The Tennis Balls

A Story from the Memoirs of a Minister of France.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN-Author of "A Gentleman of France," "My Lady Rotha," Etc. (Copyright, 1894, by the Author.)

ess of Beaufort, on Easter eve, 1599, made so public eye.

The man went by the name of Diego, the that "Sourdis mourning" came to be a became for grief, genuine because interested, of his play, made him so much the fashion veriest trifle.

that purpose summoned La Trape, who had charge of the balls, and sometimes, in the absence of better company, played with play me. Of late the balls he brought had when given me small satisfaction, and I bade him not. bring me the bag, that I might choose the best. He did so, and I had not handled half a dozen before I found one, and later three much more neatly sewn than the rest, and in all points so superior, that even an untrained eye could not fail to detect the

"Look, man!" I said, holding out one of these for inspection. These are balls; the rest are rubbish. Cannot you see the difference? Where did you buy these? At Con-He muttered, "No, my lord," and looked

roused my curiosity. "Where, then?" I said sharply. "Of a man who was at the gate yester-

"Oh!" I said. "Selling tennis balls?" "Yes, my lord."

'I don't know his name." La Trape answered. "He was a Spanlard."

"Ho!" I said drily. "Now I understand.

Bring me your book. Or tell me what have you charged me for these balls?"

the cycle supplementary for he had said all of these things. "But I fail, being a plain man and no diplomatist, to see what you want me to do."

france," he muttered reluctantly. "And never gave you a sou, I'll swear," I retorted. You took the poor devil's balls and left him at the gate! Ay, it is rogues like you that get me a bad name!" I continaffecting more anger than I felt-for, in truth, I was rather pleased with my quickness in discovering the cheat. "You steal and I bear the blame and pay to boot! Off with you and find the fellow, and bring him to me, or it will be the worse for you!" Glad to escape so earlly, La Trape ran to the gate, but he failed to find his friend, and two or three days clapsed before I thought again of the matter, such petty rogueries being ingrained in a great man's known." I said.

valetaille, and being no more to be removed than the hairs from a man's "A Protestant?

"It is not impossion." I shringged my known." I said.

"A Protestant?

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"A Protestant?

"It is not impossion." I shringged my known." I said.

"A Protestant? came to me bringing the Spaniard, who had appeared again at the gate. The stranger proved to be a small, slight man. pale and yet brown, with quick-glancing eyes. His dress was decent, but very poor. with more than one rent neatly darned. He made me a profound reverence, and stood waiting with his cap in his hand, to be addressed, but with all his humility I did not fail to detect an uneasiness of deportment and a propriety that did not seem absolutely strange since he was a Spaniard, but which struck me, nevertheless, as requiring some I explanation. I asked him, civilly, who he

"I am of Guipuzcea, my lord," he answered, "where we sometimes speak three little warmth. "You go too fast. Let me toll

"That is true," I said. "And it is your trade to make tennis balls?"
"No, my lord; to use them," he answered with a certain dignity.

You are a player, then?" "If it please your excellency."

"Where have you played?"
"At Madrid, where I was the keeper of the duke of Segovia's court; and at Toledo. where I frequently had the honor of playing against M. de Montserrat." You are a good player?'

"If your excellency," he answered, im-ilsively, "will give me an opportunity--" "Softly, softly," I said, somewhat taken aback by his earnestness. "Granted that you are a player, you seem to have played to small purpose. Why are you here, my friend, and not in Madrid?" He drew up his wrist and his wrist was deeply scarred. "You have been shoulders. "You have been

On that I fell to considering him with more attention, but at the same time with some distrust; reflecting that he was a Spaniard, and recalling the numberless plots against his majesty of which that nation had been guilty. Still, if his tale were true he deserved support; with a view there-fore to testing this, I questioned him far-ther, and learned that he had for a long time disguised his opinions, until, opening an easy moment to a fellow servant he found himself upon the first occasion of quarrel betrayed to the fathers. After suffering much, and giving himself up for lost in their dungeons, he made his esc a manner sufficiently remarkable, escape in a manner sufficiently remarkable. In the might believe his story. In the prison with him lay a Moor, for whose exchange against a Christian taken by the Salles pirates an order came down. It ee pirates an order came down. arrived in the evening; the Moor was to be removed in the morning. An hour after the arrival of the news, however, and when the two had just been locked up for the night, the Moor, overcome with excess of joy, sud-denly expired. At first the Spaniard was for giving the alarm; but being an ingenious air of vast importance, that he had discovfellow, in a few minutes he summoned all his wits together and made a plan. Contriving to blacken his face and hands with charcoal, he changed clothes with the corpse, and muffling himself up after the fashion of Moors in a cold climate, he succeeded in the early morning in passing out in his place Those who had charge of him had no reason expect an escape, and once on the road

eventually reached France after a succession for a brown is beyond the common scope of dered how I had ever allowed it to pass. such disguises—or his present modesty in re-lating it. However, neither of these things seemed to my mind a good reason for dis-belief. As to the one, I considered that an impostor would have put forward something more simple, and as to the other, I have all my life long observed that those who have strange experiences tell them in a very ordi-Besides, I had fresh in my mind the diverting escape of the duke of Nemours from Lyons, which I have clsewhere related. On the other hand, and despite all these the story might be false; so with a view to testing one part of it at least. I bade him come and play me that afternoon.

My lord," he said bluntly, "I had rather For if I defeat your excellency, I may also your good intentions.

