## Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

"Not return? But whither has she gone?" they both cried at once.

No," I allowed, that is true.

I was puzzled on this point myself,
now I came to consider it. I could not
see why she had taken the alarm so
opportunely, but I maintained my opinion nevertheless.

"Something frightened her," I said,
"though it may not have been the letter."

"Yes," said the duchess after a moment's silence. "I suppose you are right. I suppose something frightened her, as you say. I wonder what it was, poor wretch!"

poor wretch!"

It turned out that I was right. Mistress Anne had gone indeed, having staid, so far as we could learn from an examination of the room which she had shared with Dymphna, merely to put together the few things which our adventures had left her. She had gone out from among us in this foreign land without a word of farewell, without a good wish given or received, without a soul to say godspeed! The thought made me tremble. If she had died, it would have been different. Now, to feel made me tremble. If she had died, it would have been different. Now, to feel sorrow for her as for one who had been with us in heart as well as in body seemed a mockery. How could we grieve for one who had moved day by day and hour by hour among us only that with each hour and day she might plot and scheme and plan our destruction? It was impossible!

We made inquiries indeed, but without result, and so abruptly and terribly

We made inquiries indeed, but without result, and so abruptly and terribly
she passed, for the time, out of our
knowledge, though often afterward I
recalled sadly the weary, hunted look
which I had sometimes seen in her
eyes when she sat listless and dreamy.
Poor girl! Her own acts had placed
her, as the duchess said, beyond love
or hope, but not beyond pity.

So it is in life. The day which sees
one's trial end sees another's begin.
We the duchess and her child, Master
Bertise and I, staid with our good and
faithful friends, the Lindstroms,
awhile, resting and recruiting our
strength, and during this interval, at
the gressing instance of the duchess, I
yworte letters to Sir Anthony and Pefronilla, stating that I was abroad and
was well and looked presently to return, but not disclosing my refuge or
fale names of my companions. At the
end of five days, Master Bertie being
fairly strong again, and Santon being
considered unsafe for us as a permanent residence, we went under guard
to Wesel, where we were received as
people of quality and lodged, there belang no fitting place, in the disused
was christened Peregrine—a wanderer
—the governor of the city and I being was christened Peregrine—a wanderer—the governor of the city and I being godfathers. And here we lived in peace, albeit with hearts that yearned for home, for some months.

Buring this time two pieces of news parliament, though much pressed to it, had refused to acquiesce in the con-fiscation of the duchess' estates; the other that our joint persecutor, the great bishop of Winchester, was dead. This last we at first disbelieved. It was true nevertheless. Stephen Gardiner, whose vast schemes had inmeshed google so far apart in station and in-deed in all else as the duchess and my-self, was dead at last; had died toward the end of 1555, at the height of his power, with England at his feet, and gone to his Maker. I have known many

We trusted that this might open the way for our return, but we found, on the contrary, that fresh clouds were rising. The persecution of the reform-ers, which Queen Mary had begun in England, was carried on with increas-ing rigor, and her husband, who was ing rigor, and her husband, who was now king of Spain and master of the Netherlands, freed from the prudent checks of his father, was inclined to pleasure her in this by giving what aid he could abroad. His minister in the Netherlands, the bishop of Arras, brought so much pressure to bear upon our protector to induce him to give us up that it was plain the duke of Cleves must scoper or later comply. We that t was plain the duke of cleves transt sooner or later comply. We thought it better, therefore, to remove ourselves and presently did so, going to the town of Winnheim, in the Rhine

We found ourselves not much more secure here, however, and all our efforts to discover a safe road into France falling, and the stock of money which the duchess had provided beginning to give out we were in great strafts whither to go or what to do.

At this time of our need, however, providence opened a door in a quarter where we least looked for it. Letters came from Sigismund, the king of Poland, and from the palatine of Wilna In that country, inviting the duchess and Master Bertie to take up their residence there and offering the latter an establishment and honorable employment. The overture was unlooked for any was not accounted without role. ployment. The overture was unlooked for and was not accepted without misgivings, Wilna being so far distant and there being none of our race in that country. However, assurance of the Polish king's good faith reached us—I say us, for in all their plans I was included—through John Alasco, a nobleman who had visited England. And in due time we started on this prodigious journey and came safely to Wilna, where our reception was such as the latters had led us to expect.

