Guy's eyes had for some time rested unmeaningly upon his son, he suddenly let fall the hand which supported his head, and asked.
"William, my son, what is it you are asking so fervently of God?"
"I am praying for my poor sister Philippa," was the youth's answer; "God knows, my father, whether the Queen Joanna has not already sent her to her grave; but in that case my prayers are for her soul"
And as he spoke he bowed forward his head, as if to conceal the tears which fell from his eyes.

which fell from his eyes.

The old father sighed heavily and painfully. He felt that his son's evil foreboding might but too easily turn out true, for Joanna of Navarre was wicked enough to make it so: never-theless he would not give atterance to

such a feeling, and so he only replied. "It is not right, William, to sadden ourself with forebodings of evil. Hope is given to us mortals for our then, should you not hope? Since your sister has been in prison, you mourn and pine so, that not a smile ever passes over your countenance. It is well to feel for your sister; but in God's name do not give yourself up

to this dark despair.' to this dark despair.

"Smile, said you, father? Smile, while our poor Philippa is buried in a dungeon! No, that I canreckon on you as my second."

"Against this rough spoken Robert de Bethune?" asked St. Pol. "I cold ground in the silence of her dungknow not what may happen, but I fear you may come but badly out of it; for this Lion of Flanders is no cat to be taken hold of without gloves, and that you know as well as I."

"What is that to the purpose?"

cold ground in the silence of her dung-eon; she cries to heaven because of her sorrows; she calls on you, my father,—she calls on us all for relief; and who answers her? the hollow echo of the deep vaults of the Louvre! e?" See you her not, pale as death, wasted and faded like a dying flower, with her hands raised to heaven? hear you her not, how she cries, 'My father, my brothers, help me; I am dying in these chains!' All this I see and hear in my heart ; I feel it in my soul ;

ow, then can I smile?"
Matilda, who had half listened to these sorrowful words, set her hawk hastily on the back of a chair, and fell with a violent burst of tears and sob Laying her head on his knees, she

eried out piteously:
"Is my dear aunt dead? O God! what sorrow ! shall I not then see her The old Count raised her tenderly

from the ground, and said kindly:
"Be calm, my dear Mailda; weep

not; Philippa is not dead."
"Not dead!" exclaimed the girl with astonishment; "why, then, does my uncle William speak so of death?"
"You have not understood him," answered the Count; "we know of no change that has taken place with regard to her."

The young girl then dried her tears, casting the while a reproachful look upon William, and saying to him, in

the midst of her sobs:

"You are always saddening me to no purpose, uncle! One would think you had forgotten all words of comfort; for you ever talk in a way that makes me tremble. My very hawk is frightened at your voice, it sounds so hollow! It is not kind of ou, uncle, and it vexes me much."
William regarded his niece with eyes

that seemed full of sorrow for the suffering he had caused her. No sooner had Matilda perceived this look of grief. than, running up to him, and seizing tenderly one of his hands:

"Forgive me, dear uncle William!" she said; "I do love you dearly; but do you too think of me, and not torture me so with that terrible word, death, which is now ever upon your lips and in my ears. Forgive me, I pray von."

And before her uncle could answer her, she had already returned to the faithful attachment is truly gratifying other end of the room, and was playing with her hawk again, though with tears

still in her eyes. "My son," said Count Guy, "do not take our little Matilda's words amiss; you know she does not mean un-

kindly forgive her, sir, from my heart; for, indeed, I love her fr. m my heart. And the sorrow which she showed at

and read, this time aloud . and read, this time aloud.

"O Jesus Christ the Saviour, have mercy upon my sister I By thy bitter pangs release her, O Lord!"

And as the name of his Lord sounded in the old Count's ears, he uncovered

his head, folded his hands, and joined in William's prayer. Matilda set down her hawk again in the back of the chair,

"Blessed Mary, Mother of God, hear me, I pray! Comfort her in the dark ungeon, O Holy Virgin!
"O Jesus! sweet Jesus! full of pity!

have mercy on my poor sister!"

Count Guy waited till the prayer was at an end, and then asked, without giving further heed to Matilda, who had again returned to her hawk:

"Tell me one thing, William; do you

not think that we owe great thanks to Messire de Valois ?' "Messire de Valois?"

"Messire de Valois is the worthiest knight I know," answered the youth; "he has treated us with true generosity; he has honored your grey hairs, "Sir Diederik," asked the Count, "will you not go with us?" and even done his best to give you some comfort. I well know that all our troubles, and my sister's imprisonment, with her hawk on the other side of the would soon be at an end, if it depended

"Yes, my father, I do understand it, when it is Charles de Valois that does it. But, after all, what can he do for

we were riding together to the hawking, he showed me a way whereby, with God's help, we may be reconciled with King Philip."

