replied Clameran, 'but this nothing, failing in the ear of a man with any suspicions, will be more than enough to work on.'"

M. Verduret smiled like a man with reasons for appreciating at their just value De Clameran's fears.

"Well, your master is not without sense, after all, don't you think he showed it by

saying that ?"
"Yes, patron. Then Lagors exclaim

"Yes, patron. Then Lagors exclaimed, 'If it is as serious as that we must get rid of this little serpent!' But my master shrugged his shoulders, and laughing loudly said, 'You talk like an idiot; when one is annoyed by a woman of this sort one must take measures to get rid of her officially.' This idea seemed to amuse them both very

"I can understand their being entertained by it," said M. Verduret; "it is an excellent idea, but the misfortune is, it is too

shaved him, curled his hair, and perfumed him with especial care, after which I drove

him with especial care, after which I dis-

"How did he look when he came out?"

asked M. Verduret.
"Well, he certainly looked less pleased

than when he went in. After putting away my carriage, and rubbing down my horses, I went to see if he wanted anything; I found the door locked, and he swore at me

"Is that all?" questioned M. Verduret.

"All that occurred yesterday, but this norning my master rose late, still in a hor-

ribly bad humor. At noon Raoul arrived, also in a rage. They at once began to dispute, and such a row! Why, the most abandoned housebreakers and pickpockets would have blushed to hear such foulness.

At one time my master seized the other by

the throat and shook him like a reed. But

Raoul was too quick for him: he saved him-

self from choking by drawing out a sharp-pointed knife, the sight of which made my

master drop him in a hurry, I can tell

"But what did they say?"

"Ah, there is the rub, patron," said Joseph, in a piteous tone, "the scamps spoke English, so I could not understand them. But I am sure they were disputing

"How do you know that ?"
"Because I learned at the Exposition

that the word 'silver' meant money in every language in Europe, and this word they constantly used in their conversa-

He did not sit down at M. Verduret's

table, but stealthily gave his hand to Prosper, and after assuring himself that no one was observing them, handed M. Verduret a

the words pasted on Prosper's letter had

been cut.

"I had moral proofs," he said,
handing the book to Prosper, "but
here is material proof sufficient in itself to

when Prosper looked at the book he

turned pale as a ghost. He recognized this prayer-book instantly. He had given it to Madeleine in exchange for the medal. He opened it, and on the fly-leaf Made-

leine had written. "Souvenir of Notre Dame de Fourvieres, 17th of January,

"This book belongs to Madeleine," h

M. Verduret did not reply, but walked toward a young man dressed like a truck-man, who had just entered the room. He glanced at the note which this person

handed to him, and hastened to the table

and said, in an agitated tone:
"I think we have got them now!"
Throwing a coin on the table, and without saying a word to Cavaillon, he seized Prosper's arm, and hurried from the

"What a fatality !" he said, as he hast

ened along the street; "we may miss them. We shall certainly reach the St. Lazare Station too late for the St. Germain

"For Heaven's sake, where are you go

ing?" asked Prosper.
"Never mind, we can talk after we start.

Hurry!"
Reaching the Palais Royal M. Verdures

stopped before one of the hacks, and examined the horses at a glance.

"How much for driving us to Vesinet?" he asked of the driver.

"I don't know the road very well that

The name Vesinet was enough for Pros

er. "I will point out the road," he interrupt

pute by mere force of reflection.

see you to-morrow."

like a trooper through the keyhole." And, to assist the digestion of this insult, Master Joseph here gulped down a

glass of absinthe.

### Emile Gaboriau.

In an offended tone she said : "You promised me upon your honor, monsieur," continued Madeleine, "that you would never again seek my pres-ence. Is this the way you keep your

many things have happened since that terrible day that I think I am excusable in forrible day that I think I am excusable in forgetting, for one hour, an oath torn from me in a moment of blind weakness. It is to chance, at least to another will than my own, that I am indebted for the happiness of once more finding myself near you. Alas! the instant I saw you my heart bounded with joy. I did not think—no, I could not think—that you would prove more pitiless than strangers have been, and cast me off when I am so miserable and heart-brok-

Had not Prosper been so agitated he could have read in those beautiful eyes, so long the arbiters of his destiny, the signs of a great inward struggle. It was, however, in a firm voice that she

replied:

