## Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

He looked up, and our eyes met. "Do you know where my sword is?" he asked in a matter of fact tone, as We gazed at one another.

fously. "Why did they leave you?

Why were you the one to stop to set me free, Master Carey?"

"My name is not Carey." I an-"My name is not Carey," I an-

Iessly.

"Cludde." I answered sofely.

"Cludde!" He called it out. Even this surprise. "Cludde," he said again.—said it twice in a lower voice.

"Yes, Cludde." I answered, meeting and yet shrinking from his questioning eyes, "my name is Cludde. So is yours. I tried to save your life, because I learned from Mistress Anne.

"I could not look at the sword without remembering how nearly he had taken my life with it. The recollection did not trouble him in the slightest.

"Now farewell!" he said, carelessly.
"I am not clear about that, sir, not knowing the country," he replied, "but in the slightest.

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"I am going to turn over a new leaf and begin returning good for evil. by you go to your friends and do your work, and I will go to my friends and do your work and I will go to my friends and do your work and I will go to my friends and do your work and I will go to my friends and do your work and I will go to my friends and do your work and I will go to my friends and do your work and I will go to my friends and do your work and I will go to my friends and do your work and I will go to my friends and do your work and I will go to my friends and do your work.

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with astonished eyes for a minute, and

Ilps.

"My son, are you? My son!" he said coolly. "And how long have you known this, young sir?"

"Since yesterday." I murmured. The words he had used on that morning at Santon when he had bidden me die and rot were fresh in my memory—in my memory, not in his. I recalled his treachery to the duchess, his pursuit of us, his departure with Anne, the words in which he had cursed me. He remembered apparently none of these things, but simply gazed none of these things, but simply gazed at me with a thoughtful smile.

"I wish I had known it before," he said at last. "Things might have been different. A pretty dutiful son you have been."

The sneer did me good. It recalled my mind what Master Bertle had

There can be no question of duty between us," I answered firmly. "What duty I owe to any one of my family owe to my uncle.

I owe to my uncle."

"Then why have you told me this?"

"Because I thought it righ you should know it," I answered, "were it only that, knowing it, we may go different ways. We have nearly done one another a mischlef more than once," I added gravely.

He laughed. He was not one whit abashed by the discovery, nor awed, nor cast down. There was even in his cynical face a gleam of kindliness and pride as he scanned me. We were al-

pride as he scanned me. We were almost of a height, I the tailer by an inch or two, and in our features I believe there was a likeness, though not such as to invite remark,

"You have grown to be a chip of the old block," he said coolly. "I would as soon have you for a son as another. I think on the whole I am pleased. You talked of Providence just now" —this with a laugh of serene amuse-ment—"and perhaps you were right. Perhaps there is such a thing. "For I am growing old, and, lo, it

no good now, but only harm. You are a guenching of Smithfield fires a Calais tinued, nodding confidently. "Do not recovered, a cure for the worthless

Thave been wrecked a dozen times, but I never yet failed to find a boat that would take me to shore."

Yes; he was so arrogant in pride of his many deceits that an hour after heaven had stretched out its hand to save him he denied its power and took the glory to himself. I did not know what to say to him, how to undeceive him, how to tell him that it was not the failure of his treachery which failure of his treachery shamed me, but the treachery itself. I could only remain silent.

And so he mistook me, and after pon-dering a moment with his chin in his hand he continued:

"I have a plan, my lad. The queen dies. Well-I am no bigot-long live the queen and the Protestant religion! The down will be up and the up down, and the Protestants will be everything. It will go hard with those who cling to He looked at me with a crafty smile.

his head on one side.
"I do not understand," I said, coldly "Then listen, Sir Anthony will hold by his religion. He used to be a chol-eric gentleman and as obstinate as a mule. He will need but to be pricked up a little, and he will get into trouble with the authorities as sure as eggs are eggs. I will answer for it. And

Well?" I said grimly. How was I to observe even a show of respect for him when I was quivering with flerce wrath and abhorrence? "Do you think its rush that will benefit you?" I cried. "Do whirled tyou think that you are so high in favor with Cecil and the Protestants that whistled they will set you in Sir Anthony's place? You!"

not put out by my indignation, but tather amused by it. "No, lad, not me," he replied, with "I am somewhat But Providence tolerant good nature, blown upon of late. has not given me back my son for nothing. I am not alone in the world now. I must remember my family. I must think a little of others as well as of myself."

myself."
"What do you mean?" I said, recoil-

Good boy!" he said, "Excellent boy!

