"Yes, my head is less heavy, but does not encourage me much."
"You slept well last night." "Yes, but not so well as the night before.

"I should say not, for yesterday morning at 10 o'clock you were still sleeping "That is probably why I had so good a

day yesterday; but I am afraid that this "Oh! have confidence, dear friend: are we not here to care for you?"

The widow gave a sigh. "This is only temporary," said Anastasia to herself, "in a few days there will be a frightful crisis, and then insanity will en-

There was a ring at the street door, and in a moment the servant entered with a

"Who is it?" asked Anastasia. "A priest desires to speak with madame."
"A priest!" said Anastasia, with surrise, "and it is not the priest of Ville d'Avray?"

No, madame, here is his card." Anastasia took it and read:

> Don Jose Aguyar y Bernoya Apostolic Prothonotary. Director-General of the Spanish Missions in America.

"Show this good father into the drawingroom." said the sham devotee. Eugenie rose and went to her room. Madame Lureau was about to follow her, when Anastasia stopped her.
"Stay with me, dear friend; we will re-

ceive the priest together." The venerable ecclesiastic seemed at least 75 years old. His white locks fell over his ulders, his face was calm and serene and his smile was like a benediction. Before he could say a word, Rabiot's ac-

complice knelt before him, bowed her head " My father, bless me !"

The old man raised his head and said. with a pronounced Spanish accent:
"My dear daughter, I give you my blessing.

Then Anastasia rose, and, showing the missionary a seat, she said: "Monseigneur, be good enough to tell your very humble servant to what she owes the honor of your visit."

"My dear daughter," said the priest, " my friend, the parish priest, has spoken to me so highly of your piety that I do not hesitate to come here. We have founded several establishments in America, before which the holy cross rises, where we receive numerous orphans and poor abandoned children for the purpose of educating them and making them good Christians. But our resources are insufficient for their work. Therefore we apply to the charitable for aid, and I have come to see you in the hope that you will become one of our benefac-

"Dear fried," said Anastasia to Madame "you know where I keep my money, be kind enough to get me a twenty The widow rose and went out

"The parish priest tells me that you have a sister and niece who lives with you; probably this lady is your sister.' 'I call her so, monseigneur, but there is no relationship.

"Simply a friend in distress, then?" "She has no family; if I had not taken her, sickness and poverty would have killed "You are a saint," exclaimed the old

priest. "What is this lady's name?"
"Madame Lureau." Just then the widow returned with the

coin, and gave it to the sham Madame Fournier, who handed it to the old priest. Madame Lureau remained standing, as if in doubt whether to go or stay.
"My dear friend," said Anastasia,
"monseigneur and I were just speaking of

The widow bowed and answered: the need of air.

"Then I will go into the garden; I feel "Very well, dear friend, if monseigneur will excuse you. Madame Lureau bowed to the priest and

parish priest that her daughter is on the eve

of marrying."
"Yes, I spoke of it, but things do not go as well as Madame Lureau would like."

"Eugenie being an accomplished young girl, a gentleman of wealth has asked her Madame Lureau, with an eye single to her child's happiness wishes her to marry him, but she is unwilling.' "Why, I should like to know?"

"She pretends that she is too young." " How old is she ?" "Seventeen."

"Just the right age! How many girls marry before they are sixteen! And the young girl refuses the happiness and wealth within her grasp! She is unreasonable." "So her mother tells her, monseigneur.

"And she will not be convinced? My dear daughter, if I could talk with her a moment, I believe that I could induce her to listen to reason. The word of God always has its effects." What, monseigneur, you would con-

They went up stairs, Eugenie was sitting "My dear Eugenie," said Anastasia, " Monseigneur desires to speak with you a

The young girl rose hastily to receive the old man. Madame Fournier withdrew, and they heard her go down stairs.

The old man approached the young girl, took her hand, looked at her a moment with "I have not long to stay," he exclaimed "So let us not lose a moment. I begin by telling you that I am not a priest, this

black coat is a disguise." CHAPTER XVI.

MOURILLON DISCOVERS VIRGINIA-URSULE. The young girl looked at the old man "Who are you, then, monsieur?" she

"I will tell you, but dispel your fear. Have you not yet realized that I am your friend—a friend of Lucien Morel?" "You know Lucien Morel, sir?" inter ru-ted Eugenie, turning red.

