the I suppose there is no doubt that dose taken was large enough to cause only doath?" No; the autopsy settled that."

Interest large enough to cause an immediates

"Upon that the doctors disagree,"
"It is a pity; else we would have Molesworth on his own story,"
"He probably knew that. Molesworth understands poisons; he has made them a

"And I have made him a study; but he is impensivable. It is not of many men I can say that,"

"Well, well, we will have the inquest." Then as Mr. Ciryoe rose to go, "How about that spot of paint, Ciryoe? No clew in that either?"

Mr. Ciryos sat down again. "There ought to be," he acknowledged. "There is a mark on the lining on the phaeton, but it is very slight, while that on her dress is re rever sight, white that on her dress is very distinct, showing that the paint came off from her dress upon the phaeton. She had consequently been leaning against a freshly painted surface somewhere, and as the paint is of a peculiar shade, I thought I should be able to trace it. But—" he shook his head-cc" like all the rast, it proved a blind trail."

He was going for the second time when the coroner stopped him.

"Have you thought that if Dr. Molesworth's story is true and he lifted the dying girl from the stoop into his phaeton he would naturally have a smudge of that paint on his sleeve?"

"Don't humiliate me; is is there?"

"Well, well, remarked the coroner as he howed the detective out, "I see but one conclusion to the matter. We shall have to believe the doctor's story."

"You did not see the look on his face which I did," returned Mr. Cirvos.

"You did not see the look on his face which I did," returned Mr. Ciryoe.

The next day the inquest was held and the proceedings voluminously published. Witnesses from all quarters were examined and the matter relentlessly sifted. But no more was elicited from the various parties on oath than they had been willing to volumeer at the solicitations of the detective; and though the utmost discretion was discretion was discretion was discretion was discretion. nor though the atmost discretion was displayed in the examination of the doctor could his testimony be shaken or his asser-

Some of his answers merit recording. To the question as to when and where he be-came engaged to Miss Farley, he replied with great dignity but with no apparent

"Miss Parley never said she would marry me till the morning of the day she died. Then I received a letter from her saying that she would marry me that day at the C Hotel. I had received manifestations of affection from her before but never any

"You had professed attachment for her then, some time provious to this event?"
"I first affered myself to her beside her mother's death had

There was feeling in his voice and there was reserve, and the result upon the minds of those present was something like awe. No one blamed the coroner for the respect with which he next inquired whether the letter received from Miss Farley was still in

"It is not," was the reply. "I invertably destroyed every line I received from It is a custom of mine to preserve no

This struck the mass unfavorably. It seemed both unnatural and uncalled for. But he was in no wise affected by the changed looks about him. There were enough old and discreet wise-norse present to nod approval to a caution they perhaps Wished they had themselves maintained during their long lives.

"Then you were but following out your Farley left behind her at the " If I may say so, yes,"

"You have then no objection to telling us what the note contained." "None whatever, if I could. But it was a string of unmeaning phrases of which only " And that was !"

"And that was?"
"I want my friends about me; it len't respectable." Yet she was the one who proposed the marriage," rounteered the decior, "and at the interview we held in other as regarded the wedding itself or the manner in which I proposed to have it conducted."

ansploious time for our nuptials, she burst this tours and then became so feverish and

And what was the manner of your part-It was affectionate on my part, but I am free to say there was some constraint on hers. With all my offerts to the contrary

had wounded her susceptibilities, sharp-ened as they were by incipient illness, and she was too much of a woman not to show it. Int I never expected more than a little impleasantness and was as much shocked as anybody when I returned and found her

"One more question in this connection, Dr. Molesworth. The clerk testifies that the hour you set for your wedding was 2, yet you came back with the clergyman as early as a quarter after 8. How was that?"

"I was anxious, sir. The more I thought of it the more I was convinced that Miss Parley was on the point of a scious illness. I went early on her account."

This was all very satisfactory, too satisfactory for Mr. Cryce. Telegraphing by a gesture to the coroner that he had a singustion to make, he sent him a line or two, written on the back of one of the

the coroner remarked to the witness:

"You were alone with Miss Farley in ream 15% of the Community of the C

"Most certainly, sir."
"A room centaining an alcove shut off by "I believe there were curtains there, but I did not look to see what they shut off."
"How then did you know that you two

Were alone?"

