Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED.

He bad only gone a few yards when board him cry out. The next instant, record running against him myself, I vaded, for the man had screamed more what had happened. The women than once.

But they ittle court into which the street ran and had caught him as neatly as could be. When I came upon them, the taller woman was standing at bay, with a passion that was almost fury in her pose and gesture. Her face, from which the hood of a coarse cloak had fallen back, was pale with anger. Her gray cyes flashed. Her teeth glimmered. Seeing her thus, and seeing the bur-Seeing her thus, and seeing the bur-fen she carried under her cloak, which instruct told me was her child, I thought of a tigress brought to bay. "You lying knave!" she hissed. "You

The man receiled a couple of paces

The man receiled a couple of paces and in receiling nearly touched me.

"What would you?" she continued.

"What would you?" she continued.

"What would you want? What would you do? You have been paid to go. Go, and leave us."

"I dare not," he muttered, keeping away from her as if he dreaded a blow. She looked a woman who could deal a blow, a woman who could both love and hate fiercely and openly—as proudend frank and haughty a lady as I had ever seen in my life. "I dare not," he mustered sullenly. "I have my orders."

"Oh!" she cried with scorn.

Statistical sullenly. "I have my or creative, and again, but I saw that his eyes did not meet the oat. But from whom sirrah? Whose orders are to supersede mine? I would have you whipped to Tyburn. Speak, rogue. Who bade you follow me?"

Eve shook his head.

Elbe looked about her wildly, passionately, and I saw that she was at her wits ead what to do er how to escape her. But she was a woman. When the met spoke there was a marvelous change in her. Her face had grown soft, her voice low. "Philip," she said cently, "the purse was light. I will give you more. I will give you treble the amount within a few weeks, and my husband shall be such a friend to you say was have never dreamed of if you will enly go home and be silent. Only that—or better still walk the streets an hear and then report that you lost sight of us. Think man; think!" she cried, with energy. "The times may change. A little more and Wyatt had been master of London last year. Now the people are fuller of discontent than ever, these burnings and torturings, these Spankards in the streets—England will not endure them long. The times will not endure the long the properties of the week had no love the long that had a carried to the long

when I took three steps forward and gripped him by the scruff of his neck.

"You have your orders, have you?" I mattered in his ear as I shook him to and fre, while the taller woman started back and the younger uttered a cry of alarm at my sudden appearance. "Well you will not obey them." Do son hear? Your employer may go have! You will do just what these laddes please to ask of you."

He struggled an instant, but he was an undersed man, and he could not seem the hold which I had secured the man between the hold which I had secured the secured that my belsure. Then I noticed his hand

can underseed man, and he could not become the hold which I had secured at my leisure. Then I noticed his hand going to his girdle in a suspicious way. "Step that," I said, flashing before his eyes a short, broad blade which had cost many a deer's throat in old Arden forest. "You had better keep quiet or it will be the worse for you. Now, mistress," I continued, "you can dispose of this little man as you wease." "Who are you" she said after a pause, during which she stared at me in open astonishment. No doubt I was a wild booking figure.

"A friend." I replied, "or one who would be such. I saw this fellow follow you, and I followed him. For the last five minutes I have been listening to your talk. He was not amenable to reason then, but I think he w.!! be now. What shall I do with him?" She smiled faintly, but did not answer at once, the coolness and resolution with which she had faced him before falling her now, possibly in sheer moverthement or because my appear.

tion with which she had faced him betions with which she had faced him betions falling her now, possibly in sheer
assontishment or because my appearsuce at her side, by removing the
strain, sapped the strength. "I do not
know," she said at length in a vague,
puzzled tone.

