

THE Story of Francis Cluade

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

We went eagerly forward at the news and saw in a kind of bay, formed by a lakelike expansion of the river, a little island green and low, its banks trimly set with a single row of poplars. It was perhaps a quarter of a mile every way, and a channel one-fourth as wide separated it from the nearer shore of the river, to which, however, a long narrow bridge of planks laid on trestles gave access. On the outer side of the island, facing the river's course, stood a low white house, before which was a sloping green terrace, also bordered with poplars, led down to a tiny pier. Behind and around the house were meadows as trim and neat as a child's toys, over which the eye roved with pleasure until it reached the landward side of the island, and then it detected, nestled among gardens, a tiny village of half a dozen cottages. It was a scene of enchanting peace and quietude. As we slowly plowed our way up to the landing place I saw the rabbits stand to gaze at us, and their little flick of their heels dart off to their holes. I marked the cattle moving homeward in a string and heard the wild fowl rise in creek and pool with a whirl of wings. I turned with a full heart to my neighbor. "Is it not lovely?" I cried with enthusiasm. "Is it not a peaceful place—a very garden of Eden?"

I looked to see her fall into raptures such as women are commonly more prone to than men. But all women are not the same. Mistress Anne was looking indeed, when I turned and surprised her, at the scene which had so moved me, but the expression of her face was sad and bitter and utterly melancholy. The weariness and anxiety I had often seen lurking in her eyes had invaded all her features. She looked five years older—no longer a girl, but a gray faced, hopeless woman, whom the sighs of this peaceful haven rather smote to the heart than filled with anticipations of safety and repose.

It was but for a moment I saw her so. Then she dashed her hand across her eyes—though I saw no tears in them—and with a peevish exclamation turned away. "Poor girl!" I thought. "She, too, is homesick. No doubt this reminds her of some place at home or some other person." I thought this more than likely, as Master Bertie came from Lincolnshire, which he said had many of the features of this strange land, and it was conceivable enough that she should know Lincolnshire, too, being related to his wife.

I soon forgot the matter in the excitement of the moment. A few minutes of bustle and it was over. The boat put out again, and we four were left face to face with two strangers, an elderly man and a girl, who had come down to the pier to meet us. The former, stout, bluff and red faced, with a thick gray beard and a gold chain about his neck, had the air of a man of position. He greeted us warmly. His companion, who hung behind him, somewhat shyly, was as pretty a girl as I have ever seen. A second look assured me of this, and I was more than glad that she formed an excellent foil to the piquant brightness and keen vivacity of the dark hair and nervous features of Mistress Anne. For the Dutch girl came from a plump and of perfect complexion. Her hair was of a light, almost flaxen indeed, and her eyes were soft and limpidly blue—grave, innocent, wondering eyes they were, I remember. I guessed rightly that she was the daughter of that man. Later I learned that she was the daughter of a child, and that her name was Dympha.

He was a Master Lindstrom, a merchant of standing in Arnhem. He had visited England and spoke English fluently, and being under some obligations to me, he had appeared to the duchess. "We all walked up the little avenue together, Master Lindstrom talking as he went to husband or wife, while his daughter and Mistress Anne came next. Each of them, each in silence, as women when they are the most thoughtful, talking stock, I suppose, of a rival's weakness. I walked last, wondering why they had nothing to say to one another. As we entered the house the mysterious explained, "She speaks no English," said Mistress Anne, with a touch of scorn.

"And no Dutch," I answered, smiling. "Here in Holland I am afraid that she will have somewhat the best of us. Try to get some Spanish."

"Spanish, I know none."

"Well, I do—a little."

"What, you know Spanish?" Mistress Anne's tone of surprise amounted almost to incredulity, and it flattered me, boy that I was. I dare say it would have flattered any other young man, but to me it was a mere nothing. "Where did you learn it?" she continued sharply.

"At home."

"At home. Where is that?" And she eyed me still more closely. "Where is your home, Master Carey? You have never told me."

