

THE QUEEN'S TOKEN

"Wonderful, indeed. Only himself and the Prior, says the writer, are in possession of this knowledge, and he records it that it may, at their respective deaths, pass into the keeping of some one individual thereby solemnly and secretly charged with the fulfilment of the trust, it called upon for such fulfilment, and if not, with the maintenance of the secret, and the due transmission in the appointed order. And then comes the narrative," Mr. Vaughan paused.

"Go on, go on," said Blanche. "I am not frightened, but it is like hearing the dead speak, like seeing the dead move, that after centuries this man's story should be told by himself to us."

"The monk, Brother Cyrilus, of the Order of Friars Preachers—" "Cyrilus" exclaimed Blanche. "The doctor of the bells the people talk of yet! Cyrilus's bells, which some hear still, which I have heard many a time, I have—don't smile at me; go on, go on."

"No doubt this Brother Cyrilus is the same—it was in the great troubles, they say, the bells were taken from Kifferran. He tells how he and a younger brother, the Cavalier de Valmont, whose name was Louis."

"De Valmont," cried Blanche. "De Valmont—it is Gemma's name." "Yes—it is Gemma's name, and I have no doubt that the document is the notion of that strange story which Gemma told me when she came to Tredehlyn—a solution of it in part, at least, and that wonderful amid all these strange occurrences, Tredehlyn itself has supplied the solution of the remainder. But listen to the stories of the brothers."

"Then, while the darkness waned, and the dawn broke over the ruined walls of Kifferran, the young lady of the land listened to the solemn statement which Brother Cyrilus wrote more than two centuries ago, and before wrote within the walls whose skeleton stood here and ghastrly in the coming light—the sorrowful story of his brother's gallant, loyal, fruitless enterprise, with motionless limbs and clasped hands, and a wildly beating heart."

"Forthwith as I know not if my brother had been in shipwreck, and have no certainty at all whether he lives or is dead, but am, nevertheless, persuaded that he is dead, though without proof of the fact, and I will describe that the trust which I have held shall be delivered to whomever shall demand it in the name of the Queen of Scots, and by showing the Queen's Token, without the showing of which, the form whereof is known to the Father Prior, the Trust shall not be delivered. The place wherein the Trust committed to me by my brother is laid in known only to my Father Prior and to myself, and shall be divulged by the survivor of us two to one individual, who shall be bound in the like manner as we are, to the fulfilment of the Trust, and shall in his turn divulge it, under seal of secrecy, to another, so that the purpose of the Trust may be fulfilled in time to come, but never otherwise than on the showing of the Token."

"And now," said Mr. Vaughan, who had read that passage from his translation of the scroll, "now comes the final disposition of the Trust, as the monk, before his brother's death, and that therefore he had become his heir, and no doubt desiring to secure the treasure to the community, in the event of the fulfilment of his brother's promise being impossible—not foreseeing the ruin and dispersion of his brethren. He declares that the Treasure is to become the property of the owners of Kifferran, when any one of them shall apply to the original purpose of the Trust shall have ceased to exist."

"I wonder what became of it," said Blanche, speaking for the first time. "I believe that it has never been found; that in the secret hidingplace in which this monk and the prior placed it, the treasure of the de Valmonts lies undisturbed, and I am right, Blanche, when I say so."

"Mine," she exclaimed, "mine!" "Yes, yours—yours by a solemn and valid deed of bequest. You are the owner of Kifferran, you are the dweller in the tower, you are the jeweller."

"I am bewildered," said Blanche. "I can hardly follow your argument. Where was the treasure hidden? What has become of Louis de Valmont? He was never heard of in France, according to the record in Gemma's family."

"He never was heard of again, but I think I know what became of him, and also where the treasure he deposited with his brother is."