4'You know me well enough, Prosper, to be sure that no blow can strike you with-out reaching me at the same time. You

suffer, I suffer with you: I pity you as a sister would pity a beloved brother."
"A sister!" said Prosper, bitterly. "Yes, that was the word you used the day you banished me from your presence. A sister! Then why during three years did you delude me with vain hoyes? Was I a brother to you the day when, at the foot of the altar, we swore to love each other forever. altar, we swore to love each other forever, and you fastened around my neck a holy relic, and said, 'Wear this always for my sake, never part from it, and it will bring you good fortune!"

Madeleine attempted to interrupt him by

a supplicating gesture ; he would not heed

"One month after that happy day-a year ago—you gave me back my promise, told me to consider myself free from any engagement and never to come near you again if I could have discovered in what way have offended you! But no, you refused to explain. You drove me away, and to obey you I told every one that I had left you of my own accord. You told me that an invincible obatscle had arisen between us and I believed you, fool that I was The obstacle was your own heart, Made leine. I have always worn the medal, but it has not brought me happiness or good fortune.

As white and motionless as a statue, Madeleine stood with bowed head before the "I told you to forget me," she murmur-

"Forget !" exclaimed Prosper, excitedly, "forget! Can I forget! Is it in my power to stop by an effort of will the circulation of my blood? Ah you have never loved! To forget, as to stop the beatings of the heart, there is but one means—

"I forbid you to utter that word."
"You forget, Madeleine, that you have no right to forbid me, unless you love me. Love would make you all powerful, and me

With an imperious gesture Madeleine interrupted him as if she wished to speak, and perhaps to explain all, to excuplate

But a sudden thought stopped her; she clasped her hands despairingly, and

only knew-""
"I know but one thing, Madeleine, and that is that you no longer love me, and that I love you more madly than ever. Oh, Madeleine, God only knows how I love

He was silent. He hoped for an answer. But suddenly the silence was broken by a stifled sob.

It was Madeleine's maid, who, seated i a corner, was weeping bitterly.
He turned in surprise, and looked at the weeping woman; this neatly dressed waiting-maid was Nina Gipsy.

Prosper was so startled that he became perfectly dumb. He stood there with ashy

ips, and a chilly sensation creeping through

Me was there, between the two women who had ruled his fate; between Madeleine, the proud heiress who spurned his love, and Nina Gipsy, the poor girl whose devotion to himself he had so disdainfully rejected. He was astonished that Gipsy-violer itself-remained silently weeping instead of

rising and bitterly denouncing him.

Meanwhile Madeleine had succeeded in recovering her usual calmness.

Slowly and almost unconsciously she had put on her bonnet and shawl, lying on the

Then she approached Prosper, and said:
"I wish to tell you that I have forgotten nothing. But, oh! let not this knowledge give you any hope; the future is blank for us; but if you love me you will live. You will not, I know, add to my already heavy burden of sorrow, the agony of mourning your death. For my sake live; live the life of a good man, and perhaps the day will come when I can justify myself in your eyes. And now, oh, my brother, oh, my only friend, adieu! adieu!"

She pressed a kiss upon his brow, and

She pressed a kiss upon his brow, and rushed from the room, followed by Nina

Prosper was alone. He seemed to be awaking from a troubled dream. He tried to think over what had just happened, and asked himself if he were losing his mind, or whether he had really spoken to Madelina and asked himself in the were losing his mind, or whether he had really spoken to Madelina and the second s

leine, and seen Gipsy?

He was obliged to attribute all this to the mysterious power of the strange man whom he had seen for the first time that

How did he gain this wonderful power of controlling events to suit his own pur-

He seemed to have anticipated everything, to know everything. He was acquainted with Cavaillon. He knew all Madeleine's movements; he had made even Gipsy become humble and submissive. Thinking all this, Prosper had reached such a degree of exasperation that when M. Verduret entered the little parlor he strode toward him white with rage, and in a harsh,

threatening voice, said to him:

"Who are you?" The stout man did not show any surprise at this burst of anger, but quietly answer

"A friend of your father's, don't you

know it?"