Somewhat surprised by his forethought, I reassured him on this point, and his game, which proved to be one of remarkable strength and finesse, and fairly on an equality, as it seemed to me, with that of the best French players, persuaded me that at any rate the first part of his tale was true. Accordingly I made him a present, and, in addition, hede Maignan pay him a small allowance for a while. For this he showed his gratitude by attaching himself to my household; and as it was the fashion at that time to be an tangle masters or this class. I found to keep tennis masters of this class. I found it occasionally amusing to pit him against other well known players. In the course of a few weeks he gained ms great credit; and though I am not so foolish as to attach im-portance to such trifies, but, on the contrary, think an old soldier who stood fast at Coutras, or even a clerk who has served the king honestly—if such a prodigy there be-more deserving than these professors, still I do not err on the other side; but count him a fool who, because he has solid cause to value himself, disdains the sciat which no issue and no object in such an intrigue.

A few weeks before the death of the duch- attachment of such persons gives him in the

an affair that might have had a serious is-sue began, imperceptibly at the time, in the would have played with him, but the sudden One day, while the king was still absent soon afterwards, threw the court into mournfrom Paris, I had a mind to play tennis, and ling, and for awhile, in pursuing the negotiaing a correspondence of the most delicate character with the queen, I lost sight of my player—insomuch that I scarcely knew whether he still formed part of my suite or

> My attention was presently recalled to him, however, in a rather remarkable man-ner. One morning Don Antonio d'Evora, ecretary to the Spanish embissy, and a rother of that d'Evora who commanded the Spanish fort at Paris in '94, called on me at and desired to see me. I bade them admit im, but as my secretaries were at the time work with ms, I left them and received m in the garden—supposing that he wished speak to me, about the affair of Saluces and preferring, like the king my master, to

talk of matters of state in the open air. However, I was mistaken. Don Antonio said nothing about Savoy, but after the usual preliminaries, which a Spaniard never omits, plunged into a long harangue upon the comity which, now that peace reigned, should exist between the two nations. For "Yes, my lord."
"Some rogue of a maker." I exclaimed, some time I waited patiently to learn what some time I waited patiently to learn what he would be at, but he seemed to be lost in his own eloquence, and at last I took him up. "All this is very well, M. d'Evora," I sald. "I quite agree with you that the times

"Well?"
are changed, that amity is not the same thing as war, and that a grain of sand in the eye is unpleasant," for he had said all

"It is the smallest matter," he said, waving his hand gracefully.
"And yet," I retorted, "you seem to find difficulty in coming at it.

'As you do at the grain of sand in the eye," he answered wittily. "After all, how-eyer, in what you say, M. de Rosny, there is some truth. I feel that I am on delicate Off ground; but I am sure that you will pardon him me. You have in your suite a certain

"It may be so," I said, masking my sur-prise, and affecting indifference. A tennis player. I shrugged my shoulders. "The man is

"A Protestant?"
"It is not impossible."

And a subject of the king, my master, A ian," Don Antonio continued, with increasing stiffness, "in fine, M. de Rosny, who. committing various offenses, murdered is comrade in prison, and, escaping in his thes, took refuge in this country." shrugged my shoulders again.

I have no knowledge of that," I said

No, or I am sure that you would not haror the fellow," the secretary answered. 'Now that you do know it, however, I take for granted that you will dismiss him? you held any but the great place you do ld, M. de Rosny, it would be different; but was. He answered that his name was all the world see who follow you, and this Diego.

He assented to that with a constrained

'Then I can say no more," he answered "I have warned you that the man is a rogue. If you will still entertain him, I wash my hands of it. But I fear the oor de Rosny, and, frankly, it lessens my pinion of your sagacity."

Thereat I bowed in my turn, and after sxchange of some civilities he took his leave. Considering his application after he was gone, I found nothing surprising it it; and I shrigged iny shoulders. "You have been the had it come from a man whom I held in the hands of the Holy Brotherhood?" I had it come from a man whom I held in the state of the Holy Inquisition."
"No, my lord," he answered bitterly. "Of the Holy Inquisition."
"You are a Protestant?"

He howed by the state of the Holy Brotherhood?" I had it come from a man whom I held in the swallowed my indignation I took all the present the might have led me under some circumstances to discard Diego, naturally, since it the matter to no one—the two men who is tances to discard Diego, naturally, since it the matter to no one—the two men who is tances to discard Diego, naturally, since it the matter to no one—the two men who is tances to discard Diego, naturally, since it that as soon as I had it come from a man whom I held in the swallowed my indignation I took all the present the matter to no one—the two men who is tances to discard Diego, naturally, since it that as soon as I had it come from a man whom I held in the swallowed my indignation I took all the present the might have led me under some circumstances." stances to discard Diego, naturally, since it confirmed his story in some points, and proved besides that he was not a persona grata at the Spanish embassy, it did not ead me to value him less. And as within the week he was so fortunate as to defeat La Varenne's champion in a great match at the Louvre, and won also a match at M. de-Montpensier's, which put 50 crowns into my ocket, I thought less and less of d'Evora's remonstrance, until the king's return put with Madamoiselle d'Entragues, which was destined to be the most fatal of all Henry's attachments, was then in the forming, and the king plunged into every kind of amusement with fresh zest. The day after his return he matched his marker, a rogue, but an excellent player, against my man, and hald me 20 crowns on the event, the match to be played on the following Saturday after a dinner which M. de Lude was giving in

onor of the lady. On the Thursday, however, who should come in to me while I was sitting alone after supper, but Maignan, who, closing the door and dismissing the page who waited

ered something.
"Something?" I said, being inclined at
the moment to be merry. "What? A plot to reduce your perquisites, you rascal?" 'No, my lord," he answered stoutly. "But tap your excellency's secrets." "Indeed," I said pleasantly, not believing word of it. "And who is to hang?"

