



CHAPTER I. THE JUSTICE OF M. DE RONE.

"Mille diables! Lost again! The devil runs in those dice!" and de Gomeron, with an impatient sweep of his hand, scattered the little spotted cubes on to the floor of the deserted and half-ruined hut, wherein we were beguiling the weariness of our picket duty before La Fere, with a shake of our elbows, and a few flagons of wine, captured from Monsieur the King of Navarre, as we, in our folly, called him still.

Up to the time this occurred I had been attached to de Rone's staff, but after the accident to de Gomeron was banished to the outposts, thinking myself lucky to escape with that.

At any rate, the outpost was under my command. Imagine, therefore, my disgust when I found that de Gomeron had been detached to examine into and report upon my charge. He did this moreover in so offensive a manner that I could barely restrain myself from parading him on the stretch of turf behind the thorn hedge that fenced in the inclosure to the hotel.

Our feelings towards each other being as they were, it would seem odd that we should have dined and drunk together; but the situation was one of armed peace; and, besides, time had to be killed, as for the past week M. de Rethelois, formerly as lively as a cricket, had kept himself close as a nun of Port Royal behind the walls of La Fere, and affairs were ineffably dull. I was certain, however, that we should soon break into open quarrel, and on this night I felt a mad anger against the man as he sat staring at me, and it was all I could do to restrain myself from flinging the lees of the wine in my glass in his face and abiding the result.

It was at this moment that we heard the quick challenge of the sentry outside, the password as sharply answered, and the tramp of feet.

The same idea flashed through both our minds—it must be the general, and de Gomeron gave expression to the thought.

"Corbleu! de Rone perhaps—the old bat on the wing." There followed a shuffling of feet, and before a man could count two, Nicholas, the sergeant of our picket, with a file of men entered the hut, thrusting a couple of prisoners, a man and a woman before them.

"Two birds from La Fere, my captain," and Nicholas with a salute to de Gomeron pointed to his prize. "We took them," he ran on, "at the ford near the Red mill, and but for the moon they would have gone free; for no doubt, the old one is M. le Mouchard, I swear. There is fox in every line of his face; and as for madame there—so the old gentleman calls her—in time I warrant she will learn to love the camp of the Holy League," and the sergeant pushed the lantern so that it shone full on the lady's face. A curious light came into de Gomeron's eyes as he looked at her, and she shrank back at the sergeant's words and action, whilst the old man strained at the cords that bound his wrists till the lines of the blue veins stood out on his forehead. Madame was unbound; but her hood had fallen back, loosening in its fall a mass of chestnut hair, and from this framework her eyes glanced from one to another of us, half in fear and half in anger.

"Messieurs!" There was a tremble in the sweet voice, and there was light enough to see her color come and go. "Messieurs! We are no spies. It is true we are from La Fere, but all that we did was to try and escape thence—"

"To the camp of the Bernais—eh, madame?" interrupted de Gomeron. "To the camp of the king of France," she flashed back at him, a red spot rising on each cheek. "Messieurs!" she went on, "you are gentlemen, are you not? You will let us go. Surely the Holy League wars not with women and old men?"

The mention of the League stirred her companion and he gave tongue. "The Holy League!" he exclaimed with a savage scorn. "Madame, though we stand delivered unto these sons of Belial, I must speak, for my heart is full. Yea! Shall my lips be sealed before the enemies of the Lord? The Holy League! Ha! ha! There is no Holy League. It died at Ivry." Here de Gomeron cut in with his quick, stern voice: "Be silent, sir! or else a gag will stop your tongue," and then with a bow, "Madame, it goes to my heart to detain you; but war is war, and we have no choice. Will you not be seated? All

that this poor hut affords is yours," and he bent low again, perhaps to hide the expression in his eyes.

She made no effort to take the chair he offered, but burst out passionately: "Monsieur, I see you command here, and it is to you to whom I must appeal. Monsieur, I give you my word of honor we are no spies. The rules of war allow the ransom of prisoners, and anything you name will be paid. Monsieur, I pray you let us go."

As she finished her appeal madame turned towards the captain with a gesture of entreaty; but in this movement she saw that in his voice and manner which paled her cheeks to marble, and she made a half-irresolute step towards her companion as if for protection. De Gomeron observed this, and laughed under his heavy black mustache.

