

THE RED KING.

BY GEORGINA EVANS.

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Father Benoit fidgeted in his chair and turned over two leaves at once. "Fool," said he, "thou hast thy belly full because thy head is empty, but I am not thy paymaster. Here in this turret thou art at liberty to rest thy tongue gratis."

"Father," replied, "it is a pleasure to me to enlighten so apt a scholar. God send thee a life as long as thy sermons and somewhat more cheerful."

And I went singing down the stairs to rally monseigneur and get him in good trim for his next week's visit from the king.

Beside his chair stood the Sieur d'Andilly teasing a great hound. As I came up the hair was beginning to rise along the creature's back and the low thunder to rumble in his throat, and the gallant captain pushed him away with a look of relief that he had me to turn on. "Well, excoomb, where hast been crowing now?"

"Over a strange nest, peacock!" He drew his brows together. "True, it is midsummer," he sneered.

"In midsummer gossip," said I to monseigneur, "peacocks mate with doves. Didst know that?"

"Eh? How?" asked he, smiling. But I saw by the captain's angry eyes that I was too careless.

"The reason of that riddle we will lay before the king next week," I answered lamely enough. But he was silent, while the Sieur d'Andilly talked of a new project he had for lightening his men's gear.

It was with a beating heart that, as soon as the great hall was dark and quiet that night, up Father Benoit's stair I sped to find him pacing to and fro like a bear in a pit. He looked up sharply as I entered, but spoke no word, and I flung myself into his great chair, stretched out my legs and sighed. "Heigho! With such a chair as this to wait in, no wonder thy soul is stored with patience!"

"Fool!" said he sharply. "Is it quiet below?"

"As quiet as thy conscience." He ceased walking and came to me and stood before me, opening and closing his lips as if he wished to speak. His face was pale, his lips dry.

Before he could find a word there was a light rap at the door. I sprang to fling it open, but no one was to be seen. A small object lay upon the threshold, and I brought it to the taper's flame and held it for Father Benoit to see. It was the chessman's red king. He put it away from him so hastily that it fell and bounded on the floor and rolled away into a corner.

"We had best go down now," said he. I took the taper and went before, winding my bauble's head in my mantle that the bells might not sound.

At the chapel door a woman's figure stood peering for our light. She was wrapped in a long cloak, but the hood was pushed back, and the taper's flame lit up, clear and full, the comely features of Rosalind.

My heart leaped up, and Father Benoit drew a long breath.

"Let me light thee, good fool," said Rosalind, taking the taper from my hand. I began a smart speech, out of my new learning, about a fair Psyche lighting a sorry pair of antique Cupids, but all confused because my heart was so light.

Just as our hands met some one jostled me from behind, and I stumbled against Rosalind so awkwardly that my bauble jingled sulkily under my cloak, and the girl, to save herself from falling, dropped the taper and started back. A foot was set on the light, and it went out. We were all in the dark till I groped for the chapel door and flung it open. Even then the light was dim, and I could barely distinguish Rosalind's figure. She had meekly covered her head with her hood on entering the chapel, and she did not fling it back, although the Sieur d'Andilly stopped forth to meet us. So straight and tall and fine a gallant he shined, even in the faint light of the chapel, that I could not but wonder again, though I loved him not, why he should have stooped for wife to Rosalind. But, then, I, being but a fool, had no business with that or ought else that concerns other men, for a fool, look you, is but a caged fox, who pays for his scanty share of the kennel's leavings by yelping strange praises of his trap.

The two went up to the altar rail and knelt, and Father Benoit came out in surprise and stole and motioned me forward. Never was so strange a wedding—no feasting, no flowers, no gay company, no witness but one, and that a fool; the groom a scoldier of fortune and the bride—oh, may God forgive us for that night's work!

They were soon married, and we four were again outside the chapel door and stealing through the passages of the chateau that led to the courtyard, for neither Father Benoit nor I was minded to let the young couple, however ill-mated, go forth into the great world without a word of godspeed or a hand to wave adieu.