"The Spaniard," he answered in a low he had little difficulty in getting away, and That sobered me, by putting the matter in All this the man told me so simply that I knew not which to admire more, the daring of his device—since for a white man to pass for a brown is beyond the common and almost incredible.

> that he is a spy?"
> Maignan nodded.
> "Then, tell me," I asked, "what opportunity has he of learning more than all the world knowns? He has not been in my apartments since I engaged him.

> en none of my papers. The youngest foot-True, my lord," Maignan answered slow-

imself a Protestant." "Ah! You are sure that the man was a

"I know him."

"One of the chapiains at the Spanish em- But that was of no moment now.

It was natural that after this I could take more serious view of the matter, and I did o. But my former difficulty still remained, or, assuming this to be a cunning plot, and d'Evora's application to me a ruse to throw me off my guard, I could not see where their advantage lay, since the Spaniard's occupation was not of a nature to give him the entry to my confidence or the chance of ransacking my papers. I questioned Maignan further, therefore, but without result. He had seen the two together in a secret kind of way, viewing them himself from the window of a house where he had an assignation. He had not been near enough to hear what they said, but he was sure that no quarrel took place between them, and equally cen-tain that it was no chauce meeting that brought them together.

the Louvre, and from first to last had con-ducted himself in the most innocent manner a small piece

Maignan I sent for him.

When he was come, "Well," I said, "have you anything to say?"

"One little thing only, your excellency," he answered slyly, "and of no importance." "But you did not tell it to Malgnan?"

'No, my lord," he replied, his face relaxing "Once today I saw Diego where he should not have been

"In the king's dressing-room at the tennis-"You saw him there?"

"I saw him coming out," he answered.
It may be imagined how I felt on hearing this; for although I might have thought othing of the matter before my suspici were aroused-since any man might visit such a place out of curiosity—now, my mind being disturbed. I was quick to conceive the worst, and saw with horror my beloved master already destroyed through my care-lessness. I questioned La Trape in a fury, but could learn nothing more. He had seen the man slip out, and that was all. But did you not go in yourself?" I said,

restraining my impatience with difficulty. "Afterwards? Yes, my lord." "And made no discovery?" 'Was anything prepared for his majesty?'

"There was sherbet, and some water."
"You tried them?"
La Trape grinned. "No, my lord," he aid. "But I gave some to Maignan." "Not explaining?"
"No, my lord."

You sacrilegious rascal!" I cried, amused n spite of my anxiety. "And he was none "No, my lord." Not satisfied yet, I continued to press

found myself unable to decide whether the Spaniard had wandered in innocently or to explore his ground. In the end, therefore, I made up my mind to see things for my-self, and early next morning, at an hour when I was not likely to be observed, I went out by a back door, and with my face muffled and no other attendance than Maignan and La Trape, went to the tennis court and examined the dressing room.

This was a small closet on the first floor, of a size to hold two or three persons, and with a casement through which the Ring, if he wished to be private, might watch the came. Its sole furniture consisted of a little table with a mirror, a seat for his majesty and a couple of stools, so that it offered small scope for investigation. True, the stale sherbet and the water were still there, the carafes standing on the table be-side an empty comfit box, and a few tollet ecessaries, and it will be believed that I lost no time in examining them. But I made no discovery, and when I had passed my eye over everything clse that the room con tained and noticed nothing that seemed in the slightest degree suspicious, I found my-self completely at a loss. I went to the window and for a moment looked idly into the court.

But neither dld any light come thence, nd I had turned again and was about to leave when my eye alighted on a certain thing and I stopped.
"What is that?" I said. It was a thin case, book shaped, of Genoa velvet, somewhat

and on whose life the well-being of all depended, it goaded me to the warmest resentment. I looked round the tennis court—leaned against the wall, his face livid and which, empty, shadowy and silent, seemed a ghastly. The king took the alarm at that, fit place for such horrors—with rage and repulsion, apprehending in a moment of sad Those who were sitting rose. I nodded to presage all the accursed strokes of an enemy whom nothing could propitiate, and who sooner or later, must set all my care at them, and doubtless the excitement—but I manufal and take first them.

But it will be said I had no proof, only a were with me excepted-I prepared to observe the issue with gloomy satisfaction.

The match was to take place at 3 in the

afternoon. A little after that hour I arrived at the tennis court, attended by La Font and other gentlemen, and M. l'Huillier, the councilor, who had dined with me. L'Huil-lier's business had detained me somewhat and the men had begun; but, as I had anticipated this, I had begged my good friend De Vic to have an eye to my interests. The king, who was in the gallery, had with him M. de Montpensier, the comte de Lude, Vitry, Varennes and the Florentine ambassador, with Sancy and some others. Mile, d'Entragues and two ladies had taken posession of his closet, and from the ment were pouring forth a perpetual fire of hadinage and bons mots. The tennis court, in a word, presented as different an aspect as possible from that which it had worn in the morning. The sharp track of the ball, as it bounded from side to side, was almost in the crisp laughter and babel of voices; which as I entered rose into a perfect uproar, mademoiselle having flung a whole apful of roses across the court in return some witticism. These, falling short of the gallery, had lighted on the head of the astonished Diego, causing a temporary cessa-tion of play, during which I took my seat. Mme, de Lude's saucy eye picked me out

in a moment. "Oh, the grave man!" she cried. "Crown him, too, with roses." "As they crowned the skull at the feast, madame?" I answered, saluting her gallantly.
"No, but as the man whom the king delighteth to honor," she answered, making a "Ha! ha! I am not afraid! am not afraid! I am not afraid!" There was a good deal of laughter at this. "What shall I do to her, M. de Rosny?"

mademoiselle cried out, coming to my "If you will have the goodness to kiss her mademoiselle," I answered, "I will consider it an advance, and as one of the council of the king's finances my credit should be good for the re-"

"Thank you!" the king cried, nimbly cutting me short. "But as my finances seem to be the security, faith, I will see to the repayment myself! Let them start again; I am afraid that my 20 crowns are yours, grand master; your man is in fine play.

