return?" continued M. Mechinet.

"You did not think he had been ab-

CHAPTER X.

Standing a little behind M. Mechinet, I

could watch Mme. Monistrol's face at my

She seemed overwhelmed with grief,

large tears rolled down her pale cheeks, and yet at times I fancied I could detect,

"Could she be guilty?" I thought.

in the depths of her large blue eyes, some-

And this idea, which had already oc-

curred to me, presenting itself still more

obstinately to my mind, I hastily ad-

vanced and said, brusquely: "But you, Madame, where were you

during this fatal evening, while your

husband was going on his useless errand

She looked at me with a bewildered

"I was here, Monsieur. There are wit-

"Yes, Monsieur. It was so warm that

evening that I wanted some ice-cream,

but did not care to eat it alone. So I sent

my servant to invite two of my neigh-

bors, Madame Dorstrich, the wife of the

shoe-maker, whose shop adjoins ours, and

Madame Renaille, the glove-seller oppo-

site. They accepted my invitation, and

stayed here until half-past cleven. Ask

them; they will tell you so. Amid the

cruel trials to which I am subjected, this

accidental circumstance is a special favor

This was the question M. Mechinet and

I asked each other with a glance as rapid

When chance is so very futelligent,

serves a cause so aptly, it is difficult not

to suspect it of having been a little ar-

But this was not the right moment to

"You have never been suspected, ma-

"The worst that could be supposed is

that your husband told you something

"Stop! Your business is not very pros-

perous, we have been told; you are embar-

"Your husband must have been un-

happy and anxious about this precarious

situation. He must have grieved espe-

cially for your sake; for you whom he

worships-you who are young and beanti-

ful; for you, far more than himself, he

must have ardently desired the luxuries

"Monsieur, 1 tell you once more, my

M. Mechinet, reflecting deeply seemed

"Deuce take it! Then how do you ex-

dame," said M. Mechinet, shamelessly.

about the crime before committing it."

"Monsieur, if you knew us-"

"Temporarily, yes; but-"

and pleasures wealth procures."

husband is innocent."

reveal the depth of our thoughts.

Was it an accidental circumstance?

to Montrouge to find his workman?"

gaze, and answered, gently:

nesses who will prove it."

"Witnesses!"

of Providence."

as lightning.

ranged

leisure, and detect the most trifling ex-

"A little after midnight."

sent very long?"

natural."

rested."

"Nothing."

pressions of feeling.

thing like a rleam of joy.

drink a glass of beer."

Cambria La Streman.

knew nothing"---

## EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1888.

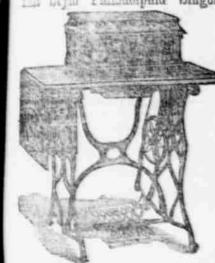
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ern blood medicines,

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just ready to spring at us. harm."

us, the animal retreated under the bed. "You are right in saying that we will do you no harm, Madame," said M. Mechinet, "we did not come to arrest

She did not seem to hear, "This very morning," she continued, "I received this paper, which commands me to go at 3 o'clock to the Palais de Justice, to the office of the examining magistrate. What do they want of me? Oh,

Heaven! what do they want of me?" "To obtain information, which, I hope, will prove your husband's innecence. So don't look upon me as an enemy, Madame. I wish to ascertain the truth." He took up his snuff-box, hastily thrust his fingers into it, and in a solemn tone, which I did not recognize, continued:

"It is for you to decide, Madame, what answer you will make to the questions I shall have the honor of addressing to you. Will you reply frankly?" She fixed her large blue eyes, wet with tears, upon my worthy neighbor, and said in a tone of sorrowful resignation: "Question me, sir!"

For the third time, I repeat, I was utterly inexperienced. And yet the manner in which M. Mechinet had commenced this examination disturbed me. He was betraying his perplexities in advance, it seemed to me, and instead of pursuing a fixed object, dealt his blows

Ah, if he would have let me speak! Ah, if I had dared! M. Mechinet, with an impenetrable face, was seated opposite to Mme, Monis-"You must know, Madame," he began,

"that night before last, at eleven o'clock. Monsieur Pigoreau or Antenor, your husband's uncle, was murdered."

