

of the pair who had ap- at Southampton for business connected, said

"...and that's the way they appeared in the night. The old lady of fourteen and fifteen, and in spite of new morning, with the short, belted doublet, puffed hose, small ruffs and little round caps of early Tudor times. They had dark eyes and hair, and their open faces were rugged, ruddy and wrinkled like the elder's, though more intellectual, and they were as much the same size that the advantage of age was always supposed to be on the side of Stephen, though he was really the junior by nearly a year. Both were old and grave, and the eyes of the younger Stephen showed traces of remorse and of sorrow, though there was more settled dejection on the countenance of his brother.

"'Ay, Spring,' said the lad, 'do winter with the snow. A poor old rascal! Did the old homestead talk of a halter because he showed his teeth when her ill-nurtured brat wanted to ride on him?' Nay, old Spring, though she calls this my master's fortune, she changed this to grief. 'Oh, father! didn't thou mean to kill the boy with the boy?' And throwing himself on the grass, he hid his face against the dog and sobbed.

"'Come, Stephen, Stephen; 'is time to play the man! What are we to do out in the world if you weep and wail?'

"'She might have let us stay for the month's mind,' was heard from Stephen.

"'Ay, and though we might be glad to go, we might regret bitterer things along with us. Better be done with it at once, say I.'

"'There would still be the Forest! And I saw the moorhen sitting yesterday! And the wild ducklings are out on the pool, and the woods are full of song. Oh, Ambrose! I never knew how I was to pass my life!'

"'Nay, now, brother, where have all your plots for bravery? You always meant to seek your fortune—not hide here like an acorn's forest.'

"'I never thought to be thrust forth the very day of our poor father's burial, by a scurviest town-bred villain, and a base, narrow-souled—'

"'His teeth!' said the more prudent Ambrose.

"'Let him hear who will! He cannot do worse for us than he has done! All the Forest will cry shame on him for a mean-hearted skindiv, to turn his brothers from their home as their father and he be cold in his grave, or Stephen, in hanging the grace with his hands, in his pessimistic sense of wrong.

"'That's womanish,' said Ambrose.

"'Who'll be the woman when the time comes for drawing cold steel?' cried Stephen, sitting up.

At that moment there came through the porch a man, a year or two older than Stephen, in morning, with a paler, sharper countenance than the brothers, and an unconformable, pleading expression of self-justification.

"'How now, lad?' he said, 'What means this passion? You have taken

father's elder brother had been a man-

"I thought that you should part till you had some purpose in view. Nay, we should be fain for Ambrose to bide on here, so that he would leave his position for his wife's wish, and teach little Will his primer and accidence. You are a quiet-lad, Ambrose, and can smile your tongue better than Stephen."

"Thanks, brother John," said Ambrose, somewhat sarcastically, "but where Stephen goes I go."

"I would—I would have found Stephen a place among the pickers or raggers, if—" insisted John. "In sooth, 'twould ye do it, if he would make up with the housewife."

"My father looked higher for his son than a picker's office," returned Ambrose.

"That do I wot, said John, 'and therefore, 'tis for his own good that I would send him forth. His godfather, our Uncle Birkenhead, will assuredly provide for him, and teach him something."

The door of the house was opened, and a shrill voice cried: "Mr. Birkenhead's here, husband! You are wanted. Here's little Kate crying to have yonder smooth stroke to stroke, and I cannot reach it for her."

"Father set store by that other-kind of stroke, for poor Pines Arthur slew the other," cried Stephen. "Surely, John, you'll not let the ladies make a toy of their children."

John made a helpless gesture, and a renewed call went indoors.

"You are right, Ambrose," said Stephen. "This is no place for us. Why should we tarry any longer to see everything molled and set at naught? I have conched in the forest before, and 'twouldn't do."

"Nay, said Ambrose, 'We must make up our minds and have our money in our pouches before we can depart. We must tarry the night, and call John to his reckoning, and he might we see forth early in the morning to lie at Winchester that night and counsel with our Uncle Birkenhead."

"I would not stop short at Winchester," said Stephen. "London for us, where Uncle Randall will find us prement!"

"And what wilt do for Spring?"

"Take him with me of course," exclaimed Stephen. "What! would I leave him to be kicked and pinched by Will, and hanged belike by Mistress Mand?"

"I doubt me whether the poor old bound will brook the journey."

"Then I'll carry him!"

Ambrose looked at the big dog as he thought it would be a serious undertaking, but he had known and loved Spring as his property ever since his memory began, and he scarcely felt that they could be separably fused or woe.

The ventures of the May Flowers were of gentle blood, and their offences were well-nigh hereditary. The High-epoch had held it for many generations, and the revenues passed as a matter of course to the eldest son of the late holder. The young lady had sold in the broad ground of Beaulieu Abbey, where Sir William had died, and reunited his father's second marriage with the daughter of a yeoman on the verge of the great flood, and had lived in little ease, becoming a sort of agent

It is true that the Forest was nearly all the Forest, and the material for the structure. He had married the daughter of a person engaged in the law business at Southampton, and had only one son, an excellent visitor at home, who was the descendant of the Forest. She had left them two boys, whose appearance in his sight. They had obtained a certain amount of education at Beaulieu Abbey, where a school was kept, and where Ambrose daily studied, though for the last few months Stephen had neglected his father in his forest school.

Death had come so suddenly to break the family circle in the early spring of 1515, and John Birkenholt had been called as if to a patrimony, bringing his wife and children with him. The funeral ceremonies had been conducted at Beaulieu Abbey on the extensive scale of the sixteenth century, the requiem, the feast, and the dole all taking place there, leaving the Forest lodge in its ordinary quiet.

