

FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb.)

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

Isabel turned very pale, and gasped for breath.

"Dear Isabel," went on Constance, "do not be alarmed, 'tis but for a day; for one word from Beauville is all powerful with Walsingham. But there is now some frightful mistake, and it is about that I hurried to speak. On hearing of the sad event I sent a message to Newgate to tell the governor to whom Father de Lisle was allied, and to beg him to treat him with all courtesy till his kinsmen could procure his release; and the man came back to say the governor laughed and said it was Lord Beauville himself who had put De Lisle in prison, and wished to pursue him to the uttermost."

"'Tis false, they lie foully," said Isabel, starting to her feet, her eyes glaring. "He never did this thing."

"I know it, I feel sure of it," answered Constance. "Be calm, dearest Isabel, and all will yet be well."

As she spoke, the arras was lifted and the Earl entered. Isabel sprang towards him.

"Tell me, thou hast not done this thing; I know thou hast not, canst not."

"What means this?" said the Earl; "what is all this turmoil?"

"It is my fault, Beauville," said his sister; "I have roused Isabel to agony by news I have brought her of her brother, not only that he is in Newgate, but that by some strange mistake the governor asserts it is by thy contrivance."

"Thou hast not?" said Isabel, again grasping his arm.

The Earl looked at her. "Yes I have."

There was a moment's silence. Isabel gazed at him as if she did not comprehend; and the look of malice in his face made Constance turn faint. "I have," said the Earl; "and hear me yet; this man is your brother, Isabel, but he is my enemy,—I hate him; and thou knowest not, perhaps, what means a Beauville's hate; know it then now; every torture that law permits shall be executed upon that man, and at last a shameful death. If he recant, well,—the law saves him; but if not, as sure as Elizabeth is queen and Walsingham hath power, Walter de Lisle is doomed."

She listened, and she was still, quite still, her face pale and ghastly; she clasped her hands together, and looked up to Heaven, and then she said—and the tones of her voice rang in Constance's ear for long years afterwards—"O God, O God, my punishment 'is greater' than I can bear."

And in these words Constance discerned not only the anguish for Walter, but the breaking of the heart's idol, the snapping of a life's hope. She moved towards the door, but ere she reached it she sank on the ground insensible. Lord Beauville called for Rachel, and without a word to his sister, left the room. Constance went home, bidding Rachel send word how her mistress was. Before night, she heard the Countess was raving in brain fever.

Note.—"It must be here observed that Mr. Nappier had his pyx with him, and in it two consecrated hosts; and, as he owned to me several times, when he heard Sir Francis give the constable orders to search, he was under the greatest concern, for fear lest the Blessed Sacrament should fall into their hands, and be exposed to some profane or sacrilegious treatment. And he further assured me, not without tears in his eyes, that whereas the search was most strict even so far that his shoes were pulled off in the presence of the justice, that nothing might escape them; and whereas, also, in searching of his pockets, the constable to his feeling, had his hands many times both upon the 'pyx' and a small reliquary, yet neither of them were discovered, to the great

surprise and no less joy of the good man."—Life of George Nappier, Priest.

"Here on the next day, Mr. Genings being at the consecration Topcliffe, the arch priest-catcher, with other officers, came in and broke open the chamber door, where he was celebrating. . . . And the more to make him a scoff to the people, they vested him in a ridiculous fool's coat, which they found in Mr. Well's house."—Life of Edmund Genings, Priest.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Oh what a change hath the prison wrought, Since we gazed upon him last;

And mournful the lesson his thin frame taught, Of the sufferings he had pass'd."—Neale.

In Newgate Walter was at first thrown into the common prison. The ward or dungeon in which he was placed was full of prisoners accused of the most revolting crimes. They were pent up like a set of wild beasts, with hardly light or air, and the stench of the place was so insupportable that Walter on his entrance almost fainted. He was heavily ironed, and left to find his place as he could. The appearance of such a stranger among them naturally excited the curiosity of the prisoners and Walter seemed able from the first to exercise a sort of control over them, and the worst language was hushed in his presence, though enough that was horrible went on. The only sort of seat in the dungeon was a kind of seat in the wall, and this was assigned to Walter, who lay there at night, and when the prison was comparatively still, found time to pray; for his spirit, yearning for salvation of others, was tortured by the sights and sounds of sin around him. In this dungeon he became an apostle, and when he preached to the poor wretches around him, all listened and none mocked, and during the ten or twelve days he was immured there several were won by his words to change their lives. It was the rumor of this change that induced the governor to alter Walter's position. He was removed from this ward, his irons were struck off, and he was employed as one of the scavengers. From early day until night Walter was kept at work, and the most menial offices were his; and when, worn out with exhaustion he would sometimes rest for a few minutes, a blow or a kick aroused him.

"I will humble him somehow," said the governor, and yet as the days went on, the pale face wore still its look of peace and of perfect serenity.

"Here prisoner," said one of the under-jailors, approaching him one day, "here is other work for you; follow me."

Walter followed him into a different part of the prison along many passages, and down an immense flight of steps. At length Walter found himself in a large dungeon, which he immediately recognized as the well known torture-chamber. Several executioners stood ready, while at a table sat the governor, and Eliot by his side, ready to take down in writing the prisoner's confessions.

"Ha, Master de Lisle," said Eliot, "it is determined by the Privy Council to interrogate you concerning certain matters. They desire to know exactly at what houses you tarried during your stay in England, the names of the persons who at any time confessed to you, or who by you were reconciled to the Church of Rome."

"All these questions," answered Walter, "I decline to answer."

