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WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

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

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

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CHAPTER IV.

A LESSON IN DANCING.

LAUGHED heartily when Jane told me of the tilt between Brandon and Princess Mary, the latter of whom was in the habit of saying unkind things and being thanked for them.

Brandon was the wrong man to say them to, as Mary learned. He was not hot tempered—in fact, just the reverse—but he was the last man to brook an affront and the quickest to resent in a cool headed, dangerous way an intentional offense.

He respected himself and made others do the same, or seem to do so at least. He had no vanity, which is but an inordinate desire for those qualities that bring self respect and often the result of conscious demerit, but he knew himself and knew that he was entitled to his own good opinion. He was every inch a man, strong, intelligent and brave to temerity, with a reckless disregard of consequences, which might have been dangerous had it not been tempered by a dash of prudence and caution that gave him ballast.

I was not surprised when I heard of the encounter, for I knew enough of him to be sure that Mary's high handedness would meet its counterpart in my cool friend Brandon. It was, however, an unfortunate victory, and what all Mary's beauty and brightness, and the regard of consequences, which might have been dangerous had it not been tempered by a dash of prudence and caution that gave him ballast.

It might and probably would be "later," since, as Brandon had said, he was not one of those who wear the



"I met your friend. Did he tell you?"

heart upon the sleeve. Then he had that strong view of Mary's unattainableness, would probably come to his help. But never was man's heart strong enough to resist Mary Tudor's smile for long.

There was this difference between Brandon and most others—he would be slow to love, but when love should come fairly take root in his intense nature he would not do to trifle with it.

The night after the meeting Mary cuddled up to Jane, who slept with her, and whispered, half haughtily: "Tell me all about Brandon. I am interested in him. I believe if I knew more persons like him I should be a better girl, notwithstanding he is one of the boldest men I ever knew. He says anything he wishes and says it in his modest manner, is cool with me as if I were a burglar's daughter. His modesty is all on the outside, but it is pretty, and pretty things must be on the outside to be useful. I wonder if Judson thought him modest."

Jane talked of Brandon to Mary, who was in an excellent humor, until the girls fell asleep.

When Jane told me of this, I became frightened for the surest way to a woman's heart is to convince her that you make her better and arouse in her breast purer impulses and higher aspirations. It would be bad enough should Brandon fall in love with the princess, which was almost sure to happen, but for them to fall in love with each other meant Brandon's head upon the block and Mary's heart broken in case of a quarrel with the king. Her strong nature, was the stuff of which love makes a configuration that burns to destruction, and should she learn to love Brandon she would move heaven and earth to possess him.

She whose every desire from childhood up had been gratified, whose every wish seemed to her a paramount necessity, would stop at nothing when the dearest wish a woman's heart can coin was to be gained or lost. Brandon's element of prudence might help him and might forestall any effort on his part to win her, but Mary had never heard of prudence, and in case her caution avails but little when set against woman's daring. In case they both should love her, were sure to try for each other, and trying were equally sure to find ruin and desolation.

A few evenings after this I met the princess in the queen's drawing room. She beckoned me to her and, resting her elbows on the top of a cabinet, her chin in her hands, said: "I met your friend, Captain Brandon, a day or two ago. Did he tell you?"

"No," I answered. "Jane told me, but he has not mentioned it."

It was true Brandon had not said a word of the matter, and I had not spoken of it either. I wanted to see how long he would remain silent concerning an adventure that would bear set most men of the time. In case the great victor Mary and to come off victor was enough, I think, to loosen any tongue less given to bragging than Brandon's.

was seldom, but then beware. He had learned to swear in Flanders. "How she did fly at me the other morning! I never was more surprised in all my life. For once I was almost not know how to parry the thrust. I mumbled over some sort of a lame retaliation and beat a retreat. It was so unjust and unbecoming for that it made me angry. But she was so gracious in her remarks that I was almost glad it happened. I like a woman who can be as savage as the very devil when it pleases her. She usually has in store an assortment of possibilities for the other extreme."

"She told me of your encounter," I returned, "but said she had come off second best, and seemed to think her overthrow a huge joke."

"The man who learns to know what a woman thinks and feels will have a great deal of valuable information," he replied, and then turned over for sleep, greatly pleased that one woman thought as she did.

I was not sure he would be so highly gratified if he knew that he had been invited to see a wagger and to help Mary to a little sport.

As to the former, I had an interest there myself, although I dared not settle the question by asking Brandon if he played cards and danced, and, as to the latter of Mary's sport, I felt there was but little if any danger of her having too much of it at his expense.