If was but a lightning's flash, that look of irrepressible shock and dismay which erossed Dr. Molesworth's face at this intimation. But the coroner saw it as Mr. Cryce had seen it on a former important occasion, and he felt, as the detective had felt then, that it outweighed all the witness words, and his most plausible explanations.

"I took it for granted we were," he was aping the next moment in his most even tones. "If you have a witness to the contrary, let her be produced, she may assist me in remembering just what did pass between Miss Farley and myself."

It was a bold stroke and it mecceded. They had no witness and he soon saw, it,

and the color which had slightly left his line came back, and his bearing became almost disdainful.

The coroner, who was still following Mr. Cryce's suggestions, regarded him with anabated respect. "You said her," he smiled. "Why not him?" "Because no man would stoop"

"Hecause no man would stoop to liston."

The women in the crowd, and they were many, burst forth at this into anything but an inaudible murmur. But the coroner, with a smile and sally, averted the rising storm, and the examination continued. But not in the same line, for the coroner, who was now not only convinced that he had a man of doubtful trustworthiness before him, but also of no common intelligence and skill, foresaw that the interests of justice would be better advanced by a seeming acceptance of the witness' explanations and a consequent lulling of any fears he might entertain. He, therefore, while pursuing his inquiries closely and to the point, took care to do so in a way that left the doctor all his self-respect; a course which evidently met with Mr. Ciryce's approval, for he in technical near the spectacle case he held tightly in his hand.

It is therefore to be supposed he saw nothing worthy his attention in the doctor's answers in regard to his pursuit of the flying bride; nor could there have been any new fact clicited in regard to his final discovery of the same. Therefore, as Mr. Ciryce was a man upon whose judgment in such matters we can rely, we will pass over his portion of the exaxination, and come at once to the questions with which it closed. They were delicate in their nature, and were put with as much consideration as possible.

"Dr. Molesworth, during your acquaint-ance with Miss Farley, have you ever had reason to suppose she was receiving addresses from any other gentleman than your-self?"

It was an unexpected attack and the doc-

It was an unexpected attack and the doctor paused a moment before replying. Then he answered distinctly :

"Excuse my persistency, but the mystery of Miss Farley's action in this whole matter has not been made clear even with the explanations you have given us. I must therefore ask if you know of any other man-in whom Mr. Farley might have been in-

Miss Farley had given her heart to me. I never had reason to doubt her up to moment I found she had fled from me." "Were you in the habit of meeting her " No, sir. The one interview we had at the hotel is the only one which ever took place between us outside of Mrs. Olney's

" Yet your meetings there were frequent and according to all accounts in the pressnee of other persons,"

girl, sir. She knew my sentiments, and I waited for her response in perfect confidence. I should have blamed myself if I had attracted notice to our position by any undue display of my regard. "Then you cannot tell us what kept Miss Farley out oftentimes till 12 o'clock at

aight?"
"No; but I can suggest that it was han one patron living far up town."
"Do you know the names of her patrons?"

"None of them?" The dector's brows came together, "None," he repeated.

"One question more. Can you tell us where Miss Farley spent the last few days of her life ?" "I cannot; she did not tell me."

" Did you know she was going away on a er Yes, but I knew no more, I did not

ask her any particulars about the matter, and she volunteered none," " You can at least tell us fr the letter was post-marked which you re-

ceived the morning of her death."

"It was not post-marked at all. It came by the hands of a District-messenger."

"I can you give us the number of the boy?"

"I cannot; but he came from the C

Hotel; the lady was already there when

This closed the proceedings of the day, and Dr. Molesworth's testimony. Clear, precise and plausible had been his replies, and had it not been for a nameless something, hard to describe, he would have gained credit from the officers who conducted his examination, as well as from the either as regarded the wedding itself of the manner in which I proposed to have it conducted."

"Will you give us the details of that interview?"