"Where was Monsieur Monistrol at that hours" "Oh, beavens! it is a fatality." M. Mechinet's face remained immov-

"I ask you, Madame," he persisted, where your husband spent the evening of the day before yesterday?" It was some time before the young wife replied; her sobs seemed to be choking her. At last, controlling herself, she

"My husband spent the evening out of the house." "Do you know where he was?" "Oh, yes! One of our workmen, who lives at Montrouge, had promised to bring us a set of false pearls, and did not keep blaword. Verna therik of losing the

order, which would have been a misfortune, for we are not rich. So at dinner my husband said to me: 'I'm going to that rasen?'s house." And about 90'clock he went out and I accompanied him to the omnibus, which he entered before my eyes in the Lue Elchelien." I breathed more freely. This might be an all'i after all.

M. Mechinet had the same thought, and continued in a gentler tone: "If that is so, your workman will be able to swear he saw Monsieur Monistrol at his house at 11 o'clock." "Alast no."

"How? Why?" "Because he had gone out. My husband d.da't see him." "That incertainly a fatality. But perhaps the concierge may have noticed Monsieur Monistrol?" "Our workman lives in a house where there is no concierge."

This might be the truth. It was cer tainly a terrible charge against the un fortupate prisoner. "And at what time did your husband

The Little Old Man of the Batignolles.

EMILE GABORIAU.

CHAPTER IX. To reach Monistrol's shop we had only to cross the street. This was done in four strides. At the sound of the opening door a little servant, fifteen or sixteen years old, shabbily dressed and with tangled hair, came out of the back shop, "What can I do for you, gentlemen?" she asked.

"Is Madame Monistrol in?" "Yes, gentlemen, and I'll tell her you are here, because, you see-" M. Mechinet did not give her time to With a somewhat rude movement, I

confess, he thrust her out of his way and entered the back shop, saying: "Very well; since she is in I'm going to speak to her." I followed at my worthy neighbor's heels, sure that we should not go away without having the clue to the enigma.

The back shop was a gloomy apartment, which served for dining, drawing and sleeping room. It was in disorder, and had the incongruous appearance often seen in the somes of the poor people who try to seem rich. At one end was a bed with blue silk curtains and pillow cases trimmed with lace, and before the mantel-piece was a table loaded with the remains of a

by no means simple breakfast.

A fair-haired young woman sat, or rather reclined in a large arm-chair, holding in her hand a sheet of stamped paper. This was Mine, Monistrol. Certainly when her neighbors had told us of her beauty, their description fell far short of the reality. I was actually

Only one circumstance excited my disapproval: she was attired in deep mourning, a crepe dress, cut slightly low in the neck, which was marvelously becoming. This showed too much presence of mind for great sorrow. It seemed like an actress dressing herself in advance for the part she is to play. She started like a timid roe at our

entrance, and in a voice apparently choked with tears, asked: "What do you want, gentlemen?" M. Mechinet had noticed what I had

"Madame," he answered harshly, "I am sent here in the service of the law; I am a detective." At this statement she sank back in the arm-chair with a moan that would have softened a tiger. Then suddenly, in a frenzy of excite-

ment, with sparkling eyes and quivering lips, she exclaimed: "Have you come to arrest me? You are welcome. I am ready-take me away. I shall join the honest man you arrested yesterday. Whatever his fate may be, I wish to share it. He is as innocent as I am-no matter. If he must be a victim to an error of human justice it will be a last joy to die with him."

She was interrupted by a low growl, which proceeded from one of the corners of the shop. I looked in the direction of the sound and saw a black dog, with bristling hair and blood-shot eyes, showing his teeth,

to be filling his nose with snuff. Then he said suddenly: "Down, Pintol" said Mme. Monistrol, plain his confession? An innocent man "lie down; these gentlemen will do me no who declares bimself guilty at the bare mention of the crime of which he is sus-Slowly, still fixing itseyes flercely upon

pected, ly rare, madame." A fleeting blush crimsoned the young wife's face. For the first time her glance, till now frank and clear, became wandering and

"I suppose," she replied, in an indistinct voice, with a fresh burst of tears-"I think my husband, terrifled and bewildered at finding himself accused of so great a crime, lost his senses."