"Madame, but there are some things which have no price! And there is no ransom you could name which would tempt Adam de Gomeron to part with his prisoners—with one of them at any rate. You are no spy, I know; such eyes as yours were never made to count the strength of battalions. As for your friend there, we have means to make him tell about himself to-morrow; and you must not bruise your tender feet by walking through the night to the camp of monsieur—the king of France. In a day or so, perhaps," he went on with a horrible smile, "but not to-night. Come!" and he stepped up to her. "Come, taste the d'Arbois—it is from your friends—and learn to love the poor soldiers of the Holy League."

Saying this he attempted to pass his arm round her waist, but, slipping from his grasp, and her cheeks aflame, madame struck him across the face with the back of her hand.

The next was done in a flash, and de Gomeron reeled back with bleeding lips. It was in me to follow up my blow by passing my sword through the man, so mad was I in my fury; but luckily for him Nicholas hung on my arm and saved the villain's life. He righted himself at once, and passing his hand across his mouth, spoke to me quite coolly and collectedly, but with livid features:

"We finish this outside, sir; follow me," and picking up his rapier, which lay on the table, where he had thrown it on the entrance of the prisoners, de Gomeron stepped out of the door. In the excitement of the moment the men poured after him, and I was the last to follow. It came to me like lightning that the prisoners were unguarded, and slipping my dagger from its sheath, as I went out, I thrust its haft into madame's hand, and I saw that she understood from the thanks in her eyes. It was but a stone throw to the stretch of green, which extended as level as a tennis court for a hundred paces or so, and then sloped gently downward towards the junction of the Serre and the Oise. Beyond rose the walls of La Fere, whose gray outlines, lit up here and there by the flare of a lamp or fire, were clearly visible in the bright moonlight. So clear was this light, that I could distinctly make out the blue flowers of the patch of borage, beyond which de Gomeron was awaiting me. When I came up I found him standing with his back to the moon. He had thrown off his doublet and was in his shirt sleeves, which were rolled up to his elbows, and Nicholas and the men stood a little on one side, utterly forgetful of the prisoners, and eager as bloodhounds to witness the coming fight. It took but half a minute to make myself ready, and borrowing a poniard from Nicholas to help me to parry, I took my position. Then there was an angry little clash and our blades met, looking for all the world like two thin streaks of fire in the moonlight. We were both sober enough now, besides being in deadly earnest, and de Gomeron began to change tactics and attack in his turn. At this point a cloud obscured the moonlight, and my opponent, springing back, called out: "Hold! hold till the cloud passes! We cannot see."

"But I can, messieurs," answered a deep voice to our right. "What means this fool's work?" and a tall figure, the white line of a drawn sword shining in its hand, stepped between us, coming, as it were, from nowhere. The cloud passed, and the moon was again brilliant and clear. The light fell on the commanding form before us, showing the high aquiline features and grizzled hair of de Rone himself.

"So this is how my outposts are kept?" he said. "M. de Gomeron, you are the senior officer here and I await your explanation."

"I command the guards of the Duc d'Aumale," began de Gomeron, sullenly, but de Rone interrupted him in the same deep measured voice.

"I know that. Your explanation, or," and in fierce anger, "by God! you will hang like a common thief by sunrise." "A gentleman must defend his honor. Orders or no orders, general, there are times when one must fight. There was a matter in connection with some prisoners, and I was struck by M. d'Aurillac. I have nothing further to say."

"Now, M. d'Aurillac, what have you to say?"

"The prisoners will, perhaps, explain to your excellency why I struck this man."

"Take me to them."

We gathered up our belongings, and, hastily dressing, led the way back to the hut. My reflections were none of the most cheerful. We all knew de Rone, and knew that, his mind once made up, nothing could turn him. De Gomeron had some chance of escape, as I was the open aggressor. But we had no great time for thought, as a few steps brought us to the door of the hut. Another step took us in, and de Rone, with a curling lip, cast a glance around the room.

"I do not see the prisoners," said de Rone, quietly.