In a transport of joy the young man struck his hands together, and ex

"O Heaven! His good angel mus have spoken by his mouth! And what is it you have to do, my father?" "I, with my nobles, must go to the king at Complegue, and throw ourselves at his feet.

"And Queen Joanna?"
"The implacable Joanna of Navarre is at Paris, and Enguerrrand de Marigny with her. Never was there a moment so favorable as this."

"The Lord grant that your hope may not deceive you! And when will you undertake this perilous expedition, my father ?

The day after to . morrow Messire de Valois comes to Wynandael with his suite, and he will accompany us. I have called together those nobles who But your brother Robert comes not how is it that he has not yet returne to the castle?"

"Have you already forgotten his quarrel of this morning, my father? he has had to clear himself of the lie direct; of course ne is with De Chatillon

gotten that. This quarrel may do us harm; for Messire de Chatillon is powerful at the court of Pailip the

In those times honor and good name were a knight's dearest possessions, and not the shadow of a reproach could he allow to pass upon them without a de mand for instant reckoning; combats, therefore, were matters of daily occur-rence, and excited but little attention.

Presently Guy rose, and said:
"There, I hear the bridge fall;
doubtless my faithful nobles are already there. Come, let us go to the great

And immediately they went out together, leaving the young Matilda alone, and took their way to the hall, where they were speedily joined by the Lords of Malaeghem, of Roode, of Cour trai, of Oudenarde, of Heyle, of Nevele of Roubuis, Walter of Lovendeghem, with his two brothers, and several more, who came in one after the other, to the number of two and fifty in all. Som of them were already temporarily lodged in the castle, others had their possessions and residences in the neighboring

All stood with uncovered head before their lord, anxiously awaiting the intel ligence or command he might have to communicate. After keeping silence for some little time, Count Guy addressed them thus:
"My friends, it is well known to you

that the true obedience with which I have ever followed the commands of my liege lord King Philip, has been the cause of all my misfortunes. He it was that laid it upon me to call the city corporations to account for their govern ment, which I, therefore, as a true sub-ject and vassal desired and attempted to do. Then the city of Bruges refused against me. . . Afterwards, when I went into France to do my homage to the king, he made me prisoner; and not only me, but my poor child, who was with me, and who still groans in the dungeons of the Louvre. All this you know; for you were the companion of your prince. Then, as became me, I sought to make good my right with arms; but fortune was against us, and the talse Edward of England disregarded the bond we had entered into, and de serted us in our need. Now my land is confiscated; I am now the least among

you, and your prince no more; another is now your lord."
"Not yet!" cried Walter of Lovendeghem; "when that day comes I break

lathful attachment is truly gratifying to me; but hear me patiently to the end. Messire de Valois has overrun Flanders with his arms, and has now received it as a firf from his brother king Philip. Were it not for his magnanimity, I should not be with you here at Wynandael; for he it was that assigned me this pleasure he assigned me this pleasure he assigned me this pleasure he as well as the state of the assigned me this pleasant abode. But this is not all; he has resolved to build up again the house of Flanders, my poor sister's supposed death was comforting to me."

And again William opened his book, seat. That is the matter which I have for I need your heip in it."

The astonishment of all present, who were listening with the deepest attention, reached its highest pitch at this announcement. That Charles de Valois should be willing to give up the land he had won and taken possession of, seemed to them utterly incredible. They regarded the Count with looks and knelt in a corner of the chamber, on a great cushion, before a crucifix.

William went on:

"My noble friends, I doubt not in

the least your affection for me; therefore I speak in the full confidence that you will grant me this last request which I now make you; to morrow I set out for France, to throw myself at the king's feet, and I desire to be accompanied by you, my faithful nobles.'

All present answered, one after the other, that they were ready to accom-pany and stand by their Count, where and when and in what way he would.

" Surely asked " Surely asked

"Surely, surely," answered he, thus personally appealed to, "the fox will go with you, were it to the mouth of hell. But I tell you, noble Count—for-give me, but I must have my say—I tell you, that one need be no fox to see where the trap lies here. What! after come having heen caught in this way. once having been caught in this way, will you run into the very same snare again? God grant that all may turn out well; but one thing I tell you, Philip the Fair shall not catch the fox."

