Denise was a simple and even innocens young girl, but she did not lack good sense or judgment; she had the faculty of infultion, and accounted for many things readily enough. But she could not understand everything, being ignorant of facts that it was impossible for her to imagine. But she would talk with her brother; he was the fact of the sense light on was seemed in

would throw light on what now seemed inthe ate but little, for, as she had said to Madame Ramel, the joys that filled her

heart took away her appetite.

After dinner Mine. Ramel showed Denise the room that she was to have; then they went to the respectional reception room where they sat down on a small sole, side by side, "Now," said Mms. Hamel, "we

The young wife opened the conversation. As briefly as possible, without any details, the told her history from the day when dentillen found her a lost orphas child by the readside to her marriage with George Ramel, of whom her fester brother was a

pupit.
Denise was amaged. She had just learned how Lucien and Herminic had found each other; she knew that her brother lived as the Soleure mansion, and that he was at once the pupil and friend of the great artist. Georges Ramel.

Occides Ramel.

Denise, in turn, fold Madame Ramel how she had lived since her departure from Vignotte, to which place she had returned but once, some two years ago. She had not much to tell, and her story was not long. She might have interested Madame Ramel by telling her of Charles Labaume, whom she layed and who leved her; but she did not dare. Why? She would not have known how to say it. However confiding a woman may be, there is always a corner of her heart which she keeps closed

Moreover, Denise felt that she must not tell Madame Ramel that she had just left prison at Blots to come to Paris to see her other, and she could not have concealed this had she told her of her love and her

Undoubtedly she would tell that she had been falsely accused, taken off by the police and put in prison, but to M. Mourillon. Him she would have to tell, since she must keep her promise to her old friend, Beau-

In the afternoon she tried to see Mourilion, but the all man, after talking more than an hour in the Count's private office,

To compensate her she had the pleasure, before dinner, of a good hour alone with lateien. Molder with her brother than with Madame Namel, she spoke to him of Charles Labaume, who had fallen in love with her. and who, although she was but a poor servant, wanted to marry her.

Hinshing, with eyes lowered, she con-lessed to Incien that she loved Churles La-

While listening to his sister's idyll facien thought of Engenie Laroan and sighed. Penise was leved, she was sure of it, and he alas! he was in doubt. Affer a moment's allence Denise answered

"Lucien, just now you said to me: 'I am working, and shall work still more to get a downy for you." Vos. Donisa.

a Well, Lacion, listen to me. Work, sell your pictures, get rich, and become, if you can, a great painter like M. Georges Ramel; but you do not dream of accumulating a downy which I do not want. Oh, do not misunderstand my words; when you are rich and happy, I will not rofuse your favors, but a dowry I do not need and

I know what I am worth, and I have my pride. Denise Morel will never buy a hus-A dowey! Absurd! Should I be worth any more with twenty thousand france? No, no. I am poor; Charles loves me as I am; he will either marry me poor, with his father's consent, or he will

A woman has no need of money when she beings her husband honesty, youth, two good arms to help him in his work, and a heart to love him!"

CHAPTER VE

THE SEARCH A work after M. Joramie's will was read In the presence of the relatives, and the Count de Soloure had accepted the duty of executor, Ambroise Mourillon left Paris to begin the search for Claire Gueria, M. Jora-

Monrillion know that the important mission with which he was charged and which accepted with pleasure, would be a difficult and arthons one; but entered upon it valiantly, his heart full of hope. He refled on chance, which does such wonders when it intervenes, and still more on Prothat Divine Providence whose omnipotence he had recognised under many different

The unfortunate Clairs Guerin, he said to himself, had committed a sin of which she Was not alone guilty, and the punishment This man, this father, forgot that the gravest errors, and even erimes, are onfitled to pardon, and that there is mercy

for every six. So thought the good Mourtllon one fine mirring when he arri ed at Hourgvoisin, and immediately began his investigations. He saw successively all the persons in the village by the name of finerin, all more or loss distant relatives of the unfortunate

Everywhere he went the same reply.
Since Chaire Cherin had left Hourgvolsin,
driven away by her father, nothing had
ever been heard of her. It was the general
conviction that the peor girl had died of

Mourillen paid a visit to the eldest of the fluoring a man of 32 years, a brother of the former wheelwright of hoursvoisin and consequently Claire's uncle.