It was not likely, I thought to myself. They were gone—not a doubt of that. On the floor, near my feet, were some cut cords, and, lying on them, a knot of black and white ribbon, that had fallen there as if by chance. I had seen it last at the shoulder of madame's dress, and something told me it was not there by accident. There was, at any rate, no hope for me from the prisoners, but a sudden impulse I could not understand urged me to get the knot of ribbon, so, stooping low, I picked up the bow and the cut cords, and, with a careless movement, flung the latter on the table, saying quietly: "They have escaped, your excellency."

"And with them your explanation, M. d'Aurillac, eh? Corbleu! But the camp marshal will have his hands full to-morrow; and Nicholas' halberd all but fell from his hands as the general's eye rested on him. De Rone went on: "M. de Gomeron, you have given me a reason for your conduct that will hold good this once. Further orders will reach you at daylight about your neglect of your prisoners. As for you," and he turned on me with the sharp command, "Follow me. You—knave! fetch me my horse—he is tethered to the clump of elms to the right there."

Two men vanished from the door to do his bidding, and I took the opportunity to secrete the knot of ribbon. In a minute or so we heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and as we went out, I saw there were two beasts at the door, and from the whinny of welcome that came to me, that one was mine, and Nicholas was at his head.

As I sprang into the saddle the good fellow leaned forward and whispered: "Make a dash for it, chevalier, and change the flag."

I shook my head and followed de Rone, who had already moved a few paces onwards. And yet, as I rode on, Nicholas' words came back to me with an insistent force.

"Gallop!" De Rone's sharp command broke the thread of my thoughts, and ended all chance of escape. We set spurs to our horses and splashed through the ford of the Oise, a half mile from the outpost. On the other bank a picket challenged, and, giving them the word, we rode in the direction of camp. A few

strides more and we reined in at the door of the general's tent. The guard presented arms and I received a brief order to dismount and follow de Rone.

I entered the tent, and stood patiently whilst he walked backwards and forwards for a little time. Suddenly he stopped and, facing me, said: "Well, M. d'Aurillac?"

"It could not be helped, your excellency," I stammered.

"You said that of De Gomeron, and promised it should never occur again—" "But there were circumstances—" "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "I guess them all—wine—dice—women. One of the prisoners was a woman. I saw you pick up that knot of ribbon. There is no excuse. None."

"I had the honor to be the first man behind your excellency to storm the camp of Laon," I said, with a happy recollection.

"And saved my life, you were going to say," he cut in. I bowed, and de Rone began again to pace up and down, tugging at his short-pointed beard.

"See here, I will pay my debt; but first ask if I have your parole not to attempt escape. If you do not give it—" and he laid his hand on a call-bell, with an inquiring look towards me.

"I will not attempt escape." "Then you will not have to complain of the justice of de Rone. To-morrow some things will happen, and amongst them will be the lamented death of the Sieur d'Aurillac. This much I will tell you. To-morrow the king and I meet once more—and you must die on the field. Win or lose, if I catch you alive at the close of the day, I will hang you as high as Haman; and now go."

less to attempt to find my lackey Jacques, whom I had left behind in the camp with my belongings when I went on to the outposts. Tethering my horse to a stump, I removed the saddle, which I made shift to use as a cushion, and, leaning my back against it, was soon as comfortable as circumstances would permit. My sleep could not have lasted much more than an hour; but so profound was it that ages seemed to have passed when I awoke with a start, and the consciousness of movement around me. The moon was on the wane; but I saw that the camp was astir, and that the men were being mustered as silently as possible.

"So things are about to happen," I said to myself, recalling de Rone's words, and, hastily saddling my horse, sprang on his back, and moved towards the general's tent. All around me was the muffled tramp of feet, the jingle of chain bits and steel scabbards, and a subdued hum of voices, above which rose now and again a hoarse word of command, as regiment after regiment wheeled into position on the level stretch before us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ESSAY ON CHILDHOOD.

Rareful Reminiscences of That Beautiful Period Which All of Us Have Known.

