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That is sure to please can always be purchased here.

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Also a First Class Hearse always in connection. Embalming a speciality.

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DEERING Binders, Mowers, Rakes and Twines, Wilkinson's Plows, Land Rollers and Diamond Smoothing Harrows, McGill Tarnip Sowers, Dowsell's Churns, Washers and Wringers, U. S. Cream Separators, Cameron & Dunn Hay Forks.

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Also a Number of Horses for Sale.

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DURHAM, — — ONTARIO.

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Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoof Ointment, go to

S. P. SAUNDERS

The Harnessmaker,

Wool.. Wanted

The highest price in Cash or Trade for any quantity.

Custom Carding and Spinning promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.

A LARGE assortment of Tweeds, Yarns, Blankets and Flannels always in stock. Ready-made Clothing of the latest design kept in stock.

Fresh Groceries always in stock at the Lowest Prices.

S. SCOTT,

DURHAM, ONT.

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]

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CHAPTER XIV. IN THE SIREN COUNTRY.

WITH the king admiration stood for affection, a mistake frequently made by people not given to self analysis, and in a day or two a reaction set in toward Brandon which inspired a desire to make some amends for his harsh treatment. This he could not do to any great extent on Buckingham's account—at least not until the London loan was in his coffers—but the fact that Brandon was going to New Spain so soon and would be out of the way both of Mary's eyes and Mary's marriage stimulated that rare flower in Henry's heart, a good resolve, and Brandon was offered his old quarters with me until such time as he should sail for New Spain.

He had never abandoned this plan, and now that matters had taken this turn with Mary and the king his resolution was stronger than ever in that the scheme held two recommendations and a possibility.

The recommendations were, first, it would take him away from Mary, with whom, when out of the inspiring influence of her buoyant hopefulness, he knew marriage to be utterly impossible, and, second, admitting and facing that impossibility, he might find at least partial relief from his heartache in the stirring events and adventures of that faraway land of monsters, dragons, savages and gold. The possibility lay in the gold, and a very faintly burning flame of hope held out the still more faintly glimmering chance that fortune, finding him there almost alone, might for lack of another lover smile upon him by way of squaring accounts. She might lead him to a cavern of gold, and gold would do anything, even perhaps purchase a priceless treasure as a certain princess of the royal blood.

Brandon at once accepted the king's offer of lodging in the palace, for now that he felt sure of himself in the matter of New Spain and his separation from Mary he longed to see as much as possible of her before the light went out forever, even though it were playing with death itself to do so.

Poor fellow! His suffering was so acute during this period that it affected me like a contagion.

It did not make a mope of him, but came in spasms that almost drove him wild. He would at times pace the room and cry out: "Jesu, Caskoden, what shall I do? She will be the wife of the French king, and I shall sit in the wilderness and try every moment to imagine what she is doing and thinking. I shall find the bearing of Paris and look in her direction until my brain melts in my effort to see her, and then I shall wander in the woods, a suffering imbecile, feeding on roots and nuts. Would to God one of us might die! If it were not selfish, I should wish I might be the one."

I said nothing in answer to these outbursts, as I had no consolation to offer.

We had two or three of our little meetings of four, dangerous as they were, at which Mary, feeling that each time she saw Brandon might be the last, would sit and look at him with glowing eyes that in turn softened and burned as he spoke. She did not talk much, but devoted all her time and energies to looking with her whole soul. Never before or since was there a girl so much in love. A young girl thoroughly in love is the most beautiful object on earth—beautiful even in ugliness. Imagine, then, what it made of Mary!

Growing partly, perhaps, out of his unattainability—for he was as far out of her reach as she out of his—she had long since begun to worship him. She had learned to know him so well, and his valiant defense of her in Billingsgate, together with his noble self sacrifice in refusing to compromise her in order to save himself, had presented him to her in no noble a light that she had come to look up to him as her superior. Her surrender had been complete, and she found in it a joy far exceeding that of any victory or triumph she could imagine.

The trouble began in earnest with the discovery of our meetings in Lady Mary's parlor. There was nothing at all unusual in the fact that small companies of young folk frequently spent their evenings with her, but we knew well enough that the unusual element in our parties was their exceeding smallness. A company of eight or ten young persons was well enough, although it of course created jealousy on the part of those who were left out, but four—two of each sex—made a difference in kind, however much we might insist it was only in degree, and this, we soon learned, was the king's opinion.

You may be sure there was many a jealous person about the court ready to carry tales and that it was impossible long to keep our meetings secret among such a host as then lived in Greenwich palace.