"This is no answer, monsieur; I have been surprised into being influenced by a stranger, but now—"

"Do you want my biography—what I have been, what I am, and what I may be? What difference does it make to you? I told you that I would save you; the main point is that I am saving you."

"Still I have the right to ask by what means you are saving me."

"In order to decide whether I will accept

"That is not sufficient, monsieur. I will thank you for your past services, and decline them for the future, as I have no need of them. If I attempted to defend my honor and my life it was because I hoped that Madeleine would be restored to me. I have been convinced to-day that all is at an end between us; I retire from a struggle, and care not what becomes of me

Prosper was so decided that M. Verduret semed alarmed.

"You must be mad," he finally said. "No, unfortunately, I am not. Madeleine has ceased to love me, and of what importance is anything else?" Prosper's tone was so despairing that Verduret was moved.

"So you suspect nothing? you did not see what was hidden beneath her words?" Prosper turned upon him indignantly. "You were listening?" he said.

"You were listening?" he said.

"Perhaps it was not a delicate thing to do, but as long as the object is good we need not look too closely at the means. I listened, and I am glad that I did, because now I can say to you, 'Take courage, Prosper; Madeleine loves you; she has never ceased to love you."

Like a man who, feeling himself at the point of death, puts faith in the doctor's promises, Prosper saw a ray of hope in M.

promises, Prosper saw a ray of hope in M. Verduret's positive assertions. "Oh!" he murmured, suddenly calmed

"if I could only believe—"
"Believe me, I am not mistaken. Ah you have not guessed as I did the sufferings of this generous girl, struggling between her love and what she believes to be her duty. Did not your heart bound at her words of farewell?"

"She loves me, she is free, and yet she "Free? no, she is not free. In recalling her promise to you she obeyed a superior, stible will. She sacrificed herself for whom? We shall know soon, and the secret of her self-sacrifice will reveal to us

the secret of the plot of which you are the As M. Verduret spoke Prosper reconsid ered his resolution to emancipate himself from his guidance. He felt hope and con-

dence returning to him.
"If I could only be sure that you were right," he murmured. "Obstinate man, why will you shut you eyes to the clearest evidence? Don't you understand that Madeleine knows the name of the thief?"

"It is a fa ct; but we may be sure that human power can extract it from her. Yes, she sacrifices you, but she has almost a right to do so, for she sacrificed herself

ear to leave the room in which he had "Alas!" he cried, shaking M. Verduret's hand, "I must seem mad and ridiculous in your eyes; but you do not, cannot know

The red-whiskered man shook his head sadly; his face altered in a moment, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"What you are now suffering," he relied, "I also have suffered. Like you, I once loved; but, not like you, a pure, noble girl: still I loved her. For three years I was at her feet. All at once she left me, who adored her, to throw herself into the arms of a man who despised her. Then, like you, I wished to die. Neither my tears nor my prayers could induce her to come back to me. Love does not reason,

and she loved that man." "Did you know the man?"

"And you have not avenged yourself?"
"No," answered M. Verduret, and then he added, in a singular tone, "Chance has minute: then he said:

"I have decided, monsieur; my honor is sacred trust of which I owe an account to my family. I am ready to follow you to the end; dispose of me as you will." On that very day Prosper, true to his word, sold off his furniture, and wrote to ends, announcing his early departure

for San Francisco That evening both he and M. Verduret took up their abode at the Great Archangel

Mme. Alexandre had allotted to Prosper her very best room, which, however, was very inferior to his pretty drawing room in the Rue Chaptal. But he was not in a state of mind to notice the difference. Stretched on an ordinary-looking sofa, he thought over the events of the day, finding a bitter consolation in his solitude.

About eleven o'clock, feeling the want of About eleven o'clock, feeling the want of fresh air, he tried to open the window; it was blown to directly. But a puff of wind had entered the room and disturbed a piece of paper lying on the floor. Mechanically Prosper picked up this paper and examined it. It was covered with writing in the hand of Nina Gipsy; he could not be mistaken in the matter. It was afragment of a torn-up letter, and if the disjointed sentences failed to convey any exact meaning they were sufficient to set his imagination to work. This is an exact reproduc-

tion of the fragment : of M. Raoul I have been imp

plotted against him of whem never

warn Prosper and then

best friend he

habd of Mdlle. Ma Prosper slept that night.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHAM COACHMAN. Not far from the Palais Royal, in th Rue St. Honore, with the sign of Good Faith, is a little establishment, half cafe, half fruiterer's shop, much frequented by the clerks of the neighborhood.

