

ST. JOHN STAR, MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1905

Over the Border

By...
ROBERT
BARR.

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(Continued.)

"Of course not. I see that plainly now, but I give you my word it was real enough then. Without a word of warning I broke in on the amazed officer and shouted, 'Where is General Cromwell?' The man looked dumfounded, as well he might. Then he answered quietly enough, 'The general is in the castle, half a mile from here.' Even then a glimmer of sense came to me, and I explained that the general had passed us that afternoon, and I wondered if he had stopped at Northampton. The officer said he had, and next moment the landlady appeared at the stair head, and you a moment or two after. What tricks imagination can play with a man!"

"I was as anxious as you were last night, and shall always think of Northampton as the gloomiest town I ever saw."

"I am glad to be quit of it. I wonder if that officer has given you the right direction? It seems to me that we should be bearing farther south for Oxford. But perhaps the road takes a turn presently."

"The road is right for the way we are going. We pass through Banbury, which is not much longer than the direct road. I intend to leave old John at Banbury, and with him this permit, which will be a danger to carry until we turn north again. Banbury is on the straight road to Scotland, which I suppose will be the way you go of your return."

"You are right in that. I'll travel north as the crow flies if I can." "Then what say you to making Banbury our first stop on the homeward run after we leave Oxford, taking early to the road the next morning?" "How far is Banbury from Oxford?" "Less than thirty miles, I think."

"Oh, we can do better than that. I must make a dash for it, and get to the road in half an hour. There are some good roads in the neighborhood."

"True. We shall be guided by circumstances, of course. Much will depend on the hour of the day we are done with Oxford."

Frances said nothing more, for she saw that the stop at Banbury would have to be managed from Oxford, and that it would require some tact on her part to arrange it. The ever increasing moon was against her, for if there was much delay at Oxford, not only would Armstrong be the more impatient to get north, but night would soon be almost as light as day, and therefore travel would only be limited by the endurance of themselves and their horses. She wished Cromwell had selected some spot at least fifty miles farther away than Banbury, but, with a sigh, accepted the conditions presented to her and resolved to do her best.

At Banbury she had no difficulty in leading her unassuming comrade to the Banbury Arms, and there they left old John with his crippled horse. The landlady was a quiet, furtive looking man, with a manner that suggested an intermittent glancing over the shoulder. Frances resolved to say nothing to him at this time, but to wait until he came so quickly from Northampton that she was in advance of any instructions he was to receive, but in this she was mistaken. With Cromwell to decide was to act, and some one had evidently come through in the night. While they halted, waiting the preparation of a meal, the soft footed innkeeper, watching his opportunity, drew the girl aside and asked her if she possessed a pass; if so he would like to see it. He was very apologetic, saying all public house keepers so near to Oxford were compelled by the military charge of the town to assure themselves that travelers who stopped with them were properly vouched for, otherwise it would be his duty to detain them and report to the local commandant. She presented the pass to him without a word, and he read it in silence, then looked at her as if he expected some comment. At last he said: "Perhaps you intend to stop here on your return?"

"Yes, have you received instructions already?" "I have, and everything is prepared. Would you come up now and look at the room? Then, if for any reason I am not here when you come back, you will see that a message is made."

He took her to an upper room and explained to her the action of the concealed door, which moved without a sound on well oiled hinges. "During the night you occupy this room. I shall have a horse ready and will be in waiting for you myself until morning. I am to show you the way to the castle. You will find the road to Oxford without impediment until you reach the lines of the king. I hope you will have a safe sojourn there and a speedy return."

The girl thanked him for his good wishes with that courtesy she could call to her aid, for at heart she loathed him, his smooth, oily, ingratiating manner and his shifty glances making her shiver with repulsion. Yet, she said to herself, conscience accusing, this man was merely an assistant in a deed where she herself acted the leading part. He was a mercenary, doubtless, doing what he was bid, but against a stranger and an enemy, while she plotted against a friend and a man who trusted her.

