

MARKETS

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Jocelin's Penance

Then he paused—"What if I only looked into her chamber to see if all is well? What harm can rise from just one look? Surely sin is in intention!" Jocelin gave neither conscience nor reason time to argue the point—so, he crossed to the low doorway leading to Rhese's room and opened it. A faint light from the brazier flooded the little chamber. A toilet table stood in the centre of the room, the fire-light glancing on the brass and silver furnishings. By its side on a stool held in a silken heap, Rhese's clothing, Jocelin touched it. It seemed as if the dainty garments were still warm from the contact with her sweet body. Quicker he moved now, more softly, his slender, black-robed figure flitting through the shadowy room like some dark phantom of the night. It hovered for a moment round the curtained couch, and then it paused, and with trembling hand Jocelin drew the curtain. Rhese lay with her head turned toward him, her head half tilted backward, and her lips parted softly, and the red firelight played caressingly over her white neck and bosom; her glistening hair streaming all about her on the rich satin pillows, just as he had fancied it a moment since. One rounded limb was half disclosed, and lay white as marble against its rich, dark background; the taper foot tinted to rose beneath; the oval nails like burnished ivory. Jocelin's heart stood still, and then gave a great bound, as if it would leap from his bosom. The hot blood rushed to his head; his breath came fast as he stood gazing; forgetful of everything save that one throbbing, panting, wild desire to have and hold that warm, white beauty; to crush it close to him; to drink its sweetness, and never let it go! With a low, inarticulate cry he leaned forward and clasped Rhese in his arms, fastening his burning lips upon hers, and feasting on their dewy sweetness.

In the dark opening of the Gate chamber a figure paused a moment, and the leaning face and feverish eyes of Brother Roger, who, as some would hold would gaze upon a scene in Paradise. Then it disappeared quickly as it had come, like a dream flitting through a sleeper's brain. Jocelin, passion mad, bent his head to take further toll of the sweet prisoner's lips, as she awoke with a cry of terror which brought him to his senses. Then with one wild look of despair, and a faltered plea for pardon, Jocelin fled through the corridor down the stairway and outside Bradford; through colonnades, up terraces, in the cold moonlight through dark vaulted halls, until he reached his cell, where he fell upon his pallet, face downward, moaning in an agony of shame, and clutching at the straw.

The nocturnal bell sounded, but he did not heed its call. Later he rose and slipped his robe from him, and with pitying fingers of light his livid face, contorted in an agony of prayer, and his blood-streaked back and sides, as he knelt before his crucifix, crying, "Peccavi! Peccavi!" wailing with unfeeling hand the blood-stained scourge.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Alas for Jocelin! When that morning dawned on which he had prayed to make such a valiant stroke for liberty, it found him exhausted by his vigil, and the cruel flagellation to which he had subjected himself, too languid to do aught save lie upon his straw, and follow the same round his mind had been traversing all the long, long night. What was his intent? What were his desires? What were Rhese's thoughts of so gross an insult? How would it all end? What would this poor, self-accusing creature ask himself over and over. As to the latter question, the little wretched how near was its answering; for Jocelin thought, as do all young and untired souls in sorrow's shadow, when Anguish brings all her furies to scourge dying Hope and Joy, that this present woe could have no bitterer aftermath. But naught in this world is superlative, save death, and even that can hardly be called so, as there lies something beyond it. So while this wretched man asked himself, "What will be the result?" Brother Walter, early closeted with the Abbot, was bringing about a speedy ending.

Walter the Medius was not wickered, yet his was one of those distorted natures in which curiosity, distrust and envy lurked like toads beneath a stone, only waiting the hand of opportunity to uncover them. Thus it was with the firm consciousness of good faith he told the Abbot all he knew of Rhese's chamber, though the fact that Jocelin was handsome, popular, skilled in the arts, and favored by the Abbot may have colored the recital.


Samson heard him in silence; his firm jaw set like a trap of steel, but though his piercing eyes searched the informer's face, as if he would penetrate the shriveled soul of him, he could detect no deceit therein, and was forced to think what it told his heart strings to believe. "It shall be sifted," said he at length, "thoroughly, and at once. Go bid the Prior assemble all the brethren in the Chapter house, and straightway I'll come hither. Mind ye, I say all," he repeated impressively, as Walter departed, his voice slightly trembling, for he could not bear to mention Jocelin's name; for him, Abbot Samson loved best of all his household, and often thought, "Had it been permitted that I should have seen him, he would have been like this boy."

Left alone, the Abbot paced the parlor, tugging at his grizzled beard, frowning and muttering as he moved, and after a few moments passed into the oratory, where on his knees before the shrine he prayed for guidance to do firmly and justly what was to be done especially pleading for power



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hunted fear, as he passed from sight. "Mercy, my Lord, mercy!"