"Well," I answered, "you are going
to the Lien wharf, and"

"Oh, you fool!" she screamed out
and. "Oh, you fool!" she repeated
bitterly. "Now you have told him

"I"

I stood confounded. My cheeks burned with shame, and her look of contempt cut me like a knife. That the reproach was deserved I knew at once, for the man in my graap gave a start, which proved that the information was not test upon him. "Who told you," the woman went on, clutching the child jealously to her breast, as though she saw herself menaced afresh. "Who told you about the Lion wharf?"
"Never mind." I answered gloomily. "I have made a mistake, but it is easy to remedy it." And I took out my knife again. "Do you go on and leave us." I stood confounded. My cheeks burned

man in my grapp gave a start, which proved that the information was not upon him. "Who told you," the woman went on, clutching the 'child jealously to her breast, as though she saw herself menaced afresh. "Who told you about the Lion wharf?"

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I bardly know whether I meant my shreat or no. But my prisoner had no doubts. He shrieked of a wild cry of fear which rang rould the expty court—and by a rapid thew, despair giving him courage, he dashed the hunding knife from my hand. This done, he ifrst flung himself on me, then tried by a sudden jerk to free hunself. In a moment we were down an the stones and tumbling over one another in the dirt, which was still in his girdle, and I strove to prevent him. The fight was sharp, but it lasted barely a minute. When the first effort of his Gerpair was spent, I came uppermost, and he was but a child in my hands. Presently, with my knee on his chest, I looked up. The women

were still there. The younger clinging

But they hesitated. I had been forced to hurt him a little, and he was moaning piteously. "Who are you?" the elder woman asked, she who had spoken all they are. all through. 'Nay, never mind that," I answered.

"Do you go. Go while you can. You know the way to the whart."
"Yes," she answered. "But I cannot

"Yes," she answered. "But I cannot go and leave him at your mercy. Remember he is a man and has"—

"He is a treacherous scoundrel," I answered, giving his throat a squeeze, "but he shall have one more chance. Listen, sirrah," I continued to the man, "and stop that noise, or I will knock out your teeth with my dagger hilt. Listen and be silent. I shall go with these ladies, and I promise this—if they are stopped or hindered on their way, or if evil happens to them at that wharf, whose name you had better for-

these ladies, and I promise this—if they are stopped or hindered on their way, or if evil happens to them at that wharf, whose name vou had better forget, it will be the worse for you. Do you hear? You will suffer for it, though there may be a dozen guards about you. Mind you," I added, "I have nothing to lose myself, for I am desperate already."

He vowed, the poor craven, with his stuttering tongue, that he would be true and vowed it again and again. But I saw that his eyes did not meet mine. They glanced instead at the knife blade, and I knew even while I pretended to trust him that he would betray us. My real hope lay in his fears and in this—that as the fugitives knew the way to the wharf, and it could not now be far distant, we might reach it and go on board some vessel—I had gathered they were fleeing from the country—before this wretch could recover himself and get together a force to stop us. That was my real hope, and in that hope only I left him.

We went as fast as the women could walk. I did not trouble them with questions. Indeed I had myself no more leisure than enabled me to notice their general appearance, which was that of comfortable tradesmen's women folk.

swered, "let your friend carry it for a time. I can see you are tired out." Through the mist she bent forward Through the mist she bent forward and peered into my face, her eyes scarcely a foot from mine. The scrutiny seemed to satisfy her. She drew a long breath and held out her burden. "No." she said. "You shall take him. I will trust you."

I took the little wrapped up thing as gently as I could. "You shall not repent it if I can help it, mistress"—
"Bertram." she said.

pent y as I could. For shall not repent it if I can help it, mistress.—

"Bertram," she said.

"Mistress Bertram," I repeated. "Now let us get on and lose no time."

A walk of a hundred yards or so brought us clear of the houses and revealed before us, in place of all else, a yellow curtain of fog. Below this, at our feet, yet apparently a long way from us, was a strange, pale line of shimmering light, which they told me was the water. At first I could hardly believe this, But, pausing a moment while my companions whispered together, dull creakings and groanings and uncouth shouts and cries, and at last the regular beat of oars, came to my ears out of the bank of vapor and convinced me that we really had the convinced me that we really had the river before us.