"Certainly. Has he never spoken to you of one of his old friends named Mour-illon?" "What! you are M. Abroise Mourillon?"

"Yes, and now you know that I am here in your behalf."
"But," replied the young girl, sadly, "I supposed from a letter which M. Lucien has written me that he thought no more about me, and that his friends had no intention of "To what letter do you refer, dear

"A letter which I received from M. Lucien last Tuesday."

4 Impossible! Lucien has been unable twrite since you last saw him. Where

The young girl got it and handed it

" What infamy !" exclaimed the old man "these wretches stop at nothing. The hand-writing is admirably imitated. But what a singular role the forger attributes to the Count and his son-in-iaw : aud , --

this letter was from Lucien?"
"I had my doubts, monsieu "Well, doubt no longer. Lucien loves you always, and his friends far from oppos-ing him in his desire to marry you, will do all that they can, on the contrary, to hasten

"Tell me, sir, please, did Lucien return to Paris the day I saw him?" "Neither that day nor since; he is still in Ville d'Avray. You agreed to meet him at half-past 10 in the evening."
"Alas! I could not; I was locked in my

"But the two knocks were given on the garden gate. Lucien, thinking you were there, jumped over the wall; one or two wretches—we are convinced that there were two-were waiting for him and attempted o assassinate him

Eugenie groaned. "I heard his cry," said she, in a faltering

"I hasten to re-assure you, my child; Lucien is doing very well now, and in a few days will be on his feet." The young girl clasped her hands and raised her tearful eyes towards heaven.

"Thinking that they had killed him, the two murderers threw him into a deep well : but God watched over him, and he was saved by a miracle.'

"The wretches!" murmured the young mies, who are also Lucien's; they hoped to induce you to accept the husband whom

they have selected for you."
"Perhaps, sir—but this letter written for another purpose also. Thinking that I might have heard his cry, they wanted to quiet my suspicions. "With your permission, my child, I will

"Very well, sir, keep it." Mourillon hastened to slip the letter into one of the pockets of his gown.
"Lucien," he continued, "is, as I

you, on the road to recovery: he is in the hands of a learned doctor, and has his sister for a sick nurse. "His sister! Then she is not in prison

any longer?" "Ah! you know that Denise Morel has been in prison?"

"My mother read it in a newspaper."
"Shown her by Madame Fournier, undoubtedly ?" 'Yes. monsieur." "Denise has been released, her innocence

being recognized. But never mind that now. I know all that you told Lucien when you met him by chance. But why did you fail to tell him the name of the man whom they wish you to marry?" "I feared that Lucien, in his indignation. might provoke him.

"Yes, I understand, you foresaw Lucien's terrible danger. But you will not refuse to tell me his name. "His name is Rabiot."

Mourillon started in his seat, and his eyes

"What!" he cried, "it is Rabiot, Joseph Rabiot! He is the wretch who wishes to marry you! Ah, my poor child! Fortunately, we are here to foil this villain and his accomplices. Does he come here

"He came vesterday and probably will come to-morrow. We had not seen him for a week or ten days; before that he came almost every day.' "He must be concealed in Ville d'Avray inder a false name."

"I do not know whether he has taken a false name, but I have reasons to believe that he lives not far from the Tower, and that he avoids being seen when he comes here, for he always enters and leaves by the back door of the little garden. When the gardener is absent I am almost sure that he is at M. Rabiot's telling him what is going on at the Tower.' "How old is this gardener?"

"Sixty, perhaps."
"Evidently, like Madame Fournier, he is Rabiot's accomplice."
"I even believe, from certain words

overheard the other day, that the three are relatives. "Oh! oh! exclaimed Mourillon, stroking his forehead. The word "relatives" gave him new light

The old man saw at once that the gardener and Madame Fournier were very likely the Beaugency cooper and his daughter. Rabiot's plan was explained. He did not need to question the young girl about her mother to know that the Widow Lureau was Claire Guerin's daughter. He was radiant. " Mademoiselle Eugenie," he continued,

"can you tell me your mother's family "My mother never knew her parents, sir;

her mother adandoned her immediately after birth," said Eugenie blushing. "I know the rest, my child: your mother was born at Poitiers, was she not?" "Yes, sir.