He knows no more than he is told. His hands are clean, and he has friends upon the winning side who will not see him lose a chance, should a chance turn up. Be satisfied. Keep your hands clean if you like, boy. We understand are somebody, if it be only in having

He laughed again and turned away, and, much as I dreaded and disliked him, there was something in the indome nature of the man which wrung from 19-2 meed of admiration. Could the best of men have recovered more quickly from despair? Could the best of men, their plans falling, have begun to spin fresh webs with equal patience? Could the most courageous and faithful of those who have tried to work the world's bettering have faced the downfall of their hopes with stouter hearts, with more genuine resignation? Bad as he was, he had courage and endurance beyond the common. He came

CHAPTER XXI-Continued. | back to me when he had gone a few

been here to strike one

shire, but it is no more than a storm in a washtub, I am told."
"In Warwickshire?" I said, arrested

"I am not clear about that, sir, not

There was a natural misgiving in my mind. Warwickshire was large, and yet something in the tale smacked of

"It was it sir Anthony Cludde?" he exclaimed, clapping his hands in wonder. "To be sure! Your worship has it pat!"

"You will do this for me?" I ex-

claimed, leaping up and taking her hand, for I saw in a moment the wis-

dom of the course she proposed. "You, will get me"—
"I will get you something to the purpose," my lady answered roundly.

ose," my lady answered roundly. 'Something that shall save your uncle

if there be any power in England can save him. You shall have it, Frank," she added, her color rising and her eyes filling as I kissed her hand, "though I have to take master secretary by the beard!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Late, as I have heard, on the afternoon of November 20, 1558, a man riding between Oxford and Worcester
with the news of the queen's death
caught sight of the gate-way tower at
Coton End, which is plainly visible
from the road. Though he had already
drunk that day as much ale as would
have sufficed him for a week when the

have sufficed him for a week when the queen was well, yet much wants more. He calculated he had time to stop and

taste the squire's brewing, which he judged, from the look of the tower, might be worth his news, and he rode through the gate and railed at his nag

for stumbling.

Half way across the chase he met

Sir Anthony. The old gentleman was walking out, with his staff in his hand and his dogs behind him, to take the

air before supper. The man, while he was still a hundred paces off, began to wave his hat and shout something

which ale and excitement rendered un-

intelligible.
"What is the matter?" said Sir An-

thany to himself, and he stood still.
"The queen is dead!" shouted the messenger, swaying in his saddle.

The knight stared.
"Aye, sure!" he ejaculated after while, and he took off his hat. "Is it

As true as that I left London yes-

en three days on the road and had

"God rest her soul!" said Sir An-

terday afternoon and have never drawn rein since!" swore the knave, who had

drunk at every hostel and at half the

manor houses between London and

thony, plously, still in somewhat of a maze. "And do you come in! Come in,

But the messenger had got his for-nula by heart and was not to be de-

(Continued Next Week.)

The Shepherd of King Admetus.

There came a youth upon the earth, Some thousand years ago. Whose slender hands were nothing worth, Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortolse-shell He stretched some chords, and drew Music that made men's bosoms swell Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with

And so, well pleased with being soothed Into a sweet half-sleep, Three times his kingly beard he smoothed. And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough, And yet he used them so. That what in other mouths was rough In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth, In whom no good they saw; And yet, unwittingly, in truth, They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned it all,

For idly, hour by hour. He sat and watched the dead leaves fall, Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and
springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise, But, when a glance they caught Of his slim grace and woman's eyes, They laughed, and called him good-for-

And e'en his memory dim, Earth seemed more sweet to live upon, More full of love, because of him.