M. Mechinet shook his head, "Perhaps," said he, "a passing frenzy might be admitted; but this morning. after a long night spent in reflection, Mon sieur Monistrol persisted in his confes-

Was this true? Did my worthy neighbor invent it? or, before calling for me,

had he gone to the prefecture to get the latest intelligence? However this might be, the young wife seemed on the point of fainting; and, hiding her face between her hands, mur-

mured: "Merciful Heaven! my poor husband has gone mad!" This was not my opinion. Convinced,

henceforward, that I was playing a part in a farer, and the young wife's despair was only a lie, I asked myself whether, for certain reasons that escaped my detection, she had not determined the terrible resolution taken by her husband; and whether, if he were innocent, she did not know the real criminal? After addressing a few words of cont-

nouplace consolation to the wife, M Mechinet gave her to understand that she would dispel many prejudices by assisting, with a good grace, in a minute examination of her home. She seized upon this opening with eager-

ness that was evidently unfeigned. "Look,gentlemen," said she; "examine, rummage everywhere. You will do me a service, and it won't take long. We have only the shop-the back shop-where we are now; our servant's room in the sixth story, and a little cellar. Here are the kers."

To my great astonishment M. Mechinet accepted them, and appeared to be more ing the most thorough and patient investigation. What was his object? He must have ama secret purpose, for the search would

evidently end in nothing. When he had apparently finished, he said: "The cellar is still to be examined." "I'll take you there, monsieur," said

Mme. Monistrol. And instantly seizing a lighted candle she led us across a court yard upon which a second door in the back shop opened, and guided us by a very slippery staircase to a door, which she unlocked, saying: "Here it is-walk in, gentlemen."

I began to understand. My worthy neighbor had accutinized the was in wretched order. A small cask of beer stood in one corner, and directly opposite, fastened by sticks of wood, was a hogshead of wine furnished with a wooden tap. On the right were ranged about fifty full bottles.

M. Mechinet did not lose sight of these bettles, and found an opportunity to move cae a...ler another. What I saw, he also noticed; not one was scaled with green wax. So the cork I had picked up, and which

had served to protect the point of the murderer's weapon, did not come from the Monistrols' cellar. "Well," said M. Mechinet, feigning disappointment, "I find nothing-we can go

We did so, but not in the same order that we had gone down, for in returning

I went first. I therefore opened the door of the back shop and the Monistrels' dog instantly

'Oh, yes; and I even scolded him for rushed at me, barking so furiously that I it. He said, to excuse himself, that he started back. had taken the longest way, strolled "The deuce! it's your savage dog," said slowly along, and stopped at the cafe to M. Mechinet to the young wife, who had already driven it away by a wave of the "How did he look when he came in!" hand.

"No, indeed, he isn't savage," she re-"He secmed vexed, but that was very plied, "only a good watchdog. We are jewellers, more exposed to thieves than "What clothes did he wear?" "Those he had on when he was arother shopker pers, so we trained him." Mechanica. 7, as one always does after "You noticed nothing unusual about having been threatened by a dog, I called this one 1; his name, which I knew.

"Pluto! Pluto!" But i stead of approaching me, the animal crew back, growling and showing his sharp teeth. "Ob, it's useless for you to call him," sa! I madame, thoughtlessly, "he won't

"Lecar e he is faithful, like all dogs of that bree I, and will obey no one but his master and myself." This a parently unimportant remark wasa f \_ 1 of light to me. Without re fleeting, far more hasty than I should be

no I exclaimed: "Lion where was this faithful dog on the evening of the crime, madame?" This point-blank question produced such an effect upon her that she almost dropped the candlestick she still held in

"I don't know," she stammered; "I don't remember." "P-haps he followed your husband." "V. \_ , ye ; now I seem to recollect."

