

THE Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Can guess? Ah, what happiness it was! Outside the sun fell hotly on the steep red roofs, with their rows of casements, and on the sleepy square in which knots of people still lingered, talking of the morning's events. I could see below me the guard which Duke William, shrewdly mistrusting the sudeban, had posted in front of the house, nominally to do the duchess honor. I could hear in the next street the cheerful voices of my friends. What happiness it was to live! How very, very good and beautiful and glorious a world seemed the world to me on that old May morning in that quiet German town which we had entered so suddenly!

As I turned from the windows full of thankfulness, my eyes met those of Mistress Anne, who was sitting on the far side of the sick man's couch, the baby in a cradle beside her, and the last week had made a deeper mark upon her than upon any of us. She was paler, graver, older, more of a woman and less, much less, of a girl. And she looked very ill. Her eyes, in particular, seemed to have grown larger, and as they dwelt on me now there was a strange and solemn light in them, under which I grew uneasy.

"You have been wonderfully preserved," she said presently, speaking dreamily, and as much to herself as to me.

"I have, indeed," I answered, thinking she referred only to my escape of the morning.

But she did not.

"There was, firstly, the time on the river when you were stabbed in the ear," she continued, gazing absently at me, her hands in her lap, "and then the night when you saw Clarence with Dymphna."

"Or, rather, saw him without her," I interposed, smiling. "It was strange that she should mention it as a fact, when at the time she had so scolded me for making the statement."

"And then," she continued, disregarding my interruption, "there was the time when you were stabbed in the passage, and, again, when you had the skirmish by the river, and then today you were within a minute of death. You have been wonderfully preserved!"

"I have," I assented thoughtfully.

"The more so I suspect that I have to thank Master Clarence for all these little adventures."

"Strange—very strange!" she muttered, removing her eyes from me that she might fix them on the floor.

"What is strange?"

The abrupt questioner was the duchess, who came bustling in at the moment. "What is strange?" she repeated, with a heightened color and flashing eyes. "What, I tell you? She paused and looked brightly at me, holding something concealed behind her. I guessed in a moment, from the aspect of her face, what it was—the letter which I had given to Master Lindstrom in the morning, and which, with a pardonable forgetfulness, I had failed to reclaim."

"I turned very red. 'It was not intended for you to now,' I said shyly, for in the letter I had told her my story."

"Pooh, pooh!" she cried. "It is just as I thought. A pretty piece of folly! No," she continued as I opened my mouth, "I am not going to keep your secret, sir. You may go down on your knees. It will be of no use. Richard, you remember Sir Anthony Cludde of Cotton End in Warwickshire?"

"Oh, yes," her husband said rising on his elbow, while his face lit up, and I stood bashfully shifting my feet.

"I have danced with him a dozen times, years ago," she continued, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well, sir, this gentleman, Master Francis Carey, otherwise Von Stantonkirch, is Francis Cludde, his nephew!"

"Sir Anthony's nephew?"

"Yes, and the body of Ferdinand Cludde, whom you also have heard of, of whom the less—"

She stopped and turned quickly, interrupted by a half stifled scream. It was a scream full of sudden terror and amazement and fear, and it came from Mistress Anne. The girl had risen and was gazing at me with distended eyes and blanched cheeks and hands stretched out to keep me off—a gazing, indeed, as if I saw in me some awful portent or some dreadful threat. She did not speak, but she began, without taking her eyes from me, to retreat toward the door.

"Holly, toity!" cried my lady, stamping her foot in indignation. "What has happened to the girl? What?"

"What, indeed? The duchess stopped, still more astonished, for without uttering a word of explanation or apology, Mistress Anne had reached the door, crept blindly for the latch, found it and came out, her eyes, with the same haunted look of horror in them, fixed on me to the last.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Holly, toity!" the duchess cried again, looking from one to another of us when Anne had disappeared. "What has come to the little fool? Has she gone crazy?"