"Her birth was declared at the city hall in Poitiers under the name of Virginie Ursule ?"

"Yes, sir; how do you know that?" "I cannot answer you yet. Be contented with knowing that the Court de Soleure and I have long been searching for the virginie Ursule who was born at Poitiers on October 10. 1838. The young girl opened her eyes in aston-

"I wish you to keep silent," continued Mourillon, "regarding what I have just said; your mother herself must know nothi ng about it."

"Be easy, monsieur. I have spoken to no one for a week. I am like a dumb "Mademoiselle Eugenie," said Mourillon,
of course you understand I introduced my self into this house in a priest's disguise solely to talk with you. But, in order to get Madame Fournier's permission to have this

interview, I had to promise to urge you to accept the husband whom your mother wishes you to marry. Well, my child, when I return directly to Madame Fournier, I must be able to say to her: 'I have induced Mademoiselle Eugenie Lureau to listen to reason; she is now disposed to marry M.

Joseph Rabiot, whose offer of marriage her mother has accepted.""

"But, monsieur."
"Oh! I understand your repugnance;
but listen It is of the highest importance that you should stay here awhile longer, in order that the Count and I may deliver you from all your enemies at one stroke. terrible struggle is going on between the Count de Soleure and Joseph Rabiot and bis accomplices. There are you and your mother, Lucien Morel, and another victim to be avenged. You, my child, can greatly aid the Count. You must deceive the wretches who have deceived you. Will you

do as I tell you to ?" "Ah! you are a brave young girl. You shall play a little comedy part here, Proba-bly your mother and Madame Fournier will speak to you again this evening about M. Rabiot's offer."

"They speak to me of him every day, but I do not answer." "To-night, my child, you will resume your speech, and tell your mother that you consent to marry M. Rabiot."

"I can never say that, sir."

"Oh! yes you can; the thought of Lucien will give you courage. It is the only way in which I can save you. They will not be surprised at your sudden change of mind. It will be attributed to the exhortations of It will be attributed to the exhibitations of the Spanish priest, Don Jose Aguyar y Bernoya. Thus I shall gain Madame Fournier's esteem, and that will make it easy for me to It is agreed, is it not?"

"It will cost me much, sir; but if it is necessary, I will do what you ask."
"Good! all will go well," said Mourillon, rubbing his hands. "It is more than certain that M. Rabiot will want the marriage to take place as soon as possible. In three or four days the notice will be posted in the Town Hall, and a week from to-morrow the priest will publish your first ban. But do hot be disturbed; let them We must have this known, so that they cannot escape by a back door. You will see me again in three or four days.

Do what I have said, and fear nothing."

Mourillon found Rabiot's accomplice anxiously awaiting him.
"My dear daughter," said he, "I undertook a more difficult task than I supposed, and I believe I have fully succeeded.

And he added in a solemn tone : "The voice of the priest is the voice of the Lord. Then the false priest took his leave of the false Madame Fournier, promising to come

again soon. cooper's daughter. At the evening meal Eugenie, always dreamy, seemed more preoccupied than

"Eugenie," said her mother, "you have had the honor of talking with Monseigneur ?" "He could have given you only good

"He said things which set me seriously to thinking. Mamma, I have rebelle against your authority. I was wrong; I ask your pardon for the sorrow I have caused you. You know that I loved Lucien and wanted to remain faithful to him. In a letter which he has sent to me.—"
"What!" interrupted Madame Lureau,
"this young man has written to you?"

Attorney. "do you remember in what year your niece, Claire Claude Guerin, left "Yes, mamma, a few days ago.',
"And you did not say anything to me about it? "I thought it was useless."

"Eugenie, where is this letter? I wish to read it." 'It is no longer in existence, mamma bave burned it

"Ah! And what did M. Lucien say?" "He said that he had spoken of us to his master and the Count, and that they were opposed to his projects. He added that he still loves me, but is going to do his best to forget me; finally he advised me—"
"He advised you?"