"So," said he to Mourillen, "you have come, like all the others, to get information about Claire Guerin; it is quite useless, I assure you. Why all these investigations? I thought they were all over, but it seems they are beginning again. What is the use of the poor niece is dead, class she would have returned to her native place. Claire have returned to her native place. Claire was a good girl whom everybody leved; she made a mistake; yet she was less guilty than he who abused her innocence; he is the wretch. Perhaps driven by remorse, he has been looking for Chaire and is still looking for her. If he had sent you to Hourgvoisin, Monsieur, you may tell him from me that it is too late to repair the notificate her her.

evil that he has done."
For a week longer Mourillon continued his uscless search and then returned to Paris, desolate over his failure.
"Can Providence, then, have abandoned

"Can Providence, then, have abandoned use" said he to the Count de Soleure.
"Let us not loss hope," answered the

The count then resorted to advertisements, which, worded with great clearness, ppeared in all of the principal journals of dries and of the country, and even of creign countries, new on the page specially evoked to advertisements, now in the sewe clumns. But this immense publicity delded no better results. Such was the fruntion when Denter, the second day after eaching Paris, asked to see M. Mearilless

CHAPTER VIL

THE REVELATION. "My dear child," said Moneillon to De-aise one morning, "your brother said that you have some serious things to say to me, a secret to confide to me. Is it really a

" You, sir; I have a secret and a story, very sad story, to tell you."

Mourillon's first thought was that the Montillors nest thought was that the young girl was going to tell him her own history and confess some grave error. But he felt immediately reassured on remarking the serenity of Denise's face, the candor of her countenance and the soft light of her eyes, which reflected as in a mirror the anocence of her heart, the purity of her

"Then, Denise," he continued, "you wish to confide your secret to me ?" " Yes, to you alone,"

" Could you not as well have made your brother your confident?"
"I told Lucien, that I had promised to tell no one but you. "That is a different thing. Well, Denise,

I am ready to listen to you. Denise gave a quick glance in the direction of the door. " said Mourillion, " no

one can hear us, and we shall not be dis-turbed, for Madame Ramel rarely rises be-fore 8 or 8.30. So you can speak without that, before coming to Paris, I was for nearly two years a servant at the farm of

"At the form of Grandval " repeated

Mourillon.

"Are you familiar with it?"

"No. But I know there is a farm at Grandval a few leagues from Blois."

"Really, Monsieur Mourillon, one would think that you had been in that section."

"Oh! I have traveled a great deal," answered the old man, smiling. "And you were a servant at this farm of Grand-val?"

" Yes, Monsiour Mourillon." "Then your master was M. Parisot, the present farmer there?"
"What?" oried Denise, "you know M.

"My dear child, I know many people, but I have only heard of your former master, I never saw him." "M. Parisot has a consin. " He has two, Denise,

"Possible; but I know only the one whom I have seen at the farm. " What is his name?" " Joseph Rabiot." " Ah! ah! Joseph Rablet!"

" Do you know him "No more than the other; but I have heard of him also," He is a wicked man. " I do not say to the contrary ; but what

has he done to you, Denice?" Speak, my child, speak; I am listening with the keenest interest," There was another servant with me at Grandval; she was over 60 years old, and had been a servant on the farm nearly forty-five years. She had taken me into her friendship, and I loved her very much, Monsieur Mourillon; we were like mother and daughter to each other. My poor Beau-

'Ah! this old servant was called Beau Yes, that was not her real name,"

" Of course not ; Beau-Sonpir could have only been a nickname."
It was once applied to her because was unwilling to tell any one her name or where she came from, and it stuck to her and she was never called anything else. But when she came to the farm she told her name to the mistress, who entered it into a little account book.

"One day Madame Parizot chanced to by her producessor and also the date of the old servant's arrival at the farm. But she was not quite sure that it was the name of Bean Sonpir. She did everything in the world to und out and induce the servant to tell her story, but in vain. Bean Sonpir rewho she was and always to keep silence regarding her past. But those inte ested in making her speak knew more than she supposed. They probably had made investiga-tions and found out, I know not how, a part

of poor Bean Supir's secret.
One day Joseph Rabiot, the Paris consin, arrived at the farm. He pretended that he had been at Blois on business and, being so near Grandval, was unwilling to return to Paris without seeing his dear consin and his wife. The masters received him with great demonstrations of joy. There was nothing good enough for him. They welcomed him by killing the best chickens in the barn-yard. Bean-Soupir waited on the table. Suspecting nothing,

she went and came quietly.
"Suddenly they mentioned in her presonce the name of a gentleman who had just died. On hearing this gentleman's name Hean-Soupir was so agitated that she did fallen into a trap that had been set for her and from the satisfaction that she could see in the eyes of the master and the Paris understood that she had betrayed

From that moment she lost her peace of mind; she had dark forebodings, and I tried in vain to reassure her. She shook her head sadly and said to me : "Now that these people know who I

they have designs on my though I have tone nothing to them. I am their enemy; hey are interested in getting rid of me.