"Then he is trained to follow earringes, for you told us you went to the omnibus with your hus and?" She was silent, and I was about to continue, when M. Mechinet interrupted me. Far from taking advantage of the young wife's agitation, he seemed to be trying to soothe her, and after having urged her

to obey the magistrate's summons, drew me away. "Have you lost your senses!" said he, when we were outside. The reproach wounded me,

"Is it losing my senses," I retorted, "to find the solution of the problem? I have it. Monistrol's dog will guide us to the My eagerness drew a smile from my old neighbor, who answered in a fatherly

"You are right," said he, "I understand you perfectly. Only, if Mme. Monistrol has guessed your suspicions, the dog will die or vanish before morning."

CHAPTER XI.

I had certainly committed a great piece of imprudence, but, nevertheless, I had found the weak point in the armor, the joint by which the most solid system of defense could be shattered. I, a volunteer, had seen clearly where the old stager in the detective force was

merely groping his way. Another man would have been jealous and borne me a grudge. He was not one of that sort. He thought only of turning my lucky discovery to account, and as he said, it

ought not to be impossible now that the case turned upon a fixed fact. We therefore entered a neighboring restaurant to consult about the matter while breakfasting. This was the state of the problem, which an hour before had seemed insol-

It was proved that Monistrol was in nocent. Why had he declared himself

We thought we could guess, but that was not the question at present. We were equally sure that Mme. Monistrol had not stirred from her house on the evening of the murder. But everything proved that she had been aware of it, even if she had not advised and planned it, and consequently was well acquainted with the assassin.

Who was this assassin? A man whom Monistrol's dog followed as it did its owners, since he had made it follow him when he went to the Batignolles.

So it was some one who was an intimate friend of the Monistrol family. He must hate the husband, however, since he had combined all the circumstances with infernal skill to throw suspicion upon the unfortunate man. On the other hand, he must be very dear to the wife, since, knowing him, she would not give him up, unhesitatingly sacrificing her husband.

Oh! the conclusion was reduced to a formula. The assassin could only be a miserable hypocrite, who had abused the husband's affection and confidence to win the love of the wife. In short, Mme. Monistrol, belying her reputation, undoubtedly had a lover, and this lover was necessarily the criminal.

Full of this certainty, I racked my rains to discover some infallible stratagem that would enable us to reach the "This is the way we ought to operate, I think," I sait to M. Mechinet. "Madame Monistrol and the murderer

must have agreed that after the crime they would not see each other for some "ime; this is the most elementary prudor. But ere long the woman will grow impatient and want to see her accomplice. Let us station a spy near her to follow her everywhere, and before forty-eight hours the a lair will be settled." M. Mechinet paused a moment before

replying, mumbling a few unintelligible "You haven't hit it, You have the genius of the profession, that I don't deny, but you lack experience. Fortunately I have it. What! A remark about the

crime puts you on the scent, and you don't follow it up." "How so?" "This faithful dog must be utilized."

"I don't understand." "Then learn to wait. Madame Monistrol will go out about two o'clock, to reach the Palais de Justice about three; the little servant will be alone in the shop -you'll see, that's all I shall tell you." In fact, my entreaties were useless he would say nothing more, avenging himself for his defeat by this very innocent bit of malice. Willing or not, I had to accompany him to the nearest cufe, where

he made me play dominoes.

I played badly, being ab thought, and he was shamefully taking advantage of it to beat me, when the clock struck two. "Up to our posts!" he said, dropping the He paid the bill, we went out, and the instant after were again standing like

sentinels in the doorway, from which we had watched the approaches to Monistrol's We had not been there ten minutes when Mme. Monistrol appeared on the threshold, dressed in black, with a large erepe veil, like a widow, "A beautiful toilette in which to appear

before the magistrate," grumbled M. Mechinet. She gave her little servant a few orders and walked rapidly away. My companion waited patiently five

minutes, and when he supposed the young wife was a long distance off, said:

"It is time." We again entered the jewelry shop. The little servant was there alone, sit-ting behind the counter, nibbling a piece of candy stolen from her mistress. As we entered, she recognized us, and started up, blushing and terrified. But M. Mechinet, without giving her time to open her lins, asked:

"Where is Madame Monistrol?" "She has gone out, sir." "You are deceiving me. She's in the back shop."

