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VOLUME XXII.

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### NUMBER 36.

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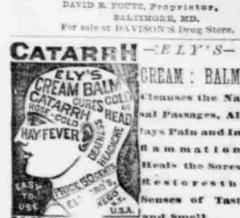
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## TRACED IN BLOOD

EMILE GABORIAU. CHAPTER V.

While waiting for the conclerge, M. Mechinet proceeded to make a rapid and close examination of the scene of the

The lock of the door leading into the apartment was what principally occupied his attention. It was uninjured, and the key turned in it without the slightest difficulty. This circumstance entirely precluded the idea that a stranger had entered at night by the sid of false keys. On my part, mechanically, or rather inspired by the astonishing instinct that had been revealed in me, I picked up the cork half covered with green wax which I had seen on the floor.

It had been used, and the wax portion still showed the marks of the corkscrew; but in the other end was a deep notch, evidently produced by some sharp instrument.

Suspecting the importance of my discovery, I imparted it to M. Mechinet, who could not restrain an exclamation of

pleasure. "At last," he cried, "we have a clue. This cork was dropped here by the assassin. It was fastend on the point of the weapon he used. Inference: the instrument of murder is a poniard, fastened into a handle, and not a knife that shuts. With this cork I am sure of finding the riminal, whoever he may be!" The commissary of police was finishing his work in the bed-chamber, and M.

Mechinet and I remained in the drawingroom, when we were interrupted by the sound of panting breath. Almost instantly the stout woman whom I had seen in the vestibule haranguing amidst the lodgers appeared. It was the concierge, redder, if possible, than when we arrived.

"What can I do for you, monsieur?" she asked M. Mechinet. "Sit down, madame," he replied. "But, monsieur, I have some people below."

"They will wait for you. I tell you to Nonplussed by M. Mechinet's tone she obeyed. Then, fixing his little grayeyes upon her:

"I need certain information," he began, "and I am going to question you. In your own interest I advise you to answer without evasion. In the first place, what is the name of the poor old man who has been murdered?" "His name was Pigoreau, monsteur, but he was best known by the name of Antenor, which he had formerly borne because it was better suited to his busi-

"Has he lived in this house long?"

"For eight years." "Where cld he live before?" "In the Rue Richelleu, where he had his shop-for he was a hairdresser, and

made his fortune in the business," "So he was considered a rich man!" "I've heard his niece say he hadn't less than a million."

This matter could be easily decided, since an inventory had been made of the old man's papers. "Now," continued M. Mechinet, "What

sort of a man was this Monsieur Pigoreau or Antenor?" "Oh, the best of men, monsieur," replied the concierge. "He was very eccentric and as miserly as possible, but not a bit proud. And so comical, too! One could have listened to him all night when he

muredwas in the right mood. He knewsomany "The criminalty is proved, and yetstories. Just think! an old hairdresser who, as hessid, had arranged the hair of the handsomest women in Paris." "How did he live?"

"Like everybody else. Like everybody who has an income, I mean, and yet is

careful of money." "Can you give me any particulars?" "Oh, yes, seeing that I had charge of his housekeeping. And it gave me very little trouble, for he did almost everything-sweeping, dusting and polishing -himself. It was his holby. Then, every day of his life, when the clock struck twelve, I took him a cup of chocolate. He drank it, swallowed a glass of water directly after, and that was his breakfast. Then Le dressed, and this occupied nearly two hours, for he was more coquettish and particular about his person than a bride. As soon as he was dressed he went out to walk. At six o'clock he dined at a boarding-house kept by the Demoiselles Gomet, Rue de la Paix. After dinner he went to the Cafe Guerbois to drink his coffee, and at eleven o'clock came home and went to bed. The poor old man had one fault. He had too much regard for the fair sex. I often said to him, 'Aren't

you ashamed of yourself at your are?" But nobody is perfect, and we can understand this in an old perfumer, who had a great many favors in his life." A stalle flitted over the face of the stout conclerge, but nothing could make M. Mechinet unbend.