One day the queen summoned Jane and put her to the question. Now, Jane thought the truth was made only to be told, a fallacy into which many good people have fallen, to their utter destruction, since the truth, like every other good thing, may be abused.

Well, Jane told it all in a moment, and Catherine was so horrified that she

was like to faint. She went with her hair-lifting horror to the king and poured into his ears a tale of imprudence and debauchery well calculated to start his righteous, virtue-prompted indignation into a threatening flame.

Mary, Jane, Brandon and myself were at once summoned to the presence of both their majesties and soundly reprimanded. Three of us were ordered to leave the court before we could speak a word in self defense, and Jane had enough of her favorite truth for once. Mary, however, came to our rescue with her coaxing eloquence and potent feminine logic and soon convinced Henry that the queen, who really counted for little with him, had made a mountain out of a very small molehill. Thus the royal wrath was appeased to such an extent that the order of expulsion was modified to a command that there be no more quartet gatherings in Princess Mary's parlor. This leniency was more easy for the princess to bring about by reason of the fact that she had not spoken to her brother since the day she went to see him after Wolsey's visit and had been so roughly driven off. At first, upon her refusal to speak to him after the Wolsey visit, Henry was angry on account of what he called her insolence, but as she did not seem to care for that and as his anger did nothing toward unsealing her lips he pretended indifference. Still the same stubborn silence was maintained. This soon began to amuse the king, and of late he had been trying to be on friendly terms again with his sister through a series of elephantine antics and bearlike pleasantries, which were the most dismal failures—that is, in the way of bringing about a reconciliation. They were more successful from a comical point of view. So Henry was really glad for something that would loosen the tongue usually so lively, and for an opportunity to gratify his sister, from whom he was demanding such a sacrifice and for whom he expected to receive no less a price than the help of Louis of France, the most powerful king of Europe, to the imperial crown.

Thus our meetings were broken up, and Brandon knew his dream was over and that any effort to see the princess would probably result in disaster for them both; for him certainly.

The king upon that same day told Mary of the intercepted letter sent by her to Brandon at Newgate and accused her of what he was pleased to term an improper feeling for a lowborn fellow.

Mary at once sent a full account of the communication in a letter to Brandon, who read it with no small degree of ill comfort as the harbinger of trouble.

"I had better leave here soon or I may go without my head," he remarked. "When that thought gets to working in the king's brain, he will strike, and I—shall fall."

Letters began to come to our rooms from Mary, at first begging Brandon to come to her and then upbraiding him because of his coldness and cowardice and telling him that if he cared for her as she did for him he would see her though he had to wade through fire and blood. That was exactly where the trouble lay. It was not fire and blood through which he would have to pass; they were small matters—mere nothings that would really have added zest and interest to the achievement. But the frowning laugh of the tyrant, who could bind him hand and foot, and a vivid remembrance of the Newgate dungeon, with a dangling noose or a hollowed out block in the near back-

ground, were matters that would have taken the adventurous tendency out of even the cracked brain of chivalry itself. Brandon cared only to fight where there was a possible victory or ransom, or a prospect of some sort at least of achieving success.

So every phase of the question which his good sense presented told Brandon, whose passion was as ardent though not so impatient as Mary's, that it would be worse than foolhardy to try to see her. He, however, had determined to see her once more before he left; but, as it could in all probability be only once, he was reserving the meeting until the last, and had written Mary that it was their best and only chance.

She could not endure inaction, so she did the worst thing possible. She went alone one afternoon, just before dusk, to see Brandon at our rooms. I was not there when she first went in, but having seen her on the way suspected something and followed, arriving two or three minutes after her. I knew it was best that I should be present and was sure Brandon would wish it. When I entered, they were holding each other's hands in silence. They had not yet found their tongues, so full and crowded were their hearts. It was pathetic to see them, especially the girl, who had not Brandon's hopelessness to deaden the pain by partial resignation.

Upon my entrance she dropped his hands and turned quickly toward me with a frightened look, but was reassured upon seeing who it was. Brandon mechanically walked away from her and seated himself on a stool. Mary, as mechanically, moved to his side and placed her hand on his shoulder. Turning her face toward me she said, "Sir Edwin, I know you will forgive me when I tell you that we have a great deal to say and wish to be alone."

"I was about to go when Brandon stopped me. "No, no. Caskoden, please stay. It would not do. It would be bad enough, God knows, if the princess should be found here with both of us, but with me alone I should be dead before morning. There is danger enough as it is, for they will watch us."

Mary knew he was right, but she could not resist a vicious little glance toward me, who was in no way to blame. Presently we all moved into the window-way, where Brandon and Mary, sat upon the great cloak and I on a camp stool in front of them, completely filling up the little passage.