I looked into the court. Diego, lithe and sinewy, with his cropped black hair, high color and quick shallow eyes, bounded here Seeing him thus, with his heart in his re-turns, I could not but doubt more; as the loss of vicacious energy. She has game proceeded, amid the laughter and jests

in my favor; on which the king, tired of in- she said. action, sprang up, and declaring that he as I have done. You can not devote would try Diego's strength himself, entered attention to keeping up your music the court. I followed, with Vitry and others, keeping down your expenses at the and several strokes which had been made were tested and discussed. Presently, the king going to talk with mademoiselle at her window, I remarked the Spaniard and Maig-nan, with the king's marker, and one or two others waiting at the further door. Almost at the same moment I observed a sudden movement among them, and voices raised higher than was decent, and I called out sharply to know what it was. "An accident, my lord," one of the men

answered respectfully. "It is nothing," another multered. "Maigor them together.

Infected by his assurance, I could still see to issue and no object in such an intrigue.

Infected by his assurance, I could still see to issue and no object in such an intrigue.

"Cut his hand now!" I excisimed angrily.

And in the end I contented myself with bidding him watch the Spaniard closely and report to me the following evening, adding that he might confide the matter to La Trape, who was a supple fellow and of the two the easier companion.

Accordingly, next evening Malgnan again appeared, this time with a face even longer, so that at first I supposed him to have discovered a plot worse than Chastel's, but it is not not repair it. Get some plaster, do fou hear? He cannot play in that state. Some plaster, do fou hear? He cannot play in that state. Some plaster, do fou hear? He cannot play in that state. Some plaster, do fou hear? He cannot play in that state. Some plaster, do fou hear? He cannot play in that state. Some plaster, do fou hear? He cannot play in that state. Some plaster, do fou hear? He cannot play in that state. Some plaster, do fou hear? He cannot play in that state.

seed a plot worse than Chastel's, but it led out that he had discovered nothing. Diego muttered something, and Maignan Diego muttered something, and Maignan that he had not not any; but before I could answer that he must get some La Trape Louvre, and from first to last had control his war is the front, and producing a small piece with his pocket proceeded with the post in the most innocent manner. ducted himself in the most innocent manner a small proposable. On this I railied Maignan on his mare's nest, and was inclined to dismiss the matter as such; still, before doing so. I thought I would see La Trape, and dismissing thought I would see La Trape, and dismissing the bore Maignan ho good will, and that but the bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will, and that but he bore Maignan ho good will have been so for my presence he might not have been so complaisant. La Trape was bringing his surgery to an end by demanding a fee, in the of the great American body is that the good most comical manner possible, when the king man shall go to the caucus. The good man returned to our part of the court. "What is does not urge his fellow good men to go to t?" he said, "Is anything the matter?"
"No, sire," I said, "My man has cut his

ustomed good nature.
"Oh, yes, sire," I answered. "I have bound man is a foot to get into it! up with a strip of plaster from the case in majesty's closet.

onder that the king asked; small wonder, or the man's face had changed in the last ten seconds to a strange leaden color; a serror like that of a wild beast that sees itself trapped had leaped into his eyes. shot a furtive glance around him, and I saw him slide his hand behind him. But was prepared for that, and as the king moved him; "take the dressing off your hand, and I have you broken on the wheel. You under-

'He has not lost blood?"

and that Maignan and La Trape were at band if he should attempt anything, I went full strength. "Wise man!" he added.

played Colet. I suppose he is nervous."

chattered and laughed, seeing an ordinary game between the king and a marker, while I, for whom the court had grown sombra Probably," I said. as a dungeon, saw a villain struggling in his own toils, livid with the fear of death, and tortured by horrible apprehensions. Use and habit were still so powerful with the man that he played on mechanically with his hands, but his eyes every now and then

"Plaister," Maignan, who was waiting at look, in which hatred and despair and a organ generally belongs to the caucus II horror of reproach were so nicely mingled it does not then the central committee must was all the world see who follow you, and this may presence stains you, and is an offense of my master."

Selfty, softly, M. d'Evora." I said, with a tittle warmth. "You go too fast. Let me tell your myself; and, secondly, for my honor, I take care of it."

Selfect, fool!" I cried. And I stood of first, that, for my honor, I take care of it. The world were myself; and, secondly, for your master, I do not allow even my own to medic with my household."

Were different my more a finger. A design so finandial with the I suspected my household. The world saying of Spain.—"

But, my lord," he said pompously, "the "But, my lord," he said pompously, "the world see who follow you, and this is no frence that the door, answered. "His majesty's hand is not well yet, and as your, and is an offense to my master."

Selfetty, softly, M. d'Evora." I said, with a look, in which he hatred and despair and a horror of reproach were so incelly mingled is not well yet, and as your, and is an offense to my master."

