

FREEDOM AT LAST

History of a Man Who Lived in
Misery and Torture

CHAPTER II.

In the fifth volume of an instructive work by Le Grand d'Aussy, who was, in his way, a kind of inferior Dean Swift, there is an interesting story, one of a collection of "Fabliaux."

There was once a genial ruffian who lived by highway robbery, but who, on setting about his occupation, was careful to address a prayer to the Virgin. He was taken at the end, and sentenced with doom of hanging. While the executioner was fitting him with the cord, he made his usual little prayer. It proved effectual. The Virgin supported his feet "with her white hands," and thus kept him alive two days, to the no small surprise of the executioner, who attempted to complete his work with a hatchet. But this was turned aside by the same invisible hand, and the executioner bowed to the miracle, and unstrung the robber. With that—very naturally—the rogue entered a monastery.

It may be therefore said, without exciting any undue surprise, that Geoffroi de la Bourne had a resident chaplain in the castle, one Dom Anselm, and that religious ceremonies were more or less regularly observed.

In the outer courtyard of the castle a doorway led into the chapel. This was a long room, with a roof of vaulted stone lit by windows on the courtyard side, full of some very presentable stained glass. The glass, which had far more lead in it than ours, was in fact a kind of mosaic, and the continual lattice work of metal much obscured the pattern.

What could be seen of it, however, represented Saint Peter armed, and riding out to go hawking, with a falcon on his wrist.

Strips of cloth bandaged crosswise from the ankle to the knee, and fastened over red stockings, were part of the saint's costume, and he wore black-pointed shoes split along the instep almost to the toes, fastened with two thongs.

In fact, the artists of that day were under the influence of a realistic movement, in much the same way as the exhibitors in the modern French salon, and what superficial students of Twelfth-Century manners put down as unimaginative ignorance was really the outcome of a widely understood artistic pose.

On a shrine by the chapel door stood an image of the Blessed Virgin, a trifle gaudy. The head was bound round with a linen veil, and a loose gown of the same material was laced over a tight-fitting bodice. Round the arms were wound gold snake bracelets, imitations, made by Lewin in the forge, of some old Danish ornaments in the possession of the Lady Alice de la Bourne. The foldings of the robe were looped up here and there with jewelled butterflies, differing not at all from a Palais Royal toy of to-day.

In front of the shrine hung two lamps, or "light vats," as they were called, of distinctly Roman type—luxuries which were rare then, and of which Dom Anselm was exceedingly proud. They dated from the time of King Alfred, that inventive monarch, who had adapted the idea of lamps from old Roman relics found in excavations.

Except that the altar furniture was in exceedingly good taste, it differed hardly at all from anything that may be seen in twenty London churches to-day.

There were no pews or seats in the chapel, save some heavy oak chairs by the altar side, where a wooden perch, clamped to the table itself and white with guano, indicated that Geoffroi de la Bourne would sit with his hawks.

The sun rose in full June majesty the next morning, and soon shone upon the picturesque activity of a mediaeval fortress in prosperous being.

The serfs and workmen, who slept in lightly constructed huts of thin elm plank under a raised wooden gallery which went round the courtyard, rose from the straw in which they lay with the dogs, and, shaking themselves, set about work.

The windlass of the well creaked and groaned as the water for the

horses was drawn. The carpenters began their labor of cutting boards for some new mead-benches which were wanted in the hall, and men began to stoke the furnaces of the armory and mint.

Paved ways ran from door to door of the various buildings, but all the rest of the bailey was carpeted with grass, which had been sown there to feed the cattle who would be herded within the walls in dangerous times.

About half-past eight Dom Anselm let himself out of a little gate in the corner of Outfangthef Tower, and came grumbling down the steps. He crossed the courtyard, taking no notice of the salutations of the laborers, but looking as if he were half asleep, as indeed he was. His long beard was matted and thick with wine-stains from the night before, and his thin face was an unhealthy yellow color.

He unlocked the chapel door, and mechanically pushed a dirty thumb into a holy water stoup. Then he bowed low to the monstrance on the altar, and lower still to the figure of the Virgin. After the hot sunshine of the outside world, the chapel was chill and damp, and the air struck unpleasantly upon him.

He went up to the altar to find his missal. Sleeping always in a filthy little cell with no ventilation, and generally seeking his bed in a state of intoxication, had afflicted the priest with a chronic catarrh of the nose and throat—as common a complaint among the priesthood then as it is now in the country districts of Italy and southern France. Quite regardless of his environment he expectorated horribly even as he bowed to the presence of Christ upon the altar.

It is necessary for an understanding of those times to make a point of things, which, in a tale of contemporary events, would be unseemly and artistic. Dom Anselm saw nothing amiss with his manners, and the fact helps to explain Dom Anselm and his brethren to the reader.