"I can bear this no longer," exclaimed Mary. "I will go to my brother tonight and tell him all. I will tell him how I suffer and that I shall die if you are allowed to go away and leave me forever. He loves me, and I can do anything with him when I try. I know I can obtain his consent to our—our—marriage. He cannot know how I suffer, else he would not treat me so. I will let him see; I will convince him. I have in my mind everything I want to say and do. I will sit on his knee and stroke his hair and kiss him." And she laughed softly as her spirit revived in the breath of a glowing hope. "Then I will tell him how handsome he is and how I hear the ladies sighing for him, and he will come around all right by the third visit. Oh, I know how to do it. I have done it so often. Never fear. I wish I had gone at it long ago."

Her enthusiastic fever of hope was really contagious, but Brandon, whose life was at stake, had his wits quickened by the danger. "Mary, would you like to see me a corpse before tomorrow noon?" he asked.

"Why, of course not! Why do you ask such a dreadful question?" "Because, if you wish to make sure of it, do what you have just said—go to the king and tell him all. I doubt if he could wait till morning. I believe he would awaken me at midnight to put me to sleep forever—at the end of a rope or on a block pillow."

"Oh, no; you are all wrong. I know what I can do with Henry." "If that is the case, I say goodbye now, for I shall be out of England, if possible, by midnight. You must promise me that you will not only not go to the king at all about this matter, but that you will guard your tongue, jealous of its slightest word, and remember with every breath that on your prudence hangs my life, which, I know, is dear to you. Do you promise? If you do not, I must fly. So you will lose me one way or the other if you tell the king—either by my flight or by my death."

"I promise," said Mary, with drooping head, the embodiment of despair, all life and hope having left her again. After a few minutes her face brightened, and she asked Brandon what ship he would sail in for New Spain, and whence.

"We sail in the Royal Hind from Bristol," he replied. "How many go out in her, and are there any women?" "No, no," he returned. "No woman could make the trip, and, besides, on ships of that sort, half pirate, half merchant, they do not take women. The sailors are superstitious about it and will not sail with them. They say they bring bad luck—adverse winds, calms, storms, blackness, monsters from the deep and victorious foes."

"The ignorant creatures!" cried Mary. Brandon continued. "There will be a hundred men if the captain can induce so many to enlist." "How does one procure passage?" inquired Mary.

"By enlisting with the captain, a man named Bradhurst, at Bristol, where the ship is now lying. There is where I enlisted by letter. But why do you ask?" "Oh, I only wanted to know."

We talked awhile on various topics, but Mary always brought the conversation back to the same subject, the Royal Hind and New Spain. After asking many questions she sat in silence for a time and then abruptly broke into one of my sentences. She was always interrupting me as if I were a parrot.

"I have been thinking and have made up my mind what I will do, and you shall not dissuade me. I will go to New Spain with you. That will be glorious—far better than the humdrum life of sitting at home—and will solve the whole question."

"But that would be impossible, Mary," said Brandon, into whose face this new evidence of her regard had brought a brightening look; "utterly impossible. To begin with, no woman could stand the voyage, not even you, strong and vigorous as you are." "Oh, yes I can, and I will not allow

you to stop me for that reason. I could bear any hardship better than the torture of the last few weeks. In truth, I cannot bear this at all. It is killing me; so what would it be when you are gone and I am the wife of Louis? Think of that, Charles Brandon; think of that, when I am the wife of Louis. Even if the voyage kills me, I might as well die one way as another, and then I would be with you, where it were sweet to die." And I had to sit there and listen to all this foolish talk!

Brandon insisted: "But no women are going. As I told you, they would not take one. Besides, how could you escape? I will answer the first question you ever asked me. You are of sufficient consideration about the court for all your movements to attract notice. It is impossible. We must not think of it. It cannot be done. Why build up hopes only to be cast down?"

"Oh, but it can be done. Never doubt it. I will go, not as a woman, but as a man. I have planned all the details while sitting here. Tomorrow I will send to Bristol a sum of money asking a separate room in the ship for a young nobleman who wishes to go to New Spain incognito, and will go aboard just before they sail. I will buy a man's complete outfit and will practice being a man before you and Sir Edwin." Here she blushed so that I could see the scarlet even in the gathering gloom. She continued: "As to my escape, I can go to Windsor, and then perhaps on to Berkeley castle, over by Reading, where there will be no one to watch me. You can leave at once, and there will be no cause for them to spy upon me when you are gone, so it can be done easily enough. That is it. I will go to my sister, who is now at Berkeley castle, the other side of Reading, you know, and that will make a shorter ride to Bristol when we start."

