## DOOD NIGHT.

Last night, my dear, whilst sleeping
In your wee bit trundle bed,
I bended o'er you weeping,
And stroked your curly head.

"Dood night," you said, half hearted,
In a choking, childish way,
And to your bed you started
At the closing of the day.

"Dood night." I gave no answer
To my bonnie bairnie's plead;
She understood she wasn't good,
And knew why I didn't heed.

And during all the evening long,
While every heart was gay and light,
Amidst the laughter and the song,
I heard the cry: "Dood night! Dood night!"

"Dood night" kept ringing in my ears,
The words within my soul did burn,
And smiling through a flow of tears,
I thought her answer I'd return;

And so towards her crib I crept,
And kissed her sweetly on the brow;
And while in peacefulness she slept,
I said: "Good night, my darling, now."
—George McKenzie, in Boston Budget.

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SYNOPSIS.

D'Auriac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron is in temporary command, appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge against d'Auriac. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a man and woman, from king's camp at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows and prisoners escape. Duel is interrupted by appearance of de Rone, and d'Auriac is told he will hang if found alive at close of morrow's battle. Riding over field next day d'Auriac finds Nicholas, victim of de Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness robbing the bodies of the dead and wounded. They find golden collar on de Leyva's corpse, and Babette stabs Mauginot (her partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had escaped from de Gomeron and d'Ayen, her suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescues d'Auriac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is heiress of Bidache. When well enough he is taken to her Normandy chateau, where he learns from Maitre Palin, madame's chaplain, the king is about to force her to marry d'Ayen. He sets out with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron's retreat where they manage to overhear details of plot. Burning with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de Gomeron. Flying for their lives, the two men think themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biron, one of the traitors, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas; d'Auriac escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevalier lays what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordnance. Calling on de Belin, a friend, d'Auriac secures from him a servant, Ravaillac, who had previously been in service of d'Ayen. D'Ayen's marriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fornight, de Belin to stand sponsor. Palin and madame arrive in Paris. D'Auriac has suspicions aroused concerning Ravaillac; later witnesses meeting with de Gomeron, therefore dismisses him. The chevalier is introduced at court by de Belin, where he charges Biron with being traitor to France and king. For his pains Henry gives him 24 hours to quit France. King now commands marriage to be celebrated on the morrow, making it imperative that flight occur that night, if madame be saved. D'Auriac therefore meets her secretly, when masked men swoop down on pair and carry them off, bound and gagged. After 24 hours' imprisonment, during which he has interview with de Gomeron and Babette, he manages to escape. At his lodgings he finds Jacques, Palin, de Belin and his host Pantin assembled in council. Next morning Pantin and d'Auriac, disguised, go to Toison d'Or, a sort of inn next building to which he and madame had been taken. D'Auriac hires a room, and from a window reaches roof of next building where he finds a skylight half open, from which he could command a view of one room of the Toison d'Or.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

I saw a room of moderate size, and well, but plainly furnished. In the center was an oblong table covered with a dark cloth and round about it were set a number of chairs. The skylight alone admitted light, and from this to the floor of the room was a matter of 12 feet or so. The chamber was empty, and I had more than half a mind to risk the descent, when the door was opened and Babette stepped in. I shrank back as low as possible, and observed that she was making arrangements for some one, for she placed a couple of decanters with glasses on the table, arranged the chairs, and then after taking a look round went out once more. I made up my mind to wait, and, settling myself under the skylight, began to exercise my patience. After an hour or so had passed, I heard the door opened again, and then the sound of voices. Presently some one called out: "We had better shut the skylight," and then another voice, this time Lafin's, said: "No, it is no use, and we will want light to see."