"He advised me to marry, mamma; I bow to your will. I will marry M. Rabiot. Madame Lureau turned eagerly to Anastasia. The old maid's eyes shown like car-

"Dear friend," she cried, "kiss your dear child.' Madame Lureau took her daughter in her arms and covered her brow with "Ah! my darling," said Anastasia, "I

must kiss vou. too. Playing her part admirably, the young girl presented an unwrinkled brow to the kisses of the hypocrite. An hour later Anastasia went up to tell Rabiot, who shared his accomplice's joy without reserve.

"We triumph!" he shouted.

Anastasia remained but a few minutes. "Shall I still continue to give the widow the water of Ceylon?" she asked, as she left "No," he answered, "for, if she should loose her reason completely, the marriage

would be delayed. Let us wait. When I have got the daughter we will see whether it is necessary to get rid of the mother."

CHAPTER XVII.

CLAIRE GUERIN'S JEWELS. When Anastasia returned to La Tourelle, Mourillon, in his priest's costume, was entering the Soleure mansion. 'My friend," said the Count, "I can

read success in your face." "Beyond my expectations. Count, the Widow Lureau is Claire Guerin's daughter. But you cannot conceive of Rabiot's audacity; it is not to one of his accomplices he wishes to marry Mademoiselle Lureau; he proposes to make her his own wife." "Oh! the wretch!"

"If this man's criminal manceuvres did not inspire such horror the thing would seem a burlesque and we should laugh at it. I succeeded as I hoped, and can now go to the Tower when I need to. Madame Fournier is a shrewd one, but she fell into the trap. I am certain that Rabiot is living at Ville d'Avray under a false name, and I suspect that Madame Fournier is Mademois-I am certain that Rabiot is living at elle Fourell, of Baugency, and that she has entrusted the position of gardener to her father. To assure myself, I shall go to Beaugency by the first train to-morrow." Mourillon who, having once been an actor, retained his love of stage effects, had conceived a plan which the Count approved

after a short discussion. At half-past 7 the next evening Mourillon returned from Beaugency. He was sure that Fourel and his daughter were at the Tower. He exchanged a few words with the Count, who soon started for the Orleans station. Travelling all night, he arrived the next morning at Bourgovisin and went at once to the house of the old Claude Guerin, uncle of Claire Guerin. The octogenarian received her visitor politely, and enquired

what service he could render him. "One of the highest importance," answered the Count. "You are the uncle of an unfortunate woman named Claire

"What, again ! again !" cried the aged "Claire, always Claire Guerin! Guerin. The people who are looking for her are certainly persistent. But I told the last one that came that Claire was dead."

"You said that last April." "Yes; and I repeat it now. Claire Guerin no longer exists.' "That is true, monsieur; but four months ago she did exist. You were mistaken in April, for she did not die until the

"Are you sure ?" exclaimed the old man. " Absolutely. Nevertheless, for reasons

which I will explain, your testimony is necessary to show that the woman who died on that day in Ninville was really Claire Guerin. Your niece had changed her name, and, as no one knew that her real name was Claire Guerin, the false name appears in her death certificate. But Claire Guerin had kept some jewels which were given her when she was a young girl, and I thought that perhaps you would recognize

The old man's eyes began to shine.
"Yes," he said, "I remember Claire had some jewels."

"A ring, ear-drops....."

"And her brooch, a little present from her godfather, that godfather, monsieur, being myself."
"Do you think you would recognize these "I am not sure, it has been so long. Yet.

if I had them before me, the brooch especially You shall see them. "But, monsieur," asked the old man,
"what interest have you in establishing Claire Guerin's identity?" "I will tell you. Soon after Claire Guerin left Bourgvoisin, in 1839, driven from home by her father, she became a mother."

"For forty years the author of Claire's aisfortune, the father of her child, never eased looking for her in order to repair the

"He died shortly before Claire, still thinking of her, and without knowing whether she was still living; he left a fortune of not less than thirty millions to her 'Thirty millions!" repeated the old man

stupefied,

"Now you know why it is necessary to have the certificate rectified. To complete my explanation, let me add that I am the Count de Soleure, the executor of the will of M. Paul Joramie."
"Joramie, Joramie, why, I know that

"Paul Joramie was the son of collector at Bourgneuf."
"I remember both father and

latter was a notary's clerk.' "Yes, and at that time Claire Guerin's "And no one knew!" murmured the old

"Monsieur Guerin, I have to impose a fatiguing but unavoidable duty on you, in spite of your age. I wish you to spend two days with me at Blois.