The farmer should take great pride in his trees and make a habit of plant-

given number every year and

Yet, after he was dead and gone,

naught

Then King Admetus, one who had Pure taste by right divine, Decreed his singing not too bad To hear between the cups of wine;

man, and take something."

frauded of any part of it.

true, man!"

"Why are you here?" he said cur- one might ask a question of an old

nick in the edge, which he had caused in the act of taking off my cloak by by some desperate blow when he was the familiar name. "In what part, my ered.

What is it, then?" he asked care- I could not look at the sword without

cause I learned from Mistress Anne and depart.

I paused, I shrank from telling him that which, as it seemed to me, would strike him to the ground in shame and horror. But he had no fear.

What was he going to do? I was so deeply amazed by the interview that I did not understand. I had thought him a wicked man, but had not conceived the hardness of his nature. As I stood I heard it."

Yet something in the target many and I neard min and depart.

What was he going to do? I was so deeply amazed by the interview that I did not understand. I had thought him a wicked man, but had not conceived it to mind. I think I should know it if I heard it."

Was it Sir Anthony Cludde?" ike him to the ground in successful a wicked man, but had not conceived the had no fear.

What?" he cried. "What did you the hardness of his nature. As I stood alone looking around the vault I could alone looking around the vault I could alone looking around the vault I had met and "That you are my father," I answered slowly. "I am Francis Cludde, the son whom you deserted many years ago and to whom Sir Anthony gave a home at Coton."

I expected him to do anything except what he did. He stared at me with avantable eves for a minute and this was all. I could hardly believe that he had gone away with this knowledge, unmoved and unrepentant, allke unwarned by the Proceedings of the could have the work of the could have a solution and the could have a solution an idence which had used me to thwart his schemes and untouched by the benen a low whistle issued from his efficence which had thrice held him back from the crime of killing me—aye, proof

He listened to it, however, without remark, and his next words made remark, and his next words made it clear that he had other matters in his mind.

"I do not know what to do about fetching the duchess over," he said. "This news seems to be true, and she ought to be here."

"Certainly," I agreed.
"The country in general is well affected to the Princess Elizabeth." he continued. "Yet the interests of the bishops, of the Spanish faction and of some of the council will lie in giving trouble. To avoid this we should show our strength. Therefore I want the duchess to come over with all speed. Will you fetch her?" he added sharply, turning to me.

Will I?" I cried in surprise. "Yes, you. I cannot well go myself at this crisis. Will you go instead?" "Of course I will," I answered.

And the prospect cheered me wonderfully. It gave me something to do and opened my eyes to the great change of which Penruddocke had been the herald, a change which was even then be-ginning. As we rode down Highgate hill that day messengers were speeding north and south and east and west to Norwich and Bristol and Canterbury and Coventry and York with the tidings that the somber rule under which England had groaned for five years and more was coming to an end. If in a more was coming to an end. If in a dozen towns of England they roped dozen towns of England they roped dozen towns of England they roped their bells afresh; if in every country, as Penruddocke had prophesied, they are sold their bells afresh; if in every country, as Penruddocke had prophesied, they got their tar barrels ready; if all, save a few old fashloned folk and a few good now, but only harm. You are sonsible men saw in the coming of the sensible men saw in the sensible too sure that I cannot help you. colnage which hampered trade, and a plundered it, with better roads, purer justice, a fuller exchequer, more favorable reasons—if England read all this in that news of Penruddocke's, was

before us only the success scheme could have ordinarily opened. Ease and honor instead of the gallows and to lie warm instead of creaking in the wind! Thinking of this, I fell into a better frame of mind as I jogged a better frame of mind as I jogged along toward London. For what, after all, was my father to me, that his existence should make me unhappy or rob mine of all pleasure? I had made a place for myself in the world. I had earned friends for myself. He might take away my pride in the open but take away my pride in the one, but he could never rob me of the love of the others—of those who had eaten and drunk and fought and suffered beside ne and for whom I, too, had fought and suffered!

