After this soliloquy, Baudoin sat down at his table, took his pen and calmly began to

Write again.
Joseph Rabios and Henri Cordier waited ill all the servants had gone to their rooms. When no sound was any longer to be heard in the mansion they crept into the dead man's study and carefully bolted the two

doors, letting the heavy tapestries fall over them as an additional precaution.

Armed with the famous keys, Rabiot walked toward the safe. The secretary lighted his way. The first thing was to also a the three hours in their respective. place the three keys in their respective locks. This task was neither difficult nor long, but when it came to turning the keye they resisted all their efforts. Evidently, there was a secret spring to be loosed by means of one of these numerous wo etters fixed upon the the three revolving

In the dial was a little grove, a radius

"I see the mechanism," resumed Rabiot; "It is now March; let us try March."
He brought the letter M into the groot from the largest circle, the letter A from the third circle, the letter R he had to take also from the first circle, the letter C from

Having his combination, he tried to tur the keys, but, as before, they resisted. Twenty times in succession Rabiot re-

nd always meeting the same failure. He was as red as a boiled lobster and out of breath, and the sweat ran down his brow and over his cheeks. At each new disap pointment he groaned, gnashed his teeth

What day did my cousin get sick ?" he saked the secretary. Thursday, the eighth of March." "I can do no more, but yet I will. Let us try the figure H."

He brought the five letters into place, but

the keys turned no more than before. Thursday now, Thursday !" he said in a choking voice.
He composed the word. Still no result.

This time he attered a dreadful oath. He felt himself conquered.
Nevertheless he could not keep his eyes off the dial

Mechanically, without even seeing them, he slipped six letters into the groove, and when he had read the word that he had thus formed, he gave a leap backwards, his big, open eyes remaining fixed on the dial. The secretary bent over and read also.

Oh " said he, with a start. The word was Robber! Rabiot promptly recovered, however, and dry, nervous laugh snapped from between

"Who knows?" continued he ; "perhaps His hand tried the first key and then the others, but they remained in the same posi-

Rabiot took them out in a rage, placing them in his pocket, put back the letters in their places, thus obliterating the word that he had just thrown into his own face, and

'I am stiff in my joints and am covered with bruises," said he, grunting. "Let's go to had. Cordier." " Especially as the time has passed

quickly; it is 2 o'clock in the morning."
"Oh, the word, the word! I am sure that Fascal of a Clement knows it."

" How can we exact it from him?" "It would be difficult." "The wretch. Well, we shall see." oseph Rabiot left the study, first casting

a threatening glance at the safe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RAVEYS. At So'clock in the morning Joseph Rabiot was up. Neither his discomfiture of the night before nor the vicinity of the dead had prevented him from sleeping soundly. as astonished that the secretary had not come down.

A servant brought him numerous eards on a silver gill tray. He glanced at one of them and said :

" All right! " Has monsiour considered the mestion of sending letters of invitation to the funeral and letters announcing the death ?" asked the servant.

"Were they not ordered yesterday?" " Yes sir, and they are here." "I do not know at all to whom to send them. I am not acquainted with my cousin's riends."

without delay. Let M. Cordier be in-formed that I am waiting for him." The servant retired, and a moment later the secretary appeared.

"Well, well?" exclaimed the heir; "you are not very early, my dear sir," There is a reason for it, Monsieur Rabiot; it was already daylight when I at last succeeded in getting asleep. The deuce. Were you, then, very much

agitated through the night?" Yes; all sorts of ideas and thoughts were running through my head. I re-

"For what?"
"Well, the word."

" The word " " Yes, the word of the dial, which we could not find.

" I believe I have found it." Rabiot's fuce lit up.

You believe, "exclaimed he; " but we must be sure, Monsieur Cordier.

"Of course, Monsieur, we shall have to " But what was it that told you?"