I shook my head, too completely at sea even to hazard a conjecture. Master Bertie shook his head also, keeping his eyes fixed to the door as if he could not believe Anne had really done it.

"I said nothing to frighten her," my lady protested.

"Nothing at all," I answered. For how should the announcement that my real name was Cludde terrify Mistress Anne, Brandon nearly out of her senses?

"Well, no," Master Bertie agreed, his thoughtful face more thoughtful than usual, "so far as I heard, you said nothing. But I think, my dear, that you had better tell her and learn what it is. She must be ill."

The duchess sat down. "I will go by and by," she said coolly, at which I was not much surprised, for I have always remarked that women have less sympathy with other women's ailments, especially of the nerves, than have men.

"For the moment I want to scold this brave, silly boy here!" she continued, looking so kindly at me that I blushed again and forgot all about Mistress Anne. "To think of his leaving his home to become a wandering squire of dame, merely because his father was a—well, not quite what he would have liked him to be! I remember something about him," she continued, pursing up her lips and nodding her head at us, "I fancied him dead, however, years ago. But there! if every one whose father were not quite to his liking left home and went astraying, Master Francis, all sensible folk would turn inn keepers and make their money that way."

"It was not only that which drove me from home," I explained. "The bishop

which she had used me to persuade Master Bertie to take the Wesel instead of the Santon road. No doubt she had told Clarence to follow in that direction, if by any chance we escaped him on the island. And her despair when she heard in the church porch that I had killed Clarence at the ford! And her utter abandonment to the fear—poor guilty thing—when she thought that her own devices had only led her with us to a dreadful death! These things, in the light in which I now viewed them, were cogent evidences against her.

"It must have been written to some one about us!" said the duchess at length. "To some one in our confidence. 'On our side of the door,' as he calls it."

"Yes; that is certain," I said.

"And on the wrapper he styles her Mistress Clarence. Now, who?"

"Who could it have been?" That is the question we have to answer," Master Bertie replied dryly. Hearing his voice, I knew he had come at last to the same conclusion to which I had jumped. "I think you may dismiss the servants from the inquiry," he continued. "The bishop of Winchester would scarcely write to them in that style."

"Dismiss the servants? Then who is left?" she protested.

"I fear it is too true," he answered gloomily.

I shrunk from looking at them, from meeting her eyes or his. I felt as if this shame had come upon us all. The thought that the culprit might walk into the room at any moment filled me with terror. I turned away and looked back at the duke, leaving the husband and wife together.

"Is it only the name you are thinking of?" she muttered.

"No," he answered. Before I left England to go to Calais I saw something pass between them—between her and Clarence—and yet she continued her, her lips trembling suddenly and her eyes filling with tears as she looked at me. "There was never house raised yet on nobler deed than yours."

"Go, go, go!" cried her husband, seeming in embarrassment. "Go and look to that foolish girl!"

"I will! Yet stop!" cried my lady, pausing when she was half way across the floor, and returning, "I was forgetting that I have another letter to open. It is very odd that this letter was never opened before, she continued, producing that which had lain in my haversack. "It has had several narrow escapes. But this time I vow I will see inside it. You give me leave?"

"Oh, yes," I said, smiling. "I wash my hands of it. Whoever the Mistress Clarence, to whom it is addressed, may be, it is enough that her name is Clarence! I have suffered too much at his hands."

"I open it, then," my lady cried dramatically. I nodded. She took her husband's dagger and cut the green silk which bound the packet and opened and read.

Only a few words. Then she stopped and, looking off the paper, shivered. "I do not understand this," she murmured. "What does it mean?"

"Go good, I'll be sworn!" Master Bertie replied, gazing at her eagerly. "Read it aloud, Katherine."

"To Mistress A—B—, I am advertised by my trusty agent, Master Clarence, that he hath benefited much by your aid in the matter in which I am employed by him. Such service goes always with much, and never for naught with me. In which belief confirm yourself. For the present, working with him as heretofore, be secret, and on no account let your true sentiments come to light. So you will be the more valuable to me, even as it is more easy to unfasten a barred door from within than from without."