But I had said already more than I intended, and I shook my head. "I mean," I explained awkwardly, "that I learned it in home. At any rate, I have no other."

The Dutch girl, standing patiently beside us, had looked first at one face and then at the other as we talked. We were all by this time in a long low parlour, warmed by a pretty fire of birch placed covered with glazed tiles. On the shelves of a great armoire, or dresser, at one end of the room, appeared a line of silver plate. At the other end stood a tall linen press of walnut wood, handsomely carved, and even the gratings of the windows and the handles of the doors were of hammered ironwork. There were no rushes on the floor, which was made of small pieces of wood delicately polished. But everything in sight was clean and trim to a degree which would have shamed our great house at Cotton, where the rushes some days lay for a week unchanged. With each glance round I felt a livelier satisfaction. I turned to Mistress Dympha.

"Senorita," I said, muttering my noblest accent. "These pies de usted! He is—usted Castillano?"

Mistress Anne stared, while the effect on the girl whom I addressed was graver than I had looked for, but certainly of a different kind. She started and drew back, an expression of offended dignity and of something like anger ruffling her placid face. Did she not understand? Yes, for after a moment's hesitation, and with a heightened color, she answered, "Senor! His constrained manner was not promising, but I was going on to open a conversation if I could, for it looked little grateful of us to stand there speechless and staring, when Mistress Anne interposed. "What did you say to her?"

"What was it?" she asked eagerly. "I asked her if she spoke Spanish. That was all," I replied, my eyes on Dympha's face, which still betrayed trouble of some kind, "except that I paid her the usual formal compliment. But what is she saying to her father?"

It was like the Christmas game of cross questions. The girl and I had spoken in Spanish. I translated what we had said into English for Mistress Anne, and Mistress Dympha turned it into Dutch for her father, an anxious look on her face which needed no translation.

"What is it?" asked Master Bertie, observing that something was wrong. "It is nothing—nothing," replied the man, apologetically, though as he spoke his eyes dwelt on me curiously. "It is only that I did not know that you had a Spaniard in your company."

"A Spaniard?" Master Bertie answered. "We have none. This," pointing to me, "is our very good friend and faithful follower, Master Carey, an Englishman."

"To whom," added the duchess, smiling gravely, "I am greatly indebted."

She hurriedly explained the mistake and brought at once a smile of relief to the mynheer's face. "Ah, pardon me, I beseech you," he said. "My daughter was in error." And he added something in Dutch which caused Mistress Dympha to blush. "You know," he continued, "I may speak freely to you, since our enemies are in the main the same—you know that our Spanish rulers are not very popular every day, especially with those who are of the reformed faith. We have learned some of us to speak their language, but we love them none the better for that."

"Who are they?" I muttered. "The cowardly knaves!"

"Oh, hush! hush!" the girl pleaded. She had retreated behind me. And indeed, I need not have put my question, for, though I had never seen the Spanish soldiery I had heard enough about them to recognize them now. In the year 1555 their reputation was at its height. Their fathers had overcome the Moors after a contest of centuries, and they themselves had overrun Italy and lowered the pride of France. As a result, they had many military virtues and all the military vices. Proud, bloodthirsty and licentious everywhere, it may be imagined that in the subject Netherlands, where their pay was always in arrears, they were indeed people to be feared. It was seldom that even their commanders dared to check their excesses.

Yet when the first flush of my anger had subsided I looked after them, odd as it may seem, with mingled feelings. With all their faults they were few against many, a conquering race in a foreign land. They could boast of fruit trees, of a descent, they were proud to call themselves the soldiers of gentlemen of Europe. I was against them, yet I admired them with a boy's admiration for the strong and reckless.