"We were in M. Joramie's room when be breathed his last." Yes, we were there," " Do you remember that the valet, who had gone out for a moment, came back to

his master's side ?" "M. Joramie made a movement, and his eyes, already voiled by death, rested fixedly

And then M. Joramie atter this word :

Joseph Rabiot straightened up as though there were a spring inside of him It is true, it is true !" he cried. " Why did I not understand, divine his thought? Cordier, I believe that you have found the

" I recall the incident, Monsieur Rabiot. and in picturing to myself the thing as it happened and asking myself what M. Joramie meant, it occurred to me that, having entrusted the keys of his safe to Clement Boudein, he was reminded him before dying of the word necessary to open it."
"Your reasoning was admirable, Cordier; you shall be well paid for this."

The secretary bowed. Joseph Rabios

continued:

"We will immediately test your discovery. But, now I think of it, we do not know how to spell the word."

"It is a great step to have found it, providing it be the right one; let us see...
There is Claire, a woman's name; clair without an e, meaning the opposite of obscurity; and clere, c,i,e,r,c, meaning clerk; M. Joramie began as a clerk in a notary's office. Those three, if I am not mistaken, are the only wave of writing the word."

The started for the door of the drawing-room, when suddenly a loud, coarse voice

Rabiot telegraphed us to come immediately, here we are; where is our dear Cousin Rabiot?"

The person named stood motionless, as if nailed to the floor; he made such a wry face that the secretary could not help laughing.
"They are here already," growled Rabiot;
"They did not lose a minute. If I had known I would not have been in such a

"And so do I," said Parizot.

"I have no objection."
"I think," continued the farmer's wife,

that there is no necessity to divide the furniture. It is much too magnificent for

us simple people—I refer to myself and husband."

whole," replied Rabiot, eagerly, "and out of my share of the cash, I will pay each of you for your share of the furniture."

Madame Parizot remained silent a mo-

Madame Parizot remained silent a mo-ment; then, shaking her head, she said in

cousin's wife and approve of what she

The farmer's wife continued:
"I absolutely insist, absolutely, that

there shall be a sale, a public sale, at auc-

"So you wish to scatter the furniture of

our cousin, who leaves us millions?" cried

Rabiot, turning pale; "what will people say of us? Such a scandal!"

"But, cousin, it happens every day."
"Every day," echoed Flourel, "in Paris

shall notbe scattered."

Joseph Rabiot could no longer hide his

ill-humor. So, to avoid displaying his anger, which would have had bad effect, he left the room.

time," said he, rising. "I have various things to attend to, among others the send-

ing off of the letters announcing the death; I leave you to talk together."

He went out looking askance at the farm-

"Well, I am rid of them for a little

while," he murmured.

And he went straight to M. Jeramie's

study, where the secretary was waiting for him, meanwhile rapidly writing names and

addresses on large mourning envelopes.

The doors locked, the two accomplices,

without loss of time, resumed the attack on

The word Clair quickly formed, Rabiot put the first key in the lock, but could not

make it turn.

"Add the letter e," said Henry Cordier.

The letter e was made to join the letter r.

At last the key turned, and a slight creak-

ing was heard within the iron door.
"It is the word," stammered the secre-

tary, breathless with excitement.
Rabiot held the second key, but his hand

" Make haste," said Cordier." I just

The key finally entered and made a half

But Joseph Rabiot had not time to take it

from his pocket. The noise of the doors opening suddenly and the sound of numer-

ous steps were heard, while from several di-

"You here," said the secretary, no less

frightened than his accomplice. "Your relatives are calling you, and looking for you; they must not find you here. Quick,

And while Rabiot tremblingly obeyed, the secretary, keeping his presence of mind

better, moved the circles of the dial and put

each letter back in its place. Rabiot precipitately left the study, and, red and out

of breath, started for the principal drawing-room, where he found himself in the pres-

vanced toward the heir and said to him :

"I am the justice of the peace," monsieur.

"The justice of the peace," stammered

"I have come to seal the dead man's

effects according to the law," concluded the

The stupefied Rabiot, rolling his big be-wildered eyes, took three steps backward.

CHAPTER V.

