

WEE FANNIE.

Wee Fannie, bless her little heart, I cannot help but take her part.

When romping through the halls; Up, down the stairs she runneth wild, This sweet, angelic baby child,

Fast clinging to her dolls. What mem'ries doth her laughter bring, When through the house I hear it ring.

Each purity from children roll Into every harden'd soul.

Play on, my child, in rapture play, And may your life be one glad day.

—George McKenzie, in Boston Budget.



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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Aurillac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron has been appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge made against him.

Chapter II—D'Aurillac next morning takes his place as usual on de Rone's staff. In the course of his ride over the field he saves the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of de Gomeron's malice, is found in imminent danger of almost instant death.

Chapter III—After the battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Aurillac, lying severely wounded, sees the forms of a man and woman moving under cover of the night among the dead and wounded.

Chapter IV—D'Aurillac in the hospital of Ste. Genevieve discovers his unknown friend is the heiress of Bidache.

Chapter V—D'Aurillac's horse casts a shoe. This causes a delay at village of Ezy, where he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in the neighborhood with the king's commission, and that he (Nicholas) has evidence of treason brewing among de Gomeron and certain associates against the king.

Chapter VI—Led by Nicholas, d'Aurillac goes by night to where de Gomeron is stationed. When near the house a horn was heard from the depths of the forest which greatly frightens Nicholas, then some men leave courtyard in direction of the sound.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The men rode by us slowly, one of them carrying a torch, and, taking a turn to the right, trotted off into the forest, cursing the orders they had received to go forth after the horn-winder.

"Now," I whispered, "for the window." "We must get to the terrace," he answered. "From there it might be done," and with a hurried look behind him, at which I began to laugh in a low tone of mockery, he crawled forward rapidly.

I followed with equal speed and caution, and in a half minute we had gained the shadow of the terrace, and, working along its ivy-covered wall, got to the main building. Here we cast about for some means to get up. It was not possible to do this by holding on to the ivy, as, if it came away, there would be a fall, and all our fat would be in the fire.

The ascent had to be made noiselessly, and as I looked at the high wall before us I began to think it was impossible. Running my eye on the lichen-gray face of the main building, however, I noticed something that looked like a series of huge monograms, with a crescent above each, cut in high relief on the stones, beginning about ten feet from the ground.

"We might get up that way," I whispered. Nicholas nodded, with a pale face. In his excitement he had forgotten the wild huntsman, much to my satisfaction.

"Bend, then, and I will ascend from your back." He leaned forward against the wall, and, climbing on his shoulders, I found that I might possibly raise myself by the monograms, which I discovered to be the letters H. D. interlaced in one another, the initials of the second Henry and Diane de Poitiers; and the crescent was, as is well known, Madame Diane's crest.

Taking a long breath, I lifted myself slowly—there was but an inch or so to hold on to—and at last found a crevice in which I could put the point of my boot. This was enough for me to change my hold to the next higher monogram, and finally I came to a level with the parapet of the terrace. Here was a difficulty. Every time I stretched my hand out to grasp the parapet I found that I could not reach over, and that my fingers slipped off from the slime and moss on the stones.

Three times I made the attempt, and swung back three times, until I began to feel that the effort was beyond me. There was, however, one chance, and, quietly thrusting my boot forward, I began to feel amidst the ivy for a possible foothold, and to my delight found it rest at once on a small projecting ledge that ran around the terrace.

The remainder of my task was easy, and the next moment I found myself lying flat on my face beneath the oriel window.

Here I paused to recover myself, peering down at Nicholas, who was making an attempt to raise himself by his hands to reach the monograms and climb to me. "Steady," I whispered, "and catch this." Rapidly unwinding a silken sash I wore round my waist, in the fashion I had learned when serving in Spain, I dropped one end toward him, and after a moment or two he managed to seize it. Then I looped a fold of the silk around a buttress of the parapet, and holding on to the other end told Nicholas to climb.

"Now for the window," I said. "I will rise slowly and find out what I can. You keep your pistol ready, and your eyes open—do not rise, and remember my orders."

"There is a broken pane to the left, it is half hidden by the curtain—you can hear and see from there."

As he said this I rose softly to my feet and, finding the broken pane without any difficulty, peered in.