Once more I raised myself and leaned against the edge of the opening, eyes and ears intent. There were three men in the room—Lafin, de Gomeron and another whom I did not know, but whom I judged to be an Italian from his manner of pronouncing our language. They were all three seated round the table, poring over a number of documents and conversing in low tones. After a time it appeared to me that Lafin was urging something on de Gomeron, and the free lance, who was short of temper, brought his clenched hand on the table in a manner to make the glasses ring whilst he said with an oath:

"I will not—I have risked too much. I have told you before that I did not come into this for the good of my health. My prize is my own. It has nothing to do with your affair, of which I am sick."

The other man then cut in:

"I do not see, M. de Lafin, why we should drag this matter into our discussion. If M. de Gomeron wants a wife—well—many a fair dame has had a rougher wooing than the lady you speak of. But I—I have cause for complaint. I come here expecting to meet the marshal—and I meet you and monsieur here. I mean no offense, but I must tell you plainly, my master's instructions are that I should hear M. de Biron's promises and take his demand from his own lips."

"And what about Epernon, Bouillon and Tremouille, count?" asked de Gomeron.

The dark eyes of the stranger flashed on him for a moment.

"My master, the duke of Savoy, knows their views."

"Personally?"

The Italian waved his hand with a laugh. "Gentlemen, I have given you my terms—it is for you to choose. As for my part I would that my master dropped this business and trusted the day to his sword."

"That is not wont to be M. de Savoy's way," sneered Lafin, and the Italian rose.

"Very well, messieurs, I will then consider the issue as closed."

"It matters not a rush to me," exclaimed de Gomeron; but Lafin, who was moodily plucking at his mustache, spoke again, and the tones of his voice were full of chagrin:

"As you wish. I undertake that the marshal sees you."

"Where and when? My time is precious."

"Here at ten o'clock to-night."

"Maledetto! This is not a place to come at that hour."

"It is safe, and would be safer still if you stayed here till then. The spies of the master general—curse him—are everywhere, and M. de Gomeron will guarantee your protection here."

"I am deeply grateful." The count bowed slightly, a faint tone of irony in his voice. "Then you agree?"

"Yes."

The voices dropped again after this, and they began to pore over the papers and a map that the free lance had spread before him, making an occasional remark, which I did not follow. But I had heard enough to be convinced that the plot of Anet was still in full life. It was all important for me now to communicate what I knew at once to the master general. With a little ordinary care the conspirators could be trapped to a man, and if by one stroke I could effect this, as well as free madame—anything was possible. Without further hesitation I therefore crept slowly back and descended to my chamber as softly as a cat. Leaving the ladder swinging where it was, for I could not undo the knot, I drew on my boots and

SHE DREW BACK ALL AT ONCE.

went to the turret to reconnoiter before venturing out into the street. Imagine my chagrin and disappointment to see that three men were at the gate of the Toison d'Or, evidently on the watch, and in one of them I made out Ravaillac. I might have passed the others without discovery, but it would be impossible to escape the lynx eyes of this villain, who, though young in years, had all the craft of age, and who later on was to raise himself to an eminence so bad that I know not whom to place beside him, except, perhaps, those who were his aiders and abettors. I did not fear to run the gauntlet—that was an easy matter; but merely doing so would make by birds take to wing, and I found myself compelled once more to hold patience by the tail until the coast was clear.

CHAPTER XIX.

PLAIN HENRI DE BOURBON.

