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

Rewritten and Rendered Into Modern English From Sir Edwin Caskoden's Memoir

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

Copyright, 1898 and 1901, by the Bowen-Merrill Company

(Continued.)

The princess was trying to check her weeping and in a moment took up the thread of her unfinished sentence: "And Master Brandon, too, left without so much as sending me one little word—not a line nor a syllable. He did not come near me, but went off as if I did not care—or he did not. Of course he did not care or he would not have behaved so, knowing I was in so much trouble. I did not see him at all after—one afternoon in the king's—about a week before that awful night in London, except that night, when I was so frightened I could not speak one word of all the things I wished to say."

This sounded strange enough, and I began more than ever to suspect something wrong. I, however, kept as firm a grasp as possible upon the stock of indignation I had brought with me.

"How did you expect to see or hear from him," asked I, "when he was lying in a loathsome dungeon without one ray of light, condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered because of your selfish neglect to save him who at the cost of half his blood and almost his life had saved so much for you?"

Her eyes grew big, and the tears were checked by genuine surprise.

I continued: "Lady Mary, no one could have made me believe that you would stand back and let the man to whom you owed so great a debt lie so long in such misery and be condemned to such a death for the act that saved you. I could never have believed it!"

"Imp of hell!" screamed Mary. "What tale is this you bring to torture me? Have I not enough already? Tell me it is a lie or I will have your miserable little tongue torn out by the root!"

"It is no lie, princess, but an awful truth and a frightful shame to you."

I was determined to tell her all and let her see herself as she was.

She gave a hysterical laugh and, throwing up her hands with her accustomed little gesture, fell upon the bed in utter abandonment, shaking as with a spasm. She did not weep; she could not; she was past that now. Jane went over to the bed and tried to soothe her.

In a moment Mary sprang to her feet, exclaiming: "Master Brandon condemned to death, and you and I here talking and moaning and weeping! Come, come; we will go to the king at once. We will start to walk, Edwin—I must be doing something—and Jane can follow with the horses and overtake us. No; I will not dress; just as I am; this will do. Bring me a hat, Jane—any one, any one." While putting on hat and gloves she continued: "I will see the king at once and tell him all—all! I will do anything. I will marry that old king of France or forty kings or forty devils! It's all one to me. Anything, anything, to save him! Oh, to think that he has been in that dungeon all this time!" And the tears came unheeded in a deluge.

She was under such headway and spoke and moved so rapidly that I could not stop her until she was nearly ready to go; then I held her by the arm while I said:

"It is not necessary now. You are too late."

A look of horror came into her face, and I continued slowly: "I procured Brandon's release nearly a week ago. I did what you should have done, and he is now at our rooms in Greenwich."

Mary looked at me a moment and, turning pale, pressed her hands to her heart and leaned against the door frame.

After a short silence she said: "Edwin Caskoden—fool! Why could you not have told me that at first? I thought my brain would burn and my heart burst."

"I should have told you had you given me time. As to the pain it gave you"—this was the last charge to my large magazine of indignation—"I care very little about that. You deserve it. I do not know what explanation you have to offer, but nothing can excuse you. An explanation, however good, would have been little comfort to you had Brandon failed you in Billingsgate that night."

She had fallen into a chair by this time and sat in reverie, staring at nothing. Then the tears came again, but more softly.

"You are right; nothing can excuse me. I am the most selfish, ungrateful, guilty creature ever born. A whole month in that dungeon!" And she covered her drooping face with her hands.

"Go away for awhile, Edwin, and then return. We shall want to see you again," said Jane.

Upon my return Mary was more composed. Jane had dressed her hair, and she was sitting on the bed in her riding habit, hat in hand. Her fingers were nervously toying at the ribbons and her eyes cast down.

"You are surely right, Sir Edwin. I have no excuse. I can have none, but I will tell you how it was. You remember the day you left me in the waiting room of the king's council, when they were discussing my marriage without one thought of me, as if I were but a slave or a dumb brute that could not feel?" She began to weep a little, but soon recovered herself. "While waiting for you to return the Duke of Buckingham came in. I knew Henry was trying to sell me to the French king, and my heart was full of trouble—from more causes than you can know. All the council, especially that butcher's son, were urging him on, and Henry himself was anxious that the marriage should be brought about. He thought it would strengthen him for the imperial crown. He wants everything and is ambitious to be emperor. Emperor! He would cut a pretty figure! I hoped, though, I should be able to induce him not to sacrifice me to his selfish interests, as I have done before, but I knew only too well it would tax my powers to the utmost this time. I knew that if I did anything to anger or to antagonize him it would be all at an end with me. You know he is so exacting with other people's conduct for one who is so careless of his own—so virtuous by proxy. You remember how cruelly he disgraced and crushed poor Lady Chesterfield, who was in such trouble about her husband and who went to Grouche's only to learn if he were true to her. Henry seems to be particularly sensitive in that direction. One would think it was in the commandments, 'Thou shalt not go to Grouche's.'