The room was bright with the light of candles, and, at a table, covered with papers, were seated two men, whilst a third was standing, and pointing with his fingers at a scroll. In the man with his back to me I had no difficulty in recognizing de Gomeron, the one looking toward me was assuredly Biron, for his was a face that once seen could never be forgotten. As for the man who was standing beside him, I knew him not, though subsequently—but I anticipate.

Biron was evidently in a high state of excitement. He was biting at the end of his dark mustache, and the fingers of his hand were playing nervously with the star on his breast, whilst his shifty, treacherous eyes were turning now on de Gomeron, now on the figure standing at his elbow. He seemed to be hesitating, and I heard de Gomeron say:

"This is my price—not money, not land, not a title, but only a few words. You have each one, my lord, your share of the spoils set down in writing. I do not want so much even—all I ask is your word of honor to favor my suit with the king. For me the word of Biron is enough, and I know his majesty can refuse you nothing."

"My God!" exclaimed Biron, and writhed in his chair.

"The marshal might give me the promise I seek, Lafin," and de Gomeron turned to the man who was standing at Biron's elbow. "The word will give me a wife, not much of a reward."

"And the lands of Bidache and Poulouze—eh?"

I almost fell forwards in my eagerness to hear, and only checked myself in time.

"Exactly," sneered de Gomeron. "Do you think I have risked my life for the good of my health? See here, chevalier, and he bent forward and whispered a word or so that made the other pale, and then de Gomeron leaned back in his chair and smiled. Biron did not apparently see or hear, his forehead was resting on his clasped hands, and he seemed to be revolving the hazard of some great step. As for me, I thought I caught the words, "your instant help," followed by "lances" and "power," and guessed—I was not wrong—that the captain had forced Lafin's hand.

"My dear de Gomeron," he said, "the marshal is willing enough, but you know the common talk, that the king has other views for madame, and that M. d'Ayen—" But Biron interposed.

"M. de Gomeron, you ask too much. Mme. de la Bidache is of the first nobility. Tremouille was my friend. It is too much."

"And I give monseigneur a crown." "Peste! My lord—after all, M. de Gomeron has deserved his price—and a good sword and a better head must not be thrown away. Remember, monseigneur, an open hand makes faithful hearts," said Lafin.

"But the king would never consent," began Biron.

"Give me your word to help me, monseigneur, I will do the rest for myself." "Give it, my lord."

Biron hesitated for a moment, and then suddenly threw up his hand. "Very well—let it be as you wish. I promise, M. de Gomeron."

"Enough, my lord—I thank you, Chevalier Lafin has laid before you in detail all our resources. Let me now show you this." He unrolled a parchment that was before him, and handed it to the marshal. "Here," he added, "are the signatures of all." It only needs that of Biron—now sign."

I could hear the beating of my heart in the silence that followed, and then Biron said, hoarsely: "No! No! I will never put my name to paper."

"Morbien! marshal," burst out Lafin. "This is no time for nibbling at a cherry. Tremouille and Epernon have signed. Put your seal to the scroll, and the day it reaches M. de Savoye, 30,000 troops are across the frontier, and you will change the cabbage gardens of Biron for the coronet of Burgundy and la Bresse."

"And see your head on a crown piece, marshal," added de Gomeron.

"But we have not heard, Lafin—" began the marshal.

"We will hear to-night, monseigneur—that horn meant news, and Zamet never fails. Curse the low-bred Italian! Pardieu! he is here," and as he spoke I heard what seemed to be three distinct knocks at a carved door, and Lafin opening it, a man booted and spurred entered the room. He was splashed with mud, as one who had ridden fast and far.

"Zamet!" exclaimed the marshal and de Gomeron, both rising, and the face of the former was pale as death.

"Good evening, gentlemen! Maledetto! But I have had a devil of a ride. Well, friends, you all seem to have pale faces—would you not like to hear the news?"

There was no answer, and the Italian continued: "I suppose I must give it; make your minds easy. It is all over—she died last night."

"Did it hurt her?" asked Biron, nervously. "I don't know," answered Zamet, brutally. "I have never tasted the Borgia citron myself."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the marshal, springing to his feet, "this is too terrible," and he began to pace up and down, whilst the other three remained in whispered converse, their eyes now and again turning to Biron, who walked the room like a caged beast. Nicholas had risen slowly to his feet despite my orders, and was looking over my shoulders with a white face and blazing eyes. I dared not tell him to go back; but with a warning look at him strained my ears to catch what was being said, but could hear nothing until at length Zamet raised his voice: "Have done with it, marshal, and sign. After all, Mme. de Beaufort was no more than a—"

and he used a foul word. "The king is prostrate now; but in a week Gabrielle will be forgotten, and then anything might happen. He already writes verses on her," he went on with a grin. "Charmanthe Gabrielle—diavolo! but you should have seen her as she lay dead—she was green as a jade cup."