In a little I began to cool and sought my room, determined to occasionally take a turn to the turret and see if the guard was gone, but not to harass myself by watching them continually. In about an hour or so I wearied of sitting and looked out of my window again in the direction of madame's room, as I called it to myself. At the moment of my doing so the shutter that was open toward my side suddenly closed. I could just make out a flash of white fingers on the dark woodwork, and then the face I longed to see looked out from the half of the window still open, and drew back again almost on the instant. Feeling sure that she would look out once more, I leaned forward. Madame did as I expected, and I could see the astonishment on her face, and hear her cry of joy. She tried to converse with me by signals on her fingers and for the first time I had occasion to bless what I had up to now considered a foolish accomplishment that I picked up as a boy when I was with Mgr. de Joyeuse. Enough that madame gave me to understand that she was well treated, and I let my dear know that there were those at work who would soon free her, and perhaps there was a word or two besides on a subject which concerned us two alone. It was in the midst of this part of our converse that she drew back all at once with a warning finger on her lips; and though I waited again for a full hour, forgetting the watchers below in the fresh fears that began to assail me, I did not see her again. At the end of that time, however, a white kerchief waved twice from the window and was then withdrawn. I turned back into my room, and now that I was certain she was there, my impatience at being penned up as I was became almost insupportable, and Heaven alone knows how I held myself in from making a dash for it, and risking all on the venture. To cut the matter short, it wanted but a few minutes to sundown when, to my relief, I saw a cloaked figure I could not recognize step out of the Toison d'Or, and after giving a few orders to the guards, pass briskly down the street. They in their turn went into the house, and at last the road was clear. I hesitated no further, and hurried down the stairs.

Although I was not in a frame of mind to observe what was going on around me, I soon became conscious that one of those sudden fogs which extend over the city at this period of the year had arisen, as it were, out of nothing, and in the course of a few minutes I was compelled to slacken pace and pick my way slowly, and with the greatest caution in regard to landmarks, for I could not risk losing my way again. The fog was not a thick one, but it was sufficient, united with the coming evening, to almost blur out the streets and houses, and make the figures of passers-by loom out like large and indistinct shadows. Carefully as I had tried to impress the way on my memory, I hesitated more than once as to the route I should take, and it was with something like a sigh of relief that I found myself at last behind St. Martin's, whose spire towered above me, a tall, gray phantom. Here I halted for a moment to see if one of the few shadows that flickered now and then through the haze might give some signal by which I might recognize Pantin. It was in vain, and determined to wait no longer I set off at a round pace, when I was suddenly arrested by hearing the rich tones of a voice singing:

Frere Jacques, dormez-vous?
Dormez-vous, dormez vous?

The clear notes rang out through the fog, bringing with them a hundred recollections of the time when I had last heard the chorus. And the voice? That was not to be mistaken. It was de Belin, or else his ghost. Without a moment's hesitation I sang back the lines, advancing at the same time in the direction in which I had heard the voice. I had not gone 50 paces when I saw two tall shadows approaching me, and at the same time heard the verse again.

"Lisois?" I called out.

"It is he," I heard de Belin say.

Then the shadows stopped for a moment, and another and slighter figure joined them. Finally one came forward, and when within a yard or so of me spoke:

"D'Auriac—is it you?"

"Yes—I was hastening to you. Man, I have discovered all."

"Morbleau!" exclaimed the compte, "the chanson was a happy thought, else we had missed you in this fog."

"Is Pantin here? We have not a moment to lose."

"He is. It was he who guided us here. I have brought a friend with me. Do not ask his name; but speak freely before him and tell us exactly what you have discovered." With these words he took me by the arm and led me up to the two. In the shorter, there was no difficulty in recognizing Pantin. What with the mist, the mask of his face and the roquelaure that enveloped him to the ears, I could make out nothing of the stranger, who did not even answer my salutation except by a slight inclination of the head. I need not say that I wasted no time, but laid the matter before them and wound up with—

"And now, gentlemen, we are three swords; let Pantin hasten and bring half a dozen of the compte's people, and I guarantee that we not only free madame, but take the whole brood of vipers."

"These cards won't win," said de Belin; "we must have more witnesses than ourselves, who are known to be enemies of the marshal. The king plays at More's this evening. He is like to be there now, or else very soon, for he is bound on a frolic to-night. We will go straight there. Villeroi and Sully are both to be in attendance, and also the marshal."

"The marshal will not be there," I interrupted.

"If so I wager the king asks for him, and I will take it on my head to explain. In half an hour we could be back with Sully and Villeroi, and then the game is ours. Do you not agree, monsieur?"—and he turned to the stranger. All the answer was another grave inclination of the head.

"Come," went on de Belin, slipping his arm into mine, "put yourself in my hands, d'Auriac, and I pledge you success. My God!" he broke off suddenly—"to think we should win so completely."

There was so much in what he said that I agreed without demur, and Belin hurried me onwards, the stranger and Pantin following a few steps behind. As we went on Belin whispered: "Ask no questions, d'Auriac—say nothing until you see Sully, and ten minutes after I promise you 20 swords."

"If I do not get them in an hour," I said grimly, "I will go back myself and see what my own sword can do."

"And I will go back with you, too—there, is not that enough? Come, man," and we hurried along through the mist as fast as we could walk, keeping on the left side of the road. As we came up to St. Merri de Belin stopped and blew sharply on a whistle. There was an answering call, and from under the flamboyant portico of the church the figure of a man with a led horse slipped out into the fog, now yellow with the light of the street lamps. Without a word the stranger mounted, and the two passed us at a trot.

"What the devil does that mean?" I exclaimed—"your monseigneur has left us."

"To return again," answered the compte drily, and then added: "It will be a gay party at More's to-night, and it is time we were there."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TWO STORIES OF SPIRITS.

**One of Which Might Have Been Quite Easily and Naturally Accounted For.**

"When spiritualism was comparatively new and we were youngsters, we used to hear delightful spooky stories about mysterious actions of furniture and things, which one never seems to hear nowadays. I remember one about some people who had guests invited to a grand dinner. The table was spread with all the dishes, but the meal had not yet been served. The family had great store of beautiful glass and china, and it was all on the table. For a moment the servants were all out of the dining-room, and just at that moment all the people in the rest of the house heard a deafening crash of falling dishes; from the dining-room there came the sound of glassware precipitated upon the floor and crushing into fragments, and in the midst of the roar of this wreck there rose to the terrified ears of the host and hostess the high, clear notes of the smashing of much thin china. Everybody in the house—family, guests, servants—rushed to the dining-room door at the same moment, expecting to see nothing less than the table overthrown and every precious dish on it broken, and what did they behold? The table set in perfect order with not a thing on it disturbed. What had made the awful crash? Nobody ever knew. Not a dish was even nicked in that house that day. The spirits—so the story ran to us—had just made a terrible ghostly crash for the fun of it and the alarm of the household.

"I remember that this story impressed me a great deal more than it would have impressed me if the dishes had really been found smashed, though it could have been proved that no human being had been in the room at the time. I had never before heard of a ghost that was a crash and nothing more. I fancy the astonishment of those alleged people was not greater than that of a friend of mine over an episode not at all similar. This gentleman's wife and daughter were out shopping one afternoon, and he reached home ahead of them. So far from feeling grieved and outraged at not finding them there to make him welcome, he set to work pleasantly to give them a surprise by getting them their supper. He hadn't much in the house, but he set out what he had, and placed on each of three plates a nice lot of sardines, and then went out to make them some tea. He got it made and came back, and looked at his table in astonishment. His supper was gone The plates which he had put on the table were there just where he had placed them, but they were as clean as when he put them on. He knew that there was not another human being in the house. What sprite had wafted away those sardines?

"This is a true story. There was not another human being in the house, but the gentleman owned two delightful cocker spaniels, and they were in the house. Who can doubt that, as they licked the plates which had contained the sardines, they had said to themselves: 'Go to; we will make it unnecessary for our dear master to wash these plates?'"—Boston Transcript.

## PICTURES OF SOUND.

**The Human Voice or Musical Notes May Be Photographed in a Simple Manner.**

To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin strong paper over the flaring end of an old tin horn. Hold the horn with the sheet of paper upward. Take a little pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper. Then hold the horn vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end of the instrument. Do not blow, but sing the note. Now lower the horn carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture. So you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers, some look like snakes, and others like flying birds; in fact, there is no limit to the variation. The pictures of the notes of musical instruments are made by holding the horn as near as possible to them.