Here the duchess broke off abruptly and turned on us a face full of wonder.

"What does it mean?" she asked.

"The duke's husband said."

"Not quite," she answered, returning to it and reading:

"Those whom you have hitherto served have too long made a mockery of sacred things, but their cup is full, and the business of seeing that they drink it with one, who am not wont to be slothful in these matters. Be faithful and secret. Good speed and fare you well. Ste. Winton."

"One thing is quite clear," said Master Bertie, slowly. "That you and I are the persons whose cup is full. You remember how you once dressed up a dog in a red velvet coat, and how Gardner? And it is our matter in which Clarence is employed. Then who is it who has been co-operating with him, and whose aid is of so much value to him?"

"Even as it is easier," I muttered thoughtfully, "to unfasten a barred door from within than from without."

"What was it of which that strange sentence reminded me? Ha! I had it. Of the night on which we had fled from Master Lindstrom's house, when Mistress Anne had been seized with that odd fit of perverseness and had almost opened the door looking upon the river in spite of all I could say or do. It was of that the sentence reminded me. To whom is it addressed?" I asked abruptly.

"To Mistress Clarence," my lady answered.

"Oh—inside, I mean."

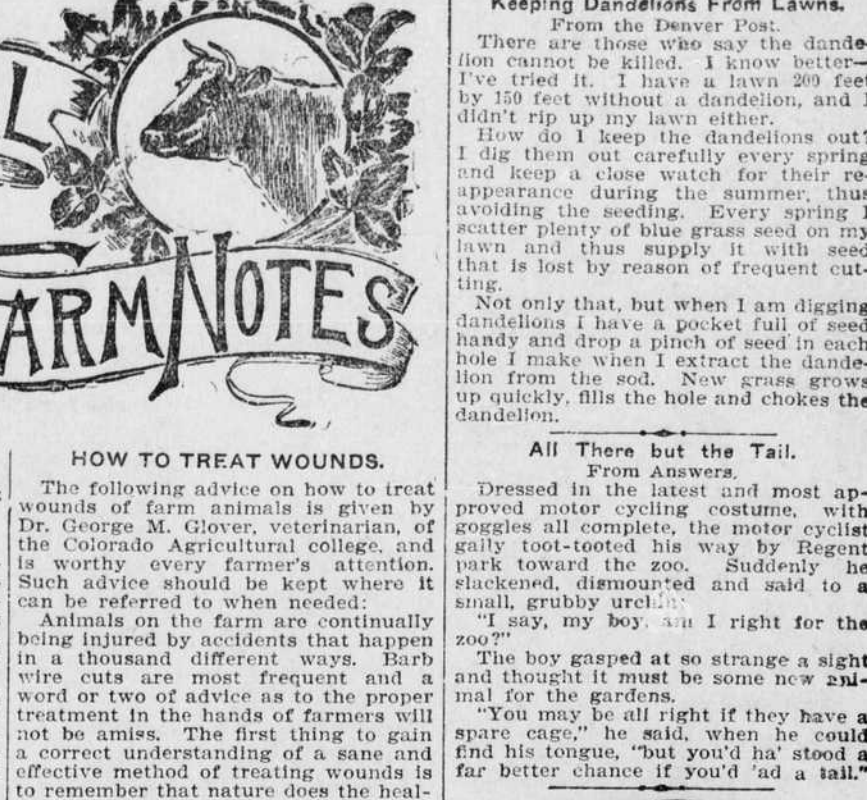
"Oh! to Mistress A—B—, But that gives us no clue," she added. "It is a disguise. You see they use the two first letters of the alphabet."

So they were, and the initial letters of Anne Brandon! I wondered that the duchess did not see it; that she did not at once turn her suspicions toward the right quarter. But she was, for a woman, singularly truthful and confiding, and she saw nothing.

