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THE ROMANCE OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE BEING PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM WEB BER, Formerly General Manager of the Universal Insurance Company.

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Doctor Jaquet's Secret.

Among the lesser luminaries of the medical world in Paris, toward the close of 1851, few men occupied a position of greater promise or were more highly spoken of than Felix Jaquet. If the verdict of his medical contemporaries may be trusted, none of the younger members of the profes sion could show more right to the fame he was rapidly winning than the rising young practitioner of the Rue Castiglione. Felix Jaquet was 35 years old, and the rumor ran that before many more years rolled over his head he would rank among the most eminent

physicians and surgeons of his day. Dr. Jaquet's rising fame was built on the sure and enduring rock of capacity. His diagnosis, made with rapidity, though with care, invariably proved correct, even in the most difficult and complicated cases. His. dexterity and skill as an operator, when necessity demanded recourse to the knife, was little short of marvelous. But what most contributed to his popularity in medical circles was the coolness of his nerve, and the intrepidity of his courage under the most trying circumstances that can test the self-command of an operator. His presence of mind never seemed to forsake him. This made him a tower of strength when he was joined with others in difficult cases. Besides these special qualities, he was pos-sessed of a fine, handsome presence, a low, musical voice, soft and sweet as a woman's, while his courteous manners made him remarkable even among a nation of gallant

Dr. Jaquet was popular wherever he went. Whether mingling in the company of savants, or interchanging views with his political associates—for he was an ardent litician, as we shall see presently-or whether he unbent from graver pursuits in social reunions, Felix was a welcome pres-ence. As for his patients, they simply adored him—the ladies especially. Perhaps the external appearance of the man, and his chivalrous bearing toward 'the gentler sex," may have contributed to the idolatry

sex," may have contributed to the idolatry with which they worshipped him.

His figure was tall and well knit; his features clearly cut, his noble brow was shaded with heavy masses of wavy black hair, contrasting well with the pure and white skin. But his eyes would alone have made a man to be noticed in any company. They would finsh with intelligence and fire when he grew excited over the wrongs of the exiled Orleanist family, and become keen and penetrating as an eagle's when some patient was under examination. But when in repose, they burnt with a gentler fire, assuming an expression of seductive languor that made their glance almost magnetic. He had the high-strung sensibilities netic. He had the high-strung sensibilitie of the Gallic temperament, generally, how-ever, kept under the control of an indomi-

table will.

But with the ball at his feet, thwarted love and thwarted ambition had turned Dr. Jaquet into a restless and discontented man; although his perfect self-control enabled him to hide his feelings from the eyes of the world. First of all, the political outlook was a sore disappointment to him. Felix Jaquet belonged to a collateral branch of a noble but impoverished Orleanist family. But personal choice even more than hereditary tendency had led him to cast in his lot with the Orleanist party. lot with the Orleanist party. For one thing, when he first came to Paris from his native town of Lille, and took up his abode in the Quartier Latin as a medical student, Louis Phillippe was securely seated on the throne of France, and remained the "Citizen King," as his admirers termed him, during the early years of Dr. Jaquet's professional struggles. But the July Revolution had sent the Orleanist family into exile at Clarement, and at the same time country. mont, and at the same time swept away Dr. Jaquet's hopes of court patronage—a fact which he viewed with bitter resentment.

which he viewed with bitter resentment.

The "Man of December" was now rapidly maturing his plans, which ended in the establishment of the Third Empire.

There were Parisians in plenty who deemed the Prince-President "dark and unfathomable." But Dr. Jaquet was not one of these. When the Republic was founded, Felix Jaquet joined the knot of men who looked up to M. Thiers as leader, and who, averse to Republican institutions never averse to Republican institutions, never ceased to plot for the return of the Exile of Caremont. When Prince Louis Napoleon secured the Presidental chair for himself, Dr. Jaquet's quick and active intelligence pierced the arch-plotter's designs and foresaw the ulterior purpose which this move

Events were hurrying rapidly in this month of November, 1851, and with Orleanmonth of November, 1851, and with Orleanist politics in a serry plight, Dr. Jaquet held himself in readiness for a flight upon short notice, though he did not abandon all hope that the machinations of the Prince-President might yet be defeated. "Hope springs eternal" in the breast of a political intriguer, as in the breasts of other men. But the consolidation of Louis Napoleon's influence and the middle single-political influence single-political influence and single-political influence single-political infl influence, and the rapidly diminishing chances of an Orleanist return, constituted one cause for Dr. Jaquet's unrest.