THE SEALS

There was a moment of silence, during

which the two consins and their female

relatives came in. Their appearance had the effect of restoring Rabiot's self-posses-

"I beg your pardon," said he to the jus-

" I know that the law requires such pre-

cautions in certain cases when the heirs

are absent or when one or more interested

" Be it so, sir, but in the present case,

civil justice needs no representative Here are M. Fourel and M. Parizot, my two

cousins. We are the only relatives of M. Joramie, and consequently his sole heirs.

"We are very sure of it," said Parizot.

"Absolutely certain," Fourel asserted more positively.

"Is there a will showing you to be the sole heirs of the deceased?" asked the justice

We are certain that our consin made no

parties send for the magistrate.'

"but i do not see any necessity of

rections voices called out:
"Cousin Rabiot." "Cousin Rabiot!"

creaking like the first.

He stood up, frightened.

quick, take out the keys.

its office.

magistrate.

affixing seals here."

ignorant of it."

"That's the idea," affirmed Fourel,

"We will estimate the value

hurry to notify them."

He had scarcely said these words when the door opened, and two men and two women bustled into the room. "Ah! there he is, there he is, our dear

Both together the women fell on Rabiot's neck, and he was unable to repel them, each of his hands being held like a vice by his

The two consins were flanked-Parizot, by his wife, and Fourel by his daughter, who had long been an old maid. The farmer wore a grey felt hat on his head, iron-tipped boots on his feet, and over is overcoat of heavy maroon cloth, a

blouse of glossy blue linen.

The farmer's wife had brought out of the clothes press for the occasion, a black gar-ment which she had had made some dozen years before to wear as mourning for her

The cooper was rather more decently dressed than his consin-black pantaloons and waistcoat and a scanty frock coat, whose wrinkles and rumpled cloth showed

Mademoiselle Anastasia Fourel, tall and slim, with pale, thin lips, pointed nose, clear and pieroing eyes, and angular throughout her person, had exactly the air and aspect of a religious ascetic. Under the queer head-dress, which fitted every part of her head and covered her forehead. it was impossible to see a hair. In her close out, frock-shaped dress she looked like a

out, frock-snaped dress she looked like a pole rigged up as a scarecrow.

The two couples came together, having met unexpectedly in the Oricans Station, which they explained to Rabiot, who seemed surprised to see them all.

"Ah! indeed," said Rabiot; "you must as elsewhere. as elsewhere."

"After all," continued Madam Parizot, with a cunning smile upon her lips, "Cousin Rabiot, who spoke a moment ago of his intention, will not be deprived of the right to buy at the sale, and if he buys the whole he will have full and complete satisfaction; the beautiful furniture of Cousin Joramie shall not he contracted."

need refreshments; something to eat shall be served immediately."

He was looking for a way to getrid of

"Oh! really no," answered Barizot,
"my wife and I ate heartily on the way."
"Cousin," chimed in Anastasia, "this
is my second visit to Paris, and the first to this magnificent mansion. Show it to us, then; I am in a hurry to see and admire all the beautiful things, and all the wealth it

"Come, cousin," said the cooper, "the women are curious; we must satisfy them." They thought no more of M. Joramie than if he had been in the ground a hundred years.

Rabiot was captured and had to submit.

"Well, come," he answered, seeing that
the two women were fully determined not

We will not describe in detail the ridiculous, grotesque, distressing, sickening scenes that succeeded one another for a long hour.

Imagine greedy heirs, infatuated by their joy, disputing about this and that, and oating over the possessions of a dead man like hungry ravens over the body of a dead "Oh! what superb furniture!" the women said; it must have cost the very

eyes in his head—gold, gold everywhere; all this is silk; real lace; and this velvet is as thick as your hand. I never saw anything like it!"

When Madame Parizot opens a closet or a drawer, Madamoiselle Anastasia watched the lock. her, fearing that she might put some valuable article in her pocket. And when she in turn opened any piece of furniture, the farmer's wife had her hand at her shoulder. It was to see, she said : yes, to see whether her relative filched anything.
Such was the degree of confidence that
these good relatives placed in each other.
In the linen room the two women went

into costacies, just a moment before all had been lost in astonishment in the presence of gold and silver plate.

"There is linen for you, fine and rich!" oried the farmer's wife.