"Iassare you she isn't, gentlemen. Look for yourselves." M. Mechinet, with an air of the greatest annoyance, struck his forehead, exclaiming: "How unfortunate it is! how sorry that

poor Madame Monistrol will be!" Then, as the little servant stared at him with open mouth and eyes dilated with astonishment, he continued: "But perhaps you can take your figure, between my companion and mymistress's place, my pretty girl. I came back because I have lost the address of the gentleman she asked me to visit."

"What gentleman?" "You know very well; Monsieur-there now, I've forgotten his name! Monsieur -zounds, you know him! The gentleman our confounded dog obeys so well." "Oh, Monsieur Victori"

"Yes; that's it. What does the gentleman do! "He's a journeyman jeweler-a great friend of my master. They worked together when Monsieur Monistrol was a journeyman jeweler, and that's why ha can do anything he likes with Pluto."

"Then you can tell me where Monsieur "Certainly. He lives in the Rue du Rol-Dore, No. 23." The poor girl seemed delighted to be so well informed, and I could not help feeling sorry to hear her so unsuspiciously denounce her mistress.

M. Mechinet, who was more hardened, had no such scruples, and even closed the scene with a sorry jest. Just as I opened the door for us to re-

"Thank you," he said to the younggirl, "thank you. You have just done Madame Monistrol a great service, and she will be delighted,"

CHAPTER XII. As soon as we were on the sidewalk, I

had but one idea. To rush to the Rue du Roi-Dore and arrest this Victor, the real criminal, was evidently the first thing to be done. A few words from M. Mechinet fell upon my enthusiasm like a shower bath. "And the law," said he. "Without a warrant from the examining magistrate. I can do nothing. We must go to the Pa-lais de Justice."

"But we shall meet Madame Monistrol, and if she sees us she will warn her ac-"Be it so," replied M. Mechinet, with ill-disguised bitterness, "be it so. The criminal will escape, and the forms of law will be satisfied. But I can avert the

danger. Walk on, walk faster." And, in fact, the hope of success gave him the speed of a deer. On reaching the Palais de Justice, he went up the steep staircase leading to the magistrate's rooms four steps at a time, and speaking to the head sheriff, asked if the magistrate who had charge of the little old man

of the Batignolles was in his office. "Yes," replied the officer, "with a witness-a young lady dressed in black." "That's undoubtedly she," said mycom-

Then, turning to the officer, he contin-"You know me. Give me some materials to write a few words for you to take to the magistrate."

The officer went away with the note, and soon returned to tell us that the magistrate would see us in No. 9. To receive M. Mechinet he had borrowed the office of one of his colleagues, leaving Mme. Monistrol in his own room inder the care of his clerk. "What is it?" he asked, in a tone that enabled me to measure the gulf that sepa-

rated a magistrate from a poor detective. M. Mechinet briefly and clearly related the steps we had taken, their results and our hopes. Need I say that the magistrate did not appear to share our belief? "But since Monistrol confesses," he repeated with an obstinacy that exasperated

However, after numerous explanations, "I will sign a warrant." Once in possession of this indispensable document, M Mechinet went away so fast that I nearly fell as I rushed down the strirease after him. A finere horse could-

n't have kept up with us. I don't if we were fifteen minutes in going to the Rue du Roi-Dore. But when we were once there, "Be careful," said M. Mechiner. And wire calmest air in the world, he entered the narrow hall of the house bearing the number 23.

"Monsleur Victor?" he said to the concierne. "Fourth floor, right hand door." "Is he at home?"

M. Mechinet took a step toward the staircase, then seeming to change his mind, turned again to the conclerge, say-"I must treat this worthy Victor to a bottle of good wine. Do you know to what shop he goes?"

"The one opposite." We rushed across the street, and M. Mechinet with the air of a customer, ordered-"One bottle, if you please, of the best; the green seal."