"Did Mon:leur Pigoreau receive many visitors?" he caked. "Very few. I rarely saw any one come to see him except his nephew, Monsieur Monistrol, who dined with him every Sunday at Pere Lathuile's." "And on what terms were the uncle

and nephew?" "They were like hand and glove." "Did they never have any disputes?" "Never, except that they were always equabbling about Madame Clara."

"Who is this Madame Clara?" "Monsieur Monistrol's wife, a magnificent creature. Monsieur Antenor couldn't bear her. He said his nephew loved her too much, that she led him by the nose and made him see everything as she wished. He declared that she didn't love her hushand, that she felt above her hustness, and would end by doing something foolish. Madame Clara and her uncle were at loggerheads last year. She wanted the old man to lend Monsieur Monistrola hundred thousand francs to buy the stock of a jeweler in the Palais Royal. But he Sick-Headache

Sick-Headache

AND

OYSPEPSIA

Inc. nature. Do not take violent purgatives your children to take them, always are the elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public lavorite. Sold by druggists decided by druggists are violent purgatives are public lavorite. Sold by druggists seemed to me very important. No; I

seemed to me very important. No; I vainly made signs; he continued: "I have still to learn by whom thecrime was discovered." "By me, monsieur, by me!" wailed the concierge. "Oh, it is terrible! Imagine me, when the clock struck twelve to day coming upstairs as usual to give Pere Antenor his chocolate. As I attend to the housekeeping, I have a key to the door. I open it, I enter, and what do I

see? Oh, merciful heaven!" and she began to utter piercing shrieks. "This grief shows your kind heart, madame," said M. Mechinet, gravely, "Only, as I am in a hurry, try to control it. What did you think when you saw your lodger murdered?" "I said to whoever cared to hear, 'It's his nephew, the wretch, who dealt the

blow to greate the it heritance." "What gave you this certainty? To accuse a man of so great a crime is to thrust him upon the ccaffold."

"Nay, Monsieur, who else could it be? Monsieur Monistrol came to see his uncle yesterday evening, and when he went out it was nearly midnight. Besides, though he always speaks to me, he said nothing when he came or went away. And from that moment till the one when I discovered everything, no one, I am sure, went up to Mour sieur Antenor's room."

I confess that this testimony bewildered Still atyro, I should not have thought of pursuing the examination. Fortunately M. Mechinet's experience was rreat, and he was thoroughly skilled in the difficult art of drawing the whole truth from witnesses. "So, madame," he continued, "you are certain that Monistrol came here yester-

day evening?" 'Certain.' "You saw him distinctly? recognized him?" "Oh, excuse me; I didn't see his face He passed very quickly, trying to hide himself, Illie the wretch he is, and the corridor is dimly li-Lied." I started at this reply, the importance

of which was incalculable, and advanced towards the concierge. "If that is so," I cried, "how dare you assert that you recognized Monsieur Monistrol?"

She eyed me from head to foot, and, smiling sareastically, answered: "If I didn't see the moster's face, I saw the dog's muzzle. As I always pet it, it came into my room, and I was just going te give it a mutton bone, when its master whistled for it."

I looked at M. Mechinet, anxious to know what he thought of these answers, but his face faithfully kept the secret of his impressions. He merely added: What kind of a dog is Monsieur Mon-

"A pug, perfectly black, with a white spot over its ear. They call it Pluto." M. Mechinet arose. "You can go," he said to the conclerge; 'my mind is made up."

And when she had gone-"It seems to me impossible," said he, 'that the nephew is not the criminal." Meantime the doctors had come; and when they had fluished the post-mortem ramination their conclus Monsieur Pigoreau's death was cersinly instantaneous. So it was not he

who traced the five letters Monis which

we had seen on the floor, near the corpse." I had not been mistaken. "But if it wasn't he," cried M. Mechinet, "who was it?" "Monistrol? Nobody will ever get that through my brain." And the commissary of police, delighted to be able to go to his dinner at last, rallied him on his perplexities-absurd

perplexities, since Monistrol had con-"Perhaps I am only a fool," he answered: "the future will decide. And meantime, my dear Monsieur Godeuil, come to the prefecture with me."

