

THE Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

He looked up, and our eyes met. We gazed at one another.

"Why are you here?" he said curiously. "Why did you leave your father, Master Carey?"

"My name is not Carey," I answered.

"What is it, then?" he asked carelessly.

"Cludde," I answered softly. "He called it out. Even his self mastery could not cope with this surprise." "Cludde," he said again, and 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...

back to me when he had gone a few paces.

"Do you know where my sword is?" he asked in a matter of fact tone, as one might ask a question of an old servant.

I found it cast aside behind the door. He took it from me, grumbling over a nick in the edge, which he had caused by some desperate blow when he was seized. He fastened it on with an oath. 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 going to turn over a new leaf and begin returning good for evil. Do you go to your friends and do your work and I will go to my friends and do mine."

Then, with a nod, he walked briskly away, and I heard him climb the ladder 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 the hardness of his nature. As I stood alone looking around the vault I could hardly believe that I had met and spoken to my father and told him I was his son—and this walk! I could hardly believe that he had gone away with this knowledge, unmoved and unrepentant, alike unwary by the Providence which had used me to thwart his schemes and untouched by the benediction which had thus held him back from the crime of killing me—aye, or even against the long suffering which had plucked him from the abyss and given him one more chance of repentance.

I found Master Bertie in the stables waiting for me with some impatience, for which, upon the whole, I was glad, for I had no wish to be closely questioned, and the account I gave him of the interview might at another time be a source of dispute and incoherent. He listened to it, however, without a remark, and his next words made it clear that he had other matters in his mind.

"I do not know what to do about feeling 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 the puritans of the council will be in some 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.

"Yes, you. I cannot tell 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 Penruddock had been the herald, a change which was even then beginning. 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 younger rule under which England had groined for five years and more was coming to an end. If in a dozen towns of England they roped their bells afresh; if in every country, as Penruddock had prophesied, they judged the reins ready; if all, save a few old fashioned folk and a few gloomy bigots and hysterical women, awoke as from an evil dream; if even sensible men saw in the coming of the young queen a panacea for all their ills—a quenching of Smithfield fires a Calais recovery for the wretched realm and a change which hampered trade, and a riddance of worthless foreigners who plundered it, with better roads, purer justice, a fuller exchequer, more faithful servants of England read all this in that news of Penruddock's, was it not something to us also?

It was indeed. We were saved at the last moment from the dangerous enterprise on which we had rashly embarked. Now had such prospects before us only the success of the 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 jogged along toward London in the way of a man whose mind was not on the road.

"What is the matter?" said Sir Anthony to himself, and he stood still.

"The queen is dead!" shouted the messenger, swaying in his saddle.

The knight stared.

"Aye, true!" he ejaculated after awhile, and he took off his hat. "Is it true, man?"

"As true as that I left London yesterday afternoon and have never drawn rein since!" swore the knave, who had been three days on the road and had drunk at every hostelry he had reached, manor houses between London and Oxford.

"God rest her soul!" said Sir Anthony, piously, still in somewhat of a dazed state. "What a tragedy! Come in, man, and take something!"

But the messenger had got his formula by heart and was not to be defrauded of any part of it.

(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 tortoise-shell He stood, and there he drew The stick that made men's bosoms swell In fear, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

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

And so, well pleased with being soothed Into a sweet half-sleep, Three times his head he smoothed, And made him vicerey 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 did and watched the lead leaves fall, Or muscled upon a common flower.

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

Men granted that his speech was wise, But, when they glistened they caught Of his slim grace and women's eyes, They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet, after he was dead and gone, And e'en his memory dim, Earth seemed more sweet to live upon, More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew Each spot of earth he had trod, Till after poets' olden rhyme, Their first-born brother as a god,

—James Russell Lowell.

The farmer should take great pride in his trees and make a habit of planting a given number every year and preserving them.

MITCHELL'S CORN PALACE.

September 28 to October 3, 1908.

The agricultural exhibit at the Mitchell corn palace this fall will undoubtedly be the finest collection of farm products ever exhibited in the state. The management has offered some very attractive cash prizes and the several countries that have been fortunate enough to secure space are putting forth some strenuous efforts to win first prize. The bountiful crops just harvested will afford the exhibitors an opportunity to make a most excellent showing.

Thavi'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, Chicago's popular summer resort. Thavi is one of the rising band leaders of the continent and the immense success which has attended the appearance of his band has demonstrated that he plays music that touches the popular chord. The arrangement of M. Thavi's program deserves a word of commendation for the excellent judgment which is shown in the selection of music which serves as a frothy delicacy 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 leading 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 the audience at once. M. Henri is a nifty little man who is sure to score a winner on the program, as he has done in all the leading cities of the United States. He will, as a part of his act, be a monologist, will furnish the fun, his side splitting jokes and comical expressions have made him the ideal of the Orpheum circuit.

Mazuz and Mazerite, the acrobatic comedians, keep their audience in a continuous uproar from the moment they appear on the stage until the curtain falls. Their wonderful gymnastic feats combined with their fun provoking attitudes beat a circus.