Fervently she prayed that Providence might intervene between the resolution and its accomplishment, in some way rendering her project unnecessary. There was a slight hope that the suspicious king might not receive Armstrong as the envoy of the Scots. He carried no credentials, and Charles, if he employed him, must accept the borderer's unsupported word that he was

what he declared himself to be. She feared that Charles was in such straits that he would clutch at any straw, but hoped his natural distrust would come forward, so that Armstrong might return empty handed to Scotland, while she would be relieved of this fell betrayal, from which, as events stood, she saw no way of escape.

Glad was she to leave Banbury behind her, but tremblingly did she dread the time when she should see it again. The road, as the innkeeper had predicted, was clear, and now for the first time during that journey she was alone with her fellow traveler, old John pottering over his lame horse in the stables of the Banbury inn.

The spirits of the young man were as high as those of the girl were low. He saw that for some reason unknown to him she was depressed, and he tried to banter her into a more cheerful frame of mind; but, this effort bringing with it indifferent success, he broke out into song and caroled to her some of the border ballads.

Several times the obedient Bruce, guided by an unseen touch, edged close to her, but Armstrong could not fail to perceive that the girl shrank from his proximity, and this alarmed him, silencing his song and jocularities. But a lover must be bold if he would prosper. Here was a heaven sent opportunity, and what more can a man ask than that? In an hour or two they would be in the midst of throned cities, where she would meet the friends she expected to see. Who could predict what might happen? It was possible she would elect to remain in Oxford. One or more of her friends might accompany her back to Durham. Now or never was the motto. Yet he had not the least notion how he ought to begin, but thought that in such a crisis a great deal must depend on the presentation of the case. Why had he not slipped so many chances of getting information on a subject that now loomed with new importance before him? They had gone a mile or two in silence, a silence in marked contrast to his so

liferous setting out. Frances feared that her seemingly sullen indifference had offended him, and, glancing surreptitiously at him from under her long lashes, met his own eyes fixed upon her. She smiled a little and said: "Have you no more songs?"

"I have one more," he answered, speaking hurriedly, "but I have never sung it before, and am just a little in doubt how to begin. I think if I got the measure of it, I could carry it out, but am not sure."

"Very well, let me hear the song. Is it one of those loving ballads?" "No. It is a love song, pure and simple."

"Oh!" said the girl, with a coldness that froze instantly his budding enthusiasm. She sat up straight on her horse and turned her face resolutely toward Oxford, as if she did not approve the tendency of the conversation. Armstrong was stricken dumb at finding his indirect course thus blocked before him. The girl was the first to speak. "Wonder how soon we will be in sight of Oxford," she said.

"Not for a long time, I hope." "Why do you say that? Are you not as eager as I to reach Oxford?" "There are some important matters to be settled before we come to the end of our journey."

Frances directed upon him a look of troubled resolution. Intuitively she knew that they were come to the edge of a declaration which she had hoped might be avoided. Several times on the way the danger seemed to approach and vanish, but now the glow of his luminous eyes were not to be mistaken. To the reader a consuming love of herself which was not to be balked, yet which must be bailed, and so it became now or never with her, as it was with him.

"What important matters are to be settled?" she asked firmly. "All courage seemed to desert him under the intensity of her survey, but with the downiness of his race he urged himself forward, yet not in a direct line."

"We must decide in what guise you are to enter Oxford." This remark certainly had the effect of throwing the holder of the fortress of her heart away from her. The revelation from her brow. After all, the case might not be so serious as she had thought, and jubilantly she welcomed the respite, for she had no wish to add a humiliation to the wrong which fate had decreed she should work upon him. She breathed a sigh of relief and said: "What guise? I'm afraid I do not understand."

"You see, hitherto we have been shielded by a pass. Its wording was such that little inquiry was made about either of us. Now, for the first time, we have no protection, and what we say to those who accost us must prove our safeguard. I shall be asked who you are. I told your brother that I would treat you as if you were my own sister, but I cannot call you my sister at Oxford."

"Why not?" "For one reason, because you go to meet friends who know that I am not your brother, and if inquiry is made we are at a disadvantage."