I do not propose to set down here our

M do not propose to set down here our adventures, though they were many, in that strange country of frozen marshes and endless plains, but to pass rer 18 months which I spent not ithout profit to myself in the Pole's rvice, seeing something of war in his who made no secret of our destination, talkuanian campaigns and learning much of mcn and the world, which there, to say nothing of wolves and bears, bore certain aspects not commonly visible in Warwickshire. I pass on to the early autumn of 1558, when letter from the duchess, who was guide brought me perforce to a halt.

at Wilna, was brought to me at Cra-

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

She was sweeping with that word from the room and had nearly reached the door before I found my voice. Then I called out, "Stay!" just in time. "You will do no good, madam, by going!" I said, rising. "You will not find her. She is gone."

"Gone?"

"She left the both for our happiness and the good of the court of the "Gone?"
"Yes." I said quietly. "She left the house 20 minutes ago. I saw her cross the market place, wearing her cloak and carrying a bag. I do not think she will return."
"Not return? But whither has she will return?"
"Not return? But whither has she will return and the good of the religion. Master Bertie has embarked on it. and I have taken upon myself to answer for your aid and counsel, which have never been wanting to us. Wherefore, dear friend, come, sparing neither horse nor spurs nor any-"Not return? But whither has she one?" they both cried at once.

I shook my head.
"I can only guess," I said in a low olce. "I saw no more than I have old your assured and loving friend, Katherine Suffolk."

told you."

"But why did you not tell me?" the duchess cried reproachfully. "She shall be brought back."

"It would be useless," Master Berticanswered. "Yet I doubt if it be as Carey thinks. Why should she go just at this time? She does not know that she is found out. She does not know that this letter has been recovered. Not a word, mind, was said of it before she left the room."

"No," I allowed, "that is true."

I was puzzled on this point myself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"One minute!" I said. "That is the

Master Bertie turned in his saddle and looked at it. The light was fading into the early dusk of a November evening, but the main features of four cross streets, the angle between two of them filled by the tall beifry of a church, were still to be made out. The east wind had driven loiterers indoors, and there was scarcely any one abroad to notice us. I pointed to a dead wall 10 paces down the street. "Opposite that they stopped," I said, "There was a pile of boards leaning against it then."

"You have had many a worse bedchamber since, lad," he said, smiling.
"Many," I answered. And then by a
common impulse we shook up the
horses, and trotting gently on were
soon clear of London and making for
Islington. Passing through the latter,
we began to breast the steep slope
which leads to Highgate, and coming,
when we had reached the summit,
plump upon the lights of the village
pulled up in front of a building which
loomed darkly across the road.
"This is the Gatehouse tavern," Mas-"You have had many a worse bed-

"This is the Gatehouse tavern," Master Bertle said in a low voice. "We shall soon know whether we have come on a fool's errand—or worse!"

We rode under the archway into a

shall soon know whether we have come on a fool's errand—or worse!"

We rode under the archway into a great courtyard, from which the road issued again on the other side through another gate. In one corner two men, were littering down a line of pack horses by the light of the lanterns, which brought their tanned and rugged faces into relief. In another, where the light poured ruddily from an open doorway, a hostler was serving out fodder and doing so, if we might judge from the traveler's remonstrances, with a niggardly hand. From the windows of the house a dozen rays of light shot athwart the darkness and disclosed as many pigs wallowing asleep in the middle of the yard. In all we saw a coarse comfort and welcome. Master Bertie led the way across the yard and accosted the hostler. "Can we have stalls and beds?" he asked.

Bege of the risks of our present enterprise were enough to startle and shake the most constant mind, and in the midst of enterprises secret and dangerous, few minds are so firm or so reckless as to disdain omens. That she was one of those unhappy beings who buy dark secrets at the expense of other souls seemed certain, and had I been alone I should have, I am not ashamed to say it, given back.

But I was lucky in having for my obsides of so single a religious belief that at the end of his life he always refused to put faith in a thing of the existence of which I have no doubt myself—I mean witchcraft.