The thought, of course, could not but please Brandon, to whom, in the warmth of Mary's ardor, it had almost begun to offer hope, and he said musingly: "I wonder if it could be done? If it could—we could reach New Spain, we might build ourselves a home in the beautiful green mountains and hide ourselves safely away from all the world, in the lap of some cozy valley, rich with nature's bounteous gift of fruit and flowers, shaded from the hot sun and sheltered from the blasts, and live in a little paradise all our own. What a glorious dream, but it is only a dream, and we had better awake from it!"

Brandon must have been insane. "No, no! It is not a dream," interrupted downright determined Mary.

Then she got mad. She (having nothing else to say)—It's funny how we ever came to think so much of each other. He!—Funny? It's positively ridiculous!

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Sure. "How did the doctor tell you to take the medicine, Larry—internally or externally?" "Nayther wan, sor."

"But it must have been one or the other." "Divil a bit, sor. Nayther wan." "But look here, Larry; that's absurd. It must have been one or the other, you know."

"Nayther wan, I tell ye. He told me to snuff it up me nose."

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Here it was again. I thought that interview would be the death of me. Brandon held his face in his hands and then, looking up, said: "It is only a question of your happiness, and, hard as the voyage and your life over there would be, yet I believe it would be better than life with Louis of France. Nothing could be so terrible as that to both of us. If you wish to go, I will try to take you, though I die in the attempt. There will be ample time to reconsider, so that you can turn back if you wish."

Her reply was inarticulate, though satisfactory, and she took his hand in hers as the tears ran gently down her cheeks, this time tears of joy, the first she had shed for many a day.

In the Siren country again without wax! Overboard and lost! Yes, Brandon's resolution not to see Mary was well taken, if it could only have been as well kept. Observe as we progress into what the breaking of it led him.

He had known that if he should but see her once more his already tottering

will would lose its equipoise, and he would be led to attempt the impossible and invite destruction. At first this scheme appeared to me in its true light, but Mary's subtle feminine logic made it seem such plain and easy sailing that I soon began to draw enthusiasm from her exuberant store, and our combined attack upon Brandon eventually routed every vestige of caution and common sense that even he had left.

Siren logic has always been irresistible and will continue so no doubt despite experience. I cannot define what it was about Mary that made her little speeches, half argumentative, all pleading, so wonderfully persuasive. Her facts were mere fancies, and her logic was not even good sophistry. As to real argument and reasoning, there was nothing of either in them. It must have been her native strength of character and intensely vigorous personality—some unknown force of nature operating through her occult—that turned the channels of other persons' thoughts and filled them with her own will. There was magic in her power, I am certain, but unconscious magic to Mary, I am equally sure. She never would have used it knowingly.

There was still another obstacle to which Mary administered her favorite remedy, the Gordian knot treatment. Brandon said: "It cannot be. You are not my wife, and we dare not trust a priest here to unite us."

"No," replied Mary, with hanging head, "but we can—can find one over there."

"I do not know how that will be. We shall probably not find one—at least I fear. I do not know."

After a little hesitation she answered: "I will go to my sister, who is now at Berkeley castle, the other side of Reading, you know, and that will make a shorter ride to Bristol when we start."

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"It is not a dream. It shall be a reality. How glorious it will be! I can see our little house now nestling among the hills, shaded by great spreading trees, with flowers and vines and golden fruit all about it, rich plumaged birds and gorgeous butterflies. Oh, I can hardly wait! Who would live in a musty palace when one has within reach such a home, and that, too, with you?"

Here it was again. I thought that interview would be the death of me. Brandon held his face in his hands and then, looking up, said: "It is only a question of your happiness, and, hard as the voyage and your life over there would be, yet I believe it would be better than life with Louis of France. Nothing could be so terrible as that to both of us. If you wish to go, I will try to take you, though I die in the attempt. There will be ample time to reconsider, so that you can turn back if you wish."

Her reply was inarticulate, though satisfactory, and she took his hand in hers as the tears ran gently down her cheeks, this time tears of joy, the first she had shed for many a day.

In the Siren country again without wax! Overboard and lost! Yes, Brandon's resolution not to see Mary was well taken, if it could only have been as well kept. Observe as we progress into what the breaking of it led him.

He had known that if he should but see her once more his already tottering

will would lose its equipoise, and he would be led to attempt the impossible and invite destruction. At first this scheme appeared to me in its true light, but Mary's subtle feminine logic made it seem such plain and easy sailing that I soon began to draw enthusiasm from her exuberant store, and our combined attack upon Brandon eventually routed every vestige of caution and common sense that even he had left.