Of course I said nothing of this to my companion. Indeed, when she spoke to me, she apologized, though as he had flown far from the burgher's daughter sitting by me and were with my grandmother's people. I saw, in imagination, the uplands of Old Castle, as I had often heard them described, hot in summer and bleak in winter. I pictured the dark, frowning walls of Toledo, with its hundred Moorish trophies, the castles that crowned the hills around, the gray olive groves and the box clad slopes. I saw Palencia, where my grandmother, Petronilla de Vargas, was born; Palencia, dry and brown and sun baked, lying squat low on its plain, the eaves of its cathedral a man's height from the ground. All this I saw. I suppose the Spanish blood in me awoke and asserted itself at sight of those other Spaniards. And then—then I forgot it all as I heard behind me an alien voice, and I turned and found Dympha had stolen from me and was talking to a stranger.

CHAPTER IX.

He was a young man, and a Dutchman, but not Dutch in the stout, burly type which I had most commonly seen in the country. He had, it is true, the usual fair hair and blue eyes, and he was rather short than tall, but his figure was thin and meager, and he had a pointed chin and a scanty fair beard. I took him for a poor scholar. At a second glance I saw that he was angry. He was talking fast to Dympha—of course in Dutch—and my first impulse, in face of his excited and superior appearance, was to laugh. But I had a notion what his relationship to the girl was, and I smothered this, and instead asked, as soon as I could get a word in, whether I should leave them.

"Oh, no!" Dympha answered, blushing slightly and turning to me with a troubled glance. I believe she had clean forgotten my presence. "This is Master Jan Van Tree, a good friend of ours, and this," she continued, still in Spanish, "is speaking to him, " is Master Carey, one of my father's guests."

"We bowed formally, for I had not recovered his temper, and I dare say I still had my Spanish ancestors in my head—with condescension. We disengaged ourselves, each in his own way. I dubbed him a poor, little fellow, a trader, a peddler, and, however he clasped me, it was not favorably. So it was no particular desire to please him which led me to say with outward solicitude and turning to me, "You are annoyed at something, Master Van Tree?"

"I am," he said bluntly, meeting me halfway. "And am I to know the cause?" I asked, "or is it a secret?"

"Oh, no secret!" he retorted. "Mistress Lindstrom should have been more careful. She should not have exposed herself to the chance of being seen by those miserable foreigners."

"The foreigners—in the boat?" I said.

"Yes, of course—in the boat," he answered. He was obliged to say that, but he glared at me across her as he spoke. We turned and were walking back to the house, the poplars casting long shadows across our path.

"They were made," he observed carelessly, my chin very high. "But there is no particular harm done that I can see, Master Van Tree."

"Perhaps not, as far as you can see," he retorted in great excitement. "But perhaps also you are not very far-sighted. You may not see it now, yet harm will follow."

"Possibly," I said, and I was going to follow up this seemingly candid admission by something very boorish. Mistress Dympha struck in nervously.

"My father is anxious," she explained, speaking to me, "that I should have as little to do with our Spanish governors as possible. Master Carey. It always vexes him to hear I have fallen in with them, and just a word or two feels annoyed. It was not, however, your fault, since you did not know of this. It was I," she continued hurriedly, "who should not have ventured to the elm tree without seeing that the coast was clear."

A Courteous Repulse.

Tit-Bits: There was an ignorant man who once applied to President Lincoln for the post of doorkeeper to the House. This man had no right to ask Lincoln for anything. It was necessary to repulse him. But Lincoln repulsed him gently and whimsically, without hurting his feelings in this way:

"So you want to be doorkeeper to the House, eh?"

"Yes, President."

"Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience of doorkeeping?"

"Well, no—no actual experience, sir."

"Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?"

"Um—no."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read any text books on the subject?"

"No."

"Have you conversed with anyone who has read such a book?"

"No, sir, I'm afraid, sir."

"Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?" said Lincoln, in a reproachful tone.

"Yes, I do," said the applicant, and he took leave humbly, almost gratefully.

A Youthful Sociologist.

New York Times: "Everything has its cause, its simple and striking and satisfactory cause," we can but find it," said McKee, Borden, secretary of the department of charities, at a banquet in New York.

"Take the question of poverty and wealth."

"I was in a miserable slum I heard two little beggars talking."

