

# THE Story of Francis Cludde

## A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

### CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

It was a strange way of recovering one's property—strange that the enemy should have helped one to it. But there are times—and this to me was one—when the strange seems the ordinary and commonplace. I took the sack and slipped my hand through a well known slit in the lining. Yes, the letter I had left there was still there—the letter to Mistress Clarence. I drew it out. The corners of the little packet were frayed, and the parchment was stained and discolored, no doubt by the rain which had penetrated to it. But the seal was whole. I placed it, as it was, in Master Lindstrom's hands.

"Give it," I said, "to the duchess afterward. It concerns her. You have heard us talk about it. Bid her make what use she pleases of it."

I turned away then and sat down, feeling a trifle hurried and excited, as one about to start upon a journey might feel—not afraid nor exceedingly depressed, but braced up to make a brave show and hide what sadness I did feel by the knowledge that many eyes were upon me, and that more would be watching me presently. At the far end of the room a number of people had now gathered and were conversing together. Among them I saw not only my jailers of the night, but two or three officers, a priest who had come to offer me his services and some inquisitive gazers who had obtained admission. Their curiosity, however, did not distress me. On the contrary, I was glad to hear the stir and murmur of life about me to the last.

I will not set down the letter I wrote to the duchess, though it were easy for me to do so, seeing that her son has it now. It contains some things very proper to be said by a young man, of which I am not ashamed. God forbid! but which it would not meet for me to repeat here. Enough that I told her in a few words who I was and entreated her in the name of whatever services I had rendered to her. I told her that Sir Anthony knew how I had died, and I added something which would, I thought, comfort her and her husband—namely, that I was not afraid or in any suffering of mind or body.

The writing of this shook my composure a little, but as I laid down my pen and looked up and found that the time was come when I took courage in a marvelous manner. The captain of the guard—I think that out of a compassionate desire not to interrupt my companion's desire not to interrupt my grace—came to me, leaving the group at the other end, and told me gravely that I was waited for. I rose at once and gave the letter to Master Lindstrom, with some message in which Dympha and I were not forgotten, and then, with a smile—for I felt under all those eyes as if I were going into battle—I said: "Gentlemen, I am ready if you are. It is a fine day to die. You know, 'the better the day the better the deed.' So it is well to have a good day to have a good death, sir captain."

"A soldier's death, sir, is a good death," he answered gravely, speaking in Spanish and bowing.

Then he bowed to the door.

As I walked toward it I paused momentarily by the window and looked out on the crowd below. It filled the sunlit street, save where a little raised platform strewn with rushes protruded itself—with heads from wall to wall, with faces all turned one way toward me. It was a silent crowd, standing in hushed awe and expectation, the consciousness of which sent a sudden chill to my heart, blanching my cheek and making my blood run slow for a moment. The next I moved on to the door, and bowing to the spectators as they stood aside began to descend the narrow staircase.

"What is it?" I cried. "What is it?" I cried in impatient wonder.

"Oh, my lad, my lad!" Master Lindstrom answered, his face close to mine and the tears running down his cheeks. "It is cruel if it be not true! Cruel! They cry a pardon!"

"A pardon?" I echoed.

"Aye, lad, a pardon. But it may not be true," he said, putting his arm about my shoulder. Do not make too sure of it. It is only the mob cry it out."

My heart made a great bound and seemed to stand still. There was a loud surging in my brain, and a mist before my eyes and his every-thing. The clamor and shouting of the street passed away and sounded vague and distant. The next instant, it is true, I was myself again, but my knees were trembling under me, and I stood flaccid and unnerve, leaning on my friend.

"Patience! Patience awhile lad!" he answered.

But, thank heaven, I had not long to wait. The words were scarcely off his tongue when another hand sought mine and shook it wildly, and I saw Van Tree before me, his face radiant with joy, while a man whom he had knocked down in his hasty leap from the scaffold was rising beside me with a good natured smile. As if at a signal every face now turned toward me. A dozen friendly hands passed me on the steps amid a fresh outburst of cheering. The throng on the scaffold opened somehow, and I found myself in a second, as it seemed, face to face with the president of the court. He smiled on me gravely and kindly—what smiles there seemed to be on all those faces—and held out a paper.

