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**A Skeleton In The Closet.**

It was early morning, and Thomas, Lord—a valet, had waited on his master's American suit to see what he desired him to do for him.

There certainly was something odd in the gentleman's manner, and he had not the look of one who had enjoyed refreshing slumbers. At last just as the man turned to leave the room, he spoke:

"Thomas, I have been awake all night."

"My lord will regret to hear it," said Thomas.

"Something odd disturbed me," continued the gentleman. "One of the maids kept me awake all last night."

"One of the maids, sir?" cried Thomas.

"Yes, Thomas. She kept running into my room at least every half hour to look in the glass and admire herself. She came out of that door—she pointed to one in a corner—and walked straight up to the mirror. The light from the night lamp fell upon her face. She seemed to catch my eye in the glass each time and smiled at me as she did so. She wore a short, quilted skirt, a little black bolero and white sleeves. She had a gold cross about her neck by a black ribbon and wore a little cap on her black braids—a young girl with a French face, Thomas. Do you know her?"

"I looked at the gentleman steadily and grew pale. At last he spoke:

"If I have the honor of understanding you, sir, the young person came through the door which I have just mentioned."

"Yes," said the American.

"More than once, sir?"

"About once an hour from midnight until dawn."

"You smiled at me in the glass where you saw her face? I understand she did not look toward you as she passed, sir?"

"Right, Thomas."

"May I beg you to do me the favor of looking in the glass for me?"

The gentleman followed Thomas to the door through which he asserted that the young person passed and saw nothing but a closed door at 12 feet square, with no door at all. The door, however, was a young girl, and high in the ceiling a little window through which a bird could scarcely have flown. It contained no furniture whatsoever.

"There must be a secret door—or something," cried the American. "I am not mad, and I was wide awake."

"Yes, sir," said Thomas still more solemnly. "An ordinary woman could not have contrived to disappear, but the young person you have seen has been an apparition, sir, for more than 200 years."

"An apparition?" cried the American.

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas. "An apparition, sir. I think you have seen Lady Rosette, sir. The gentleman Rosette, sir. It is ten years since she was seen before by my knowledge, but she has been seen by me. I should like to hear more about Rosette, sir," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said the American. "This is an old family, and about 200 years ago there was a Lord Herbert, who was a gay, young nobleman and was a great admirer of the ladies, sir. However, by the time he was 30 he was married and settled down and began to be much thought of and respected. So was his wife, but though she was not handsome and was haughty."

"One thing, however, the English servant did not like—she brought a foreign maid with her from France—a girl named Rosette and as pretty as a picture."

"One day, sitting before her glass, Rosette combed her hair for her, she heard her husband come. So she hid her head behind her, and Rosette was behind her, and they forgot the mirror, and, so, sir, she saw in it, without stirring, both their faces, and she saw the girl smile at her husband, and she saw him smile back at her. She understood everything, but she never stirred, and she never said anything to him, nor to the maid, sir."

"This was her room, sir. In that little closet, Rosette had her bed, and she called her, but one morning my lady's bell rang furiously, and the maid who answered it was told to do my lady's hair, and Rosette had gone back to her native country."

"All the time she was doing it the girl thought she heard a faint, moaning sound and was frightened and went back to the bed pale and trembling, and before night it was well known in the house that a little closet there was not only locked, but nailed up."

"After that my lord seemed to take to his wife again in a measure and they were all out at last, and the lock was forced, and my lord arose and trotted in to the closet."

"It wasn't much they found, only a few bones and an ornament or two, but it was the girl's hair, and she had been dead and bound to the bed and then she died—she was not murdered outright by the jealous lady."

"But ever since, sir, whenever there is going to be a marriage in a measure, whoever sleeps here in this room sees Rosette come out of her closet and smile in the glass. No one ever sees her face, only its reflection. I hope no trouble will follow now, sir."

"As for the American, he slept elsewhere for the next night. He had no admiration for ghosts, even the family ghosts of noblemen, and he had no desire to see Rosette smile at him in the glass again—Exchange."

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And house hunting commenced in good earnest.

But it flagged after the first edge of enthusiastic enterprise was worn off. None of the houses suited exactly.

"I don't care," sobbed Mrs. Franklin.

"It was all Laurence's fault, taking this horrid, damp hole."

Miss Leslardi was just making up her mind to another season of frogs, duck, kitchen and fresh eggs at 8 cents apiece, when Bee came exultingly back from the city one evening.

"Well, I've seen the sweetest little gem of a house!"

"Been house hunting, eh?" said Miss Leslardi, who had got the tea ready. The thirteenth "help" had gone off in a huff that day.

"Well, no, not exactly house hunting, you know, but I saw the bill, and I went in. The neighborhood delightful, the park lovely."

"And the rent?" eagerly demanded Miss Leslardi, with eyes like blue moons.

"Only \$1,800 a year."

"Oh," said Julia. "But isn't that a great deal?"

"Just when you consider the price of houses in general. I'll go back tomorrow and secure it; but, mind, it's a secret. I have taken an interest in it, and my husband came home. Mrs. Franklin had retired to bed when her husband came home. Mrs. Leslardi, however, was up to pour his tea.

"Well, Julia," said Mr. Franklin triumphantly, "I've found the house we want."

Julia looked up with almost a scared expression in her face. "You haven't taken it, Laurence?"

"No, but I shall tomorrow."

"I wouldn't do anything without consulting Bee," pleaded Julia.

"I shall give her a pleasant surprise," said Mr. Franklin, buttering a muffin.

"Remember, Jim, this is between you and me."

Early next morning Mr. Franklin went to New York. Bee followed in the next train, while Miss Leslardi breathlessly awaited the news.

Mrs. Franklin returned rather earlier than her sister had expected her, with a bright, flushed face.

"Well," said Julia breathlessly.

"I've agreed to pay \$2,000 a year for it," said Mrs. Franklin.

"Two thousand?" echoed Miss Leslardi.

"I thought it was only \$1,800."

"The rent is less, but there's another party, it seems, anxious to secure the house, and—"

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Julia. "That's only the professional landlady's price."

"Oh, but it's true," persisted Bee. "For I saw his hat on the sidewalk, and I caught a glimpse of his legs walking about in the upper story to see if the paint was in the order of the second floor, so I said I'd give her \$2,000."

"And suppose the other party—who, I dare say, was the plumber or gasfitter or perhaps the carpenter, come to see about the house?"

"He won't," said Bee confidently. "The house isn't worth that."

"But I really think, Bee, darling, you'd better speak to Laurence."

"So will," said Bee. "This evening. He will see that his wife is something more than a dead letter in the family, but I want you to go and see the house this afternoon, Julia."

The level rays of the soft April sun were shining into the pretty little double drawing room of the house on Millard square as Bee led her sister exultantly into it.

"Oh, but it's true," persisted Bee. "For I saw his hat on the sidewalk, and I caught a glimpse of his legs walking about in the upper story to see if the paint was in the order of the second floor, so I said I'd give her \$2,000."

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"So will," said Bee. "This evening. He will see that his wife is something more than a dead letter in the family, but I want you to go and see the house this afternoon, Julia."

"Here I am," piped the voice of Tom's kid. "What do some of you boys got for me to do?"

"The boy had now aroused Maguire's attention. He began to ask the boy something about himself. All that the little fellow knew was that his father and mother were both dead and that he had been left with no home or relatives and he didn't know how to get on. Maguire took an interest in him. When he was transferred from the ragged and dirty street arab into a clean and well dressed boy, he was found to be as handsome, bright-eyed as any one would wish to see. He didn't know how old he was, but it was judged that he was 11 or 12. Joe Arthur wanted to take him at once as the messenger boy in "The Still Alarm," but Tom Maguire objected to his going on the stage. He took the kid to his own house and got him a place in a large furniture house on Fourteenth street.

"The boy continued to live with the Maguire family, but insisted on paying some thing out of his earnings for his board. He also handed money to Tom every week to keep for him. He became a great favorite with everybody at the store, as he was with all the theater people. One Friday, after he had been a few weeks at the furniture store, he was sent by some of the men at noon hour to fetch them their pair of dinner belt. He had \$1.50 due him from the store for his week's salary, which would have been paid the next day. He had also \$3 or \$4 of savings in Tom Maguire's keeping. He took the pair and tripped merrily out of the store on his errand, but he had done many times before. He never came back. Manager Rosenquest and Mrs. Colville made every effort to find some trace of the missing boy, but without success. Nothing has ever been seen or heard of him from that day to this. If it wasn't about as mysterious and unaccountable a disappearance as well could be, then I don't know what mysterious and unaccountable disappearances are."—Albany Telegraph.

**GEMS IN VERSE.**

**By James Whitecomb Riley.**

You trail runs to the westward  
Arabian mule to my own pace,  
There is water between our lodges,  
And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verse,  
The way is clear to my own pace,  
Because in the hearts of the children  
There is neither east nor west.