CHAPTER VI. We took a flacre to go to the prefecture of police, as we had taken one to come to the Batignolles. M. Mechinet was very much pre-occupled; his fingers never stopped traveling from his snuff-box to his nose, and I

heard him muttering between his teeth: "I will have a clear understanding! must have a clear understanding!" Then he drew the cork I had given him out of his pocket, turned it over and over like a monkey examining a nut, and mur-

some expedient ought to come out of this green cork." I, leaning back in my corner, did not

My situation was certainly a most singular one, but I did not think of it. All the intelligence I had was absorbed in this business. I was turning over in my mind the various contradictory elements, and exhausting myself in trying to penctrate the secret of the drama, of which I had a presentiment. Night had closed in when our carriage

The Qual des Orfevres was descried and silent. Not a sound, not a step was heard. The few shops in the neighborhood were closed. All the life in the quarter had collected in the little restaurant at the corner of the Rue de Jerusalem on whose red curtains appeared the shadows of the customers. "Will they let you have access to the

prisoner?" I asked M. Mechinet. "Certainly," he answered. "Haven't I been ordered to follow up the affair? Isn't it necessary, in consequence of unforeseen circumstances which may occur during the inquiry, that I should be able to question the prisoner at any hour of the day or night?" And he entered with a rapid step, say-

"Come, come; we've no time to lose." There was no necessity to hurry me. I followed close behind, agitated by indefinable emotions, and quivering with vague curiosity. It was the first time I had ever crossed

the threshold of the prefecture of police, and Heaven knows what my prejudices "There," I said to myself, not without a certain emotion of terror, "there is the

secret of Paris," I was so absorbed in my reflections, that, forgetting to watch my steps, I nearly fell down. The shock recalled me to a consciousnes

of my situation. We were then passing along an immense passere with damp walls and rough pavement. My companion soon entered a little room where two men were playing cards, while three or four others, stretched on a camp-bed, were smoking pipes. He exchanged a few words with them, which did not reach my ears, then came out and we continued our walk. Having crossed a court-yard and entered a second passage, we soon reached an iron

grating with heavy bolts and formidable At a word from M. Mechinet an attendant opened the grating; we passed on the right an immeuse hall, where I seemed to see all the policemen in Paris, and at last climbed a steep staircase. At the top of this staircase, at the

entrance of a narrow corridor on which opened a number of little doors, sat a stout man with a pleasant face, who cer-tainly bore no resemblance to the classic "Why, it's Monsieur Mechinet!" he exclaimed, as he saw my companion. "I

to see the murderer of the little old man of the Batignolles." "Exactly. Is there anything new in the case?" "But the magistrate must have come!" "He has left here."

was expecting you. I'll bet you've come

"He didn't stay three minutes with the prisoner, and looked very well satisfied when he came away. At the foot of the

staiche met the warden, and said, 'The business will be easily settled; the murderer doesn't even attempt to deny." M. Mechinet jumped at least three feet. but the jailer didn't notice it, for he con-

tinued-"I'm not at all surprised. When I saw the prisoner, as he was brought in, I said to myself, 'Here's one who won't know how to hold out. 121 "And what is he doing now?" "He's groaning. I was told to watch

him lest he should commit suicide, and of course I do-but it's useless. He is one of the rascals who think more of their own skins than of other people's," "Let's take a look at him," interrupted M. Mechinet; "but make no noise." All three of us instantly moved forward on tiptoe to an open door, pierced at the

beight of a man with a grated window. Through this window we could see everything that was passing in the cell, which was lighted by a dim gas-burner. The jailer looked in first, M. Mechinet next, then my turn came.

On a marrow iron bedstead, covered with a gray woollen quilt, striped with rellow, I saw a man lying face downeard, with his head almost hidden on his olded arms. He was weeping. The sound of his sobs

cached my ears, and at times a convulsive shudder shook him from head to "Open the door now," said M. Mechinet

o the jailer. He obeyed, and we entered. At the grating of the key the prisoner ad risen, and seated on his pallet, with egs and arms hanging and head howed pon his breast, looked at us with a stu-

effed expression. lie was a man thirty-five or thirtyeight years old, with a figure somewhat below the middle height, but stout, and an apoplectic neck sunk between broad shoulders. He was ugly. His face had been disfigured by small pox, and his long, straight nose and retreating forehead gave him a resemblance to the stupid countenance of a sheep; but his blue eyes were very handsome, and his teeth remarkably white. "Well, Monsieur Monistrol," M. Mechinet began: "so we are in trouble."