"When must we start." "In two hours." "I will be ready." The next morning at 9.30 there assembled at the District Attorney's office at Blois the president of the court, M. Perrot, the exam-

ining magistrate, two other judges, the District Attorney and the clerk of the court. Soon afterwards the court, and Doctor Barre arrived. The District Attorney briefly stated to the officials the purpose fo which he had called them together. Then he said to an officer "Bring in Claude Guerin." The old man came in and took a seat. "Claude Guerin," asked the District

"In June, 1838," answered the old man; without hesitation " Was she light or dark?" " Tall or short?"

Bourgvoisin ?"

"Rather tall, sir. At 18 she was but little shorter than my son Antoine, who was her age, and has not grown any since." Antoine was brought in. "Well, Dr. Barre?" asked the District Attorney.

"Gentlemen," answered the doctor, "the young woman whom I attended at Poitiers had long black hair and was nearly the same height as Antoine Guerin. The District Attorney opened a little box

and took out Beau-Soupir's jewels. "Yes, yes," cried Antoine, "those are my cousin Claire's; I recognize the garnets in the eardrops and the blue stone in the ring surrounded with pearls. I took the ring off of her finger once when I was dancing with her, and she cried, supposing she had lost it.

"And I," said the father, "gave this brooch to my goddaughter on her 16th birthday. It is also a medallion. I will take out the pin and pry up this little gold plate with my knife. On the inside you will find engraved:

> TO CLAIRE GUERIN. Souvenir of Her Godfather.

Suiting the action to the word, the old man tock out the little plate and it was passed round. All saw the words. The president objected that Claire Guerin might have given the jewels to Beau-Soupir. But Doctor Barre said that he recognized the jewels as those which were worn by the young mother at the hospital at Poitiers. This was decisive and Denise's testimony was unnecessary.

The court ordered the rectification of Claire Guerin's death certification and Virginie Ursule's birth certificate. The next day Dr. Barre, hearing the decision of the court, went to Ninvill, having certain important advice to give the mayor. Before he left Ninville everybody knew that Beau-Soupir's identity had been established and that her real name was Claire Guerin. The news soon reached Grandval, where it created great e: ement. But, seeing no policemen, the Parizots soon felt easier, and the farmer started for the town hall to find out how the discovery had been made. The mayor informed him simply that Dr. Barre and an uncle of Claire had identified the

Rabiot's cousin went home happy. "We were very stupid to be frightened," said he to his wife; "there is no shadow of danger. The Blois physician has done it all. This excellent M. Barre little suspects that he has been working in our behalf."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH RABIOT THINKS HE HAS WON THE GAME. Joseph Rabiot was not quite as credulous and confident as his cousin Anastasia. Sun-

day morning he arrived at the tower and "I have thought a great deal about the priest who has changed the little girl's mind, and I feel somewhat anxious. The old maid looked at him in astonish-

"Suppose this Spanish priest were no more of a Spaniard or priest than I am?" "Nonsense. What are you talking about. Are you crazy, my dear cousin?' And Anastasia began to laugh.
"Then," returned Rabiot, "you believe

that your visitor of yesterday was really a "As much as I believe that you are my cousin, Joseph Rabiot." "You reassure me, cousin, but all the same I think it would be a good plan to see

the parish priest about him. "I will do as you desire." Accordingly, after mass, Anastasia went into the sacristy.
"Father," said she, "I came to thank you for the great honor done me yesterday by the visit of Monseigneur Don Jose

Aguvar."
''Yes, yes, I know. He was delighted "I hope to see him at church this

"He returned to Paris last night. But he will come back, and then he will call on you again."
"He told me that he was your friend." The priest replied, smiling:
"I have known Don Jose Aguvar y Ber-

noya for thirty years, and we are intimate friends." The priest was not lying; he really did know the old Spanish priest whose name Mourillon had borrowed. When Anastasia reported this to Rabiot he was completely reassured. That evening he dined at the tower. Eugenie delighted him by her Rabiot spent Monday in Paris, and did all

that was necessary in order to have the marriage take place at the earliest moment. That afternoon Don Jose made his second visit. Anastasia told him that the marriage would take place in a fortnight. At the same time she handed him a hundred-frane bank note for missionary work. He ac-cepted it, as he had accepted the coin. After a short walk with the widow and Anastasia the garden, he went to see Eugenie in