"Well, I knew I could do nothing with Henry if he once learned of that visit, especially as it resulted so fatally. Oh, why did I go? Why did I go? That was why I hesitated to tell Henry at once. I was hoping some other way would open whereby I might save Charles—Master Brandon. While I was waiting along came the Duke of Buckingham, and as I knew he was popular in London and had almost as much influence there as the king a thought came to me that he might help us.

"I knew that he and Master Brandon had passed a few angry words at one time in my ballroom—you remember—but I also knew that the duke was in—in love with me, you know, or pretended to be—he always said he was—and I felt sure I could by a little flattery induce him to do anything. He was always protesting that he would give



"You are too late."

half his blood to serve me. As if anybody wanted a drop of his wretched blood. Poor Master Brandon! His blood"— and tears came, choking her words for the moment. "So I told the duke I had promised you and Jane to procure Master Brandon's liberty, and asked him to do it for me. He gladly consented and gave me his knightly word that it should be attended to without an hour's delay. He said it might have to be done secretly in the way of an escape—not officially—as the Londoners were very jealous of their rights and much aroused on account of the killing. Especially, he said, that at that time great caution must be used, as the king was anxious to conciliate the city in order to procure a loan for some purpose—my dower, I suppose.

"The duke said it should be as I wished; that Master Brandon should escape and remain away from London for a few weeks until the king procured his loan and then be freed by royal proclamation.

"I saw Buckingham the next day, for I was very anxious, you may be sure, and he said the keeper of Newgate had told him it had been arranged the night before as desired. I had come to Windsor because it was more quiet, and my heart was full. It is quite a distance from London, and I thought it might afford a better opportunity to—to see—I thought, perhaps Master Brandon might come—might want to—to—see Jane and me. In fact, I wrote him before I left Greenwich that I should be here. Then I heard he had gone to New Spain. Now you see how all my troubles have come upon me at once, and this the greatest of them, because it is my fault. I can ask no forgiveness from any one, for I cannot forgive myself."

She then inquired about Brandon's health and spirits, and I left out no distressing detail, you may be sure.

During my recital she sat with downcast eyes and tear stained face playing with the ribbons of her hat.

When I was ready to go, she said, "Please say to Master Brandon I should like—to—see—him if he cares to come, if only that I may tell him how it happened."

"I greatly fear, in fact, I know he will not come," said I. "The cruelest blow of all, worse even than the dungeon or the sentence of death, was your failure to save him. He trusted you so implicitly. At the time of his arrest he refused to allow me to tell the king, saying he knew you would see to it—that you were pure gold."

"Ah, did he say that?" she asked, as a sad little smile lighted her face.

"His faith was so entirely without doubt that his recoil from you is correspondingly great. He goes to New Spain as soon as his health is recovered sufficiently for him to travel."

This sent the last fleck of color from her face, and with the words almost choking her throat, "Then tell him what I have said to you and perhaps he will not feel so"—

"I cannot do that either, Lady Mary. When I mentioned your name the other day, he said he would curse me if I ever spoke it again in his hearing."

"Is it so bad as that?" Then, meditatively: "And at his trial he did not tell the reason for the killing? Would not compromise me, who had served him so ill, even to save his own life? Noble, noble!" And her lips went together as she rose to her feet. No tears now; nothing but glowing, determined womanhood.

"Then I will go to him wherever he may be. He shall forgive me, no matter what my fault."

Soon after this we were on our way to London at a brisk gallop.

We were all very silent, but at one time Mary spoke up from the midst of a reverie: "During the moment when I thought Master Brandon had been executed—when you said it was too late—it seemed that I was born again and all made over; that I was changed in the very texture of my nature by the shock, as they say the grain of the iron cannon is sometimes changed by too violent an explosion." And this proved to be true in some respects.

