

THE Story of Francis Gludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

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?"

"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 whether she she gone?" they both cried at once.

"I shook my head.

"I can only guess," I said in a low voice. "I saw no more than I have told you."

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

"It would be useless," Master Bertie answered. "Yet I doubt if it be the duchess who would be so 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 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!"

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 Dympha, merely to put together the few things which our adventures had left her. She had slipped 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 goodspeed! The thought made me tremble. If she had died, it would have been different. Now, to hear her 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 she passed, for the time, out of our knowledge, though often afterward I recalled sadly the weary, hunted look which I had seen in her eyes, and 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 and sees another's begin. We, the duchess and I, were at a party at Bertie and I staid with our good and faithful friends, the Lindstroms, while, resting and recruiting our strength, and during this interval, at the pressing instance of the duchess, I wrote letters to Sir Anthony and Patricia, stating that I was abroad and well and looked presently to return, but not disclosing my refuge or the names of my companions. At the end of five days, Master Bertie being suddenly struck again and Stanton being considered unsafe for us as a peevish and unsteady man, we went under guard to Wesel, where we were received as people of quality and lodged, there being no fitting place, in the disused church of St. Willbrod. Here the mild was christened "Perdine" and was 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.

During this time two pieces of news came to us from England—one that the parliament which had been summoned had refused to acquiesce in the confiscation 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 Gardner, whose vast schemes had impressed people so far apart in station and indeed in all else as the duchess and myself, was dead at last; had died toward the end of 1555, at the height of his power, with the duke of Cleves, and one to his Maker. I have known many more men.

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 reformers, which Queen Mary had begun in England, was carried on with increasing 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 doing what 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 up that it was plain the duke of Cleves must sooner or later comply. We thought it better, therefore, to remove ourselves and presently did so, going to the town of Winheim, in the Rhine palatinate.

We found ourselves not much more secure here, however, and our efforts to discover a safe road into France failing, and the stock of money which the duchess had provided beginning to give out we were in great straits 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 to that country, inviting the duchess and Master Bertie to take up their residence here and offering the latter an establishment and honorable employment. 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 letters had led us to expect.

I do not propose to set down here our adventures, though they were many, but that strange country of frozen marshes and endless plains, but to pass over 18 months which I spent not without profit to myself in the Pole's service, seeing something of war in his Lithuanian campaigns and learning much of men and the world, which, I think, to say nothing of wolves and bears, bore certain aspects not commonly visible in Warwickshire. I passed to the early autumn of 1558, when a letter from the duchess, who was

at Wilna, was brought to me at Cracovy. It was to this effect:

"Dead Friend: Send you good speed! Word has come to us here of an enterprise in Englandward, which promises to be truly reported to us, to so alter things at home that there may be room for us at our own fireside. Heaven so further it, both for our happiness and the good of the religion. Master Bertie has embarked 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 anything which may bring you sooner to Wilna, and your assured and loving friend, Katherine Suff."

In five days after receiving this I was at Wilna, and two months later I saw England again after an absence of three years. Early in November, 1563, Master Bertie and I landed at Lowestoft, having made the passage from Harwich in a trading vessel of that place, which stopped only to sleep one night, and then, dressed as traveling merchants, we set out on the road to London, entering the city without accident or hindrance on the third day after landing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

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

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 belfry of a church, were still to be made out. The east wind had driven looters 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."

"You have had many a worse bedroom 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 in the street, and in a few minutes we were litting 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 food to the yard. In all we saw a coarse comfort and welcome. Master Bertie, 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 street. In all we saw a coarse comfort and welcome. Master Bertie, 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 street. In all we saw a coarse comfort and welcome. Master Bertie, from the traveler's remonstrances, with a niggardly hand.

But she felled me with unexpected nimbleness and I could not push her aside, she was so very old. Her gums 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 his hood red like a willow 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 handkerchief which covered her head. She was humped and stooped over a stick, and whether she saw or not my movement 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 great, young gentleman!" she continued, peering up into my face and frustrating my attempts to pass.

"Here is a great," 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 I was not to be pulled 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 heavy hand, bestow on us, "give us passage." But she swiftly turned her eyes on him in a snifter 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 gentleman," she persisted, with a hollow cough. "My eyes are not so clear as yours 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 should be one able to recognize me was small—she seemed certain, and looking down on the floor traced hurriedly 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 in the air, uttered in tones which filled me with a strange tremor.

"The man goes east, and the wind blows west, Wood to the head and steel to the 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 shading her eyes with her hand. "Beware, unlucky shot of a crooked branch! Go no farther with it. Go back. The sword may miss 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 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 been not ashamed to say it, given back.

But I was lucky in having for my companion a man of rare mind, and besides 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!" he said compassionately. "We shall live while we are able, and when he wills 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.

"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 waiting for us. 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 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 sternly, "do you fear that weak old woman?"

"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 and I 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 pleasant things! Good-night to the slender hand! All gently with its weight of rings; Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes. Good-night to the chestnut 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, I shall read stars aright, I shall no longer be blind, lay With my farewells. Till then, good-night! You wish the time were now? And I, You do not wish to part? 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 Bailey 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 time.

"What property has he that I could attach?" was one of the questions asked.

The lawyer's reply was to the point: "The person to whom you refer," he wrote, "died a year ago. He has left nothing subject to attachment except a widow."

A Subtle Difference.

From the Woman's 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 her: "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 Matilda. "Well, now, do you know, I was thinking all along that he wasn't des'ike us."

England consumes 30 ounces of tobacco per annum a head.

Horace Applicant

BY VIGGO TOEPPER.

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"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:

"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 hand was still resting on mine.

"Did you come to apply for the position?" 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 I do so I have given up hope."

"What can you do?"

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

She sat down at the piano 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 hands 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."

"Oh, you cannot help me, but you have been so kind and good to me that 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 Pittsburgh. 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 think that there could have been a happier girl in the world than I. My

HORRIBLE SORGERY 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 horrible sorcery, called the religion of Voodoo, which was introduced into the country with the slaves from Africa. 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 lords or queens, masters or mistresses, or generally papa-lois and mamma-lois. The principal 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, 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 practices of the voodoos, together with the proofs he brings to bear on 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 culpable sinners, and therefore the negroes' demand for proof can never be satisfied. Indeed, it is said that even some presidents who have openly discouraged the voodoo practices have come to their deaths from this cause.

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, who no one could hear without a shudder. He states in brief that one day while out hunting he abruptly ran into a camp of worshippers, 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 seized 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.

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 to his very life, not stopping until he reached the protection of his ship.

This officer has to his credit one of the most gallant deeds enacted during the civil war, for which he received promotion, and he has since served 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.

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 civilization 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 families and are striving to make universal in the land, will in a few years stamp out this horrible practice with all its evils.

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 umpire:

"I see three bats an' three balls here. What am I to—do?"

"Hit the middle ball," said the umpire.

"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 Spectators.

From the London Spectator.

A friend who has recently been studying on the spot the progress of opinion in Germany tells us that the thing which surprised him most was the apparent 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.

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 bench during the hearing of a bigamy charge, whispered: "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?"

"Two mother-in-laws," instantly replied Russell.

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