I looked at Master Bertie. He seemed puzzled, discerning, I fancy, how strange the allusions pointed toward Mistress Anne, but not daring at once to draw the inference. She was his wife's kinswoman by marriage, albeit a distant one, and much indebted to her. She had been almost as his own sister. She was young and fair, and to associate treachery and ingratitude such as this with her seemed almost too horrible.

Then why was I so clear sighted as to read the riddle? Why was I the first to see the truth? Because I had felt for days a vague and ill defined distrust of the girl. I had seen more of her odd fits and caprices than had the others. Looking back now, I could find a confirmation of my idea in a dozen things which had befallen us. I remembered how ill and stricken she had looked on the day when I had first brought out the letter, and how strangely she had talked to me about it.

I remembered Clarence's interview with Dymphna, as I had then thought, but, as I now guessed, Anne, wearing her cloak. I recalled the manner in



TRACTACAL FARM NOTES

PIGS NEED PROTEIN.

Professor Wm. Dietrich Tells What Feeds Are Best for Growing Swine.

In an address before the Illinois farmers' institute Professor William Dietrich, of the Illinois college of agriculture, gave some very practical lessons in pig feeding. Professor Dietrich devotes his whole time to the study and teaching of swine husbandry.

The average market hog should weigh 300 pounds at eight months of age. For the pig two to six months old protein is the most important feed. Without protein "cannot build up the lean meat or grow to any size."

Protein is found in skim milk, clover and alfalfa. Corn is nine-tenths carbohydrate. Oats have a little more protein than corn, but not sufficient to make pig. Rye contains a little more protein than does corn. Barley is one of the best feeds on the farm; it contains more protein than does rye. In clover and alfalfa there is a large bulk for the required nutrients and pigs cannot get enough for maximum growth, even if you have corn and clover it is still necessary for the young pig to have some protein food—cowpeas, soy beans or Canada field peas. There is nothing better grown on the farm to balance up the ration with meal.

Rapeseed is a bulky feed for fattening and it is necessary to use some nitrogenous feed with it. If you feed clover hay in racks the pigs will not eat as much of it as if it were chopped up as finely as possible, scalded with meal and mixed with slop. You can buy middlings (low grade flour); it has protein, but not enough. Tankage, meat meal and blood meal are very much richer than shorts. Perhaps the most concentrated nitrogenous feed is fish meal, 20 percent tankage contained about 40 percent of digestible protein. There is danger in feeding too much protein; it is worse than feeding too little.

During the last two months of the feeding period carbohydrates and fat must be used in greater importance. We must use feeds that are digestible like corn, wheat, flour or middlings, but bran is practically indigestible for the pig. Oil cake contains as much protein as middlings or corn, but it is less digestible and it is necessary to use some nitrogenous feed, such as meal, to make up for the lack of protein. The last is perhaps better because it contains much ether extract.

It is much better to mix the feeds than to feed corn at one time and something else at another time. Other things the pigs are able to get too much of the protein feed, lose their appetite for corn and become stunted for their lives.

Nine lots of pigs were fed in one of Professor Dietrich's experiments and gradually reduced the feed of two lots of half pigs until he had taken away just half the ration and then they were making twice the gain they did before. Lots 5 and 6, which were fed according to the old scientific feeding standard, weighed 270 pounds at nine months, while the two lots fed by Professor Dietrich's method averaged 288 and 305 pounds, respectively. How was this done? By holding the pigs down at the beginning, but never not only larger but the gain at the close was made of corn meal, which is a cheaper feed.

If allowed to do so pigs will eat too much protein at first and that will keep their weight down forever, but less than a desirable result, but one must be careful not to misinterpret it. The more common error is to feed too little protein than to feed too much. Professor Dietrich's statement gives no sanction whatever to the attempt to raise hogs on corn and water.