"I have some good news for you from Lucien," said he. "He was up an hour to-day. To-morrow I will bring you a letter from him, and in a few days you shall see him. Madame Fournier tells me that she will be absent all day to-morrow. She has

wedding dress. You will arrange to have your mother in the garden at 2 o'clock, at which hour you will be in her room alone."

The next day Rabiot received a letter from Gervaise Parizot addressed to M.

Laroque, proprietor, Ville d'Avray.

My Dear Cousin,—It has been recognized that the old Beau-Soupir was a certain Claire-Claude Guerin, and the mayor of Ninville has rectified the death certificate accordingly. Would you believe it, cousin, it was Doctor Barre who established the it was Doctor Barre who established the identity by recognizing the jewels found in Denise's trunk. It is for you to say what we shall do next. Denise is still in prison, but everybody has forgotten the events that happened in Grandval last May. Parizot received a letter this mording, telling us that the farm with all its depend encies has been sold. Your very devoted servant. He sat down and wrote the following

My Dear Cousin,-I will not delay my thanks for your haste in announcing the good news. I was surprised and at the same time delighted. You shall soon leave Grandval, and may begin to sell your farming implements. The wedding will take place in a fortnight. You will be notified JOSEPH RABIOT.

His letter written he took the train fo After breakfast Eugenie and her mother went to the arbor to work on a dozen embroidered skirts, supposed to have been ordered by the house for which Eugenie thought she was working.

A little before 2 o'clock Eugenie rose, say

ing to her mother: 'I am going to get a piece of lace that left in my room. Fourel's eyes, by force of habit, followed her to the door of the house. The youn girl went to her mother's room and waited Suddenly a singular creaking reached her

"It is in the wall," she murmured. And although Mourillon had warned her, she could not avoid a feeling of terror. In three or four minutes Mourillon stepped silently out of the close.

"To-day," said he, "not to awaken the suspicions of our enemies, I have taken another road. There is an opening in this wall that neither Rabiot nor his accomplice know anything about. By it Doctor Maugars entered your mother's room the other night while she was asleep and gave her some medicine. How is she to-day? "About the same as yesterday, monsieur. But she has no more of her frightful at-

"Doctor Maugars' remedy has prevented them. My dear child, I may now tell you that they were poisoning your mother."
"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Eugenie, turning pale.
"Every evening they poured into the cup

from which she drank a few drops of a liquid which was to make her insane first "Oh, monsieur, what must I do? Tell poison was in a flask labelled

'Water of Ceylon,' which was kept in the closet near the chimney-piece in Madame Fournier's room. Doctor Maugars and Denise came here and substituted the antidote. "I am also the bearer of a letter from him you love. The young girl blushed, took the letter. and placed it in her bosom, while Mourillon

on with curiosity as the panel rose, and then closed the closet door and went to his room.

departed the way he came. Eugenie looked

FIRST KISSES.

Finally, mastering her emotion, Eugenie Dearly Beloved, -I have seen the letter signed with my name, in which I am made to say such strange things. The wretches have imitated my writing perfectly, and I thank you for refusing. Believe in the eternal affection of him who loves you ardently.

Then she returned to the garden, carrying the glass of sweetened water. "Mamma," said she, "I was thirsty and drank a glass of this sweetened water; I thought you might like a drink also." "An excellent idea ; I am very dry." And the widow emptied the glass gradu-

Anastasia returned at 5 o'clock, delighted with her purchases.
"To-night," said Anastasia, "M. Rabiot will dine with us." In the afternoon Don Jose called, bringing three gold medallions blessed by the Holy Father. He gave one to each of the ladies, and then said to Eugenie in a low

"To-morrow at 2 o'clock in your mother's room. You will pretend to have a violent headache and go to lie down for an hour. Do not fail to close the door of your room, and put the key in your pocket. After talking a moment with Madame Fournier, he went away.