The great door was guarded by a drowsy man-at-arms, but I thrust the other back in the darkness and clapped the guard on the shoulder, with a shout: "Hola, Loys! Break tryst and let me out!"

"I sprang up with a howl of dismay, but, recognizing me, sank down again, with a grunt. "Thy place is in bed, lucky fool!"

"Or to keep them snort?" "Eh?" "I tell thee, I will not!" "Oh?" "Why should I, fool?"

"Because doors are made to open, carions' meat, and because my bauble is as good a switch as the flat of thy lord's sword!" And I rattled the bells of my bauble in his face, with a shrill laugh, for I heard whispering in the shadow and wished not that it should reach his ears. He began to argue—that is, to curse—and I was at a loss what to do when something hit me on the cheek and jingled on the floor. It was a piece of money, flung by Father Benoit. I was certain, and I began to grumble.

"There, I have lost the shining fellow that is to keep watch with thee till his brother flew to meet him on my return!"

Loys caught the bait at once and flung the door wide, letting in the moonlight, which fell in a great square on the stone floor and showed me the goldpiece lying just below me. I put my foot on it as Loys went on his knees to peer about and began to talk loud and rattle my bells and point out nothing in the shadows, so that under cover of my noise and his abstraction my three might slip out. This they did while Loys' back was turned, and as soon as I saw them well across the courtyard I kicked the coin into Loys' face, sprang out, dragged the door shut with a great noise and sped after them.

I was almost at their heels—thinking all safe, for I knew that the Sieur d'Andilly had the key of the postern in his pouch—when a shout behind stopped me, and I saw the door standing open and Loys running after me, shouting at the top of his lungs: "Treachery, treachery! A' moi, a' moi! Halt, halt!"

The others had stopped short at the sound of his voice, but it was out of sheer bewilderment. For one moment their shapes stood out clear and sharp in the moonlight; then they turned and began to run again, the girl between the other two, each with a hand in her pocket.

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"I sprang up with a howl of dismay, but, recognizing me, sank down again, with a grunt. "Thy place is in bed, lucky fool!"

"Cats, owls and likewise birds need no sleep, my dormouse. And, look you, there is a maid in the village keeping vigil for want of a song under her window."

"Oh, oh! And this a sober household!" "Leave homilies to the fat shaveling in the turret," said I, relishing this prick at Father Benoit, which for once he dared not return. "Thy business is to open doors."

Father Benoit rose, his wet face shining in the moonlight, and motioned me to follow him—we were both past speech—and I carried her back through the great door, along the passages of the great silent house, groping our way, for we had no light, and sometimes stumbling in the darkness. Once I felt some thing touch me and heard a dog's snuffing at my burden. The creature seemed to understand and whined, very softly, and followed us, patting along behind us to the very chapel door, where, as no one had the heart to thrust him back, he came in, whining as we laid the Demoiselle Alys upon the step before the altar rail, where she had knelt as a bride not half an hour before.

We fell on our knees, Father Benoit and I, and prayed while the moonlight crept round the pillars and grew faint in the western windows and the eastern window brightened and flushed and the birds began to twitter in the eaves. I, the fool, and Father Benoit and the dog—well, there were three hearts of us, unlike all three were, while the Sieur d'Andilly was saving himself at the rate of five leagues an hour.

So was mourned the Demoiselle Alys, who, as I said, was the merriest lady, and even when she was the length of my bauble her eyes were blue as pansies—only some pansies are purple, but her eyes were like the kind the are blue.

Perhaps the most startling phenomenon of the fire was the quick death of childlike sequoias only a century or two ago, says John Muir in The Atlantic. In the midst of the other comparatively slow and steady fire work one of these tall, beautiful saplings, leafy and branchy, would be seen blazing up suddenly all in one heaving, booming, passionate flame reaching from the ground to the top of the tree and fifty to a hundred feet or more above it, with a smoke column bending forward and streaming away on the upper free flowing wind.