The following essay on childhood was recently read at the Turnipdown Literary society; by Mr. Randolph Hogg, one of the society's star members:

"Childhood is a good thing. It is something all of us have had more or less experience with. It is a pretty difficult matter to get along in the world without being a child at some period in our careers. Childhood is the flush budding of life's young spring. It is the season of fairy dreams and golden ambitions, and we grow old, and the ghostly shadows of the great afternoon steal athwart our pathways, we love to sit down and recount the joys of the vanished past. We love to recall the exhilarating thrill which filled our breast when we stuck our thumb in our mouth and looked in at the dining-room door just in time to see the fat chicken leg we longed for vanish down the throat of the local preacher. How cold and desolate the world looked! How we longed to hear a motion to adjourn! How we yearned to hand in a long letter of regrets! In fact, we threatened to go exclusively into the yearning business. Another pleasant memory that comes back to us mixed up with rose mist is that of pushing a wheelbarrow along the margin of a stony brook for the purpose of gathering up a job lot of stonebruses. Then what noble aspirations thrilled our soul when we stole into the pantry and lassoed the fruit jar with a bowstring and with a manly pull landed it on the floor with such violence that the cranky old bottom followed the example of South Carolina and seceded from the union! And with what rapture do we recall the tidal wave of joy that swept over us when mother came softly in and wrapped us in the downy folds of the broom handle!

"Then there was the old schoolhouse. The memory of it comes back to us like the delicious pleasure which hovers around the presence of a bill collector, and over the maize vision of our dreams floats the sublime utterances of Shakespeare: "How utterly tough were the days of our childhood. In the schoolhouse that stood over there by the slough; We teted the water and cut all the firewood, And swept up the floor, for we had it to do." —Atlanta Journal.

Satisfying a Skeptic. Young Mokeby (sullenly)—I wants ma' fo' dollahs back, dat I paid for dis chawn, Unc' Johnsing; none ob ma' dreams come true.

Unc' Johnsing (the conjure man)—Doan' you remember de dreams dat you fo'git; de dreams you know you dream but can't recall? "Why, yas! Many times I know I had had dreams, but in de maw'nin' I can't rec'lee' dem!" "Dem's de witch dreams! Dem's de ones dat come true!"—Puck.

Manning Tramps. Mistress—Did anyone call while I was out? Servant—No one, ma'am, exceptin' a tramp. He wanted somethin' to eat, but I told him there was nothin' ready, an' he'd have to wait till the lady of the house got back from the cooking school, an' mebbe she'd make him something.

Mistress—Of all things! Did he wait? Servant—No, ma'am. He runned.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Typical Juror. An old German, being drawn to serve on a coroner's jury, sat stupidly and stolidly listening to the evidence for an hour or so. Then he became weary in his attention. Suddenly he fixed his eyes on the corpse, advanced to it, and raised the corner of the sheet. "Mein Gott, shentlemens!" he exclaimed, starting back in surprise and fright. "dot man ish dead!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Queens of Europe. There have never been more than three contemporary European queens; in fact, the number who have occupied the throne in medieval and modern times is comparatively small. England leads the list with five. Russia can boast of four, but the total comes to considerably under 20 altogether.

The Tallest Obelisk. A single stone 115 feet long, ten feet square at one end and four feet square at the other, has been successfully cut from the sandstone quarries at Hough Point, Wis. It is supposed to be the longest monolith ever quarried.—Youth's Companion.

POOR ISLAND QUEEN.

A Victim to the Superstition of Her Dusky Subjects.

Daughter of an English Castaway Is Forced to Become the Ruler of the Muna Islands, and Meets a Tragic End.

Capt. Luttrell, of the schooner Ocean Spray, just arrived at San Francisco from a voyage to the South seas, brings a strange story from the Muna Islands. Somewhere near 30 years ago a trading schooner hailing from Australia was driven out of her course by one of those tremendous storms which occasionally made a misnomer out of the name Pacific ocean. When the hurricane was at its height the schooner, in the middle of the night, struck the coral reef which surrounds the largest of the Muna Islands. The vessel was dashed to pieces and all on board perished except William Young, one of the sailors. He was found next morning lying on the beach, half naked and wholly unconscious. At that time Muna Islands were hardly known to civilization and the simple inhabitants concluded that the white youth so suddenly thrown in their midst was a god. He was tenderly cared for and soon became enamored of the island language to stand him in good stead. A young sister of the king decided that he would suit her as a husband, and the sailor was nothing loth, and soon the marriage of the dusky princess and the white god was celebrated with all the pomp incident to royal weddings in the Muna Islands.