"True, true. I had forgotten." "Another reason is that if we claimed such relationship no one would believe us, for your hair is as black as the raven's wing and mine is like the yellow corn."

"I had not thought of that," she said. "But I thought of it, and also of a way to circumvent it. If they ask who the lady is I shall tell them she is my betrothed."

"No, no, no!" gasped the girl.

He was now close by her side and endeavored to take her hand, but she held it from him. "You say no because you will not act a lie, and I honor you for your truth. You are well in truth, my beloved, as an angel is!" "Oh, cease, cease, I beg of you!" "Frances, this is the song that bubbles in my heart, and if my lips could really follow their promise I would put it to such words and such music as woman never listened to before."

But, lacking eloquence, I can only say, My lady, I love you. "And I can only say I am sorry if this be so."

"If I know it to be true? Do you know it to be true?" "I know it now that you tell it to me."

"You do not love me?" "No." "And cannot?" "And cannot."

"You would even rob me of all hope, the lover's guiding star?" "If you call it robbing to take from you what should never have been possessed."

"Why should I not have possessed that hope? Is it because I am untitled, while you are the daughter of the man who was the proudest peer in England?"

"Titles have naught to do with it." "Titles are but a breath—still, men have intrigued for them, have sold their souls for them, as others have for gold. That shall I do. I thought never to beg from any man, yet for this king I stake my life, and it is but fair he should cover my wages. I will say to him, I go to Scotland on your behalf, through an enemy's country. Death or treachery god every footstep I take. I may win or lose, but if I win then I demand the stakes, which will not take a silver penny from your depleted treasury. Make me Earl of the Southern Marches."

(To be Continued.)

FIRE IN UNION CLUB.

Two or Three Hundred Dollars' Worth of Damage Done.

A fire in the Union Club last night gave rise to a scare. Fortunately it was discovered in time to prevent any serious damage being done. The fire started in the dining room, being caused by the intense heat. The assistant steward was passing through the building and noticed the smoke. He once alarmed the members of the club, of whom there were only three or four present. It was necessary to take up the carpet and tear up the floor, in order to get at the fire. It was about half an hour before the fire was completely extinguished. At one time those present thought the flames were going to get beyond their control, and a still alarm was sent in, to which Chief Kirk responded at once, but the workers had underestimated the power of the fire. The water was not turned on at all, a few buckets being found sufficient once the fire had been put out. The damage will probably amount to two or three hundred dollars.

FOUND DEAD.

After Being Stunned by a Fall, Geo. Harris Was Suffocated by Gas.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—George H. Harris, aged 45 years, of Beverly, Mass., for several years a specialist in the bureau of ethnology of the agricultural department, was found dead in his room in a hotel here today. It is believed he was stunned by falling on the floor in an attempt to light the gas, and the gas which filled the room when the body was discovered caused his death.

During his employment in the department he has been engaged as superintendent of a working field gathering facts concerning the effect of the boll weevil on cotton, with headquarters at Calvert, Texas.

MADAME LOUBET DEAD.

Mother of French President was Ninety-two Years of Age.

PARIS, Jan. 15.—Mme. Loubet, mother of the president, died at Marsanne at three o'clock this afternoon from congestion of the lungs, aged 92 years. The president's son Paul and other members of the family were at her bedside when she expired.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday afternoon. President Loubet will leave Paris tomorrow in order to attend.

THE OPPOSITION LEADER.