Upon my honor, that idea had never occurred to me during all this time! And yet it was very simple. The bottle having been brought, my companion produced the cork found on M. Pigoreau's floor, and it was easy for us to prove the identity of the wax. Positive certainty was now added to meral conviction, and M. Mechines kneeked at Victor's door with a firm hand.

"Come in," called a pleasant voice. The key was in the door. We cutered, and in a very neat room I saw a man about thirty years old, with a slight figure, pale complexion and fair hair, who was working at a bench. Our presence didn't seem to disturb

M. Mechinet advanced, and, selzing bim by the arm, said: "I arrest you in the name of the law." The man turned livid, but did not lower his eyes.

"Are you playing a trick on me!" he said ins lently. "What have I done?" M. Mechinet shrugged his shoulders. "Don't act like a child," said he, "your account is settled. You were seen to leave Pere Antenor's rooms, and I have in my pocket the cork you used to prevent the point of your dagger from breaking. This was like a blow to the rascal's

neck. He sank into his chair, stammer-

"Tell that to the magistrate," said M. Mechinet, coolly, "but I am afraid he won't believe you. Your accomplice, Monistrol's wife, has confessed all." Victor started up as if he had been moved by a spring.
"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Sho

"Then you did it alone! Very well. That's so much confessed." Then addressing himself to me, like a man sure of his facts, he continued: "Search the drawers, my dear M. Godenil, you'll probably find this fine fellow's dagger, and undoubtedly his Dulcinea's love-letters."

The murderer's eyes gleamed with rage and he ground his teeth, but M. Mechinet's broad shoulders and iron grasp extinguished all desire to resist. I found in a bureau-drawer everything my companion had told me to expect. Twenty minutes after Victor, "neatly packed," that is the expression, in a

self, was rolling towards the prefecture "What!" said I to myself, bewildered by the simplicity of the scene, "is the arrest of an assassin, a man doomed to the scaffold, so easy as this?" I was to learn afterwards, to my cost, that there were more terrible criminals

Victor, when he found himself in a cell. broke down and related all the particulars of his crime. He had known Pere Pigorean a long time, he said. His principal object in nurdering him was to bring the punish ment for the crime upon Monistral. That was why he had dressed like him and been followed by Pluto, When the clid man was once assassinated, he had had the horrible courage to dip the finger of the corpse in the blood to trace the five

letters, Monis, which had nearly destroyed an innocent man, "It was cleverly arranged," he said, with cynical boasting, "If I had succeeded I should have killed two birds with one stone-got rid of my friend Monistral, whom I hate, and of whom I am jealous, and enriched the woman I

It was simple and terrible, certainly. "Unfortunately, my lad," observed M. Mechinet, "you lost your wits at the last moment. People are never thorough, It was the left hand of the body that you dipped in the blood." Victor started up. "What" he cried, "Is that what be

traved me?" "Precisely." The scoundrel raised his arms to heaven, with a gesture of an unappreciated genius.

Then, eyeing us from head to foot with pitying air, he added: "Pere Pigoreau was left-handed." The criminal's prompt detection was owing to an error in the examination. This lesson was not lost upon me, I fortunately remembered it in other very dramatic circumstances.

Monistrol was set at liberty the next When the magistrate repreached him for the false confession that had exposed justice to a terrible error, he could get no answer except: "I love my wife; I wanted to sacrifice myself for her; I believed her guilty."

Was she guilty? I would swear it, She was arrested, but acquitted by the same court that sentenced Victor to the M. and Mme. Monistrol now keep a wine shop of by no means good repute at Vincennes. Their uncle's fortune is squandered, and they are in abject pov-

THE END.

erty.