Born to a thousand fortunes  
Of good or evil hap,  
Once they were kings together,  
Throned in a mother's lap.

Surely they know that secret,  
Yellow and black and white,  
When they meet as kings together  
In innocent dreams at night.

With a moon they all can play with,  
Grab and grin and unashamed,  
Very happy together  
And very near to God.

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"My lord will regret to hear it," said Thomas.

"Something odd disturbed me," continued the gentleman. "One of the maids kept me awake all last night."

"One of the maids, sir?" cried Thomas.

"Yes, Thomas. She kept running into my room at least every half hour to look in the glass and admire herself. She came out of that door—she pointed to one in a corner—and walked straight up to the mirror. The light from the night lamp fell upon her face. She seemed to catch my eye in the glass each time and smiled at me as she did so. She wore a short, quilted skirt, a little black bolero and white sleeves. She had a gold cross about her neck by a black ribbon and wore a little cap on her black braids—a young girl with a French face, Thomas. Do you know her?"

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"Yes," said the American.

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Arabian mule to my own pace,  
There is water between our lodges,  
And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verse,  
The way is clear to my own pace,  
Because in the hearts of the children  
There is neither east nor west.

Born to a thousand fortunes  
Of good or evil hap,  
Once they were kings together,  
Throned in a mother's lap.

Surely they know that secret,  
Yellow and black and white,  
When they meet as kings together  
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"Right, Thomas."

"May I beg you to do me the favor of looking in the glass for me?"

The gentleman followed Thomas to the door through which he asserted that the young person passed and saw nothing but a closed door at 12 feet square, with no door at all. The door, however, was a young girl, and high in the ceiling a little window through which a bird could scarcely have flown. It contained no furniture whatsoever.

"There must be a secret door—or something," cried the American. "I am not mad, and I was wide awake."

"Yes, sir," said Thomas still more solemnly. "An ordinary woman could not have contrived to disappear, but the young person you have seen has been an apparition, sir, for more than 200 years."

"An apparition?" cried the American.

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas. "An apparition, sir. I think you have seen Lady Rosette, sir. The gentleman Rosette, sir. It is ten years since she was seen before by my knowledge, but she has been seen by me. I should like to hear more about Rosette, sir," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said the American. "This is an old family, and about 200 years ago there was a Lord Herbert, who was a gay, young nobleman and was a great admirer of the ladies, sir. However, by the time he was 30 he was married and settled down and began to be much thought of and respected. So was his wife, but though she was not handsome and was haughty."

"One thing, however, the English servant did not like—she brought a foreign maid with her from France—a girl named Rosette and as pretty as a picture."

"One day, sitting before her glass, Rosette combed her hair for her, she heard her husband come. So she hid her head behind her, and Rosette was behind her, and they forgot the mirror, and, so, sir, she saw in it, without stirring, both their faces, and she saw the girl smile at her husband, and she saw him smile back at her. She understood everything, but she never stirred, and she never said anything to him, nor to the maid, sir."

"This was her room, sir. In that little closet, Rosette had her bed, and she called her, but one morning my lady's bell rang furiously, and the maid who answered it was told to do my lady's hair, and Rosette had gone back to her native country."

"All the time she was doing it the girl thought she heard a faint, moaning sound and was frightened and went back to the bed pale and trembling, and before night it was well known in the house that a little closet there was not only locked, but nailed up."

"After that my lord seemed to take to his wife again in a measure and they were all out at last, and the lock was forced, and my lord arose and trotted in to the closet."

"It wasn't much they found, only a few bones and an ornament or two, but it was the girl's hair, and she had been dead and bound to the bed and then she died—she was not murdered outright by the jealous lady."

"But ever since, sir, whenever there is going to be a marriage in a measure, whoever sleeps here in this room sees Rosette come out of her closet and smile in the glass. No one ever sees her face, only its reflection. I hope no trouble will follow now, sir."

"As for the American, he slept elsewhere for the next night. He had no admiration for ghosts, even the family ghosts of noblemen, and he had no desire to see Rosette smile at him in the glass again—Exchange."

have some sort of chance at morning cere and the opera again."

And house hunting commenced in good earnest.

But it flagged after the first edge of enthusiastic enterprise was worn off. None of the houses suited exactly.

"I don't care," sobbed Mrs. Franklin.

"It was all Laurence's fault, taking this horrid, damp hole."

Miss Leslardi was just making up her mind to another season of frogs, duck, kitchen and fresh eggs at 8 cents apiece, when Bee came exultingly back from the city one evening.

