

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

The Coming of The King.

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

Author of "All Men Are Liar," "The Flame of Fire," Etc.
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CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

My father had spoken gaily and confidently 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 thence 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, "if you succeed, you will have such power at your command, that even the new king will not be able to deny 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 befool 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 hath his own ends to serve, and if you are not careful, you will find yourself outwitted by a man who is not your equal in guile."

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 feel as if I were about to do something of great importance. Nay, I rejoiced in them: who would not, when the fate of the country depended on my success? To find the King's marriage postponed, 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 an inn which stood by the Temple, 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 waiting for the first glimpse of the new monarch. I had heard that the king would be crowned on the twenty-sixth day of the month, and I was determined to be present. I had heard that the king would be crowned on the twenty-sixth day of the month, and I was determined to be present. I had heard that the king would be crowned on the twenty-sixth day of the month, and I was determined to be present.

"Ay," said the innkeeper to me, "I know that old Ned made the English feared the world all over, while never knew an army was ever known as he led to battle; but what of that? He wanted to turn the whole land into Independent Meeting Houses. He wanted every man to turn Psalm-singer, and would have none about him but those who spoke the Puritan's creed. If ever a man loved to see a cock-fight, or a bull-baited, he was treated like a murderer, while no man dared to drink as an Englishman should drink. But this is all over now. The King loves his wine and his pleasure even as a king should. That's why he could not do with the so-called Scots. When he comes we shall be able to drink again, and these Psalm-singers will have to hark back to their Old Drury will have the fun, and a man will be able to speak to a pretty woman without being placed in the stocks."

"Think you that might not be done to those who fought against the new King's father?" I asked.

"Ay, that is what people say. Men have it that every Puritan will be dragged out of his house, and every man who fought against his Majesty's person will be hanged. As for these Independent, well, already they who carried their heads so high be blinking along back ways like whipped dogs. Ah, well, it is right. Let us live a merry life, and God save the King!"

Presently, as I went towards the river, I found out that the man had spoken truly: I saw men clad in sober colored garments talking to one another, as though they were about to do something of great importance. I saw men clad in sober colored garments talking to one another, as though they were about to do something of great importance.

"It becomes worse each day," I heard one of these sober-clad men say to another.

"Ay, the Scriptures be fulfilled, and the devil is unloosed."

"The people of God will fare badly, methinks."

"Nevertheless, the new King hath promised that every man shall be forgiven for what he hath done."

"The new King! The son of Charles Stuart, a traitor and a liar whom our great Oliver beheaded! As well expect mercy from a wolf!"

"Hush, man! If we be heard, we shall be taken note of. Let me be wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

And this kind of thing I found everywhere as I rode through London streets. On the one hand was a kind of lawless, fearful forbidding as to the coming days.

But I stayed not long in London, for I was eager to make my way to Folkestone. The wedding contract hidden in the black box was more to me than the rejoicings of the Royalists, or the fears of the Separatists.

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 black dress. Moreover, she had 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, while her eyes were full of terror.

"Private rooms," said the man, "and that without delay."

After they had passed out of sight I felt to wondering who they were, but I knew that their fate would be linked with mine in such a wonderful way.

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 squalid. 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 to have 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 prodigies of which all seemed to believe him guilty.

But much to my disappointment I could hear of no vessel that would leave for the French coast, at least for three days, and as I had not enough money to hire one 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 looking for something better to come.

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ried, and yet he is accompanied on his journey by a woman who is his wife. It is said that she whips him 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 submit a great favour 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 deeply with the pistol, and that he shows no mercy anywhere."

"And are all the people loyal around here?"

"Ay, what would you?"

"And all the old families will receive the new king with open arms?"

"I do not know the names of these families, at least not all, I said feelingly, '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 Michael O'Rourke, and Admiral Billiton, and Squire Barton, and my Lord Bridgman, and others. Most of them nod to me when they come to town."

"I think I have heard of a 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 that name."

At this my heart seemed to sink in my shoes, for it seemed as though I had come on a fool's errand. Still I kept a brave face, and answered as though the matter were no import.

"I must have mistaken the name," I said, "or perchance he lived in some other part of the county."

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the hill out of the town, then you will find what had taken place was but the wild fancy which comes to one when one loses control over his own imagination. 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 along, it struck her foot, and she fell sharply, and with a cry of fear.