"Why is it," said the first, "that the poor is allus more willin' to help us than the rich?"

"The second answered promptly and bitterly, "Them wot don't mind givin' is the ones wot stays poor."



Juarez is a Mexican town of some size. Irrigating canals run through its principal roads enforcing the growth of a narrow green patch on the dusty, barren soil and nourishing long lines of fruit trees. High walls of sun-baked mud bricks border the roads, along which the dark-skinned inhabitants in their gaudy serapes drive the Mexican burros loaded with mesquit wood. The streets are in lines of straggling one-story stores, many filled with Mexican curios, queer little brown cloth or waxen figures, representing the occupations of the people and miniature pottery, rude imitations of the cooking and drinking utensils of the country.

From a patio back of one of these stores on an exquisite moonlight night came the dulcet tones of a young girl's voice singing "Sobre las Olas." The sound so perfectly accorded with the silvery night it seemed as though the moonlight radiated in sweet music. To the accompaniment of Antonio's guitar sang Benita Flores. This lovely Mexican girl was the soul of music, and whether the melody was grave or gay

He knew the ways of women. "Benit did I not swear to marry you?"

"Yes," she answered, tearfully, he had bowed down with the shame of it.

"I do not wish to marry you at the pistol's point. Send these people away and I shall make immediate arrangements to marry you as a man of my standing should." Benita pleaded for her own undoing, and in the end her father, brother and the priest withdrew.

Ralph Cassing seized her fiercely in his arms. "Marry you!" he whispered savagely. "Marry you! Never!" and flinging her from him he ran for the door.

Out of the shadow sprang Antonio Loretta, and a bullet whizzed by Benita's head as he made his escape to the street. Mad with the desire to avenge Benita, Antonio pursued, firing. In that frontier town shooting was too common an occurrence to even arouse the inhabitants from sleep.

Ralph felt his enemy gaining upon him. Having no means of defense he must baffle his pursuer. He was ap-



she would stir the passions of the world. The fire of love burned in the dark eyes of Antonio Loretta, softening his stern features as he leaned toward the sweet singer.

Suddenly the music stopped abruptly. Only the fountain splashed, splashed in the silver light. In the glare of the oil lamp on the store stood a tall man about to join the musicians in the cool patio. Benito started to her feet with a glad cry of welcome, but Antonio sunk into the shadow.

Ralph Cassing crossed rapidly to the girl. "Why did you send for me?" he said. In his large black eyes there was neither tenderness nor love to answer the animal like devotion in her own.

Benita's eyes flashed at the question, and she stared at her orphan daughter.

"Neglect me," she said angrily. "You would not be here now if I had not sent for you. They say you are going to marry that blond doll in El Piso, and you swore to marry me. There was pain and terror in her face as she paused—what if he should fall her? It was true Benita had not been protected as her Mexican sisters. Her education in the United States had given her a self-reliance that deluded her father into believing his orphan daughter could take care of herself.

Ralph Cassing smiled his slow, cold-blooded smile down at the angry, flushed face; then something happened. Three people entered the court. Benita Flores, his son, Juan and Pedro Jacinto. As Ralph turned Juan sprang upon his back and plinoned his arms by his side in an iron grip.

"Good people," said Ralph, with a sneer. "I ask the meaning of this violence?"

"It means," said Benita Flores as he made an emphatic pass with his silver mounted revolver, "that you shall marry my daughter, Benita, whom you have wronged. The best is as she is. Completely taken by surprise and unarmed, Ralph was at their mercy. He tried stratagem. Benita loved him.

An Implication.

It was a Saturday night and all parts of the theatre were crowded. In the gallery a young woman sat in front of a corpulent man, who caused much annoyance by his frequent and frequent snoring.

The lady's patience became exhausted, and turning round to her tormentor, she delivered a sharp rebuke.

"I wish you would be quiet, sir, and remember that we did not come here to listen to your impertinent remarks."

"Very well, 'Liza," said the garulous one, "but pray don't eat me."