We rode on rapidly and did not stop in London except to give the horses drink.

After crossing the bridge Mary said, half to Jane and half to herself, "I will never marry the French king—never." Mary was but a girl pitted against a body of brutal men, two of them rulers of the two greatest nations on earth—rather heavy odds for one woman.

We rode down to Greenwich and entered the palace without exciting comment, as the princess was in the habit of coming and going at will.

The king and queen and most of the courtiers were in London at Bridewell House and Baynard's castle, where Henry was vigorously pushing the loan of 500,000 crowns for Mary's dower, the only business of state in which at that time he took any active interest. Subsequently, as you know, he became interested in the divorce laws and the various methods whereby a man, especially a king, might rid himself of a distasteful wife, and after he saw the truth in Anne Boleyn's eyes he adopted a combined policy of church and state craft that has brought us a deal of senseless trouble ever since and is like to keep it up.

As to Mary's dower, Henry was to pay Louis only 400,000 crowns, but he made the marriage an excuse for an extra 100,000 to be devoted to his own private use.

When we arrived at the palace the girls went to their apartments and I to mine, where I found Brandon reading. There was only one window to our common room—a dormer window set into the roof and reached by a little passage as broad as the window itself and perhaps a yard and a half long. In the alcove thus formed was a bench along the wall, cushioned by Brandon's great campaign cloak. In this window we often sat and read, and here was Brandon with his book. I had intended to tell him the girls were coming, for when Mary asked me if I thought he would come to her at the palace, and when I had again said no, she reiterated her intention of going to him at once; but my courage failed me and I did not speak of it.

I knew that Mary ought not to come to our room, and that if news of it should reach the king's ears there would be more and worse trouble than ever, and as usual Brandon would pay the penalty for all. Then again, if it were discovered it might seriously compromise both Mary and Jane, as the world is full of people who would rather say and believe an evil thing of another than to say their prayers or to believe the holy creed.

I had said as much to the Lady Mary when she expressed her determination to go to Brandon. She had been in the wrong so much of late that she was humbled, and I was brave enough to say whatever I felt, but she said she had thought it all over, and as every one was away from Greenwich it would not be found out if done secretly.

She told Jane she need not go; that she, Mary, did not want to take any risk of compromising her.

Jane would have gone, though, had she known that all her fair name would go with her. She was right, you see, when she told me while riding over to Windsor that should Mary's love blossom into a full blown passion she would wreck everything and everybody, including herself perhaps, to attain the object of so great a desire.

It looked now as if she were on the highroad to that end. Nothing short of chains and fetters could have kept her from going to Brandon that evening. There was an inherent force about her that was irresistible and swept everything before it.

In our garret she was to meet another will, stronger and infinitely better controlled than her own, and I did not know how it would all turn out.

CHAPTER XII.

ATONEMENT.

I had not been long in the room when a knock at the door announced the girls. I admitted them, and Mary walked to the middle of the floor. It was just growing dark, and the room was quite dim, save at the window where Brandon sat reading. Gods, those were exciting moments! My heart beat like a woman's. Brandon saw the girls when they entered, but never so much as looked up from his book. You must remember he had a great grievance. Jane and I had remained near the door, and poor Mary was a pitiable princess, standing there so full of doubt in the middle of the room. After a moment she stepped toward the window and, with quick coming breath, stopped at the threshold of the little passage.

"Master Brandon, I have come, not to make excuses, for nothing can excuse me, but to tell you how it all happened—by trusting to another."

Brandon arose and, marking the place in his book with his finger, followed Mary, who had stepped backward into the room.

"Your highness is very gracious and kind thus to honor me, but as our ways will hereafter lie as far apart as the world is broad, I think it would have been far better had you refrained from so imprudent a visit, especially as anything one so exalted as yourself may have to say can be no affair of such as I—one just free of the hangman's noose."

"Oh, don't, I pray you! Let me tell you, and it may make a difference. It must pain you, I know, to think of me as you do, after—after—you know; after what has passed between us."

"Yes, that only makes it all the harder. If you could give your kisses"—and she blushed red as blood—"to one for whom you care so little that you could leave him to die like a dog, when a word from you would have saved him, what reason have I to suppose they are not for every man?"

This gave Mary an opening of which she was quick enough to take advantage, for Brandon was in the wrong.