As stated above, sand may be used, but lycopodium powder will produce even better effects. Lycopodium pictures may be "fixed" by first dissolving the powder in alcohol and then placing a drop of the fluid on the paper. But you must be quick about it. The alcohol evaporates in a few seconds, so you must make the sound in the horn as soon as you have deposited the drop The small amount of liquid will not prevent the powder in it from spreading. When it has spread, however, it will stick the picture in its place on the paper, which may then be taken off the horn and preserved.

You may thus obtain pictures of the voices of all your friends. Common gum tragicanth with a little alcohol in it also makes good pictures. If you wish to see the pictures while they are being made, you may employ an old flaring bell-shaped ear trumpet, or you may use your old horn with a short piece of rubber tubing on the mouthpiece.—N. Y. Sun.

**The White Sheep.**

"That youngest boy of yours does not seem to be a credit to you," said the white man to Uncle Mose.

"No, sah," said Uncle Mose. "He's the wustest chile I has. He is mighty bad. He's de white sheep of de family, sah."—Boston Journal.

**Queer.**

Master of the House (looking at thermometer outside the door)—Only two above zero! A pretty cold morning!

Cook—Sure an' it's quare that such a little thing can make so much difference wid the weather!—Brooklyn Life.

**A Considerate Beggar.**

Mendicant—Say, boss, can't you give a poor devil something?

Mr. Portly Pompous—I never give anything to street beggars.

Mendicant—All right, boss. I don't wan't yer ter do nothin' agin' yer principles. Just gimme yer house address, and I'll call every day.—Tammany Times.

**Desperation.**

The weather prophet in a plight
Looked forth upon the sky one night
And doggedly he said:
"'Twill rain or blow or snow, I fear;
Or else, 'twill be quite warm and clear."
And then he went to bed.
—Washington Star.

**A MIDWINTER JOKE.**

Jocular Jack—Loidy, kin yer gimme some cold wittals?

Mrs. Jay—Yes, my poor man! Go over to the woodhouse and you'll find lots of chops.—St. Louis Republic.

**Too Sad.**

There was a young woman from Leicester,
Who lived in the city of Cheichester,
She would giggle and flirt,
Till her parents felt hurt,
And wondered what on earth poceister.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Absent-Minded.**

Smith—Halloa, Jones! Haven't seen you for a month. How is Mrs. Jones?

Jones (promptly)—Nicely, thanks. (Thinks a moment.) Oh, no; excuse me! She died three weeks ago!—Harlem Life.

**He Saw Too Much.**

Jaggs—My dear, you are getting better looking as you grow older. Your beauty appears to have doubled.

Mrs. Jaggs—That will do, Mr. Jaggs. You've been drinking again!—Chicago Daily News.

**Absolutely Hopeless.**

"But you might learn to love me," he urged.

She shook her head.

"You have no idea," she said, "what a poor student I am."—Chicago Evening Post.

**Wasted Energy.**

O, something to deplore is
That wasted hour when
We tell hair-raising stories
To stark bald-headed men.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**A MALICIOUS HUSBAND.**

"You are always complaining about my singing, Arthur, and claim it makes you nervous, while dear baby falls asleep as soon as I begin a song."

"Oh, baby is smarter than you think. He pretends to be asleep so that you will stop singing."—Fliegende Blaetter.

**After the Feast.**

Now doth the lone turkey warble,
In accents filled with glee:
"The good die young and I rejoice
Because of my toughness—see?"
—Chicago Daily News.

**Unmistakable Proofs.**

"Why do you think he is a self-made man?"

"Because he wears chin whiskers instead of mutton chops."—Chicago Daily News.

**Its Work Done.**

Jimmy—I've broke my knife!

Johnny—Gee, but don't yer feel bad?

