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By EMILE GABORIAU.

A light began to break in on Pros-"Then," he said, "from all this I judge that M. de Clameran was very poor when I met him for the first time at M. Fauvel's."

"Evidently." "And about that time Lagors arrived from the country?"

"Exactly." "And about a month after his appearance Madeleine suddenly banished | ing.' Raoul replied, 'Certainly.'

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

He was interrupted by the entrance of a stranger. The newcomer was a spruce looking coachman, with elegant black whiskers, shining boots with fancy tops, buff breeches and a zellow waistcoat with red and black stripes. After cautiously looking aroung the room he walked straight up to the table where M. Verduret sat.

"Well, Master Joseph Dubois?" said the stout man eagerly. "Don't speak of it," answered the

servant. "Things are getting warm." Prosper concentrated all his attention upon this superb domestic. He thought he recognized his face. He had certainly somewhere seen that retreating forebead and those little restless black eyes, but where and under what circumstances he could not remember. Meanwhile Master Joseph had taken a seat at a table adjoining the one occupied by M. Verduret and, having called for some absinth, was preparing it by holding the water aloft and slowly dropping it in the glass. "Speak," said M. Verduret.

"In the first place, I must say that the position of valet and coachman to M. de Clameran is not a bed of roses." "Go on. You can complain tomor-

"Very good. Yesterday my master walked out at 2 o'clock. Of course I followed him. Do you know where he went? The thing was as good as a farce. He went to the Archangel to keep the appointment made by Nina

Gipsy." "Well, make haste. They told him

she was gone. Then?" "Then? Ah, he was not at all pleased, I assure you. He hurried back to the hotel where the other, M. de Lagors, awaited him. And I have never heard so much swearing! M. Raoul asked him what had happened to put him in such a bad humor. 'Nothing,' replied my master, 'except that little devil has gone off, and no one knows where she is. She has slipped through our fingers.' Then they both appeared to be vexed and uneasy. 'Does she know anything about us? asked Raoul. 'Nothing but what I told you,' replied Clameran. 'But this nothing, falling in the ear of a man with any suspicions, would put him on the track of the truth.' Then Lagors exclaimed, 'If it is as serious as that, we must get rid of this little serpent! But my master shrugged his shoulders and, laughing, said: 'You talk like an idiot. When one is annoyed by a woman of this sort, one must take measures to get rid of her administratively.' This idea seemed to amuse them both very

much." "I understand," said M. Verduret. "It is an excellent idea. But the misfortune is it is too late to carry it out. The nothing which made Clameran uneasy has already fallen into a knowing ear. Nevertheless I must not let

them see my hand." With breathless curiosity Prosper listened to this report, every word of Which seemed to throw light upon past events. This Raoul, in whom he had confided so deeply, was nothing more than a scoundrel. A thousand circumstances, unnoticed at the time, now recurred to his mind and made him wondeceived.

Master Joseph continued his report. "Yesterday after dinner my master decked himself out like a bridegroom.

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

to call on Mme. Fauvel." the insulting language he used the day | repair, leads to the village, of which of the robbery did he dare go to the there are glimpses here and there

"Yes, monsieur; he not only dared this, but he also stayed there until midnight, to my great discomfort, for I got as wet as a rat waiting for him." out?" asked M. Verduret.

"Less pleased than when he went in. After grooming my horses and putting away my carriage I went to see if he anything. I found the door locked, and he swore at me through the keyhole."

"Is that all?" questioned M. Verdu-

"All for yesterday, but this morning bad humer. At neen Racul arrived, also furious. They at once began to dispute, and such a row! At one time misering from pain in the back, kidneys throat and shook him like a reed. thought he would strangle him. But Raoul drew from his pocket a sharp pointed knife, the sight of which made my master drop him in a hurry," "But what did they say?"

"Ah, there is the rub," said Joseph piteously. "They spoke English, so could not understand them. But I am sure they were disputing about mon-

"How do you know?"

"Because I learned at the exposition that the word 'argent' meant money in every language in Europe, and this word they constantly used in their conversation."

M. Verduret sat with knit brows, talking in an undertone to himself, and Prosper, who was watching him, won-

dered if he was trying to understand and construct the dispute by mere force of reflection.

"When they had done fighting," continued Joseph, "the villains began to

talk in French again, but they only spoke of trifles-a fancy ball which is to be given by some banker. When Raoul was leaving, my master said, 'Since this thing is inevitable, and it must take place today, you had better remain at home, at Vesinet, this even-

Night was coming on, and the room was gradually filling with men, who called for absinth or bitters, and youths, who perched themselves upon

high stools and smoked their pipes. "It is time to go," said M. Verduret to Joseph. "Your master will want you. Besides, here is some one who wishes to speak with me. I will see you tomorrow."