He showed at this moment the courage of his opinions. "Peace! Peace! woman," he said compassionately. "We shall live while God wills it and die when he wills it, and neither live longer nor die earlier: so let us by." "Would you perish" she quavered.

Bursting into a hoarse laugh at this-he was lame and one eyed and not very well favored—he led us into a long, many stalled stable, feebly lit by lanterns which here and there glimmered against the walls. "Suit yourselves," he said. "First come is first served here."

He seemed an ill conditioned fellow but the businesslike way in which we went about our work, watering, feeding and littering down in old campaigners' fashion, drew from him a grunt of commendation. "Have you come from afar, masters?" he asked.

masters?" he asked.
"No; from London," I answered curtly. "We come as linen drapers from Westcheap, if you want to know."
"Aye, I see that," he said, chuckling. "Never were atop of a horse before nor handled anything but a clothyard. Oh,

We want a merchant reputed to sel French lace," I continued, looking hard at him. "Do you happen to know if there is a dealer here with any?"

He nodded rather to himself than to ne, as if he had expected the question. Then in the same tone, but with a quick glance of intelligence, he answered, "I will show you into the house presently, and you can see for yourselves. A stable is no place for French lace." He pointed with a wink French lace." He pointed with a wink over his shoulder toward a stail in which a man, apparently drunk, lay snoring. "That is a fine toy," he ran on carelessly as I removed my dagger from the holster and concealed it under my cloak—"a fine plaything—for a linen draper!"
"Peace pace."

said Master Bertie, impatiently With a shrug of his shoulders the man obeyed. Crossing the courty and behind him, we entered the great kitchen, which, full of light and warmth and noise, presented just such a scene of comfort and bustle, of loud talking, red faced guests and hurrying bare armed serving maids as I remembered lighting upon at St. Albans three years back. But I had changed much since then and seen much. The bailiff himself would hardly have recognized his old antagonist in the tall, heavily cloaked stranger, whose assured air, acquired amid wild surroundings in a foreign land, gave him a look of age to which I could not fairly lay claim. Master Bertie had assigned the lead to me as being in less danger of recogni-tion, and I followed the hostler toward the hearth without hesitation. Jenkin," the man cried, with the same rough bluntness he had shown without, "here are two travelers want the lace

gone? 'Who gone?" retorted the host as

loudly. "The lace merchant who came this morning."
"No: he is in No. 32," returned the landlord. "Will you sup first, gentle-

We declined and followed the hostler,

But she foiled me with unexpected nimbleness, and I could not push her aside, she was so very old. Her gums were toothless, and her forehead was

were toothless, and her forehead was "By your leave, good woman!" I said and turned to pass round her. lined and wrinkled. About her eyes, which under hideous red lids still shone with an evil gleam, a kind of reflection of a wicked past, a thousand crows' feet had gathered. A few wisps of gray hair struggled from under the handker-chief which covered her head. She were chief which covered her head. She was humpbacked and stooped over a stick, and whether she saw or not my move-

and whether she saw or not my move-ment of repugnance, her voice was harsh when she spoke.

"Young gentleman," she croaked,
"let me tell your fortune by the stars.
A fortune for a groat, young gentle-man!" she continued, peering up into my face and frustrating my attempts to pass

to pass.

"Here is a groat," I answered peevishly, "and for the fortune I will hear it another day. So let us by."

But she would not. My companion, seeing that the attention of the room was being drawn to us tried to pull seeing that the attention of the room was being drawn to us, tried to pull me by her. But I could not use force, and short of force there was no remedy. The hostler indeed would have interfered on our behalf and returned to bid her, with a civility he had not bestowed on us, "give us passage," But she swiftly turned her eyes on him in a sinister fashion, and he retreated with an oath and a paling face, while those nearest to us—and half a dozen had crowded round—drew back and crossed themselves in haste almost ludicrous.

"Let me see your face, young gen-

almost ludicrous.

"Let me see your face, young gentleman," she persisted, with a hollow cough. "My eyes are not so clear as they were, or it is not your cloak and your flap hat that would blind me."

