

COOPERATIVE SOCIETY

of the

UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI



Headquarters for Student Supplies



COME TO US FIRST AND THEN
COMPARE PRICES

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Would the family of Gorillis elect another of their number to be queen-consort for the festival of the king's birthday? Not while Peregrinne drew breath. Too long had this darkness hovered over the land of Zephantia. For too many years had the Gorillis elected one who bore their name to be queen. For it was the custom in those days for the knights who had won their golden spurs, to choose the fairest maiden in the land to sit at the king's right, on that day of days—a coveted honor in those times. This was the office that Peregrinne would have his lady win. But the odds were against her. A singularly prolific ancestor of the house of Gorillis had seen to it that his progeny were many, which progeny, Peregrinne reflected, having come by their golden spurs in diverse, shady and questionable manners, would annually swing the election to embrace one of their number, who, sad to say, was seldom as fair or popular as she was holy.

"Mary Valeria," Peregrinne spoke half aloud, "shall be queen. She is the fairest. She is possessed of all the virtues. Her fame is far spread throughout the kingdom. She shall be queen."

So saying, he hobbled away, humming the music of some old forgotten ballad . . .

And it is narrated in old chronicles of the preparation that was made for the festival—the deer that were roasted whole, the fruits and vintages that were stored awaiting the birth celebration of the king, and the rare foodstuffs that were brought from the Orient. The old tale tells further of the bands of jugglers and minstrels who had come out of far places, to entertain the noble company. For the good king had decreed that all should be so.

When the veil of darkness had fallen over the country summoning all decorous Zephantians to slumber, Peregrinne stole forth to the north wing of the castle wherein slept many visiting warriors. Door after door he noiselessly opened, room after room he entered, stealthily searched about, departing with swords emblazoned with the coat of arms of the Gorillis, marking whence he took them. In one room the moonlight disclosed a likely looking wench curled up in the arms of a sleeping grand duke. In another room only the snoring of a shaggy champion drowned the clanking of a fallen sabre. But no time had Peregrinne to observe the distortions of sleep. Fast must he labor. A cock crew in the distance. The jester worked on, carrying all the swords with him, and it was dawn ere he had come back to return them to their places.

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