"Mr. Vaughan took up a smaller piece of parchment, written on in a different hand, and in the English language. "This," said he, "is a kind of memorandum, written by the Prior of whom the monk speaks, and in which he records that, trouble having come upon the community, he is about to place Brother Cyrilus's record in a safe place, where it will incur no risk of being discovered, until such time as it may be permitted to him to return to Kifferran, or, in the event of his not returning, until the person on whom the trust will then devolve shall return to execute it. And the Prior adds a memorandum: 'Being in such straits that a swift destruction may at any time come upon us, and lest it should befall that I could do no more than tell one trusty person, I write herein, for the instruction of the person to whom I intrust it, that the token whereof our brother Cyrilus, now departed, makes mention as the Queen's Token, whereby the Queen of Scots, or her representative, shall alone make claim to the Trust, is a fair balas ruby, shaped in the form of a heart, and laid with one pearl. The which jewel was given by the Queen of Scots to the said Louis de Valmont, and is without peer, save that which was brought hither by the said Brother Cyrilus, and by him offered ex voto. Concerning which latter jewel, I have seen fit, as the times are troublous, and the community may be in straits, to place it, together with the aforesaid Trust, in the secure hiding-place

those which remain, we shall be able to calculate the whereabouts of the others by the spaces I think are getting at the truth, Mr. Vaughan, but we can test it no further to-night."

"When Blanche returned from the long drive to which she had condemned herself and Gemma—an act in which that young lady discerned the first want of consideration for her, of which her friend had ever guilty—she went to the ruin, where she found Mr. Vaughan and Colonel Ramsay. They were standing in the centre of the open space facing the cloister, and Blanche placed herself by Colonel Ramsay's side.

"We have made the minutest possible investigation," he said, "and have succeeded pretty well in reconstructing at least the outline of the abbey; and we think that the interpretation of two of the clauses in the note is found. 'First to the right' we take to apply to the flags in the cloister. 'Close to fourth' we interpret to mean the fourth under the heap of earth and stones on the opposite side, which are doubtless the corresponding flags to those which remain on this side. If we can but establish the point of departure, the rest is a matter of comparative measurement, by the number and space of the existing columns. But the last clause puzzles us completely, and 'Reckon from right wing of the present' we have been unable to interpret. It had never existed; and there is nothing of the kind in the place, not even in the indications of the wall, lesslessly disheartening. While he spoke Blanche had been scanning the skeleton walls from end to end, following the indications he gave, and was silent when he ceased speaking, gazing intently in the direction of a jagged piece of masonry which jutted outwards from the main wall, and just above which a small tablet, bearing a design in relief, much worn and hardly discernible, intruded upon the monotony of the decay.

"Stay," she said, pointing to the tablet; "perhaps the reference is not to the building at all—we have made out the design on the tablet you see there—Gemma and I—to be the winged Lion of St. Mark. See, one wing remains, plainly to be traced. Is this, do you think, the wing on which the space is to be measured?"

Colonel Ramsay followed her eager suggestion with close attention, and exclaimed: "You are right—there is no doubt you are right. You have solved the enigma, Miss Tredehlyn. Counting four columns from the right wing of the Lion, which can only be the columns still standing, this is the spot. He stood upon it, and struck the time-worn granite flag with his heel. 'Beneath this stone, if the treasure be undisturbed, I think the Queen's Token must be a charm, and its virtue potent for all time. If the treasure does not lie very deep—and that is not likely, for the hidings of it had no notion that it was to lie long concealed, and for their purposes a foot of earth would have sufficed as well as a fathom—Miss Tredehlyn shall see her mysterious inheritance to-night."

Blanche smiled, a strange absent smile, and leaving the two gentlemen to concert their plans, preceded them to the house. In the stillness of the night, when all was quiet, and the moon had withdrawn from the walls, Miss Tredehlyn stood by the window of her room, and looked for the feeble glimmer of the light which was fitting about the ruin. Her fingers crossed her breast, and many fancies crowded upon her, solemn thoughts filled her mind, in those hours of whose length she took no heed, though she was alone in them, and sometimes it all seemed unreal, and he was fain to ask herself if this was not a dream.

But the light ceased to glimmer, and her ear caught soft footfalls, which came nearer, but with frequent pauses, as though the feet were those of men who carry a heavy burden. They passed around the angle of the house, and then Blanche, who stood beside it with clasped hands and beating heart.

"Are you there?" said Colonel Ramsay, in a whisper. "Come down to the library. We have found Cyrilus's Trust."

