

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1904.

# The Coming of The King.

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued).  
My father had spoken gaily and contentedly to me on my departure.

"I shall be at Dover on the twenty-sixth day of the month," he said. "I shall make my way to the Fox and Hounds Inn, and thither you must come and meet me, if your affairs allow you."

To this I gladly assented, thinking of the things I might have to tell him by that time.

"And mark you, Roland," continued my father earnestly, "be wary and bold in this matter. If you succeed, you will have such power at your command, that even the new king will be obliged to do you what you ask. But be bold, my lad, and be wary. Speak but few words, and when you speak impart but as little information as possible. Ask questions without seeming to ask them, and ask them in such a way as to beset those you ask. Never allow want of courage to keep you from obtaining what you desire. If you have to strike, strike hard. Be careful of your companions. Trust no man with your secrets. Remember that in ninety-nine times out of a hundred every man has his own ends to serve, and if you are not careful, you will be deceived."

It was with these words ringing in my ears that I set my face towards London town on a bright May morning, and although it lay fully twelve miles from my home, I saw St. Paul's Church before seven o'clock, so early was I in the starting.

My heart was strangely light, I remember, for although I was much in the dark concerning my mission, its very nature stirred my blood, and made me fearless at coming difficulties. Nay, I rejoiced in them; who would not, when the fate of the country depended on my success? To find the King's marriage annulled, and thus alter the succession of the Crown of England! Surely that were enough to give nerve to a letterless ploughboy, much less to the only son of the bravest gentleman in the county of Essex.

So early was I in London town that I had to wait fully an hour before I could get breakfast, but this I presently obtained at a man who lived in a crook-dig, and within eight of Fleet Prison.

I found that the talk of everyone was concerning the coming of the new king, and every man seemed to be in the expectation concerning the reverses which were to take place when he appeared.

could judge, a strongly-built man, but of what age I could not judge; the other was a woman, clad from head to foot in a long cloak. Moreover, she wore a hood, which almost hid her face. Nevertheless, I caught one glimpse of it as she passed in at the door. It was as pale as death, white as the snow on the roof of the tower.

"Pray excuse me," said the man, "and that without delay."

CHAPTER IV.  
After I had partaken of food, I made my way to the harbor for the purpose of finding out when a boat might be leaving for the neighborhood of Boulogne. By this time the rain had ceased, and although the night was well-nigh upon the town, I was able to see something of its character. Not that it was of any great note. It consisted of only a few narrow streets, which being wet, looked miserable and squalling. The bold outline of the cliffs impressed me greatly, however, and I judged that on fair days the whole district must be pleasant to behold.

I found as I passed through, that here as well as in London, the sole subject of conversation was the coming of the new king, and of the changes his coming would bring about. Here also, as in London, men had it that it would be hard with those who had fought against the late king, and especially against those who had put him to death. Nevertheless, none as far as I could discover spoke against him, rather they even praised the prodigality of which all seemed to believe him guilty.

But much to my disappointment I could not find a vessel that would leave for the French coast, at least for three days, and as I had not enough money to hire one for myself, I had to content myself with the prospect of spending that time in the vicinity of Folkestone. I was not at all dismayed at this, for I reflected that I might be able to discover something of the Master Elisha Pycroft, and might not indeed have to go to France at all.

When I returned to the Inn I found my way into a large low room where several persons were sitting. Some were playing cards, others were drinking, and it seemed to me for the sake of drinking, while others still were laughing and joking for want of something better to laugh at.

No one seemed to take note of my entrance, save one, who pointed to a seat by his side, as if to bid me welcome.

"What is the name noted for?" I asked, for although I determined not to drink, remembering the old adage that "when a drink is in my eye, I should not let it best to attract no notice by falling in with the custom."

ried, and yet he is accompanied on his journeys by one who, though to his wife, it is said, he beats as he whips her as a man might whip a spaniel. A sudden, cruel man whom no one loves."

"At this I was silent, whereupon the man went on.

"Some have it that he is married to this woman who is of low degree, while other gossip says that he hath stolen her from her father's house, because she will inherit a great fortune when her father dies."

"Have you ever seen him?"  
"Nay, but I am told he is the best swordsman in the kingdom, that he is deadly with the pistol, and that he shews no mercy anywhere."