OTTAWA, Ont., Jan. 15.—R. L. Borden, the opposition leader, left for Halifax this afternoon. A convention of Carleton Co. conservatives will meet at Stittsville on Wednesday to accept Mr. Borden's resignation and tender the nomination to Mr. Borden.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

VICTORIA HOTEL, Jan. 14.—B. C. Anderson, C. M. Baskin, Vancouver; R. A. Ferguson, Montreal; J. W. McRae, Halifax; J. Lamont, Winnipeg; Geo. Collinson, Rotheray; Geo. W. Parsons, Toronto; J. M. Monroe, Vancouver; F. Prime, Westfield; J. R. Patton, Bangor; P. L. Davidson, Toronto; M. G. Ryerson, Truro; H. K. Clanson, Sussex; James Martin, Milltown; Mrs. W. T. H. Penney, Fredericton; Thomas Phillips, Boston. CARLISLE HOTEL, Woodstock, Jan. 13.—A. W. Reed, Richmond; W. B. Hawthorne, St. Stephen; G. J. Sowden, F. Ansley, N. E. Foster, Toronto; A. G. Miller, Montreal; J. R. Sprague, Boston; H. R. Arrowsmith, J. McIsaac, Henry Hillyard, St. John.

A woman in one of the small German villages became the mother of two sets of triplets last year.

TO DR. LATHERN. EFFECT OF UNION ON MISSIONS.

Tribute By Rev. G. M. Campbell in Centenary.

Rev. George Steele Discussed the Question

To One Whose Work in St. John Was Marked by Much Success.

Rev. Geo. M. Campbell in Centenary yesterday morning, before announcing the closing hymn, Servant of God, Well Done, referred to the late Dr. Lathern, saying in substance:

I think this a fitting time to call attention to one who had served many years in old Centenary with faithful devotion, and whose work was marked by a peaceful death a long and useful ministry.

Dr. Lathern was a leading minister of the Methodist church, and well known throughout the maritime provinces. The press has furnished biographical details, but I desire, on behalf of the congregation, as well as on my own, to pay a brief tribute to his worth and work.

The leading features of his ministry were the expression and the fruit of the qualities of the Christian man. Fidelity was a marked characteristic of Dr. Lathern. Steadfast, uniform attention marked his every service.

He was a man eminently qualified for his sacred office. He had a well trained mind, and a large sympathetic heart. He was one of the eloquent preachers of his day. Fine literary tastes and broad reading enriched his addresses, and he presented the great and practical truths of the Gospel in beautiful and attractive form. His popular lectures were marked with peculiar aptness to hold the interest of the general body. The highest positions in the gift of the church were bestowed upon him, and he discharged the great responsibilities devolving upon him with credit to himself and his church.

He was beloved as a pastor, and his visits to the homes of his people were always greatly appreciated. He was a good man and a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. Grief may well be hushed in view of such a life and such a departure. No tokens of mourning are displayed; we chant no dirge. If any token of our feelings were exhibited they should be those of thankful gratitude to the white-robed throng, the palm branch, emblem of the secure victory.

The memory of this good man and faithful minister is a choice treasure. His life and labor have been wrought into the church, and will be seen in blessed results in all the years to come. In the words of the psalmist, his memory shall be for comfort. He lives still in the souls of some yet abiding who were led by him into the way of life. He lives more fruitfully in the larger number who have passed to where he beheld the King in His beauty, and with whom he joyfully united in the song, Consider the issues of his blameless and useful life and imitate his faith. Imitate his hearty, humble trust in the Lord. Imitate his words that he spoke while he was yet with us. Follow on as he both taught and led. We may then those who have been renewed in the perfected kingdom of God.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Rev. J. G. Shearer, Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, Addressed Meetings Yesterday.

Rev. J. B. Shearer, B. A., secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, preached in St. Andrew's church yesterday morning. His address was entirely along the lines of his work, and he was able to tell of great good that has been accomplished since the association was actively formed some years ago.

Mr. Shearer spoke from the words of St. Mark, "And he said unto them, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." He first pointed out that there are certain things which must necessarily be performed on the Sabbath day and pointed out that very often the divine disapproval of the Sabbath day things which are not only unnecessary but which are in their very character detrimental to human life and contrary to all that is just and uplifting within the empire. He then told of how Jesus explained to the Pharisees that certain things were rightly performed on the Sabbath day, such as healing the sick. Mr. Shearer's account of the work in upper Canada and the west was most favorable, notwithstanding the fact that there are at the present time one hundred and fifty thousand persons in Canada who have no Sabbath.