It was in one of the rooms of this modest tavern that on the Friday after his release Prosper was waiting for M. Verduret, who promised to meet him there at four

As the clock struck M. Verduret, who was punctuality itself, appeared.

He was more ruddy than ever, and appeared perfectly satisfied with himself.

As soon as the waiter of whom he had ordered a glass had left the room he said to

"You have seen the costumer?"
"I gave him your letter. Everything that
you require will be brought to-morrow to
the Archangel."

"Then everything goes well, for I have lost no time, and I bring you plenty of

The Good Faith was generally almost deserted about four o'clock. The time for morning coffee was past, and the hour for absinthe had not arrived.

M. Verduret and Prosper could talk at their ease without any fear of being overheard.

M. Verduret produced his pocket-book,
that precious repository, which, like an enchanted book, contained an answer to every

"While waiting for two of our emiss whom I have appointed to meet me," he said, "let us occupy ourselves a little with M. de Lagors."

At the mention of this name Prosper did not raise a protest as he did the day before.

Like those invisible insects which, when once they have penetrated the trunk of a tree, devour it in a night, so suspicion, when once it has entered the mind, de-

atrongest belief.

Lagor's visit and the fragment of Gipsy's letter had inspired Prosper with doubts which increased every hour.

"Do you know, my dear friend," continued M. Verduret, "from what part of the country this gentleman comes who professes country this gentleman co to be a friend of yours?"

"From the same part as Mme. Fauvel, from St. Remy," answered Prosper.
"Ah?" said M. Verduret, "that is very singular," and he whistied softly, which with him was a sign of infinite satisfaction.

"What is singular?" asked Prosper.
"What I have just discovered," answered the stout gentleman, who went on imitating the speech of a showman at a fair.
"I wrote to St. Remy, and received answers. Ah, here is number one. Bow respectfully to it, 'tis official."

He then read:
"'LAGORS. Very old family, originally

""LAGORS. Very old family, originally from Malines, settled at St. Remy about a century ago."

"I told you so," cried Prosper.

"Pray, allow me to finish," said M. Verduret.

"The last of the Lagors (Jules-Rene Henri), bearing without warrant the title of count, married in 1829 Mademoiselle Rosalie Fontanet, of Tarascon; died December, 1848 leaving no male heir, but left two daughters. The register makes no mention of any person in the district bearing the name of Lagors.'
"Now, what do you think of this infor-

queried the stout man, with a

Prosper looked amazed.
"But why did M. Fauvel treat Raoul as "Ah, you mean as his wife's nephew! Let us examine note number two; it is not official, but it throws a valuable light upon the twenty thousand livres income of your

friend.

"'Jules-Rene-Henri de Lagors, last of his name, died at St. Remy on the 29th of December, 18—, in a state of great poverty. He at one time was possessed of a moderate fortune, but inrested it in a silkworm nursery, and lost

'He had no son, but left two daughters, one of whom is a teacher at Aix, and the other married a retail merchant at Orgon. His widow, at Montagnette, is supported entirely by one of her relatives, the wife of a rich banker in Paris. No person of the name of Lagors lives in the district of

"That is all," said M. Verduret; "don't you think it enough ?"
"Really, monsieur, I don't know whether am awake or dreaming.'

"You will be awake after a while. Now I wish to remark one thing. Some people may assert that the Widow Lagors had a child born after her husband's death. This objection is destroyed by the age of your friend. Raoul is twenty-four, Raoul is twenty-four, and M. de Lagorshas not been dead twenty years." "But," said Prosper, thoughtfully, "who

"I don't know. The fact is, I am more perplexed to find out who he is than to know who he is not. There is one man who could give us all the information we seek, but he will take good care to keep his "You mean M. de Clameran ?"

"Him, and no one else."
"I have always felt the most inexplicable aversion toward him. Ah, if we could only his account in addition to what you "I have been furnished with a few notes

concerning the Clameran family by your father, who knew them well: they are brief, bat I exect more." "What did my father tell you?"