And as the unfortunate man made no "I admit," he continued, "that the situation isn't cheering, but if I were in your place I would show myself a man. I would do myself justice, and try to prove

ny innocence." "I am not innocent." This time there was no opportunity for mistake, no room to doubt the intelligence of a messenger. We heard the terrible confession from the criminal's own lips.

"What!" exclaimed M. Mechinet, The man had started up on his totter ing limbs, with bloodshot eyes and foaming lips, evidently in a fit of terrible rage. "Yes, it is I," he interrupted, "I alone. How many times must I repeat it? A magistrate has just been here. I confessed everything and signed the confession. What do you ask more? I know what is before me, and I'm not afraid. I killed and must be killed. Cut my throat: the sooner the better."

M. Mechinet, who was at first somewhat bewildered, quickly regained his "One moment," said he; "people's throats are not cut like that. They must prove that they are guilty. Then the law takes into consideration certain errorscertain fatalities, if you please-and for this very purpose has invented ex-

tennating circumstances." An inarticulate groan was Monistrol's only reply, and M. Mechinet continued ; So you bore your uncle a terrible grudge ?" " Oh ! no." "Then, why ?"

"To inherit his property. My business affairs were involved. I needed money; my uncle, who was very rich, refused to "I understand you hoped to escape the "I hoped to do so." Hitherto I had been surprised at the

way M. Mechinet conducted the rapid ex-amination; now I understood it. I guessed what would follow: I saw the snare he was spreading for the prisoner. "Another thing," he continued, abruptly ; " where did you buy the revolver you used to commit the crime?" Monistrol's face showed no surprise "I've had it in my possession a long

time." he answered "What did you do with it afterward " "Threw it down on the outer boule-"Very well," said M. Mechinet, gravely; "search shall be made, and it will im-

mediately be found." After a moment's silence he added: "What I can't understand is that you should have let your dog follow you." "What-my dog ?" "Yes, Pluto-the conclerge recognized

Monistrol clenched his hands and

opened his lips to answer, but some andden recollection crossed his mind, and he threw himself back on his bed, saying, in a tone of immovable firmness: "I have been tortured enough; you won't get another word out of me." It was evident that it would be a waste of trouble to persist.

We therefore retired, and, once outside on the Quai des Orfevres, I seized M. Mechinet by the arm, exclaiming: "You heard: the unfortunate man doesn't even know how his unole died. Is it possible to have any further doubt of his innocence ?" But the old policeman was a terrible

skeptic. "Who knows?" he replied. "I've seen famous actors in my lifetime. But this is enough for to-day. I'll call for you to eat my soup this evening. To morrow it will be daylight, and we shall see."

CHAPTER VII. It was not far from ten o'clock, when M. Mechinet, whom I still accompanied. rang the bell at the door of his suite of

"I never carry a pass-key," said he. "In our profession one never knows what may happen. There are a great many rascals who bear me a grudge, and if I'm not always careful on my own account, I must be for my wife's sake." My worthy neight unnecessary. I had understood the state of affairs, and even noticed that he rang in a particular way, which must have been a preconcerted signal between bim-

self and his wife. Pretty Mme. Mechinet opened the door. With a movement rapid and graceful as a kitten she threw herself into her husband's arms, exclaiming: "Here you are at last! I don't know why, but I felt almost auxious." But she suddenly stopped; she had just seen me, Her bright face clouded, she drew back, and addressing herself as

much to me as to her husband, coutinned: "What! you have just left the cufe at this hour; there's no sense in it." M. Mechinet's lips wore the indulgent smile of a man sure of being lared, who knows that he can appease by a single

word the quarrel that is being sought with him.