Mr. Shearer in the afternoon addressed a mass meeting in Portland street Methodist church, speaking from the words "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." In this address he pointed out the necessity for proper observance of the day by the private, social and political lives of the country, and showed how those nations which did observe the Sabbath had prospered.

HOARSENESS.

Is the sign of irritation of the air passages caused by a cold. Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, will cure you. Thousands of people know it. Your money back if it doesn't.

25c., 50c. and \$1.00

Let your newspaper Do things for you.

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In short, any day, every day, this newspaper stands ready and able to DO THINGS FOR YOU.

YUKON OFFICIAL.

THE FIRST DRAWING ROOM.

Most Brilliant Function Ever Seen on Parliament Hill.

Miss Ryan, is Native of New Brunswick.

OTTAWA, Jan. 15.—In 1878 the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise held a reception which until last night was the high-water mark in Canadian social history. Hereafter the society will date the time from Earl and Countess Grey's first drawing room. It was beyond compare the most brilliant and largely attended function of the kind ever seen on parliament hill. For over two hours a file of men in uniform and evening dress and women in gorgeous court costume filed past and made obsequies to their excellencies, who bowed graciously in response to each salute in the case of Lady Grey was pale with fatigue and walked with evident effort on the way out. About sixteen hundred in all were present, which considerably exceeds all previous records. Among the first to be presented after the daughters of their excellencies and Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were Lieut. Governor Snowball and his two daughters, Hon. H. R. Emmerson, and the Misses Emmerson, Hon. George E. and Mrs. Foster, Hon. A. G. and Miss Blair, Senator and Mrs. McSweeney. The usual squabble which accompanies high state functions of precedent is on in full force. The principal cause is the injured feelings of senators and senate officials. All ceremonies in the senate chamber were supposed to be under their direction and this year at the last minute arrangements were taken out of their hands and put in charge of the honorary aides de camp to his excellency. Hence many heart-burnings and jealousies are smoldering, but threatening at first opportunity to break out into rebellion against what is termed snob rule.

SIX HUNDRED MINERS.

Will Participate in the Convention of United Workmen at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 15.—With the arrival tonight of the last Pennsylvania delegation practically all the 600 miners who will participate in the convention of the united mine workers, which begins tomorrow in Tomlinson Hall, were scattered among the several hotels.

ARBITRATION CLOSED.

TORONTO, Jan. 15.—Arbitration between Koid and the government of Newfoundland closed yesterday by the unanimous award of Arbitrators Blake, MacMaster and Archibald, which will be published the third of February. It is understood that the claimant succeeded but the amount is not publicly known.

STEAMER MOVEMENTS.

The C. P. R. steamers Lake Champlain and Montrose sailed yesterday morning.

The Allan line mail steamer Corinthian sailed at an early hour this morning for Liverpool.

The inward boat, the Parisian, arrived at Halifax Sunday afternoon and will be here some time today.

The Furness liner Florence sailed yesterday.

The West India boat Dahome arrived Sunday morning.

TRAIN DELAYED.

The Boston express, due shortly before noon on Saturday, did not arrive until seven o'clock in the evening. There were two delays, one of them on the Maine Central, the cause of which is not reported, but which kept the express for three or four hours. The other halt was at McAdam. There a freight engine and car had been derailed at the east switch. The engine was across the rails, and putting it back would have been a matter of some difficulty at any time, but the task was rendered all the more trying by the intense cold, which repeatedly caused the steel tracks to break. Several hours were lost there, and the passengers on the train were quite tired when they finally arrived in St. John. Those who were going to points further east had a wait of four hours in the depot.

Passengers bound to Boston who came in on the St. John express from Halifax had to wait in the station until the belated Boston express came in and was ready to go out again, which she did about eight o'clock.

NOT ENOUGH PLOWS.

This journal has at various times pointed out the evident inadequacy of the plowing department. There are not enough sidewalk plows. This may be said to be the principal deficiency, though there are many ways in which the department might be improved. The street cleaning department has not shown ability to cope with any of the large storms of the present winter.

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