Thinking it best to get rid of her even at a slight risk—and the chance that among the travelers present there would be one able to recognize me was small indeed—I uncovered. She shot a piercing glance at my face, and looking down on the floor traced hurstellies.

riedly a figure with her stick. She studied the phantom lines a moment and then looked up.
"Listen," she said solemnly, and waving her stick round me she quavered out in tones which filled me with a

strange tremor.
"The man goes east, and the wind strange ...
"The man goes east, and blows west, Wood to the head and steel to the breast!

man goes west, and the wind

breast!
The man goes west, and the wind blows east,
The neck twice doomed the gallows shall feast!"
"Beware!" she went on more loudly

and harshly, tapping with her stick on the floor and shaking her palsied head at me. "Beware, unlucky shoot of a crooked branch! Go no farther with it. Go back. The sword may miss or may not fall, but the cord is sure." or may not fall, but the cord is sure."

If Master Bertie had not held my arm tightly, I should have recoiled, as most of those within hearing had already done. The strange allusions to my past, which I had no difficulty in detecting, and the witch's knowledge of the risks of our present enterprise were enough to startle and shake the most constant mind and in the

woman, he said compassionately, we shall live while God wills it and die when he wils it, and neither live longer nor die earlier; so let us by."
"Would you perish" she quavered.
"Aye, if so God wills?" he answered,

undaunted. At that she seemed to shake all over and hobbled aside muttering:
"Then go on! Go on! God wills it!"
Master Bertie gave me no time for hesitation, but holding my arm urged me on to where the hostler stood me on to where the hostler stood waiting the event with a face of much discomposure. He opened the door for us, however, and led the way up a narrow and not too clean staircase. On the landing at the head of this he On the landing at the head of this ne paused and raised his lantern so as to cast the light on our faces. "She has overlooked me, the old witch," he said viciously. "I wish I had never meddled in this business."
"Man," Master Bertie replied stern-

ly, "do you fear that weak old wom-an?"

'No. but I fear her master," retorted "No, but I fear her master," retorted the hostler, "and that is the devil."

"Then I do not," Master Bertie answered bravely. "For my Master is as good a match for him as I am for that old woman. When he wills it, man, you will die, and not before. So pluck up spirit."

(Continued Next Week.)

Palabras Carinosas.

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto the slender hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then,
I'll have to say Good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my farewells. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago—
What, both these snowy hands! ah,
then
I'll have to say Good-night again!
—Thomas Balley Aldrich.

Might Try Her.
From the Sacred Heart Review.
A Kansas City man recently wrote to a lawyer in another town of the state asking for information touching the standing of a person there who owed the Kansas City individual a considerable sum of money for a long

"What property has he that I could tach?" was one of the questions lawyer's reply was to the

"The person to whom you refer," wrote, "died a year ago. He has left nothing subject to attachment ex-cept a widow."

A Subtle Difference. From the Woman's Home Companion for

May.

Mrs. Blank, wife of a prominent minister near Boston, had in her employ a recently engaged colored cook as black as the proverbial ace of spades. One day Mrs. Blank said to

"Matilda, I wish that you would have oatmeal quite often for breakfast. My husband is very fond of it. He is Scotch and you know that the Scotch eat a great deal of oatmeal." "Oh, he's Scotch, is he?" said Ma-da. "Well, now, do you know, I was thinkin' all along dat he wasn't des

like us." England consumes 30 ounces of tobac-co per annum a head.



"An elderly, sickly lady wants a companion. Apply at No. 27 North Eleventh st."

It was only a short advertisement, but it brought good results. All day the applicants kept on coming, but there was not one of them who really pleased me, none that I found to be just what I wanted.

I thought they had all gone, and sank, tired, back in my comfortable chair, and sat for a while with closed eyes. I am sure I must have looked very pale and tired, for suddenly I felt a little, soft hand touching mine and heard a pleasant voice:

things in a different light, and I really think that I could sing again."

She sat down at the plano and began to sing in full melodious voice. But when she had finished her song I saw the deep sorrow again came as a shadow over her. She hid her face in her hards and burst out crying.

"Oh, God," she moaned, "It is so hard, so hard to bear this!"