"Nothing favorable, you may be sure. I will read you the synopsis of his informawho was watching him, wondered if he was "'Louis de Clameran was born at the trying to understand and construct the dis-Chateau de Clameran, near Tarascon. He had an elder brother named Gaston, who, in insequence of an affray in which he had the isfortune to kill one man and badly wound another, was compelled to fly the country in 1842. Gaston was an honest, noble youth, universally beloved. Louis, on the contrary, was a wicked, despicable fellow,

detested by all who knew him "Upon the death of his father Louis came to Paris, and in less than two years had squandered not only his own patri-

Plied, 'Of course.'"

Night was approaching, and the smokingroom was gradually filling with men, who
called for absinthe or bitters, and youths
who perched themselves up on high stools,
and smoked their pipes.

"It is time to go," said M. Verduret;
"your master will want you, Joseph; besides, here is some one come for me. I will
see you to morrow." "'Ruined and harassed by debt, Louis entered the army, but behaved so disgracefully that he was dismissed. "After leaving the army we lost sight of

him; all we can discover is, that he went to The new-comer was no other than Cavaillon, more troubled and frightened than ever. He looked uneasily around the room, as if he expected the whole police force to appear, and carry him off to England, and thence to a German gambling resort, where he became notorious for his scandalous conduct. "'In 18-we find him again in Paris.

He was in great poverty, and his associates were among the most depraved classes.

"But he suddenly heard of the return of his brother Gaston to France. Gaston had made a fortune in Mexico; but being still a young man, and accustomed to a very active life, he purchased, near Oloron, an iron foundry, intending to spend the re-mainder of his life in working it. Six package, saying: "She found this." It was a handsomely bound prayer-book.

M. Verduret rapidly turned over the leaves, and soon found the pages from which months ago he died in the arms of his brother Louis. His death provided our De Clameran an immense fortune, and the

title of marquis. "Then," said Prosper, "from all this I judge that M. de Clameran was very poor when I met him for the first time at M.

Fauvel's ?" "Evidently."
"And about that time Lagors arrived

from the country?" "Precisely."

"And about a month after his appearance
Madeleine suddenly discarded me?"

"Well," exclaimed M. Verduret, "I am glad you are beginning to understand the state of affairs."

He was interrupted by the entrance of a stranger, a "swell" coachman, with black whiskers, shining boots with fancy tops, buff breeches, and a yellow waistcoat with red and black stripes.

After cautiously looking around the room he walked straight up to the table where M. Verduret sat.

"What is the news, Joseph Dubois?"

said the stout man, eagerly.

"Ah, governor, don't speak of it," answered the servant: "things are getting

Prosper concentrated all his attention upon this showy domestic. He thought he recognized his face; that retreating forehead and those little restless black eyes, but where and when he could not remember.

Meanwhile, Master Joseph had taken a seat at the table adjoining the one occupied by M. Verduret and Prosper; and, having

holding the water beneath, and slowly pping it in the glass. Speak!" said M. Verduret. "In the first place, I must say that the position of valet and coachman to M. de Clameran is not a bed of roses."

ed for some absinthe, was preparing i

"Go on; come to the point. You can complain to-morrow."

"Very good. Yesterday my master walked out at two o'clock. 1, of course, followed him. Do you know where he went? The thing was as good as a farce. He went to the Archangel to keep the appointment made by Nina Gipsy."

"Well, make haste. They told him she was gone. Then?"

"Then? Ah, he was not at all pleased, I can tell you. He hurried back to the hotel where the other, M. de Lagors, awaited him. And, upon my soul, I never heard so much swearing in my life. M. Raoul asked him what had happened to put him in such

ed, quickly.

"Well." said the driver, "at this time of night, in such dreadful weather, it ought to be—twenty-five francs."

"And how much more for driving very "Bless my soul! Why, monsieur, I leave that to your generosity; but if you put it at thirty-five francs—"You shall have a hundred," interrupted M. Verduret, "if you over

take a carriage which has half an hour's start of us."

"Whew!" cried the delighted driver;

"jump in quick, we are losing time."

And, whipping up his lean horses, he galloped them down the Rue de Valois at lightning speed.