"A strange time for the swallows to come back," said my lady, turning to smile at me as I rode on her off side. It would have been strange indeed if there had been swallows. there had been swallows in the air, for it was the end of December. The roads were frost bound and the trees leaf-less. The east wind, gathered force in its rush across the Essex marshes, whirled before it the last trophles of Hainault forest and seemed as it whistled by our ears and shaved our faces to grudge us the shelter to which e were hastening. The long train b He looked at me still more craftily, hind us—for the good times of which tot put out by my indignation, but we had talked so often had come—ather amused by it. to find at the inn at Barking, our las stage on the road to London. he duchess and I bore the cold more patiently it was probably ad more food for thought and perhaps thicker rainment.

"Do not shake your head," she con tinued, glancing at me with mischief In her eyes, "and flatter yourself you ing.

He scanned me for a moment, with his eyes half shut, his head on one side. Then he laughed, a cynical, jarring laugh.

"The scanned me for a moment with his possible to the spring comes laugh." Freed hov!" he said "Freedheat heat". at Coton End, or I am a Dutchwom

> "I cannot see that things are canged," I said." a sister with a dozen serving men in her train. Leave it to me. And now, thank heaven, we are here! I am so stiff and cold you must lift me down. We have not to ride far after dinner.

> 'Only seven miles," I answered as the host, who had been warned by an outrider to expect us, came running

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

—James Russell Lowell. with a tail at his heels "What news from London, Master Landlord?" I said to him as he led us through the kitchen, where there was indeed a great fire, but no chimney, and to a smaller room possessing both these luxuries. "Is all quiet?"

"Certainly, your worhip," he replied,

bowing and rubbing his hands. "There never was such an accession, nor more ale drunk, nor powder burned—and I

have seen three-and there was pretty have seen three—and there was pretty shouting at old King Harry's, but not like this. Such a fair young queen, men report, with a look of the stout king about her, and as prudent and discreet as if she had changed heads with Sir William Cecil. God bless her, say I, and send her a wise husband'" "And a loving one," quoth my lady prettily. "Amen!"

"I am glad all has gone off well." I September 28 to October 3, 1908. The agricultural exhibit at the Mitchil corn palace this fall will undoubted-

be the finest collection of farm profucts ever exhibited in the state. The management has offered some very attractive cash prizes and the several prettily. "Amen"
"I am glad all has gone off well," I
continued, speaking to the duchess as
I turned to the blazing hearth. "If
there had been blows, I would fain have counties that have been fortunate enough to secure space are putting forth some strenuous efforts to win first prize. The bountiful crops just parvested will afford the exhibitors an "Nay, sir, not a finger has wagged against her." the landlord answered, kicking the logs together, "to speak of, that is, your worship. I did hear today of a dittle trouble down in Warwickpportunity to make a most excellent howing. Thaviu's concert band and symphony

orchestra have been engaged for two concerts each day for the entire week. This celebrated band, during the present season, has delighted the thousands who have thronged the White City, Thicago's popular summer resort. M. Thaviu is one of the rising band leaders of the continent and the immense success which has attended each ap-pearance of his band has demonstrated that he plays music that touches the popular chord. The arrangement of M. Thaviu's program deserves a word of commendation for the excellent judgment used. The weight of classic numbers is lifted by airy little popular selections which serve as a frothy delicacy to render even more palatable the heavier offerings

cacy to render even more palatable the heavier offerings.

A new feature this year will be the introduction of high class vaudeville which will make up about one-half of the program. The management has been able to secure five superb acts, the cream of the Orpheum circuit. Henri French, acknowledged the lead-ing impersonator on the stage today, is a whole show in himself. His impersonation of some of the world's greatest musicians is immense and captures his audience at once. M. Henri is a nifty little man who is sure to score a win-ner on the program, as he has done in all the leading cities of the United States. Lew Sully, the celebrated monologist, will furnish the fun, his side splitting jokes and comical expressions have made him the ideal of

I slipped back into my cloak again and snatched up my hat and whip, but the duchess was as quick. She stepped between me and the door.