"Alice, my dear child, tell me what your sorrow is, and let me try to make your burden lighter," I said, and drew her toward me, "you must feel now that you can have full confidence in me." I wanted.

I thought they had all gone, and sank, tired, back in my comfortable chair, and sat for a while with closed eyes. I am sure I must have looked very pale and tired, for suddenly I felt a little, soft hand touching mine and heard a pleasant voice:

"You look so very tired; can't I do anything for you before I go?"

I opened my eyes and saw a little slender figure, dressed in deep mourning, standing before me. Her features were fine and regular, and her dark brown eyes had a frank, open expression and her little head was eithlesset. sion, and her little hand was still restsion, and her little hand was still rest-ing on mine.
"Did you come to apply for the posi-tion?" I asked, after having gathered my thoughts.

"Yes, I have been sitting here for more than an hour in the corner, but I felt sure that I had no hope of getting

it. I first thought that perhaps you might take me, but you have shown so many away who knew much more than do, so I have given up hope."
"What can you do?"

me."
"Oh, you cannot help me, but you have been so kind and good to me tha it would be wrong if I should not tel it would be wrong if I should not tell you my secret. From my earliest childhood I have been used to living in a house like this, surrounded by comfort and wealth. My dear father, Dr. Gray, did everything for me to make me feel happy. He was very rich and able to gratify all my wishes. Two years ago he took a young doctor as assistant to help him, as his practice was becoming too large. This young man was five years older than I, and a son of a widow in Pittsburg. We learned to love each other dearly, Horace and I, and some time ago he asked me to become his wife, and I do not

me to become his wife, and I do not think that there could have been a happier girl in the world than I. My



"Not very much, I am afraid. I can fead aloud. I used to read to papa every day, and he always praised me. I am also sure that I could keep your accounts and write your letters. But you asked all the others for references, accounts and write your letters. But you asked all the others for references, and I have none."
"None at all?"

and she answered faintly: "There is no one in the whole world to whom I can refer you."

I looked at her in astonishment. She was, in every respect, just the companion that I had wished for. One that I might love and protect in return for her services and kindness to me. But it seemed so very peculiar to hear her say that she had absolutely no friends. But it Without stopping to consider, the words

'But what can you have done that you have lost the love of your friends?"

I regretted my words the same sec-

The young girl's face turned deep red, but her beautiful face looked frankly into mine when she answered:

"I have done nothing wrong; that is not the reason why I am unhappy and friendless. I do not wonder that you think it strange to see a girl of 19 stand so entirely alone. But it is great sor-rows that have driven me away from my home and my friends. Do you feel Yes, thank you, I do feel a little

stronger. "Then I will say goodby," and she turned away to leave me.
I stopped her. "Wait a moment," I said. "What is your name?"

'Alice.'

"Alice."
"Alice—and your family name?"
"I have no other name."
Again a ridele—but I could not let her leave me like this.
"If you will stay with me, Alice," I said, and took her hand, "I hope that

"I shall surely come," she answered faintly, and bent down and kissed my

I was more than 70 years old and very rich. Some time before I advertised for a companion my physician had told me that my condition was so that I should never be left alone. I had servants enough and a good many visitors, but I did long for a girl that I might always have with me and that might learn to care for me for my own

In this my lonesome, helpless condition my companion became a real true friend to me. For every day that passed I learned to love her more, and not only love her, she won my full re-

atience, would read to me for hours.

I also noticed that she herself seemed everything about you before he ever patience, would read to me for hours. I also noticed that she herself seemed to feel happier. The deep sorrow in her dark eyes softened, and she wore an expression of quiet resignation, and her slow, heavy steps became lighter and more elastic. She had been with me for more than two months, when one day she asked me:

"Do you love music?"

I told her that I had always loved to become his wife—he knew it from Dr. Gray."

She listened to my words with an expression of happiness in her faithful, bright eyes.

"His aunt wants him to marry you! Can't you guess how it is, Alice, my child? I am Horace Martin's aunt Elizabeth."

music, and especially songs, very much.

When the sorrows came to me," she said sadly, "I thought that I should never be able to think of music any more. I felt so sick and downhearted, but here in your home I have found myself again, and I have learned to see masters now.