The next evening at the appointed time we went out by way of an unrequented road and presented ourselves as secretly as possible at the drawing room of the princess.

The door was opened by Lady Jane, and we met the two girls almost at the threshold. I had told Brandon of the title and estates of the late Duke of Suffolk, and he had laughed over it in the best of humor. If quick to retaliate for an intentional offense, he was not thin skinned at a piece of pleasantry, and had none of that stiff, sensitive dignity so troublesome to oneself and friends.

Now, Jane and Mary were always bantering me because of my shortness and I had in fact, round, but I did not care. It made them laugh, and their laughing was so contagious it made me laugh, too, and we all enjoyed it. I would give a pound sterling any time for a good laugh, and that, I think, is why I have always been—

round.

So, upon entering, I said: "His grace the Duke of Suffolk, ladies."

They each made a sweeping courtesy, with hand on breast, and gravely saluted him.

"Your grace, good even."

Brandon's bow was as deep and graceful, if that were possible, as theirs, and when he moved on into the room it was with a little bow in his hand and a big grin on his face.

"I had a very pleasant time at the duke's house," he said, "and I am glad to see you all. I hope you are all well."

"I am well, thank you," said Mary, "and I hope you are all well."

"I am well, thank you," said Brandon, "and I hope you are all well."

"I am well, thank you," said Jane, "and I hope you are all well."

"I am well, thank you," said Mary, "and I hope you are all well."

"I am well, thank you," said Brandon, "and I hope you are all well."

"I am well, thank you," said Jane, "and I hope you are all well."

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"I am well, thank you," said Brandon, "and I hope you are all well."

with whom she usually associated maintained it for her; so she now felt, even after she thought of it, that she was in duty bound to clamber back, at least part of the way, to her dignity, however pleasant it was personally, down below in the denser atmosphere of informality.

In her heart the princess preferred, upon proper occasions, such as this, to abate her dignity, and often requested others to dispense with ceremony, as a fact she had done with earlier in the evening. But Brandon's easy manner, although perfectly respectful and elegantly polite, was very different from anything she had ever known. She enjoyed it, but every now and then the sense of her importance and dignity—for you must remember she was the first princess of the blood royal—would supersede even her love of enjoyment, and the girl went down and the prince came up. Besides, she half feared that Brandon was amusing himself at her expense, and that in fact this was a new sort of masculine humor. Really she sometimes doubted if it were a wisp of air, and did not know what to expect nor what she ought to do.

She was far more girl than princess, and would have preferred to remain merely girl and let every one else know that she was going for the like of it. But there was the other part of her which was princess, and which kept saying, "Remember who you are," so she was plainly at a loss between natural and artificial inclinations contending unconsciously within her.

Replying to Mary's remark over Jane's shoulder, Brandon said: "Your highness asked us to lay aside ceremony for the evening, and if I have offended I can but make for my excuse my desire to please you. Be sure I shall offend no more." This was said so seriously that his meaning could be misunderstood. He did not care whether he pleased so capricious a person or not.

Mary made no reply, and it looked as if Brandon had the worst of it.

For a few minutes talking, Mary wearing an air of dignity, cards were proposed, and as the game progressed she gradually unwent again and became affable and familiar as earlier in the evening. Brandon, however, was more regular in form. In the Old Testament the word "shekels" is frequently found, but as it denotes a weight as well as a coin, it has rather little or nothing from it. The earliest mention of money in the Bible probably refers to the coins of Persia, as the word "daric" is a mistake for the Persian "daric." This piece bore on the obverse the figure of the king kneeling and holding a bow and arrow. The reverse shows a rude idol. These were used about the thirteenth century B. C.

Long before this we find that Abraham received from Abimelech 1,000 pieces of silver, and again that Joseph was sold by his brother for 20 pieces, but there is much doubt about the meaning of the term "pieces of silver." One ancient Hebrew shekel bears on the reverse "Shekel of Israel, year 4," and above a chalice on the reverse "Jerusalem, the Holy Triple City." Some students say these coins were of the period of Ezra. At any rate, Sir John Lubbock, in his "Money," struck the word money is from the Latin "moneta." In Rome coins were first struck in the temple of Juno Moneta, and the name of the temple is derived from the Latin verb "monere"—to warn, because the edifice was built on the spot where Manlius held the speech of the besieging Gauls.

The sou is from the Latin "solidus." Our dollar, which is a corruption of "thaler," is from the Joachimsthaler, the money of the Joachimsthal valley, where, in the sixteenth century, they were first made. The word coin is probably from the Latin "cuneus," a die or stamp. Many pieces are named from their weight, as the English pound, the Italian lira, the French livre; others are called from the metal, as the aureus, the rupee—from the Sanskrit rupa—silver. Some are known from the name of the country, such as the Napoleon, the Louis d'or, and the dollar.