To burn these green trees a strong fire of dry wood beneath them is required to send up a current of air hot enough to distill inflammable gases from the leaves and sprays; then, instead of the lower limbs gradually catching fire and igniting the next and next in succession, the whole tree seems to explode almost simultaneously, and with awful roaring and throbbing a round tapering flame shoots up 200 or 300 feet, and in a second or two is quenched, leaving the green spire a black dead mast bristled and roughened with down curling boughs.

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THE HANDY FOLDING RULE.

An Old Standby of the Mechanic in Greater Demand Than Ever.

"There are about a million different kinds of rules," said a dealer in hardware and tools, "the rules being some thing of well high using use in one form or another in pretty much all trades, but here's one old standby that we sell more of now than ever, this being the folding rule."

"It is made in foot long sections, in various lengths, ranging from two to ten feet and over ten, if required, but three feet, five feet, any number of feet, the rule, whatever its total length, folds up completely into a bundle a foot long. The slats are thin and folded up, and even a ten foot rule takes up little room. It can be quite conveniently carried in the pocket."

"Lots of people use folding rules—plumbers, for instance, in measuring pipes and in measuring places greater than the spread of the arms, with a tape two men are required, but one man can measure with a folding rule as far as the rule can reach, and with such a rule he can, single handed, measure around corners or in the angles of wall and ceiling or in any other bend or crevice. We sell lots of them nowadays to electricians, who use them in measuring for wiring houses, and we sell them to various other users, the six foot rule being the one most commonly sold."

"Such rules, of whatever length, are sold by the foot, at 8 cents a foot," New York Sun.

Pruning to excess or too frequent or too long is weakening to the tree. When a branch is removed, the cutting should be close, leaving no stub. The apple, pear, quince and thorn can be grafted one on another, with varying success.

Wormy fruit in the orchard is best disposed of by the sheep. They eat all without making any choice, as pigs do. Planting a few trees every fall or spring, as may be convenient, helps materially to keep up a supply of good fruit.

The cherry, peach, apricot, nectarine and almond require a light, dry and warm soil, but may be grown on loose, sandy soils.

Saltpeter is recommended as a quick acting fertilizer for flower beds that seem to be languishing, especially those that show small and pale leavages.

Peach and plum trees are both less liable to diseases when grown in the poultry yard. The trees will make a better growth and at the same time afford shade for the fowls.

Geraniums that have been used for summer bloomers will not flower again until the late spring months. Geraniums for winter blooming should be grown especially for that purpose by keeping the flower buds nipped off until August.

Love at First Sight. We talk of love at first sight, but what shall we say of people who have never seen each other marrying and being not unhappy? "Courtin'," said an Irishman, "is like dying—sure a man must do it for himself."

In some countries—as, for instance, Sweden—this is not the case. There the marriages of young people are made for them by their parents, and they only begin to court when they are wed. This sounds wrong and absurd in theory, but it often works well in practice.

Indeed young people ask the advice of their parents much too little about that which is perhaps the most serious and important undertaking in life—marriage. Too many of them are like the young lady who said she hoped she might be cut into ten thousand triangles if she did not know more of everything than did her mother. So they consult no one and insist on gaining experience at a great cost to themselves.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Alphabetical Ad. The Schoolmaster has discovered this alphabetical advertisement in an issue of the London Times in 1842: "To widowers and single gentlemen—Wanted by a lady a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophic, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xanthopish, Yachtish, Zealous, etc. Address: X. Y. Z. Simmons' Library, Edgeware Road."

Irregularity and Indigestion. A common cause of indigestion is irregularity respecting the time of meals. The human system seems to depend upon the time of meals, and in a degree dependent upon the performance of its function in accordance with the habits formed. In respect to digestion this is especially observable. If a meal is taken at a regular hour, the stomach becomes accustomed to receiving food at that hour and is prepared for it.