"Yes—they had found it. The silent stealthy earth had given up her secret to the hands so strangely guided to the hiding place. The gold and the gems which Cyrilus had hidden for her, and which were destined for the Queen over whom an awful doom hung even then, lay all unharmed before the eyes of these modern people, to whom her memory was an ancient story. The bones of the Cavalier who had lived and died for her bleached fathoms deep beneath the sea; the dust of the monk who had loved her, not more wisely or less, than she glided with the earth, in which the treasure had lain. The token which had fired the one to the depths of the sea, rested on a girl's warm living breast, as bright and precious as when it did its errand of death. The token which the other had offered at the shrine of his penitence and his prayer—lay appressed beneath the lid of the strong iron coffin. Over its stone covering the feet of many generations had passed, on it beggars had crouched, shivering in the sunshine, and idlers had loitered in the tracks of the sandalled monks of old.

"I do not yet understand why Gemma was not told before," said Colonel Ramsay, when the delighted, and widened, heart had the treasure; "for if one portion of it be more wonderful than another, it is the presence of the last of the de Valmonts under your foot at the time of the discovery; it is the clearing up of the family mystery."

"I concealed this from you, dearest Gemma," said Miss Tredehlyn, with grave and impressive dignity, "until the treasure was actually in our hands, because I would not have had you disappointed, if we had never found it. For it is yours, the inheritance which should have come to our father's ancestors, to him, and to you. Think how thankful I am that it has been given back to you, in some measure by my instrumentality."

"Blanche! what do you mean? Stay, Miss Tredehlyn," interposed Colonel Ramsay; "you must not talk so wildly. Gemma has no possible claim, even if she or I could be induced to recognize any. You forget that the Comte de Valmont bequeathed the treasure to the possessor of Kifferran."

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"I feel this to be the most serious moment in my life," said Blanche, "and the happiest—in which, if Gemma refuses to take her inheritance, I give my friend, my sister, Cyrilus's Trust for her dowry."

Not of early death, with all its poetic allurements, had the phantom music of Cyrilus's bells whispered to Blanche Tredehlyn, but of a long and useful life and happy one, a long and useful life according to the world's notions, but the world and she had ever little in common; a life without close ties, but rich in the love and companionship of the poor, and the esteem of her "good people."

The ruined abbey of Kifferran is a ruin still, but in the nearest city there is a church, under the invocation of St. Dominic, of which the people care to Miss Tredehlyn, and strangers who visit it are told how that the stones under the altar were brought from Kifferran Abbey, and how that never since made their way out from any belfry in all the south, since Cyrilus's bells were carried away and lost, as the chimnes of St. Dominic. A small tablet on the wall of the church records that Mr. Vaughan was the first laid to sleep in the newly consecrated ground.

In one of the most ancient of the churches in Paris, a solemn structure in the midst of which the people care to the present, a richly sculptured tomb remains to this day, bearing the name and arms of De Valmont. It is placed in one of the aisles, near a side altar, and has, by some strange chance, escaped the shock and the desecration of the successive revolutions which have destroyed its compeers in beauty and in venerableness. Between the tomb and the altar, upon the marble wall, there hangs a reliquary, of fine goldsmith's work, of quaint design, whose contents are of unknown origin, but very famous for their value and variety. They are two heart-shaped jewels, each a fair balas ruby, laid with one pearl of price.

The abiding-place of the Queen's Token has been well chosen, for here, in the days of her innocent girlhood, the right royal state, Mary Queen of Scots was wont to kneel by the side of her "gentle Dauphin."