CHAPTER XL

Leaving the little station of Vesinet we

It was at the junction of these two roads that Prosper stopped the hack.

The driver had gained his hundred francs. The horses were completely worn out, but they had accomplished all that was expected of them; M. Verduret could distinguish the lamps of a vehicle similar to the one he occupied about fifty yards about of him.

ahead of him.

M. Verduret jumped out, and handing the driver a bank note, said: "Here is what I promised you. Go to the first tavern you find on the right as you enter the village. If we do not meet you there in an hour you are at liberty to re-turn to Paris."

The driver was overwhelming in his thanks; but neither Prosper nor his friend heard them. They had already started up he new road. The weather, inclement when they set

cellent idea, but the misfortune is, it is too late to carry it out. The Nothing which made Clameran uncasy has already fallen into a knowing ear."

With breathless curiosity Prosper listen ed to this report, every word of which seemed to throw light upon past events. Now, he thought, he understood the fragment of Gipsy's letter. He saw that this Raoul, in whom he had confided so deeply, was nothing more than a scoundrel. A thousand little circumstances, unnoticed at the time, now recurred to his mind, and made him wonder how he could have been blind so long. out, was now fearful. The rain fell in tor-rents, and a furious wind howled dismally through the dense woods.

The intense darkness was rendered more dreasy by the occasional glimmer of the lamps at the distant station, which seemed about to be extinguished by every new Master Joseph continued his report:
Yesterday, after dinner, my master
ecked himself out like a bridgeroom. I M. Verduret and Prosper had been running along the muddy road for about five minutes, when suddenly the latter stopped

"This is Raoul's house."

Before the gate in an isolated house stood the hack which M. Verduret had followed. Reclining on his seat, wrapped in a thick cloak, was the driver, who, in spite of the pouring rain, was already asleep, evidently waiting

"What!" exclaimed Prosper, "after the insulting language he used the day of the robbery, did he dare to visit the house?"
"Yes, monsieur; he not only dared this, but he also stayed there until midnight, to my great discomfort, for I got as wet as a set waiting for him." already asleep, evidently waiting for the person whom he had brought to this house a few minutes ago.

M. Verduret pulled his cloak, and said, in a low voice: "Wake up, my good man."
"The driver started, and, mechanically gathering his reins, cried out: "I am engaged!" he cried out, as he cracked his whip in the air: "I am waiting

here for some one, and if you don't ge away and leave me alone I will call for help." M. Verduret drew back quickly. "Come away," he whispered to Prosper,
"the dog will do as he says, and, alarm
once given, farewell to our projects. We
must find some other entrance than by this

Then they went along the garden wall, in search of a place where it was possible to

climb up. This was difficult to discover, the wall being twelve feet high, and the night very dark. Fortunately M. Verduret was very agile; and having decided upon the spot to be scaled, he drew back a few feet, and making a sudden spring, seized one of the projecting stones above him, and drawing himself up by the aid of his hands and feet, soon found himself on the coping.

It was now Prosper's turn to climb we.

It was now Prosper's turn to climb up, but though much younger than his companion he had not his agility and strength, and would never have succeeded if M. Verduret had not pulled him up, and then helped him down on the other side.

Once in the garden M. Verduret looked about him to study the situation.

The house occupied by M. de Lagors was built in the middle of an immense garden. It was narrow, two stories high, and with

garrets.
Only one window, in the second story, M. Verduret sat with knit brows, talking in an undertone to himself, and Prosper, "As you have often been here." Verduret, "you must know all about the arrangement of the house; what room is pute by mere force of reflection.

"When they had done fighting," continued Joseph, "the rascals began to talk in French again, but they only spoke of a fancy ball to be given by some banker. When Raoul was leaving my master said. Since this thing is inevitable, and it must take place to-day, you had better remain at home, at Vesinet, this evening.' Raoul replied, "Of course."

Night was approaching, and the smokingthat where we see the light?"
"That is Raoul's bed-chamber."

"Where do the servants sleep?" "Raoul has none at present. He is waited on by a man and his wife, who live at Vesinet; they come in the morning, and eave after dinner.