Jimmy—Not very. I'd cut my initials on all ther furn'ture there was.—N.Y. Journal.

**The Prevailing Fashion.**

Here's to the man who is clear out of style;
Though pleasure oft gives him the slip,
At present his face wears a radical smile,
For he hasn't been ill with the grip.
—Washington Star.

**A Canard.**

Gusherly—They say Guzzle drinks like a fish!

Lusherly—It's a lie! Guzzle never touches water.—N. Y. Evening Journal

**No Hope.**

He—Are you sure your love for me is dead?

She—Yes. Heart failure.—Harlem Life.

**What He Needed.**

We gave our little son his choice of gifts.
His answer was profound:
"I want a little sister, like Dick Binks',
So's I kin boss her round."
—Chicago Record.

**What She Might Give.**

"I am looking for something real nice for a young man," said the young and pretty shopper.

"Why don't you look in the mirror?" asked the gallant clerk, and she was so flustered that he managed to sell her four different things that she did not want before she knew what she was doing.—Chicago Post.

**Passing It Along.**

Stuckwell—Yes; I've lost all confidence in Jones since he worked that beast off on me. I'll never trust him again.

Groom—Yes, sir; what are you goin' to do with the horse now, sir?

Stuckwell—Well, I expect a friend of mine over this afternoon to look at him.—Puck.

**No Comparison.**

"I suppose," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "the hottest place on earth is the stokehole of an iron battleship in action."

"There is one hotter," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks. "It's the place where a young husband sits when he carves his first turkey for company."—Chicago Tribune.

**Variable Sentiment.**

"What is your opinion of municipal ownership of street railways?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, after much thought, "my opinion on that point depends."

"On what?"

"On who happens to be owning the municipality."—Washington Star.

**The Usual Thing.**

Farmer Hayrick—Well, Zeke, when yer wuz in Washington did yer make inquiries ez to what our congressman wuz doin'?

Farmer Hedgrow—Yes, I asked, an' everybody said he wuz doin' bartenders! Wonder what ther fools meant?—N. Y. Journal.

**What Else Could He Do?**

"I'll marry no man with a dead face like yours!"
She said, as they walked on the sands.
"Then there's only one thing I can do!" he replied,
And he buried his face in his hands.
—Chicago Tribune.

**A BLOW TO THE SEX.**

Lady—Do you really think men have more brains than women!

Man—Some men, madam.

Lady—Some? What men, pray?

Man—Single men.—Pick-Me-Up.

**Vindicated.**

He married the girl of his choice
In spite of the things his friends said;
To-day they look on and rejoice
While he wishes that he were dead.
—Chicago Record.

**Had Other Resources.**

"My wife," said the young man, "always kisses me when I come home at night."

"My wife does not," replied the man of middle age, "but it is of no advantage to me. In one way or another she gets a report on the condition of my breath just the same."—Chicago Post.

**Culinary Comment.**

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I hope that girl don't go and cook the steak to a crisp again to-day.

"Well, what would you say if she cooked it to suit you?"

"I would say it was a very rare occurrence."—Yonkers Statesman.

**An Unexpected Return.**

Real Estate Man—The man who went to look at those lots in Swampville came back and said he couldn't locate the property.

His Partner—H'm! That accounts for his coming back.—Puck.

**A Curious Fact.**

Procrastination is a thief
Of time, the sages all declare.
And yet the man who'd just as lief
Sit round has time galore to spare.
—Chicago Evening News.

**EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL.**

"She bent him to her vill and he realized the force of her great sole."—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**Sometimes Goes by Contraries.**

After ten years' courting Brown married,
And soon he was discontented.
But Robinson married in haste,
And he has never repented.
—Chicago Tribune.

**The Proper Thing.**

"Where are all our umbrellas?" asked Mr. Bloobumper.

"They are used up," replied Mrs. Bloobumper.

"Well, that is just the way in which I wanted to use one."—Town Topics.