"As nearly as I can, sir, It was such a cine as you would expect from a delicate-minded woman who had taken a very important step and was not quite sure how it would be received by her lover. At first she seemed only anxious to learn how I felt about the matter, and when I could not truthfully say she had chosen a very questions time for our auptials, she burst was owing in part to the fact that he had public who listened to it. As it was, Mr. ansploims time for our muptials, she burst into tears and then became so feverish and mecharent I saw she was not well, and at ence began to comfort her. She thereupon grew calmer and instenced with attention while I told her of the arrangements which had suggested themselves to me, not aking, as I have said, any objection to them either then or at any time before I loft."

partence of the watchful detective. This was owing in part to the fact that he had not allowed Mildred's picture to be reproduced in the gazettes. With the exception of a sketch taken of her as she lay in Mrs. Olney's parlor, and which bore the same resemblance to her that it did to many another woman of fine proportion and regular features, he had resisted any attempt at presenting her lineaments to the public. semblance to her that it did to many another woman of fine proportion and regular features, he had resisted any attempt at presenting her lineaments to the public. His reasons for this were wholly disinterested, hearing as she did, so close a likeness to Miss (iretorex, now Mrs. Cameron, that the difference between them could only

ness to Miss (iretorex, now Mrs. Cameron, that the difference between them could only be detected by the most careful eye, he hesitated out of pure consideration for her and the man whom he had once before made the victim of unnecessary suffering.

Besides, no good photograph of Mildred could be found, and Mr. Gryce was by far too honest a man to lend for any such use the portrait of Miss (iretorex, however satisfactory is might have been to those who would have been glad of a copy of Mildred's features on any terms.

features on any terms.

And so another week went by. Without an event. As Mr. Gryce was deliberating at his own house one morning, a stranger entered, in whose important air and courteous but mysterious manner he

"Are you the detective, Gryce?" this person asked.
"That is my name and calling," was the

ready answer,
"I have a line or two here which I will trouble you to read," said the gentleman handing him a note. It was from the superintendent of police,

"Listen to what the bearer of this has to say. He will undoubtedly interest you."

"May I inquire your name?" inquired

Mr. Gryce.

The stranger nodded and gave it. It was one well known in the Union League, and Mr. Gryce upon hearing it, looked with renewed interest at its owner whose face and form were of a masked elegance almost approaching to dandyism.

"Your business?" the detective now asked, laconically but not ungraciously. This young scien of one of New York's oldest families had never forfeited the respect of any one. Indeed he was very havorably known as a young man of great good nature and unquestionable honor.

The young gentleman posed himself—he was not above producing small effects—and then quietly remarked:

"There was an inquest held not long age over the remains of a young girl who died from poison. Mildred Farley was her

continued the young man; and one state-ment made by the gentleman who professed to know the most about the matter, was false,"

false."

"Ah! let us hear," returned Mr. Gryce,
"He said, if you remember, that he found
the young woman on a stoop on Twentysecond street, and that he lifted her up to
carry her to his phaeton, when a bottle fell
from her hand to the sidewalk and broke."
"I remember."

"As that bottle had hall polson and just the poison from which the young girl is known to have died, it is a matter of some importance I presume to know the exact truth about it."

importance I presume to know the exact truth about it."

"It certainly is, Mr. K——"

The young gentleman took another attitude, less graceful but more impressive than the first.

"I can tell you something about it," he affirmed; "I was there."

"There?"

"I had been—Well, it does not matter where, but in a place where I do not amoke and where I should consider it the height of ill manners to light a cigar till I had shut the street door behind me. I therefore prepared to do this in the vestibule, and it being rather a windy night, I had withdrawn into a corner behind the partly closed door when I heard the sound of wheels, and the next moment the slight but unmistakable noise of a small bottle shivering to pieces on the pavement before me. Not understanding the matter, I felt curious, and looking out beheld a doctor's phaeton just beyond the house going in the direction of Broadway. It had not stopped in passing, and no young woman had been lifted from the steps. For I had glanced down the moment before and they were entirely unoccupied. I stepped on some of the pieces of that broken phial as I went on my way, and I remember the smell that rose from them distinctly. It was that of bitter almonds."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to

was that of bitter almonds."

was that of bitter almonds."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," rejoined Mr. Gryce. "It is certainly an important piece of evidence. I will not ask why it was not given to us before."

"But I will tell you," responded the other frankly. "I am not much in the habit of mixing in police matters and I had a natural disinclination to put myself forward. So I let the affair go by. But conscience was too much for me at last. I took my information to the superintendent took my information to the superintendent of police, and he sent me here. That is the history of the matter."

"I accept it," was Mr. Gryce's response, and I only ask you to be as careful in the uture as in the past. Let these facts be considered as ours alone, sir."