Mistress Bertram turned to me abruptly. "Listen." she said, "and decide for yourself, my friend. We are close to the wharf now, and in a few minutes shall know our fate. It is possible that we may be intercepted at this point, and if that happens it will be bad for me and worse for any one aiding me. You have done us gallant service, but you are young, and I am adding me. You have done us gallant service, but you are young, and I am loath to drag you into perils which do not belong to you. Take my advice, then, and leave us now. I would vice, then, and leave us now. I would be stilly

Tould reward you," she added hastily, "but that knave has my purse."

I put the child gently back into her arms. "Goodby," she said with more feeling. "We thank you. Some day I may return to England and have ample power"—

though I reminded her of some one. Paying little heed to this then, I hurried her and her companion down to the water, traversing a stretch of foreshore strewn with piles of wood and stacks of barrels and old rotting boats, between which the mud lay deep. Fortunately it was high tide and we had not far to go. In a minute or two I distinguished the hull of a ship looming large through the fog, and a few more steps placed us safely on a floating raft, on the far side of which the vessel lay moored. vessel lay moored.

There was only one man to be seen lounging on the raft, and the neighborhood was quiet. My spirits rose as I looked round. "Is this the Whelp?" the tall lady asked. I had not heard the other open her mouth since the encounter in the court.
"Yes, it is the Whelp, madam," the

res, it is the wheip, madam," the man answered, saluting her and speak-ing formally and with a foreign ac-cent. "You are the lady who is ex-pected?" "I am," she answered, with author-

"I am," she answered, with authority. "Will you tell the captain that I desire to sail immediately, without a moment's delay? Do you understand?" "Well, the tide is going out," quoth the sailor dublously, looking steadily into the fog, which hid the river. "It has just turned, it is true. But as to sailing".

She cut him short. "Go, go, man! Tell your captain what I say. And let down a ladder for us to get on board."

board."

He caught a rope which hung over the side, and swinging himself up disappeared. We stood below listening to the weird sounds which came off the water, the creeping and flapping of masts and canvas, the whir of wings and shrieks of unseen gulls, the distant hail of boatmen. A bell in the city solemnly toiled eight.

The younger woman shivered. The

solemnly toiled eight.

The younger woman shivered. The elder's foot tapped impatiently on the planks. Shut in by the yellow walls of fog, I experienced a strange sense of solitude. It was as if we three were alone in the world, we three who had come together so strangely.

CHAPTER VI.

We had stood thus for a few moments when a harsh votce, hailing us from above, put an end to our several thoughts and forebodings. We looked up, and I saw half a dozen nightcapped up, and I saw half a dozen nightcapped up, and a man nimbly descending, held it tight at the bottom. "Now, madam," he said briskly. They all, I noticed, had the same foregin accent, yet all spoke English, a singularity I did not understand until I learned later that the boat was the Lion's Wheip, trading between London and Calais and manned from the later place.

Mistress Bertram ascended quickly and steadily, holding the baby in her arms. The other made some demur, lingering at the foot of the ladder and looking up as if afraid until her companion child her sharply. Then she, too, went up, but as she passed me—I was holding one side of the ladder steady—she shot at me from under her hood a look which disturbed me strangely.

It was the first time I had seen her We had stood thus for a few mo-

me strangely.

It was the first time I had seen her It was the first time I had seen her face, and it was such a face as a man rarely forgets, not because of its beauty, rather because it was a speaking face, a strange and expressive one, which the dark waving hate, swelling in thick clusters upon either temple, seemed to accentuate. The features were regular, but, the full ned lip, excepted, rather thin than shapely. The nose, too, was prominent. But the eyes. The eyes seemed to glorify the dark, flashing eyes, and their smile seemed to me perpetually ta challenge, to allure and repulse and even to good. Sometimes they were gay, more rarely sad, sometimes soft and again hard as steel. They changed in a moment as one or another approached her. But always at their gayest, there was a suspicion of weariness and fatigue in their depths, on so II thought later.