The newcomer was no other than Cavaillon, more troubled and frightened than ever. He looked uneasily around the room, as if he feared the whole Paris police force to appear and carry him off to prison. He did not sit down at M. Verduret's table, but stealthily gave his hand to Prosper, and, after assuring himself that no one was observing them, handed M. Verduret a package, saying:

"She found this in a cupboard." It was a handsomely bound prayer book. M. Verduret rapidly turned over the leaves and soon found the pages from which the words pasted on the letter received by Prosper had been

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

At sight of the book Prosper turned pale as a ghost. He recognized this prayer book instantly. He had given it to Madeleine in exchange for the medal. On the fly leaf Madelcine had written, "Souvenir of Notre Dame de Fourvieres, 17 January, 1866." "This book belongs to Madeleine!"

he cried. M. Verduret did not reply, but walked toward a young man dressed like a wine merchant, who had just entered the room. He glanced at the note which this person handed to him and hastened back to the table.

"I think we have got them now!" he said excitedly. Throwing a five franc piece on the table and without saying a word to Cavaillon, he hurried Prosper from the

"What fatality!" he said as he hastened along the street. "We may miss them. I fear we shall reach the St. Lazare station too late for the St. Ger-

main train." "For heaven's sake, where are you

going?" asked Prosper. "Come on. We can talk on the way." Reaching Palais Royal place, M. Verduret stopped before one of the hacks belonging to the railway station and examined the horses at a

"How much to Vesinet?" he asked of the driver. "I don't know the road very well

that way." The name of Vesinet was enough for

"I will point out the road," he interrupted quickly. "Well," said the driver, "at this time

of night in such dreadful weather it will be 25 francs." "And how much for driving very rap-

"I leave that to your generosity, but if you make it 35 francs I think"-

"You shall have a hundred," interrupted M. Verduret, "If you overtake a carriage which has half an hour's start

"By thunder!" cried the delighted der how he could have been so long driver. "Jump in quick! We are losing time!" And, whipping up his lean horses, he

galloped them down Valois street.

They ran to the spot, and in a few minutes the ladder was up against the house. But to their chagrin they found that there were six good feet between the top of the ladder and the lighted window.

"We cannot reach it," exclaimed

DIED SUDDENLY

OF HEART DISEASE. How frequently does a head line similar to the above greet us in the newspapers. The rush, push and strenuous ness of the American people has a strong tendency to lead up to valvular and other affections of the heart, attended by irregular action, palpitation, dizziness, smothered sensations and other distress-

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parts of the system. Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure Constipation.

"We must reach it!" cried M. Verdu-

And he quickly placed himself a yard off from the house and, seizing the ladder, cautiously raised it, resting the bottom round on his shoulders, at the same time holding the two uprights firmly and steadily with his hands.

The obstacle was overcome. "Now mount," he said to his compan-

The situation was distressing for Prosper, but he did not hesitate. He made a sudden spring and, seizing the lower rounds, quickly climbed up the ladder, which swayed and trembled beneath his weight. But his head had scarcely passed above the lighted window when he uttered a cry which was drowned in the roaring tempest and dropped like a log down on the wet grass, crying:

"The villain! The villain!" With wonderful promptness and vigor M. Verduret laid the ladder on the ground and ran toward Prosper, fearing he was dead or dangerously in-

"What did you see? Are you hurt?" he whispered. But Prosper had already risen. Al

though he had had a violent fall, he was unhurt. "I saw," he answered in a hoarse voice-"I saw Madeleine-do you understand, Madeleine?-in that room

alone with Raoul." M. Verduret was confounded. Was it possible that he, the infallible expert, had been mistaken in his deduc-

He well knew that M. de Lagors' visltor was a woman, but his own conjectures and the note which Mme. Gipsy had sent to him at the tavern had fully assured him that this woman was Mme, Fauvel.

"You must be mistaken," he said to

"No, monsieur; no. Never could mistake another for Madeleine. Ah

you who heard what she said to me yesterday, answer me. Was I to expect this infamous treachery? You said to me then, 'She loves you, she loves

M. Verduret did not answer. He had first been stupefied by his mistake and was now racking his brain to discover the cause of it, which was soon discerned by his penetrating mind.