"I would be very happy to do this, but unfortunately I was more ready to speak to my friends than I was to the officers of the my friends than I was to the officers of the law. Several members of my club know what I have just told you, and while this is to be regretted, perhaps it is also the real cause for my being here. For it was in my talk to them that I was led to see the harm which might come upon my silence. I will talk no more about it in the future, how-

And I will be much obliged," remarked

As soon as possible after he had dismissed his visitor, the detective went down to police headquarters. He had a talk with the superintendent, and that same day, at an hour when he knew he should find Dr. Molesworth at home, he went to see him with a writ of arrest in his pocket.

CHAPTER X.

JULIUS MOLESWORTH. A square, dull looking room with two dim win lows facing a high brick wall; a large table covered with phials, boxes of instruments, writing materials and a few books ; a black hair-cloth sofa and two chairs; a dingy carpet and a ceiling which has been unwhitened for years; at the table and confronting the only bright thing in the room, a hard coal fire, the stern, immovable figure of a man buried in the deepest thought. Such is Julius Molesworth's office, and such the appearance of Julius Molesworth himself on the afternoon of this,

his most momentous day.

Let us examine this dull interior a little closer. It is the reception-room, the home, the all of this sombre and inscrutable man. The folding bed drawn up against the further wall shows this. Yet within the further wall shows this. Yet within the space of its four bare walls not an article of beauty nor an object of taste is to be seen. He did not care for such, he had not the money to buy such if he had wished, and as for the mementos from grateful patients or the tokens of affection from admiring friends, chiefly ladies, which he sometimes received, he would thank the giver for them with cool but careful politicness, and then at the first opportunity toss them into the fire, where he would not even linger long enough to see would not even linger long enough to see them burn. He had no wish to preserve any token of woman's weakness about him. Woman's strength on the contrary arons his admiration. Among the books which none too closely filled the shelves of the old-fashioned book case at the opposite end of the room, was one, a Bible (the only volume in the collection). in the collection that was not purely medical in its character), which bore on its fly-leaf in firm, but strictly feminine writing, these lines:

"Live poor, go hungry, go cold, suffer any amount of privation and discomfort, but do not fail in what you undertake, nor be satisfied with anything less than the first

The book had been his mother's and those words had been written for him. He loved his mother though'he had never kissed her after his first youth was passed, and he made these words of hers the motto of his life. Had he mentally added anything to them from his own experience? Let us serutinize his face as the leaping fire-light serutinize his face as the leaping fire light breaks over it and see if we can determine. But first what is he brooding over? Such intentness and absorption argue the existence of some heavy subject on his mind. Though we know he has enough to think upon, though we are conscious of a protentous figure slowly approaching this house, whose errand, if known, would lift that bowed head in dismay, is it the death of Mildred Farley or its possible results on his own life, which enchains his present thoughts and gives to his brooding and powerful countenance that look of anxious wrestling with some hidden hope or fear? We will watch him for a moment, studying those features which some one said had not a regular line to recommend them—and see if his eyes turn at the faint creak of the door opening behind him, or if his lips break their firm line as the watchful gaze of one who looks nowhere lightly, falls on his abstracted face. At this first moment he is quiet, and the charm of his reverie is unbroken. We have time to note the heavy brow with its line of dark hair, the large but not unhandome nose, the smoothly shaven cheeks and the firm set mouth about whose corners no sweetness lurks; but we cannot see the eyes for they are partly closed, and it is in them that his power lies, so we have been told. Even now there is a glint beneath his eyelashes which moves us strangely if we are feminine and susceptible; a certain mysterious brightness that is not expressive of tenderness, nor even of genius, but which is controlling in its mature, and together with a well huit form that is at times capable of exercising great strength, gives to this scrutinize his face as the leaping fire-light breaks over it and see if we can determine.

otherwise personally ungitten orang an avtractiveness which many an Adonis might envy. Yet it is not an attractiveness that invites. Those who succumb to his influence do it unsought.

The fairest woman decked with all the

fluence do it unsought.