Selfetty, softly, M. d'Evora." I said, with a contraction of reproach were so incelly mingled is not well yet, and as your fields on the caucus II took not the central committee must be to the caucus II took in which he dared and despair and a horror of reproach were so incelly mingled is not well yet, and as your fields and the core of the there. "Selfetty of the contraction of the contraction of reproach were so incelly mingled is not well yet, and as your, and replace it with another. "Selfetty of report master, I dook, in which—hatred and despair and a horror of reproach were so incelly mingled is not well yet, and as your, and replace it with another. "Selfetty of report master, I dook, not well well as the door, answered. "His majesty's hand it does not the central committee must be the caucus if the caucus is an all door, an well and the caucus is an all door, an were in the central committee must be the caucus in the central committee must be the caucus in the central committee must be the caucus in the central com

naught and take from France her greatest am sorry that it has spoiled your majesty "It has not," Henry answered kindly. "The

conjecture; and this is true, but of it hereitfer. Suffice it that as soon as I had you, my friend? If La Riviere were here wallowed my indignation I took all the prehe might do something for him." While he spoke the servants had gather round the man, but with the timidity which characterizes that class in such emergencies, they would not touch him. As I crossed the court, and they made way for me, the Spaniard, who was still standing, though in a

strange and distorted fashion, turned his bloodshot eyes on me. "A priest," he muttered, framing the words difficulty, "a priest. I directed Maignan to fetch one. "And do

ou." I continued to the other servants, "take im into a room somewhere."

They obeyed reluctantly. As they carried him out the king, content with my statement, was giving his hand to modemoiselle to descend the stairs; and neither he nor any, save the two men in my confidence, had the slightest suspicion that aught was the matter beyond a natural illness. But I shuddered when I considered how narrow had been the king's escape, how trifling the circumstance which had led to the suspicion, how fortuitous the inspiration by which I had chanced on discovery. The delay of a single day, the of the slightest mishap, have been fatal not only to him, but best interests of France, which his death at the time when he was still childless must have plunged into the most melancholy of wars

Of the wretched Spaniard I need say little more. Caught in his own snare, he was no sooner withdrawn from the court than he fell into violent convulsions, which held him until midnight, when he died with symptons and under circumstances so nearly resembling de Beaufort at Easter, that I have sev eral times dwelt on the strange coincide and striven to find the connecting kink. never hit on it; and the king's death, and that unexpected tendency to imitate great crimes under which the vulgar labor, prevalled with me to keep the matter secret. Nay, as I believed that d Evora had played the part of an unconscious tool, and as a hint pressed home shifted to procure the withdrawal of the chaplain whom Malgnan had named. I did not think it necessary to dis-

she was married," writes Kate Field. You feel that you would like to have known her before the song went out of her life; before the enthusiasm that makes the lavishment of time upon mere pleasure a possibility left "I saw him this evening talking with a and there, swift and active as a panther, practice, but it is often not so much the litical party organize? Is not the republic a protestant." lack of half an hour or more daily as it is and witty sallies of the courtiers, I feit the doubt grow; the riddle became each minute more abstruse, the man more mysterious. But that was of no moment now.

A little after 4 o'clock the match ended grammatic. "Wait until you get married as a said. "Unless you are rich you will do she said. "Unless you are rich you will do she said. "Unless you are rich you will do said." time.

Indianapolis Journal: "Yes, I was sitting on the edge of the folding bed the other night," said the Cheerful Idiot, "playing solitaire, when all of a sudden the blame thing closed up on me. If it had not been for my presence of mind I think I should have been smothered."

"Had sense enough to call for help, I supasked the dyspeptic boarder.

And in the end I contented myself with bid- "And the king about to play with him. Let AMERICAN CAUCUS SYSTEM me see it."

VIEWS OF HISTORIAN JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

Undemocratic and Unamerican-Some of Its Results-It Engenders Possism and Many Other Bad Things -A Strong Argument Strongly Put.

'What is does not urge his fellow good men to go to the caucus, but the party manager urges them both. Because they don't go, he says, hand a little, but it is nothing."

"Can be play?" Henry asked with his active country is sick. As a matter of fact, the caucus is the bad man's trap, and the good One of the general phases of human his-

tory is this: Some organization, civil, political or religious, grows huge at the expense And he had not. But it was small of freedom and progress, and having become strong enough, puts society under its heel. Then the organization begins to build and contrive, in order to maintain itself against insurrection and punishment. It usurps and tyrannizes and abuses until mankind is bruised and weakened and diseased under the passion of getting something for nothing! off a space I slipped to the man's side, as if to give him some directions about his game. and hopes of humanity. What next? The States the struidbrug is a senile political and hopes of humanity. What next? The States the struidbrug is a senile political organization, seeing the havor that is done, party, and the slumskudask is an appointive office. If the good man wants to cultivate office. off a space-I slipped to the man's side, as if oppressions and wrongs done to the liberties as respectable as possible; and to this end and? Now, play." as respectable as possible; and to this end Assuring myself that he did understand, the bad man dresses like a clergyman and wants the good man to help him!

This is the method of political parties. back to my place, and sitting down by De Vie began to watch that strange game; while mademoiselle's laughter and Madame de against the wrongs and oppressions in society Lude's gibes floated across the court, and and end by doing the same things them-mingled with the eager applause and more salves. When they begin to grow old, when selves. When they begin to grow old, when dexterous criticisms of the courtiers. The light was beginning to sink, and for that reason, perhaps, no one perceived the Span-lard's pallor; but De Vic, after a rally or two, remarked that he was not playing his then they turn about to prove to the world "Yes," I said. "Who plays well against that they have always been great and good and respectable. Henceforth the mission of De Vic laughed. "How he sweats!" he such an organization is to take the people in said, "and he never turned a hair when he To do this requires a vast deal of contriv-To do this requires a vast deal of contriv-ance. Among the subordinate methods by which the political party manages to keep its

Of all agencies, the caucus is the particular agency which enables a political party to hook itself fast to the masses, and to drag them on. This touch and fastening of the organization to the people has to be carefully managed, and its nature must be concealed sought mine with the look of the trapped managed, and its nature must be conceased beast, and on these occasions I could see under the veneer of respectability. Left to beast, and on these occasions I could see his lips move in prayer or cursing. The sweat poured down his face as he moved to and fro, and I functed that his features were beginning to twitch. Presently—I have said that the light was failing, so that it was not in my imagination only that the court part of the people arginst the rest. not in my imagination only that the court part of the people against the rest. was sombre—the king held his bail. "My friend, your man is not well," he said, turn-

"It is nothing, sire; the honor you do him makes him deryous," I answered. "Play up, sirrah." I continued to have a sible patriot knows well what the calculation of the caucus to be in the nature of a public meeting is a pretense and nothing more. The senhim makes him hervous," I answered. "Play sible patriot knows well what the caucus is up, sirrah," I continued; you make too good a courtier."