"Don't scold us, Caroline," he replied, associating me in his cause by the plural pronoun; "we haven't just left the cufe, and we haven't been wasting our time. Some one came for me on business-a murder committed in the Batignolles." The young wife, with a suspicious look, glanced alternately at her husband and myself, and when convinced that we were not deceiving her, merely said:

But it would require a page to enumerate everything this short exclamation

It was addressed to M. Mechinet, and plainly said: "What! you have trusted yourself to this young man, revealed your position, initiated him into our secrets!" This was the manner in which I interpreted t' - eloquent "ah," and my worthy neigh - anderstood it in the same way,

for he repried: "Well, yes. Where's the harm? If I have to fear the vengeance of the scoundrels I have delivered up to justice, what have I to dread from honest folks? Do you suppose I hide myself, that I'm ashamed of my profession?"

"You misunderstand me, my dear," observed the young wife. M. Mechinet did not even hear her. He had just mounted-I learned this

afterwards-a favorite hobby, that always carried him away. 'Zounds!" he continued; "you have strange ideas, madame! What! I am one of the forlorn hopes of civilization! At the cost of my repose and the risk of my life I secure the safety of society, and am I to blush for it! That wouldn't be pleasant. You will tell me that various absurd prejudices, bequeathed by the past, exist against us. What do I care? Yes, I know that there are sensitive gentlemen who look down upon us. But, deuce take it! I'd like to see their faces, if my colleagues and I struck work to-morrow, leaving the city to the army of scoundrels we hold in

Mme. Mechinet, who was doubtless accustomed to outbursts of this kind, did not atter a word and she was wise, for my worthy neighbor, meeting with no contradiction, calmed down as if by

magie. "But enough of that," he said to his wife. "There's something more important just now. We've had no dinner, and are starving; can you give us some sup-

What had happened this evening must have occurred too frequently for Mme. Mechinet to allow herself to be found unprepared. "You shall have supper in five min-

utes." she replied, with the pleasantest of In fact, a moment after, we were seated at a table before an excellent piece of cold roast beef, attended by Mme. Mechinet, who constantly filled our glasses with excellent Macon wine. While my worthy peighbor was consci-

entionsly devoting himself to his supper, I, looking at his peaceful home and pretty little wife, asked myself if this was really one of the "fierce" detectives, who have been the heroes of so many absurd tales. But our hunger was soon appeased, and M. Mechinet began to tell his wife about our expedition. And he did not relate the affair carelessly, but gave the most minute details. She was sested by his side, and the way in which she listened, asking explanations when she did not

Egeria who was accustomed to be con-When M. Mechinet had finished she - DESCRIPTION -"You've made one great mistake-an irreparable mistake." "What?"

"You ought not to have gone to the prefecture when you left the Batignolles." But, Monsieur "Yes, you wanted to question him. What did you gain?" "I have gained, my dear\_" "Nothing. It's to the Rue Vivienne you ought to have gone, to the wife. You would have surprised her under the influ-

ence of the agitation she must necessarily

have felt at her husband's arrest, and if

she is an accomplice, as may be supposed, by a little adroitness you would have made her confess." I had started from my chair at the "What, madame," I cried; "you think Monistrol gutity?" After a moment's hesitation, she an-

swered: "Yes" Then, in a very eager tone, she con-

tinued:

"But, I'm sure, perfectly sure, that the idea of murder originated with the wife. Out of every twenty crimes committed by men, fifteen are conceived and inspired by women. Ask Mechinet. The concierge's testimony ought to have enlightened you. What is this Mme, Monistroit A remarkably beautiful person, you were told, coquettish, ambitions, consumed by covetousness, a woman who leads her husband about by the nose. New, what were her discussioned. were her circumstances! Poor, narrow, precarious. She suffered from them, as is proved by her asking her uncle to lend her 100,000 francs. He refused, thus haffling her hopes. Do you suppose that she did not bear him a mortal hatred? She must have often repeated, 'If this old miser were dead, we should be rich.' And when she saw him healthy and strong as an oak, she said to herself, 'He'll live a bundred years-when he leaves us his property, we shan't be able to enjoy it, and who knows whether he won't bury us?' Is it so long a step from this point to the thought of committing a crime? And when the determination was once fixed in her mind, she gradually prepared her husband, familiarized him with the thought of murder, put, so to speak, the knife into his hand. And one day, threatened with bankruptcy, worn out by his

wife's lamentation, he dealt the blow."
"All this is logical," said M. Mechinet. Very logical, undoubtedly; but what became of the circumstances discovered by us?