The fairest woman decked with all the graces that create enchantment about the female form, might hesitate long before intruding her beauty upon the sight of this man as he sits here lost in exacting thought. Though she foved film—though she longed with all her passionate spirit to touch with caressing hand the loose dark lock that falls somewhat careleasly over his forehead, she would ask herself if she dared, before she allowed her hand to steal to his brow or her lips to breathe his name. Alone, sufficient to himself, he battles against his evil angels or fights with his good ones, without assistance, comfort or diversion; his one desire to know his profession thoroughly, his one ambition to be recognized in it as the greatest physician of the age, the most learned and the most successful.

For this he had borne cold and hunger and poverty as his mother advised. For this he had been content with present insignificance, confident that the day would yet dawn when his fame amongst the respectable poor of the east side would spread to those precincts of wealth and intelligence where success is followed by power.

Indeed he was not sure but these this fortunate day was at hand. He had only recently been placed in charge of a case so peculiar and complicated, that success in the treatment could not fail to yield him the fame he so coveted. And success was going to be his; he felt it, he knew it. Though some of the most eminent physicians in the city had attempted a cure and failed, he had no hesitation in helieving that a certain remedy which he had discovered would reach this very case and produce results that would astonish the whole medical profession. To be sure it would require courage to prescribe it and an indomitable

results that would astonish the whole medical profession. To be sure it would require courage to prescribe it and an indomitable will to pursue the course of treatment which he felt to be necessary. But there was no lack of these qualities in his nature; while his zeal was so great that he felt that nothing could daunt him, and nobody stand in his way. The opportunity of his life was before him, and he felt bound to improve it. before him, and he felt bound to improve it. Was he meditating upon this case and determining just what his course of treatment should be, as he sat there before the fire? His gradually lightening brow seemed to say yes, and the startling fervor with which he suddenly broke the spell which bound him and arose, told of a secret found rather than of a secret buried.

than of a secret buried. "Yes, it is—," he cried, "in small but oft repeated doses. I would willingly stake my lite upon it." And raising his head, he suddenly discerned in the looking-glass which hung opposite him over the mantelpiece, a face turned towards him from the open door, which the suddenly discerned towards him from the open door, which though quiet and com-posed in every feature, had yet that some-thing in it which tells the observer, that expected or unexpected, his hour has come and the hopes which he has cherished are vainer than the vainest show.

He saw this face, I say, but he did not at once turn. He had a shock to get over, a course to be resolved upon. When he did "Do I?" her look seemed "Do I?" her look seemed to be resolved upon. turn, it was with courtesy and a slight show of surprise. "Excuse me," said he, "I do not receive patients at this hour."

"I am not a patient," returned Gryce. The doctor gazed slowly around his room. He did not love it, but it held his all, and there was not an object within it but spoke to his soul of some cherished ambition, or change now as he watched her color come

will answer with you. I am an officer

took up a paper lying there. There were a few words written on it, and he read them before he gave the detective a slight bow. The windows. She was looking at herself, and "I am charged with placing you in custody," continued the detective. "But if there is anything you wish to do—"
"I would like a half-hour," the doctor responded, firmly. "I have a case—" his voice broke. "Don't interrupt me," he

said, laying down the paper he held. "I have some memoranda to make. They are important; a matter of life or death to one

poor woman."
"Write," said the detective, "I am no gabbler." And Dr. Molesworth wrote, calmly, thoughtfully, with entire absorption in his subject, or so it seemed to the eye who saw all, though it dwelt on a phial marked poison that stood on the doctor's table. When, the last word written, the physician turned, and handing him the

and handing him the paper said:
"It will probably prove unintelligible to
you, but it can be easily read by any physician. Keep it till I ask you for it."

Then he turned to his table and wrote
three or four letters, all of which he handed over to the other for inspection. When all this was done, he rose, and confronting the detective, observed :

" Now I am ready to go with you. You have arrested me on a suspicion of murder; for this you must have had good reasons, better reasons than appeared at the inquest. I will not question them, I will only say that your evidence against me is circum-I will not question them, I will only say that your evidence against me is circumstantial, must be, since I did not do this deed; you are doing me a great injustice by this action, and my patients an irreparable harm. I will only ask one favor in return deed; you are doing me a great injustice by this action, and my patients an irreparable harm. I will only ask one favor in return for the possible wrong you may do me. This is the privilege of a short interview with a person I am willing to name, and whom I only desire to see in your presence, and if you wish, in your hearing."

"And may I inquire who this person is?" returned Mr. Gryce.