"This is the secret discovered by Nina," continued Prosper. "Madeleine, this pure and noble Madeleine, whom I believed to be as immaculate as an angel, is alone with this thief who has even stolen the name he bears, and I, trusting fool that I was, made him my best friend. I confided to him all my hopes and fears, and he was her lover! Of course they ridiculed my absurd devotion and stupid confidence!"

"How do we know," said M. Verduret, "that Mile, Madeleine is here on her own account? Did we not come to the conclusion that she was sacrificing herself for the benefit of some one? That superior will which compelled her to your dismissal may have brought about this step tonight."

That which coincides with our secret wishes is always eagerly welcomed. This supposition, apparently improbable, appealed to Prosper.

"That might be the case," he said. "Who knows?" "I would soon know," said M. Verduret, "if I could see them together in

that room." Prosper thought a moment. "Will you promise me, monsieur, to tell me the exact truth-all that you see and hear, no matter how painful it

may be for me?" "I swear it, upon my word of honor." Then, with a strength of which a few minutes before he would not have believed himself possessed, Prosper raised the ladder and placed the last round on his shoulder.

"Mount," he said. M. Verduret rapidly ascended the ladder without even shaking it till his head was on a level with the window. Prosper had seen but too well. There was Madeleine at this hour of the night alone with Raoul de Lagors. She still wore her wraps. She was standing in the middle of the room, talking with great animation. Her attitude, her look, her gestures, betrayed indignant scorn. Raoul was seated on a chair by the fire, stirring up the coals with a pair of tongs. Every now

and then he would shrug his shoulders, like a man resigned to everything he heard and had no answer except, "I

"They are evidently quarreling," he thought, "but it is not a lover's quar-

Madeleine continued talking, and it was by closely watching the face of Lagors, clearly revealed by the lamp on the mantel, that M. Verduret hoped At times Lagors would start and tremence; then he would strike at the fire with the tongs, doubtless giving vent to his rage at some repreach uttered by Madeleine. Finally Madeleine, clasping her hands, knelt before him. He turned away his head and refused to answer save in monosyllables. Several times she turned to leave, but each time returned, as if asking a favor and unable to go till she had obtained it. At last she seemed to have uttered semething decisive, for Raoul suddenly rose and opened a desk near the fireplace, from which he took a bundle of papers and handed them to her,

"H'm!" thought M. Verduret. "What does it mean? Is it a compromising correspondence which she wants to re-

Madeleine took the papers, but did not appear satisfied. She again entreated him to give her something else. Raoul refused, and then she threw the papers on the table. The papers seemed to puzzle M. Verduret.

"I certainly am not mistaken. Those papers-red, green and yellow-are pawnbrokers' tickets." Madeleine turned them over, as if

looking for some particular ones. She took three, which she put in her pocket, pushing the others aside. She was evidently preparing to take her departure, for she said a few words to Raoul, who took up the lamp as if to light the way. There was nothing more for M. Verduret to see. He carefully descended the ladder, muttering to himself; "Pawnbrokers' tickets! What infamous mystery lies at the bottom of all this?" The first thing he did was to remove the ladder. Raoul, escorting Madeleine, might take it into his head to look around the garden, and if he did so the ladder might attract his attention. M. Verduret and Prosper hastily laid it on the ground, then concealed themselves among the trees, whence they could watch at once the front door and the outer gate.

At the same time Madeleine and Raoul appeared in the doorway. Raoul set the lamp on the bottom step and offered his hand to the girl, but she refused it with haughty contempt. This did not seem to move or surprise Raoul. He simply answered by an ironical gesture which implied, "As you please." He followed her to the gate, which he opened and closed after her; then he hurried back to the house, while Madeleine's carriage drove rap-

idly away. "Now, monsieur," said Prosper, "you must tell me what you saw. Remember, you promised me the truth no matter what it might be. Speak; I can

bear it." "You will only have joy to bear, my friend. Within a month you will bitterly regret your suspicions of tonight. You will blush to think that you ever imagined Mile. Madeleine to be intimate with a man like Lagors."

The drive back was silent and seemed interminably long. Prosper tried to draw his strange companion into conversation, but as he received nothing but monosyllables in reply he held his peace for the rest of the journey. He was again beginning to feel irritated at the absolute empire exercised | The Largest Fire Insurance Office in over him by this man.

On their arrival at the city M. Ver-

duret said: "You will see me at your room about this time tomorrow night. Perhaps I shall discover what I am seeking at

the Jandidiers' ball." Prosper was dumb with astonishment. What! Would M. Verduret think of appearing at a bail given by the wealthiest and most fashionable bankers at the capital? This accounted for his sending to the costumer.