You will see, Denise, they will kill me

"And they have killed her?" exclaimed

" Yes, Monsieur Monrillon, they have killed her "Oh," evolutimed the old man, who had scome as white as a sheet.

After a short silence he resumed : " Denise, has not the orime been dieevered? Did not instice intervene?" " It was seen that a crime had been committed, and the magistrates came to tirand-

"Then, Denise, then?" asked the old man breathlessly, "Then, Monsieur Mourillon," responded the young gir slowly and in a grave tone, "I was accused of having killed my old

"You, you?"
"Yes, Monsieur Mourillon, and the police arrested me, and I was taken to prison at Blois, where I remained until three days

" Unfortunate child! Why did you not my that you were innocent?"
"I did say so, but I could not prove it." " Why, yes, you could, for you know the

guilty parties." "True; but I had sworn to keep silence

oncerning the crime."
"To whom did you make this oath?"
"To beau-Sonpir."
"But, my poor Denies, accused of an odions crime of which you were innecent, arrested and thrown into prison, you were not bound to keep your oath. I do not exactly understand."

one but you."

"Yes, I had told her that you had been at Vignotie, and that, thanks to you, I might find my brother Lecture again."

"Then, Denine ?"

"Then to the had get her ber had then her country, there was her life, do not to not be had designe upon her life, do not to not be had designe upon her life, do not to not provide they know half to not you will be not they know half to not you will be not they know half to not you will be not to not they know half to not you will be not they know half to not you will be not to not they know half to not you will be not to not they know half to not you will be not they know half to not you will be not they know half to not you will be not they know half to not you will be not they know half to not you."

the accusers of your masters, but you will leave the farm and go to Paris, where you will see M. Mourillon, and to him you will tell all.' She added: The crime must not remain uspanished; sooner or latter chastisement will be visited upon the guilty; something tells me that this gentieman, who knows your brother, will be my avenger,' That is the reason, Monsieur Mourillon, why I have kept silence until now,"

"Ah! I understand!" cried the old man, admiringly. "Unjustly accused of a horrible orime, imprisoned, threatened with trial, you had the courage to keep silent.

"Ah! Denies, what a brave girl you are! Yes, dear child, you have been, without knowing it, heroic; but first of all, Denies," continued Mourillion, with breathless eagerness, "tell me, if you know it, the name of the victim of Joseph Rabiot, and the Parizota."

" Her hame was Claire Guerin." "Claire Guerin, Claire Guerin!" ex-claimed the old man with flashing eyes, and, jumping up with a bound as if an electric current had been sent through him, "ah! I had guessed as much. That is the name I was waiting for, Claire Guerin, Claire

And I doubted you? Denise, the old servant who was with you at the farm of Grandval, this unfortunate woman murdered by wretches, this Claire Guerin, in Oh, until further developments. If I Soleure and I have been looking for every-where in vain; we have done everything to find her, everything. We were searching for her and she is dead, dead! Oh! the secondrels!"

The young girl raised her eyes to heaven, clasping her hands.

"The young girl raised Monrillon." "know"

"The young girl raised Monrillon." "know"

"The young girl raised her eyes to heaven, olasping her hands.

"The young girl raised Monrillon." "know"

"The young girl raised her eyes to heaven, olasping her hands.

The young girl raised her eyes to heaven, clasping her hands.
"Denise," continued Mourillon, "know this also. A few months ago an immensely rich man died in Paris, who used to know

rich man died in Paris, who used to know Claire Guerin when she was a young girl; he made her a mother. Before dying, this man, whose name was Paul Joramie," I know his name, Monsieur Mourillon," Of course, since you know Claire Guerin's story. Ah! Denise, thanks to you, we shall be able to lift the veil that still hides never forgotten the only woman he had ever really loved, made his will in her favor and appointed the Count de Soleure his ex-

"Claire Guerin was heir to nearly thirty millions, and now, Denise, you understand why we have been searching so actively for Claire in order to put her in possession of M. Joramie's millions.