"And are all the people loyal around here?"  
"Nay, what would you say?"  
"And all the old families will receive the new king with open arms?"  
"Ay, ay, ay, I know it."

"I do not know the names of these families, at least not of all," I said, feeling my way towards the information I desired, "but you as an important man doubtless know them all."

"Ay," he replied, sitting back in his chair with a look of importance on his face. "There be the Jeffries and old Sir Miles Oldbury, and Admiral Billiton, and Squire Barton, and my Lord Bridgman, and others. Most of them used to be when they came to town."

"I think I have heard of Master Pycroft," I said, "know you him?"  
He shook his head. "No," he replied, "there be no man of note within ten miles of Folkestone, who bears the name of Pycroft. I have heard that an old miser had it long years ago. He was killed for his money; and ever since the place hath been infested by evil spirits. Yes, ay, about the time the king was coming, I heard of a being could I see or hear. Even the birds seemed afraid to sing."

"What was the name of the miser?" I asked.  
"People called him 'Solomon the Fool,'" replied the man. "Solomon," because he used to have much learning, and 'The Fool' because he did not know how to use it. Ah, and now I come to think of it, I have heard that it was once held by the Danmors, but whether they were any kin to Sir Charles of whom we have been speaking, I know not."

After this I heard but little more, for a man came in who said he had ridden from Dover, and began to tell of the grand preparations which were being made to welcome King Charles II. He was in English shores. So feeling somewhat weary, and desiring to think of what I should do, I went to my room, and lay down to sleep. I had not been long asleep, when I heard a noise, the sound of the revelry in the room below had drowned any sound I might have made. When I had been alone an hour or more, however, they began to grow more quiet, which led me to think they were leaving the Inn for their homes. I therefore decided that I would undress, and go to bed, but on second thoughts, I simply pulled off my riding boots, and doublet and threw myself on the bed, and fell fast asleep.

In this I was mistaken, however, for I never slept. I remembered nothing until I suddenly awoke. At first I scarce remembered where I was, but the sound of someone sobbing with great grief, caused me to recollect myself.

"No, no, no!" I heard the words with great distinctness, and they were spoken by a woman. Moreover, she spoke in a low voice, and in a great terror, for although she spoke not loudly, I detected the anguish in her voice.

As my imagination, the woman's cries caused me to listen intently. When I had heard a few words, I was a man's voice. "I tell you, it was a man's voice, I heard, and the partition between the room in which I lay and the next from whence the sound came, was so thin, that it seemed as though I were in the same chamber. 'This must be done. It is my will.'"

He spoke in a low voice, but it vibrated with passion.

"But it is more than five miles away, and it is midnight."

This the woman said in a low, tremulous voice.

the hill out of the town, then you will find what had taken place was not the wild fancy which comes to one when one loses control over one's own imaginations. Whether I should have dared to speak to her I know not, but when I was only a few yards from her, I happened to kick a stone which lay in my way, and as it rolled I happened to see her turn around sharply, and with a cry of fear.

"What do you wish?" she asked, and I noted that her voice trembled, not one syllable of her voice was steady.

But I did not reply. I was so much wrought upon that no words would come to me.

"I have naught to give you," she said, "so pass on and allow me to go my way."

As she spoke her hood dropped from her face and I saw her every feature plainly.

CHAPTER V.  
My first glance at the woman's face showed me that it was the same as I had seen a few hours before. In the moonlight she looked very pale, and I saw that she was young, not indeed as I judged more than twenty years of age. But what struck me most, was the fact that she betrayed no fear; rather I saw a look of defiance in her eyes, and I could not understand how a woman who had, as I thought, been cowed by the man at the inn could meet me here alone at midnight, and be so brave.

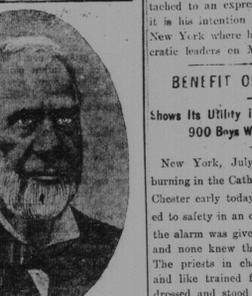
Nay, as I thought, there was a look of defiance in her face, and a confidence in her own strength.

"I desire naught from you, and I have no will to molest you, take your road, and I will take mine."