IN CASE OF FIRE. Value of Presence of Mind Not Easily Over-estimated. "Presence of mind and a few buckets of water"—these are the two desiderata in case of fire; at least so we are told by a writer in the Paris Cosmos (April 28). The former is a matter partly of temperament and partly of habit. The latter everyone may and should have on hand. The writer does not believe that dependence can be placed on chemical extinguishers or hand-grenades, although they have done good service. The great thing is to realize that much may be done to extinguish a fire by ordinary methods in a few seconds, and that these few moments of grace are all-gone away at one's disposal, no matter how imminent the danger. Says the writer—

"In fires, the danger, immediate though it may seem, is never instantaneous. There are always a few minutes in which to seek for a means of safety. "Take a few examples—A woman's hair takes fire; she seizes a towel, wraps it around her head, and then puts her head under the faucet. She will escape with very slight burns. You are cleaning your gloves with benzine, and it catches fire; you take off your hands, it will be sufficient to wrap them in the folds of your dress or to thrust them under a rug or a cushion. The flames will go out at once for lack of air. "Should you have a lamp, it will be great imprudence of filling a kerosene lamp while it is still hot; the kerosene has taken fire; the lamp has fallen and the flames leap up to the ceiling. Pull down the curtains as quickly as you can, and remove any inflammable furniture that is near; then throw wet-cloths on the flames to smother them. Never throw water on burning oil. "Should you have a fire in a room, do not try to put it out; you will only increase the damage. Shut the door quickly and go for pails of water, which you can throw in after opening the door again. You will perhaps save some of your clothes, and at any rate you will prevent the destruction of your house."

"When the clothes you are wearing take fire, it is the most elementary precaution to run, and not to open a window to call for help; this only aids the flames. You should simply roll on the floor and try to smother with part of your dress the portions that are burning."

STEREOTYPED ADVERTISING PHRASES. The symptoms of asthma are keenly distressing and are not easily confused with those of any other ailment. The victim is suddenly aroused by an intense anguish in the chest, the breathing is accompanied by a loud wheezing, the face becomes flushed and bathed in perspiration; he gasps for air, believing that each moment may be his last. After these paroxysms, which may last for hours, the patient usually falls asleep to arise next day weak, languid and debilitated.

Dr. Chase's treatment for asthma consists in the combined use of two of his remedies, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Asthma is a nervous disease, and the attacks are brought on by some irritation of the nerves along the air passages. These nerves are soothed and quieted and immediate relief afforded to the patient by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. In fact asthma is frequently thoroughly cured by the use of this remedy alone, as is evidenced by the testimonial quoted below.

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Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville, Ont., says: "I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the asthma very bad; could get nothing to do me any good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, as he had tried it and it proved successful. I tried it and it cured me. I am thankful to-day to say I am a well woman through the use of this remedy. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it."

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LEADING EVENTS OF THE WAR. A Complete Diary Up to and Including September 30th, 1900. In view of the important news of the flight of Kruger, the following leading incidents in the campaign are interesting:

Oct. 10. Boer ultimatum received. Oct. 11. State of war begun. Wires cut. Oct. 12. Natal invaded. Armored train derailed at Kraalpan. Oct. 13. Newcastle evacuated. Oct. 24. Battle of Glencoe (Talana Hill).

Oct. 21. Victory at Elands Laagte. Oct. 22. Dundee abandoned. Oct. 24. Battle of Rietfontein. Oct. 30. Two regiments surrender at Nicholson's Nek. Nov. 2. Ladysmith surrounded. Nov. 23. Battle of Belmont. Nov. 25. Battle of Enslin. Sir R. Buller arrives in Natal. Nov. 28. Battle of Modder River. Dec. 3. Plumer enters the Transvaal. Dec. 8. Sortie from Ladysmith. Three Boer guns destroyed.

Dec. 10. Reverse at Stromberg. Dec. 11. Battle of Magerfontein. British repulsed. Dec. 15. Battle of Colenso. British repulsed. Jan. 6. Attack on Ladysmith repulsed. Suffolk captured at Colongue. Jan. 9. British enter Free State at Jacobsdal. Jan. 23. Spion Kop captured. Jan. 25. Spion Kop abandoned. Feb. 5. Buller captured Vaalkrantz. Feb. 10. Buller's army arrived at Modder River. Feb. 14. Lord Roberts' advance begun. Feb. 15. French relieved Kimberley. Feb. 16. Flight of Cronje. Feb. 17. Cronje surrounded at Paardeberg. Feb. 27. Cronje surrendered with 4,000 prisoners. Feb. 28. Relief of Ladysmith. Mar. 7. Lord Roberts scattered the Boers at Poplar Grove. Mar. 13. Bloemfontein entered. Mar. 27. Death of Joubert. Mar. 31. Loss of British convoy and seven guns at Sanna's Post.