Something of this flashed through my mind as I followed

"Neither," he answered doggedly. "I condition and only remarked the distress and exhaustion which one of them was suffering when she began, notwithstanding all her efforts, to lag behind. Then I sprang forward, blaming myself much. "Forgive me," I said. "You notice of me, either because they did not see me ar because, seeing me, they then I sprang forward. Let me carry the child, mistress."

Exhausted as she was, she drew away from me jealously.

"No," she panted. "We are nearly there. I am better aww." And she have your orders, have you; "No," she panted the child closer to her, as though she feared I might take it from her by force.

"Well, if you will not trust me," I answered in his car as I shook him swered. "let your friend carry it for a girdles.

girdles.

The foremost and, biggest of these seemed to be the captain, although, so far as outward appearances went, the only difference between him and his crew lay in a marline spike which he wore slung to a thong beside his knife. When I reached the deck, he was telling a long story to Mistress Bertram, and telling it very slowly. But the drift of it I soon gathered. While the fog lasted he could not put to sea.

while the rog lasted he could not put to sea.

"Nonsense!" cried my masterful companion, chafing at his slowness of speech. "Why not? Would it be dan-gerous?"

"Well, madam, it would be danger-ous," he answered, more slowly than ever. "Yes, it would be dangerous. And to put to sea in a fog? That is not seamanship. And your baggage has not arrived."

(Continued Next Week.) Rooster Beats the Octopus.

John Durvosky, living in a little shack on the right of way of the Great North-ern railway, near South Superior, has not purchased a pound of coal this fall, nor does the speedy descent of winter hold any terrors for him, says the Duluth Heraid. He has solved the vexing problem of supplying himself with fuel without cost. His back fence is not a good stone's throw from the car tracks. This led to his expense saving device. One day he happened to notice some of the brakeman heaving chunks of coal at a fleeing man heaving chunks of coal at a fleeing canine. He was seized with an inspiration. He immediately rigged up a stuffed rooster. The decoy for the flying missiles from the hands of the brakeman was sefrom the hands of the brakeman was securely tied on the back fence. The rooster has weathered many a storm of falling coal, but continue to bring home the chunks of anthracite and the nuggets from the valley of the Lehigh.

Of course, if the inanimate rooster were never to fall a victim to the shots of the brakies some suspicion might attach to its heing a live one. Once the word was

its being a live one. Once the word was out that the odd specimen of chickenhood on the back fence was not of flesh and blood, the rain of coal would cease, and Durvoskey would again be beset with the trials and tribulations that ang at the purse of the average citizen. He has pro-vided for such an occurrence.

Attached to the steel reinforced neither imbs of the fowl is a spring. Attached to this spring is a little Durvosky, at the most opportune moment, when the hail of anthracite is falling thickest. Like the defenders of an earthen redoubt, who snuggle in holes of the earth, away from the bursting schrapnel, so one of the little Durvoskys will lie in a shelter under the lee of the fence, and work the spring, while the improvised coal bin is reaping the harvest of the failing coal.

So, while the average househelder and family man scans anxiously the price of coal and reads with grashing of teeth of the machinations of the coal octopus.

John Durvosky goes quietly on his way,
confident that the inanimate rooster and
the little Durvoskys have stolen a march



It was only a question of weeks, pos- | bounder wins! By Jove! It isn't right sibly months. You will guess, if you at ail! What in thunder does she see read a little way, and the details of the in him?" and more of this tenor until matter are of small concern to the he drove under his own port-cochere Still, Tom Morleigh was far and threw the reins to his man.

posal, and a third came in quick order. Each met with a definite negative. Upon his second sally Drusie bestowed a charitable smile, and remarked: "Please, Jack, don't be silly." The next Each met with a definite negative.