The pigs in lot 1 started in the experiment when they were 3 months old, weighing 50 pounds, and were fed until they were 9 months old, making a gain of 20 pounds, while the other lot, which was fed the same as in lot 1 on carbohydrates in the form of corn and had mineral matter in the form of air-slaked lime, charcoal, ashes and a few loads of dirt. They gained 70 pounds in the nine months. The other lot had protein in addition to the mineral matter. The pigs in lot 3 weighed 240 pounds. This bunch were fed straight corn on clover pasture and they made a gain of two and a half times that of lot 1.

Pigs can be overfed on skim milk. In an experiment last year pigs which were fed three times a day made much larger and more economical gains than pigs that were fed twice, but the former were not given all they would eat each time.

A 2-month-old pig will not weigh much over 30 pounds; at 3 months, 50 to 60 pounds. At 5 months the pig has gained 50 pounds in about three weeks. At 20 months he weighs about 250 pounds and has put on 150 pounds of pork in three months. It takes two months to put on the next 50 pounds, and the pig gains only 50 pounds from 9 to 12 months.

When the pig (in a certain experiment) is 3 months old it eats 2.2 pounds of food per day; when 7 months old he weighs five times as much, but eats three times as much. Between 4 and 6 months of age, the pig makes 50 pounds gain in 30 days on 120 pounds of feed. But after the pig is 9 months old it takes three months to put on 50 pounds of pork from 630 pounds of feed. Which is the more economical? The only way to figure feed is in proportion to the live weight.

FOR THE HOG BREEDER.

The brood sow can be made a source of profit in every feed lot.

Where the sow finds an important place on the farm, the pig thrives the best.

Young hogs will not make a profitable growth in a dry lot without a variety of food.

The hog to thrive best, must be given food that will build up the system evenly.

An even lot of pigs cannot be expected from a choice lot of sows bred to different breeds.

Never breed to a boar that is excessive, or that has had his powers of reproduction overtaxed.

The breeder to receive the greatest possible profit with hogs, must have them reach a marketable weight as quickly as possible.

In nearly all cases too early breeding of the sow stunts the growth and prevents the proper development of the frame.

See that they are not obliged to eat their feed in filth or mud, and what is still worse, in the dust.

A race or family of hogs kept on the same farm will improve or degenerate according to the ability or shrewdness of the owner.

When the hogs have the run of a good

HOW TO TREAT WOUNDS.

The following advice on how to treat wounds of farm animals is given by Dr. George M. Glover, veterinarian, of the Colorado Agricultural college, and is worthy every farmer's attention. Such advice should be kept where it can be referred to when needed:

Accidents on the farm are continually being injured by accidents that happen in a thousand different ways. Barb wire cuts are most frequent and a word or two of advice as to the proper treatment in the hands of farmers will not be amiss. The first thing to gain a correct understanding of a sane and effective method of treating wounds is to remember that nature does the healing and that remedies applied are simply for the purpose of assisting nature.

The right mental attitude in this respect will tend to eliminate a thousand and one nostrums which are tried in rapid succession in the belief that there is somewhere, if it could only be found, a specific remedy with magical influence to bring about the desired recovery in a marvelous way. Mankind has been diligently seeking such remedies for thousands of years and is still keeping up the search.

It is time that such a view of the situation, which is based purely upon superstition, should be eliminated and that we get down to principles based upon scientific research, and instead of groping blindly in the dark seeking the "where" let us always be ready to inquire "why."

The ordinary wound will heal of itself, and should not be interfered with. The interference may be from germ infection, parasite or too much meddling with applications on the part of man. Now, let us suppose a case. A horse has a badly lacerated leg from contact with a sharp barb wire. The first thing, of course, would be to stop the bleeding.

This can be accomplished by a tight bandage of clean white muslin tied directly over the wound or above it. Often the bleeding artery will protrude and a thread can be run under it with a needle and the artery tied. Do not use flour, dirt or cobwebs or anything of that sort on the wound; they are unnecessary and may produce dangerous infection.