"Joseph Rabiot, Parizot and another are cousins of the deceased, and according to the will they will take the millions if, after

a certain number of years, Claire Guerin has not been found. A strange fatality has given the unfortunate woman into their hands, and they have killed her! Oh! the

countenance, "the wretches do not suspect that you are to day the instrument of God, and that he has brought you here to denounce the crime and make to us undoubtedly precious revelations.

Denise, Claire Guerin was not mistaken

Monsieur Count and I, Ambrosie Morillon, will be the avengers."

The old man made the circuit of the room with a jerky, feverish step, chopping short his words of wrath, and then came back to the young girl, who, trembling, did not the common asked Mourillon. "I await your asked Mourillon." 'My dear child," said he, trying to calm

his agitation. " Now come with me," said the old man, "we must find the Count de They found the door of the count's room open. His astonished gaze questioned Mourillon, who quickly repeated to the count what Denise had just told him.

The count turned deadly pale. He sank heavily into his arm-chair, murmuring:

The wretches!"
"Fortunately," continued Mourillon,
Denise Morel was the friend and confident

of Claire Guerin. Through her we shall find out what became of the child." "The child?" exclaimed the young girl. "What " eried Mourillon, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Did Claire Guerin conceal from you the fact that she had a

old friend told me that she had brought a child into the world." "Claire Guerin being dead," said the pit. Lat Poitiers. At the hospital they will count, "her child is now heir to M. tell you as what day her child was been

Denise gave a long sigh. "Well, my child, well?" asked M. de looking anxiously at the young

"Claire Guerin gave birth to her child in

hospital, at Politiers, and did not even have the happiness of even seeing in, for she was unconscious for several days. It was a little girl. Clairs never knew where the little one, whom they named Virginis-Ursule, was put out to nurse. Two years later, when she tried to find out what had ecome of her daughter, they told her that

" Dead !" exclaimed both men at once. And they looked at each other in conster

"Misfortune has cruelly struck Claire Guerin," said the Count; her father's curse has followed her incessantly, and God has had no mercy on her."

"It is frightful!" murmured Mourillon.
"Poor Joramie! The evil that he has caused is now irreparable."

" And our mission, my dear Monrillon, i

The old man's eyes glittered.
"Oh! not yet, Monsieur Count," declared he, in a hollow voice, "the victim must be he, in a honew voice, averaged?"

"I understand you, my friend," replied the Count, after remaining silent a moment; "but can we be the avengers? After the milty was a silenest; if the guilty orime there was an inquest; if the guilty have not been disturbed it is because, by means unknown to us, they have succeed in putting themselves beyond the read

began her story, to which the two men lis-tened with breathless attention. She finished her story by explaining why, thinking herself bound by the promise she had made to Clairo Guerin, she had been unwilling to say anything to the examining

unwilling to say anything to the examining magistrate, in spite of all the means employed by him to make her speak.

Denise had told everything, described everything; only, through a feeling of reserve easy to understand, she had not thought it best to refer to Charles Labaume. "My dear Denise," said the Count, "you have just told us facts interesting in the highest degree to M. Mourillen and myself, You have made a promise, you have hope its very well; the future will show whether

in their purpose. If it had not been noticed that the servant had been thrown into the pool by this unknown person, this beggar, who disappeared immediately after the crime; if justice had not intervened in the affair; if, in short, Beau-Soupir's death had been attributed to an accident-Parizot and his wife would have hastened to declare to every one that their servant's real name was Chire Guerin. Then, armed with her death certificate, M. Joramie's cousins would, before this, have claimed the estate. But the contrary happened, and the Parizots have prudently kept silence, and the death certificate has been drawn up in the name of a woman known only as Beau-

comple. In this way, Mourillon, the guilty have been put beyond the reach of any prosecutions that might be instituted against them, for in reality there is no motive for the crime. We have Denise's testimony, it is true, but I repeat, my friend, I do not think it a sufficient basis for so serious a charge. We have nothing Guerin!"

Denise looked at him, stupefied.
"My God! What is the matter with
you!" she asked.
"The matter, Denise; the matter! I
will tell you. O Providence, Providence!
And I doubted you! Denise, the old sermith you at the farm of in writing, and Denise, a young girl, cannot prove, of herself alone, that M. Joramie's cousins are the murderers of Beau-Soupir, and that the latter, whom no one knew by "Then, Monsieur Count," replied Mou-

short, is a woman whom the Count de am not mistaken, Joseph Rabiot is the soul Soleure and I have been looking for every- of this conspiracy; he is directing every-

present."
"Ah! ah!" said Mourillon, shaking his "I understand," said the Count, " you do not agree with me. Tell me your

opinion." "Well, Count, I should like to come to issue with these wretches at once."