"Just touch that, consin: it is as soft as silk. Decidedly, our cousin's wife I do not know the dear defunct was a serious woman, an orderly woman. She must have done the buying. Count, if you will: I bet there are a hundred pair of sheets, a gross of napkins, sixty table clothes." Ine remarks, observations, comments,

fairly rained. There is nothing in the Orleans Cathedral that can be compared to what I see here, or even in the house of Monseigneur the bishop," whispered the devotee.

Once they had to pass before the door of

the death-chamber. " Cousin Rabiot, why do you not take us in there ?" asked Fourel. "The corpse is in there; but if you insist upon it-"

The provincials walked away as fast as possible, Mademoiselle Anastasia crossing herself and mumbling the first two verses of the De Profundis.

Rabiot could not avoid taking them into M. Joramie's cabinet. Like himself the night before, his counsel wanted to look everywhere. "Well, cousin," said Parizot, pointing to the safe, "that is where the bonds and gold

and silver are, I suppose." "I suppose the "Well," continued the peasant, looking steadily at Radiot, "have you not taken a little look at that."

"The thought has not even occurred to me. In the first place, you not being here, I had no right to touch anything, since we are heirs by the same title."

are heirs by the same title."
"That is well said, Consin Rabiot; but now that we are all three here it will be all

right for us to open the safe."
"No; and I will not do it," replied Rabiot hypocritically: we are the heirs, it is true, but we have not been put in posses-sion of the estate. We cannot and ought not to do anything except in the presence

"I believe that cousin is right," ventured Fourel: "there must be a notary, and an inventory, and the production of our proofs, establishing that we are the heirs and a multitude of other things beside."

These words convinced Parizot, who in-"On the whole, consin," asked Fourel, at what figure do you estimate the estate?"
"Faith, I do not know; no one has

thoroughly acquainted me with our poor consin's affairs." "He was said to be immensely rich."

"He was said to be immensely rich."

"Certainly, he was very rich."

"Everything that we have just seen proves it," said Mademoiselle Anastasia.

"Well, Cousin Rabiot," resumed Parizot,

in your opinion, how much does he leave?"

"Ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty million."

"Enough, cousin, enough," screamed the farmer's wife; " say no more, or you will send me into a swoon."

She had, indeed, grown very pale, and trembled in every limb. Her emotion was violent.

will," answered Rabiet.

"That seems to be difficult to prove as yet, but it is possible, and that is an additional reason why I should obey the law.

We will proceed, then, at once to seal the dead man's drawers, safes and private "But, Monsieur Justics—"
"It is the law, sir," replied the magistrate, gravely and in a dry tone, "and it is by the law I am entrusted with the commission which I am about to execute here."

Jesseh Rahint hant his hand.

of the peace.

At whose request will the seals be removed, Monsieur Justice?" he asked,

**We have just seen very beautiful things, said she; there is nothing but wealth here. We will each take our share, if that humbly.

"And yours, perhaps, sir."

"And how long a time must elapse before the removal can take place." pleases you, of a portion of the linen, say "I cannot tell you; that will depend my epinion that we had better not divide it.'

Joseph Rabiot smiled graciously. several circumstances; we shall see."
"But we cannot stay in Paris indefinitely,"

"For my part, I want one of my cousin's grumbled Parisot.
"That is true," insisted Fourel; "I have my house, my business, my work to look "Each will get his watch, will he not Cousin Rabiot?"

peace, "nothing compels you to stay in Paris; you can return to your homes per-fectly well, and come back when you are

Consternation.
Clement Baudoin, M. Jorame's faithful old servant, watched the scene with a cunning smile upon his lips.

