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The fastest wheelmen in the country will race for Handsome Diamond Prizes.

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GREEN RIDGE WHEELMEN**TODAY.**

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The Cat and the King.

By STANLEY J. WEYWWAN.

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It was in the spring of the year 1609 that at the king's instance I had a suite of apartments fitted up for him at the Arsenal, that he might visit me whenever it pleased him, without putting my family to inconvenience; in another place will be found an account of the 6,000 crowns a year which he was so obliging as to allow me for this purpose. He honored me by using these rooms, which consisted of a hall, a chamber, a wardrobe, and a closet, two or three times in the course of that year availing himself of my attendants and cook; and the free opportunities of consulting me on the Great Undertaking, which this plan afforded, led me to hope that notwithstanding the envy of my detractors, he would continue to adopt it. That he did not do nor ever visited me after the close of that year, was due not so much to the lamentable event, soon to be related, which within a few months deprived France of her greatest sovereign, as to a strange manner that attended his last stay with me. I have since had cause to think that this did not receive at the time as much attention as it deserved; and have even imagined that had I groped a little deeper into the mystery I might have found a clue to the future as well as the past, and averted one more, and the last, danger from my master. But



"What Is This?" She Asked.

Providence would not have it so; a slight indisposition under which I was suffering at the time rendered me less able, both in mind and body; the result being that Henry, who was always averse to the publication of these ominous episodes, and held that being known they bred the like in mischievous minds, had, his way, the case ending in no more than the punishment of a careless rascal.

On the occasion of this last visit—the third, I think, that he paid me—*the king*, who had been staying at Chantilly, came to me from Lusarche, where he lay the intervening night. My coaches were so moist him as the gates a little before noon, but he did not immediately arrive, and being at leisure and having assured myself that the dinner of twelve ovens, which he had directed to be ready, was in course of preparation, I went with my wife to inspect the rooms and satisfy myself that everything was in order.

They were in charge of *La Trape*, a man of address and intelligence, whom

I have had cause to mention more than once in the course of these memoirs. He met me at the door and conducted me through the rooms with an air of satisfaction; nor could I find the slightest fault, until my wife, looking about her with a woman's eye for minute things, paused by the bed in the chamber and directed my attention to something on the floor.

She stooped over it. "What is this?" she asked. "Has something been—"

"Upset here?" I said, looking also. There was a little pool of white liquid on the floor beside the bed.

La Trape uttered an exclamation of annoyance, and explained that he had not seen it before, that it had not been there five minutes earlier, and that he did not know how it came to be there.

"What is it?" I said, looking about for some pitcher that might have overflowed; but finding none. "Is it milk?" "I don't know, your excellency," he answered. "But it shall be removed at once."

"See that it is," I said. "Are the boughs in the fire-place fresh?" For the weather was still warm and we had not lit a fire.

"Yes, your excellency; quite fresh."

"Well, see to that, and remove it," I said, pointing to the mess. "It looks ill."

And with that the matter passed from my mind; the more completely as I heard at that moment the sound of the king's approach, and went into the court yard to receive him. He brought with him Roquelaure, de Vic, Erard, the engineer, and some others, but none whom he did not know that I should be glad to receive. He dined well, and after dinner amused himself with seeing the young men ride at the ring, and even rode a course himself with his usual skill; that being, if I remember rightly, the last occasion on which I ever saw him take a lance.

"Who is this?" she asked.

Gilmore's Aromatic Wine—A tonic for ladies. If you are suffering from weakness, and feel exhausted and nervous; are getting thin and all run down; Gilmore's Aromatic Wine will bring roses to your cheeks and restore you to flesh and plumpness. Mothers, use it for your daughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for ailments peculiar to womanhood. It promotes digestion, enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. Sold by Matthews Bros., Scranton.

"Possibly Madame de Sully," the King said, looking at me, "gave the order to add it?"

"She would not presume to do so," I answered, sternly. "Nor do I in the least understand the matter. But at one thing we can easily arrive. You tasted all of these, man?"

La Trape said he had.

"You drank a quantity, a substantial

quantity of each—according to the orders given to you?" I persisted.

"Yes, your excellency."

But I caught a guilty look in his eyes, and in a gust of rage I cried out that he lied. "The truth!" I thundered, in a terrible voice. "The truth, you villain, you did not taste all!"

"I did, your excellency; as God is above, I did," he answered. But he had grown pale, and he looked at the King in a terrified way.

I was half way to the door when he called me back. "Why, Grandmaster," he said, pointing to the little table by the head of the bed on which his night drinks stood, "you might be going to drown me. Do you expect me to drink all there in the night?"

"I think that there is only your posset, sire," I said, "and the lemon-water which you generally drink."

"And two or three other things?"

"Perhaps they have given you my jests of the Arbois wine that you were good enough to—"

"Cut-tut!" he said, lifting the cover of one of the cups. "This is not wine. It may be a milk-posset."

"Yes, sire; very likely," I said drawlingly.

"But it is not," he answered, when he had smelled it. "It is plain milk! Come, my friend," he continued, looking drolly at me, "have you turned leech, or I babe in arms that you put such strong liquors before me? However, to show you that I have some childish tastes left, and am not so depraved as you have been trying to make me out for the last hour—I will drink your health in it. It would serve you right if I made you pledge me in the same liquor!"

The cup was at his lips when I sprang forward and, heedless of ceremony caught his arm. "Pardon, sire!" I cried, sudden agitation. "If that is milk, I gave no order that it should be placed here; and I know nothing of its origin. Beg that you will not drink it, until I have made some inquiry."

"They have all been tasted?" he asked, still holding the cup in his hand with the lid raised, but looking at it gravely.

"They should have been!" I answered. "But *La Trape*, whom I made answerable for that, is outside. I will go and question him. If you will wait, sire, a moment—"

"No," Henry said. "Have him here."

I gave the order to the pages who were waiting outside, and in a moment *La Trape* appeared, looking startled and uncomfortable. Naturally, his first glance was given to the King, who had taken his seat on the edge of the bed, but still held the cup in his hand. After asking the King's permission, I said: "What drinks did you place on the table, here, sirrah?"

He looked more uncomfortable at this, but he answered boldly enough that he had served a posset, some lemon water, and some milk.

"But orders were given only for the lemon-water and the posset," I said.

"True, your excellency," he answered. "But when I went to the pantry hatch, to see the under butler carry up the tray, I found that the milk was on the tray; and I supposed that you had given another order."

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are getting thin and all run down; Gilmore's Aromatic Wine will bring roses to your cheeks and restore you to flesh and plumpness. Mothers, use it for your daughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for ailments peculiar to womanhood. It promotes digestion, enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. Sold by Matthews Bros., Scranton.

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