The origin of our word penny is unknown. Possibly we have it from a penny-toe, which is a far-fetched and unsatisfactory. The English pound was originally not a piece of money, but a weight, and comes from the Latin pondus. The French franc is an abbreviation of the inscription "Francorum Rex." Guineas were so called from the land in which the gold was first obtained.

These are only a few of the derivations and origins. A complete list of them would fill a volume.—Baltimore Herald.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Interesting Chronicles of a Famous Institution.

When the Bank of England commenced business in 1694, with a staff of fifty-four clerks, all of whom worked in a single room and the directors with them, no one imagined that the great national institution it is today. And its career, extending over two centuries, has brought it in touch with a wealth of romance, relics of which may be found in that department of the bank with which the public is least familiar—namely, its museum.

How many people know that the bank once issued a note for a penny—although it should be explained that this was entirely due to an error. But the penny note went into circulation all the same, and only by offering a reward of 25 was the bank able to get it back again before it passed into the hands of the curio collectors. This note is still preserved in one of the albums, and in another are some of the curious notes which saved the bank in 1745. In that year a great run on the funds took place—so great, in fact, that it was thought that the bank would be unable to meet it, but the directors in the nick of time sent a number of their clerks into the crowd to present notes which were paid in sixpences, thus giving the officials time to prepare for the demand for specie.

Another curiosity is a note for 21,000,000, which is the only one of that value ever printed, while there is also a note which was in circulation for nearly 150 years before it was presented.

Specimens of all the forged notes which have been uttered from time to time by the unscrupulous are kept, and their value aggregates several million

pounds, while notes brought from the wreck of the Eurydice and one taken from the stomach of an enormous codfish captured off the coast of Greenland are among the bank's most valued treasures.

There are hundreds of specimens of the curious coins which have been returned to the bank from all parts of the world, or found in the testing machine. This machine, by the way, tests 35,000 sovereigns a day, and automatically rejects the ones which have become light.

The museum library contains all the old ledgers which have been used by the bank since it was first opened, and they number 70,000, while another set of volumes gives a record of every member of the staff who has ever served at the bank. There are also 20,000 volumes of all kinds for the use of the staff, some of which are so rare that the same number of sovereigns would not purchase the collection.

The bank has its own churchyard adjoining the premises, and many of the officials have in former times been buried there. In one corner is the grave of a clerk who stood eight feet two inches in his socks.—London Tid-Bits.

CHINESE MEDICINE.

Amazing Concoctions Manufactured by Celestials in California.

Ordinary existence is a perilous undertaking for horned toads in California, for not only are they captured by thousands each year, mounted on cards and sold as souvenirs of the Golden State, but they constitute the principal ingredient in a popular Chinese medicine, which is guaranteed to cure rheumatism and various other ills.

If one peeks into any of the hundreds of Chinese shanties of Los Angeles or San Francisco he will discover that the horned toad is a collection of preserved snuff, but which on close inspection proves to be horned toads, snakes, centipedes, worms, scorpions and bugs. No Celestial is without such a medicine cabinet, and as there are thousands of Chinese in California the gathering of venomous creatures sufficient to supply the Oriental pharmacist is becoming a profitable industry among the lower classes.

L. A. Fown, a well educated Chinese interpreter, of No. 310 Apollon street, says that horned toads and rattlesnakes are used, taken internally or externally, are used to treat rheumatism. Hop Lee, a jolly vegetable man, who is a conspicuous figure in the streets of Los Angeles during his peddling days, often varies his work by going on a bug hunt. Hop is a medical wizard and the decoctions he manufactures in his old shanty are a marvel.

A party of tourists recently came upon the ancestral home of Hop and caught him marching up a dusty path with a basketful of toads. In response to exclamations of amazement from the visitors he said: "I ketchum heap horned toads." Then, twisting his cap more tightly to the back of his head, he continued: "What for you like see? I no gottie time, lain come in quick."

By moneyed persuasion he was induced to abandon his inhospitable abode and allow the tourists to go inside the laboratory.

Horned toads are prepared in various ways for various purposes. They are regarded as an excellent antidote for the itch, the theory being that like kills like. In preparing for the cure of this ailment Hop puts the toads in a small crenatory; usually alive, so that none of the medicinal qualities will escape, and heats them until they dissolve into powder, which he serves in homopoeitic doses. For curing colic Hop boils the toads until they are tender, after which he mashes and strains them and seals them in glass or earthen jars. If not convenient to preserve them he puts them on trays in the sunshine, where they remain till dry and crisp. He then stores them away in sacks, just as he does his surplus potatoes, and uses them at odd times according to the requirements of his patients.