M. Verduret rubbed his hands gleefully.
"That suits our plans exactly," he said; "there is nothing to prevent our hearing what Raoul has to say to this person who has come from Paris at ten o'clock at night to see him. Let us go in." Prosper seemed averse to this, and said

"It is a serious thing for us to do, mon "Bless my soul! what else did we come here for? Did you think it was a pleasure trip, merely to enjoy this lovely weather?" he said, in a bantering tone.
"But we might be discovered."

"Suppose we are? If the least noise be "Suppose we are? If the least noise be-trays our presence you have only to ad-vance boldly as a friend come to visit a friend, and finding the door open, walk in." But unfortunately the heavy oak door was locked. M. Verduret shook it in vain. "How foolish!" he sald, with vexation, "I ought to have brought my tools with me. A common lock which could be open-ed with a nail, and I have not even a piece

of wire !" Thinking it useless to attempt the door h tried successively every window on the ground-floor. Alas! each blind was securely fastened on the inside.

M. Verduret was provoked. He prowled around the house very like a fox around a province.

hencoop, seeking an entrance. Despairing-ly he came back to the spot in front of the house, whence he had the best view of the lighted window.

"If I could only look in," he cried. "Just to think that in there," and he pointed to the window, "is the solution of the mystery; and we are cut off from it by thirty or torty teet of dead wall." Prosper was more surprised than ever a

Prosper was more surprised than ever at his companion's strange behavior. He seemed perfectly at home in this carden; he ran about without any precaution; so that one would have supposed him accustomed to such expeditions, especially when he spoke of picking the lock of an occupied house, as if of opening a snuff-box. He was utterly indifferent to the rain and sleet driven in his face by the gusts of wind as he splashed about in the mud, trying to find some way of entrance.

"I must get a peep into that window," he said, "and I will, cost what it may!"

Prosper seemed to suddenly remember something.

"There is a ladder here," he cried. "Why did you not tell me that before Where is it?" "At the end of the garden, under the

(To be Continued.)

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GIVEN,

MISSION OF

BY THE BREATH

BROOKLYN, Dec. throngs that for nes have gathered in third Brooklyn Ta ly, Dr. Talmage the upon an appropriand giving out thymns. The subjuion of the Frost."

By the breath of Nothing is more in our property. organist or pianist a key of the ins make no respons silence destroys the great cathedral of snow and vapor, inspiration, if th ance, the orches:rs hopelessly damage forever incomple than I can tell tha frost sounds forth the other keys, and it in the Psalms words: "He scatt As no one seems

like ashes;" and in my text, it reso the mission of Fros wine help. I undert down. The warm march southward. been scarred by th The huskers have The night sky has teoric restlessness seasons of the year fourth, and last, h element now come and instruct the The palaces of thi congelation. Win eries and Winter worths and Alhan with pendant char of iceberg, on reigns. Theatres nal cold dramatize lars of ice. Arche Chariots o Mountains of ice. Eternal fr hard, white, bu Frost descends, sceptre over our te will soon hear hi pond. You alrea

the night wind.

enemy coming he

der and slay, I

frost is a friend

vinely pronounce

charged with les

and tremendous.

alludes to the fro

nore it, "By the

He begins his wor

continues it on the

First, I think

crystal in his rig before humblest of September, an of the leaves. foliage a faint pa brown, and then last a flame of fi and oak are tur and then into s splendor. All one by one, but est in the course great velocity the Dutch p in a summer day size. but the f paint ten mou makes the last wood the days Luxembourgs Louvres in the S in the White Mo other painters yo light to full approf the Frost in a and from the tin the morning lifts curtain of the Angelo put uposentation of the Frosts represents upon three thous out grandeur. upon a few fee "Last Supper" but the Frost pu of the imperial g per of the dyin ghanies. When wrought up in cried out Titian I would great and over mnal scenes of hat one force of claim to anothe sunlight I would das, the German weakness in his arned to paint the Frost paints has in them mor andts and R oussins and A eroneses and ( long art gallery. great museum of now closed for s other spectacle, about to open. and ask you to alert. Tired of the frost will so panes. You wi morning and fir your home have rned with cu Equisiteness, v appreciate what preciate what lares, "By the given." You wane, traced the ardens of beautils, heliotropes,

orking, and armth obliterate admired it. it up in you freshment, an

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me great vio