Mademoiselle d'Entragues clapped her hands and laughed at the hit, and I say the continued at the hit, and I say the continued at the hit, and I say the continued at the hit and I say the continued at the caucus is for. He understands that it is meant to proportion the continued to provide the continued to provide the continued to provide the caucus is for. He understands that it is meant to provide the continued to pr hands and laughed at the hit, and I saw tion as the caucus prevails, public opinion Diego glare at her with an indescribable weakens, declines, perishes. The newspaper

therefore, in love with public opinion. fact, the greatest deference if often shown in the presence of that which is hated. When the caucus does obeisance to society it is for advantage. The caucus knows well that it is not here for the public good. It knows wel that it is invented as a political hook to hold fast the masses to the machine. It also knows that it is discovered, found out, placarded in the consciences of men if not it their public speech. SALVATION DOESN'T LIE THIS WAY.

This is the situation which makes it nec essary, they say, for the good man to go to the caucus. He is to be a saver of life unto life. Thousands, perhaps millions, of people life. Thousands, perhaps millions, of people believe that if the good man would go to the caucus we should find salvation. As a matter of fact, salvation does not lie that way. The good man, following his instinctive self-respect, stays away; and the caucus is put on the defensive. The absence of the good man discountenances both the thing done and the method of doing it. It is this fact which has kept the American caucus in a state of has kept the American caucus in a state of chronic alarm and trepidation for the last chronic slarm and trepidation for the last quarter of a century. Knowing that it is disparaged, it squats and hides and flour-ishes—if at all— in the dark. The absence of the good man is the saving clause. His presence would be the prophecy of the con-tinuance of that political domination which has virtually put under foot the noblest en-terprises of our people and suppressed the inlectual li e in the Unite ! States; his ab en means the ultimate extinction of the whole system. If the good man goes to the caucus he takes his goodness with him. He takes his conscience, his innocence and his inexperience. When he enters the door the bad man gives a sigh of relief. He is countenanced by the good man, who now comes to associate with him and help him save the country. The bad man's assistant, less con-spicuous, winks. The chairman, one of the bad man's friends, says in his openeing re-marks that the caucus is pleased, delighted

to have present the good man, whose nam and reputation, etc.

It does not require any great degree astuteness to see that the absence of the good man from the caucus is one of those in-stinctive facts in society that always make for good. Nothing is more certain than that if the caucus is allowed to go its own way with the bad man at the helm it will soone or later come to naught, go to its own place and become an ancient and bad-smellin reminiscence. On the other hand, if the good man lends his presence, his influence and his character to the caucus he may be sure he will have his labor for his pains So far as this appearance of the good man at the caucus may be regarded as a measure of reform, pah! What does the bad man who owns the caucus want with the good There is something saddening about the good man finds to his sorrow that the only woman who "used to play the plano before visible effect of his presence at the caucus has been, first, the vendue of his own repu-tation and self-respect, secondly, the indefinite perpetuation of the worst facts in po-litical society.

THE CAUCUS AND POLITICAL PARTIES. What then? says the interlocutor. Is not government by means of party? And if the political party finds it necessary to make the caucus its mudsill, shall we not accord the right, and even applaud the contrivance? Let us answer frankly and without equivocation. Let us answer just as the father of his country answered. Let us answer without fear, as the patriot must answer if he keeps his integrity and follows the star of truth. If any political party be good in a free country, it is not such as the American political party has become. Such a fact was not contemplated when the republic was founded. Such a fact was not allowed to influence the administration of the first pres-ident. He perceived that the political party in a republic would soon come to exist for itself, without regard to the interests of the country or the happiness of mankind.

The sequel has been even so. The political party looks upon the interests of the country and the happiness of mankind with the terior design of profiting by them! That kind of political party which forms itself for the defence of a great principle, the principle being clearly for the advantage of the nation "Didn't do anything of the kind. I merely solected a pair of jacks from the deck and opened it with that."

"Didn't do anything of the kind. I merely and the ultimate gain of humanity, no longer exists—if it ever did exist—in these lands." We have the powerful and compact organiza- to be a woman of nerve and action.

tions, but their alms and ends are not the aims and ends of the people, and their existonce is not for the public good. The more they organise, therefore, the worse it is.
The caucus is down in the bottom of this political condition. The question is not how to better the caucus or how to render it tol-

erable, but how to get rid of it. The caucus is one of the piles driven deep in the dark, on which the party superstructure, wast as the ruins of Bara-Budur, is founded and reared. If the good man gets into the caucus and gives it strength, so much longer will the superincumbent system continue to flour-ish. It will continue to be blennially repaired and annually painted. Under it the millions who ought to be the greatest free people that the sun has smiled upon, will continue to crouch and groan for deliverance. That kind of party which makes for the advantage of mankind and the promotion of The politician's remedy for the afflictions freedom is that which the people themselves the great American body is that the good create in the presence of some crisis in which right principle and truth, the promotion of free institutions and the progress of the human race are at stake.