"You judge and speak too lightly, Sir Diederik." answered Guy; "we are to have a written safe conduct from Charles de Valois, and his honour is

The Flemish nobles, well knowing De promise, and went on to discuss the matter with the old Count. Mean while Diederik slipped unobserved out of the hall, and wandered up and down the outer court wrapped in deep

Before he had spent much time in this occupation, the bridge was low ered, and Robert de Bethune entered the castle. As soon as he had dis mounted, Diederik approached, and

thus addressed him.
I need not ask, noble Count, as to
the result of your affair of to-day: the Lion's sword has never failed him yet ; doubtless by this time Messire de Chatillon is on his journey for the

"No," answered Robert; "my sword came down upon his helmet in such sort that he will hardly speak for some days to come. He is not dead; God be praised for that; but another Misnap has befallen us. Adolf of Nieuwiand, who was with me as my econd, fought with St Pol. and h had already wounded his opponent in the head, when his breastplate failed him; upon which he received a severe wound, I fear even a mortal one. In a few minutes you will see him, for my men are now carrying him hither."

"But say, my lord," proceeded Diederik; "think you not that this journey to France is a venture some-

of the rashest? "Weat journey? I know not what

you mean."
"What! you have not yet heard of Not one word."

"Not one word."
"Well, we set off to-morrow with your noble father for France."
"What is it you say, Diederik? Are you jesting—to France?"
"Yes, Lord Robert. To throw ourselves at the feet of the French king, and sue for forgiveness. I have never yet seen a cat creep into a sack of her wn accord; but before long I shall see it at Compiegne, or I am greatly mis-

"But are you quite sure of what you say, Dederik? You fill me with

go into the hall; there you may see all your friends assembled with your lather. To morrow we set out for our prison. B-lieve me, then and cross Robert could hardly contain himself for indignation at this intelligence. "Diederik, my friend," he said, "I

pray you have my poor Adolf taken up to my own chamber when he is brought in, and laid upon the left hand bed. See that he is duly cared for until I can come myself; and send, too, for Master Roger to dress his wounds.

And with these words, he hurried away to the hall, where the Count was still in conference with his nobles, and pressed forward hastily till he stood before his father, not a little to the astonishment of all present; for he was still in full armour from head to foot.

"O my lord and father!" cried he "what report is this I hear? are you really about to deliver yourself up to

your enemies, that they may make a mock of your grey hairs? that the "Yes, my son," answered the Count steadfastly; "I am going to France, and you with me—such is the will of

your father."
"Let it be so, then," replied Ro bert; "I will go with you; but not to fall at the king's feet! God forbid that we should so humiliate ourse "It must be so, my son; and it behoves you to accompany me," was the

"I!" cried Robert in fury; "I fall at Philip's feet! I, Robert de Bethune prostrate myself before our foe! What! shall the Lion of Flanders bow his head pefore a French man, a maker of false

coin, a perjured prince?"

The Count was silent for a few moments; but as soon as Robert's first burst of indignation had subsided, he

" And yet, my son, you will do it for

No, never!" cried Robert ; "never shall that blot rest upon my shield. Bow before a foreigner—1! You know

not your son, my father!"

"Robert," pursued the old Count calmly, "your father's will is a law for you: I command it!"

"No!" cried Robert yet again;

"the Lion of Flanders bites, and fawns not. Before God alone, and you, my father, have I ever bowed the head or bent the knee; and no other man on earth shall be able to say of me that I have thus humbled myself before him." "But, Robert," insisted his father, "have you no compassion for me, for your poor sister Philipps, and for our unhappy country, that you thus reject the one only means by which we may

yet be delivered?" Robert wrung his hands violently, in

a very agony of grief and anger.
"What will you now, my father?"
he exclaimed: "do you indeed desire that a Frenchman should look down upon me as his slave? I am ready to die with shame at the very thought. No, never! Your commands, your entreaty even, is of no avail. I will not -I cannot do it !"

Two tears glistened upon the old man's hollow cheeks. The singular expression of his countenance, threw the lookers on into doubt whether it was joy or grief that had touched him, for at the same time a smile of comfort seemed to hover on his countenance.

Robert was deeply moved by his father's tears; he felt, as it were, the pains of martyrdom in his heart. At last his emotion burst all bounds, and almost beside himself, he exclaimed:

almost beside himseif, he exclaimed:
"My prince and father! your curse
upon me, if you will! but this I swear
to you—never will I creep or bow before a Frenchman! In this thing I cannot obey you."
But even amid all his excitement

Robert was terrified at his own words. Pale and trembling in every limb, he clenched his hands convulsively, the iron scales of his gauntlets might be heard grinding upon one another throughout the hall. He felt his reso lution shrinking, and awaited the curse he had defied in an anguish like that

All present waited for the reply of the old Count with anxious expecta-tion. At last he threw his aged arms around his son's neck, and cried with

around his son's neck, and cried with tears of love and joy.

"O my noble son! my blood—the blood of the Counts of Fianders, flows undegenerate in your veins! Your disobedience has bestowed on me the hap-plest day of my life. Now willingly could I die! One more embrace, my son; for words do not suffice to express the joy of my heart."