But he had another secret cause for dis-satisfaction. It had been his fate to con-tract a loveless marriage. The match had been arranged six years before, after the most approved French fashion. Mdlle. most approved French fashion. Mdlle. Claire Benoit, the daughter of an avocat at Lille, was considered the most eligible parti in the circle in which the Jaquets moved. The Jaquets had little money, but much pride of birth. Felix inherited the beauty of the family and more than a share of its talents. M. Benoit was of yesterday, but rumor attributed to him the possession of considerable wealth. There was the wealth. considerable wealth. There was the usual discussion between the elders of the respective families, and after M. Benoit had stated the amount of the dot with which he proposed to endow his daughter, the parents decided that Felix Jaquet and Claire Benoit were necessary to complete each other

Claire Benoit was a woman who deserved to be loved with knightly affection. Her to be loved with knightly affection. Her slight, willowy figure, lithesome with French grace, formed the least of her charms. She possessed rare and surpassing loveliness, though her beauty was not of that sensuous type "that has driven wise men mad." It was rather of that order which painters seek out for their models, to

when he learned the handsome dot which the Lille avocat was prepared to settle on his only daughter; half of which was to be reserved to Claire's separate use, and the other half devoted to turnishing the house in the Rue Castiglione and settling Felix

Jaquet in his practice. After a brief month's experience of wedded bliss Dr. Jaquet began to chafe under his marital bonds and grew weary of his servi-tude. He deemed his wife cold and unretude. He deemed his wife cold and unresponsive; wanting the masterkey wherewith to unlock her heart. He complained
that she was too exaltee, too spirituelle, and
once in a bitter scene, wherein he forgot his
habitual courtesy, he reproached her with
being a devotee. There was some basis for
his accusations. Though Claire Jaquet was
not cold she was unresponsive. But her unresponsiveness arose from timidity and
modest reserve.

The nimble wit of the woman was the

The nimble wit of the woman was the first to discover that her husband was disap-pointed in his marriage, without, however, imagining the reason.

The discovery was unspeakably shocking to her; and her loving nature became more contained within herself than it had been before. She was more unresponsive than ever; and when, after the birth of her child

and grace; but one glance at her pale faceas she moved in and out among her guests was enough to convince a shrewd observer that while the body, and to some extent the mind

while the body, and to some extent the mind of their charming hostess was there, and she was performing her part with an ease of movement that extorted admiration, her heart and soul were elsewhere.

Matters reached such a pass with Madame Jaquet, that she was never happy unless in the nursery playing with her boy, or at the Madeline kneeling and praying before the great altar. Her visits to the Madeline were too frequent to promise well for their domestic peace. And yet, had Felix Jaquet domestic peace. And yet, had Felix Jaquet known the cry that went from this woman's desolate heart through the stillness of the church to the Divine ear bent over her, his heart would have been strongly moved to pity, even if it had not melted with love. "Give me my husband's love, or take my boy and me!" was the constant burden of her agonizing plaints.
When Dr. Jaquet sharply upbraided her

with being too devoted, Claire went less to the Madeline, but she continued to move about her home, where her dream of happi-ness had been broken, more like a pale ghost than before. She felt herself lying completely outside her husband's life and interests. He never addressed her except in terms of finished courtesy, such as he would employ to the stateliest There were no vulgar quarrely but she hungered for one look, one word of love, that would have told her that she was more to him than the mere lay figure who sat at the head of his table and received his

early days of their married life, which they spent in Italy, the seductive languor of Felix Jaquet's splendid eyes, his soft tones and wooing caresses had fired her soul with love, though she had never been able to gather courage to tell him so. And since the thin end of the wedge had been driven in between them, and she had awoke from her dream of happiness, to find herself an unloyed wife, she would have died rather than have revealed to him the intensity of her passion, and her heart's hunger for one glance of affection from those eyes which had shone into her heart in the early days nad shone into her heart in the early days of their union, when together they sailed over the river paths of beautiful Venice, under the soft light of an Italian sky at eventide. The bitterness of realizing that she was forsaken was unspeakable, and her whole energies became concentrated in hiding the passion of her love, which she felt it would be a degradation under such circumstances to disclose.

The time came when the breach had

The time came when the breach between them was irreparable, and when, though continuing to live under the same roof. continuing to live under the same root, their lives were as far asunder as though they lived in different hemispheres, and seas roared between them. There was a tacit understanding on both sides, that they should each go their own way, and interfere with each other's movements as little as possible.