With a small key the priest opened a strong box banded with bronze, and drew from it the vessels.

Among the contents of the box were some delicate napkins which Lady Alice had worked—some of those beautiful pieces of embroidery which were known all over Europe as "English work."

When the silver vessels were placed upon the altar, and everything was ready for the service, the thirst of the morning got firm hold upon Dom Anselm's throat.

He left the chapel, and summoned a thow who was passing the door with a great bundle of cabbages in his arm.

"Set those down," he said, "and ring the bell for Mass;" and while the man obeyed, and the bell beat out its summons to prayer—very musical in the morning air—he strode across the courtyard to the mint.

By this time, in the long, low buildings, the fires were banked up, the tools lay ready upon the benches, and the men were greasing the moulds with bacon fat.

The priest went through the room with two raised fingers, turning quickly and mechanically towards the toil-worn figures who knelt or bowed low for his blessing. He walked towards an inner room, the door of which was hung with a curtain of moth-eaten catkin—the cheapest drapery of the time. Pushing this curtain aside, he entered with a cheery "Good-day!" to find, as he expected, Lewin, the mint-master.

The Jew was a slim man of middle size, clean-shaven, and with dark-red hair. His face was handsome and commanding, and yet animal. The wolf and pig struggled for mastery in it. He was engaged in opening the brass-bound door of a recess or cupboard in the wall, where the dies for stamping coin were kept in strict ward.

The mint-master straightway called to one of the men in the outer room, who thereon brought in a great horn of ale in the manner of use. Every morning the priest would call upon the Jew, so that they might take their drink together. Each day the two friends conveniently forgot—or at any rate

disregarded—the rule which bids men fast before the Mass. Lewin attended church with great devotion, and like many modern Israelites, was most anxious that the fact of his ancient and honorable descent should be forgotten.

Though he himself was a professing Christian, and secure in his position, yet his brethren, who nearly always remained staunch to their ancient faith, were in very sad case in the Twelfth Century. Vaissette, in his history of Languedoc, dwells upon a pleasing custom which obtained at Toulouse, to give a blow on the face to a Jew every Easter. In some districts of England, from Palm Sunday to Easter was regarded as a licensed time for the baiting of Jews, and the populace was regularly instigated by the priests to attack Jewish houses with stones. Yet, at the same time, it was possible for a Jew to obtain a respectable position if he avoided the practice of usury, and Lewin the minter was an example of the fact.

"This is the best beer of the day," said the priest, "eke the beer at noon meat. My belly is so hot in the morning, and all the pipes of my body burn."

Lewin poured out some ale from the horn into a Saxon drinking-glass with a rounded bottom like a modern soda-water bottle—the invariable pattern—and handed the horn back to Dom Anselm. They drank simultaneously with certain words of pledge, and clinked the vessels together.

"It's time for service," said the clergyman, when the horn was empty. "Lady Alice will be upon arriving and in a devilish temper, keep I her waiting."

"Lord Geoffroi," said Lewin, "will he be at Mass?"

The priest grinned with an evil smile. "What do you think, minter?" he chuckled. "Geoffroi never comes to Mass when he sins a mortal sin o'er night; no, nor young Fulke either."

Lewin looked inquiringly at him. "Two of the men-at-arms brought the daughters of one Hyla into the castle last night before curfew."

"He works for me here," said the minter.

"I am sorry for him," said the priest, "and I do not like this force, for the girls were screaming as they took them to Outfangthef."

"The master is a stern man," said Lewin as they entered the chapel door.

Lady Alice was already in the chapel, kneeling on the altar steps, and behind her were two or three maids also kneeling.

On the eyelids of one of these girls the tears still stood glistening, and a red mark upon her cheek showed that Lady Alice had not risen in the best of tempers. The chatelaine frowned at Anselm when she heard his footsteps, and turning, saw him robing by the door.

Many of the workmen and men-at-arms crowded into the chapel, all degrees mingling together. Some of the villein farmers had come in from the village, sturdy, open-featured men, prosperously dressed in woollen tunics reaching to the knees, fastened with a brooch of bone. The serfs knelt at the back, and as the deep patterning Latin rolled down the church every head was bent low in reverence.

Although among nearly all of them there was such a contrast between conduct and belief, yet, at the daily mystery and miracle of the Mass, every evil brain was filled with reverence and awe. When the Host was raised—the very body of Christ—to them all, you may judge how it moved every human heart.

(To be continued.)

ASTROLOGER HIT IT RIGHT.

Predicted Reign of George V.
When He Was a Baby.