"You know that is not true. You are not honest with me nor with yourself, and that is not like you. You know that no other man ever had, or could have, any favor from me, even the slightest. Wantonness is not among my thousand faults. It is not that which angers you. You are sure enough of me in that respect. In truth, I had almost come to believe you were too sure, that I had grown cheap in your eyes, and you did not care so much as I thought and hoped for what I had to give, for after that day you came not near me at all. I know it was the part of wisdom and prudence that you should remain away, but had you cared as much as I your prudence would not have held you."

She hung her head a moment in silence, then, looking at him, almost ready for tears, continued: "A man has no right to speak in that way of a woman whose little favors he has taken, and make her regret that she has given a gift only that it may recoil upon her. 'Little,' did I say? Sir, do you know what that—first—kiss was to me? Had I possessed all the crowns of all the earth I would have given them to you as willingly. Now you know the value I placed on it, however worthless it was to you. Yet I was a cheerful giver of that gift, was I not? And can you find it in your heart to make of it a shame to me—that of which I was so proud?"

She stood there, with head inclined a little to one side, looking at him inquiringly as if awaiting an answer. He did not speak, but looked steadily at his book. I felt, however, that he was changing, and I was sure her beauty, never more exquisite than in its present humility, would yet atone for even so great a fault as hers. Err, look beautiful and receive remission! Such a woman as Mary carries her indulgence in her face.

I now began to realize for the first time the wondrous power of this girl, and ceased to marvel that she had always been able to turn even the king, the most violent, stubborn man on earth, to her own wishes. Her manner, made her words eloquent, and already, with true feminine tactics, she had put Brandon in the wrong in everything because he was wrong in part.

Then she quickly went over what she had said to me. She told of her great dread lest the king should learn of the visit to Grouche's and its fatal consequences, knowing full well it would render Henry impervious to her influence and precipitate the French marriage. She told him of how she was going to the king the day after the arrest to ask his release, and of the meeting with Buckingham, and his promise.

Still Brandon said nothing and stood as if politely waiting for her to withdraw.

She remained silent a little time, waiting for him to speak, when tears, partly of vexation, I think, moistened her eyes.

"Tell me at least," she said, "that you know I speak the truth. I have always believed in you, and now I ask for your faith. I would not lie to you in the faintest shading of a thought—not for heaven itself—not even for your love and forgiveness, much as they are to me, and I want to know that you are sure of my truthfulness, if you doubt all else. You see I speak plainly of what your love is to me, for although by remaining away you made me fear I had been too lavish with my favors—that is every woman's fear—I knew in my heart you loved me; that you could not have done and said what you did otherwise. Now you see what faith I have in you, and you a man, whom a woman's instinct prompts to doubt. How does it compare with your faith in me, a woman, whom all the instincts of a manly nature should dispose to trust? It seems to be an unwritten law that a man may lie to a woman concerning the most important thing in life to her and be proud of it, but you see even now I have all faith in your love for me, else I surely should not be here. You see I trust even your unspoken word, when it might, without much blame to you, be a spoken lie; yet you do not trust me, who have no world-given right to speak falsely about such things, and when that which I now do is full of shame for me, and what I have done full of guilt, if inspired by aught but the purest truth from my heart of hearts. Your words mean so much—so much more, I think, than you realize—and are so cruel in turning to evil the highest, purest impulse a woman can feel—the glowing pride in self surrender and the sweet, delightful privilege of giving where she loves. How can you? How can you?"

How eloquent she was! It seemed to me this would have melted the frozen sea, but I think Brandon felt that now his only hope lay in the safeguard of his constantly upheld indignation.

When he spoke he ignored all she had said.

"You did well to employ my Lord of Buckingham. It will make matters more interesting when I tell you it was he who attacked you and was caught by the leg under his wounded horse; he was lame, I am told, for some time afterward. I had watched him following you from the gate at Bridewell and at once recognized him when his mask fell off during the fight by the wall. You have done well at every step, I see."