## NOMINEE DAVIS LEAVES TO MEET NEW YORK LEADERS.

### Democratic Candidate for United States Vice-President is on for a Conference.

Keyser, W. Va., July 16.—Former Senator Henry G. Davis, Democratic nominee for vice-president, who left his home at



HENRY G. DAVIS, Vice-presidential nominee of Democrats, for the National Campaign of 1904.

Elkins this afternoon, changed his plans as announced yesterday and is tonight the

most of his brother, Col. Thomas B. Davis, of this city.

His private car "Graceland" will be attached to an express train to New York where he will meet the Democratic leaders on Monday.

## BENEFIT OF FIRE DRILL

### Shows Its Utility in Case Where Lives of 900 Boys Were Endangered.

New York, July 16.—While fire was burning in the Catholic Proctor at West Chester early today, 900 boys were marched to safety in an efficient fire drill. When the alarm was given the boys were in bed and none knew the locality of the blaze. The priests in charge gave their signals and like trained firemen the boys arose, dressed and stood waiting further orders.

Then maintaining perfect discipline the little companies gave an exhibition that was the result of months of patient drilling. In the meantime the older boys, who have been organized into a fire company, fought the fire with the protective apparatus and had the blaze under control when the city fire department arrived. The damage was slight.

## CHARLOTTETOWN SUMMER SCHOOL OF SCIENCE

Charlottetown, July 14.—The second day of the school saw everything in fine running order. The attendance has increased to about 130, a large proportion of whom came from outside the city. Mr. Vroom, Mr. Oulton, Dr. Andrews, Mr. Barrow, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Robinson. Dr. Bailey and George Bailey, all had large and enthusiastic classes. Mr. Starratt and D. W. Hamilton are expected to take classes tomorrow.

The ladies are in a large majority and Mrs. Patterson's class in kindergarten is very well patronized. It is wonderful to what a variety of objects they can find what a variety of colored paper.

The school had its first outing this afternoon at Victoria Park on the outskirts of the city. The party numbered about forty and were under the leadership of Mr. Vroom, who gave instructive talks on the various plants and plant associations which were met with. First the dry spots were examined and afterwards the party gathered by the side of a pond in the park and the gentlemen of the party made brave attempts to capture the unwary pollywog. At the surface.

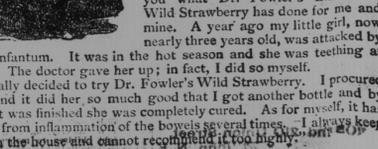
The park is attractive for its natural beauty and for the outlook over the harbor, the red stone shores of which contrast strongly with the dark blue water. The tennis courts at the park are very attractive being surrounded by groves of fine trees.

The red rocks and soil of the Island are very noticeable, but they are not suitable for road making, and the principal streets of Charlottetown are paved with stone brought by vessels as ballast from New Scotland.

In the evening the lecture by Mr. Hannah, the new president of King's College, Windsor, drew a large audience. He was introduced by Mr. Vroom. His subject was "Japan in Relation to Other Nations."

But still she hesitated. What was passing in her mind I knew not, but I imagine she supposed herself the only one of the party who had not been to the haunted house situated at the great Pycroft woods, and the other creatures brought to the attention of one of whom she knew nothing, and whom she had never seen until that hour.

(To be continued.)



Has been in use for nearly sixty years. It is nature's specific for Children and Adults. It cures DARREREA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, COLIC, CRAMPS, SEASICKNESS, SUMMER COMPLAINT, AND ALL AFFLICTIONS OF THE BOWELS. Its action is Harmless, Reliable and Effectual. Relief is almost Instantaneous. Given Up by Doctor and Mother. Mrs. MAXWELL BARTER, Grand Caspacia, Que., writes: "I take greatest pleasure in telling you what Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has done for me and mine. A year ago my little girl, now nearly three years old, was attacked by Cholera Infantum. It was in the hot season and she was teething at the time. The doctor gave her up; in fact, I did so myself. I finally decided to try Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. I procured a bottle and it did her so much good that I got another bottle and by the time it was finished she was completely cured. As for myself, it has saved me from inflammation of the bowels several times. I always keep a bottle in the house and cannot recommend it too highly."