Admiration and sympathy filled the hearts of all the noble company, who looked on in solemn silence, while the old Court, releasing his son from his embrace, and turning to his barons,

exclaimed enthusiastically.

"See, my friends; such was I in my younger days, and such have the Dampierres ever been. Judge by what you have seen and heard whether Robert de Bethune does not deserve to wear his father's coronet. Such are the men of Flanders! Yes, my son, you are right; a Count of Flanders must bow his head before no stranger. But I am old; I am the poor imprisoned reind and playfellow. With a mourn-ful cry she started back, tears burst son. I will myself kneel before Philip; from her eyes, and she sobbed aloud. son. I will myself kneel before Philip; since such is the will of God, I humbly submit. And you. Robert, shall go with me; but not to bow the head or

bend the knee before the oppressor, Hold yourself, as ever, erect; so there may be a Count of Fianders after me iree from shame and reproach."

The various preparations for the journey were now discussed at length, and many important points were de liberated upon and settled. Rober de Bethune, now calmer and more col lected, left the ball, and proceeding to lected, left the half, and proceeding to the smaller apartment, where Matilda still remained, he took the maiden by the hand, and led her to a chair; then drawing one for himself, he sat

down beside her.
"My dear Matilda," he began

"you love your father, do you not?"
"You know I do," was the reply,
while she caressed the knight's bearded
cheek with her soft band.
"But," he continued, "would you
rot also love a man that ventured his iife in my defence?"

"Yes, surely; and bear him eternal

"Well then, my daughter; a knight bas risked his life in your father's quarrel, and is sorely wounded, perhaps even unto death."
"O God! I will pray for his re. covery forty days, and more too ! " Do so, my child, and for me too:

but I have to ask yet something more "Speak, my father; I am your obedient child."

"Understand me well, Matilda : are going for some days on a journey, your grandiather and I, and all the

your grandtather and I, and all the knights that are here with us. Who, then, shall give the poor wounded knight to drink when he is thirsty?"
"Who? I, my father; I will never leave his side till you return. I will take my hawk into his charbon. be his constant attendant. Fear not that I will leave him to the servants; my own hand shall hold the cup to his lips. His recovery 'hall be my best hope and my dearest joy.''

"That is well, my child; I know your loving heart; but you must, moreover, promise me that in the first days of his illness you will keep his chamber perfectly still; make no noise that your let any one also do there yourself, nor let any one else do

"Fear not for that, father ; I will talk to my hawk so softly, that not one word of it shall the wounded knight

Robert took his daughter by the hand, and led her out of the chamber. hand, and ted her out of the chamber,
"I must show you your patient," he
said; "but speak low while you are
with him."
Meanwhile Adolf of Nieuwland had

been carried by the attendants into a chamber of Robert's lodging, and laid upon a bed; two surgeons had bound up his wounds, and now stood with Diederik die Vos by the bedside. No sign of life was to be perceived; the countenance of the young knight was pale and his eyes closed.

"Well, Master Roger," inquired Robert of one of the surgeons, "how goes it with our unfortunate friend?' "But badly, my lord," answered Roger; "but badly indeed. I cannot, at this moment, say what hope there is; and yet I have a sort of presenti

ment that he will not die "Then the wound is not mortal?"
"Well, it is and it is not; nature is the best physician, and cures which neither mineral nor simple could effect, I have laid upon breast, too, a thorn from the Holy Crown; the virtue of that relic will, I

trust, assist us."

deghem; 'when that day comes I break my sword forever. I know no other lord than the noble Gny of Dampierre." The Persistent Symptom of Eczema is Itching Skin



Itching skin and the difficulty in healing the sores are the two features of eczema which make it the despair of doctors. Dr. Chase's Ointment controls these two symptoms, cures the disease, and leaves the skin smooth, natural and healthy.

Redness and Irritation of the skin, Heat and Inflammation. Discharge of Watery Matter. Formation of a Yellow or Brown Crust.

mark the stages of eczema. In the majority of cases Dr. Chase's Ointment brings relief from the very first application, but, however, cure is a matter of patient and persistent treatment, for naturally and gradually the raw, flaming sores are soothed and healed, and a new, soft skin is formed.

> The following testimonial tells of a cure effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment when the skin

Became Raw Like Beefsteak

Mrs. Edwin W. Cossitt, Sydney, N. S., writes:—"It truly gives me great pleasure to say a good word for Dr. Chase's Ointment. About eight years ago I had a sore come on the top of my foot near the ankle and it turned to eczema and became raw like beefsteak and as large as the palm of my hand.

and a large as the palm of my hand.

"I tried three different remedies, but it grew worse and the itching became intense. Hearing about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I began using it and it worked like a charm—five boxes making a complete cure. I have recommended it to my friends as the best ointment ever made. It allays Itching at once."

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