USES AND ABUSES OF PARTIES. A party thus springing into existence may be of immense, almost immeasurable, ad-vantage to the country and the people in which and among whom it makes its appearance. But the moment that the party accomplished the end for which it came, that moment marks the limit of its natural and wholesome life. Left to natural conditi it would thereupon resolve itself into its elements, to be recombined with the coming of some new issue. Beyond that date, if I contines to survive, it becomes like one of the struidbrugs whom Captain Lemuel Gulliver met in Laputa! The traveler says that the struidbrug's faculties had been re duced by the abuse of nature to the single "He asked me," said Gulliver, "that I would give him slumskudask!" In the United the society and intercourse of the struldbrug he can do so; the way to such acquaintance and comerce of character is by the door of The great evil is the persistency of party

organization beyond its natural life. Of course there is no real life or virtue in such an organization when its original principle in gone and its existence perpetuated by factitious means. A party thus surviving the national limits of its existence is a veritable struidbrug. It is a political Frankenstein, made merely of leather and springs and tubes and screw-taps, moved by galvan-ism. In the United States our everlasting election makes it possible to keep Franken-stein in operation. He is easily turned to his task and to that, for the benefit of the rulers and bosses of the American people. Frankenstein has to be lubricated; but there is oil enough! He has become adjustable to any question whatsoever. At the present time he is so arranged that he can run either way, or both ways, on either track or both tracks at the same time. A political party thus turned into the strukibrugian condition will readily and enthusiastically pro-fess anything, if thereby it can take the country in! Great are the spoils of battle Great is the process by which a free people multiplied millions in strength, are made, ev n against their consciences and sense of right, to divide and fling themselves into conflict, with the vast expenditure of their time and means, without a single essential question of difference, and for the sole pur-pose of gaining official seats for the owners and keepers of Frankenstein:

If our perpetual election were abolished it would be difficult to keep the monster alive from one crisis to the next. If the presi-dential term were lengthened to seven years a struidbrug party could hardly survive through the desolation of the septennial period. A blessed salvation and atrophy would supervene all the way from the caucu to the national committee; enterprise would resume its wonted stroke; the intellectual life would revive, and the resources of the American people would no longer be consumed in an everlasting broil and warfare, in which the gonfalons of one party are as false as those of the other.

man in his work; for thereby he shall put himself evermore into a position where he will be reduced on election day to the alte native of choosing between something bad and something worse.

The outcry that the good man must go to the caucus is the interested cry of the management. The cry is echoed and disseminated by the organs of the management. nent; and thousands are deceived thereby The bad man needs the good man, and knows it—needs him so much that he is villing to stoop and defer to him-and ther o beat him! The good man, if he is wise, ill continue in his present manner, only more emphatically. He will not only not go to the bad man's caucus, but he will tell him so to his face. The report of the good man's saying that he will not go will spread con-sternation through the whole political realm, and will hasten the day when the American republic shall become again—as it is not now, and has not for long years been—a government of the people, for the people, and by them.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

Greencastle, Indiana. CONNUBLALITIES.

A single plant of wheat is capable of producing 2,000 seeds in one season. Green Coats and his wife, who were slaves before the war, celebrated their golden wedding last week, in Moberly, Mo. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Ingalis have issued invitations for the marriage of their eldest

laughter, Ethel, and Dr. Edward Giles Blair in Atchison, October 24. figured as one of the representatives autumn.

In putting the "question of questions."

Scotchman took his inamorita to his family ourial ground, and said, "Would ye lie there, leanle, by and by?" She said she would, and hus the thing was settled. She-Before we were married you said it

would give you the greatest pleasure to gratmy every wish. e-My dear, I said your lightest wish, The Chicago woman who married for the

second time because a spiritualist medium old her that it was her dead husband's deorce, because he hired the medium to give the message. He-What do you think your father would

She-Really, I don't know; but I imagine e would say I was a bigger fool than he nance against flirting on the public streets. There is no city in the world where the girls are prettier or more inclined to flirt than they are in Richmond. They will firt all the ore because of the attempted restriction of

their privileges.

Phillip Stutz, a farmer living near Jeffer sonville, Ind., and his wife Mary have had a remarkable matrimonial career. Being lovers in childhood they were early married, but, failing to agree, were divorced. After a few years they came together and were remarried. Again were they divorced and re-married, and even again did they secure a livorce, and last wek were remarried at New Albany, thus being three times di-verced and remarried. Mr. Stutz is well-toto, and, as evidence that his wife can maintain herself in single bleasedness, she was, when last married, the owner of a large lare their intention of separating no more Mrs. Baseman, a Chicago widow, recently rejected the suit of Mr. Jacobson, who immediately hired a German band to tunes with suggestive titles under Mrs. Baseman's window. The lady stood the smiles of her neighbors and the persistence of the band until patience ceased virtue that it is supposed to be. Then she pleaded with the leader, who refused to stop playing on the ground that Mr. Jacobson had paid well for the music. Thereupon she went to court and secured an injunction against the disappointed lover, to restrain him from giving such objectionable expres-sion to his woe. This shows Mrs. Baseman BONNET AND BREEZE,

She tied her raven ringlets in, But not alone in her silken snare Did she catch her lovely floating hair For, tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill, When the winds came blowing merry and chill; And it blew the curis a frollosome race All over the happy, peach-colored face, Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

O, western wind, do you think it was fair To play such tricks with her fleating hair? To gladly, gleefully do your best To blow her against the young man's breast.
Where he had gladly folded her in.
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O, Ellery Vane, you little thought, An hour ago, when you besought This country lass to walk with you, After the sun had dried the dew, What terrible danger you'd be in As she tied her bonnet under her chin,