The justice of the peace gave a signal to

the three men who accompanied him, and immediately the operation began. The work, done conscientiously, did not last less than two hours. The doors of all the rooms which it was

stiff tones:

"Cousin, we good people from the country are not capable of estimating the value of all the things here. You will find it a good plan, dear cousin, for us to employ not absolutely necessary to enter were sealed, as well as the magnificent art experts."
"Oh! if we put ourselves into the hands In the other rooms, to every piece of furof business men we shall not get out again except at the cost of a good, round niture having doors or drawers the great seal of red wax was affixed. This done, the justice of the peace left one of his men as the guardian of the seals, a title which means with which to pay them," rejoined Fourel. "For my part I agree with was likewise conferred upon Clement

Joseph Rabiot was really much taken down. He was no longer so arrogaut and no longer assumed the air of a master. "It is this cursed servant who has played us one of his tricks," thought he. Then he went back into M. Joramie's study to cast a glance at the safe. Three red seals her-

metically closed the key holes.

Seals having been fixed to the doors of the room formerly belonging to Madame Joramie, Joseph Rabiot, as well as his cousin, had to content himself with a room on the upper floor, adjoining those of the servants.

He could have gone to his own house, but he was determined to remain where he was. It seemed to him that, if he passed a night outside of the mansion, he should never get back into it.

Two days later the funeral of the cele-brated banker was conducted with great pomp.

More than three thousand persons fol lowed the funeral car, drawn by six mag-

nificently harnessed and caparisoned horses.

The three causine led the mourners. Behind them Mme Parizot and Mlle. Anastasia wept like Magdalens, and with so much effusion that it was difficult to believe their tears insincere. Then came the servants of the deceased.

all in deep mourning.
Out of all the mourners only the Count de Soleure accompanied M. Joramie's coffin to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. It was not M. Joseph Rabiot, the appa-rent heir, who had ordered the magnificent funeral. Clement Baudoin had attended to

Rabiot was astonished to see the valet act with an authority which was a bold encroachment on the rights which he believed

to be his own.
"Will you tell me who authorizes you to do all this?" he asked the old servant. "I am executing my master's orders," answered Clement, coldly.
"What do you mean?" " I say, and I repeat, I am executing the

orders given me by my master before his And taking the paper from his pocket, the servant added, "there are M. Joramie's trembled so that he could not insert it is instructions concerning his funeral, written with his own hand."

"And where do you get all the that you are spending?" heard the noise of a carriage in the courtyard, steps in the vestibule; we shall be " My master left with me, for this purpose, 15,000 francs; also 50,000 to be dis-tributed among the poor families of the turn, which was followed by a second slight neighborhood. I have deposited the 50,000 francs in the safe at the mayor's office, and Now it was for the third key to perform hold a receipt for it. As for the 15,000 for the funeral, in as much as I probably shall not spend it all. I shall account for the

Joseph Rabiot had nothing more to say. Consequently he kept his mouth shut. But he was not content. The 50,000 francs given to the poor tormented him. If M. oramie had shown such liberality, he could not have forgotten the servants, several of whom had been with him for

years. And the disturbing idea that M. Joramie had made a will came back to him with the implacability of a judicial condemna-

For, indeed, however good the secretary's eyes, he could not have seen everything.
M. Joramic might have succeeded in battling the active watchfulness of Henry Cordier. It was clear moreover - and many things

"This is Monsieur Joseph Rabiot," said Clement, who was with these three gentlesttested it-that M. Joramie had not too nuch confidence in his secretary. In fact, if Henry Cordier had been a man Then one of these men, wearing a white cravat and a frock coat buttoned up, ado M. Joramie's liking he and not the valet would have been entrusted with the obse puies and the gifts to the poor. It is certain, said Rabiot to himself, that

here is something behind all this. After reflection, he continued. " If there is a will why do they not pro duce it? Where is the notary? We are here and they let us stay here. If we are not heirs, why do they not say to us, what are you doing in this house? You are intruders; we do not know you; get out! Faith, I understand nothing of it, nothing,

nothing, nothing, but I scent some mystery.
"Now, if there is a will—and that there is one everything leads me to expect—i must have written it himself; then it locked up in the safe. I have it ! yes—there is a will, and it is in the safe.
and nobody knows it, nobody. Ah! if I
had not began to tremble like an idiot I should have opened the safe—I had time enough. And now the will would either

be in my pocket or burned up.
"But," continued he, "I am allowed to "It is the law; you certainly are not stay here. I do, then, count for something." Rabiot's cousins, not wishing to leave him | years in the house alone, had decide their stay in Paris, though it should last month. Not sharing his fears, their to "Or when the magistrate acts by his own authority, as it is his right and often even

quility was perfect. They passed the time morrow! best, sleeping, walking, and the great dry goods stores, where they bought nothing, but fixed their choice in advance upon the beautiful things which they would purchase with the first millions of the estate upon which they could lay hands.