"In the name of the duke," he said, speaking in Spanish in a clear, loud voice, "I pardon you."

I muttered something, I know not what, nor did it matter for it was lost in a burst of cheering. When this was over and silence obtained, the magistrate continued: "You are required, however, to attend the duke at the court of audience, whither we had better proceed at once."

"I am ready, sir," I muttered.

A road was made for us to descend, and walking in a kind of beautiful dream I passed slowly by the street by willingly standing aside for us. I do not know whether all of those thousands of faces really looked joyfully and kindly on me as I passed, or whether the deep thankfulness which choked me and brought the tears down their own. But this I do know, that the sunshine seemed brighter and the air softer than ever before; that the clouds trailing across the blue expanse never hung so low; that I drew breath with a joy and to move delight, and that only when the dark vault was left behind did I comprehend its full gloom—by heaven's mercy. So may it be with all.

At the door of the court house, with numbers of the people had already run, the press was so great that we came to a standstill and were much buffeted about, though in all good humor before, even with the aid of the throng. When at last I emerged I found myself again before the table, and saw, but only dimly, for the light now fell through the stained window directly on my head, a commanding figure standing behind it. Then a woman passed swiftly round the table and came to me and flung her arms about my neck and kissed me. It was the duchess, and for a moment she hung upon me, weeping before them all.

"I said, softly, 'then it is you who have done this!'"

"Ah," she exclaimed, holding me off from her and looking at me with eyes which glowed through her tears, "and it was you who did that!"

She drew back from me then and took me by the hand and turned impetuously to the duke of Cleves, who stood behind smiling at her in frank amazement. "This," she said, "is the man who gave my life for my husband, and to whom your highness has given it back."

"Let him tell his tale," the duke answered, gravely. "And do you, my cousin, sit here beside me."

She left me and walked round the table, and he came forward and placed her in his own chair amid a great hush of wonder, for she was still meekly clad and showed in a hundred places the marks and stains of travel. Then he stood by her with his hand on the back of the seat. He was a tall, burly man, a fierce, bold, quick glancing eyes, a flared face, and a loud manner—a fierce, blustering prince, as I have heard. He was plainly dressed in a leather hunting suit and wore huge gauntlets and brown boots, with a broad leaved hat pinned up on one side.

Somehow Iammered out the tale of the surrender.

"But why, why, why, man," he asked, when I had finished, "why did you let them think it was you who wounded the duke?"

"Your highness," I answered, "I had received nothing but good from his grace. I had eaten her bread and been received into her service. Besides it was through my persuasion that we came by the road which led to this misfortune instead of by another way. Therefore it seemed to me right that I should suffer, who stood alone and could be spared, and not her husband."

"It was a great deed!" cried the prince loudly. "I would I had such a servant. Are you noble, lad?"

"I am not, your highness, but not in pain or mortification. The old wound might reopen, but amid events such as those of this morning it was a slight matter."

"I come of a noble family, may it please your highness," I answered modestly, "but circumstances prevent me claiming kinship with it."

"He was about, I think, to question me further when the duchess looked up and said something to him, and he something to her. She spoke again, and he answered. Then he nodded assent. 'You would fain stand on your own feet?' he cried to me. 'Is that so?'"

"It is, sire," I answered.

"Then so be it," he replied, loudly, looking round on the throng with a frown. "I will enable you. You would have died for your lord and friend, and therefore I give you a rood of land in the common graveyard of Santon to hold of me, and I name you Von Santonkirch, and I, William, duke of Cleves, Julch and Guelders, prince of the empire, declare you noble and give you for your arms three swords of justice and the motto you may buy of a clerk. Further, let this decree be enrolled in my chancery. Are you satisfied?"