"You are in no danger," replied the young woman. "I am a Jewess."

William R. Smith, a Scotchman by birth, is about to complete his 55th year as superintendent of the botanical garden in Washington. He says he has served the federal government in the same position longer than any other of its employes.

The Critic's Shrug.

During William Archer's American visit a young actress, at a dinner, congratulated the noted dramatic critic on the unswerving fairness of his reviews.

"And it is hard, it is even cruel, sometimes isn't it, to be fair?" she said.

"Yes," said Mr. Archer, smiling. "To be fair is sometimes hard and cruel, and sometimes it is rash. You know there are reprisals. The unswerving fair critic often takes up his pen with the shrug of Omar, the old Persian poet."

"You have heard of Omar's shrug? No? Well, it is eloquent. The shah, one day sent for the old poet."

"Omar," said he, "I have written some verses. Listen and I will read them to you."

"And he read the verses, and in the ensuing silence looked at Omar anxiously. 'Well,' he said, 'Heaven born,' said Omar, gently,

proaching what appeared to be a sunken adobe with only a window above the sidewalk. The window was open, and heedless of what he might encounter within, he sprang through the aperture. Instead of landing on a floor, two or three feet below the window, he continued his descent, almost losing consciousness in the dizzy whirl through space. With a dull thud he struck the hard ground floor. Soft bodies pressed against him, and as he tried to raise himself the moving objects uttered weird cries. These sounds were repeated in every part of the room. He recoiled in horror, and as he rested a moment he saw some ten or twelve feet above him, the little window he had so rashly entered. The bright moonlight streaming in failed to light up the dungeon into which he had fallen. Even as he looked up, the window darkened and Antonio fell upon him, knife in hand.

The third figure at the window, a United States custom official, heard Omar's groans and a dying man. He forced an entrance into the sheep fold from the other street and raised the unconscious Antonio from the prostrate body of Ralph Cassing. Antonio, in falling, had buried his knife to the hilt in the heart of Benita's betrayer. In another moment a crowd had gathered, but Ralph Cassing was beyond help.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "death by accident," thus acquitting Antonio Loretta of the crime of murder. The custom official testified that he found the accused man unconscious as he had fallen with his knife buried in the heart of Ralph Cassing. It made a sensational story for the papers. A lovely Mexican girl, wronged by an American, who met with a horrible death in an uncanny sheepfold at the hands of an unconscious man. Perhaps the day came when the broken-hearted Benita lifted her head and accepted the hand of faithful Antonio Loretta.

each to his own calling. Scepter in hand, you are more wise, just and powerful; but pen in hand—Omar shook his head and chuckled. "Heaven-born," said he, "such verses would disgrace a 9-year-old schoolboy."

"His eyes flashed with rage, the shah shouted to his guards:

"To the stables with this old fool, and let him be soundly flogged."

"Yet the shah, for all, respected Omar's judgment and when a week later, another idea for a poem came to his mind and was feverishly executed, he sent for the fearless and fair critic again.

"Another poem, Omar. A better one. I'm sure you'll think it is a better one," he said wistfully. And he began to read the second poem to the old man.

"But in the middle of the reading Omar turned and started for the door. "Where are you going?" said the shah in amazement.

"Omar looked back and shrugged his shoulders.

"To the stables," he answered, "for another flogging."

A Vacation.

A certain scientist in the service of Uncle Sam at Washington is said to be a hard taskmaster to both his official and his domestic servants.

Being detailed once to accompany a scientific expedition on an extended cruise, the scientist is said to have unobtrusively communicated the news to his personal attendant.

"Henry," said he, "how would you like to go with me around the world?"

"Do we go from east to west, sir?" asked the man.

"Yes."

"And we lose a day going that way, do we not, sir?"

"We do."

"Then, sir, I should like very much to go. It would give me a day off."