Rheumatic sufferers have the utmost faith in the horned toad cure. As a remedy for this disease Hop puts the toads in glass jars of whisky, the most expensive to be obtained, and lets them soak for at least a year and a half. This preparation is taken internally in prescribed doses, or is rubbed over the afflicted parts.

Though horned toads are more extensively used in medicine by the workers of California, the medicinal qualities of rattlesnakes, scorpions, centipedes and worms are regarded with favor. Snakes are prepared in about the same way as the toads, while the other "bugs" though sometimes preserved, are more frequently dried.—Los Angeles Dispatch.

SULTAN'S IRON HAND.

How the Turkish Ruler Mysteriously Disposes of His Enemies.

Things get done in the sultan's realms—things like the massacres of 1895 in Asiatic Turkey and of 1903 in Macedonia—which come home to the consciousness of every thinking Turk, says Henry Thompson in the World's Work.

Take the case of the Koordish Sheikh Oukelid, who was a guest of the sultan for a time in 1883, and was afterwards sent to Mecca in order that pious occupation might keep him out of mischief. He died very soon after his arrival, of cholera, it was officially announced, although he was the only sufferer from cholera in Mecca that year.

Take the case of Mithad Pasha, the Liberal prime minister and champion of parliamentary government. He was tried for treason in aiding to rethron Sultan Abdul ul Aziz, and was sent to Taif, near Mecca. After a time he died rather suddenly. By and by a man who had been a soldier in Arabia appeared in Constantinople "babbling a tale that ended with, 'I did not know that it was Mithad Pasha, or I would not have put the soaped cord about his neck.'"

Of course the police saw that the man was crazy and put him where he was safe from harm.

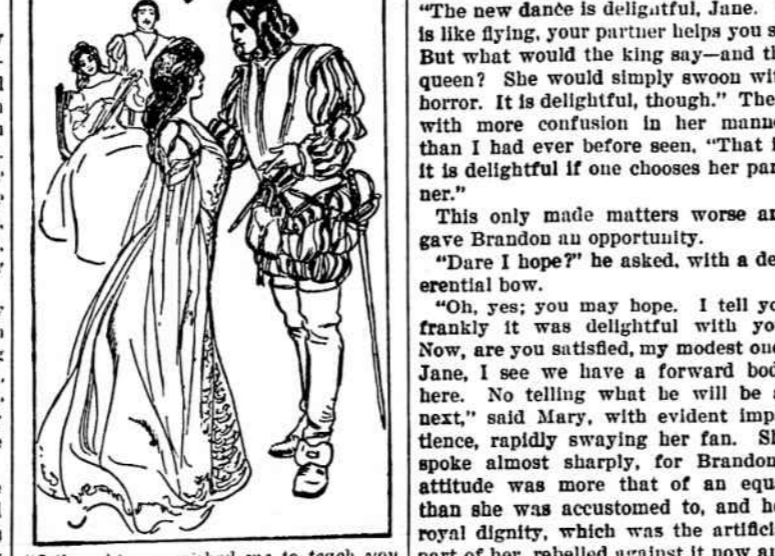
Take the case of Said Pasha, ex-grand vizier, who fled to the British embassy in Constantinople seven or eight years ago, declaring that he would be killed unless allowed asylum, and could not be induced to leave the building until the ambassador brought him a formal promise of safety sealed with the sultan's own seal.

Mediation upon this class of mysteries makes people shake in their shoes every time that they see one of these Great Unknowns in the news. Men do not say that the sultan does the things which cause his trouble, but that "the palace" does them. They speak of the "palace" as though it were a sentient, but invisible organism; and when they speak of the "weak behind" and take out their handkerchiefs and wipe a clammy sweat from their faces.

ASTUTY OF WRESTLING.

Probably the first authentic record of a wrestling match is in A. D. 1222, when chivalry on the European continent was undergoing a change for the better. During the reign of Henry III, of England a match took place in St. Giles' field, London, between citizens of Westminster and the city of London.

It was the custom in England at a much earlier period, and from that country many of the different styles originated.



"I thought you wished me to teach you the new dance."

Teach me at once! How, now, master of the dance? Here is your friend out-doing you in your own line.

"I am glad to hear it," I returned.

"If Lady Jane will kindly play some lively air written in the time of the sailor 'Lover,' I will teach the Lady Mary the new dance," said Brandon.