As I dropped on my knees, my eyes sparkling, there was a momentary disturbance behind me. It was caused by the abrupt entrance of the sudden. He took in part of the situation at a glance—that is, he saw me kneeling before the duke, but he could not see the duchess of Suffolk, the duke's figure being interposed. As he came forward, the crown prince of the sudden, he cast an angry glance at me and scarcely smoothed his brow even to address the prince. "I am glad that your highness has not done what was reported to me," he said hastily, his obeisance brief and perfunctory. "I heard an uproar in the town and was told that this man was pardoned."

"It is so!" said the duke curtly, eyeing the ecclesiastic with no great favor. "He is pardoned."

"Only in part, I presume," the priest rejoined urgently, "for otherwise, I am sure that your highness has not received certain information with which I can furnish you."

"Furnish away, sir," quoth the duke, yawning.

"I have had letters from my lord bishop of Arras respecting him."

"Respecting him?" exclaimed the prince, starting and bending his brows in surprise.

"Respecting those in whose company he travels," the priest answered hastily. "They are represented to me as dangerous persons, and the widow of the emperor, England and obnoxious alike to the emperor, the prince of Spain and the queen of England."

"I wonder you do not add also to the king of France and the sultan of Turkey," growled the duke. "Flish! I am sorry to hear of it," he said to Master Granville—no, nor by his master, be he ten times emperor! Go to! Go to, Master Subdean! You forget yourself, and so does your master, the bishop. I will have you know that these people are not what you think them. Call you my cousin, the widow of the consort of the late queen of France, an obnoxious person? Fie, fie. You forget yourself!"

He moved as he stopped speaking, so that the astonished churchman found himself confronted on a sudden by the smiling, defiant duchess. The bishop started, and his face fell, for seeing her seated in the duke's presence he discerned at once that the game was played out, yet he rallied himself, bethinking him, I fancy, that there were many spectators. He made a last effort. "The bishop of Arras," he began.

"Flish!" scoffed the duke, interrupting him.

"The bishop of Arras"—the priest repeated firmly.

"I would he were hung with his own tapestry!" retorted the duke, with a brutal laugh.

"Heaven forbid!" replied the ecclesiastic, his pale face reddening and his eye darting baleful glances at me. But he took the hint, and henceforth said no more of the bishop. Instead, he continued smoothly: "Your highness has, of course, considered the danger to the state of the duke's neighbors so powerful by shielding this lady and making her cause your own. You will remember, sir—"

"I will remember Innspruck!" roared the duke in a rage, "where the emperor—aye, and your protesting bishop—too, and your handkerchiefing neighbors like sheep before wolves. A fig for your emperor! I never feared him young, and I fear him less now that he is old and decrepit and, as men say, mad. Let him get to his watches and you will see that he is not so good as this table between us. I would pull your ears, Master Churchman!"

"But tell me," I asked Master Bertie as I stood beside his couch an hour later, "how did the duchess manage it? I gathered from something you or she said a short time back that you had no influence with the Duke of Cleves."

"Not quite that," he answered. "My wife and the late Duke of Suffolk had much to do with the duchess's management. I gathered from something you or she said a short time back that you had no influence with the Duke of Cleves."

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When Taft Was a Reporter.

Secretary Taft, speaking to the Chicago Press club the other day of the time when he was a newspaper man, gave this as one of his experiences:

"I was a reporter myself. I never reached the journalistic stage. It was when I started out to study law, I did court reporting for the old Cincinnati Times during the day. Since then I've always dealt easily with reporters who misquote me. I thought once I had pulled off the big story. We used the biggest headlines we had in those days. The next morning I was summoned into court for contempt. I had reversed the decision exactly."

A Canny Scot.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

To illustrate the caniness of the Scot the following tale is told: A merchant and a farmer were discussing political economy in a railroad carriage. After a while the merchant filled his pipe, lit it, and settled back for a comfortable smoke. The farmer took his pipe from his pocket, and, after gazing longingly at its empty bowl, asked his companion for a match. The merchant selected one from a large boxful and handed it over.

