Emile Gaboriau.

"Hein!" he said to Prosper, forgetting his bad humor of a few minutes before. "Hein! what did I tell you?" "He has evidently-

"Been afraid to give way to his first im-pulse; of course he has. He is now seeking for proofs of your assertions. He must have them by this time. Did the ladies go out vesterday?

"Yes, a part of the day."
"What became of Monsieur Fauvel?"
"The ladies took me with them; we left
Monsieur Fauvel at home."

"Not a doubt of it!" cried the fat man; "he looked for proofs and found them, too! Your letter told him exactly where to go. Ah, Prosper, that unfortunate letter gives more trouble than everything else put together."

These words seemed to throw a sudden light on Mme. Gipsy's mind.
"I understand it now!" she exclaimed. "M. Fauvel knows everything."

"That is, he thinks he knows everything and what he has been led to fear, and thinks he has discovered, is worse than the true state of affairs." "That accounts for the order which M.

Cavaillon overheard him give to his servant-"What order?"
"He told Evarists to bring every letter

that came to the house, no matter to whom addressed, into his study, and hand them to him, saying that if this order was disobeyed he should be instantly discharged."

"At what time was this order given?"

asked M. Verduret. "Yesterday afternoon." 'That is what I was afraid of," cried M. Verduret. "He has clearly made up his mind what course to pursue, and is keeping quiet so as to make his vengeance more sure. The question is, have we still time to counteract his projects? Have we time to convince him that the anonymous letter was incorrect in some of its asser-

He tried to hit upon some plan for repairing the damage done by Prosper's foolish letter.

"Thank you for your information, my dear child," he said, after a long silence. "I will decide at once what steps to take, for it will never do to sit quietly, and let things go on in this way. Return home without delay, and be careful of everything you say and do, for M. Fauvel suspects you of being in the plot. Send me word of anything that happens, no matter how insignificant it may be."

Nina, thus dismissed, did not move, but said, timidly:
"What about Caldas, monsieur?"

This was the third time during the last fortnight that Prosper had heard this name, Caldas. The first time it had been whispered in his ear by a respectable-looking, middle-aged man, who offered his protection one day when passing through the police-office

passage.

The second time the judge of instruction had mentioned it in connection with Gipsy's

Prosper thought over all the men he had ever been connected with, but could recall mone named Caldas.

The impassible M. Verduret started and

trembled at the sound of his name, but quickly recovering himself, said: "I promise to find him for you, and I will keep my promise. Now you must go;

It was twelve o'clock and M. Verduret suddenly remembered that he was hungry. He called Mme. Alexandre, and the bea ing hostess of the Archangel soon placed a tempting breakfast before Prosper and his friend.

But the savory broiled oysters and flaky biscuit failed to smooth the perplexed brow of M. Verduret. To the eager questions and complimentary remarks of Mme. Alexandre he answered:

"Hush! let me alone; keep quiet."

For the first time since he had known the stout man, Prosper saw him betray anxiety and hesitation.

He remained silent as long as he could, and then uneasily said: "I am afraid I have embarrassed you very much, monsieur."

"Yes, you have dreadfully embarrassed te," replied M. Verduret. "What on earth to do now I don't know! Shall I hasten matters, or keep quiet and wait for the next move. And I am bound by a sacred promise. Come, we had better go and advise with the judge of instruction. He can assist me. Come with me; let us

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE UNSIGNED LETTER. As M. Verduret had anticipated, Prosper's letter had a terrible effect upon M.

It was toward nine o'clock in the morning, and M. Fauvel had just entered his study when his mail was brought in. After opening a dozen business letters his eyes fell on the fatal missive sent by

Prosper.
A cold chill ran through his heart, and

he dreaded to open it.

With absolute certainty that he was about to learn some new calamity, he broke the seal, and opening the coarse paper, was shocked by the following

"Monsieur.-You have handed your cashier over to the law, and you acted properly, convinced as you were of his dishonesty.
"But if it was he who took three hundred and fifty thousand francs from your safe, was it he also who took Madame Fauvel's diamonds!"