April 4. Capture of five companies by the Boers at Reddersburg. April 9. Colonial force attacked at Wepener. April 23. Carrington arrived at Beira. April 26. Warren left for Griqualand. May 5. Brandford occupied. May 6. Boers at Crossed. May 7. Battle of Zand River. Ventersburg occupied. May 12. Kroonstad taken by British. May 17. Mafeking relieved by Mah-grenades, although they have done good service. The great thing is to realize that much may be done to extinguish a fire by ordinary methods in a few seconds, and that these few moments of grace are all-gone away at one's disposal, no matter how imminent the danger. Says the writer—

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Aug. 23. B. P. recaptures 100 British prisoners. Aug. 24. Lord Roberts leaves Pretoria for the final move on Botha. Aug. 26. Buller's battle near Dalmanutha. Aug. 28. Buller enters Machadodorp. Aug. 29. Olivier captured with three sons. Aug. 29. Buller at Halvetia in pursuit of Botha. Sept. 1. Buller encamps at Badfontein. Sept. 3. Buller checked on the Crocodile River. Hamilton's column sent out. Sept. 3. Transvaal annexed. Sept. 5. Ladybrand relieved. Sept. 7. Baden-Powell arrives and is welcomed in Cape Town. Sept. 7. Hamilton's flank move successful. Sept. 8. Lydenburg captured. Sept. 10. Enemy in flight. Sept. 11. Pursuit continued. Supplies captured. Flight of Kruger. Sept. 12. Clements forces Delarey to retire north of Magaliesberg through Oliphant's Nek. Sept. 13. Roberts issues a proclamation to burghers, pointing out that the late President Kruger has resigned, that the war can have only one issue and stating that the Boers will do all in his power to bring the present guerrilla struggle to an end. Botha, on account of ill-health, temporarily gives command of the Boer army to Viljoen. Buller settled at Spitzkop, French, by a forced cavalry march, surprises Barberton, capturing supplies and many prisoners. Macdonald on the Vet River drives a command of some 500 Boers north of Winburg-Smaldeed Railway and captures a quantity of stores.

Sept. 14. Boer proclamation, dated Komati Poort, issued, giving Kruger leave of absence for six months, to visit Europe, to "forestall" the Boers, and here, Schrik Burger being empowered to act as President. Sept. 15. De Wet reported killed. Sept. 17. Nelspruit occupied without opposition. Sept. 19. "Nothing now left of the Boer army but a few marauding bands." Lord Roberts in a despatch, stating that 3,000 of the enemy retreating before the British advance have dispersed in all directions. Sept. 30. The first Canadian Contingent sent for home on the transport Idaho.

THE MACAULAY CENTENARY. Beautiful Old House in Which the Historian Was Born. October 25, 1900, marked the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Babington Macaulay. The future historian, says the London Illustrated News, was born on a remarkable day for England, for October 25 was already famous as the birthday of Chaucer and the birthday of Agincourt. Lord Macaulay first saw the light at Rothley Temple, the Leicestershire home of the Babingtons. "There," as Sir George Trevelyan records, "in a room panelled from ceiling to floor, like a very corner of the ancient mansion, with oak almost black from age, looking eastward across the park, and southward through an ivy-shaded window into a little garden, Lord Macaulay was born." From that picturesque seat of his kindred, the historian, on being raised to the peerage, took his territorial designation. Rothley Temple was formerly the property of the Harcourts, and then a Preceptory of the Knights Templars, and at the dissolution of the monasteries, passed into the hands of the Babingtons.

They Seldom See Money. It is hard to realize that in the mountain districts of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina there are many places where money is almost unknown, and skins of wild animals, butter and eggs and other commodities are still exchanged for coffee and sugar and calico. A recent visitor in this region tells about seeing coon, squirrel and rabbit skins passed over the counter of a country store in exchange for groceries. The owner of the store said that sometimes he never saw any money for months at a time. Four times a year hide buyers come out from Lexington and take the skins off his hands. Then he sends the money to Cincinnati for a new stock of goods.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO

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