Said the farmer: "I am afraid I've come away without my haccy pouch."

"Well," said the merchant, holding out his hand, "then ye'll no be in need of that match."

A London specklist has been giving his views on smoking to the Daily Mail. This authority declares that the cigar is the least harmful way of smoking, but if the smoke is inhaled it is the most rabid form of heat poisoning you can get. It will affect a young man's heart quicker than cigar or pipe smoking affects a man between 55 and 65, at which age a man is affected more by smoking than at any other. And the better the cigars the more likely it is that harm will be done. Therefore, smoke cabbage; the Havana cigars are worse than any others.

Duchess Philipp of Wurtemberg has contrived a bandage that is so scientifically constructed that manufacturers have taken out patents in several countries to make it in foreign countries. The duchess is said to be the most popular of all the royal ladies of Germany and much of her popularity is due to her interest in the sick and poor.

## FOR FEMININE EYES



HAT TRIMMED WITH FEATHERS.

A lovely dress hat is shown in the drawing, the model being a good one in various combinations and colors. Peacock, a shade between blue and green, was used in the original, the straw being a fine Milan. The feathers were in the form of a thin flounce of the ostrich flues, mounted on a wire and taken around the crown. White gardenias were applied in the center of this flounce, and the feathers were clustered high at the left side.

### FIVE DELICIOUS PINEAPPLE RECIPES

**Sliced Pineapples.**

Cut the pineapple into slices a quarter of an inch thick, after the rind has been removed, cut the slices in halves. The half slices are stood on edge in a circle with a mound of powdered sugar for the center of the circle. The flavor of pineapple is much better when it is cut in thick slices. The less taste of the knife the better.

**Pineapple With Rice.**

Remove the rind from the pineapple and cut across in slices a quarter of an inch thick, then cut the slices into even quarters. Arrange the quarters, standing on edge, diagonally around a mound of boiled rice. Place the spout of the pine in the center of the mound of rice. Have the rice sweetened and flavored. Sherry or marshmalo are excellent for this purpose. Cornstarch pudding, blanc mange or any simple jelly may be used instead of the rice.

**Cored Pineapple Circles.**

Cut the rind from a pineapple and cut into slices a quarter of an inch thick. With a small biscuit cutter stamp out the hard centers, leaving the pineapple cut into rings. Arrange the rings, overlapping, in a circle. Sprinkle them with granulated sugar and garnish with a small leaf of the pine sprout laid in each hole.

**Pulled Pineapple.**

This is a delicious way of serving a pineapple when it is very ripe. Cut off the rind and with a small, pointed knife take out the eyes. Put a fork in the top of the hard core to hold it, and with a second fork take the soft thing. Pile the pieces in a glass dish and sprinkle them plentifully with sugar. Let it stand a few minutes.

**Pineapple Puddings.**

Grate a pineapple fine. Mix well together a cupful of sugar and four eggs, then mix them with the pineapple pulp. Turn the mixture into a mold, set the mold in a pan of water and bake slowly until it is stiffened like a baked custard. When cold remove the mold and decorate with whipped cream.

### A FEW RECIPES FOR SERVING CLAMS.

**Clam Cocktails.**

Use small Little Neck clams and to each eight or nine clams add one tablespoonful of tomato catsup, two tablespoonfuls of Chili sauce, one-half teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a dash of tabasco or paprika, one tablespoonful of clam liquor and the juice of one-quarter of a lemon. Mix the sauces and let the clams stand in them half an hour before serving. Serve in small glasses as a first course.

**Clams on the Half Shell.**

Clams are served on the half shell for a first course. Little Neck clams are the most desirable variety. The smallest ones, and those uniform in size, should be selected. They should be opened only a short time before serving. The muscle holding the clam to the shell should be cut and clam should be served on the deeper side of the shell. Arrange the clams symmetrically in a circle, the points of the shells turned to the center, on a bed of cracked ice. Place in the middle a quarter of a lemon cut lengthwise, the top edge serrated off, and the seeds extracted. Place the lemon quarter on a sprig of parsley or a small green leaf. Condiments, thin brown bread and butter sandwiches and biscuits are passed with this course. The condiments (horseradish, catsup, black and red pepper) may be placed on a dish and the bread and biscuits arranged around them in a circle.