"Be still, dog," and Biron turned fiercely on him. The Italian stepped back, his hand on his dagger; but in a moment he recovered himself. His black eyebrows lifted, and his upper lip drew back over his teeth in a sneer.

"I did not know monseigneur would be so affected; but time presses and we need the name of Biron to that scroll. Hand the marshal the pen, Lafin."

"It is here," and de Gomeron, dipping a pen in a silver inkstand, held it out in his hand.

Biron made a half step forward to take it when a thing happened. I felt myself suddenly thrust aside, there was a blinding flash, a loud report, and a shout from Nicholas: "Missed, by God!"

There was absolutely no time to do anything but make for the horses. Nicholas had fired at de Gomeron in his mad thirst for revenge, and had practically given our lives away. In the uproar and din that followed we slid down the sash like apes, and dashed toward the horses. Some one shouted "Traitor—traitor!" and let fly at us twice as we ran across the open space.

"[TO BE CONTINUED.]"

Napoleon in Peter's Bed.

Peter the Great hated Moscow, and above all, that stronghold of oriental intrigue and moral darkness, the Kremlin. If I remember right, he never inhabited the palace within its walls after he was a child. The old palace is a network of incredibly small, low, ill-ventilated rooms, some little bigger than closets, painted in greens, blues and reds, after the Swedish fashion; rooms which seem, even to-day, to reek of plots, intrigue and murder. Napoleon, always a trifle theatrical, insisted on sleeping in the bed of Peter the Great when he occupied the Kremlin in 1812.

The bed of the boy Peter fitted the hero of Austerlitz to a nicety. It is a very abbreviated couch. In the very heart of this oriental palace, with no window which gives on the outer day and the open air, is the terem, or women's quarters. The terem was, to all intents and purposes, a harem. The ladies, even the tsaritsa and the sisters of the tsar, were only permitted to look down into the hall of coronation through a carved wooden lattice, just as ladies do in every harem in the east. They received no men except their husbands and brothers, and when they went out it was in a curtained litter. When Peter mounted the throne of the tsars the women of Russia were orientals, imprisoned far more rigorously than the ladies of Constantinople to-day.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Travelers of Two Nations.

Nothing is so curious and instructive as to observe the Englishman when traveling in comparison with the Frenchman. The former is calm, punctual, precise, and with only the necessary quantity of baggage. He will journey through China with merely a valise. He is not impatient. He loves travel; it is to him an inclination and a felt want. On the other hand, the Frenchman when journeying, is restless, nervous, impatient, bored; the entire time he spends looking furtively at his watch, or consuming the railway time table. He is always crowded up with parcels, in addition his portmanteaux. He is, as a rule, encumbered with many useless articles. In fact, he dislikes travel which he finds an ennui and a fatigue.—La Petite Journal.

Inconsiderate.

Foster—So her father refused to consent to your marriage with his daughter?

Biglin—That's just the deuce of it. He gave me no answer when I told him what I had called for, and told me if I didn't leave in less than two seconds he'd kick me out. What's to be done with a fellow who will wander off in that way from the subject of discussion?—Boston Transcript.

Novel Measurement.

"How far was it," asked the lawyer of the witness, "from your house to the road where the difficulty occurred?"

"Bout a acre on a half, suh."

"I mean how many yards?"

"Dey wuzn't any yards dere at all, suh, exceptin' of my yard, en dat wuz 'bout a acre on a half fum de road!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Ready for a Rainy Day.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Put an advertisement in the paper saying that the man who had appropriated my umbrella at the reception was known. There were 27 umbrellas at my house before I left this morning and I met a messenger boy on every block on the way down."—Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

John D. Rockefeller, despite his millions, carries a plain, cheap silver watch given him when he was a boy.

Of all New York's millionaires Cornelius Vanderbilt is said to be the most sensitive to criticism, particularly criticism in print.