Alas! Claire's life admitted of little change. When not occupied with necessary household duties, or in paying the claims of her social position, Madame Jaquet went from the nursery to the Madeline, and from the Madeline back to the nursery, in a beaten and monotonous path of daily habit. And so the days passed on, till we come to the middle of November, in the memorable year of the coup d' etat, by which time her little Philippe was 5 years

How Dr. Jaquet spent his time when free from profession and political cares will be told in the next chapter.

Mile. St. Hillaire, of the Opera Comique, familiarly spoken of by the gallants of the Boulevards as "La belie Lucie," occupies a suite of rooms in a house situated in the Rue Royale. The actress, who is seated in her boudoir, toward noon of the 15th of November, clothed simply in a white peignoir, trammed with rich lace, and gathered in at the throat and wrists with bunches of pale like ribbon is expecting. blue ribbon, is expecting a visitor. While she waits impatiently for the anticipated arrival, her formal introduction to the

The looseness of the gown that she wears can scarcely disguise the perfect symmetry of her supple form. The rich chestnut-brown of her hair, hanging down below her waist, surrounds with a deep golden halo a face that in its bright vivacity might have been drawn for the Muse of Comedy. She has good features, and a transparently clear complaxion, beneath whose pure whiteness the color comes and goes in soft rose tints. Her nostrils are delicately cut, her eyes large and expressive. Her mouth would be considered sweet, were it not for the somewhat haupty cut on her short proper

French grace, formed the least of her charms. She possessed rive and aurpassing loveliness, though her beauty was not of that sensuous type "that has driven wise men mad." It was rather of that order which painters seek out for their models, to sit for angels or saints; ethereal in type, such as is commonly found allied with great reserve and self-possession, and which some men, who dream not of the accret wealth of tenderness so often concealed behind a reserved exterior, are apt to consider cold. Such matters are cold to the men who are slow to perceive their native delicacy of feeling, and who, from wast of sufficient, penetration into the mysteries locked within the nectration into the mysteries locked within the extent like theirs.

Dr. Jaquet, whon first introduced to his finne, declared in made! on the master key wherewith to discover their way to the irosaures hidden in hearts like theirs.

Dr. Jaquet, whon first introduced to the stance of the section of the respective of the tenderness and compass, and in the parts to the streams of a sensitive vierin breast, do not possess the master-key wherewith to discover their way to the irosaures hidden in his parents' choice; but his heart was not compass, and in the parts to the choice, but his heart was not compass, and in the parts to the choice, but his heart was not counted, and it was faced never to be touched, by Claire Benoit.

His transports knew no bounds, however, omewhat haughty curl on her short upper

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praise of her beauty, not with the familiarity of licentious tongues.

For Mile. St. Hillaire's virtue, up to this point at least, was beyond reach of cavil. She had had lovers in abundance sighing around her, but she had cast every proposal aimed at her dishonor from her, and trampled them beneath her feet with

vithering contempt.
At last she met her fate in Dr. Felix At last she met her fate in Dr. Felix Jaquet. The handsome young physician, with his courtly manners and easy grace, conquered her heart. But when Felix Jaquet, enslaved by her charms, threw himself at her feet, she proved as deaf to his pleadings as she had been inexorable to the suits of men more highly placed than he; although she loved him with too great passion to show him the scorn that she had poured on her former lovers when they hinted at her dishonor. Some yearning for the pure and simple joys of domesticity held her back from the sacrifice to which Dr. Jaquet invited her; but he, baffled and defeated though he was after each attack, continued to press her to consent to his views. "Break finally with Madame," she would reply, "and I will think about it. Not otherwise." And from this resolve she refused to be turned. And against her resolution Dr. Jaquet's remonstrances and lution Dr. Jaquet's remonstrances and pleadings spent themselves in vain.

The little time-piece chimes out the hour of noon in vibrant strokes on the silver bell

when Dr. Jaquet's arrival is announced, by Jeanne, mademoiselle's waiting maid.

She admits him to her boudeir with a winning smile of welcome, and her face flushes with joy as he bends over and kisses her plump, well-shaped hand with great impressement.

impressement.
"I am delighted to see you, Felix," she cries, as he seats himself at her feet. "I am feeling very triste to-day. It is the weather, I think. Besides, I wish to conclude the little talk we were having when you were called away last evening." "Ah! if you would only come to the con-clusion at which I arrived long since, how happy we should be!" he exclaimed, with an adoring glance from his fine eyes.

and saw inflexible resolve written there. But deep though his miserable infattation was, and fondly though he cherished his guilty love in his heart, he had no intention of playing Antony to Lucie St. Hillaire's Cleopatra, by abandoning his fine position in the medical world in Paris, and the charms of the best society in the gay capital, at the bidding of passion.