'Twas then a fair, disheveled figure sped up the aisle, with tangled locks falling about a resolute young face; and Rhese knelt at the Abbot's feet, echoing her lover's wailing cry—"Mercy, my Lord, mercy! Father, I will confess my fault. Torture him not, for Christ's sweet sake, for Jocelin came to me of mine own appealing."

Abbot Samson turned aghast, and he loosed Rhese's clinging arms, and stood looking down at her, disdain, fiery anger and sorrow struggling for mastery. Then his face hardened; his brow lowered. "Remove thee, woman!" he cried; but Rhese laid her cheek against his silken shoe, and the Abbot, pushing her from him with his foot, unheeding poor Mary's frantic shrieks of "It is not me, Lord, Abbot; let me speak!" cried, "Remove the lecher, and strode from the hall.

CHAPTER XIX.

'Twas the close of a dreary wind-swept day; winter had now set in; for two weeks Rhese had been locked fast in the Gate chamber. The Abbot had not seen her since the day of Jocelin's trial. It seemed as if he waited for time to cool his wrath before he decided how he should punish her who had proved his favorite's undoing. So Rhese passed her imprisonment as best she might, longing, yet desisting for the hour, to think when she should be summoned before the Abbot for his final decision. Mistress Mary had been sent back to De Cokefeld, weeping and protesting, with the rest of her lady's attendants. A surly, black-browed monk brought Rhese her scanty fare, and save for his daily coming she had been utterly alone. At first she had wept continually; more for Jocelin than for herself; but gradually the full horror of her position dawned upon her. In the chapter room on that fateful morning, seeking to save the wretched monk from torture, she had told the kindly lie, in the purity of her heart little thinking of its full import. But with many hours of lonely reflection, she had begun to ponder on the look of horror the monks' faces had worn, and the white rage and anguish depicted on the Abbot's countenance. Now she began to perceive that in the eyes of all she stood confessed a guilty thief, whose seductions had wooed a poor monk to his ruin. The trial was before her waking and sleeping, until in torture she prayed for some cord within her weary brain to break; that loss of sanity might blot out all remembrance of what had transpired.

As she sat hopelessly in the twilight, her face buried in her hands, a key turned in the door and her keeper entered. Usually surly and silent, he cleared his throat once or twice, as if to attract her attention, and as she glanced up in surprise, it seemed as if he looked at her significantly as he set down the wine and loaf which formed her daily sustenance. When he had gone, pushing them impatiently aside, a look of surprise came over her face, and she lifted the key, and breaking it, a key and folded bit of parchment fell to the table. Rhese carried the parchment to the window, and with straining eyes read these words: "Wilt thou believe the witch's prophecies, maid? I warned thee, but thou heededst not. If thou wouldst save the monk from his dark prison, and thyself from the clutches of the Princess Rosamund, for Samson will send thee thither in such hatings, but concerning the Crown of our English Realm, let thyself out after the nocturnal bell rings (this key unlocks all doors). Get thee to Bradford gate; untar it (and haste thee, for ere cock-crow thou must be away to De Cokefeld); once outside, follow the Abbey wall through the forest (if thy heart fail thee not, till thou hast gone full half the distance to the prison tower. Wait thou there.

(To be Continued.)

THOSE TERRIBLE PAINS OF KIDNEY SUFFERING CAN BE CURED

Don't give up! You can be cured and made well again.

That backache and dragging weakness can be stopped for an time.

Those sharp attacks when bending over, and that lameness in the morning can also be overcome.

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THIS STONE KEEPER

Itakomite, of Sandy Composition, Startles Its Handlers.

A great deal of interest has been recently directed to samples of Itakomite, a stone which is found in Brazil. When examined, Itakomite is cut into thin plates, and when examined with a microscope it is found to be composed almost entirely of fine grains of sand of peculiar shape, with indented edges, which interlock like the fingers of clasped hands. The flexibility of the material result from this interlocking of the grains of sand, of which it is chiefly composed. Although but a few persons know that stone can be so strikingly but hard, the flexible stone is not so much of a curiosity as it seems, for it is found in North Carolina, and there are specimens of it in the cases of a Philadelphia collection. The sensation of handling a piece of stone which bends like a piece of rubber is a strange experience. If handled too roughly the stone breaks.



Willie—Sis wanted to send Pa a book to read. He's lonesome up in the city.

Villager—Well, did she?

Willie—No, ma said he had the thermometer to read.

DID GOOD WORK

British Railways and Their Share in Great War.