"Sit down, Francis!" she sald imperiously. "What would you be at?"

"What would I be at?" I cried, with emotion. "I would be with my uncle. I shall take horse at once and ride Warwickshire way with all speed. It is possible that I may be in time to avert the consequences. At least I can see that my cousin comes to no harm."

"Good lad," she said placidly, "you shall start tomorrow." the Orpheum circuit. Mazuz and Mazette, the acrobatic comedians, keep their audience in a continuous uproar from the moment they appear on the stage until the curtain falls. Their wonderful gym-nastic feats combined with their fun provoking attitudes beat a circus.

"Good lad," she said placidly, "you shall start tomorrow."
"Tomorrow?" I cried impatiently.
"But time is everything, madam."
"You shall start tomorrow," she repeated. "Time is not everything, firebrand! If you start today, what can you do? Nothing! No more than if the 'thing had happened three years ago, before you met me. But tomorrow. Rottina and Stevens, the beautiful lady dancers, execute the most difficult dances with an ease and grace that is charming. They carry their own spe-cial scenery and by the aid of varied colored lights make a beautiful stage ago, before you met me. But tomorrow, when you have seen the secretary of state, as I promise you you shall, this evening if he be in London—tomorrow you shall go in a different character and with credentials." setting. Throughout the entire Orpheum circuit they have received the most flattering press notices.

Another act that must be seen to be appreciated is "The Laurient Trio," These people present some of the most marvelous feats of strength ever at-

tempted.

The above five complete acts will be given at each concert acompanied by the celebrated Symphony orchestra, which will prove one of the most interesting and amusing programs ever presented to a western audience. As the corn palace has in the past endeavored to present to its thousands of annual visitors the best entertainment money could procure, so this year ment money could procure, so this year neither money nor time has been spared in securing what we believe will prove the most entertaining program ever presented in the state.

Besides the above mentioned acts, which appear at each concert, the man-agement has provided an excellent line of free street attractions. More money has been expended on this feature than in previous years in order that this part of the entertainment should keep pace with the rest.

All railroads in the state, in response

All railroads in the state, in response to the repeated demands of their pa-trons who wish to visit the palace this year, have granted a half fare rate from all parts of the state, good for the

This annual harvest festival has come to be recognized as the most elaborate affair of its kind in the world. Most of our citizens, however, fail to recognize the vast amount of good that has come

to our state through this agency alone.

The fame of Mitchell's corn palace has spread throughout the United States and, in fact, all over the civilized Through this medium the great agricultural possibilities of the com-monwealth have been made public. The great tide of immigration that has been pouring into every county the state, from all parts of the wor the past six or eight years, is the best evidence of what the corn has done in the way of advertising the state's resources.

Remember the dates, September 28 to October 3, inclusive.

INDIANS AS CATTLE FEEDERS.

J. R. Eddy, Indian agent at the Tongue river reservation, is confident that cattle raising will make the virile tribes of Indians self-sustaining. He says:

"It has been claimed that the Indian will never become a successful cattle raiser because of his partiality for ponies and his slaughtering proclivities, but my ex-perience tells me that Indians will not kill young cattle more promiscuously than white men. If there is one thing an Indian likes more than another it is the good things of life, and if he can be assured of a means of satisfying these desires his ambition is aroused. Last year when we shipped the first lot of cattle they were Helena of Italy Has Poor Child suspicious that they would not see the proceeds, but this time not a semblance of that feeling could be detected. The young Indians as a rule are enthusiastic. Last spring we branded 925 calves and hope to brand 400 more this fall. Possible 10 per cent are showing no interest, but many are posting up on the principles of breeding, talk cattle constantly and are planning winter hay-feeding. We could have sold these cattle to government beef contractors who furnish the reservation with 800,000 pounds of meat annually, but as their contract price is \$4.321/2 per dred weight it is evident these cattle had quality that did not warrant such a sacri-By this means the Indian can be taught that his product has a market value, the effect being to individualize him and stimulate a purchasing interest." According to Mr. Eddy, the Northern