The London Daily Graphic prints the following rather odd paragraph:

"Mr. Alfred John Pearce wrote in July, 1867, and published in the following October in an annual which he then edited, the following opinion on the talents and destiny of Prince George of Wales, then only two years of age, now King George V.:

"The regal sign of Aries occupied the eastern horizon at the moment of birth (namely, 1h. 18m. a. m. of June 3rd, 1865, according to the official bulletin), and Mars is in Leo, also a regal sign. The benefic Jupiter, strongly posted in his own sign Sagittarius, was within 6 deg. of the upper meridian. Venus was in her chief dignity, the sign Taurus in the ascendent, Saturn

SHREDDED

**Builds Strong, Healthy,
Sturdy Youngsters.**

To serve—heat in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c.

WHEAT

was in the descendant, in his exaltation Libra. So that in this truly royal nativity we find three planets dignified; the glorious Jupiter close to the midheaven; the Sun and Moon nearly in mutual trine (120 deg.) aspect; a royal sign ascending, and Mars and Jupiter in royal signs. From these positions we may conclude and predict that this Prince will, if he live, become King of England, under the title of George V.

"The Prince will, in mind and taste, greatly resemble his grandfather, the good and great Prince Albert. Indeed, England will be proud of her fifth King George, and his fame shall descend to posterity

as one of the best and wisest of Monarchs.

"The position of Jupiter pre-signifies a very prosperous and peaceful reign."

When a man gives his wife money to buy something for the house he acts as if he considered it a loan.

Returned Explorer — "Yes, the cold was so intense at the Pole we had to be very careful not to pet our dogs." Miss Youngthing — "Indeed! Why was that?" R. E. — "You see, their tails were frozen stiff and if they wagged them they would break off."

McKenzie Mine at Elk Lake Has Started Bagging Ore

Successful Operations at the Mine Which Make
the Property a Coming Shipper.

ELK CITY, May 4.—With the opening of navigation, which is now in full swing, the greatest of activity prevails at the various mines and prospects in this vicinity and the city is rapidly recovering from the recent fire.

The district is likely to become another Cobalt and the veins run to depth with values. Among the shippers and properties bagging ore are the Lucky Godfrey, the Borland-Thompson, the Devlin and the Moose Horn mines.

The Moose Horn mine put in a new plant this spring and are now sinking a winze at the 125-foot level on a vein which has shown values from the surface.

In the midst of the mines is the McKenzie, a group of five properties on which work has begun last January. They have been fortunate from the start and soon hope to rank with the shippers.

The engineer in charge, Mr. Harry McMaster, reports that the vein on location 846 of the company's group at a depth of 50 feet continued steadily the whole distance and showed free silver all the way with the exception of four feet. Several hundred feet of stripping has already been done, resulting in the discovery of two additional veins, one of which is 7 inches wide, cutting at an angle of six degrees. It is the intention to continue this shaft to the 75 or 100 foot level, then drift to the McKenzie vein.

where the new 7 inch vein crosses. Mr. McMaster states that in his opinion this week will result in the placing of the value of the mine beyond question. The necessary buildings have now all been erected, including bunk house, cooking camp, manager's dwelling, blacksmith shop, powder house, and the necessary machinery is being installed. A good wagon road has been built from the main road which parallels the road from Elk Lake.

The McKenzie company are in a very fortunate position, owning a group of five properties which have been thoroughly tested. Six assays made from the veins on which the company are now working have shown results of from 400 ounces of silver up as high as 15,000 ounces to the ton.

This company is under good management, and it is the opinion of the engineer in charge and those who have seen the property that it should be brought to the shipping stage in a very short time. 500 pounds of good ore having been bagged by May 1, and the work in this regard being pushed rapidly from day to day.

Application is being made to list this stock on the New York Curb.

The Transfer Agents are The Trusts and Guarantee Company of Toronto and the Guarantee Security and Transfer Company of New York.

I am offering 50,000 Shares of this stock at 25c. per share, subject to prior sale. Write or wire me your subscription at once.

**P. S. HAIRSTON, Manning Arcade
Toronto, Ont.**

Cook in Comfort

You no longer need wear your-
self out with the weakening
heat of an intensely hot kitchen.
You can cook in comfort.

Here is a stove that gives no outside heat. All its heat is concentrated at the burners. An intense blue flame (hotter than either white or red) is thrown upwards but not around. All the heat is utilized in cooking—none in outside heating.

New Perfection WICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove

entirely removes the discomfort of cooking. Apply a match and immediately the stove is ready. Instantly an intense heat is projected upwards against the pot, pan, kettle or boiler, and yet there is no surrounding heat—no smell—no smoke.



Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

Why? Because The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is scientifically and practically perfect. You cannot use too much wick—it is automatically controlled. You get the maximum heat—no smoke. The burner is simple. One wipe with a cloth cleans it—consequently there is no smell.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is wonderful for year-round use, but especially in summer. Its heat operates upward to pan, pot, or kettle, but not beyond or around. It is useless for heating a room.

It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

**The Queen City Oil Company, Limited,
Toronto.**