Emile Gaboriau.

sudden appeared omin-e. was more certain many storms, ous to Madeleine. than ever that the plot was now ripe, and would suddenly burst upon them, without warning. She did not impart her presenti-ment to her aunt, but prepared herself for

"What can they be doing?" Mme Fauvel would say; "can they have ceased to

persecute us?"
"Yes; what can they be doing?" Made Louis and Racul gave no signs of life because, like expert hunters, they were silently hiding and watching for a favor-able opportunity of pouncing upon their

Never losing eight of Prosper for a day Raoul had exhausted every effort of his fertite mind to compromise his honor, to insnare him into some inextricable entangle-But, as he had foreseen, cashier's indifference offered little hope of

Clameran begen to grow impatient at this delay, and had fully determined to bring matters to a crisis himself when one night, about three o'clock, he was aroused by Raon!

He knew that some event of great impor tance must have happened to make his nephew come to his house at this hour of the night. "What is the matter!" he anxiously

inquired.
"Perhaps nothing; perhaps everything. I have just left Prosper."
"Well?

"I had him, Madame Gipsy, and three other friends to dine with me. After dinmer I made up a game of baccarat, but Prosper took no interest in it, although he was quite tipsy."
"You must be drunk yourself to come

here waking me up in the middle of the night, to hear this idle gabble," said Louis, angrily. "What the devil do you mean by "Now, don't be in a hurry; wait unti

"Pooh! speak then!"
"After the game was over we went to supper: Prosper became intoxicated, and betrayed the secret name with which he closes the money safe."
At these words Clameran uttered a ery

of triumph. What was the word?" "The name of his friend."

"Gipsy! Yes, that would be five Louis was so excited that he jumped ou

of bed, slipped on his dressing-gown, and began to stride up and down the chamber. 'Now we have got him !" he said, with vindictive satisfaction. "There's no chance of escape for him now! Ah, the virtuous cashier won't touch the money con fided to him; so we must touch it for him The diagrace will be just as great, no matword; you know where the key is kept.'

"Yes; when M. Fauvel goes out he al-ways leaves the key in the drawer of his secretary, in his chamber.' "Very good. Go and get the key from Madame Fauvel. If she does not give it

up willingly use force, so that you get it, that is the point; then open the safe, and take out every franc it contains. Ah, Master Bertomy, you shall pay dear for being leved by the woman whom I love !" The plan seemed feasible. The scoundrels made all their arrangements, and fix-

ed the day for committing the crime. They selected the evening of the 27th of February, because Raoul knew that M. Fauvel would be at a bank director's dinner, and Madeleine was invited to a party

on that evening. Unless something unforeseen should occur, Raoul knew that he would find Mme. Fauvel alone at half-past eight

After broakfasting together they separ-Clameran was so elated by the prospec of success that he lost sight of the great crime intervening. Raoul was calm, but resolute. The shameful deed he was about

to commit would give him riches, and release him from a hateful servitude. His one thought was liberty, as Louis' was Everything seemed to progress finely.

The banker did not ask for the notice of time, but promised to pay the money at the

specified hour. Prosper said that he would have it ready early in the morning. The certainty of success made Louis almost wild with joy. He counted the hours, and the minutes, which passed but

"When this affair is ended," he said to Raoul, I will reform, and be a model of virtue. None will dare hint that I ever indulged in any sins, great or small." But Raoul became more and more sad as the time approached. Reflection gradually betrayed the blackness of the contemplated crime.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Clameran's last injunction to Raoul was : "Be very cautious when you enter the room; your appearance must tell every-thing, so you can avoid preliminary explan-

The recommendation was useless.

The instant that Raoul went into the face and wild eyes caused Mme. Fauvel to spring up with clasped hands, and cry out:

"Raoul, what has happened? Speak,

"Raoul, what has happened? Speak, my son?"

The sound of her tender affectionate voice acted like an electric shock upon the young bandit. She shook like a leaf. But, at the same time, his mind seemed to change. Louis was not mistaken in his estimate of his companion's character. Raoul was on the stage; his part was to be played; his assurance returned to him; his cheating, lying nature assumed the ascendant, and stifled any better feeling in his heart.

"This misfortune is the last I shall ever suffer, mother?"

Mme. Fauvel a moment filled Mme. Fauvel with indignation. She saw that she had no influence over her son, that her prayers and tears had no effect upon his hard heart.