A railroad accident 20 years ago deprived Henry Wendhoff, a millionaire of Mauch Chunk, Pa., of arms and legs. He wears four artificial limbs.

Gen. H. W. Lawton, of Santiago fame, is a collector of army autographs and has the signature of several hundred of the most famous soldiers of our army.

The London Optician says that great men are usually blue-eyed, and instances Shakespeare, Socrates, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Napoleon, Bismarck, Gladstone, Huxley, Virchow and Renan.

One of the best puns ever made was by Sydney Smith, on hearing a little girl say "partridges" for "patriarchs," while reading aloud. "She is determined to make game of the patriarchs," said the witty divine.

Among the California volunteers who were sent to Manila is an officer with a terrible mustache, which hides half his face. "It's not fair to fight the Spaniards with that officer," said Dewey. "He's in ambush all the time."

Hetty Green's inside pocket is always lined with lace, and she has more available cash at her disposal than any other woman in the United States. She recently loaned a little wad of \$1,000,000 to the city of New York, at two per cent. interest, for three months.

HIS ONLY PRACTICAL JOKE.

An Old Man's Reminiscence of One of His Boyhood's Most Painful Experiences.

The apples and cider and the genial warmth of the glowing coal fire caused the old man to grow reminiscent. He placed his slippers feet up on the fender, and, while a brighter light came into his faded eyes, he talked of the "good old times."

"Once," he said, and he smiled at the recollection, "I did a very funny thing when I was a very small boy. I think I must have exhausted all my genius for fun in that one grand effort, for I have never had the heart to attempt a funny thing since."

"It happened when I was about ten years old. I was then helping father to run the farm, and, I suspect, we ran it pretty hard, too, for the first thing I knew it got away from us; but that is another story. As I was saying, it happened when I lived on a farm. We had a hired man, a great, raw-boned, overgrown Irishman, as full of mad pranks as Peck's bad boy. He was always playing some trick on me. One night he placed a large thistle in my bed. It was summertime, and I had no underclothes on; and when I lay down on that thistle there was a sensation, several million of them. The Irishman stood and laughed at me until great tears rolled down among the red stubble of his face. I swore as well as a young fellow could swear, that I would get even with him. I spent all the next day studying out how it could be done, and by night I had a plan worked out which I thought so good I had to go out behind the barn, where nobody could see me, and have a good laugh over it. Afterward I was glad I had the laugh anyway."

"That night I stayed up until all in the house had got to bed. Then I went and got mother's largest wash-tub, sat it at the foot of the stairs, and filled it with water. Next I secured several lengths of stovepipe and scattered them at judicious distances upon the stairs. You see, the hired man slept upstairs. So did I, for that matter; but, then, he was always up an hour or more before I was, and so, of course, he would come downstairs first. In fact, I intended that he should come down head first, and then cool off in the tub of water."

"Every part of the plan was carefully thought out. I was confident it would work like a charm. In fancy I could see the look of astonishment that would jump all over the big Irishman's face when his feet struck the stovepipes on the stairs and his head started for the tub of water. Then I would have the laugh on him, and I thought of the thistle pricks and the sweetness of revenge as I cautiously crept upstairs to bed. It was some time before I could get to sleep. I felt so good over the joke I was about to play on the Irishman. In imagination I saw him sprawling down the stairs, yelling like a wild Indian, and I fancied how funny he would look when he picked himself up out of the tub of water, blowing like a whale and swearing like himself."

"However, I at length fell asleep, and slept the sleep of a tired boy until suddenly I was awakened by some one wildly crying: 'Fire! fire! fire!!!'

"I always had a horror of being burned alive. The cry frightened me out of my wits. I did not stop to think; but sprang out of bed and rushed for the stairs. My feet struck a stovepipe and started off on their own hook. I followed, trying to get ahead of them and succeeded just in time to land head first in the tub of water."

"What a racket I and the stovepipes made! How the water flew in every direction! All in the house rushed to the stairway to see what the matter was. The big Irishman stuck his head through the open door, and seeing me standing shivering in the tub of water wearing a skinned nose and a wet shirt mildly inquired: 'Did ye ever git left me darlint?'

"Mad? Mad is not the name for the state of my temper. I was raving, tearing, boiling with maniacal fury," and the old man chuckled softly to himself at the picture memory held before his eyes of a youth now long long dead.—N. Y. Sun.

\$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 AUGBU, President.

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