"What do you wish?" she asked, and I noted that her voice trembled, not one word would she say to me.

"I have naught to give you," she said, "no mass 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, 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," I said.

"Ah, I will go my way," I replied, "and perchance my way be yours."

"I can not be mistaken, when I have told you what is in my mind, you will not be so desirous to be rid of me."

"There can be naught in your mind that concerns me," she said, "with a look as light as mine. Do you boast of gentle blood, young sir?"

"I am of gentle birth," I replied.

"Again she scanned me eagerly, and then looked around her. All round us was a weary waste of unutilized land, beyond the dark woods a cloud shot over the moon, while away in the distance the horizon was blackened by what looked like a coming storm. The winter had gone, and the spring was upon us, nevertheless the night had grown cold. I saw her shudder."

"What are you?" she said. "Round-head or Cavalier?"

"I do not know," I said.

"At this she looked at me suspiciously. 'My father fought for the King in the first Civil War,' I replied. 'But I have stayed at home all my life. I have not interested myself in politics. I have helped to look after what remains of my father's estates.'"

"You have spent your life in idleness," I replied. "I can use a sword, and I am not altogether an ignoramus."

"I have read the writings of both William Shakespeare and John Milton," I replied. "And I know a little of such writings of Corneille, and Moliere, as have been brought to this country."

"You know French then?"

"A little. But that hath nothing to do with my desire to befriend you. You are in trouble, and I would befriend you."

"You desire not to harm me."

"So help me God, no."

"But why are you here?" she asked suspiciously. "If your home is in Epping Forest, what are you doing at Folkestone?"

"I came at my father's bidding," I replied, "after a month's absence."

"Ah, you have a secret, too," she cried. "At this I was silent, while I wondered at the quickness with which she fastened upon the truth. Nevertheless, I was sure that she was friendly, and I thought she was glad to have me near. And this was no wonder, for courageous though she might be, her mission was one which must strike terror in the bravest heart."

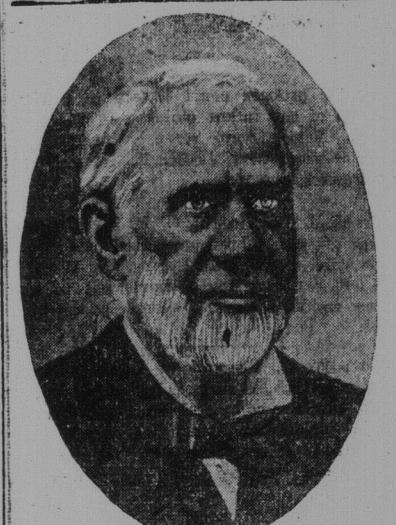
But still she hesitated. What was passing in her mind I knew not; but I imagined she sought excuse for one against the other in her heart. One, fear of going alone to the haunted woods situated amid the great Pyroclastic, and the other the fear of accepting the protection of one of whom she knew nothing, and whom she had never seen until that hour.

(To be continued.)

NOMINEE DAVIS LEAVES TO MEET NEW YORK LEADERS.

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

New York, 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

of mine, nor to reveal to me anything which you would keep secret."

"You do not know my name—nor his name?"

"No."

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(To be continued.)

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

His private car "Graveland" will be attached to an express train to-morrow and it is his intention to proceed directly 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 line 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. Starrett 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 fold 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 grassy expanse, 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, many of the interesting creatures brought to the surface.

The park is attractive for its natural beauty and for the outlook over the harbor, the red stone shores of which are fringed 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 Nova Scotia.

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.

Body of Halifax Man Recovered.

Halifax, N. S., July 18.—(Special.)—The body of John Mitchell, who was drowned in the harbor Saturday afternoon, was found by a diver this afternoon about one yard from the spot where he went down.

Has been in use for nearly sixty years. It is nature's specific for Children and Adults.

It cures DARRRREA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, COLIC, CRAMPS, SEASICKNESS, SUMMER COMPLAINT, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWELS.

Its action is Harmless, Reliable and Effectual. Relief is almost instantaneous.

Given Up by Doctor and Mother.

Mrs. MAXWELL BARTER, Grand Casca-pedia, Que., writes:

"I take great 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."