"Well, I've seen the sweetest little gem of a house!"

"Been house hunting, eh?" said Miss Leslardi, who had got the tea ready. The thirteenth "help" had gone off in a huff that day.

"Well, no, not exactly house hunting, you know, but I saw the bill, and I went in. The neighborhood delightful, the park lovely."

"And the rent?" eagerly demanded Miss Leslardi, with eyes like blue moons.

"Only \$1,800 a year."

"Oh," said Julia. "But isn't that a great deal?"

"Just when you consider the price of houses in general. I'll go back tomorrow and secure it; but, mind, it's a secret. I have taken an interest in it, and my husband came home. Mrs. Franklin had retired to bed when her husband came home. Mrs. Leslardi, however, was up to pour his tea.

"Well, Julia," said Mr. Franklin triumphantly, "I've found the house we want."

Julia looked up with almost a scared expression in her face. "You haven't taken it, Laurence?"

"No, but I shall tomorrow."

"I wouldn't do anything without consulting Bee," pleaded Julia.

"I shall give her a pleasant surprise," said Mr. Franklin, buttering a muffin.

"Remember, Jim, this is between you and me."

Early next morning Mr. Franklin went to New York. Bee followed in the next train, while Miss Leslardi breathlessly awaited the news.

Mrs. Franklin returned rather earlier than her sister had expected her, with a bright, flushed face.

"Well," said Julia breathlessly.

"I've agreed to pay \$2,000 a year for it," said Mrs. Franklin.

"Two thousand?" echoed Miss Leslardi.

"I thought it was only \$1,800."

"The rent is less, but there's another party, it seems, anxious to secure the house, and—"

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Julia. "That's only the professional landlady's price."

"Oh, but it's true," persisted Bee. "For I saw his hat on the sidewalk, and I caught a glimpse of his legs walking about in the upper story to see if the paint was in the order of the second floor, so I said I'd give her \$2,000."

"And suppose the other party—who, I dare say, was the plumber or gasfitter or perhaps the carpenter, come to see about the house?"

"He won't," said Bee confidently. "The house isn't worth that."

"But I really think, Bee, darling, you'd better speak to Laurence."

"So will," said Bee. "This evening. He will see that his wife is something more than a dead letter in the family, but I want you to go and see the house this afternoon, Julia."

"Here I am," piped the voice of Tom's kid. "What do some of you boys got for me to do?"

"The boy had now aroused Maguire's attention. He began to ask the boy something about himself. All that the little fellow knew was that his father and mother were both dead and that he had been left with no home or relatives and he didn't know how to get on. Maguire took an interest in him. When he was transferred from the ragged and dirty street arab into a clean and well dressed boy, he was found to be as handsome, bright-eyed as any one would wish to see. He didn't know how old he was, but it was judged that he was 11 or 12. Joe Arthur wanted to take him at once as the messenger boy in "The Still Alarm," but Tom Maguire objected to his going on the stage. He took the kid to his own house and got him a place in a large furniture house on Fourteenth street.

"The boy continued to live with the Maguire family, but insisted on paying some thing out of his earnings for his board. He also handed money to Tom every week to keep for him. He became a great favorite with everybody at the store, as he was with all the theater people. One Friday, after he had been a few weeks at the furniture store, he was sent by some of the men at noon hour to fetch them their pair of dinner belt. He had \$1.50 due him from the store for his week's salary, which would have been paid the next day. He had also \$3 or \$4 of savings in Tom Maguire's keeping. He took the pair and tripped merrily out of the store on his errand, but he had done many times before. He never came back. Manager Rosenquest and Mrs. Colville made every effort to find some trace of the missing boy, but without success. Nothing has ever been seen or heard of him from that day to this. If it wasn't about as mysterious and unaccountable a disappearance as well could be, then I don't know what mysterious and unaccountable disappearances are."—Albany Telegraph.

**GEMS IN VERSE.**

**By James Whitecomb Riley.**

You trail runs to the westward  
Arabian mule to my own pace,  
There is water between our lodges,  
And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verse,  
The way is clear to my own pace,  
Because in the hearts of the children  
There is neither east nor west.

Born to a thousand fortunes  
Of good or evil hap,  
Once they were kings together,  
Throned in a mother's lap.

Surely they know that secret,  
Yellow and black and white,  
When they meet as kings together  
In innocent dreams at night.

With a moon they all can play with,  
Grab and grin and unashamed,  
Very happy together  
And very near to God.

—Rudyard Kipling.

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