"Let them be astonished," she cried; "let them come here and find us! I will be relieved to put an end to this tissue of crime. Then Andre will know all, and will, I shall not sacrifice another victim. Prosper will be accused of this theft temorrow. Clameran defrauded him of the woman he loved, and now you would deprive him of his honer! I will have nothing the properties of the same time, his cheating, lying nature assumed the ascendant, and stifled any better feeling in his heart.

"This misfortune is the last I shall ever suffer, mother?"

suffer, mother!"

Mme. Fauvel rushed toward him, and seizing his hand gazed searchingly into his eyes, as if to read his very soul.

"What is the matter? Raoul, my dear son, do tell me what troubles you."

He gently pushed her from him.

"The matter is, my mother," he said, in a voice of heart-broken despair, "that I am an unworthy, degenerated son! Unworthy of you, unworthy of my noble father!"

She tried to comfort him by saying that his errors were all her fault, and that he was, in spite of all, the pride of her heart.

"Alas!" he said, "I have been a weak feel. Happiness was within my reach, and

I had not the sense to stretch forth my hand and grasp it. I rejected a heavenly reality to eagerly pursue a vain phantom.
I, who ought to have spent my life at your feet, and daily striven to express my gratitude for your lavished kindness, have made fatal day you welcomed me to your kind heart. Ah, unfeeling brute that I was, to squander upon creatures whom I despised, a fortune, of which each gold piece must have cost you a tear. Too late, too late! With you I might have been a good and

happy man!"

He stopped, as if overcome by the conviction of his evil deeds, and seemed about to burst into tears.

"It is never too late to repent, my son," murmured Mme. Fauvel, in comforting "Ah, if I only could !" cried Raoul; "but no, it is too late! Besides, can I tell hew long my good resolutions will last? This is not the first time that I have condemned

myself pitilessly. Stinging remorse for each new fault made me swear to lead a better life, to sin no more. What was the better life, to sin no more. What was the result of these periodical repentances? At the first temptation I forgot my remorse and good resolutions. I am weak and meanspirited, and you are not firm enough to govern my vacillating nature. While my intentions are good my actions are villaincus. The disproportion between my extravagant desires, and the means of gratifying them, is too great for me to endure any longer. Who knows to what fearful lengths my unfortunate disposition may lead me? However, I will take my fate in my own hands!" he finally said, with a reckless laugh.

"Oh, Raoul! my dear son!" cried Mme.

Fauvel, in an agony of terror, what have you been doing?"
"Money was entrusted to me; I gambled,

"How much did you loose?" "Thirty thousand francs. "You shall have them to-morrow."

"But I must have the money to-night." Mme. Fauvel wrung her hands in de "Oh! why did you not come to me sooner, my son? Why did you not have confidence enough in me to come at once for help! This evening? There is no one in the house

to open the money safe; if it were not for that -if you had only come before Andre "The safe!" cried Racul, with sudden joy, as if this magic word had thrown a ray of light upon his dark despair; "do you

know where the key is kept?"
"Yes: it is in the next room." "Well!" he exclaimed, with a bold look that caused Mme. Fauvel to lower her eyes

Give me the key, mother," he said, in a 'Oh, Raoul, Raoul!"

"It is my life I am asking of you." These words decided her; she snatched up a candle, rushed into her chamber, opened the secretary and took out M. Fauvel's But when about to hand it to Raoul she

seemed suddenly to see the enormity of what she was doing "Oh, Raoul! my! sen," she murmured, what could you do with the key? You do not know the secret word of the buttons." "No, but I can try to open it without

moving the buttons."
"You know that money is never kept in the safe over night.

"Nevertheless, I can make the attempt.

If I open the safe and find money in it, it
will be a miracle, showing that heaven has
pitied my misfortunes and provided relief."

"And if you are not successful will you
promise me to wait until to-morrow, to do thing rash to-night?" "I will swear it by my father's memory."

"Then take the key and follow me."
Pale and trembling, Raoul and Mme.
Fauvel passed through the banker's study, and down the narrow staircase leading to the offices and cash-room below. Raoul walked in front, holding the light,

and the key of 'he sate.

They reached Prosper's office, and Raoul placed the light on a high stool so that it

movement, almost independent of will, of stupor bordering upon unconsciousness which men accustomed to peril avail themselves in time of need.

Rapidly, with the dexterity of experience, he slipped the buttons on the five letters composing the name of G, i, p, s, y.

His features during this short operation expressed the most intense anxiety.