"Put the prisoner on the rack," said Eliot, coolly; and two men seized Walter, and after stripping off some of his upper clothing, they placed him in the rack. It was a

large frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. Walter was laid on his back upon the floor, his wrists and ankles were then fastened by cords to rollers attached to each end of the frame.

Eliot now began to repeat his questions, and as Walter continued silent, the rollers began to creak and turn. For some time the sufferer was quite still; but as the operation went on, the agony forced out words but they were words only of prayer. The name that is above every name was earnestly invoked and the "Help of the afflicted" was appealed unto. At length Walter fainted and was then released from his trial.

"Take him hence, jailer," said Eliot. "Let him recover his strength, and then we will try the gauntlets and the scavenger's daughter. Ah, I deem we will break that haughty will at last, when we let torture do its worst."

From this time Walter had a cell to himself, and better food. He was also allowed occasional intercourse with his friends; for Eliot deemed by this means to extract further information from him. Arthur Leslie, whose one employment was to endeavor, by every possible means, to procure a pardon for him, but as yet without success, came frequently.

No sooner was Walter recovered when Eliot fulfilled his threat, and he again visited the torture-chamber. This time Walter was not taken by surprise, and he had been daily arming himself for the conflict. On his arrival at the door of the dungeon, he fell on his knees, and, looking up to heaven, cried for help.

"Strengthen me, O Lord my God; by the remembrance of Thy scourging and Thy bitter passion help me in this hour."

"We will try thee today with the bracelets," said Eliot, as Walter entered, "and see if they will not squeeze out the truth from thee, thou obstinate villain."

"God forgive thee, Master Eliot," said Walter, looking at him. "I pray that none may deal with thee as thou dost with me."

"Do not answer me," cried Eliot furiously. "Ho! varlets there; let us not lose time."

Walter was now led to one end of the room. From side to side of the ceiling stretched a long and heavy wooden beam. He was then made to mount three planks of wood, which brought him sufficiently near the beam to enable his hands to be thrust into iron rings, which thus attached him to it. By means of a screw these gradually compressed the wrists. As soon as it was made fast, the men withdrew the lower pieces of wood, caused a sudden jerk, and a rush of blood through the whole body. The two other planks were then withdrawn, and Walter was suspended in the air. The anguish of this posture was past words to describe.

"Wilt thou come down from the cross?" was said, if not in words in deed.

"Say but one word!" exclaimed Eliot—"name one of those who have confessed to thee, and thou art released."

And the answer was, "Jesu help! Lord Jesu, forsake me not! By thy three hours on the tree save thy servant!"

"He has fainted, Master Eliot," said one of the men; "will you that we let him down?"

"Replace the wood under his feet," said Eliot, "and throw water on him."

It was done, and in a few minutes Walter recovered. He drank some of the dirty water the men offered him, and felt revived. "Wilt thou speak now?" demanded Eliot.

Walter made no answer. "Let the torture continue, then" said Eliot, coolly going back to his seat.

The wood was taken away, and the screws again began to work, till the gauntlets were literally buried in the flesh. Again and again fainting fits released him for a time from his agony, and again and again the torture recommenced. It was five hours before Eliot was weary of his tortuous work, and Walter was carried back to his cell. There was Arthur waiting for him, and tears flowed from his eyes as he beheld the bruised and worn frame of his friend.

(To be continued.)

TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER

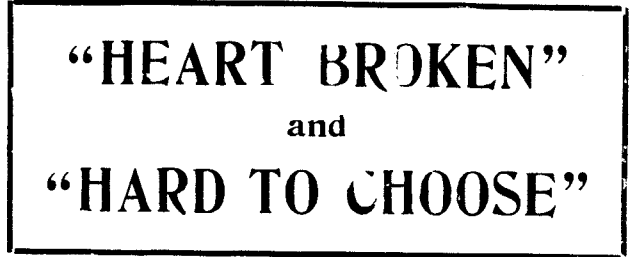
New and Old

who will send us One New Subscriber and 25 cents we will send them the

Family Herald and Weekly Star FOR ONE YEAR

Together with the following beautiful premiums.

Two Beautiful Colored Pictures . . .



Each 22 x 28 inches, in 11 delicate tints,

AND

A Large Colored Map of the Dominion of Canada (22 x 28 inches), with Special Maps for Each Province and for the United States.

The two pictures to be given are typical bits of child life. The prevailing note in each is—as it should be—bubbling enjoyment of the moment, with just a touch of one of the evanescent shadows of childhood to throw the gay colors into relief. They will please and charm upon any wall where they may hang, bringing to one an inner smile of the soul even on the darkest day. For what can shed more happiness abroad than the happiness of children?

One of the pictures is called

"Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

"Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

Quick Reference Map of The Dominion of Canada

SPECIALLY PREPARED

The map of the Dominion of Canada will fill a long felt want. It has been prepared specially for the Family Herald and Weekly Star, and is right up-to-date. It is printed on a sheet 22 x 28 inches, each province in a different color; it shows the adjacent portions of the United States, the exact location of the towns, villages, etc., all railroad routes, including the new G. T. Pacific. It gives the population according to the very latest census, of all small and large places in Canada. With the Dominion maps will be enlarged provincial maps, that appeal to subscribers in each province, as follows:

For Subscribers in Man., N.W.T. & B.C.

The Dominion Map will be found an enlarged map of Canada's Great West beyond the Lakes, right up-to-date complete information regarding location and situation of all towns and villages in the Western Provinces.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star is too well known to need description. It is the greatest Family and Agricultural paper in Canada. Its regular subscription price is \$1.00 per year, and you can't get it anywhere else for less except from us, and we will give it to you for

Only 25 Cents

Any one of the premiums are worth more than that alone

Address your orders to—

The Business Manager

P.O. BOX 67

Northwest Review