Cheyennes number 1,450 persons. the long struggle for the possession of the northwest between the two races the Cheyennes were the fiercest foe encountered by the white men. They are still virile, intelligent and remarkably free from the diseases that nave decimated the ab original dwellers of North America. In two years not a drop of liquor has been used on the reservation and the Northern Cheyennes promise not only to be self-sustaining, but prosperous on a basis of attle raising.

DANGER OF REARING HORSE. Rearing in horses is a bad habit and one not easy to break. A horse which is given to rearing is a danger-ous one under saddle as the rider never knows when the animal will fall clear backward and put him underneath. Most riders when a horse rears up will loosen the lines and cling to the horn loosen the lines and cling to the horn or pommel of the saddle or grab the horse's mane. This does not give pro-tection. The best thing to do when a horse starts to rear is to quickle and horse starts to rear is to quickly and violently pull the head to one side. This will put him off his balance so he cannot rear up, but the rider must 20 acres in California.

MITCHELL'S CORN PALACE. GIRL TELLS KING HE IS VERY UGLY

> Alfonso, While Stranded at a Wayside Inn, Is Amused by Innocent Child.

Madrid, Special: King Alfonso re-ently started from the palace, accompanied only by a marquis and a chauf-feur, in a new motor car which he was anxious to try. He did the driving himself and for the first 50 miles all went splendidly till suddenly, in a lonely part the road, the car stopped. No amount work would make the machinery

The only habitation in sight was a poor, small wayside inn, to which, after sending the chauffeur to the nearest railway station to telegraph for another car, the king and the marquis bent their steps. In their motoring clothes they were not recognized. As the afternoon was chilly and the drive had deoped his appetite, his majesty nanded some ham and eggs, which were served and which he ate with much relish, conversing and exchanging jokes meanwhile with the landlord and he few peasants who happened to be n there and who naturally had not he slightest idea of the king's identity Enter then on the scene a little girl f about 12. Don Alfonso called her to his side and inquired what she had

come for.

"I have come for some wine for my father," replied the child.

"Tell me," said Don Alfonso, "have you seen the king since he has been at his palace here?"

"Yes, once," answered the child, "and although he wore a beautiful uniform, upon my word he was ugly, very ugly. Now the queen is as fair as an angel, and so beautiful, but the king is really and so beautiful, but the king is really a very ugly man, and I am very much disappointed that I have never yet seen the little prince of the Asturias." The king was much amused and laughed heartly at the child's frank

## Popular Star Has First "Liner" Drama



MISS MAUD ADAMS

New York, Special: Miss Maude Adams to have the first sea written play, so far as the marine records go. The man who wrote this ocean going drama is Haddon Chambers, and he has delivered the manuscript to Charles Frohman. It is ew version of "Joan of Arc" and Miss Adams, of course, will play the maid of

orleans. Mr. Chambers says that just before Mr. Frohman left Liverpool on the Cunarder Mauretania, about 10 days ago, the American manager "shanghated" him, took him oard the Cunarder and said, "Haddon, have work for you to do.

The American manager put in the author's hands a draft of the play, written in blank verse by Miss Anna Schwanick.
"Now," said he, "I want that put in prose, and where it may be somewhat verse and over literary fix it un. Make th very live and spectacular drama. That's what Miss Adams and I want.'

This all happened before the steamship had fairly left the pier. Mr. Chambers lisappeared into his cabin, and, seeing no one but Mr. Frohman for consultations about the play, worked busily night and over the manuscript during the lin er's swift passage to New York.

## **BLIND GIRL OWES** SIGHT TO QUEEN

Treated by the Leading Oculist of Turin.