OOLS. Brief Lecture by Rev. Whangdoodle Barter

Berlubbed Awjience: - Ef I waster describe de different kinds ob fools dar am in dis heah town hit would take me mor'n a w ek. We has only got time ter deal wid a few, for ef all de fools wore white caps dis heah world would look

like one big goose ranche. I has allere noticed no matter how big a fool a man muy be he can allers find a bigger fool to admire and encourage him in his foolishness. A fool may be derscribed as a man who keeps on makin' de same blanders ober and ober widout knowin bit. Pherybody am her se ter make blunders, but

de mini what sigot sense don't ionor hit De seres ty young man who mes by de name of closel am not classer sed wid de reglar fords. He don't berions for de hij man family. Dar's mighty Little differ-ence between a dood and a nounkey, and what difference dar is am in invor ob de

munkey. Den dar's de talkative fool. De man who say atten' in demos' darkness gim rally does de mos' talkin'. De trangs quit crowkin when a light am brought tor dewater side. A had cole must be awful lone some in de head ob a man who talks toe much; leastways dat's what Opie

Reid says. No remidy has been diskivered ter cure a tool. Fish has been ourgested for brain foot, but brains afait ted infor a man, Bey am borned in him. Yer can i mensar a man's brains by de size ure his el rejuence by de size of his me Paner fore don't help a tool, dev only make his frequencies more conspicuous. Lots on ambishing and too low brains ain what his most De non who laffs at eberyding and de

man who is to at oberyding am tools, but ob different breeds. A CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

One That Is Commended for its Simplicity and General Practicability. "So many cures have been advocated for sleeplessness that I am tempted," writes a correspondent, "to propound my own recipe, which, if it may appear somewhat impracticable and far-fetched, has at least the advantage of simplicity. "It is merely this:

"When you have tumbled and tossed about one bed until your pillow seems to be on fire and your sheets red hot, turn into another-I mean another bed. You will find the sheets and the pillow refreshing cool; and it is probable at all events that you will go to

"The recipe is not infallible, and it is of course necessary to have another bed to turn into, which is not always possible. But when practicable it is worth trying; and if it fails one can always fail back on the undoubted fact that there is no universal cure for sleeplessness. What is one man's meat is another man's poison."

"Line upon Line." Would-be Wag, to Minister-"They say you ministers call yourselves fishers of

Minister-"Yes." Wag-"What kind of tackle do you Minister-"Line upon line."-Burlington Free Press.

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VERY PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Au Old Darkey Tells Why He Censed To Depend on Providence. I once had an old colored man in my employ who, after some experience in depending solely on Providence for assistance, came to the conclusion that the

beth he would go on the other tack, said Admiral Porter. Talking with old Frank one day and finding him not so fervent as formerly, I took him to task about the matter, and in quaint negro fashion, and in language as oreible as that of Bacon, he handled the

system was a fedlure, and that thence-

subject with the logic of a philosopher, "Massa," he sald, "I done bin pettin' my pendence in Prov'dence to many long ear, widout considerin' fo' a moment lat Prov'dence want wat you wite folks call 'kid proka,' fo' what he do fo' us. "We gib our boardin'-house keeper tree dollars a week fo' corn cob coffee an' jaybird hash, widout any objection; an' we walk all ober de town wid a gal on a hot freenoon, For to gib her a chauce to show herself off an' wriggle her bustle, but if ence by movin' a obstilite outen ther ay, den we gaes to callfu' on de Lawd to eip us, and we tinks is werry hard obery ting we wants don't jump up out ab do groun' de minute we an fo' um, au', masse, never timbin'en de subjec'ise done

"I tell you wy Issenme to dis conduion, massa, an' yer'l see dar is pheriosser-"You 'member las' Tanksgilin' day, wen de Prosident done make arrange-ments dat chery darkey in dese 'Nited States shall had tukkey for he dinner? Well, sub, Ise wait till ins' one week befor Tankszibin' day an' I see no sigus ob dis ddie gettin' nary tukkey. Dat was Monday, and Ise kneel down an' pray to de Lawd fo' a tulkkey till my knees was sore, but nary takkey come along.

cum to de conclusion dat de true mello

s, "God helps dom as helps demselves."

much perplex 'bout de ways ob Prov'-dence, an' come to de 'clusion dat suthin' mus' be out ob flat an' dat de wheels wanted greasin'. "All day Chewsday I was a-prayln', and do nearest I come to gettin' dat tukkey was wen Washington Lafavette Crow come to my do' bout sundown wid a big