As you see, sir; there is no use in affixing seals, involving expenses which it is well to avoid when possible."

"So far, sir," replied the magistrate, "there is nothing to prove that you and your two cousins are the sole relatives and heirs of M. Joramie." funeral, Joseph Rabiot decided to go to a lawyer to ask his advice. Natu gan by acquainting him with the situation.
"My dear client," replied the notary when her, to make her happy. And we built (in he had finished, " what you tell very singular and like you, I do not under-

One day, the sixth after M.

"Do you believe that there is a will?"
"I should not be at all surprised" ould not undertake to say postuvery.
"Well, what ought I do? What do you

advise?"
The lawyer remained silent a moment, "Do you know M. Joraime's lawyer?"h "Only by name."
"What is his name?"

"I know him; he is a man of perfect honor and profound knowledge. M. Simeon's office is, perhaps, the best in Paris. Well, my dear client, I advise you first, before taking any other step, to see

Leaving his own lawyer, Rabiot went to M. Joramie's.

M. Simeon invited the cousin to be seated and let him talk as long as he desired without interrupting him, listening with the

When Rabiot had reached the end of his story, M. Simeon said to him: "My dear sir, to-day is Friday, the 26th of March; on Monday next, the 29th, in the morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, the seals will be removed; immediately afterward the inventory will be proceeded with, which will probably last through the week; I will add probably last through the week; I will add that I am the lawyer appointed for this pur-pose. I have nothing else to say to you. Monday, my dear sir; Monday. And with exquisite politeness the great lawyer dismissed Joseph Rabiot.

That very evening the latter informed his cousins that the seals would be removed the following Monday. It is useless to add heirs awaited Monday with extreme impatience.

CHAPTER VL

The Count de Soleure was dining with friends at home, when the telegram came telling of Mr. Joramie's death. Tears came into his eyes. He had lost a friend.
"Poor Joramie!" he murmured, shaking his head sadly; "the same woman cruelly struck us botch, wounding him most cruelly, and now he is dead."

His guests departed shortly afterwards, expressing sympathy with the Count.

Before going to his room the Count said to Ambroise Mourillon, who had passed the winter at the Count's house, "My dear Mourillon, may I ask you not to go out to-morrow morning? I want your time my-

"I am entirely at your disposition,

"Thank you! In entrusting to me his last message-a letter of which I have you-M. Joramie gave me to inderstand that it referred to certain work to be done and I may need you on this

"My life is yours, Count; I should be very happy if I could yet do something to

help you."
"Well, my dear Mourillon, to-morrow norning we will read M. Joramie's letter together. Then we shall know what is asked of me. Whatever it may be, I shall conform to the last wishes of my poor friend. The confidence of a dead man is not to be betrayed."

The next morning, at nine o'clock, Monrillon entered the study of the count, who was already seated at his desk. He took from a drawer the mysterious package, its large seal unbroken, and made a sign to Mourillon to take a chair.
"I preferred," explained the Count, "not

to break the seal until you were present. We will read it together." The Count tore open the envelope and unfolded the manuscript which, beginning with these words, Monsieur Count, was put in the form of a letter.

M. de Soleure read : "MONSIEUR COUNT: It is to my friend and still more to the man of pre-eminently kind heart who has suffered much, that I send this last letter:

"You have suffered, my friend; for

years you wept over a child which you had ost, which had been taken from you : but you found your child ; God dried your tears. "I too have a child, a lost child some-where on earth; I have looked for it, looked long, looked everywhere; but alas! less fortunate than you, I have not found it. "It is a sad story that I am about to tell

you, Count-a confession. 'I was born at Beaugency, where my father, an exciseman had married. I was but 8 years old when my mother died. My father was then living at Nevers. Thanks my father was on good terms, and perhaps a little also to my own intelligence and capacities, I entered the Nevers grammarschool, where I studied long enough to take

the degree of bachelor of letters. "My father, who had then been appointed collector, had been living for two years in the little town of Bourgneuf. As I had little fancy for becoming one of that class of officials, maliciously called cellarrats, my father, unable to maintain me long in idleness, sent me to the only lawyer in

the town as a junior clerk.