Upon his second sally Drusie bestowed a charitable smile, and remarked: "Please, Jack, don't be silly." The next time he tried it she was not so patient. "You seem determined to spoil our summer," she said, as though she was accusing him of a black conspiracy.

world. Still, Tom Morleigh was far from thinking that Drusie was as good as his, although he had read her heart, as he thought, a long way. Like most of his gender in such cases, he reveiled for a while in the placid belief that when the time came she would be his for the asking. The shock of distilusion came when he offered his hand. Her prompt rejection gave him a new point of view in regard to women, but it did not hint for a moment that the cause was lost. "It's the old story," he told himself; "I was too sure." The incident stirred his sporting bloodi and made him resolve to win her by playing a stronger game.

In due season there was a second proposal, and a third came in quick order. Each met with a definite negative.



idea what a heartless fifrt you are?"
were his words. It was Drusie's cire
for tears, and she took it copiously,
making the while a hurried exit, or
rather an entrance through the French
window. Monieigh remained standing
on the veranda a moment, and, thanks
to his changing point of view, took new
heart. He began to pat himself for his
keen penetration.

"Those tears are all right," he said,
gleefully. I'll have another go." The
day came, and he looked in at "Elmwood," but the maid, with blighting
alacrity, announced that Miss Grailler
was not in. As she said it, a man's
laugh that he knew well and detested
plagued his ear. It came loudly, aggressively, it seemed to him, from the
dining room. "Even that mucker would
not sit and guffaw to himself," he
reasoned. "Of course she's with him."

Despite the new eyes with which he
had begun to survey womankind, the
outlook seemed serious, even hopeless.
He climbed into his trap and drove

"Really, if you persist, there is nothing for mamma and I but to go to the mountains at once. Have you any idea how rude you are?"

One of the tasks a man soon tires of is fruitless proposing. Romance and reality have known many noble exceptions. Morleigh was not cut out for a seat in their hall of fame. He answered her last question too brusquely, of course, but love and hate are ever waiting upon one another. "Have you any idea what a heartless firt you are?" were his words. It was Drusie's creefor tears, and she took it copiously.

had begun to survey womanking, the outlook seemed serious, even hopeless. He climbed into his trap and drove down the avenue of elms, convinced that he was cast for the role of one who had loved and lost. "And that

FINDER OF 15 ASTEROIDS.

Patient Setting of Photographic Traps to Catch the Unwonted Visitors.

to Catch the Unwonted Visitors.

From the Boston Post.
One of the most successful discoverers of asteroids in America is a young astronomer who has graduated but eight years ago from Amherst coilege, and is now instructor and serving astronomer of Princeton university. He is Raymond Smith Dugan, of Montague, Mass., who has the fame of finding no less than fifteen asteroids.

Most people would imagine that this anost people would imagine that this infers principally good eyesight and ability to sit out in cold observatories on dark nights, in ambush for any hapless asteroids that might be incautiously lofing about.

But as such work is so largely done by photography, the successful extensions.

But as such work is so largely done by photography, the successful asteroid pursuer wins through patience and a good head for mathematics. It is a matter of patient setting of photographic traps to catch unwonted visitors among the heavenly company, and a long search through these pictures after any intruders that may have wandered in.

Then there comes the interminable calculation of orbits to determine whether the new-comer is some previous acquaintance or an untagged stranger, though this may not be done by the observer.

by the observer.

Mr. Dugan took a B. A. at Amherst college in 1899, an M. A. at the same institution in 1902, and from 1899 to 1902 he was acting director of the ob-1992 he was acting director of the observatory at the Syrian Protestant college at Beirut, Syria. He then became first assistant astronomer at the grand ducal astro-physical observatory at Konigstuhl, Heidelberg, taking the degree of Ph. D. at Heidelberg university in 1965. Mr. Dugan was also in charge of the photographic work for the Lick eclipse expedition to Spain

cently been submitted to the Rechin-stitut in Berlin, where the very lastitut in Berlin, where the very la-borious asteroid computations are largely done, and has passed without objection. The celestial Montague is objection. The celestial Montague is about fifteen miles in diameter, and its force of gravity, as Mr. Dugan remarks, is not sufficient for the inhabitants to feel sure of staying on the ground if a slight breeze is blowing. Every fifteen months it becomes visible to the learner talescence for the stay. to the larger telescopes for three or four months at a time, as a faint star of the twelfth magnitude. Its orbit has a radius of 238 miles; and it ambies about the sun about once in four years.