"If I were to consult only my impulse, from us the poor Claire's mysterious past.
Before dying, M. Paul Joramie, who had

"It I were to consult only my impulse,
my friend, I should say as you do. We
wish the victim to be avenged; she shall
be. But under the

wish the victim to be avenged; she shall be. But, under the circumstances, to act with too much haste would compromise everything. Suppose we should denounce the crime to-morrow, how could you prove that Rabiot, Parizot and his wife are the authors? In spite of what Denise would say, and in spite of M. Joramie's will, they would answer with assurance that they had We might say in reply :

" 'It was for your interest to commit the crime, for she was ('laire Guerin.' " We did not know it, we could

know it, would be their response. "Thus, retrenched beyond denials, how could justice touch them? After all, the erime was committed, not by Joseph Rabiot or the Parizots, but by an unknown, a shan beggar, who simply appeared at the farm-

a man to keep quiet long; he wants the millions, and will move heaven and earth when she told you that, sooner or later, chastisement would be visited upon the guilty. Nor was she mistaken when she told you that her death would be avenged. Yes, yes, the guilty will be panished! Claire Guerin's death will be avenged! And the Count de Solence, you hear. Denise. the Count de Soleure, you hear, Denise, Monsieur Count and I, Ambrosie Morillon, of Denise Morel at the Soleure mansion

> orders; what shall we do ?" he Count remained silent a moment, and

> after the crime, has been unable to tell us exactly what then happened at Grandval; now, it would be well for us to know. You like to travel, my old friend, and I am sure I shall please you if I ask you to go s possible and with that pru-

"As soon as you like. If possible, I wish you would see Bean Soupir's death certinseems, mognized or whom he had cared at the hos

They will inform you where the poor little girl was put out to nurse. There, in some girl was put out to nurse. There, in some village, undoubtedly, she was buried. You will go to that village, Mourillon, and perhaps some old men will show you the spot where she rests. I do not wish this child's grave to be forever abandoned any more than that of her mother. If no one can tell than that of her mother. you where Claire Guerin's child was buried, you will select a place in the cemetery, and there, at my expense, I will erect a monument. I will do that for the child and also for the mother, still regretting my inability to fulfil the mission entrusted to me."

"It is my intention to do more yet," continued the Count thoughtfully. "If M. Rabiot does not think best to take the trouble, I will see that Claire Guerin's death ate and the birth and death certificates of her daughter are rectified; and on the mother's grave at Ninville and on the child's shall be inscribed the name of Claire

"That is very good, Monsieur Count, sproved Mourillon, "but an idea strike

"Monsieur Count, suppose Claire Guerin's aughter were not dead?" M. de Soleure started.

ruppose that."

For some reason or other they may not have told the truth to the mother when she presented herself at the foundling hospital to claim her child.

"Why should they have deceived her?"
"I cannot say; but you know that the public charities do not willingly restore children which have become theirs through abandonment by their parents, or for any

"Yee, I know; but, Mourillion, we can-"Monsieur Count, M. Joramie wrote, as you can read in the letter which he addressed to you: 'Has God given me a new olearness of vision? The thought revives in me that the two beings so dear to me have not ceased to live.' Had he not, in fact, received new light from God? When M. Joramie wrote that, Claire Guerin was still alive. Well, Monsieur Count, I am filled with the same light, and something tells me that Claire Guerin's daughter is not dead."

"Ah! my dear Mor Ah my dow Mourillon, if it were only as I wind M. to Solome.

I wind M. to Solome.

I wind M. to Solome.

I will rear know piction my loss to soly a few on I will start within the day of the principle picture.

The Count task Marifflady hast and Marifflady hast made and marine.

I shall work to the picture with he principle and marine. CHAPTER IX.

THE TOWER Joseph Rabiot was avaricious, but his varice did not prevent him from unflineh-

avarice did not prevent him from unflinchingly making the sacrifice necessary to the execution of his bold plot. He knew that omelettes are not made without breaking eggs. He had resolved to risk his reserve of forty thousand francs and his rents.

To marry the heir of M. Joramie, what a master-stroke! The mansion of the Avenue de Wagram, with its palatial furniture, the chateaus, the farms and the millions would all be his, except a million which he would give to the Parizots, and another million to Mademoiselle Anastasia and her father.