"Oh, God; to think of it! Had I but known! Buckingham shall pay for this with his head; but how could I know? I was but a poor, distracted girl, sure to make some fatal error. I was in such agony—your wounds—believe me, I suffered more from them than you could. Every pain you felt was a pang for me—and then that awful marriage! I was being sold like a wretched slave to that old satyr, to be gloated over and feasted upon. No man can know the horror of that thought to a woman—to any woman, good or bad. To have one's beauty turn to curse her and make her desirable only—only as well fed cattle are prized. No matter how great the manifestation of such so called love, it all the more repels a woman and adds to her loathing day by day. Then there was something worse than all"—she was almost weeping now—"I might have been able to bear the thought even of that hideous marriage—others have lived through the like—but—but after—that—that day—when you—it seemed that your touch was a spark dropped into a heart full of tinder, which had been lying there awaiting it all these years. In that one moment the flame grew so intense I could not withstand it. My throat ached; I could scarcely breathe, and it seemed that my heart would burst." Here the tears gushed forth as she took a step toward him with outstretched arms and said between sobs: "I wanted you, you, for my husband—for my husband, and I could not bear the torturing thought of losing you or enduring any other man. I could not give you up after that—it was all too late, too late; it had gone too far. I was lost, lost!"

He sprang to where she stood leaning toward him and caught her to his breast.

She held him from her while she said: "Now you know—now you know that I would not have left you in that terrible place had I known it. No, not if it had taken my life to buy your freedom."

"I do know; I do know. Be sure of that. I know it and shall know it always, whatever happens; nothing can change me. I will never doubt you again. It is my turn to ask forgiveness now."

"No, no. Just forgive me. That is all I ask." And her head was on his breast.

"Let us step out into the passageway, Edwin," said Jane, and we did. There were times when Jane seemed to be inspired.

When we went back into the room, Mary and Brandon were sitting in the window-way on his great cloak. They rose and came to us, holding each other's hands, and Mary asked, looking up to him:

"Shall we tell them?"

"As you like, my lady."

Mary was willing, and looked for Brandon to speak, so he said, "This lady whom I hold by the hand and myself have promised each other before the good God to be husband and wife if fortune ever so favor us that it be possible."

"No; that is not it," interrupted Mary. "There is no 'if' in it. It shall be whether it is possible or not. Nothing shall prevent." At this she kissed Jane and told her how she loved her, and gave me her hand, for her love was so great within her that it overflowed upon every one. She, however, always had a plenitude of love for Jane, and, though she might scold her and apparently misuse her, Jane was as dear as a sister and was always sure of her steadfast, tried and lasting affection.

After Mary had said there should be no "if" Brandon replied:

"Very well, Mme. Destiny." Then, turning to us, "What ought I to do for one who is willing to stoop from so high an estate to honor me and be my wife?"

"Love her and her alone with your whole heart as long as you live. That is all she wants, I am sure," volunteered Jane sentimentally.

"Jane, you are a Mme. Solomon," said Mary, with a tone of her old time laugh. "Is the course you advise as you



"Now you know"—

would wish to be done by?" And she glanced mischievously from Jane to me as the laugh bubbled up from her heart, merry and soft, as if it had not come from what was but now the home of grief and pain.

"I know nothing about how I should like to be done by," said Jane, with a pout, "but if you have such respect for my wisdom I will offer a little more. I think it is time we should be going."

"Now, Jane, you are growing foolish again; I will not go yet," and Mary made manifest her intention by sitting down. She could not bring herself to forego the pleasure of staying, dangerous as she knew it to be, and could not bear the pain of parting, even for a short time, now that she had Brandon once more. The time was soon coming—but I am too fast again.

After a time Brandon said: "I think Jane's wisdom remains with her, Mary. It is better that you do not stay, much as I wish to have you."

She was ready to obey him at once.

When she arose to go she took both his hands in hers and whispered: "'Mary.' I like the name on your lips," and then, glancing hurriedly over her shoulder to see if Jane and I were looking, lifted her face to him and ran after us.

We were a little in advance of the princess, and as we walked along Jane said under her breath: "Now look out for trouble; it will come quickly, and I fear for Master Brandon more than any one. He has made a noble fight against her and against himself, and it is no wonder she loves him."

This made me feel a little jealous.

"Jane, you could not love him, could you?" I asked.

"No matter what I could do, Edwin; I do not, and that should satisfy you." Her voice and manner said more than her words. The hall was almost dark, and—I have always considered that occasion one of my lost opportunities, but they are not many.

The next evening Brandon and I, upon Lady Mary's invitation, went up to her apartments, but did not stay long, fearing some one might find us there and cause trouble. We would not have gone at all had not the whole court been absent in London, for discovery would have been a serious matter to one of us at least.

As I told you once before, Henry did not care how much Brandon might love his sister, but Buckingham had whispered suspicions of the state of Mary's heart, and his own observations, together with the intercepted note, had given these suspicions a stronger coloring, so that a very small matter might turn them into certainties.