"Then you are invited?" he asked. The expressive eyes of M. Verduret danced with amusement. "Not yet," he said, "but I shall be."

Oh, the inconsistency of the human mind! Prosper was tormented by the To be continued.

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cannot help it." M. Verduret would willingly have given the diamond ring he wore on his finger to be able to hear ten words of what was said, but the roaring wind completely drowned their voices, and he dared not place his ear too close,

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CHAPTER Z

EAVING the little station of Vesinet, we come upon two roads. One, to the left, macadamized and kept in perfect through the trees. The other, newly laid out and just covered with gravel, leads through the woods. At the junction of these two roads Prosper stopped the cab. The driver had gained his hundred francs. The horses were completely worn out, but before long M. Verduret could distinguish the

occupied about fifty yards abend of him. Alighting from the cab, he handed the driver a bank note. "Here," he said, "is what I promised you. Go to the first tavern you find on the right hand side of the read as you enter the village. If we are not there, you are at liberty to return to

The driver was profuse in his thanks. heard them. They had already started up the new road. The weather, which had been inclement when they set out was new werse. The rais fell in terrents, and a furious wind bowled dismally through the branches of the M. Verduret and Presper had been walking along the muddy road for about five minutes when suddenly

"This is Raoul's house," he said. Before the gate of an isolated house stood the cab which they had followed. Reclining on his seat, wrapped in a thick cloak, was the driver, who, in spite of the pouring rain, was already asleep, evidently waiting for the person whom he had brought to this

M. Verduret went to him, pulled his cloak and said in a low voice: "Hello, my man."

The driver started and, mechanically gathering his reins, yawned out, "All

But when by the light of the carriage lamps he saw two men in this lonely spot he imagined that they wanted his purse and perhaps his life.

"I am engaged!" he cried out as he cracked his whip in the air. "I am waiting here for some one." "I know that, you fool," replied M. Verduret, "and only wish to ask you a question which you can gain five francs by answering. Did you not

francs, instead of reassuring the coachman, increased his alarm. "I have already told you I am waiting for some one," he said. "Move on or I will call for help." M. Verduret drew back quickly. "Come away," he whispered to Pros-

This question, this promise of five

bring a middle aged lady here?"

the alarm once given, farewell to our projects. We must find some other entrance than by this gate." They went along the wall surrounding the garden in search of a place where it was possible to climb.

per. "The beast will do as he says and,

This was difficult to discover in the dark, the wall being twelve feet high. Fortunately M. Verduret was very agile, and, having decided upon the spot to be scaled, he drew back and, making a sudden spring remarkable for so big a man, seized one of the projecting stones above him, drawing himself up by the aid of his hands and feet to the top of the wall. It was now Prosper's turn to climb up; but, though | tions? much younger than his companion, he had not his agility, and M. Verduret was obliged to pull him up, then helped him down on the other side, Once in the garden, M. Verduret took in the

situation. The house occupied by M. de Lagors was built in the middle of a large garden. It was narrow, two stories high and with garrets. Only one window, in the second sto-

"You have often been here and know the house?" said M. Verduret. "What room is that where we see the light?" "Raoul's bedchamber." "Very good. What rooms are on the

ry, was lighted.

in vain.

window.

ber something.

first floor?" "The kitchen, pantry, billiard room and dining room." "And on the floor above?" "Two parlors, separated by folding doors, and a study."

"Where do the servants sleep?" "Raoul has none now. He is served by a man and his wife, who come in the morning and go after dinner." M. Verduret rubbed his hands glee-"All right," he said. "There is noth-

ing to prevent our hearing what Raoul has to say to this person who has come from Paris at 10 o'clock at night to see him. Let us go in." But unfortunately the heavy oak door was locked. M. Verduret shook it

"What an oversight," he said, with vexation. "I ought to have brought my instruments with me. A common lock which could be opened with a nail, and I have not even a piece of wire!" Recognizing the uselessness of an attempt to open the door, he tried suc-

cessively every window on the ground floor. Alas, every blind was securely fastened on the inside. M. Verduret was exasperated. He prowled around the house like a fox around a hen coop, seeking an entrance. Despairingly he came back to the place in front of the house whence he had the best view of the lighted

"If I could only look in!" he cried. "In there," pointing to the window, "is the solution of the mystery, and we are cut off from it by thirty or forty feet of these two stories. I must see, and I will see!"

Suddenly Prosper seemed to remem-

"There is a ladder here!" he cried. "Why didn't you tell me? Where is "At the end of the garden, under the