"A physician and a friend of mine:

"A physician and a friend of mine; Dr. Walter Cameron, of No. — Fifth

avenue."

No name could have awakened a greater surprise in Mr. Gryce's mind. The two doctors were practitioners in the same school, and Dr. Cameron had owned to an acquaintance with Molesworth. Yet he was the last person Mr. Gryce expected to hear mentioned in this connection.

"But Dr. Cameron is out of town; he has gone with his bride to Washington, and I do not think he has yet returned."

A shadow passed over the other's stern face.

face.

"I must see him nevertheless," he insisted. "You have not yet shown me your warrant. Consider me as a man under your surveillance merely, and go with me to Washington. You will not regret it. You are following the commands of a superior; let me see him."

"You shall, but do you object to telling me what you want of Dr. Cameron?"

"I could not make you understand, but did you ever have any great ambition?"

me what you want of Dr. Cameron?"

"I could not make you understand, but—did you ever have any great ambition?"

Mr. Gryce smiled.

"Your may talk to me as if I had had," he rejoined.

"Listen then. I am on the verge of attaining mine. I have a case, peculiar, striking in its complications, known to all the profession. It has hitherto baffled the shill of every man who has attempted to handle ft; ever Dr.—'s interest was aroused and he gave it his best attention, to no avail, and now I, I know that I have found the requisite remedy, discovered the recessary course of treatment. You will find it all on that paper. And with this prospect before me, this certainty I may say, you sak me what I want of Dr. Cameron."

"I think I understand," mid Mr. Gryce; "that I want to know just what ground I may be proved the first small light, all joy, "Are you sure you like me better so? Will you not regret my brown locks after the first surprise is gone by?"

[To be continued.]

Well, then, if I must lose my liberty, this poor woman must not lose her life nor ecience the prospect of a valuable discovery. Though I should have preferred to make my own experiments, I shall be at comparative ease if I can get some one upon whose judgment I can thoroughly rely to make them for me. But where is the man I can trust? I can think of but one, Dr. Cameron. To him, then. I wish to consign the case

To him, then, I wish to consign the case and immediately. Is there any hope of my wishes being complied with?"

Mr. Gryce closed the pen-knife, whose sharp blade he had been considering through this long speech, and silently raised his head.

"Are the suspicions against me too strong for the display of indulgence?" persisted the "We will go to the superintendent," de-

cided Mr. Gryce.

Dr. Molesworth bowed his thanks. As they turned to quit the room he touched the detective on the shoulder. "Are you at liberty to tell me upon what evidence I have been arrested?"

Mr. Gryce's mouth grew stern.
"That is the province of the district attorney. I am an arm of the law, and not

the mouth."

Dr. Molesworth said no more.

A carriage was at the door and they rode to police headquarters. In half an hour they emerged, and told the driver to take them to Jersey City.

The journey to Washington was decided.

As Mr. Gryce was buying the tickets, Dr. Molesworth whispered in his ear:

"One thing is requisite. We must surprise the doctor in his room. Promise me you will take him unawares—as you did me."
"We will surprise him," the detective replied, "I have no wish to do anything else."

Did he anticipate making any discoveries in Washington?

CHAPTER XL

AT THE HOTEL IN WASHINGTON. There are dark pictures and there are bright ones. From the doctor's dull office let us pass to asunny room in Washington, Dr. Cameron sits gazing with tender eyes upon his bride as she toys with a card of invita tion which has just been handed in. "You will have to answer it," she averred, closing the fingers of her right hand with a look of pain; "my rheumatism

"And what shall that answer be?" he inquired; "yes or no?" For a moment she looked thoughtful; then she smiled. "You enjoy these gayeties, she remarked

" let us make the most of them." "And do not you enjoy them too?"
She sighed, 'rew herself up proudly and "I enjoy being with you anywhere, even

He knew she did; he knew that he had a loving wife. coming out from under the shadow. You

"Do I?" her look seemed to say. And moved by that look as he never expected to be by that of any woman, he arose and drew her down by his side, where he could con-template her beauty to his heart's content, For Genevieve Cameron was beautiful, far beyond what Genevieve Gretorex had ever promised to be. He was thinking of this secret all absorbing wish.

"But you have some business? I recollect your face, but I cannot place you."