The experience of the great campaign has shown how much Germany is indebted to railways for her strategy. It is no small tribute to German railway management that it has been able to build up a railway system with special reference to means of offense and defense, without cost to the German taxpayer. In connection with both the eastern and western campaigns, Germany has been able to move large masses of men from point to point with great rapidity. The railway has been a cardinal point in the German campaign.

In the case of Britain, an island defended by the sea, the railways have been only needed to assemble troops and supplies at ports of departure, and to move bodies of men in training about the country. These are important functions; it was altogether impossible to continue with a host of independent railway managements. It was also out of the question to enter at short space upon a scheme of nationalization by purchase. But fortunately it had been foreseen, in granting the Regulation of the Forces Act in 1871, that occasion might arise for the Government to take over the railway services. Section 16 of that Act runs that when the Crown by order-in-Council declares that an emergency has arisen in which it is expedient for the public service that the Government should have control over the railways of the United Kingdom, or any of them, the Secretary of State may empower any person or persons to take possession in the name of the Crown of any British railroad and to use it in any such manner as the Government may direct. Further, that the directors, officers and servants of a railroad so taken over shall obey the directions of the Government.

In accordance with this enactment the British Government, on Aug. 4, the very day on which it declared war against Germany, issued an order-in-Council declaring it expedient that the Government should have control over the railways in Great Britain, this control to be exercised through an executive committee composed of general managers of railways which had been formed for some time, and which had prepared plans with a view to facilitating the working of the act. Thus, by a stroke of the pen, under an act of Parliament forty-three years old, the British Government took control of the railways of the United Kingdom.

The national control has been exceedingly successful. The National Executive has been able to move troops to the ports by night and by day with few hitches. A great army, the precise number of which has not been divulged, but which is known to be enormous, has been successfully conveyed to the south coast for transport across the Channel, together with gigantic quantities of military stores, from ammunition to horses, and from food to artillery. The National Board has been in complete control of the situation. Each company has had to do what it was told and to make any arrangements necessary for the safe and speedy conduct of the abnormal traffic. The ability of a picked body of British railway managers has shown itself equal to the occasion, and gone far to prove what a very different thing can be made of the British railway service in peace if the best men in it were given a real chance to show what they could do.—L. G. Chiozza Money in the October Metropolitan.

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Animals That Never Drink.

It would seem that water is so indispensable to life that no animals could exist without drinking. Nevertheless, Dr. Blanford asserts that the antelope which live in the sand desert between the salt lake "Chika" and the sea never drink. This has been doubted by physiologists, who deny that existence is possible in such conditions, but comparative evidence is now adduced by Dr. Drake-Truckman. It appears that since late a troupe of gazelles have lived in the small island "Sand-Din" on the side of Somalia, where there is no source of water and where the annual rainfall is less than three inches, so that these gazelles cannot obtain water except after very rare showers.

Out of the Mouths of Babies.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me who Joan of Arc was?"

"I guess she was the wife of Noah, who built it," answered Tommy.

Little Margretta—I deess my dolly mus' be sick, mamma.

Mamma—What seems to be the matter with her, dear?

Little Margretta—I deess her tant's digest all ze savadist what her's eated.

Little Frank had just returned from church one Sunday morning.

"Grandma," he queried, "are you a Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or what?"

"I am not a member of any denomination, my dear," she replied.

"Well," continued Frank, "don't you think it's about time you were catching on somewhere?"—Exchange.

Those troubled with warts should cure them now while milkweed can be procured. Break the stalk and cover the wart with the white, milk-like fluid. Do this three or four times a day and the worst kind of wart will disappear.

Why Milk Sours.

We are told by those who study the ways and ravages of the microscopic microbe that he is very fond of sugar, and that he delights to gratify this liking by turning the supply in milk into an acid which sours the milk. These microbes are constantly in the air, alive though invisible, and ready to drop into the milk when they can. It is were possible to keep the milk from the air after the cow is milked it would not turn sour. Warm milk is particularly inviting to the microbe and favorable to his operations. He does not get along well under conditions, and that is why the sweetness of milk can be preserved if it is kept cold. Boiling fresh milk changes the sugar in such a way that the microbe cannot feed upon it.—Battell.

The man who wears squeaky shoes has no music in his sole.

I will chide no breathers in the world but myself, against whom I know many faults.—"As You Like It."

Men in Petticoats.

It will probably be a matter of surprise to the general reader to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. In the reign of King Henry VII. the dress of the English was so fantastic and absurd that it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. In the inventory of Henry V. appears a "petticoat of red damask with open sleeves." There is no mention of a woman's petticoat before the Tudor period.

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