Professor Smith, the Nebraska authority on live stock feeding, says: I have had experience in feeding rye to fattening hogs. Rye alone makes a fairly good fattening ration though it is less satisfactory than either corn or wheat. In tests made at the Nebraska station, we have found that rye as a feeding value very nearly 10 per cent below wheat and practically the same per cent below corn. In composition it is much like wheat, but rye does not seem to be nearly as well relished, at least hogs will not eat as much rye as wheat on full feed. A mixture of equal parts of corn and rye make a much more satisfactory fattening ration than rye alone, and equal parts of corn, rye and shorts is still better.



Making Assurance Doubly Sure.

From Christian Register.

A 7-year-old child had a great appetite for buckwheat cakes, and could stow away an amazing number. One morning his grandfather, who was watching the performance, asked:

"Have you ever in your life had all the buckwheat cakes that you could eat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Lots of times I've felt I'd had enough."

"How do you tell when you have had enough?"

"I just keep on eating until I get a pain, and then I eat one more to make sure."

WOMEN'S KIDNEYS

Are the Source of Most Women's Sicknesses.

Mrs. Rebecca Mock, 1795 E. Rich street, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I believe I would still be a victim of kidney troubles but for Doan's Kidney Pills, for when I started using them I was in constant pain with my back, and no other remedy had been of any use. The kidneys were irregular, and I was nervous and lacked energy. But Doan's Kidney Pills gave me prompt relief and continued use cured me."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Poverty and Morality.

Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara."

Do you call poverty a crime? The worst of crimes. All the other crimes are virtues beside it. All the other dishonors are chivalry itself by comparison. Poverty, blights whole cities, spreads horrible pestilence, strikes dead the very souls of all who come within sight, sound, or smell of it. What you call crime is nothing; a murder here and a theft there, a blow now and a curse then; what do they matter? They are only the accidents and illnesses of life; there are not 50 genuine professional criminals in London. But there are millions of poor people, abject people, dirty people, ill clothed people. They possess no morality and physically; they kill the happiness of society; they force us to do away with our own liberties and to organize unnatural cruelties for fear they should resist us and drag us down into their abysses. Only fools starve, we all fear poverty. Bah! You talk of your half saved ruffian in the Salvation army shelter? Bring him to me here, and I will drag his soul to salvation for you. Not by words and dreams, but by 38 shillings a week, a sound house in a handsome street, and a permanent job. In three weeks he will have a fancy waistcoat; in three months a tall hat and a chapel sitting; before the end of the year he will shake hands with a duchess at a Primrose league meeting and join the conservative party.

He will be better fed, better housed, better clothed, better behaved, and his children will be pounds heavier and brighter. That will be morally and physically. An American cloth mattress in a shelter, chopping firewood, eating bread and treacle, and being forced to kneel down from time to time to thank heaven for it; knee drill, I think you call it. It is cheap work, only a few shillings a week with a bible in one hand and a slice of bread in the other. I will undertake to convert West Ham to Mohammedanism on the same terms. Try your hand on my workmen; their souls are hungry because their bodies are full.

BUILT RIGHT.

Brain and Nerves Restored by Grape-Nuts Food.

The number of persons whose ailments were such that no other food could be retained at all, is large and reports are on the increase.

"For 12 years I suffered from dyspepsia, finding no food that did not distress me," writes a Wis. lady. "I was reduced from 145 to 90 lbs., gradually growing weaker until I could leave my bed only a short while at a time, and became unable to speak aloud."

"Three years ago I was attracted by an article on Grape-Nuts and decided to try it.

"My stomach was so weak I could not take cream, but I used Grape-Nuts with milk and lime water. It helped me from the first, building up my system in a manner most astonishing to the friends who had thought my recovery impossible.

"Soon I was able to take Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, and lunch at night, with an egg and Grape-Nuts for dinner.

"I am now able to eat fruit, meat and nearly all vegetables for dinner, but foolishly continue Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper.

"At the time of beginning Grape-Nuts I could scarcely speak a sentence without changing words around or 'talking crooked' in some way, but my brain and nerves have become so strengthened that I no longer have that trouble." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pigra.