This was a terrible blow to a man whose life hitherto had been an unbroken chain of prosperity, who could recall the past without one bitter regret, without remember-

ing any sorrow deep enough to bring forth what t his wife deceive him! And among atten, to choose one vile enough to rob her of her jewels, and force her to

be his accomplice in the ruin of an innocent For did not the letter before him assert

this to be the fact, and tell him how to convince himself of its truth? It is generally agreed that an anonymous letter should be treated with silent con-tempt, and cast aside as the malicious lies of a coward who dares not to say to a man's

face what he secretly commits to paper, and forces upon him. This is all very well in theory, but it is difficult to practice when the anonymous letter comes. You throw it in the fire, it letter comes. You throw it in the fire, it burns; but although the paper is destroyed by the flames doubt remains. Suspicion arises from its ashes, as a subtle poison penetrates the inmost recesses of the mind, weakens its holiest beliefs, and destroys its

The trail of the serpent is left.

Thus were realized all Verduret's pre-

umptions.

He had said:

"If M. Fauvel does not yield to his first impulse, if he stops to reflect, we have time to repair the harm done."

After a long and painful meditation the

ber finally decided to wait, and watch

It was a hard struggle for a man of his frank, upright nature to play the part of domestic spy and jealous hunband.

Accustomed to give way to sudden bursts of anger, but quickly mastering them, he would find it difficult to be compelled to preserve his self-restraint, no matter how dreadful the discoveries might be. When he collected the preefs of guilt one by one he must impose silence upon his resentment, until fully assured of possersing certain evidence.

There was one simple means of ascertaine ing whether the dismonds had been pawned.

If the letter lied in this Instance he would treat it with the soon it deserved.

If, on the other hand, it should prove to be

Hurrying into Mme. Fauvel's room in he absence he opened the drawer of the chif-onier, where she kept her jewels. The last dozen or more leather and ve vet boxes containing superb sets of jewelry which he had presented to her were gone. Twelve boxes remained. He nervously

pened them.

They were all empty ?

The anonymous letter had told the

And she had been thus deceiving him for twenty years! But suddenly a gleam of hope penetrated his confused mind—slightly, barely possible; still a straw to cling

"Perhaps Valentine has put her diaonds in Madeleine's room. Without stopping to consider the indeli-cacy of what he was about to do he hurried into the girl's room and pulled open ene drawer after an another. What did he

Not Mme, Fauvel's diamonds, but Made-Not Mme. Fauvel's diamonds, but Made-leine's seven or eight boxes also empty. Great heavens! Was this gentle girl, whom he had treated as a daughter, an ac-complice in this deed of shame? Had she contributed her jewelry to add to the dis-grace of the roof that sheltered her?

This last blow was almost too much fet the miserable old man.

If his wife could deceive him new when she was silver-haired had see not deceived

him when she was young?

Not only did he suffer in the present, but
the uncertainty of the past tortured his

the exquisite wine he has drank cont Confidence is entire; it is, or it is not. His confidence was gone; his faith was dead.

every hope and happiness on the love of his wife. Believing that she had proved faithless, that she had played him false, and was unworthy of trust he admitted no possibility of peaceful joy, and felt tempted to seek consolation from self-destruction. What had he to live for now save to mourn over the sales of for now, save to mourn over the ashes of

But this dejection did not last long. If dignant anger and thirst for vengeance made him start up and swear that he would lose no time in vain regrets.

M. Fauvel well knew that the fact of the diamonds being stolen was not ruffi-cient ground upon which to bring an accusation against any of the accom-

He must possess overwhelming proofs be fore taking any active steps. Success depended upon present secrecy.

He began by calling his valet and ordering him to bring him every letter that should come to the house.

He then wrote to a notary at St. Remy minute and authentic information bout the Lagors, and especially about Finally, following the advice of the an-

of Police, hoping to obtain a biography of tely asked wh M. Fauvel was motives urged him to the past life of a inquire French past life of a French ; and, as he declined to state reasons, the chief of police told reasons, the chief of police told

him he had better apply to the procurer for This advice he could not follow. He had sworn that the secret of his wrongs should be confined to the three persons interested.

He chose to avenge his own injuries, to be alone the judge and executioner.

He returned home more angry than ever; there he found the dispatch answering the one he had sent to St. Remy. It read as

"The Lagors are very poor and there never has been a member of the family named Raoul. Madame Lagors had no son, only two daughters.'

This information dashed his last hope. The banker thought when he discovered his wife's infamy that she had sinned as deeply as woman could sin, but he now saw that she had practiced a system more shock-

ing than the crime itself. Nothing but death could wipe out an injury of this nature. But the very bitterness of his resentment enabled him to restrain himself until the time for punishment came. With grim satisfaction he promised himself that his acting would be as successful as

That day he succeeded in concealing his agitation and kept up a flow of talk at din-mer; but at about 9 o'clock, when Clameran called on the ladies, he rushed from the house for fear that he would be unable to control his indignation at the sight of this destroyer of his happiness, and did not return home until in the night.

The next day he reaped the fruit of his Among the letters which his valet brought im at noon was one bearing the postmark

He carefully opened the envelope, and

"DEAR AUNT,—It is imperatively necessary for me to see you to-day, so do not fail to come Vesinet.

to come Vesinet.

"I will explain why I give you this trouble, instead of calling at your house.

RAOUL." "I have them now !" cried M. Fauvel

trembling with satisfaction at the near prospect of vengeance.

Eager to lose no time, he opened a drawer, took out a revolver, and examined the hammer to see if it worked easily.

He imagined himself alone, but a vigi-lant eye was watching his movement. Gipsy, immediately upon her return from the Archangel, stationed herself at the keyhole of the study door, and saw all that oc-

M. Fauvel laid the pistel on the mantel-

M. Fauvel laid the pistol on the mantelpiece, and nervously resealed the letter, which he then took to the box where the letters were usually left, not wishing anyone to know that Raoul's letter had passed through his hands.

He was only absent two minutes, but, inspired by the imminence of the danger, Gipsy darted into the study, and rapidly extracted the balls from the revolver.

"Thank Heaven!" she murk ured; "this peril is averted, and M. Verduret will new perhaps have time to prevent a murder. I must send Cavaillen to tell him."

She hurried into the bank, and sent the clerk with a message, telling him to leave it with Mme. Alexandre, if M. Verduget had left the hotel.

An hour later Mime. Fauvel ordered her

CHAPTER XXIV.

Rowing his accomplice's nature, Racul saw himself surrounded by snares; he saw death before him in every form; he was equally afraid of going out and of remaining at home. He only ventured with the most suspisious caution into the most public places; he feared poison more than the assassin's knife, and imagined that every dish placed before him tasted of strychnine.

determined to anticipate a struggle which he felt must terminate in the death of either Clameran or himself, and if he were doemed to die, to be first revenged. If he went down Clameran should go, too; better kill the devil than to be killed by

In his days of poverty Raoul had often risked his life to obtain a few guineas, and would not have hesitated to make short work of a person like Clameran.

But with money prudence had come. He wished to enjoy his four hundred thousand frames without heing compromised by committing a murder which might be discovered; he therefore began to devise some other means of getting rid of his dreaded accomplice. Meanwhile, he devoted his thoughts to some discreet way of thwarting Clameran's marriage with Madeleine. He was sure that he would thus strike him to the heart, and he would thus strike him to the heart, and

this was at least a satisfaction. Raoul was persuaded that by openly siding with Madeleine and her aunt he could save them from Clameran's clutches. Having fully resolved upon this course he wrote a note to Mme. Fauvel asking for an

interview. The poor woman hastened to Vesinet convinced that some new misfortune was in store for her.

Her alarm was groundless. She found Raoul more tender and affectionate than he had ever been. He saw the necessity of reassuring her, and winning his old place in her forgiving hears, before making his disclosures.

He succeeded. The poor lady had a

smiling and happy air as she sat in an arm chair, with Raoul kneeling before her. "I have distressed you too long, my dear mother," he said in his softest tones, "but I repent sincerely; now listen to

He had not time to say more; the do was violently thrown open, and Raoul, springing to his feet, was confronted by M. Fauvel.

The banker had a revolver in his hand. and was deadly pale.

It was evident that he was making superhuman efforts to remain calm, like a judge whose duty it is to justly punish

"Ah," he said, with a horrible laugh,

"you look surprised. You did not expect me? You thought that my imbecile credulity insured your safety."

Raoul had the courage to place himself before Mme. Fauvel, and to stand prepared to receive the expected bullet.

"I assure you, uncle-" he began "Enough !" interrupted the banker, with an angry gesture," let me hear no more in-famous falsehoods! End this acting, of which I am no longer the dupe." "I swear to you-

"Spare yourself the trouble of denying anything. I know all. I know who pawned my wife's diamonds. I know who committed the robbery for which an innocent man was arrested and imprisoned." Mme. Fauvel, white with terror, fell

At last it had come—the dreadful day had come. Vainly had she added falsehood to falsehood; vainly had she sacrificed She saw that all was lost, and wringing

her hands she tearfully moaned:
"Pardon, Andre! I beg you, forgive At these heart-broken tones the banker hook like a leaf.

The memory of his lost happiness was too much for the stricken man. He forgot the resent in the past, and was almost melted "Unhapny woman !" he murmured, "us happy won .n! What have I done that

you show i thus betray me! Ah, my only fau' was loving you too deeply, and a see it. () ie wearies of every this world, even happiness. Did pure domestic joys pail upon you and weary ou, driving you to seek the excitement of sinful passions? Were you so tired of the mosphere of respect and affection which rrounded you that you must needs risk your honor and mine by braving public pinion? Oh, into what an abyss you have allen, Valentine! and, oh, my God! if you were wearied by my constant devotion, had the thought of your children no power to

restrain your evil passions; could you not remain untarnished for their sake?" For some moments nothing was heard out sobs of Mme. Fauvel. "I came here," continued the banker,

"with the intention of killing you both. But I cannot kill a woman, and I will not kill an unarmed man." Raoul once more tried to speak.
"Defend yourselt!" cried the banker, aising his arm, "if you do not-" But the horror of the scene was too muci or Mme. Fauvel to witness any longer

without interposing. She understood but one thing—her son and her husband were bout to kill each other before her very Rushing up to Raoul she threw her arms round him, and said to her husband;

"Kill me, and me alone, for I am the uilty one!" At these words M. Fauvel glared at the guilty pair, and deliberately taking aim Neither Raoul nor Mme. Fauvel moved.

The banker fired a second time; then a He cocked the pistol for a fourth shot, when a man rushed into the room, snatched the pistol from the banker's hand, and throwing him on the sofa, ran toward Mme.

This man was M. Verduret, who had seen warned by Cavaillon, but did not know that Mme. Gipsy had extracted the bulk from M. Fauvel's revolver. "Thank Heaven!" he cried, "she is un

"How dare you interfere?" cried the canker, who by this time had joined the group. "I have the right to avenge my nonor when it has been degraded; the villain

M. Verduret seized the banker's wrist n a vise-like grasp, and whispered in his "Thank God, you are saved from com-mitting a terrible crime; the anonymous etter deceived you."

"But my wife confesses she is guilty," "So she is," replied M. Verduret; "but not of the crime you imagine. Do you know who that man is that you attempted to kill?"

"No; her son?"
The words of this stranger, showing his intimate knowledge of the private affairs of all present, seemed to confound and frighten Raoul more than M. Fauvel's threats had done. Yet he had sufficient ce of mind to say:

points of the plot he had discovered.

The true state of the case was terribly distressing to M. Fauvel, but nothing compared with what he had suspected.

His throbbing, yearning heart told him that he still loved his wife. Why should he punish a fault committed so many years ago, and atoned for by twenty years of devotion and suffering?

For some moments after M. Verduret had finished his explanation M. Fauvel remained atlent.

So many strange events had happened, rapidly following each other in succession, and culminating in the shocking scene which had just taken place, that M. Fauvel seemed to be too bewildered to thisk clearly.

But the sight of Raoul froze the words

upon his lips.
"So this is your son," he said to his wife
—"this man, who has plundered you and reply to these reproachful words.
"Oh!" said M. Verduret, "madam will tell you that this young man is the son of Gaston de Clameran; she has never doubt-ed it. But, the truth is—"

"That, in order to swindle her, he perpetrated a gross imposture."

During the last few minutes Raoul had been quietly creeping toward the door, hop-ing to escape while no one was thinking of

But M. Verduret, who anticipated his intention, was watching him out of the cer-ner of one eye, and stopped him just as he was about leaving the room.

was about leaving the room.

"Not so fast, my pretty youth," he said, dragging him into the middle of the room; "it is not polite to leave us so uncermoniously. Let us finish the story.

"On leaving Mihonne, who had given him a full account of the misfortunes of Mile. Valentine de la Verberie, Clameran hattend to London.

hastened to London. "But here an unexpected disappointment

greeted him.
"He learned that the child, whose name was registered on the parish books as Racul Valentine Wilson, had died of the croup when 18 months old." "Did anyone state such a fact as that?"

interrupted Raoul; "it is false!" "It was not only stated, but proved, my pretty youth," replied M. Verduret. "You don't suppose I am a man to trust to oral

estimony, do you?" He drew from his pocket several officialstamped documents, with red seals tached and laid them on the table. "These are the declarations of the nurse her husband, and four witnesses. Here is an extract from the register of births; this is

a certificate of registry of his death; and all these are authenticated at the French Embassy. Now are you satisfied, young "What next?" inquired M. Fauvel. "The next step was this," replied M. Verduret. "Clameran, finding that the child was dead, supposed that he could, in spite of this disappointment, obtain money from Mme. Fauvel; he was mistaken. His first attempt failed. Having an inventive turn of mind he determined that the child should come to life. Among his large cir-cle of rascally acquaintances he selected a young fellow to personate Raoul Valentine Wilson; and the chosen one stands before

Mme. Fauvel was in a pitiable state.
And yet she began to feel a ray of hope;
her acute anxiety had so long tortured her
that the truth was a relief; she would thank Heaven if this wicked man was

"Can this be possible?" she murmured; 'can it be?" "Impossible!" cried the banker; "an in-lamous plot like this could not be executed in our midst

"All this is false!" said Raoul, boldly; "it M. Verduret turned to Raoul and, bowing with ironical respect, said: "Monsieur derires proof, does he? Monsieur shall certainly have convincing ones. I have just left a friend of mine, M. Palot, who brought me valuable information from

London. Now, my young gentleman, I will tell you the story he told me, and then you can give your opinion of it. "In 18— Lord Murray, a wealthy and generous nobleman, had a jockey named Spencer of whom he was very fond. At Epsom races this jockey was thrown from his horse and killed. Lord Murray grieved over the loss of his favorite, and, having no children of his own, declared his intention

of adopting Spencer's son, who was then but four years old. "Thus James Spencer was brought up affluence, as heir to the immense wealth of the noble lord. He was a handsome, in telligent boy, and gave satisfaction to his rotector until he was 16 years of age, when

he became intimate with a worthless set of people and turned out badly. "Lord Murray, who was very indulgent, pardoned many grave faults, but one fine morning he discovered that his adopted son had been imitating s signature upon some checks. He indicantly dismissed him from his house, and told him never to show

nis face again. "James Spencer had been living in London about four years, managing to support himself by gambling and swindling, when he met Clameran, who offered him twentyfive thousand francs to play a part in a lit-tle comedy which he had arranged to suit

the actors. "You are a detective !" interrupted The fat man smiled grimly.
"At present," he replied, "I am merely
a friend of Prosper Bertomy. It depends
entirely upon your behavior which character I appear in while settling up this little

"What do you expect me to do?"
"Restore the three hundred and fifty thousand francs which you have stolen."

The young rascal hesitated a moment, and then said: "The money is in this room."
"Very good. This frankness is creditable, and will benefit you. I know that

where it is to be found. Be kind enough to look behind that cupboard, and you will find the three hundred and fifty thousand Raoul saw that his game was lost. He remblingly went to the cupboard and pulled out several bundles of bank notes

the money is in this room, and also exactly

and an enormous package of pawnbroker's "Very well done," said M. Verduret, as he carefully examined the money and papers; "this is the most sensible step you ever took. Raoul relied on this moment, when

Raoul relied on this moment, when everybody's attention would be absorbed by the money, to make his escape. He slid toward the door, gently opened it, slipped out and locked it on the outside, the key being still in the lock.

"He has escaped!" cried M. Fauvel.

"Naturally," replied M. Verduret, without even looking up; "I thought he would have sense enough to do that."

"But is he to go unpunished?"

"My dear sir, would you have this affair become a public scandal? Do you wish your wife's name to be brought into a case of this nature before the police court?"

"Then the best thing you can do is to let e rases; go soot-free. Here are receipte rail the articles which he has pawned,

so that we should consider ourselves fortumate. He has kept fifty thousand france,
but that is all the better for you. This
sum will enable him to leave France, and
we shall never see him again."

Like every one else, M. Fauvel yielded to
the ascendancy of M. Verduret.

Gradually he had awakened to the true
state of affairs; prespective happiness so
longer seemed impossible, and he felt that
he was indebted to the man before him for
more than life. But for M. Verduret,
where would have been his henor and
domestic peace?

domestic peace?

With honest gratitude he seized M.

Verduret's hand as if to carry it to his lips,
and said, in broken tones: "Oh, monsieur! how can I ever find words to express how deeply I appreciate your kindness? How can I ever repay the great service you have rendered?"

great service you have rendered?"

"I am Prosper's friend, and deeply interested in his future. You can exonerate him from this infamous charge of robbery; you can restore him to his honorable position. You can do more than this, monsieur. He leves Mile. Madeleine."

"Madeleine shall be his wife, monsieur," interrupted the banker; "I give you my word of honor. And I will so publicly exon erate him that not a shadow of suspicion will rest upon his name. I will place him in a position which will prevent slander from reproaching him with the painful remembrance of my fatal error."

The fat man took up his hat and quietly left the room, and jumping into his cab ordered the driver to return to Paris, and drive to the Hotel du Louvre as rapidly as

His mind was filled with anxiety about Clameran. He knewthat Raoul would give Clameran. He knewthat Raoul would give him no more trouble; the young rogue was pre-bably taking his passage for some foreign land at that very moment. But Clameran should not escape unpunished; and how this pun-ishment could be brought about without compromising Mme. Fauvel was a problem to be selved.

M. Verduret thought over the various cases similar to this, but not one of his former expedients could be applied to the present circumstances. He could not deliver the villain over to justice without in-

liver the villain ever so just your solving Mme. Fauvel.

After long thought he decided that an accusation of poisoning must come from Oloren. He would go there and work upon the blic opinion." so that to satisfy the Oloron. He would go there and work upon "public opinion," so that to satisfy the townspeople the authorities would order a post-mortem examination of Gaston. But this mode of proceeding required time; and Clameran would certainly escape before another day passed over his head. He was too experienced a knave to remain on slippery ground, now that his eyes were open to the danger which measeed him. It was almost dark when the carriage stopped in front of the Hotel du Louvre. M. Verduret noticed a crowd of people collected front of the Hotel du Louvre. M. Verduret noticed a crowd of people collected together in groups, eagerly discussing some exciting event which seemed to have just taken place. Although the policeman attempted to disperse the crowd by authoritatively ordering them to "Move on!" they would merely separate in one spot to join a more clamprous group.

in one spot to join a more clamorous group a few vards off. "What has happened?" demanded M. Verduret of a lounger near by. "The strangest thing you over heard of," replied the man. "Yes, I saw him with my own eyes. He first appeared at that

seventh story window; he was only half-dressed. Some men tried to seize him, but with the agility of a squirrel he jumped out The recklessness of his conduct led me to The gossip stopped short in his narrative, very much surprised and vexed; his ques-tioner had vanished.

"If it should be Clameran !" thought M Verduret; "if terror has deranged that brain, so capable of werking out great crimes! Fata must have interposed—" While thus talking to himself he elbowed his way through the crowded court-yard of the hotel

At the foot of the staircase he found M. Fanferlot and three peculiar-looking in-dividuals standing together, as if waiting "Well," cried M. Verduret, "what is the With laudable emulation the four men

rushed forward to report to their superior "Patron," they all began at once.
"Silence!" said the fat man, with an eath; "one at a time. Quick! what is the

"The matter is this, patron," said Fan-ferlot, dejectedly. "I am deomed to ill luck. You see how it is; this is the only chance I ever had of working out a beautiful case, and, paf! my criminal must go and fizzle! A regular case of bankruptcy!"
"Then it is Clameran who "Of course it is. When the rascal saw me this morning he scampered off like a hare. You should have seen him run; I thought he would never stop this side of Ivry; but not at all. On reaching the Boulevard des Ecoles a sudden idea seemed to strike him, and he made a bee-line for

money. Directly he gets here what does he see? these three friends of mine. The sight of these gentlemen had the effect of a sun-stroke upon him; he went raving mad on the spot. The idea of serving me such a low trick at the very moment I was sure of "Where is he now?" "At the prefecture, I suppose. Some clicemen hand-cuffed him, and drove off

his hotel; I suppose, to get his pile of

with him in a cab." "Come with me."
M. Verduret and Fanferlot found Clameran in one of the private cells reserved for dangerous prisoners.

He had on a straight-jacket, and was struggling violently against three men, who were striving to hold him, while a physician tried to force him to swallow a potion.

"Helr!" he shricked; "help, for God's
sake! Do you not see my brother coming
after me? Look! he wants to poison me!"

M. Verduret took the physician aside, nd questioned him about the maniac.
"The wretched man is in a hopeless state," replied the doctor; "this species of insanity is incurable. He thinks some one is trying poison him, and nothing will persuade im to eat or drink anything; and, as it is

impossible to force anything down his to roat he will die of starvation, after having suffered all the tortures of poison."

M. Verduret, with a shudder, turned to leave the prefecture, saying to Fanferlot: (To be Continued.)

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BROOM unique Talmage throngs church i led by o hymn to Home." mother Spiked the dea Canaani from the a dry be Palestin and rav

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