The king had pardoned Brandon for the killing of the two men in Billingsgate, as he was forced to do under the circumstances, but there his kindness stopped. After a short time he deprived him of his place at court, and all that was left for him of royal favor was permission to remain with me and live at the palace until such time as he should sail for New Spain.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GIRL'S CONSENT.

The treaty had been agreed upon, and as to the international arrangement, at least, the marriage of Louis de Valois and Mary Tudor was a settled fact. All it needed was the consent of an eighteen-year-old girl—a small matter, of course, as marriageable women are but commodities in statecraft, and theoretically, at least, acquiesce in everything their liege lords ordain.

Wolsey, whose manner was smooth as an otter's coat, had been sent to fetch the needed "yes," but he failed.

Jane told me about it.

Wolsey had gone privately to see the princess and had thrown out a sort of skirmish line by flattering her beauty, but had found her not in the best humor.

"Yes, yes, my lord of Lincoln, I know how beautiful I am. No one knows better. I know all about my hair, eyes, teeth, eyebrows and skin. I tell you I am sick of them. Don't talk to me about them. It won't help you to get my consent to marry that vile old creature. That is what you have come for, of course. I have been expecting you. Why did not my brother come?"

"I think he was afraid, and, to tell you the truth, I was afraid myself," answered Wolsey, with a smile. This made Mary smile, too, in spite of herself and went a long way toward putting her in a good humor. Wolsey continued: "His majesty could not have given me a more disagreeable task. You doubtless think I am in favor of this marriage, but I am not."

This was as great a lie as ever fell whole out of a bishop's mouth. "I have been obliged to fall in with the king's views on the matter, for he has had his mind set on it from the first mention by De Longueville."

"Was it that bead eyed little mummy who suggested it?"

"Yes, and if you marry the king of France you can repay him with usury."

"'Tis an inducement, by my troth."

"I do not mind saying to you in confidence that I think it an outrage to force a girl like you to marry a man like Louis of France, but how are we to avoid it?"

By the "we" Wolsey put himself in alliance with Mary, and the move was certainly adroit.

"How are we to avoid it? Have no fear of that, my lord; I will show you."

"Oh, but my dear princess; permit me. You do not seem to know your brother. You cannot in any way avoid this marriage. I believe he will imprison you and put you on bread and water to force your consent. I am sure you had better do willingly that which you will eventually be compelled to do anyway; and, besides, there is another thought that has come to me. Shall I speak plainly before Lady Jane Bolingbroke?"

"I have no secrets from her."

"Very well. It is this: Louis is old and very feeble. He cannot live long, and it may be that you can by a ready consent now exact a promise from your brother to allow you your own choice in the event of a second marriage. You might in that way purchase what you could not bring about in any other way."

"How do you know that I want to purchase aught in any way, Master Wolsey? I most certainly do not intend to do so by marrying France."

"I do not know that you wish to purchase anything, but a woman's heart is not always under her full control, and it sometimes goes out to one very far beneath her in station, but the equal of any man on earth in grandeur of soul and nobleness of nature. It might be that there is such a man whom any woman would be amply justified in purchasing at any sacrifice—doubly so if it were buying happiness for two."

His meaning was too plain even to pretend to misunderstand, and Mary's eyes flashed at him as her face broke into a dimpling smile in spite of her.

Wolsey thought he had won, and to clinch the victory said, in his forceful manner: "Louis XII. will not live a year; let me carry to the king your consent, and I guarantee you his promise as to a second marriage."

In an instant Mary's eyes shot fire, and her face was like the blackest stormcloud.

(To be continued.)

Dr. Lancaster was installed as president of Olivet college, Michigan, recently, President Eaton of Benoit giving the charge.

DEHORNING STOPS LOSS.

Cattle with horns are dangerous and a constant menace to persons and other cattle. Dehorn them quickly and with slight pain with a KEYSTONE DEHORNER All over in 3 minutes. Not a harsh method. Leaves a clear, clean cut. Cows give more milk; steers make better beef. Send for free booklet. B. B. Hollenbeck, Picton, Ontario, Can.