Contented or not, the cousins could not say anything. He had them in his power and had nothing to fear from them. They were all his accomplices. But he had another partner, Henry Cordier, who had him in his power as completely as Rabiot had his cousins in his. Cordier always wanted money and his patron never gave him enough. He made the coin dance as they say. "He is a veritable leech," said him enough. He made the coin dance as they say. "He is a veritable leech," said Rabiot. But he had to comply with the " After all," said Rabiot to himself, when

not too angry at Cordier, "when once I get the millions I can easily afford to be bled for a few hundred thousand francs and will throw them to him as I would a bone to a dog; but only on condition that he will at once leave France and never let me hear of him again."
The villa which Rabiot had hired at Ville

The villa which Rabiot and in a d'Avray was named The Tower.

It was an old house, with thick walls.

It was flanked on the north by a large, are rather, the remains of a but was evidently built at the same time as the tower. The two walls were locked into

each and combined, were at least a yard and a half thick, showing that there could be no communication between the two lighted only by loopholes, in which spar-rows built their nests. The stone steps of

the staircase were so shaky that no one could venture on them without running abandoned to the bats and owls. Many things indicated that the house and tower were formerly parts of some important structure, a chateau, monastery or abbey. In the first place, there were well preserved bits of scalpture; then in the garden there were venerable trees, and in a

second inclosure, included in Rabiot's lease, some old pieces of cracked wall, besides a deep hole, the internal masonry of which seemed covered with ivy. This hole was more than a yard in diameter and thirty feet deep, and its mouth was hidden by a thick growth of wild elematis. Was it a well which had run dry, or one of those mysterious and terrible abysses called obliettes in feudal times? About two hundred yards from The Tower

was another house of equal age and just like it, except that it lacked the old tower. The two dwellings seemed to be two pavilions left standing to perpetuate the memory of buildings that had disappeared. The cooper of Beaugeney, Anastasia's father, had closed his shop and come to Ville d'Avray to live. He occupied a little

house and appeared to be nothing more than a servant. It was his role. He was at the same time porter and gardener, and errands and attend to the cellar.

He was to see his daughter secretly when there was nothing to lead any one to sus pect that they were relatives. Fourel showed the so-called Widow Fornier and

her companions the respect of a faithful He ate with the cook, a woman of 40, who was thoroughly devoted to Rabiot, though absolutely ignorant of his plots.

CHAPTER Y.

THE WATER OF CEVLON Rabiot had heard of an individual who manufactured love potions, like the sorcerers of obien times. ters, but he gathered from what he heard that the person in question concocted poisens and narcotics, which he sold secretly

when occasion offered. However adroit and shrewd Anastasia m the be, Rabiot was not without anxiety; ild she succeed in completely dominat my Madame Lurean! If he could only achieve this result by one of these notion which enervate the brain and overcome

etrongest natures his triumpn would be cer air. For on the day when Madame Lureau would say to her daughter: child, you must marry M. Rabiot, it is necessary to your future, to your happiness," Eugenie, like a respectful and submissive daughter, would answer as she always does:

" I obey you, mother?" So Rabiot went to see the philter-maker, whom he found to be a person of about 60, dressed in a long and dirty coat, and resembling a sorcerer only by his bald head, his long, gray, uncombed beard, and his dirty clothing. His name was Loriol. He had been in the service of a certain Count Carini, who was very expert in the art of concoeting poisons and narcotics and whose secrets he had learned. The Count, being dead, he had succeeded him, but on a

smaller scale.

He had a secret laboratory in a cellar, where at night he made his liquors, which he sold at prices varying the ability of his customers to pay. After examining Rabiot carefully, and instinctively recognizing him as a rascal of his own sort, he asked him to make known the spirit of his visit. Rabiot make known the object of his visit. Rabiot explained his situation frankly, without explained mane.

giving his name.
"Yes, yes; I see," said Loriol, you war mixture which, without destroying physical strength, will so act on the nervous sys-

tem as to weaken mental faculties in such a way that no doctor can discover the cause of the cerebal affection."

"Exactly," said Rabiot; "can you get me such a drug?"

Loriol opened a cupboard hidden in the wall and selected one from a number of labeled flasks. Holding it up before Rabiot's even he said:

On the label Rabiot read these words Water of Ceylon."
"That is it," said Loriol, laconically. And ing that Rabiot was suspicious, he

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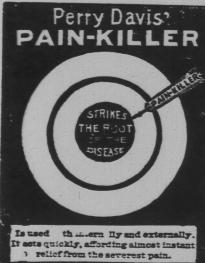


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