**Clam Broths.**

Boil the clams in their own liquor for 20 minutes. Let the liquid settle before pouring it off. Season it with pepper and serve it very hot in cups with a teaspoonful of whipped cream on the top of each cupful.

**Cream of Clams.**

Steam 25 clams and as soon as they open remove them from the shells and strain off the liquor. Chop the clams, pound them in a mortar and rub as much of them as possible through a purée sieve. Put three cupfuls of milk into a double boiler; cook two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour together, but do not let them brown; then add to the cooked butter and flour a little milk from the boiler to make a smooth paste; add the paste into the milk in the double boiler and stir the mixture until it is a little thickened. When ready to serve add two cupfuls of clam liquor and the pulp which has passed through the sieve. Let it get hot, but do not let it boil or it will curdle. Season with salt, if necessary, pepper and a dash of nutmeg. At the moment of serving add a cupful of cream and beat the whole well with an egg whip. This recipe will make a quart, and a half of soup.

### CLINGING TO ONE SHADE.

In this season of many colors it is surprising that any woman should cling to one shade, yet it is something of a fashionable fad to select one tone and cling to it. One very fashionable woman makes it her habit this season to wear purple. Being an artist in dress she manages to vary it sufficiently to get a great deal of smartness out of the color. One of her smartest summer gowns is a purple messaline, with which she wears a purple satin coat. Another very handsome dress has a purple broadcloth skirt, while the coat is a purple taffeta picked out with pipings of white and some wonderful shaded embroideries.

### The Speed of a Slow Train.

From the Washington Star.

General E. D. Grant at a recent dinner said of a slow railway in the South: "This line was so slow that the people took to lampooning it in the press. Thus one Memorial Day a planter wrote to the Rapier, the leading paper of his district:

The Editor of the Rapier—Dear Sir: Is there no way to put a stop to begging along the line of the railroad? For instance yesterday an aged veteran with a wooden leg kept pace with the afternoon express all the way from Paint Rock to Nola Chucky and annoyed the passengers exceedingly, going from one open window to another with his importunate solicitations.

Vox Populi.

It's not the smile you put on your face but the one you bring to another that makes you happy.

### DAY OF SIMPLE ENTERTAINMENT.

Nowadays entertaining has been simplified to the point of ordinary family living, and there is a great deal of it. Occasionally some man or woman who wants to make a show sweeps the guests to a hotel or fashionable restaurant and pays a fancy price for a meal that cannot compare with a home affair in many ways, and the guest never prefers it. A young couple who entertained two friends at a recent dinner, took the trouble to reckon the cost of the thing merely for their own satisfaction. The dinner was perfect, but was limited to five courses, and there was no doubt of the favor it found with the guests. They found that it cost about \$1 a plate, and as a matter of experiment they ordered a similar dinner for two at a hotel largely patronized by families. With no guests they more than doubled the price of their home dinner, and it lacked several features of the previous meal. An informal meal, with guests, would cost very little beyond that of the usual family meal.

Two miles a minute.

Two miles a minute, Geohew welly! Swiftas a meter Streakingthesky.

Whatis thatblur? Onlythetrees. Lookat themwave— Mywhatabreeze!

Ahokandarrush— Aflashandasmell— Whadidwehit? Didsomebodyyell?

Ajarandascram— Itlookedlikeahorse. Notellingnow, Keoptothecourse. —L. H. Robbins, in Jersey Jingles.

Dangerous Enough.