If meals are taken irregularly, the stomach is taken by surprise, so to speak, and is never in that state of readiness in which it should be for the prompt and perfect performance of its work.

A few men professing to be judges of fine cigars know anything at all about smoking them," remarked a cigar dealer. "The ashes on the end of the cigar serve to retain the flavor and should be permitted to remain as long as possible. Then the constant thumping some smokers give their cigars in the attempt to keep them clear of ashes often causes the wrappers to break, and that also lessens the pleasure of a good smoke."

Considerate. Bangs—Jakbins is the homeliest man I ever saw. Bangs—Why don't you say it to his face? Bangs—I don't want to. Bangs—You're afraid to, ain't you? Bangs—Oh, no. But his face has enough to bear already.—Detroit Free Press.

THE INNS OF NORWAY

PLAIN AND WHOLESOME AND WITHOUT ANY FRILLS.

The Meals Are Formidable Affairs, and Salmon Is Always Served. Guests Are Expected to Eat Heartily and to Wait on Themselves.

At intervals of eight or ten miles along the public highway, usually in connection with the skyds stations, are inns where the traveler will invariably find the comforts if not the luxuries of life—plenty of food and shelter, bed and board. There is no upholstered furniture or velvet carpets or eggshell china, but always neat lace curtains at every window, sometimes in the windows of the stables.

A luxurious American will have to deny himself much that he is accustomed to at home and will encounter experiences and customs that are new and novel to him. But if he is reasonable in his requirements and behaves himself like a gentleman he will always meet with a hospitable although a homely welcome. The Norwegian hotel keepers measure our appetites by their own and give you so much to eat, particularly at the noon dinner, that you are stupefied and sleepy all the rest of the day and snooze in your carriage when you ought to be admiring the scenery.

There is no style about the hotels, and the service is poor. The household work is all done by the landlord and his wife and daughters. There are no electric bells, and if you want anything you usually have to hunt for it and help yourself. It is the custom of the country for the travelers to make themselves at home, and you are sometimes compelled to look after your own luggage or it is liable to be left. But you will recover it again after a time.

The people are honest, considerate and unselfish, but unpretentious in their hospitality. There are no locks on their doors, for none is needed. Burglars and thieves are absolutely unknown.

The bedrooms are barren of ornaments and easy chairs that we are accustomed to at home. There are no carpets and no rugs on the floor. All the appointments are plain and substantial, without any effort at show and very little idea of convenience. The beds are good, but usually the only cover is a comfortable seven or eight inches thick and as heavy and unwieldy as a feather bed. You can't tuck it in at the bottom or at the sides, and it is always sliding off to the floor. It is too much covering for an ordinary sleeper, and when the nights are warm, as they often are, you are compelled to choose between a chill and suffocation.

The pillows are another nuisance. There are usually a bolster of feathers about the size of a barrel and a little bit of a 4 by 9 pillow an inch or two thick, with pretty trimmings up to it. The big pillow is too big, and the little one is too small, and you solve the dilemma by rolling up your overcoat into a ball and using that instead.

There is plenty of fresh, heavy, homemade linen—large, square towels that have been woven under the same roof during the long winter days.

The breakfast is abundant and often terrifying. You are at first confronted with five or six different kinds of cheese, an equal variety of cold meats, tinned fish, smoked herring and salmon, cold boiled ham, three or four kinds of cold sausage, strips of dried reindeer meat and half a dozen different jams and preserved fruits. You are expected to partake freely of that sort of provender and usually do so until you learn by experience that dried fish, boiled eggs, veal cutlets and other hot food will soon follow if you are patient. The coffee is usually good, and there is always an abundance of rich, thick cream. There is no warm bread, but five or six kinds of cold bread baked from wheat, rye and oat flour, besides the national "flatbread," which no Norwegian table is ever without.