In the course of time a daughter was born to the distinguished pair. The father named her Margaret, after his own mother in far-away England. From little trading sloops manned by Samoans, who on rare occasions visited the islands, Young obtained a couple of books and some papers, and with the aid of these taught his daughter to read. She grew up to be a handsome girl and her father sent her to school in Samoa, where she remained for sev-



POOR QUEEN MARGARET. (A Victim to the Superstition of Her Ignorant Subjects.)

eral years. While there she fell in love with a Samoan chief, who urged her to marry him, but being a dutiful daughter she refused to do so before acquainting her father.

The next vessel carried her to the Muna Islands. Almost immediately upon her arrival the king was taken seriously ill and Margaret sought for an opportunity to leave the islands she being the heir to the throne. Once seated thereon, she would be kept in seclusion, and would not even be allowed to look at a man, much less marry him. She was unable to get away, and when the king died she was declared queen of the islanders. So rigid was the seclusion to which she was condemned that even her own father was not allowed to see her, the islanders believing that their queen should be absolutely free from male influence in ruling her people. The horror of his daughter's situation so wrought on Young that he sickened and died. Margaret was carried to his grave in the great funeral procession, the conveyance being a bamboo box carefully covered with leaves all around, and with only part of the roof open.

Shortly after this Queen Margaret was herself taken ill, and about that time Capt. Luttrell arrived at the island with the Ocean Spray, his wife being with him. The islanders had become alarmed at the condition of their queen, and besought the captain's assistance. Mrs. Luttrell prepared some simple remedies, which they gave to the islanders, but the latter were afraid of the white man's remedies, and did not carry out the captain's instructions. Instead, they built an enormous semicircle of brushwood, in the center of which they placed the bamboo cage, with the queen inside. Then they set fire to the brushwood, their idea being that the god of heat would drive out the evil cold spirit. Priests uttered incantations meanwhile, and there was great beating of tom-toms and drums, the ceremony being kept up all night. Of course the unfortunate girl died from the heat and smoke, and when Capt. Luttrell sailed the chiefs and priests were again looking for a royal ruler.

Paper House and Furniture. Paper, according to the Kleine Zeitung, has a magnificent future. It describes a large paper house with 18 rooms which has been erected by a Russian gentleman upon his country estate at Savinowka, in Podolia. The house was constructed in New York by an American engineer, and cost \$0,000 rubles. Its architect declares that it will last longer than a stone building. To make the triumph still more emphatic, the proprietor has resolved that the whole of the furniture shall be made of the same material.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCHU, President.

FINE LIQUOR STORE

THE undersigned has opened a first-class liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, &c. We shall carry none but the best American and Imported

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, GINS AND WINES,

BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc. Choice line of Bottled Goods.

In addition to my large line of liquors I carry constantly in stock a full line of CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Pool and Billiard Room in same building. Call and see me. A. A. McDONALD, PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.

F. X. BLUMLE, EMPORIUM, PA. Bottler and Dealer in BEER, WINES, WHISKIES, And Liquors of All Kinds. The best of goods always carried in stock and everything warranted as represented. Especial Attention Paid to Mail Orders. EMPORIUM, PA.

GO TO J. A. Kinsler's, Broad Street, Emporium, Pa. Where you can get anything you want in the line of Groceries, Provisions, FLOUR, SALT MEATS, CANNED GOODS, ETC., Tea, Coffee, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars. Goods Delivered Free any Place in Town. CALL AND SEE ME AND GET PRICES. NEAR P. & E. DEPOT.

EMPORIUM Bottling Works, JOHN McDONALD, Proprietor, Near P. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa. Bottler and Shipper of Rochester Lager Beer, BEST BRANDS OF EXPORT. The Manufacturer of Soft Drinks and Dealer in Choice Wines and Pure Liquors.

We keep none but the very best Beer and are prepared to fill orders on short notice. Private families served daily if desired. JOHN McDONALD.

PATENTS. Cements, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patents in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address, C. A. SNOW & CO., OFF. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE IN CHICAGO AND NEW YORK AT THE A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO.