

A GREAT SECRET OR, SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONCLUDED.)

"This gentleman," she continued, "who married, deserted, and finally sold a helpless and then most innocent girl nearly twelve years ago, had already qualified himself to execute any amount of dirty work with punctuality and despatch. Therefore when Mr. de Breteuil Beresford was in Paris, Mr. Smith Beresford—" He leapt up again. This time she merely glanced at the door as a hint, which he took, that he had better resume his seat—"who had for some time been an ornament to the stage, took his place. The credit of the disguise chosen—a clever one, I admit—belongs probably to this gentleman, and not to Lord Kingscliffe's scapegrace son."

"What infernal nonsense!" broke out the unhappy clerk, who could not keep silent or still. "Why, De Breteuil was a tall, slim man, and I'm—"

"A short, fat one. That is why I call the disguise clever. But when I was at 'Les Bouleaux' just now, having a little time to spare, as you capered off as soon as I appeared, and your accomplice shut himself up in the inner *salon* and refused to see me, I took the liberty of walking up-stairs, and found both your room and De Breteuil's. I afterward showed two of the police into those apartments, where they were able to make some interesting discoveries. These included silver-gray wigs, eyebrows, and beards, padded coats for M. de Breteuil, boots raised inside at the heel to give additional height for you, and other very neat contrivances. It was also a clever idea to engage a purling old idiot as valet. You were both fertile in clever ideas; the only foolish idea either seems to have had was that you could deceive me—again."

"Why, do you mean to say that you recognised—" He stopped.

"You both? Yes; I knew De Breteuil when I saw him at the station here after the robbery, and I knew that he had committed it."

Gerald started, "You may as well tell us now how that was done."

Smith hesitated. Then suddenly, yet with an evident flicker of pride in the neatness of the achievement, he muttered:

"I cut the cushion and put the bottle of chloroform in it at Paris before the train started, when the two English fools had left their bags and rugs to go to the buffet. The gunner—De Breteuil—took the cork out at Amiens, when Miss M'Leod got out to fetch him some chocolate. He had lots of time to find the notes when they were all asleep, and to write a telegram to an unknown address, which he substituted afterwards for the one Shaw dictated to Lord Keighley."

"And where did he hide the notes?" asked Gerald, breathlessly.

"Under his wig."

"So Mr. Shaw was murdered because he had confessed to having a clue to the robbery?" said Madame de Lanory in a hard voice.

Smith broke out in great agitation, "I had nothing to do with that: I swear I hadn't. I went out noisily and returned at once, quietly, by De Breteuil's orders, put on the disguise, and took his place in the *salon* just before Mr. Shaw left. When I guessed there was something up, I went into the hall, and sent Peggy to tell them to drive fast. Didn't I, Gerald, now speak up, man?"

"Yes, yes," said Gerald hoarsely.

"I was awfully shocked when Victor came back, I swear I was. It was all De Breteuil could do to make me keep on with him. I stayed at 'Les Bouleaux' after that as Beresford, while De Breteuil was in Paris, and a ghastly time it was for me."

Smith had got hold of the idea that candid satisfaction of his hearers' curiosity—especially as one of them knew so much—was his best chance.

"I suppose you recognised me that time you called upon me in the morning?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," said Madame de Lanory. "After that I had solved the puzzle, and had only to find proofs which would convince others. Why was De Breteuil so anxious to get his daughter to return to 'Les Bouleaux' that he did such a dangerous thing as to send you to fetch her in your own proper person, leaving no 'Mr. Beresford, at 'Les Bouleaux'?"

"He thought he could still get young Fournier, who was in debt, to marry her."

"And it was you who, at Nice, personated 'Mr. Beresford,' and induced old Made-moiselle Ernestine to leave her money to Victor, on condition that he married an English girl?"

Smith nodded.

"Very disinterested."

"No," said he simply. "Half-profits."

"What do you mean? Mademoiselle Ernestine's money was to go to Victor, who was quite innocent of your scheming."

"But his father wasn't. It was a bargain that if Victor got the money, part of it should be settled on Miss Peg. Of course, papa would have had the control of that. D'ye see?"

"Perfectly."

"Then if you are satisfied, I needn't take up your time any longer. Good-evening."

She stood aside to let him pass. Gerald started forward to prevent him, but Madame de Lanory raised her hand. As the young man paused, astonished at her forbearance, Smith took the opportunity to escape.

"Madame, why did you let him go?" asked Gerald, hotly. "We two are satisfied, but I want the whole world to know that my father was murdered; and if Smith can tell us so much about Mr. Shaw's death, he must know something of my father's."

"He knows no more than I can tell," she said gravely. "I have made a statement to the police, which Smith will probably confirm to them."

"To the police! But he surely will not dare to go to them!"

"Go down stairs and see."

Gerald left the room and obeyed. A crowd filled the ground-floor corridor of the hotel, and streamed out at the door in the rear of a group, to which Gerald elbowed his way. Smith, swearing and protesting, was being led by two *gendarmes* to a *fiacre*.

out his punishment. Half-stunned by the awful events of the day, exhausted by his own share in them, Gerald stood for a few minutes on the quay before returning to the General and Madame de Lanory.

On finding themselves alone together, both the General and his wife had remained for a short time in silence, she standing by the window watching the excited crowd underneath, he watching her. As the *fiacre* containing Smith drove away, she turned from the window with a deep breath of gloomy satisfaction. The General came a step toward her.

"Madeline," said he in a quavering voice, "was it true—what he said?"

"Yes. He married me twelve years ago, and deserted me a few months afterward," she answered in a hard, dry voice. "I thought he was dead: I married—believed I married—again—found out that I had been deceived." She stopped. Into her great eyes came a dim reflection of the horror she had felt when, standing outside the little *café* eleven years ago, she had seen Smith and Louis de Breteuil sharing the money stolen from the murdered Mr. Staunton.

The General's lips quivered, and he withdrew his eyes from her face.

"It was very wrong of me to marry you, I know," she said in a steady voice after a long pause. "And the punishment has fallen, not on me, but on you, who have borne with my ill-temper and ingratitude so long." He tried to interrupt her; she went on, without seeming to hear him. "But I had been cruelly treated, and though I led a perfectly harmless life after the awful discoveries I made about De Breteuil—and his accomplice, the sense of right and wrong in me was dead. I have had my revenge now," she continued calmly and lifelessly, "and I have time to be sorry—for you. You will forgive me, I know, for you have always been good and generous to me. Good-bye."

She put out her hand, then drew it back at once, and crossed the room towards the door. Then she turned, and gave him one look that was not without affection. He started forward only as far as the table, and asked in a hoarse voice:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to see poor little Peggy. Henriette tells me she took her to my room and made her lie down. The poor child must be taken to England to-night, to escape the investigations which would beset her to come to her ears."

"You cannot take her. She will want to go with her husband."

"I can at least go as far as Dover with them."

"Why, why? Where will you go? They will not want you; it is I who want you, Madeline. Are you going to leave me now?"

She seemed so broken in spirit, now that her awful work of revenge was successfully accomplished, that her old imperious decision of manner had left her. She turned hesitatingly, with drooping head and tears in her eyes.

"Madeline," whispered the General: "Madeline," and he came nearer. "This villain has deserted you for years now; you are free—by the English law you are free. My wife you are now—you always will be in my eyes; if I never see you again. Marry me again now, and you will be my wife in the eyes of all men."

She still hung her head for a few moments, and he saw a tear roll down her face. Then she looked at him very sweetly.

"You are not tired of your bargain yet? How do you know that I may not be more self-willed, more petulant than ever?"

"You may be if you like. I loved you before, as you know. Now I learn what you have suffered, I—I think I worship you, Madeline. Let me be your husband still, and you shall be as free as you please; only let me think you will keep the shelter of my name, if you will not have that of my arms." Madeline broke down into tears, and turning toward him with an incoherent whisper of thanks, of gratitude, she let him raise her head and press his lips upon her forehead. He had scarcely done so when a step in the corridor made Madeline start up and go quickly to the door.

"It is Gerald!" she said as she opened it, and the young man came in looking haggard and anxious.

"Where is Peggy, madame?" he asked at once.

"I will take you to her."

She led him along the corridor to the door of her own room, opened it and went in. In a few minutes her maid Henriette came out, with a very soft tread and beckoned him in. On the sofa, Peggy was lying, curled up like a child, asleep. Madame de Lanory's hand was already laid on her shoulder.

"You must take her to England to-night, Gerald. You can tell her father he has died suddenly, and get some doctor to forbid her to read for six months, as crying has affected her eyesight. Do you understand? Take her to the seaside, to Eastbourne or Hastings, and write to your father's friends from there. When the case comes out, as it there will be a rush of sympathy for you, and a scramble to give you employment. In the meantime, we will lend you whatever you want, and you have nothing to do but to keep the story from this poor child's ears."

"Yes, madame."

"Wake up, Peggy, wake up!"

And Madeline, whose hatred toward the girl had given place, now that her vengeance was satisfied, to womanly pity, laid one hand on the little flushed face, with great tenderness.

Peggy started up, and blinked in a bewildered manner at the wax candles on the dressing-table, then glanced round at the two tall dark women's figures standing over her, with a low cry of childish fright. Gerald came quickly between them, and with a sleepy smile she stretched out her arms to him, and let her drowsy head fall on his shoulder.

"Have I been asleep?" she asked.

"O, no, my darling, not at all," said Gerald, in a husky attempt to be playful.

Madame de Lanory slipped Peggy's hat on to her head before the girl was yet fully awake.

"You must get up now, dear child," she said gently. "Your husband is going to take you over to England to-night, and you must both have something to eat first."

The words "your husband" made Peggy start, and she rose to her feet at once, and docilely allowed herself to be led to the

sitting-room, where she sat very silently, casting furtive glances of affection at Gerald, and puzzled looks at Madame de Lanory, who busied herself in finding a rug and a cloak to keep her warm on her night journey. When it was time to start, and Madame de Lanory was occupied with Henriette, who was putting on her mantle, Peggy crept to the General's side and took his hand.

"I don't know what all this means," she quavered softly. "But I know it has something to do with you. You have been so kind."

He got up, drew her hand through his arm and led her toward the door.

"It means," he said, "that you are going to be very happy at last; and so, I think, am I."

Almost in silence she let him lead her down to the pier, where the Dover boat was waiting; Gerald followed with Madame de Lanory. None of them had much to say to say to each other, but they stood together for a little while before the two younger ones went on board, and the men shook hands and Madeline kissed Peggy.

But when the Paris train had come in, and the bustle of the passengers coming on board was over, and the steamer was going slowly out of the harbor, Peggy clung more closely to her husband, and pointed to the white handkerchief Madeline was waving as she leaned on the General's arm.

"Look, look," she whispered excitedly, look, Gerald—I suppose you will say I am superstitious, but it seems to me as if a desperate enemy were waving a flag of peace to me. I can't help feeling that perhaps we shall be happy after all."

Mr. Smith was tried in Paris, and his complicity in the theft, though not in the murders, of Lord Kingscliffe's son, the Honorable Mr. Corrie, was clearly established without any need of Madame de Lanory's testimony. But he defended himself with such striking ability, and so movingly described himself as a guileless but devoted servant to a master who had been kind to him, that he got off with a sentence much lighter than he deserved—five years' penal servitude.

Miss M'Leod gave a great deal of trouble at the trial, where she was called as an important witness. As she would persist in speaking of Smith as "that vile miscreant," and of the late Mr. Beresford as "the unhappy murdered gentleman," she had to be put down as a person of weak intellect incompetent to give evidence. She has obtained another situation now as housekeeper to an elderly widower with children, to whom she is fond of relating an interesting but flagrantly improbable story of how her late employer fell a victim to the treachery of his confidential clerk and the base ingratitude of his daughter.

Blair's innocence was established, and a subscription was got up for him on the Stock Exchange, whose members don't wait for a clear claim to be made on their liberality.

Gerald, having been beguiled, on pretence of giving Blair's address, into going to the office of the gentleman who was getting up the subscription, was forcibly seized and led in triumph into the Sacred Edifice, where he was nearly pulled to pieces by an excited throng of overgrown schoolboys, who all wanted to shake his hand and tell him they had been bosom friends of his father, and they had always known the truth would come out some day. After administering this vague but warm-hearted congratulation, four of the nearest and most enthusiastic, all of different sizes and with no notion of keeping step hoisted him on their shoulders and bumped and joggled him in terrible triumph through the building, to the accompaniment of vigorous cheers from the rest.

Their enthusiasm did not exhaust itself in this. There was, as Madame de Lanory had predicted, a rush for the honor of obtaining Gerald's modest services; and he at once obtained a situation as clerk, at a much higher salary than his abilities would have commanded without "influence."

Peggy knows that her father is dead, but she has never heard how he died. General and Madame de Lanory have settled down in England; they have a beautiful house near Temple Rock, on the upper Thames, and they seem to get on better together. They are interesting and entertaining people, and can bear being out of each other's sight with reasonable equanimity.

But, as for Gerald and Peggy, they are irreclaimable savages in this respect; for at present there seems no prospect of their getting beyond the uninteresting stage of being wrapt up in each other.

[THE END.]

Royal Persons.

The little King of Spain is a constant source of disturbance in the Royal Palace at Madrid. A few days ago he was lost for hours and, as has been related, was finally found in a cupboard. Not long after he was taking his midday repast of bread and milk. Not liking the flavour of the milk he suddenly seized the dish and poured its contents over the nurse who was feeding him. Then His Majesty laughed in a mocking, haughty way, and ran off to play with his toys.

The two cleverest and most highly educated women in Europe are said to be the Empress Victoria of Germany and the Queen of Italy. The Empress Victoria is a brilliant conversationalist, but is not as witty as Queen Margherita. The former, however, is possessed of a knowledge of scientific subjects most remarkable for a woman. She is able to converse learnedly with such men as Virchow and Von Helmholtz, and her comprehension of her husband's case has awakened wonder among his physicians.

While Emperor Frederick, then the Crown Prince, was at San Remo, he was much amused at the efforts of journalists to obtain news regarding his condition. On the first day on which his larynx was examined, after tracheotomy had been performed, he turned to Sir Morell Mackenzie and said good naturedly: "Sir Morell, will you please close the blinds of the window which faces the Hotel de la Mediterranee, or I am sure that the young lady journalists will see down my throat and send off an account of it before the examination is over."

Cure for Colds.

Citizen—"My wife and I have both got a cold, doctor. What ought we to take?"

Physician—"Flaxseed lemonade I generally recommend."

Citizen—"Thanks; how much will it be?"

Physician—"Four dollars please; two dollars apiece."

REMOVING A CANCER.

Terrible Surgical Operation on Joseph Knorr—His Condition Favorable.

Mr. Joseph Knorr, business manager of the *Dutsche Zeitung*, in Newark, underwent a terrible surgical operation recently. About a year ago he began to feel pain in his throat, and about a month ago experienced also difficulty in speaking and swallowing. About the same time it was discovered that there was a schirrus (hard) cancer at the root of the tongue, involving also its attachment and glands under the tongue.

The pain became so intense that he could not sleep, and after his physician had consulted with other physicians here and in New York it was decided to remove the cancer. Dr. Henry B. Sands was engaged to perform the operation. He would not undertake it unless Mr. Knorr was willing to have all of his tongue cut out, which the patient finally assented to. The unfortunate man was also fully informed as to the dreadful nature of the operation and knew that he might die under it, also that if successful it might not gain him more than a year's respite from the ravages of the cancer. He made careful preparations for the worst, arranging all his business affairs as though he expected to die, which, in fact, was his desire.

The operation was begun at 3 o'clock, and for more than three hours the patient was under the influence of ether. Dr. Sands was assisted by another physician from New York and four members of the profession in this city. First two of the patient's teeth were drawn, and then the right cheek was laid open from the corner of the mouth down to the side of the neck. Next the jaw was sawed through, until the entire tongue and all its attachments were exposed. After an examination it was decided that it would be necessary to remove only the right half of the tongue, which was done. Mr. Knorr bore the operation well, and at its close, being forbidden to speak wrote on paper expressing joy that the terrible trial was over and that half of his tongue remained. With this he will be able to speak. His condition is yet critical, but late last night his pulse and temperature were normal and he seemed cheerful.

His strong nerve and excellent general health will greatly aid in his recovery.

The physicians said that during his illness and in his preparations for the operation he showed wonderful fortitude.

Adventure with a Polar Bear.

Either the east coast of Greenland is more frequented by bears than any other part of the Frigid Zone, or else the Germans cultivate the acquaintance of these animals more successfully than other explorers. Captain Koldeve's account of the expedition of 1869-70 contains more bear stories than all other books of Arctic travel together. The following may be taken as a specimen of these interesting incidents in winter life. It happened one morning in January to Theodor Klenzner, who, during the time the men were busied without, or were obliged to take their daily walk, thought he would climb the Germaniaberg to view the increasing midday light.

Reaching the top, he seated himself on a rock, and sang a song in the still air. As he looked behind him, however, he saw not many steps off a huge bear, which, with great gravity, was watching the stranger.

Now to our Theodor, who was as quiet and decided a man as he was powerful, this would, under other circumstances, have been nothing, for the bear stood wonderfully well for a shot, and could not easily have been missed; but Klenzner was totally unarmed, not having even a knife!

Incredible, is it not? But, as Lieutenant Payer writes, "The bears always come when one has forgotten all about them."

Thus Klenzner saw himself unarmed and alone, far from his companions, and close to the bear. Flight is the only, though a doubtful chance, of safety and the audacious thought struck him of plunging down the steep side of the glacier; but he chose the softer side-slope, and began to hurry down the mountain.

Upon looking back, after a time, he perceived the great bear trotting behind him at a little distance, like a big dog. Thus they descended the mountain for some time. If Klenzner halted so did the bear; when he went on, the bear followed slowly; if he began to run, the bear did the same.

Thus the two had gone some distance, and Klenzner thought seriously of saving himself, as the bear, finding the chase somewhat wearisome, might press close upon his heels. He therefore uttered a loud shout; but the bear, disconcerted for only a moment, seemed to get more angry and approached more quickly, so that he seemed to feel the hot breath of the monster.

At this dreadful moment—and it was most likely his preservation—he remembered the stories he had heard, and, while running, pulled off his jacket and threw it behind him.

See, the trick answers!

The bear stops, and begins to examine the jacket, Klenzner gains courage, rushes on down the mountain, sending out a shout for help which resounds through the silent region. But soon the bear is again at his heels, and he must throw away cap and waistcoat, by which he gains a little.

Now Klenzner sees help approaching—several friends hurrying over the ice. Collecting his last strength, he shouts and runs on; but help seems in vain, for the pursuer hurries too, and he is obliged to take the last thing he has, his shawl, which he throws exactly over the monster's snout. The bear, more excited still by renewed shouting, throws the garment back again contemptuously with a toss of the head and presses forward upon the defenceless man, who feels the cold, black snout touch his hand.

Klenzner now gave himself up for lost; he could do no more; but the wonderful thought struck him of fastening up the brute's throat with the leather belt which he wore round his body.

Fixedly he stared into the merciless eyes of the beast—one short moment of doubt; the bear was startled, his attention seemed drawn aside, and the next moment he was off at a gallop. The shouts of the many persons hurrying to the rescue had evidently frightened him, and caused him to abandon the pursuit. Klenzner was saved.

She Was Saved

From days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putnam's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

Daughters that Make Good Wives

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful—I mean from principle as well as nature—there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded that were I to advise any friend of mine as to his choice of a wife, I know not whether my first counsel would not be—"Look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of her worth and affection indicated by such a behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the marriage state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—Fordyce.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The criticisms made by the English papers on W. A. Rowe are very complimentary. They pronounce him a magnificently developed specimen of humanity, and as to his manners and speech, they say these are in "direct contrast to those of some of the English professionals." One can readily imagine the amazement of our English cousins to hear from Rowe's own lips that he never tasted a drop of alcoholic liquor nor used tobacco in any form; that he never yet had any ache or pain after any race, and never found any one to push him hard when in condition. His diet is oatmeal, beef chops, plenty of eggs, one cup of hot tea at each meal and no drinks at all between meals. Rowe says:—"I have consulted the finest doctors and physicians in the United States, and they tell me that the greater part of my success lies in my abstinence. I feel myself that it is so. I am just as good one day as another. I never have an off day, whereas people who take stimulants are good to-day and nothing the next day. It sometimes takes them a fortnight to get back again into good order. Brother professionals have admitted as much to me. When I rode my greatest distance in the hour I had not done any work on my bicycle for a week on account of bad weather, and though I thought I should not be in condition, yet when I came to ride I found I accomplished the greatest performance ever yet done in the world—and all on tea, too, my boy."

FERTILIZING A DESERT.—The Oued Rir', now becoming one of the most prosperous regions of Algeria, is a great oasis in the Sahara. It overlies a vast subterranean reservoir from two and one-half to eight miles wide, which, in a distance of some 78 miles from north to south, is now tapped by about 114 French spouting wells and 492 native ones, with a total discharge of 63,425 gallons of water per minute. The Oued Rir' has nearly 520,000 palm trees in bearing condition, and an annual date production of more than \$500,000. The population, which, like the productive land, has more than doubled in thirty years, is about 13,000, distributed through thirty-one centres.

ELECTRIC PIANO PLAYING.—Electricity has been invoked to supply a substitute for a musical education. By means of the Stephonium, or "electric music interpreter," Mr. J. C. M'gee, of Edinburgh, proposes to enable persons ignorant of music to play the piano and other instruments of similar action. The music sheet is placed behind wires spaced to correspond with its scale, and each successive note is sounded by touching the wire over it with a metallic pointer, which closes an electric circuit, and strikes the proper bell or string. It is only necessary to follow the notes with eye and hand until the piece is played. By sliding the sheet up or down the whole range of notes is quickly transposed into another key. The Stephonium may be removed to any distance from the piano or other source of the musical tones.

"That sermon was the finest effort I ever heard," said a man on his way home from church. "I wouldn't have missed it for \$20." "I'm glad you enjoyed it, John," said his wife. "Yes, I enjoyed it; but there was one thing that annoyed me." "What was that, John?" "I had no change in my pocket less than half a dollar for the contribution box."

Interview with the Popular Idol.

The *N. Y. Times*' Paris correspondent had an interview last night with Gen. Boulanger. The general said:—"I will never allow myself to be drawn into any group and I even may not go regularly to the Chamber of Deputies. I shall be firm, calm and patient. I may not represent the nation yet, but I live in hope of doing so. My policy is essentially practical and constructive, to make our Republican institutions conform to those of America instead of being built as now on the hybrid English model, which is wholly unsuited to the genius of the French character. In this work all true French citizens will be my friends. Tell them this in America where I know many good people and where some of my fellow-countrymen may be asking themselves if I am a charlatan. Tell them I am not."

Consumption Curable.

It cannot be too often impressed on every one that the much dreaded consumption (which is only lung scrofula), is curable, if attended to at once, and that the primary symptoms, so often mistaken as signs of diseased lungs, are only symptoms of an unhealthy liver. To this organ the system is indebted for pure blood, and to pure blood the lungs are indebted no less than to pure air for healthy action. If the former is polluted, we have the hacking cough, the hectic flush, night-sweats, and a whole train of symptoms resembling consumption. Rouse the liver to healthy action by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, take healthy exercise, live in the open air, and all symptoms of consumption will disappear. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs, and kindred affections, it is a most wonderful remedy.

Pair in (to restaurant waiter)—"Got any Brie cheese?" Waiter (astonished)—"Only the pair I've got on, sir."

They Pay \$500, or Cure.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible, financially, have offered in good faith, through nearly every newspaper in the land, a standing reward of \$500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they can not cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. It is mild soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic and healing.