The dinner is a formidable affair after the fashion of the ordinary European table d'hote, with soup, fish, roast, salad, preserves and pudding, while for supper you get the same assortment of cheese, cold meats, fish, sausage and preserves that you have had for breakfast and two or three hot dishes. Fish is the staff of life and salmon the mainstay. It is served in some form at every meal, fried at breakfast and supper and boiled for dinner, with strips of cold smoked salmon of a deep rich color on the side at all meals.

The lakes and rivers are well stocked with salmon trout, which are caught in nets and kept alive in tanks until they are needed. You enjoy them the first five or six meals, but after you have had them seventeen or eighteen times in succession they begin to lose their relish. Beer is the ordinary beverage. Everybody drinks it. Claret and Rhine wine can be had at the larger hotels, but never any whisky, brandy or other strong liquors. Local option prevails throughout Norway, and in the country districts the sale of spirituous liquors is forbidden.—W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald.

Half and Half. "Have you suffered much from toothache?" asked the dentist. "A little," answered the young woman in the chair, "but not much. My teeth, I suspect, are like mamma's. She has never had anything done to hers, and she hasn't an unsound tooth in her head."

"How are your father's teeth?" "Poor papa! His are all gone. They never were anything but mere shells."

"Well," said the dentist, breaking it to her as gently as he could, "it's very evident that you inherit your upper jaw from your mother and your lower jaw from your father."—Chicago Tribune.

Flat Magnates Center. The Janitor—The people on the 'steenth floor say the rent is higher than the flat. The Agent—And between you and me they are slower in their payment than the elevator.—Indianapolis News.

Medieval times the best perfumes were made in France and Italy, the perfumers of those countries acquiring a dexterity unknown elsewhere and possessing many secret methods of manufacture.

Use Sure-Lay Egg Food.

OVER 5000 SALES MADE. EVERYBODY PLEASSED.

You cannot afford to be without it. Manufacturer's cost, plus one margin of profit only. Direct from first hands to last hands.

Owing to the ingredients, at less than they cost others, permits us to manufacture a first-class article at considerably below the market value.

Our chemist guarantees that no better Egg Food can be produced at any price. Scientifically prepared, and we agree to refund money if good results are not obtained.

Smith's Cash Store, 25 Market St., S. F. Price—1 lb. 15c; 5 lb. 60c; 10 lb. \$1.15; 25 lb. \$2.50. October List is Ready.

Stockton Business College

Offers superior advantages to those who mean business. It gives bread-and-butter education. It occupies all of two entire buildings. Teaches seven courses. It has twelve regular teachers. It is the HOME SCHOOL and cares for the moral as well as the intellectual. Its rates are more reasonable than any other similar school on the Coast and its advantages greater. Send for specimens of penmanship. Write for particulars or call at the College and see for yourself its work and accommodations.

W. G. Ramsey, - - Principal Stockton, Cal.

Wanted, Sharp Knives.

"I have often wondered where one could find the sharp knives of the world," said an observant citizen, "and really the problem is one of some seriousness, and one, upon reflection, is almost driven to the conclusion that there are no sharp knives in the world."

"Have you ever noticed how hard it is to find a really sharp knife? Stop the first man you meet and ask him to let you have his knife for a minute and listen to what he says about it. Nine times out of ten he will say, 'I have one, but it isn't very sharp.' You may pick out your man indifferently, and they will always tell you the same thing. If a man should ask me for my knife to sharpen a lead pencil or to use for some other purpose, the chances are I would say about the same thing. 'I have one, but it isn't very sharp.'"

"And really the answer thus made is generally true. Men do not keep sharp knives. It may be because they do not need sharp knives or it may be a matter of laziness, but in any event they do not carry them around with them, or if they do they always give their price a dull one."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Fable. One day as the Elephant was passing through the forest he came upon a Hare who had fallen into a pool and was shivering with cold, and in his good heartedness he stopped and called out: