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 wa 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'Aurlac, 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'Aurlac. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a man and woman, from king's camp at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Aurlac, 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'Aurlac is told he will hang if found alive at close of morrow's battle. Riding over field next day d'Aurlac 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'Aurlac, lying severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness robing 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'Aurlac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here hedearns his friend is heiress of Bildache. When well enough he is taken to her Normandy chateau, where he learns from Maitre Pallin, madame's chapiain, 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 lee 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. 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 escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevalier lays what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordnance. Cailing on de Belin, a friend, d'Auriac secures from him a servant, favaillac, when had previously been in service of d'Ayen. D'Ayen'smarriage to Madame

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. 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 cr so had ed, I heard the door opened again and then the sound of voices. Present ly some one called out: "We had bet-ter shut the skylight," and then another voice, this time Lafin's, said: "No. it is no use, and we will want light to

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 lan-guage. 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 on

"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 wife—well—many a fair dame has had the fresh fears that began to assail me, a rougher wooing than the lady you I did not see her again. At the speak of. But I-I have cause for com- end of that time, however, a white ker-

plaint. I come here expecting to meet | chief waved twice from the window and the marshal—and I meet you and mon-sieur here. I mean no offense, but I must tell you plainly, my master's intructions 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 Gom-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 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

"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. "Yes." "Then you agree?"

The voices dropped again after this, and they began to pore over the paper 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 com-municate 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 had 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 birds take to wing, and I found my self 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 my self by watching them continually In about an hour or so I wearied 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 wood-work, and then the face I longed to see ooked 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 Mgr. de Joyeuse. Enough 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 was a word or two besides on a subject which concerned us two alone. It was in the midst of this part of ou converse that she drew back all at once with a warning finger on her lips; and though I waited again for a full If M. de Gomeron wants a hour, forgetting the watchers below in

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 in-supportable, 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 could not recognize step out of the Tof-son 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 baze 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? 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 tas 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 mo-ment, and another and slighter figure joined them. Finally one came ward, 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 mat

ter 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 witnesse. 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," 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

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

pletely."

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 urtil you see Sully, and ten minutes after I promise you 20 swords.

1 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."

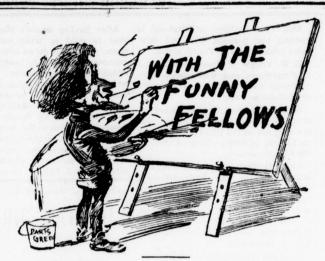
"And I will go back with you, too there, is not that enough? Come, man," and we hurried along through the nist as fast as we could walk, keeping on the left side of the road. As we came up to St. Merri de Belin stopped and blew sharply on a whistle. There was an answering call, and from under the flamoyant 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?"

exclaimed-"your monseigneur has left

"To return again," answered the compte dryly, and then added: "It will be a gay party at More's to-night, and it

is time we were there."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Miss Vera de Muir-Well, here we are n the conservatory, and I believe that osebush has scratched my cheek. Will you please look and see? * * * O. you please look and see?

Mr. Fairleigh Trapt (deeply penient)—Forgive me, Miss Vera. couldn't help it. * * * Let me see larling, if there isn't a scratch on the other cheek .- Chicago Tribune.

The Moth and the Flame. He called her, once, the light of his exist

But a change in their affairs has come about; nto his suit she entered no resistance And so the court could only "blow her

-Chicago Daily News.

COLD SYMPATHY.



Friend-Hullo, old man! What's the

Gilded Youth-Just proposed to a girl-been refused. Think I shall blow my brains out.

Friend—Congratulate you, old chap. Gilded Youth—What do you mean? Friend—Didn't know you had any.—

Too Much at Home.

Too Much at Home.
There are no friends like the old friends;
We know their ways, alack;
They walk in, take our brand new books
And never bring them back.
—Chicago Record.

One Surprise Too Many. Jack-If I had known that you going to drop in so unexpectedly, we

should have had a more elaborate din-Fred (wrestling with a tough piece of steak)-Don't mention it, old man; but next time I'll be sure to let you know .-

His Idea of the Artistic.

"I understand that your friend is fit ting up his room in strictly artistic manner.

"I guess it must be so," replied the heavy young man. "Every time I sit on a piece of furniture it goes to pieces."—Washington Star.

A Pleasant Day.
"When I get a good breakfast I feel

well started for the day."
"Yes?"

"Then if I have a nice luncheon downtown and a good dinner at night I go to bed cheerfully." — Chicago Daily

May Be So.

Tommy-Paw, what does the paper mean by calling Mr. Bugghaus an eight by-ten politician?
Mr. Figg—I presume it means he is

not exactly square. - Indianapolis

Both Sides Both Sides.

We think him blind and stubborn, too,
Who cannot see things as we do;
While, maybe, the "pig-headed cuss"
Thinks just the selfsame thing of us.
-L. A. W. Bulletin.

JUDGED BY SAME STANDARD,



"Confidence is the only thing neces sary for the perfect enjoyment of love. "Same way with hash and sausage." with hash and sausage. -Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Reflection.

When outraged Justice lifts her sword
That wrongs may all be righted,
We find we're oft indicted by
The letters we've indited.
—Brooklyn Life.

How She Sung.

Belle-Howdid Edith sing last night? Edith-She was a howling success. Musical America.

All Fair in Love. Miss Beauti-I wonder if Mr. Nice-

fello is going to the reception?

Mr. Sharpfello (a rival of Mr. Nicedr. Snarpieno (a rva o zn. fello)—Um—let me see—it's a full dress affair, isn't it? "Of course."

"Yes, of course. How stupid of me! If he goes he'll need his dress suit?"

"Presumably." "Then, Miss Beauti, I feel sure you will meet him there. I saw him come out of a pawnbroker's this morning with a bundle under his arm."-N. Y. Weekly.

Wrongly Adjectived. "She is so lively and volatile!" said

one of her admirers.
"I positively must dissent," said one who no longer admired, having become passe, as it were, "Anything volatile quickly dries up."—Indianapolis Jour-

Quickly Traced.

Mr. Blinkers-Who is that at the

Mrs. Blinkers-I don't know. He is dressed very well, but he smells-oh, Mr. Blinkers-Probably been riding

in a smoking car.-N. Y. Weekly. Not Neighborly.

"I notice a coolness between you and Mrs. Nexdore. What is the trouble?" "She sent her little boy over yester-day for a stepladder we borrowed of her two years ago. The artful woman let it stay here all that time so she could send for it some day and make me feel cheap."-Chicago Tribune.

Educational Item.

Near-Sighted Old Gentleman ou tell me what inscription is on that

oard over there? Irish Rustic-Sure, O'im in the same oat, sorr! It was moighty little boat, sorr! schoolin' Oi had when Oi was a bhoy mesilf, sorr!—Tit-Bits.

"If I were a man," she flercely cried,
"Do you know what I would do?"
"You'd stop sometimes," the wretch replied,
"And thus let me explain my side
With at least a word or two."
—Chicago Daily News.



Are you going to stop that howling? -N. Y. Evening Journal.

A Prescription.

When its symptoms first a
Take a week of careful diet
And a little exercise.

—Brooklyn Life. Overexertion.

Kind Lady-How did you become so Tramp-Overexertion, mum.

Lady—Indeed! In what way? Tramp—Movin' on every time a per-liceman tole me.—N. Y. Weekly.

Made Her Suspicious

Alice—What makes you think Mr Perkins means business? Bertha—He just asked me why 1 didn't attend cooking school.—Criterion.

"I don't see why you aren't a good little girl," said her mother. "Oh, now, don't blame me," she re-

plied. "I'm just as good as God made me."—Chicago Post. The Cause of It.

"I noticed a decided coolness be-tween you and Blanche last night." "Yes: she sat on one side of her cousin from Boston and I on the other.

—Chicago Daily News. One Too Many.

"My wife owns two hats, and so we are always late to the theater." "Why is that?" "She can't decide which to wear."— Chicago Record.

Generally Is.

The Pill Peddler—Ah! I'll soon put you on the road to recovery!

The Patient—Ahd I'll bet it'll be the "high" road, too!—Puck,

Worthy of the Reward.

She (scornfully)—I believe he only married her for her money.

He (decidedly)—Well, he has certain ly earned it .- Town Topics.

A GRAND LADY OF ILLINOIS:

Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler, of Chicago, is the Honorable President of the Illie nois Woman's Press Association; Honorable President of the Society for the



Lusinda B. Chandler, of Chicago, Ill. Promotion of Health; founder of the Margareth Fuller Society for the study of Economics and Governments, and also President of the Chicago Moral Educational Society. Mrs. Chandler is an ardent friend of Pe-ru-na, and in writing to Dr. Hartman on the subject she stated as follows:

Chicago, Jan. 6, 1899. Dear Doctor—I suppose everyone that is confined to their desk and not getting

the required amount of exercise, will, sooner or later, suffer with catarrh of the stomach and indigestion. I know by experience that Pe-ru-na is a most excellent remedy for these complaints. It has relieved me, and several of my friends have used it with the same satisfactory results. Yours very respect fully, Lucinda B. Chandler.

He Took It Gently.

"If they'd all do business that way," said the man in charge of the long-distance telephone as a young man laid down the fee and went out, "this wouldn't be a bad job to hang on to, but he is an exception."

"In what respect?"

"Why, he called up Chicago, asked a girl to marry him, got the marble heart and went out without a kigk. Some fellows would have laid around here for an hour after to shake themselves together, and then make a big row at having to pay regular rates."—Palladeiphia Press.

The White Man's Burden

The White Man's Burden
Is paying rent for a poor farm. Now is the
time to secure a good farm on the line of
the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Rairway in Marinette County, Wisconsin, where
the crops are of the best, work plenty, fine
markets, excellent climate, pure soft water,
land sold cheap and on long time. Why
rent a farm when you can buy one for less
than you pay for rent? Address C. E. Rollins, Land Agent, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

An Exception.

"Labor-saving machinery has been the reat boon of mankind," said the political great boon of mankind," said the political orator.
"Well, it never saved you anything," re-marked an old constituent on the fringe of the crowd.—Philadelphia North American.

Oh That Delicious Coffee!

Oh That Delicious Coffee!

Costs but le per lb. to grow. Salzer has the seed. German Coffee Berry, pkg. 15c; Java Coffee pkg. 15c. Salzer's New American Chicory 15c. Cut this out and send 15c for any of above packages or send 30c and get all 3 pkgs. and great Catalogue free to JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. [k.]

Comfort for the Recipient.

Emma—Papa, if green means forsaken, does the giving of an emerald to a young lady mean that the giver has forsaken her? Her Papa—No, dear. It means that he has forsaken the emerald.—Jewelers Weekly.

To Cure & Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. She—"You know it is a woman's privilege to change her mind." He—'I know it is; but when a man changes his he has to pay damages."—Spare Moments.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

A book is never quite satisfactory to woman unless its conclusion leaves the heroine in the hero's arms. — Atchison Globe.

See there. A bad sprain cured; and St. Jacobs Oil cured it.

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ND IN OFFERING something, he has bought chean and tries to sell on ALABASTINE'S demands, he may not realize the damage you will suffer by a kalsomine on your walls.

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