At 6,30 Rabiot came bringing a ring that cost 700 or 800 francs. It was a pretty pearl, surrounded by brilliants. He placed it on Eugenie's finger. She kept it on, overcoming her repugnance. She was prompt the next day at the rendezvous, carrying out the plan that Mour-illon had recommended. But when the

panel fell a beautiful young girl stepped out of the closet "I am Denise Morel," said she, "and I have come to take you to see Lucien. He was too weal: to come himself. Follow me.' Taking Eugenie by the hand, she led her through the subterranean passage, showing her on the way where Lucien was thrown down the wel!. A moment later the lovers were in presence of each other.

MIAPTER XX.

AN ENEXPECTED VISIT. The day for the signing of the contract was fixed. On this occasion Madame Fournier was to stre a little party.

Madame Fournier had also invited Monsieur Don Jose Aguyar and the parish

Four days later the civil marriage would take place in Paris.

Eugenie played her role admirably, and Rabiot was stupid enough to think that the young girl was beginning to love him. When Rabiot and Anastasia had anything to say to each other, they conversed in Anastasia's room. Following Mourillon's instructions Denise often posted herself at the other side of the panel to hear what was

One morning on rising Anastasia said to

herself joyfully:
"At last the climax is at hand. Tomorrow evening the contract is to be signed. Cousin Joramie's millions are Rabiot came early and remained all day, as he expected to have to stay in Paris the next day until 5 o'clock.

Rabiot went away at half-past 9. He left by the street door and took his usual roundabout way to the hollow.

Though it was a dark night, Rabiot walked rapidly, not noting that a man was following him. "Ah! my patron, did I frighten you?"
asked the invader.
"Cordier!" exclaimed Rabiot, stupefied.
"Yes, Monsieur Rabiot; except the devil, no one but your faithful and devoted Henri Cordier would visit you at such an

"What do you want?" [To be continued.] CASTORIA

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Having made some large purchases early in the season we now show a large range of DRESS MATERIALS in the new fall shades. Henrietta Cloths in Black, Navy Blue, Garnet and Brown, some extra fine quali. ties, also Crape Cloths, Second Mourning Goods, all wool Plaids, a large range of Patterns at 25c., and a nice assortment of fine Costuma Cloths, all entirely new with a full range of Trimmings in Brocada Silks, Plain Silks and Satins, Velvets, Plushes, Braids, Laces, etc., to match.

ORDERED CLOTHING.

This has been our busiest department during the unusually dull season New Goods in Worsteds, Trouserings and Tweeds arriving every week See our new fall Tweeds. Good patterns and good qualities at reason. able prices. A good fit guaranteed on all orders entrusted to us. Pants cut free of charge when cloth is purchased from us Boys' ready made Suits, all sizes in stock. Boys' Odd Pants \$1 pair.

HARVESTING GOODS-Cradles, Rakes, Forks, Scythes, Binder Twine, Binding Gloves, Machine Oils, etc.

Our entire stock is now well assorted with seasonable goods.

OAKWOOD

July 30th, 1891,—1593. CHEAPAT



PARIS GREEN. INSECT POWDER, HELLEBORE.

HIGINBOTHAMS

THE MANUFACTURERS' LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANIES

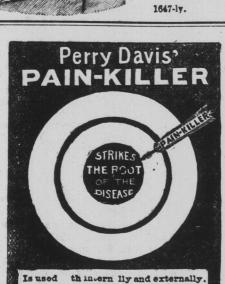


Combined Authorized Capital and other assets\$3,000,000

J. W. WALLACE,

Agent, Lindsay. W. A. HORKINS,

District Manager, Peterborou



relief from the severest pain.

DIRECTLY TO THE SPOT. INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION

For CRAMPS, CHILLS, COLIC, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS, NO REMEDY EQUALS

In Canadian Cholera and Bowel Complaints its effect is magical It cures in a very short time. THE BEST FAMILY REMEDY FOR BURNS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA and TOOTHACHE.

THE PAIN-KILLER.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 250. A BOTTLE t acts quickly, affording almost instar Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations

FOR Cheap FURNITURE

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co. KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

GO TO

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers, Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

JOB WORK

of all descriptions neatly and promptly done at "The Warder" office.

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