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

OMAHA, Oct. 18 .- To the Editor of The See: A few letters only of Mrs. Peattle's written for the World-Herald have escaped my attention and enjoyment. I am an ardent admirer of the many useful hints, wise suggestions and beautiful thoughts she has from time to time given the public, Rules, however, have their exceptions. Most gifted men must confess there are times when they are not at their best, when their subjects have not been carefully and fairly dealt with. Our writer says she does not understand Christian Science; the very beginning of the letter shows that without any honest confess on on her part. and spirit, and for spirit and God." And again, "But briefly as the simple understand the laws of this teaching, spirit and matter are one. Spirit is God—all is God. The Christian Scientist refuses to recognize mat-

If, as stated, spirit and matter are one, nd spirit is God, and we refuse to recognize matter, then it follows that we must ording to correct reasoning, refuse to recogvariance with the fundamental precepts of our religion. The talented writer also says all is God. We do declare the omnipotence and emnipresence of God, but could never draw our conclusions from the premises laid down in our writer's article. We do not claim the unity of spirit and matter, but declare them opposites; the one real, the other unreal; the one positive, the other negative; the one all powerful and destroys ing through a scientific action the falsity of the other. We all know that light dispels darkness. The Christian Scientist knows darkness. when the light of truth appears the dark-ness of error disappears. A thought only have I given, and that for the purpose of orrecting the error in the above statement, So great are the possibilities of Christian Science, so numerous its same and intelli-gent followers, so wonderful the unfolding of its truths, so deep and inexhaustible its subject, I do not feel called upon to adver-tise it through the newspaper columns or to attempt an explanation of its profound truths ginner only at the numeration table of this science. Yes, we do try to make practica-ble the teachings of Jesus. He gave us the undivided garment. He commanded us to heal the sick, as well as preach the gospel. His work seems miracles to the world, but to a student of Christian Science a natural fulfillment of the Divine law. With regard to the assertion, "The fact

emains that by the insistence of the leaders n this Christ healing upon those who do not believe, great harm is inflicted." I beg to say it is not the custom to thrust our views upon any one, or to act apart from common sense and sound judgment sumed such proportions and excited so pro-found an interest as within the last few years. The mysticism and vagueness of former theorizing in this field has, in a great measure, been laid aside, and the time, if not here, is apparently coming when the same sideration will be applied to facts of the mental life as have heretofore with such brilliant results been applied to facts of the physical life. The natural tendency in most minds has been consistently to ignore the mental element and lay stress solely upon its physical relative.

In the physical relative.

In the physical aspect, however, on the side of results the doctrine demands recognition. ares have been and are being effected by hose professing the principles of Christian Science. This probably no one will now deny. Physicians in regular practice can afford neither to deny the fact nor to neglect

its investigation. We do not believe such cures are caused by adherence to unproved metaphysical notions. Certainly, we must seek a more rational explanation, and one more in accord with the facts of experience." With much study, thought, research and honest and unselfish application of the rules of Christian science one could never for an instant be "almost impelled to pronounce the whole belief as fraudulent, frantic and insane." The Christian Scientist has but one remedy for both the imaginary and "the bona fide disease," and the latter is as unreal to us as the former. The law which systains man's being in one case will in the other also. Charcot may see no good in hypnotism. Elliott Coues may have found diversion for theosophy, but the discoverer and founder of A Toledo patriarch, 76 years of age, has Christian Science is as firm, steadfast and narried a lovely Scotch damsel of 18, who convinced of the immortal truth today as in ared as one of the representatives in the beginning—twenty-eight years ago. A congress of beauties held at Toledo lust taumn, cases healed by Christian Science, a search into the cause which brings about these ef-fects, an insight into the motives, and a proof of certain actions, deemed by the world "folly and frenzy," would do away with much harsh judgment and condemnation. Amid ac-cusations, condemnations and persecutions we faint not, but press on—blessed assurances lighten the burden. We are solving the problem with mathematical certainty. A failure today causes us to turn our gaze more stead-ily to the light tomorrow. If the work seems unsatisfactorily done, does that prove a flaw in the principle? We have risen above the compounds of materia medica; from the de-coction of reptiles. Spanish files, mineral and animal poisons, which were administered 2687 B. C. to the present mild remedies of broad pellets and pure water-to find, what? Comand see. No photograph can picture the abode; no photograph can convey the harmonies; no circuit can transmit the peace and rest, for the abode is in Soul, the action in A STUDENT OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Stub Ends of Thought. Detroit Free Press: Money is a powerful onversationalist.
Necessary evils are necessary because mankind is built that way.

It's a long way up the hill if you think about the hill all the time.

Sarcasm may be right, but it casts People talk a lot about marrying before hey do it; afterward they think about it.
An cunce of accomplishment is worth on of intention.

The sky is never all blue at the same If everybody was perfect what would the ossips do for interesting material?
There may be plenty of room at the top, but happiness doesn't always get there.

The Hieyele System New York Weekly: First Citizen-It is not enough that bicycles carry bells; the law uld enforce a regular system of signals

that all can understand.

Second Citizen—What would you suggest?

First Citizen—Well. I don't know exactly,
but it might be something like this: One

ring, "Stand still"; two rings, "Dodge to the right"; three rings, "Dive to the left"; four rings. "Jump straight up and I'il run under you"; five rings, "Turn a back handspring and land behind me," and so on. You see, us folks who walk are always glad to he ad-commodating, but the trouble is to find out what the fellow behind us wants us to do