"My face is of no account, my business is. Dr. Molesworth, you are a physician of an unrelenting school: the fewest words and unrelenting school: the fewest words." an unrelenting school; the fewest words lounge, worn out with the fatigue of their the weird reflection of her countenance stared wildly out upon him as her voice rose

almost to a shriek, crying:
"Light, give me more light."
Astonished and yet more troubled, he rushed to the windows and hastily raised the shades. A low cry from his wife drew him back to her side.

" Look at me !" she exclaimed, with her two hands clasped over her face and her fingers buried deep in her hair.
"What is it?" he asked, and then gave utterance to an exclamation himself, for the head thus bowed in seeming shame before him was as white as snow, white as a wo man of ninety, whereas on yesterday it had

been a glorious brown.
The exclamation made her drop her hands and for a moment they stood looking wildly upon each other; then he said: "Genevieve, you have had a terrible sor-

row or some terrible pain, to produce such an effect as this. Speak, for I long to com-fort you, whether it is grief or some fearful unknown complaint.' "O. I have suffered," she cried, "suffered fearfully. I never thought to get through these last few hours alive, but—" Her

hand pointed towards the New York paper which he held in his hand. "The Herald!" she cried, let me see it, the notice of our marriage should be there.'

sank into a chair questioning within him-self as to what was to be his fate. The sweetest of sounds aroused him. Genevieve "Do I act wildly?" she murmured, her

eyes gleaning with a natural light that yet looked very brilliant in contrast to the snowy locks which framed them on either side. "I think it is because my heart is so satisfied while my body is so racked with pain. But even this is better to-day; my head is all that troubles me now." And she cast her eyes down when she again became conscious of her white locks.

"Good God!" she murmured below her
breath, "how shall I account for these." Stooping, he took up a tress of this lightly flowing hair and softly kissed it. "You will not need to account for them," said he,

"their beauty is their best excuse; "and he led her before the mirror. She almost started at the transforma She almost started at the transformation she beheld. From being a woman of simply fine appearance and noble air, she had leaped as it were into magnificent beauty; the fair skin, the dark eyes, the white hair forming a combination that could never be passed again in street or parlor without leaving an impression behind of marvellous loveliness. He smiled over her shoulder and in one breath both said:

"My own mother would not be a made in the said in the sai

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

SEEDS, SEEDS. SEEDS, SEEDS. SEEDS, SEEDS. at HIGINBOTHAM'S.

### City Harness Shop, Lindsay.

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Having extended my business, the last move being to purchase from MR. JAMES LOT and his entire stock and the good will of his business, who now retires, I am prepared to give all my objectsomers, and as many new ones as favors me with their patronage, satisfaction in all orders with which I mad be entrusted.

My Stock of Harness, Collars, Whips, Trunks and Valises s large, well selected, guaranteed, and cheaper than any place in town. Hand made collars a specialty. Remember that all my work is finished by experienced workman, none other employed. This is money well nvested. All I ask is an inspection of my stock and you will be convinced that it is the largest to choose rom, best workmanship, and prices really cheaper than any place in town. My expenses being lower, therefore I give my customers the benefit. Gentleman, place in your orders at once and don't miss this opportunity. Repairing promptly done. Don't forget the place. Give me a call.

JAMES LITTLE.

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#### S. J. PETTY'S Stock will answer with you. I am an officer armed with a warrant, and I have come to arrest you as the suspected murderer of Mildred Farley." The doctor, who had been standing with his back to the table, turned slightly and his back to the table, turned slightly and some trouble which he thought her still resting. But just as he was about to approach on tip-toe to the lounge where he had left her, he heard a low and smothered exclamation at his side, and before purchasing. We are now showing the largest stock we have

ever carried. Whereas the goods are better and more choice than ever, the prices are away down.

See our new Band Rings,

See our Wedding Rings, with our guarantee on every Ring. Newest Goods in Ear-rings Brooches, Bracelets

See the new SHAKESPEARE BRACELET in Silver, latest out. As usual, we carry all lines in AMERICAN WATCHES, in gold and silver cases. A full line of Ear-rings and Brooches suitable for MOURNING. Call and see and be convinced of the above assertions.

S. J. PETTY, the Jeweler. Next the Daly House, Kent street, Lindsay.

April 16th, 1890.

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