

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

(Continued.)

From the beginning, I think, it had never occurred to Mary to doubt the result. There had never been with her even a suggestion of possible failure, unless it was that evening in our room, when, prompted by her startled modesty, she had said she could not bear for us to see her in the trunk hose. Now that fruition seemed about to crown her hopes she was happy to her heart's core, and when once to herself she had said that, it was little wonder she was happy. She was letting her mind no one whom she loved excepting Jane and perhaps me. No father nor mother; only a sister whom she barely knew and a brother whose treatment of her had turned her heart against him. She was also feeling with the one man in all the world for her and from a marriage that was literally worse than death.

Our travelers were of course greatly in need of rest, so Mary went to her room and Brandon took a berth in the cabin set apart for the gentlemen. They had both paid for their passage, although they had enlisted and were part of the ship's company. They were not expected to do sailor's work, but would be called upon in case of fighting to do their part at that. Mary was probably as good a fighter in her own way as one could find in a long journey, but how she was to do her part with sword and buckler Brandon did not know. That, however, was a bridge to be crossed when they should come to it.

They had gone aboard about 7 o'clock, and Brandon hoped the ship would be well down Bristol channel before he should leave her berth. But the wind that had filled Mary's jack boots with rain and had howled so dimly all night long would not stir, now that it was wanted. Noon came, yet no wind, and the sun shone as placidly as if Captain Charles Brandon were not fuming with impatience on the poop of the Royal Hind. Three o'clock and no wind. The captain said it would come with night, but sundown was almost at hand, and no wind yet. Brandon knew this meant failure if it held a little longer, for he was certain the king, with Wolsey's help, would long since have guessed the truth.

Brandon had not seen the princess since morning, and the delicacy he felt about going to her cabin made the situation somewhat difficult. After putting it off from hour to hour in hope that she would appear of her own accord, he at last knocked at her door and, of course, found the lady in trouble.

The thought of the princess going on deck caused a sinking at his heart every time it came, as he felt that it was almost impossible to conceal her identity. He had not seen her in her new male attire, for when she threw off her riding habit on meeting him the night before he had intentionally buried himself about the horses and saw her only after the great cloak covered her as a gown. He felt that however well her garments might conceal her form, no man on earth ever had such beauty in his face as her transcendent eyes, rose tinted cheeks and coral lips, with their cluster of dimples, and his heart sank at the prospect. She might hold out for awhile with a straight face, but when the smiles should come—it was just as well to hang a placard about her neck, "This is a woman." The telltale dimples would be worse than Jane for outspoken, untimely truthfulness and trouble provoking candor.

Upon entering Brandon found Mary wrestling with the problem of her complicated male attire, the most beautiful picture of puzzled distress imaginable. The port was open and showed her rosy as the morn when she looked up at him. The jack boots were in a corner, and her little feet seemed to put up a protest all their own against going into them that ought to have softened every peg. She looked up at Brandon with a half hearted smile and then threw her arms about his neck and sobbed like the child she was.

"Do you regret coming, Lady Mary?" asked Brandon, who, now that she was alone with him, felt that he must take no advantage of the fact to be familiar.

"No, no! Not for one moment. I am glad—only too glad. But why do you call me 'Lady'?" You used to call me 'Mary'."

"I don't know; perhaps because you are alone."

"Ah! that is good of you; but you need not be quite so respectful."

The matter was settled by mute but satisfactory arbitration, and Brandon continued: "You must make yourself ready to go on deck. It will be hard, but it must be done. The king and I have helped her with the heavy jack boots and handed her the rain stained elouch hat which she put on and stood a complete man ready for the deck—that is, as complete as could be evolved from her utter femininity."

When Brandon looked her over, all hope went out of him. It seemed that even change of dress only added to her bewitching beauty by showing it in a new phase.

"It will never do. There is no disguising you. What is it that despite everything shows so unmistakably feminine? What shall we do? I have it. You shall remain here under the pretense of illness until we are well at sea, and then I will tell the captain all. It is too bad, and yet I would not have you one whit less a woman for all the world. A man loves a woman who is so thoroughly womanly that nothing can hide it."

Mary was pleased at his flattery, but disappointed at the failure in herself. She had thought that surely these gar-

ments would make a man of her in which the keenest eye could not detect a flaw. They were discussing the matter when a knock came at the door, with the cry, "Hands on deck for inspection." "Inspection?" cried Mary, who did not safely endure it a minute. Brandon left her at once and went to the captain.

"My lord is ill and begs to be excused from deck inspection," he said. Brandon, a sturdy old half pirate of the salted sea, answered: "Then he had better go ashore as soon as possible. I will refund his money. We cannot make a hospital out of the ship. If his lordship is too ill to stand inspection, see that he goes ashore at once."

That was worse than ever, and Brandon quickly said he would have her lordship up at once. He then returned to Mary, and after buckling on her sword and belt they went on deck and climbed up the poop ladder to take their places with those entitled to stand at.

Brandon has often told me since that it was as much as he could do to keep back the tears when he saw Mary's wonderful effort to appear manly. It was both comical and pathetic. She was a princess to whom all the world bowed down, yet that did not help her here. After all she was only a girl, timid and fearful, following at Brandon's heels, frightened lest she should get out of the crowd and lose him among the rough men and longing with all her heart to take his hand for moral as well as physical support. It must have been both laughable and pathetic in the extreme. That miserable sword persisted in tripping her, and the jack boots, so much too large, evinced an alarming tendency to slip off with every step. How insane we all were not to have foreseen this from the very beginning. It must have been a unique figure she presented climbing up the steps at Brandon's heels, jack boots and all. So unique was it that the sailors, who had been staring in wonder at her, stopped their tasks to stare in wonder at the princess and the gentlemen on the poop made no effort to hide their amusement. Old Bradhurst stepped up to her.