Having stopped the bleeding, remove the clots of blood and cut off the ragged edges of muscles with shears. A pan of antiseptic solution should be provided. One of the best and cheapest antiseptics on the farm, good for man or beast, is creolin. A tea spoonful of this to a pint of water that has been boiled. Place the knife, shears, etc., in this solution and wash the hands before beginning cut the wound wash it thoroughly with the antiseptic solution. See that there is good drainage from the wound at the bottom. Do not allow it to start healing with a pocket that will hold pus.

As it is practically impossible to keep a wound on a horse antiseptic, it is not advisable for the farmer to tie up the wound; leave it exposed to the air and apply the antiseptic wash several times a day. Three good antiseptics are creolin, carbolic acid, and boracic acid. Charcoal and iodiform makes a very good dry dressing. Clean air-slaked lime, powdered over the wound twice daily, is very satisfactory. The so-called "proud flesh" is only unhealthy granulation.

It is seldom advisable for the farmer to interfere with this condition by using caustics; the results are usually disastrous; better in this case to call in a qualified veterinarian. If maggots should get into the wound a little turpentine or chloroform will help bring them to the surface, where they may be picked out. I did not mention sewing up the wound, for the reason that in case of the ragged barb wire cut it is very seldom worth while to do so.

A wound to heal properly must be gotten perfectly clean and free from germs from the start and then kept clean. Remember that it is largely a matter of keeping dangerous germs out and giving nature a chance. Too much interference is often the cause of tardy healing of wounds.

HIGH MEAT IN SCOTLAND.

Dispatches this week from Glasgow, Scotland, indicate that high meat prices are causing much agitation there, says the National Provisioner. The members of the Glasgow United Fishermen's society have resolved to raise the retail price of butcher meat by one penny per pound. With the opening of the St. Lawrence season it was expected that, as in former years, Canada would be able to export large numbers of fat cattle, but the imports at Glasgow from Canadian ports show a falling off of fully 25 percent during the past five months as compared with the same period last year.

The present state of the live stock market is attributed to the great scarcity of fat cattle in the United States. Home supplies have been almost up to the average, but owing to the falling off in the imports home stocks have been used up to an unusual extent. There is therefore not much prospect that prices of live stock will fall until the autumn, when the home fed lots will be ready for the market.

The following are the numbers of cattle landed at Meriklands Wharf, Glasgow, from Canadian and United States ports for the first five months of the present year, together with the figures for the corresponding period of 1907:

| | | |
|----------------------------------|-------|--------|
| | 1907. | 1907. |
| January | 1,465 | 2,536 |
| February | 2,431 | 2,532 |
| March | 1,744 | 1,988 |
| April | 1,332 | 1,082 |
| May | 1,247 | 1,114 |
| Totals | 8,229 | 11,244 |
| Decrease for 1908, 2,855 cattle. | | |

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.

A New York commercial authority thinks that the power of the "beef trust" is increasing and it is able to "manipulate prices subject only to fluctuations of demand and supply" he would have had it about right. Both these old standard influences have been very clearly shown in the meat and live stock markets of the past winter and current spring, and control that is subject to them or either of them is no control at all. A little common sense about our animal and meat industry is very much needed in the journalism of this country, especially in the East.

Keeping Dandelions From Lawns.

From the Denver Post.

There are those who say the dandelion cannot be killed. I know better. I've tried it. I have a lawn 200 feet by 150 feet without a dandelion, and I didn't rip up my lawn either.

How do I keep the dandelions out? I dig them out carefully every spring and keep a close watch for their reappearance during the summer, thus avoiding the seeding. Every spring I scatter plenty of blue grass seed on my lawn and thus supply it with seed that is lost by reason of frequent cutting.

Not only that, but when I am digging dandelions I have a pocket full of seed handy and drop a pinch of seed in each hole I make when I extract the dandelion from the sod. New grass grows up quickly, fills the hole and chokes the dandelion.

All There but the Tail.