"In time-five years-I had succeeded in earning enough to support myself-a thousand francs a year. A thousand francs, to be sure, at that time, was worth double what it is to-day. So my situation, com paratively speaking, was a good one.

" It was time that I got into a position where I should not have to rely on my father, for a short time afterward he died as poor as he had always lived-a chronic vernment small office-holder. My employer had the heart to reward labor and services, and I acquired the

wledge necessary to fill the place of head One day I met, in one of the streets of the town, a young girl, whose beauty, modest air and look of exquisite gentleness,

captivated me.
"Not being acquainted with the girl, for I then saw her for the first time, I wished to know who she was. I inquired, and found my beautiful young girl was named Claire Guerin, and that she lived with her parents in the little village of Bourgvoisin. a little over a mile from the town, where she came every day to work as seamstress. "Thenceforth I thought of nothing but Miss Claire and I sought some means of beeing her again, which was easy, since I

had only to loiter in her road, in the morning when she came to town and in the evening when she returned to the village.
Thus I saw her several times, and one evening I spoke to her. She had noticed me before, and I divined her feelings in the blush which suddenly colored her cheeks and brow. She listened to me very much

agitated and trembled a little, but with no anger, trying to smile. "What did I say to her? Such things as an amorous youth of twenty-two may say to a young girl. And she answered me with the innocence and candor of her eighteen

road, pressed the hand which was placed in mine and we left each other—to meet to-

saw each other almost every day, fton both morning and evening, and some times even in the course of the day, when she could get away from the shop and I could escape from the law office.
"What shall I say to you, Count? I was madly in love with my pretty seamstress.

Love calls for love. I loved Claire, she

spain) enchanted palaces. On the fine oaths and beautiful dreams of youth ! "Claire had the fullest confidence in me:

all that I said to her she believed. She was or e, without fear ; she would have braved anything to throw herself in my arms. The future opened before her sunny "A business matter in the office which

had been specially entrusted to me, put me in connection with a director of a New York

anking house. This director, M. Debruyere, was a Frenchman. My signature, Paul Joraime, at the end of the letters which I addressed to him struck him. "He wrote me a personal letter, asking
If I was the son of Valentine Joramie, exdiseman, whom he knew very well in former days, and of whom he was an inti-

| To be continued.]



The torturing pains and distressing strengthening norths, and a nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of "female weak- adments, All faces," yield like magic to Ir. Pierre's bregularitie.

Favorite Prescription. It is purely eared by it, the way it needs adapted to the delicate organization like it in the way it was adapted to the delicate organization like it in the way it was adapted to give satisfie to nervous symptoms and relieves the or the money paid for it pain accompanying functional and refunded.

Page the currents of the contraction o rganic troubles.

Read the guarantee on the w contains no alcohol to inebriate, no you—but it will.

syrup or sugar to ferment in the stom— The system is invigorated, the blood ach and cause distress; is as peculiar in enriched, digestion improved, meanits curative effects, in the diseases that choly and nervousness distremed. It's a afflict womankind, as in its composition. legitimate medicine, the analysase that's



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New Cutting System. Having secured the services of a first-class Cutter, I am prepared to warrant all Cutting and Fitting. Is always ready to assist in matching Trimmings. All customers from a distance waited upon on Saturdays.

Latest Fashions always on hand. All orders promptly attended to.

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I weifth year the farmers of this district have been using it. Sales larger than ever. Sold in Manitoba, Muskoka, Eastern Ontario, —in fact all over. Rain or shine it won't hurt any animal. 25 cents each, 5 for \$1.00 A. HIGINBOTHAM, - Druggist, Lindsay.

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