"Dat night dis chile go to bed werry

"'No,' says I, 'wat fo' yer ax dat ques-"'Con I hab a Tanksgibin turkey for him,' sez he. "My heart went wallopin' down inter my boots to tink I come so near gettin' a "That comes of being a real artist!" he tukkey, 'cos Julius done lib nex do'. seen it mus bon mistake somehow, an'

"'Is Julius Jones libin' here?"

gobbler under he arm an' say:

tukkey come, an' Iso go to bed perplexed "Wensday an' Thursday 1 pray all de time, but widdont success, an' my heart almos' busted, fo' I see all de niguals bringin' home tukkeys, an' all de time my chances was a lessenin'. "Friday I prayed as hard as cliber, an' to shoul a omes gools awobane tuods tunkeys, wid two men nelriten' ob' em.

dat day I pray harder dan ober, but no

to bust up a Mefodis' meetin', "Den my heart palpertated wid joy, fo' I tink that I hab a turkey, ahuala. I stop. rayin' and go to winder, and lo and beolet de biggest tukkey ob de lot leab de flock an' run straight fo' my do', but de Lawd wasn't wid me, fo' de driber went arter de tukkey and dribe him back, an' dat um de las' I see ob de bird. "Dan I tink my tactics wasn't right an'

thought Pd change 'em. So I pray de

Lawd ter gib me wisdom an' let me go

forth an' find a tukkey myself, an' den I

in' de takkeys was a-gobblin' loud enuf

rekemember the motto: "'De Lawd helps dem as belps demselves,' an' see at oust do error ob my Ways. "So I rise up an' go forth, like Hager into de wilderness of Beer-sheba, 'fo', says I, 'is anything too difficult fo' do Lawd!' An', lo and behole! as I wandered in de dark me eyes was opened like Hager's was. She was a perishin of thurst an' seed a well, an' I seed a dark

object on de fence.

My instink tole me dat my prayers hab been answered an' dat de objec' on de fence wos nossing mo' nor less dan a roostin' tukkey. So I crawls up an' grabs him an'shoves him in a bag wich I had "Den I 'preshiate de beauty ob dat motto wich say, 'De Lawd help dem as help demselves." "My conshunce smit me fo' two or

three minute, for I tink praps someone might call it stealin', but on lookin' round

I foun' dat de cle tukkey was a foostin'

on massa's fence, an' den I remember he done bin roostin' dere fo' obertree month, an' I doge tuk him fo' de rent, an' dat's how I come to git my Tanksgivin' tukkey, sah." Well, Frank," I said, "you are a subtle cassist, and your conscience was easily quieted when you took that tur-

key off the roost. I should call that steal-"I den't know wat dem words mean," said the old darkey; "all I knows is I tuk him fo' de rent. He roost dar for tree month; dat's a quarter rent, sheah!"

OFFICE GIRLS AHEAD.

The Latest Appliances of Electricity Will not Abate the Value of Their Services. An electrical man says with a great deal of force: "Don't you fear that the phonograph is going to supersede the lady "Why? Did the bicycle drive out the horse? The bicycle can carry you wher-

ever you want to go, but the horse is still

"The ladies, I tell you, have come to stay. I have two stenographers, and they are not the very prettiest ones either. Now, I had a phonograph in my office for weeks, but did I discharge the ladles? No, and I don't mean to either. "It is just here; they can do what the best trained phonograph can never do. There is a large part of my correspondence I can hand over to one of them and never give a second look at it, because she can

answer the letters as well as I can. No matter how near and dear your phonograph is to you, it can never do that, "Moreover, I can say I am going out of the office for a while; I wish you'd look after things. Now the best to phonograph, if I put a collar and tie on it, couldn't do that, "No, don't make any mistakes. No

Fiendish Revenge. Smith (to Jones)-"My dear fellow, wintever is it that makes you look so

Jones-"Satisfied revenge, my boy. I've got even at last with my worst enemy. I've made that fellow feel so sick that he is washing now that he was dead. "You don't say so. And how did you

machinery ever has succeeded or ever will in distancing the human race."

"Persuaded him to have his picture taken yesterday by an amateur photographer. He gets the proof to-day."-

supremely happy?"

Somerville Journal,

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