"Then, madame," said I, "you tkink

Monistrol was stupid enough to denounce

himself by writing his name?" She shrugged her shoulders, and answered: ' Is that a folly? I don't think so, since It is your strongest argument in favor of his innocence." a moment I felt bewildered. Then recov-

ering myself: "But he confesses that he is guilty, madame," I insisted. "An excellent way of engaging the law to prove his innocence."

"You are a proof of it, my dear Mon-sleur Godeiul." "Why, madame, the unfortunate man doesn't even know how his uncle was murdered." "Excuse me; he doesn't seem to know -which is not the same thing." The discussion became animated, and would have lasted a long time if M. Mechinet had not put an end to it.

"Come, come," he said to his wife,

Then addressing himself to me-

kindly, "you're too romantie this even-

"As to you," he continued, "I'll take you with me to morrow, and we'll call on Madame Monistrol. Now, as I'm almost dead with sleep, good-night."
He could sleep, but I could not close my

A secret voice in my heart cried out that Monistrol was innocent. My imagination pictured with terrible vividness the tortures of the unfortunate man alone in his prison cell. But why had he con-

CHAPTER VIII. What I then lacked-I've had occasion to call myself to account for it a hundred times since-was experience, familiarity with the profession, and especially a thorough knowledge of the modes of the action of the police.

I dimly felt that this examination had been badly, or rather superficially conducted, but I should have been troubled to tell why, and especially to say what ought to have been done. I was none the less deeply interested in

Monistrol. It seemed as if his cause was my own. And this was very natural-my youthful vanity was aroused. Was it not a remark of mine that had raised the first doubts in regard to the unfortunate man's guilt?

"I must prove his innecence," I said to royself. Unfortunately, the arguments carried on during the evening had disturbed my mind so much that I no longer knew on what fact to erect my structure. As always happens when we fix our minds too long on the solution of a problem, my ideas became as confused as a skein in the hands of a child. I no longer saw clearly,

every hing was chaos. Leaning back in my arm-chair, I was still racking my brains, when M. Mechinet, faithful to the promise made the evening before, came for me. "Come, come," he said, shaking me rudely, for I had not heard him enter, "let's be off."

"I'm ready," I said, rising. We hastily went downstairs, and I then noticed that my worthy neighbor was dressed with more care than usual. He had succeeded in giving himself that easy, well-to-do air, which is so particularly attractive to the Parisian shopkeeper.

His good spirits were those of a man sure of himself, who is advancing to certain victory. We were soon in the street, and while

we were on our way,-"Well," he asked, "what do you think of my wife?. I pass for a sharp fellow at the prefecture; and yet I consult her, Moliere consulted his servant-and I've often profited by her advice. She has one weakness: to her there are no clumsy crimes, and her imagination lends all villains the power of diabolical combinations. But as I have precisely the opposite failing, and am perhaps a little too positive, it's rare that the truth does not appear during our consultations."

penetrated the mystery of the Monistrol He stopped short, drew his snuff-box out of his pocket, took three or four of his imaginary pinches and replied: "At least I have the means of penetrat ing it.

Meantime we had reached the top of

the Rue Vivienne, not far from Monis-

"What!" I cried, "you think you have

trol's shop. "Pay attention," said M. Mechinet; "follow me, and whatever happens, let understand, revealed the bourgeoise nothing surprise you." He did well to warn me, or I should have been greatly astonished to see him abruptly enter an umbrella shop. Stiff and grave as an Englishman, he

turned over the whole stock, found noth-

ing to suit him, and at last asked whether

an umbrella could be made for him like a

He was told that it would be the easiest

pattern which he would furnish.