"I hope your lordship is feeling better," said Bradhurst, "when you're on your feet, with broad grin on his features. 'I declare, you look the picture of health, if I ever saw it. How old are you?' Mary quickly responded, "Fourteen years." "Fourteen," returned Bradhurst. "Think you will shed much blood. You look more like a deuced handsome girl than any man I ever saw." At that the men all laughed and were very impertinent in the free and easy manner of such gentry, most of whom were professional adventurers with every finer sense dulled and debased by years of vice. These fellows, half of them they now gathered about Mary to inspect her personally, each on his own account. Their looks and conduct were very disconcerting, but they did nothing insulting until one fellow gave her a slap on the back, accompanying it by an indecent remark. Brandon tried to pay no attention to them, but this was too much, so he lifted his arm and knocked the fellow off the poop into the waist. The man was back in a moment, and swords were soon drawn and clicking away at a great rate. The content was brief, however, as the fellow was no sort of match for Brandon, who, with his old trick, quickly twisted his adversary's sword out of his grasp and with a flash of his own blade flung it into the sea. The other men were now talking together at a little distance in whispers, and in a moment one drunken brute shouted: "It is no man. It is a woman. Let us see more of her!"

Before Brandon could interfere the fellow had unbuckled Mary's doublet at the throat and with a jerk had torn it off, carrying away the sleeve and exposing Mary's shoulder, almost as if he had torn it off.

Brandon's trophy on high, but his triumph was short lived, for almost instantly it fell to the deck, and with it the offending hand severed at the wrist by Brandon's sword. Three or four friends of the wounded man rushed upon Brandon, whereupon Mary screamed and began to weep, which of course told the whole story.

A great laugh went up, and instantly a general fight began. Several of the gentlemen, seeing Brandon attacked by such odds, took up his defense, and within twenty seconds all were on one side or the other, every mother's son of them fighting away like mad.

You see how quickly and completely one woman without the slightest aid on her part, except a modest effort on his part, had set the whole company by the ears, cutting and slashing away at each other like very devils. The sex sent general mischievous in some unknown manner and throw it off, as the sun throws off its heat. However, Jane is an exception to that rule—it is a rule.

The officers soon put a stop to this lively little fight and took Brandon and Mary, who was weeping as any girl might, down into the cabin for consultation.

With a great oath Bradhurst exclaimed: "It is plain enough that you have brought a girl on board under false colors, and you may as well make ready to put her ashore. You see what she has already done—a hand lost, one man and wounds for twenty others."

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JOYS OF MATERNITY

A WOMAN'S BEST HOPES REALIZED

Mrs. Potts Tells How Women Should Prepare for Motherhood

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to childless and lonely old age. Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to a displacement of the womb or lack of strength in the generative organs.



Mrs. Anna Potts

Frequent backache and distressing pains, caused by convulsive discharges and generally by irregular and scanty menstruation indicate a displacement or nerve degeneration of the womb and surrounding organs.

The question that troubles women is how can a woman who has some female trouble bear healthy children?

Mrs. Anna Potts, of 510 Park Avenue, New York, writes:

"During the early part of my married life I was delicate in health; both my husband and I were very anxious for a child to bless our home, but I had two miscarriages, and could not carry a child to maturity. A neighbor, who was a nurse, advised me to try the Vegetable Compound advised me to try it. I did so and soon felt that I was growing stronger, my backache and back pain, and I had no more bearing-down pains, and I felt like a new woman. Within a year I had a healthy child, and I am now a mother of three children. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly a splendid remedy, and I wish every woman who wants to become a mother would try it."

Actual sterility in woman is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile, let her try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free to expectant or would-be mothers.

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OPPOSITION

LEADERS IN SESSION

Committee Chosen to Carry On Organization Work.

A number of supporters of the provincial opposition were in the city Tuesday to meet some of their friends in town and discuss matters of provincial importance. The meeting was held in the assembly rooms of the York Theatre, Col. Montgomery Campbell presided, and among those from other parts of the province were Geo. B. Jones of Apolauque, Captain Masters of Montreal, Major Frank Black of Sackville, H. E. Hazen, M. P. P., and George Clarke, M. P. P., and G. W. Gannon, M. P. P., of St. Stephen. Donald Morrison, M. P. P., of New Castle, and H. Wood, of Wolford. There was a good attendance from St. John city and county. Mr. Hazen explained that those entrusted with the choice of an organizer had engaged W. W. Hubbard. Afterward Mr. Hubbard explained what work had been done and what remained to do. Mr. Hazen asked that the meeting express its opinion as to the course that had been taken, and appointed a committee to direct proceedings in the future. After the course of Mr. Hazen and those who had acted with him had been confirmed by unanimous vote, a nominating committee, of which Dr. Thomas Walker was chairman, reported the following committee to direct and assist Mr. Hubbard: J. D. Hazen, M. P. P., John Morrissey, M. P. P., W. H. Thorne, Captain Masters, Frank Smith, M. P. P., M. E. Agar, Robert Maxwell, M. P. P., Col. Montgomery Campbell, George Clarke, M. P. P.

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