THAT OVER WORKED, PLAYED OUT FEELING AMONG WOMEN

There are thousands of females all over our land who are broken down in health and dragging out a miserable existence, overburdened with diseases peculiar to their sex, apparently growing old while yet young. Often they have pale or sallow complexion, hollow, sunken eyes, with a lifeless look; the face has a pinched and haggard appearance; they are weak, weary and trembling, often extremely nervous, starting at every little noise. Many are low-spirited, and some are fretful. Some are apparently bloodless, with cold hands and feet, while others are flushed by an unequal circulation of the blood, dizziness, and sometimes dimness of vision, loss of memory, and often loss of appetite and sleep, and are wearied with terrible dreams.

Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, smothering and sinking spells, shortness of breath and the sensation of pins and needles are all indications of a weakened condition of the heart or nervous system, and should any of them be present we would strongly advise the use of

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

They bring health to the broken down, energy to the weakened constitution, tone up the tired, overstrained nerves, and strengthen the weak heart.

Mrs. Edward Jackson, Hall's Bridge, Ont., writes: "For a year I was greatly troubled with nervousness and loss of appetite, and could neither sleep nor eat. After taking a few boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I was completely cured and can recommend them to all sufferers."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cents per box or three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE FIRST ACCIDENT AT NEW HILLSBORO BRIDGE

Draw Was Not Opened in Time and Two Schooners Jammed—Rev. Wm. Dobson Lectures on "Ghosts."

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Oct. 31.—The first accident in connection with the opening of the Hillsboro bridge swing took place yesterday afternoon, and two vessels narrowly escaped serious injury as the result of a collision. The captains contend that the cause of the accident was delay in opening the swing. The Palanda, Capt. Hiltz, and the Winged Arrow, Capt. Davis, produce laden, bound for Lunenburg and Newfoundland, were coming down the river with a light southerly wind and heavy tide running out. The captains say they gave repeated warnings to open the bridge by blowing horns while a considerable distance up, and by sending a boat down to the swing. The Palanda was in the lead, and Capt. Hiltz says that when about fifty yards off and seeing the draw still closed, he started to round about into the wind and drop anchor. Just then, however, the swing opened and those on it shouted to come on. He had gone too much to the south, however, and the vessel struck the pier, and while there the Winged Arrow came down on top of her. Both were jammed tightly with the fast running tide, and the efforts of the bridge tug could not release them till assisted by a tug from the city. The rails of one of the schooners were broken and the fore rigging damaged. It is not known what damage is done to the hulls, but both received a severe crushing and were tightly wedged between the piers while the tide fell.

Rev. William Dobson, pastor of the First Methodist church here, lectured to a crowded house last night on Ghosts, Superstition and Absurdities. He claimed there was nothing in the nature of things or in Bible writings to show cause why there should not be ghosts, while many apparent supernatural manifestations can be explained by science and circumstances of the case. Yet science has not fully explained hypnotism, telepathy and kindred things. He characterized the belief in the moon influencing either weather or tides as an absurdity.

TO PROTECT SONGBIRDS

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—The protection of song birds through international negotiations was discussed by the National Association of Audubon Societies here today at its annual meeting. The association elected directors for five years, among them being Arthur H. Norton of Portland, Me. Wm. Dutcher was re-elected president.

RAILWAY APPOINTMENT.

MONTREAL, Oct. 31.—J. L. Sutherland, inspector of train dispatchers of the C. P. R., has been appointed superintendent of the Halifax and Southwestern Railway, with headquarters at Halifax. The Halifax and Southwestern is a Mackenzie & Mann line.

Faith

You cannot be expected to have faith in Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, as a cure for Colds, Coughs and all diseases of the air passages, if you have not tried it. We have faith in it, and to convince you that it will cure you we guarantee it. If it doesn't cure you it costs you nothing. If it does it costs you 25c. That's fair. Try it to-day.

Shiloh

has cured many thousands of the most obstinate cases, and we do not hesitate to say that it will cure any Cold, Cough, Throat or Lung trouble. If we did not believe this we would not guarantee it absolutely as we do. Shiloh has had an unbroken record of success for thirty years. It has stood every possible test without failure. Isn't that proof of its curative properties. Further

Proof

is found in the many testimonials of those who have tried Shiloh and been cured. Mrs. Archie Taylor, Asaph, P. a., writes:—

"I bought a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and found it very beneficial. I have two children and they had a terrible cough. I gave them everything I could think of, but they got no better until one evening my husband bought a bottle of Shiloh. We gave it to the children when they went to bed, and they slept all night. It cured them completely. I shall always keep it in the house." 6oo

SHILOH

25c. with guarantee wherever medicine is sold.