Elizabeth."

In the same minute two strong arms caught her and she looked into the happy face of her sweetheart, whom I had sent for.

My large house is none too large for the little feet of those who are its real masters now.

you asked all the others for references, and I have none."

"None at all?"

"No, there is no one in this city who knows me."

"But there may be somebody outside of the city, that I might ask."

Her sweet little face turned very pale, and she answered faintly."

"Three days later he had left, my father came to me and gave me a check for \$5,000, to buy my trousseau with, and kissed me—for the very last time."

The same evening his horses were scared by an automobile, my father was thrown out of the carriage and was brought home dead.

"Three days later his attorney sent for me and told me that Dr. Gray was not my real father. I was an orphan from one of the asylums where his du-ties had taken him in his young days, and in his kindness he had taken me to his home. He had always intended to make me his heir, but now he had died, without leaving any will.

"While I was still crushed down by my terrible sorrow a visitor was announced-Horace's mother." I drew her still closer guessed what was coming. to me;

"She came to ask me to give her son his word back. She said that she had no doubt that he would never think had no doubt that he would never think of leaving me now, but that he would ruin his whole future if he was not parted from me. It would be almost impossible for him to build up a practice if he should marry a poor young girl without a name, and his aunt, whose fortune he was to inherit, was very proud and aristocratic, and would surely disinherit him if he married surely disinherit him if he married me. I promised her to do as she wished, and the same afternoon I left Pittsburg, without letting Horace or anyone else know where I intended to go. My father's last gift I took with me, but left everything else for the lawful heirs. I had only been a few days in this city when I saw your advertisement, and I need not tell you how thankful I feel for your kindness to me, the unknown, friendless girl, ever since."

"If you will stay with me, Alice," I said, and took her hand, "I hope that some day you will have confidence in me and tell me what sorrows have darkened your life. Will you come back tomorrow? Then we shall find out if we are suited to each other."

"I shall surely come," shall surely come, "shall surely come, "shall surely come," shall surely come, "shall shall sh promise to Horace's mother that I would never try to approach him or any one of the family."

"But who is this aunt?"
"I cannot tell you her name. All know is that Horace often spoke even mentioned that she was rich. He seemed to be very fond of her, but I am not sure whether she is the aunt

whom his mother referred to."

Alice seemed to feel happier after her confession. I could now talk encouragingly to her, and very often bring a cheerful smile to her face.

One morning, as she sat on a hassock at my feet, I said to her:

"You love this Mr. Horace much, don't you?" 'Yes, so much that I shall never be She was a fine reader, and more than able to forget him," she answered, with

once I have forgotten my pain and tears in her eyes, troubles when she, with never-tiring "But why should you try to forget

## HORRIBLE SORCERY FLOURISHES IN HAITI

Believe Cannibalism Is Resorted to in the Meetings of the Voodoos.

No accurate history of Haiti can be written without reference to the horri-ble sorcery, called the religion of Voo-doo, which was introduced into the country with the slaves from Africa. Its creed is that the God Voodoo has Its creed is that the God Voodoo has the power usually ascribed to the Christian's Lord, and that he shows himself to his good friends, the negroes, under the form of a non-venomous snake, and transmits his power through a chief priest or priestess. These are called either king or queen, master or mistress, or generally as papa-lois and mamma-lois. The principal act of worship consists of a wild dance, attended by grotesque gesticulations, which leads up to most disgrace-

cipal act of worship consists of a wild dance, attended by grotesque gesticulations, which leads up to most disgraceful orgies, says the National Geographic magazine.