Dr. Albert E. Palmer, who won the blue ribbon at the recent Chicago Husband show, was talking to a reporter about mar-

'Marriage will grow happier," said Dr Palmer, "as men learn to regard it more unselfishly. Men are still too much like the savage. They still incline to consider their wives too much in the light of servants.

"Why, not long ago at the seashore, do you know what I saw? I saw a little tableau that revealed to me in miniature the chief cause of unhappy marriages.

"A little boy and a little girl were digging in the white sand with toy spades
and buckets. The little boy laid down his

'Clara, do you want to be my wife? "Yes,' said the little girl, with a happy

"The boy sat down on the sand and put of the ob-Protestant up his feet towards her. "Then, he said gruffly, take off my onomer at shoes and stockings."

> Perhaps the reason a woman is con-tinually looking in a reservor is because she wants to see herself as others see

in 1905.

The name Montague given the asteroid for Mr. Dugan's home, has relating industry. A few years ago the teroid for Mr. Dugan's home, has relating industry. A few years ago the teroid for Mr. Dugan's home, has re-

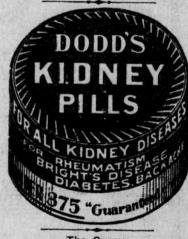
A Matter of High Politics.

London Tribune: One of the wittlest of English peers is Lord Longford, and

he has also earned the reputation of being one of the worst dressed, in spite of the fact that for 20 years he has been in the Second Life guards.

The story goes that a friend once met him in Ireland garbed in a pair of met him in Ireland garbed in a pair of continuations which were not on speaking terms with his boots, and chaffed him mercilessly about the "lucid interval" that occurred between them. But "Tommy." as Lord Longford is known to his intimates, in nowise disconcerted, blandly explained that it was really a matter of high politics.

"You see, my dear fellow, the breeches were made by a tailor who is a rampant Orangeman, while the boots are the achievement of a Fenian cobbier so how can you expect 'em to meet?"



The Gypsy. Oh, she was most precious, as the Wind's self was fair.
What did I give her when I had her on my knee?
Red kisses for her coral lips and a red comb for her hair.
She took my gifts, she took my heart, and fled away from me.

Oh, but she was fanciful. She found a

savage mate:

He scorned her, he spurned her, he drove her from his door.

She cuddled in his ingle nook and laughed at all his hate,

She took his curses, took his blows, and never left him more.

Helen Hay Whitney, in the April Metropolitan magazine.

Consoled the Dying Bill

New York Times: One of Philadel-phia's most prominent Episcopalian rectors was summoned to a hispital re-cently to console a man who had been injured fatally. The elergyman was depital the man had died.

"Too bad, sir," explained the dead man's friend. "Mill's dead, sir, but I guess it's all right, sir, I gave him con-

"You did?" inquired the clergyman, in astonishment. "How did you give him consolation?"
"Ah," replied the man, "Bill says to

"Ah," replied the man, "Bill says tome says he, 'Jim, I'm going to die." I' guess you are, 'says I. 'I've been a. very bad man, Jim,' says he. 'That's, what you have been, Bill, 'says I. 'I guess, Jim,' says he. 'I'll not go up there,' says he pointing up, 'Ah, Bill, I guess you won't,' says I. 'Jim, says he, 'I guess—I guess I'll go down.' 'Yes, Bill,' says I, 'I guess that's where you'll go, and you're lucky that you've, got some place to go at all.'"

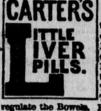
Habitual Constipation

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