thing in the world, and went out saying he would come back the next morning, The half-hour spent in the shop had certainly not been lost. While examining the umbrellas placed before him, he had had sufficient art to draw from the shopkeepers all that they knew of M. and Mme. Monistrol. It was an easy matter, after all, for the

affair of the "little old man of the Batignolles," and the arrest of the dealer in imitation jewelry, had caused great excitement throughout the neighborhood and was the universal subject of conver-"There," said he, when we were entside, "that's the way to obtain exact in-

formation. When people know with whom they are dealing they strike attitudes, make stilted speeches, and then good-bye to the truth." M. Mechinet repeated this farce in seven or eight shops in the neighborbood, and even spent twenty france in one, whose owner was quiet and not disposed to talk

But after two hours of this strange oc-

cupation, which greatly amused me, we

were thoroughly posted in regard to pub-lic opinion. We knew precisely what was thought of M. and Mme. Monistrol in the neighborhood where they had lived since their marriage-that is, four years. There was but one opinion about the He was said to be the best and kindest of men, obliging, honest, intelligent and industrious. If he had not succeeded in his business, it was because fortune does not always favor those who are most de-

He worshiped his wife, everybody knew and said, but this great love had never passed proper limits, never exposed him to ridicule. No one could believe in his guilt.

His arrest, it was said, must be a mis-

take on the part of the police.

serving. He had made the mistake of

hiring a shop devoted to bankruptcy-

four merchants had been ruined in it

within fifteen years.

Opinions were divided in regard to Mme. Monistrol. Some thought her too fine for her position, others said that a fashionable costume was one of the necessities of her business. It was generally believed that she sincerely leved her husband, and she was universally praised for her prudence, a

prudence the more meritorious because

she was remarkably beautiful and be-

sleged by numerous admirers. But she had never given occasion for gossip, not the slightest breath of suspicion had This, I perceived, greatly perplexed M. Mechinet. "Strange," said he, "not a tale, not a slander, not a calumny. This isn't what Caroline supposed. According to her idea, we ought to find one of those shop-

fool, or careless toad-eater to the backshop. And she is nothing of the sort!" I made no reply, being no less puzzled than my neighbor. We were a long way from the testimony of the concierge in the Rue Lecluse, so greatly does the point of sight vary according to the neighborhood. What is considered horrible coquetry in the Batignolles is only a business necessity in the Rue Vivienne.

keepers who are always behind the coun-

ter, display their beauty more than their

wares, and consign the husband-a blind

or society, a J communications designed to estimate tion to any moster of inmited or individual interest must be paid for as advertisements.

Jos Printing of all kinds nestly and expeditionally executed at lowest prices. How tyou longer time in our inquiries to stop to exchange impressions and discuss our conjectures. "Now," said M. Mechinet, "before en-

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ideration of advertisers, whose iscors will be neered at the following tow rates:

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tering the place, let us study the approaches to it." And, trained to carry on these prudent investigations amid the bustle of Paris he made me a sign to follow him into a

doorway, directly opposite Monistrol's It was an unpretending, almost shabby shop, compared with those that surrounded it. The front needed painting. Over the door, in letters once gilt, out now smoked and blackened, was the name of Monistrol. On the panes were inscribed Gold and Imitation Jenesley. Alas! it was principally imitation jewelry that clittered in the windows. From the rods hunga quantity of plated chains, jet ornaments, diadems of brilliants, necklaces of imitation coral, and pins, rings and sleeve-buttons set with imita-

tion gems of all colors. A poor display, I perceived at a glance, and one that would not tempt shopbreakers. "Let's go in," said I to M. Mechinet. He was less impatient than I, or understood how to control his impatience bet-

ter, for he grasped me by the arm, say-"One moment-I should like to catch a glimpse of Mme, Monistrol." But it was in vain that we remained at our post of observation twenty minutes.

longer; the shop was still empty, Mine. Monistrol did not appear. "We have waited long enough," my worthy neighbor at last exclaimed. 'Come, Monsteur Godeuil, w'll risk it."

To be continued.

KISSES FOR SKULLS.