A secret oath binds all the Voodoos, on the taking of which the lips of the neophyte are usually touched with warm goat's blood, which is intended to inspire terror. He promises to submit to death should he ever reveal the secrets of the fraternity, and to put to death any traitor to the sect. It is affirmed, and no doubt is true, that on special occasions a sacrifice is made of a living child or the "goat without horns," as it is called, and then cannibalism in its worst form is indulged in. Under the circumstances of taking the oath of allegiance it should cause no surprise that the Haitians claim that this is not true and defy any white man to produce evidence of guilt. But, notwithstanding, no one can read the horrible tales published by Sir Spencer Saint John, one of the British ministers to Haiti, which describes in detail the revolting practives of the voodoos, together with of the British ministers to Haiti, which describes in detail the revolting practives of the voodoos, together with the proofs he brings to substantiate the truth of the allegations, without coming to the reluctant conclusion that cannibalism is resorted to in these meetings. Of course, no white man could long live on the island after having given testimony leading to the conviction of culprits in such cases, and therefore the negroes' demand for proof can never be satisfied. Indeed, it is said that even some presidents who have openly discouraged the vodoo practices have come to their deaths from this cause.

Vicious Practices.

Vicious Practices.

Vicious Practices.

Vicious Practices.

The character of the meetings of the voodoos, which take place in secluded spots in the thick woods, are well known. A description was given of one of them by an eye witness, who is an officer in our navy, which no one could hear without a shudder. He states in brief that one day while out hunting he abruptly ran into a camp of worshipers, which was located in a lonely spot in the woods, and the horrors he there saw made an indelible impression upon his mind.

When his presence was discovered he was immediately selfed by a frenzied crowd of men and women, and for some minutes there did not seem to be a question but that his life was to be forfeited; but the papa-lois called a halt and a council, apparently to determine what action should be taken, and while this was in session a handful of coin, judiciously scattered, diverted the thoughts of the negroes for the time being from their captive. The usual sacrifice of a white rooster was now brought on, seeing which the people were called back to their worship, and the ceremonies went on in his presence.

ship, and the ceremonies went on in his presence.

In the horrible struggle which took In the horrible struggle which took place for possession, the bird was torn literally to pieces, and he had no doubt that its accompaniment, the "goat without horns," would soon follow. While this was in progress his presence seemed to be forgotten, and, watching a good opportunity, he ran for his very life, not stopping until he reached the protection of his ship.

officer has to his credit one of the most gallant deeds enacted durof the most gallant deeds enacted during the civil war, for which he received promotion by act of congress, but his comrades on board his ship said they never saw a man more frightened than he was when he returned to them, and he himself says the memory of the event produces horrible nightmares which he will never be able to overcome.

rible nightmares which he will never be able to overcome.

There is no doubt these voodoo practices keep the negro in touch with that "call of the wild" which perhaps even the white man, if restricted in civilizing influences and treated as they have been, might be led to follow; but it is to be hoped that education, which the best of the Haitians are now acquiring for their own familiae and are striving to make universal illes and are striving to make universal in the land, will in a few years stamp out this horrible practice with all its

A Temperance Talk.

From the New York Times. Hal Chase, the famous first baseman, was advocating teetotalism among ball players. He argued well, and in the midst of his argument told a story. "Leroy Vigors, a friend of mine," he said, "turned up to play in an amateur

game with a skate on.
"When Vigors stepped up to the bat,
he smiled a silly smile and said to the

'I see three bats an' three balls e. What am I to—hic—do?' here. "'Hit the middle ball," said the um-

pire
"But Vigors struck out. "'Durn ye, Vigors,' said a coach, 'why didn't you hit the middle ball, like the umpire told you?"
"'I did,' says Vigors, with an injured air, 'only I hit it with the-hic-outside bat.' "

Disillusioned Germans.

From the London Spectator ing on the spot the progress of opinion in Germany tells us that the thing which surprised him most was the ap-parent growth in the sense of disappointment among the educated classes. It was not disaffection, but disappointment, and was seemingly confined to the economic results of empire. They had expected more domestic prosperity, and found themselves, if dependent upon salaries, distinctly poorer men. Not only had the general standard of living advanced, which is true more or less of every country on the globe, but the prices of everything desired in decent households had advanced beyond all precedent. precedent.

Bigamy Bitters.

From the London Tatler.

The case of "the man with a hundred wives," whose story is being given in the newspapers, reminds one of the late Lord Russell's joke. The late lord chief justice, when a barrister was sitting in court when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a bigamy charge, whispered: "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy? Two mothersinlaws." instantly re-

plied Russell.

Natives of Uganda, Africa, use American oil for anointing their bodies.