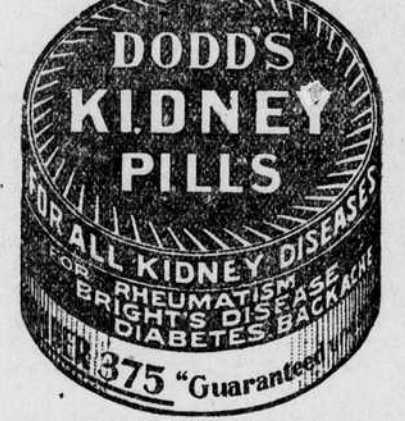
From Answers.

Dressed in the latest and most approved motor cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor cyclist gaily toot-tooted his way by Regent park toward the zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted and said to a small, grubby urchin:

"I say, my boy, am I right for the zoo?"

The boy gasped at so strange a sight and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens.

"You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said, when he could find his tongue, "but you'd ha' stood a far better chance if you'd 'ad a tail."



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES

375 "Guaranteed"

Production of Precious Stones.

The total value of the precious stones produced in the United States during 1907 is placed by the geological survey at \$471,300, as compared with \$208,000 in 1906. This great increase is due chiefly to a very large output of sapphires in Montana, of both the blue and the variegated variety. The total production of sapphires in the United States for 1907 is estimated at \$228,900. Tourmaline is second in importance, and is placed at \$84,120. Among other important gems produced were chrysoberite, to the value of \$45,500; caifortrite, \$25,000; turquoise, \$23,840; spodumene gems (kunzite and hiddenite), \$14,500; variolite, atahite, and amethyst, \$7,600; quartz, beryl and aquamarine and garnet, each over \$6,000.

A new gem mineral—benitoite—has been added to the list of known precious stones. This is a titanate of barium, having a blue color and a high refractive index. It is found in San Benito county, California. The reopening of the emerald-hiddenite mine in Alexander county, North Carolina, during 1907 is of interest, since the supply of hiddenite for jewelry has become very low.

It is difficult to obtain figures that adequately represent the value of the production of precious stones. It is the aim of the geological survey to give statistics that show the value of the output in the rough state. This is often impossible, since it cannot be known what a certain lot of mineral will yield when selected and cut. Some of the figures furnished are evidently the values for elaborated gems, while others may represent but little more than the cost of mining.

An advance chapter containing the survey's report on the production of precious stones in 1907, by D. B. Sterrett, forming a part of the annual volume of mineral resources of the United States, will soon be ready for distribution.

"Has Ranter a leaning towards the stars?"

"When I last saw him about 1 a. m. he was leaning against a lamp post."

DROPPED COFFEE.

Doctor Galna 20 Pounds on Postum.

A physician of Wash. D. C., says of his coffee experience:

"For years I suffered with periodical headaches which grew more frequent until they became almost constant. So severe were they that sometimes I was almost frantic. I was sallow, constipated, irritable, sleepless; my memory was poor, I trembled and my thoughts were often confused.

"My wife, in her wisdom, believed coffee was responsible for these ills and urged me to drop it. I tried many times to do so, but was its slave.

"Finally Wife bought a package of Postum and persuaded me to try it, but she made it same as ordinary coffee and I was disgusted with the taste. (I make this emphatic because I fear many others have had the same experience.) She was distressed at her failure and we carefully read the directions, made it right, boiled it full 15 minutes after boiling commenced, and with good cream and sugar, I liked it—it invigorated and seemed to nourish me.

"That was about a year ago. Now I have no headaches, am not sallow, sleeplessness and irritability are gone, my brain clear and my hand steady. I have gained 20 lbs. and feel I am a new man.

"I do not hesitate to give Postum due credit. Of course dropping coffee was the main thing, but I had dropped it before, using chocolate, cocoa and other things to no purpose.

"Postum not only seemed to act as an invigorant, but as an article of nourishment, giving me the needed phosphates and albumens. This is no imaginary tale. It can be substantiated by my wife and her sister, who both changed to Postum and are hearty women of about 70.

"I write this for the information and encouragement of others, and with a feeling of gratitude to the inventor of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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