It had always been understood that on their fathers' death the two younger sons must make their own way in the world; but he had hoped to live until they were a little older, when he might have been able to give them some expressed his wishes respecting them to their elder brother. As it was, however, there was no commendation of them; nothing but a strip of parchment, drawn up by one of the monks of Beaulieu, leaving each of them twenty crowns, with a few small jewels and properties left by their own mother, and everything else went to their brother.

There might have been some jealousy excited by the estimation in which Stephen's efficiency—by so he was—was evidently held by the plain-spoken undertakers of the verdere; and this added to Mistress Birkenholt's dislike to the presence of her husband's half-brothers, whom she regarded as interlopers, without a right to exist. Malice was brought to the aid of the old Spring, and content at being roughly treated by her spiteful children. He had done nothing worse than growl and show his teeth, but the town-bred dame had taken alarm, and, half in terror, half in spite, had insisted on his instant execution, since he was too old to be valuable. Stephen, who loved his dog only less than he loved his home and his mother, had come to high words with her; and the end of the altercation had been that she had declared that she would suffer no great illibers of the half-blood to devour her children's inheritance, and teach them ill manners, and that go they must, and that instantly. John had muttered a few words about not so fast, and then, "for my shame," but she had turned on him, and rated him with a violence that demonstrated who was ruler in the house, and took away all disposition to tarry long under the new dynasty.

The boys possessed two uncles, one on each side of the house. Their father's elder brother had been a man-at-arms, having preferred a stirring life to the Forest, and he fought in the wars of the Wars of the Roses. Having become disabled and infirm, he had taken advantage of a corollary, or right of maintenance, as being of kin to a benefactor of Hyde Abbey at Winchester, to which Birkenholt some generations back had presented a few roods of land, in right of which, one descendant at a time might be maintained in the Abbey. The uncle of his brother's death had been sent to Richard Birkenholt, but answered had been returned that he was too evil-disposed with the gout to attend the burial.

The other uncle, Harry Randall, had disappeared from the country under a cloud connected with the king's deer, leaving behind him the reputation of a careless, thriftless, jocular fellow, the best company in all the Forest, and capable of doing every one's work save his own.

The two brothers who were about seven and six years old at the time of his flight, had a lively recollection of his charms as a playmate and of their mother's grief for him, and refused to believe any ill of her Hall. Rumors had come of his statements to vague and unknown gossamers at court, under the patronage of the Lord Archbishop of York, and he had longed to know the truth about his wife's credit to justice. Gifts had come from time to time, passed through a succession of servants and officials of the king, such as a coral and silver rosary, a jewelled book, an agate carved with St. Catherine, an ivory pommel box pierced with a gold coin as he hid; the king's own hand, and he had said Randall had never been induced to learn to read or write. Master Birkenholt looked doubtfully at the tokens and hoped Hal had come home honestly by them; but his wife had thoroughly imbued her sons with the belief that [Uncle Hal was shining in his proper sphere, when he was better appreciated at court than at home. Then to their father's home to find Uncle Hal, who was sure to put Stephen on the road to fortune, and enable Ambrose to become a great scholar, his favorite ambition.]

His gifts would, as Ambrose observed, serve them as tokens, and with the purpose of claiming them, they returned the Hall, a long, low room, with a handsome, open roof, and walls tapestried with dappled skins, interspersed with the antlers of stags and the heads of lions. At one end of the hall was a small, polished hearth, always replenished with beer, at the other a hearth with a wood fire constantly burning, and there was a table running the whole length of the room; at one end of this was laid a cloth with a few treasures on it, and horn cups surrounding a barley loaf and a cheese, this image before supper being common to the Forest. On the other end of the hall stood a large, round table, as at Beaulieu, John Birkenholt sat at the table with a trumpet before him, usually using his hands to prompt, rather than to sit back. He wore a pale, blue, arrow-like tunic, and a sword was worn on his chest; but at the fire, before supper, he had, and he had, of course,

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Calendar for August.

MOON'S CHANGES.
New Moon, 1st day, 10.30, A.M.
First Quarter, 14th day, 10.30, A.M.
Full Moon, 22nd day, 10.30, A.M.
Last Quarter, 29th day, 10.30, A.M.

Day of Month	Week	Sun Rises	Moon Rises	Set Moon
1	Wed	4 47	7 26	10 48
2	Thur	5 1	8 1	11 30
3	Fri	5 5	8 52	12 13
4	Sat	5 10	9 33	1 0
5	Sun	5 15	10 14	1 49
6	Mon	5 20	10 55	2 40
7	Tue	5 25	11 36	3 33
8	Wed	5 30	12 17	4 29
9	Thur	5 35	1 0	5 28
10	Fri	5 40	1 41	6 29
11	Sat	5 45	2 22	7 32
12	Sun	5 50	3 3	8 37
13	Mon	5 55	3 44	9 44
14	Tue	6 0	4 5	10 52
15	Wed	6 5	5 16	12 0
16	Thur	6 10	6 27	1 10
17	Fri	6 15	7 38	2 21
18	Sat	6 20	8 49	3 34
19	Sun	6 25	9 6	4 48
20	Mon	6 30	10 17	5 63
21	Tue	6 35	11 28	6 20
22	Wed	6 40	12 39	7 42
23	Thur	6 45	1 50	8 58
24	Fri	6 50	3 1	10 14
25	Sat	6 55	4 12	11 30
26	Sun	7 0	5 23	12 46
27	Mon	7 5	6 34	1 43
28	Tue	7 10	7 45	2 54
29	Wed	7 15	8 56	4 6
30	Thur	7 20	10 7	5 17
31	Fri	7 25	11 18	6 28

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