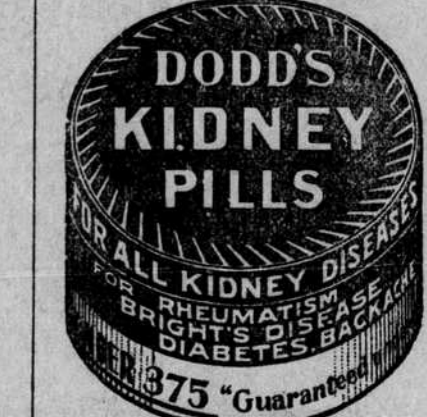
From the Washington Herald.

Rear Admiral Mason, chief of the government's bureau of ordnance, talked of martial inventions at a recent dinner in Washington.

"Many of these inventions," he said, "with their automatic torpedoes, their new explosives, and what not fail to take into account the danger to the users of their inventions. They are like the farmer and the bull. A farmer was driving a bull along a fairly busy country road.

"That's a dangerous looking bull you have there, friend," a milkman said.

"Oh, no," said the farmer; "he's just as wild as the sheep. In a hundred years anybody, unless, maybe, women and children and such like."



### FARM NOTES.

In mixed breeding or cross breeding nothing is accomplished beyond the first cross. While a few good individuals may be secured, the tendency is for the progeny to be below rather than above the average. A man conducting his breeding in a haphazard way is contending with fearful odds, groping in the dark following a will-as-the-wind. In a hundred years he would be just where he started. Incidentally this is just what we have been doing in this country from the beginning, and the reason why we have so few pure breeds of live stock and are, after all the time, sending our good money across the water for pure bred sires which we should produce at home.

After animals have been graded up to a practical purity of blood the longer they are bred along this line the more prepotent they become, and the more certain that the offspring will uniformly possess general excellence of form, quality, action and utility.

The same is, of course, true of all live stock. The only certain method of raising the average standard of excellence is by persistent breeding to sires of the same breed until the native blood is obliterated and the progeny uniformly possess all the desirable qualities of the pure bred employed.—Geo. H. Glover, D. V. M., Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins.

Too many consumers and too few producers helps to explain the high prices prevailing for the necessities of life. At no previous time in the history of this country have the attractions of farm life been so great or the returns for labor so large. Yet the east is full of unemployed men who are needed badly to develop the agricultural resources of the country. There is plenty of available and no doubt a reason why they should go hungry. The matter of the distribution of labor furnishes a most fertile field for useful activity on the part of the department of labor and commerce.—Denver Stockman.

The pasture is one of the most important fields on the farm. Good grass and a water supply make a good pasture.

Manure hauled onto the field as soon as made will do the land more good than if it is allowed to lie in a heap for a month or two.

With the advance of agriculture the old worm rail fence is rapidly passing away, and a mighty good thing it is, too. The biggest weeds always grew in those fence corners.

### The Key to the Whisk.

From Harper's Weekly.

De Style—Prohibition is sweeping the states.

Gumbusta—Must be sweeping it with a whisky broom, I guess.

### DIFFERENT NOW.

Athlete Finds Better Training Food.

It was formerly the belief that to become strong, athletes must eat plenty of meat.

This is all out of date now, and many trainers feed athletes on the well-known food, Grape-Nuts, made of wheat and barley, and cut the meat down to a small portion, once a day.

"Three years ago," writes a Michigan man, "having become interested in athletics, I found I would have to stop eating pastry and some other kinds of food.

"I got some Grape-Nuts and was soon eating the food at every meal, for I found that when I went on the track I felt more lively and active.

"Later, I began also to drink Postum in place of coffee and the way I gained muscle and strength on this diet was certainly great. On the day of a field meet in June I weighed 124 lbs. On the opening of the football season in Sept. I weighed 140. I attributed my fine condition and good work to the discontinuation of improper food and coffee, and the using of Grape-Nuts and Postum, my principal diet during training season being Grape-Nuts.

"Before I used Grape-Nuts I never felt right in the morning—always kind of 'out of sorts' with my stomach. But now when I rise I feel good, and after a breakfast largely of Grape-Nuts with cream, and a cup of Postum, I feel like a new man." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.