He inserted the key softly, turned it round; pushed it further in, and turned it a second time, then thrust it in suddenly, and turned it again. His heart beat so loudly that Mme. Fauvel could hear its The word had not been changed; the safe opened.

Raoul and his mother simultaneously ut-

tered a cry ; she of terror, he of triumph. "Shutitagain!" cried Mme. Fauvel, frightened at the incomprehensible result of Raoul's attempt; "come away. Don't touch anything, for heaven's sake! Raoul!" And half frenzied she clung to Raoul's arm and pulled him away so abruptly that the key was dragged from the lock, and slipping along the glossy varnish of the safe door, made a deep scratch some inches

But at a glance Raoul discovered on the upper shelf of the safe four bundles of bank notes. He snatched them up with his left hand and slipped them inside his vest.
Exhausted by the effort she had just made, Mme. Fauvel dropped Raoul's arm, and almost fainting with emotion, clung to

the back of a chair. "Have mercy, Raoul," she moaned. "I implore you to put back that money, and I solemnly swear that I will give youtwice as

much to-morrow. Oh, my son, have pity upon your unhappy mether!"

He paid no attention to these words of entreaty, but carefully examined the scratch on the safe. He was almost alarmed at this trace of the robbery, which it was im-

possible for him to cover up.

He carefully closed the safe.

"Come, mother, let us go back to the sitt ng-room. A servant might go there to look for yeu, and be astonished at our ab-Raoul's cruel indifference and cold calculation at such a moment filled Mme. Fauvel

ing to do with so base a crime." She spoke so loud and so angrily that Racul was alarmed. He knew that the errand boy slept in a room close by, and might be in bed listen-ing to her, although it was early in the

But she clung to a table, and refused to move a step.
"I have been cowardly enough to sacrifice Madeleine," she said, "but I will not

Raoul had an argument in reserve which he knew would make Mme. Fauvel submit "Now, really," he said, with a cynical laugh, "do you pretend that you do not know Prosper and I arranged this little affair together, and that he is to have half d Prosper, and the poor fellow has sole himself for her cruelty; and

She mechanically suffered herself to be ted along, more bewildered by what she had just heard than she was at the opening of

"What !" she gasped, "can Prosper be a She began to think herself the victim of a terrible nightmare, and that, when she waked, her mind would be reliaved of this intolerable torture. She helplessly clung to Raoul's arm as he helped her up the parrow little staircase.

"You must put the key back in the secretary," said Raoul, as soon as they were in the chamber again. But she did not seem to hear him, so he went and replaced the safe-key in the place from which he had seen her take it. He then led, or rather carried, Mme

The set, expressionless look of the wretched woman's eyes, and her dazed manner, frightened Raoul, who thought that she had lost her mind, that her reason had finally given way beneath this last terrible

placed her in an easy-chair.

Finding his efforts to restore Mme Fauvel fruitless; that, in spite of all his affectionate regrets and promises, she still sat silent, motionless, and death-like; and fearing that M. Fauvel or Madeleine might enter at any nent, and demand an explanation-h moment, and demand an explanation—he hastily pressed a kiss upon his mother's brow, and hurried from the house. At the restaurant, in the room where

they had dined, Ciameran, tortured by anxiety, awaited his accomplice. "The deed is done, uncle, thanks to you, and I am now the most miserable, abject villain on the face of the earth." He unbuttoned his vest, and pulling out

the four bundles of bank-notes angrily dashed them upon the table, saying in a tone of

acorn and disgust:

"Now I hope you are satisfied. This is
the price of the happiness, honor, and perhaps the life, of three people."

Clameran paid no attention to these
angry words. With feverish eagerness he seized the notes, and rattled them in his hand as if to convince himself of the realit

"Now Madeleine is mine !" he cried, ex-Raoul looked at Clameran in silent dis-

"I forbid you ever to allude to this evening's work," cried he, fiercely. "Do you hear me? I wish to forget it."

Clameran shrugged his shoulders at this outburst of anger, and said, in a bantering

"Just as you please, my handsome nephew; I rather think you will want to remember it though, when I offer you these three hundred and fifty thousand france. You will not, I am sure, refuse to accept them as a slight souvenir. Take them; they are yours." This generosity seemed neither to surprise nor satisfy Raoul.

"According to our agreement," he said sullenly, "I was to have more than this."
"Of course; this is only part of your "And when am I to have the rest, if you

"The day I marry Madeleine, and no before, my boy. You are too valuable an assistant to lose at present, and I promise you I will require nothing more of you save a few trifling services. You can retire behind the scenes now, while I appear upon the stage; my cue is called."

CHAPTER XX.

MADELEINE'S GIFT. He then summoned up all his coolness, or rather that mechanical precision of parture Mme. Fauvel remained in a state of Gradually, however, she recovered her senses sufficiently to comprehend the horrors of her present situation, and, with the faculty of thought, that of suffering

The dreadful scene in which she had taken part was still before her affrighted vision; all the attending circumstances, unnoticed it the time, now struck her

forcibly.	ie, now struck her
She sa' we'	en the dupe of a
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rob	
2 w 11 xim	ther to confide in
Mr 71.	in her own
hreast	

accided to keep Fatally inspired, As fate would have it, the banker, as soon as he entered the room, began to speak of Prosper, saying how distressing it was that so interesting a young man should be thus throwing himself away, and wondering what could have happened to make him suddenly cease his visits at the house,

and resort to bad company.

If M. Fauvel had looked at the faces of his wife and niece while he harshly blamed the cashier, he would have been puzzled at their strange expressions.

All night long Mme. Fauvel suffered the most intolerable agony. She counted each stroke of the town clock as the hours dragged on. 'In six hours," she said to herself, "in

five hours—in four hours—in three hours—in one hour—all will be discovered, and then what will happen? Heaven help me!"
At sunrise she heard the servants moving about the house; then the office shutters opened; then, later, she heard the clerks going into the bank.

going into the bank.

She attempted to get up; but felt so ill and weak that she sunk back on her pillow; and lying there, trembling like a leaf, bathed in cold perspiration, she awaited the discovery of the robbery.

She was leaning over the side of the bed, straining her ear to catch a sound from the contract when Modeling who had been the contract. cash-room, when Madeleine, who had just

left her, rushed into the room.

The white face and wild eyes of the poor girl told Mme. Fauvel that the crime was covered. "Do you know what has happened, aunt?" cried Madeleine, in a shrill, horrified tone. "Prosper is accused of robbery,

A groan was Mme. Fauvel's only answer.
"Raoul or the marquis is at the bottom
of this," continued Madeleine, excitedly.
"How can they be concerned in it, my
child?"

"I can't tell yet, but I only know that Prosper is innocent. I have just seen him, spoken to him. He would never have look-ed me in the face had he been guilty."

Mme. Fauvel opened her lips to confess all; fear kept her silent.

"What can these wretches want?" said Madeleine; "what new sacrifice do they demand? Dishonor Prosper! Good heavens! why did they not kill him at once? He would rather be dead than disgraced?" Here the entrance of M. Fauvel interrupted Madeleine. The banker was so angry that he could hardly speak.

"The worthless scoundrel?" he cried; "to think of his daring to accuse me! to insinuate that I robbed my own ssfe! And that Marquis de Clameran must needs doubt my good faith in keeping my engagement to pay, his money!"

Then, without not cing the effect of his "What can these wretches want?" said

usion; "you know I told yet and that Prosper was growing worse is not, and that he would get into troughout the day Madeleine on to her aunt was severely tried.

The generous girl saw disgrace heaped upon the man she loved. She had perfect faith in his innecence; she felt sure she knew who had laid the trap to ruin him; yet she read not say a word in his defence.

Fearing that Madeleine would suspect her of compacity in the their, if she remained in bed and betrayed so much agitation. More Fauvel trose and dressed for breakfast. It was a dreary meal. No one tasted a

morsel. The servants moved about on their tiptoes, as silently as if a death had occur-red in the family.

About two o'c ock a servant came to M. Fauvel's study, and said that the Marquis

de Clameren de ired to see him.
"What !" cried the banker, "does he Then, after a moment's reflection, he WAsk him to walk up."

The very name of Clameran had sufficed to arouse all the slumbering wrath of M. Fauvel. The victim of a robbery, finding his safe empty at the moment that he was called upon to make a heavy payment, he had been constrained to conceal his anger and resentmenty but now he determined to have his revenge upon his insolent wisitor!
But the marquis declined to come upon

stairs. The messenger returned with the answer that the gentleman had a particular reason for seeing M. Fauvel in the office be-"What does this fresh impertinence moan" cried the banker, as he angrily umped up and hastened down-stairs. M. de Clameran was standing in the

middle of the room adjoining the cash-room; M. Fauvel walked up to him and said bluntly:
"What do you want now, monsieur? You have been paid your money and I have your

To the surprise of all the clerks and the banker himself the marquis seemed not in the least offended at this rude greeting, but unswered in a deferential but not at all

thoughlessly gave way to my temper. Although I am gray-headed my disposition is as excitable as that of a fiery young man of 20 years; and I hope you will forget words uttered in a moment of excitement, and now deeply regretted."

M. Fauvel, being a kind hearted though M. fauvel, being a kind hearted though quick tempered man, could appreciate Clameran's feelings; and knowing that his own high reputation for scrupulous honesty could not be affected by any hasty or abusive language uttered by a creditor, at once calmed down before so frank an apology, and holding out his hand to Clameran,

"Let us forget what happened, mon-They conversed in a friendly manner for some minutes, and, after Clameran had explained why he had such pressing need of the money at that particular hour of the morning, turned to leave, saying that he would do himself the honor of calling upon

Mme. Fauvel during the day.
"That is if a visit from me would not be considered intrusive," he said, with a shade of hesitation. "Perhaps after the trouble of this morning she does not wish to be disturbed.

"Oh, no !" said the banker ; "come, by all means; I think a visit from you would cheer her mind. I shall be from home all day, trying to trace this uncomfortable Mme. Fauvel was in the same room

where Raoul had threatened to kill himself the night previous; she looked very pale and ill as she lay on a sofa. Madeleine was bathing her forehead.

When M. de C.ameran was announced they both started as if a phantom had ap-

peared before them.

Although Louis had been gay and smiling when he parted from M. Fauvel down stairs he now wore a melancholy aspect as he gravely bowed and refused to seat himself in the chair which Mme. Fauvel motioned him to take. "You will excuse me, ladies, for intrud-ing at this time of your affliction, but I have

"Only one hour ago," he replied, "I discovered that Raoul last night forced from his mother the key of the money safe and stole three hundred and fifty thousand

francs."

Madeleine crimsoned with shame and indignation; she leaned ever the sofa, and seizing her aunt's wrist shook it violently, and in a hollow voice cried:

"It is false, is it not, aunt? Speak!"
"Alas! alas!" groaned Mme. Fauvel.
"What have I done?" "You have allowed Prosper to be ac-used," cried Madeleine. "You have suffer-ed him to be arrested and disgraced for

"Forgive me!" sighed Mme. Fauvel. "He was about to kill himself; I was so fright-ened! Then you know—Prosper was to share the money; he gave Raoul the secret

word—"
"Good Heaven! Aunt, how could you believe such a falsehood as that?"
"Madeleine!" remonstrated Mme. Fauvel, who trembled at the rising anger of the man who held her fate in his hands, "Madeleine, be careful!"
"Mademoiselle is pitiless," said Clameran, sadly; "she cruelly punishes an honorable man whose only fault is having obeyed his brother's dying injunctions. And I am here now, because I believe in the joint responsibility of all the members of a

responsibility of all the members of Here he slowly drew from his pocket several bundles of bank-notes, and laid them on the mantel-piece.

'Raoul stole three hundred and fifty thousand francs," he said; "I return the same amount. It is more than half my

fortune. Willingly would I give the rest to insure this being the last crime committed by him." Too inexperienced to penetrate this bold, yet simple plan of Clameran's, Made was dumb with astonishment; all her

onlations were upset.

Mme. Fauvel, on the contrary, acc this restitution as salvation sent

"Oh, thanks, monsieur, thanks !"" cried, gratefully clasping Clameran's in hers; "you are goodness itself!" Louis' eve lit up with pleasure. Bu ejoiced too soon. A minute's rehection trought back all of Madeleine's distrust, She thought this magnanimity and generosity unnatural in a man whom she considered incapable of a noble sentiment, and at once concluded that it must conceal some "What are we to do with this money?"

"Restore it to M. Fauvel, made-noiselle." "We restore it, monsieur, and how? Restoring the money is denouncing Raoul, and ruining my aunt. Take back your money, monsieur. We will not touch it." monsieur. We will not touch it."

Clameran was too shrewd to insist; he took up the money and prepared to leave.

"I comprehend your refusal, made-moiselle, and must find another way of accomplishing my wish. But, before retiring, let me say that your injustice pains me deeply. After the promise you made to me, I had reason to hope for a kinder wel-

SEND for the new 144 page

"I will keep my promise, monsieur; but "Security! and for what? Pray explain yourself."

yourself."
"Something to protect my aunt against the molestations of Rsoul after my—marriage. What is to prevent his coming to extort money from his mother after he has squandered my dowry? A man who spends a hundred thousand francs in four months will soon run through my little fortune. We are making a bargain; I give you my hand in exchange for the honor and life of my aunt; and, of course, you must give me some guarantee to secure the performance of your promise."

"Oh! I will give you ample securities, cried Clameran; "such as will quiet all your suspicious doubts of my good faith. your suspicious doubts of my good faith.

Alas! you will not believe in my devotion;
what shall I do to convince you of its sin-

what shall I do to convince you of its sincerity? Shall I try to save Monsieur Bertomy?

"Thanks for the offer, monsieur," replied Madeleine, disdainfully. "If Prosper is guilty let him be punished by the law; if he is innocant, God will protect him."

Here Madeleine stood up, to signify that

the interview was over.

Clameran bowed and left the room. Since Clamerau's offer to restore the notes Mme. Fauvel had not doubted Prosper's guilt. She said nothing, but inwardly ac-cused him of having seduced her son from the path of virtue, and enticed him into crime—her son whom she would never cease to leve, no matter how great his faults.

Madeleine had perfect faith in Prosper's

She was so confident of his being restored to liberty that she ventured to ask her uncle, under pretext of some charitable object, to give her ten thousand francs. which she sent to the unfortunate victim of she had heard of his poverty, must be in

she had heard of his poverty, must be in need of assistance.

In the letter—cut from the prayer-book to avoid detection by writing—accompanying the money, she advised Prosper to leave France, because she knew that it would be impossible for a man of his proud nature to remain on the scene of his diagrace; the greater his innocence—the more intelerable his suffering.

Besides, Madeleine, at that time feeling that she would be obliged to marry Clameran, was anxious to have the man she loved far, far away from her.

far, far away from her.

On the day that this anenymous present was sent, in opposition to the wishes of Mme. Fauvel, the two poor women were entangled fearfully in pecuniary difficulties.

Madeleine and her aunt had declined all invitations during the winter, to avoid purchasing evening dresses; having always been remarkable for their superb toilets, seldom appearing in the same ball-dress twice, they dare not give rise to comment by wearing their old dresses, and knowing that M. Fauvel would be the first to ask the cause of this sudden change, as he liked to see them always the best-dressed women

But at last they were obliged to appear in public. Mme. Fauvel's most intimate friends, the Messrs. Jandidier, were about to give a splendid ball, and, as fate would have it, a faucy ball, which would require the purchasing of costumes.

Where would the money come from?

They had been owing a large bill to their dress-maker for over a year. Would she consent to furnish them dresses on credit? They were ashamed to ask her. Madeleine's new maid, Palmyre Chocaeille, extricated them from this difficulty.
This girl, who seemed to have suffered all

the minor ille of life-which, after all, are the hardest to bear-seemed to have divined her mistress' anxiety. She voluntarily informed Madeleine that a friend of hers, a first-class dress-maker, had just set up for herself and would be glad to furnish materials and make the dresses on credit, for the sake of obtaining niece, which would at once bring her plenty of fashionable customers.

But after this dilemma was settled a still reater one presented itself. Mme. Fauvel and her niece could not ap pear at a ball without jewelry; and every jewel they owned had been taken by Raoul,

and pawned. After thinking the matter over Madeleine decided to ask Raoul to take some of the stolen money, and redeem the last set of jewels he had forced from his mother. She nformed her aunt of her intention, and said, in a tone that admitted of no contra

"Appoint an interview with Raoul; he will not dare to refuse you; and I will go in your stead."

The next day the courageous girl took a cab, and, regardless of the inclement

weather, went to Vesinet. She would have been filled with consternation had she known that M. Verduret and Prosper were following close behind, and witnessed her interview from the top

of a ladder.

Her bold step was fruitless. Raoul swore that he had divided with Prosper; that his own half of the money was spent, and that he had not a napoleon wherewith to redeem anything.

He even refused to give up the pledges, and Madeleine had to resort to threats of exposure before she could induce him to surrender the tickets of four or five trifling articles that were indispensable to their

Clameran had ordered him to refus positively to give up a single ticket, because he hoped that in their distress they would call upon him for relief.

The violent altercation witnessed by Clameran's new valet, Joseph Dubois, had been caused by the exaction of this promise.

The accomplices were at that time on very bad terms. Clameran was seeking a safe means of getting rid of Raoul, and the young scamp, having a presentiment of his uncle's intentions, was determined to out-

Nothing but the certainty of impending danger could reconcile them. The danger was revealed to them both at the Jandidier

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