A Strange Religious Ceremony in the Tusean Highlands. In the Tuscan Highlands at the village of Cutipliano, writes a correspondent from Italy, they keep high feast on the 8th of August in memory of Saint Aurelius and Saint Irenaus, whose bones liein state in the town church. The sacred remains exhibited on the holiday are preserved in richly gilt shrines with glass fronts and sides. The skulls are bare in all their grinning hideousness the rest

of the skeletons are happily hid in rich costumes, the hands covered with silk gloves and the feet with elegant stock After mass is over in the church and the people have been blessed a priest standing at the alter holds up a reliquery containing the bone of a saint for the adoration of the crowd. One by one that men come up to the altar steps, devoutly kiss the glass that covers the percious bone, and drop a copper or two luto the brass tray which is carried by an attendant. After each osculation the glass is carefully wiped with a napkin and then presented to the next in order. The women come after the men. The faith of these is apparently more lively. They seem fully satisfied that by the art of adoration they have committed themselves to the effectual safeguard of the saint, and they turn away their faces radient with peace and contentment. Here comes a family group, a mother leading a little girl by the hand with a baby on her arm. It is touching to see the earnestness with which the mother presses the pouting lips of her infant against the sacred charm and the joy with which she broods over him when she has thus secured his salvation; be-bind comes an old woman, wrinkled, inirm, alone in the world, but the weight of her years and trouble seems to grow

ight when she has secured the good will and intercession of the saint. So they come in a long succession of every age and condition, but all believing and devout. Long after the service is over the worshippers remain absorbed in prayer, kneeling in different parts of the church, utlerly lost to all that passes After leaving the church the Tuscans

repair to the village green, where a lottery is in progress, and every one, from the gray head to the toddling infant, invests in a ticket. They are very superstitious about significant numbers. One man chooses eight because his cat at home has that number of kittens, another twenty-nine, because his son fell and broke his leg on that day of the month; still another fittern, because there are that number of letters in the saint's name whom they celebrate. Every one is in good humor while the drawing takes place, and even if their numbers are unsuccessful they leave

The Other Side. Fashionable Mother-"What? Do you mean to say you won't rent me one of those elegant flats because I have a

with the conviction that it will surely

come up on the next least day,

Fiat Owner-No, madam, I won't. Those fit Lave gilded cornices, frescoed walls, eastlake dadoes, haviland fireplaces, French plate windows---" "Ob! A d you're afraid my darling little cher b will tear them all to pieces, I suppose?"

any sut i gilded cages. No, madam, I may be a little; asping, but I don't want any blood money."-Omaha World. The Why and Wherefore. A noted Sanday school worker living in Kansas w ; coce asked to talk to the

"No, marlam, but those flats are utterly

lacking in grass, flowers, trees, birds, swings at I hammocks, and I'll not allow

any one to pen up poor little children in

children of a Sanday-school on the subject of temperance. He is very earnest in his cause, and wears a bit of blue ribbon as a badge of Rising before the school, he pointed to his bit of him; ribbon and said: "New, a sany of you children give me

There was no reply for a moment; then

a childish little voice in the rear of the room piped out: "Cause this " a Prohibition town." Nothing Extraordinary. "This, ladies an' gents," vociferated a menagerie orator in a small town in Len-

a reason why I am not a drunkard?"

tucky, "is the great Arabian dromedary, with two humps upon his back instead of one, but the extra hump will cost you nothing. He is the Jrab's beast of purden. He fetches an' carries, while the sively), he can go eight days without Water!" "Only eight days!" was the general exclamation, and then the crowd moved on

in search of comething interesting. A Pet's Fine Points. Jobson-"What kind of an animal is that you've got there, Jepson?" Jepson-"A hedgehog. It is one of my

wife's pets." Job. - Strange kind of a pet I should say. V. 7 does she keep such a thing as that about her?" dep.—"Well, I suppose it is because he has so many fine points about ham.

When to Rest. An hour's rest is almost an hour selded

to a man's life, but too nony hours devoted to rest will showing life. The orly safe rule is for one to take a rest when he is tired. But we had already spent too much

senses of Taste ER and Smell. A particle is applied into each nostrils and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Denggists; by until registered, 50 cts. ELY BROS., of Warren St., Kemp's Manure Spreader

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# The Little Old Man of the Batignolles.