Rome, Special: A little girl owes the estoration of her sight to the sympathy, enderness and perhaps better, the finan-ial assistance of Queen Helena, of Italy. One day when her majesty was driving with King Victor Emmanuel in a valley of upper Pledmont, a baby girl was led forward to hand her a bunch of flowers. As she stooped to kiss the child, who kept her eyes cast down, Queen Helena said: "Look up, my dear, that I may kiss you." Then as the little one turned her eyes upward, the queen noticed that she was

The child was at once taken into the royal carriage and driven to her mother's cottage. A doctor had said that the sight could be restored by an operation, but the mother was full of ignorant fears and would not consent. Eventually she yielded o the queen's persuasions, and the little one was sent to Turin and handed over to a leading oculist, who performed the operation with complete success. The girl returned to her native valley

the other day, not only seeing as well as anyone, but also laden with presents from her royal benefactress

She Was Lonely,

From the Delincator.
Mary Helen, 4 years old, is brave, and is usually perfectly w or her mother to leave her after sh put her to bed and has given her favorite doll. But one night after she had been left a short while she

she had been left a short while she called loudly for her mother. "Why, Mary Helen!" her mother asked, "what is the matter with you?" "Im tired of staying up here with nobody but God and my dolly. I want asked. somebody with skin on," she sobbed.

There is an asparagus bed covering

Not the Very Last One.

Jinks .- How long have you lived

with your wife?

Blinks.—Which one?

Jinks.—The last one,

Blinks.—Oh, I hope I haven't lived

with my last one yet.

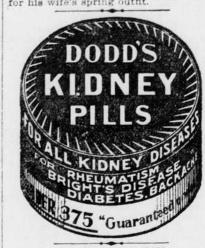
Way Up. "Are you thinking of getting a di-

"Not at the present rates of all-Nothing but the Truth.

Bronson.—Human sympathy reminds me of the early strawberry box. Woodson.—In what way? Bronson.—The bottom of it is very near the top.

Too Bad.

Mrs. Kidder-Her husband was get-ting better, but yesterday he suffered a Mr. Kidder-I guess he saw the bill



One Strike at Golf.

Goodman.—Do you know what be-comes of little boys that use bad words The Boy.-Yep. Dey grow up an'

A Bad Break.

Caller .- Your baby looks sweet enough to eat.

Preacher's Wife.—I hope not; we start as missionaries to the Cannibal islands next month.

Called Down.

The Boss-I understand you've been kicking because you've got so much The Clerk-Well-er-yes-yes-I-er

id—think— The Boss—After this I'll see that you get so much more to do that you won't have time to think.



## **CRAB BRINGS GOLD** DOUBLOON TO HIM

That's Why J. R. Chard Believes He Is Close to Hoard of an Old Buccaneer Band.

Greenwich, Conn.-J. R. Chard, & wealthy resident of this town and next door neighbor of E. C. Benedict, and who has been spending the month near New Smyrna, Fla., believes he has found the spot where a vast amount of Spanish treasure is located, and is now

earrying on operations for its recovery.
While fishing a short time ago he landed a huge crab, sticking among the claws of which he found a round cor-roded piece of metal. Mr. Chard scraped the piece and discovered that it was Spanish doubloon bearing the date of

Since then he has made search of the traditions of the place and learned that early in the seventeenth century a band of Spanish buccaneers made its head-quarters near the place. He says the doubloon must have come from the near vicinity where he caught the crab, because the creature could not have gone far without the piece of metal slipping from it.

Searching the bottom nearby, he

found what seemed to be a piece of metal stanchion of pre-revolutionary make. He is so sure he is on the track of a great discovery that he has extended his vacation by a month, and says he will stay on the spot and spend what money is necessary to make a thorough search.

An Earmark.

Evelyn—He's a very learned man. You wouldn't think so, would you? Natica—Oh! yes; I suspected it right Evelyn—Indeed? Natica—Yes; he makes me tired.

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

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