Rottina and Stevens, the beautiful ball dancers, execute the most difficult dances with an ease and grace that is charming. They carry their own special scenery and by the aid of varied colored lights make a beautiful stage 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 Laurent Trio." These people present some of the most marvelous feats of strength ever attempted.

The above five complete acts will be given at each concert accompanied 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 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 management 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 to the repeated demands of their patrons who wish to visit the palace, have granted a half fare rate from all parts of the state, good for the entire week.

This annual harvest festival has come to be recognized as the most elaborate affair of its kind in the world. It has 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 all over the United States and, in fact, all over the civilized world. Through this medium the great agricultural possibilities of the commonwealth have been made public. The great tide of immigration that has been coming into every county in the state, from all parts of the world for the past six or eight years, is the best evidence of what the corn palace has done in the way of advertising the state's resources.

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

GIRL TELLS KING HE IS VERY UGLY

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

Madrid, Special: King Alfonso recently started from the palace, accompanied only by a marquis and a chauffeur, 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 of the road, the car stopped. No amount of work would make the machinery turn.

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 developed his appetite, his majesty demanded some ham and eggs, which were served and which he ate with much relish, conversing and exchanging jokes meanwhile with the landlord and the few peasants who happened to be in there and who naturally had not the slightest idea of the king's identity.

Enter then on the scene a little girl of 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 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 heartily at the child's frankness.

Popular Star Has First "Liner" Drama



New York, Special: Miss Maude Adams is 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 a new 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 19 days ago, the American manager "shanghaied" him, took him aboard the Cunarder and said, "Haddon, I 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 over it may be somewhat verbose and where it may be somewhat overdone, and where it may be somewhat overdone, and where it may be somewhat overdone."

Miss Adams disappeared into his cabin, and, seeing no one but Mr. Frohman for consultations about the play, worked busily night and day over the manuscript during the liner's swift passage to New York.

INDIANS AS CATTLE FEEDERS.

J. R. Eddy, Indian agent at the Tongva 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 do anything but a poor and a half-hearted job. It is his nature, it is his nature, it is his nature. He has no ambition, no ambition, no ambition. His ambition is aroused. Last year when we shipped the first lot of cattle they were suspicious that they would not see the proceeds, but this time not a remembrance of that feeling could be detected. The young Indians are a rule are enthusiastic. Last spring we branded 85 calves and hope to brand 400 more this fall. Possibly 10 per cent are showing no interest, but many are posting up on the principles of breeding, talk cattle constantly and are glad to give us the rule are enthusiastic. We could give the best of these to government beef contractors who furnish the reservation with 300,000 pounds of meat annually, but as their contract price is \$4.25 per hundred weight it is evident these cattle had quality that did not warrant such a sacrifice. By this means these Indians are taught that his product has market value, the effect being to individualize him and stimulate a purchasing interest."

According to Mr. Eddy, the Northern Cheyennes number 1,500 persons. During the long struggle for the possession of the northwest between the white men and the Cheyennes were the fiercest foe encountered by the white men. They are still virile, intelligent and remarkably free from the diseases that have decimated the aboriginal dwellers of North America. In their winter quarters they have been used on the reservation and the Northern Cheyennes promise not only to be self-sustaining, but prosperous on a basis of cattle raising.

Blind Girl Owes Sight to Queen

Rome, Special: A little girl owes the restoration of her sight to the sympathy, tenderness and perhaps better, the financial assistance of Queen Helena, of Italy. One day when her majesty was driving with King Victor Emmanuel in a valley of upper Piedmont, 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 blind.

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 to the queen's persuasions, and the little one was sent to Turin and handed over to the eye specialist 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.

Helena of Italy Has Poor Child Treated by the Leading Oculist of Turin.

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She Was Delicate.

Mary Helen, 4 years old, is very brave, and is usually perfectly willing for her mother to leave her after she has put her to bed and has given her her favorite doll. But one night after she had been left alone in a room, while she called loudly for her mother.

"Why, Mary Helen!" her mother asked, "what is the matter with you?"

"I'm tired of staying up here with nobody but God and my dolly. I want somebody with skin on," she sobbed.

There is an asparagus bed covering 20 acres in California.

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 divorce?" "Not at the present rates of all-mony."

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 getting better, but yesterday he suffered a relapse. Mr. Kidder—I guess he saw the bill for his wife's spring outfit.



One Strike at Gpif. Goodman—Do you know what becomes of little boys that use bad words when they are playing marbles? The Boy—Yep. Dey grow up an' plays golf.

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 kidding because you've got so much to do. The Clerk—Well—er—yes—yes—I—er—did—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, a 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 carrying 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 corroded piece of metal. Mr. Chard scraped the piece and discovered that it was a Spanish doubloon bearing the date of 1608.

Since then he has made search of the traditions of the place and learned that early in the seventeenth century a band of Spanish buccaners made its headquarters 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 whatever 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 away. Evelyn—Indeed? Natica—Yes; he makes me tired.

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