"Very well," said the actress, at the close of the long discussion, "I have your answer and you have mine. Our interview is at an end, I think. Only be sure, when you decline to accompany Lucie St. Hillaire from Paris, that you do not have to set out on your travels alone!"

"What do you mean?" asked Dr. Jaquet.

"It is very simple. You are Orleanist, are you not? How long do the Orleanists stay in Paris? I think, my dear Felix, you are one of the compromised."

"What have you heard?" asked Dr.

are one of the compromised."

"What have you heard?" asked Dr.

Jaquet excitedly. "Tell me."

"Me?" cried the lady, affecting an air of astonishment, as she saw that her last shot had gone home. "What should I know or hear? True, M. de Maupas has done himself the honor to admire me. It is very natural; most people do. But he has not whispered any State secrets, if that is what you mean."

mean."
"Then explain what you mean by that Then explain what you mean by that threat," Dr. Jaquet said, "for it is a menace, is it not? What is my danger?"

"There is no menace at all," the actress replied coolly. "I have ears. The Prince is very popular. They cheer him significantly when he appears. Vive l'Empereur! It is all the cry now. I draw my own conclusions."

"I did not know that you were a politician, Lucie," Dr. Jaquet replied with good-tempered satire, looking highly amused.
"I? I am no politician. I do not understand these matters; but I am a woman and I know Paris." "And you think when a crowd of Paris gamins cry Vive l'Empereur a pronounced Orleanist like myself is in danger?"
"I do."

There was much in this view of matters ever; and when, after the birth of her child

—a bright, fair-haired little fellow, with
dreamy blue eyes, who was like his mother
in form and feature, and seemed to have inherited her gentle and retiring nature—she
grew wider between them, she betook herself more and more to the consolations of religion.

When her husband chose to entertain she
acted the part of hostess with well-bred tact
and grace; but one glance at her pale face as
she moved in and out among her guests was
enough to convince a shrewd observer that



"But it is very simple, mon ami," she ex-

"But it is very simple, mon ami," she exclaimed. "We love. Is not that so? Is it not everything? But no! It is everything to me—a mere bagatelle to you!"

"You know you are not speaking truly, ma belle Lucie, when you say so," Dr. Jaquet replied. "You know that I love you with the pent-up strength of a heart that has never loved till it knew you."

"I know that you love me, but not with the whole love of your heart. It is a divided love and selfish."

all agreed that if it came it would be no rosewater affair. The Prince was the master of 20 legions, and would not spare. Before another sun set the chance of escape might be cut off.

The actress, when she fired her parting shot, knew that she was using the last arrow in her quiver. Its effect was visible, and produced all the effect she intended. Dr. Jaquet, who had taken up his hat and was preparing to leave, again seated him-

love and selfish."
"Selfish?" cried Dr. Jaquet. "I do not know what you mean. I swear you do me wrong. I love no other woman. You have my heart; the whole of it. You know it."
"The whole of it!" exclaimed the actress.
"You are deceived, Paris divides the throne with me. You love your friends, your posi-tion, more than you love me. You are selfish, Monsieur, in your love. I repeat it. You ask from me a sacrifice. It is the great-est a woman can make. But you!—you will make no sacrifice."

"I refuse you nothing except what is im-

possible! You are unreasonable, ma belle. Ask anything else and you will see whether Felix Jaquet will meet your demands or

"Helas! That is what you all say to us poor women. We women ask you for this or that, and you say 'anything but that; ask something else and we will grant it; but do not ask the only thing for which you care.'" you care."
"Try and be reasonable, Lucie," implored

Or. Jaquet.

"Monsieur! that is a reflection!" exclaimed the actress, haughtily. "But come," she added in a pleading tone, "do not let us quarrel—not you and I!" And her. lips lightly brushed his forehead—an provented foreign. unexpected favour.

"We will not quarrel, my adored one,"
Dr. Jaquet said with emphasis, "but I beseech you do not be so inexorable in your conditions; show yourself more facile, and

end this cruel suspense," "But, mon ami, it is very simple this which I ask. I am cosmopolitan; without preferences; without ties. I am not wedded to Paris. All cities, all countries are alike to me. I am indifferent! Only I will not stay in Paris to be pointed at. I will not come to you except as Madame Jaquet.
Only say where we shall go. You are clever—eh bien—how clever! You have wealth. It is for you to decide where we shall spend our future. But these are the conditions: we leave Paris—France—behind us. Madame, too! She must never cross your life or mine, never! You begin afresh, with me. I am Madame Jaquet. Behold

everything."
Dr. Jaquet smiled, and threw a glance of profound admiration on the actress as she delivered herself of her sentiments, with an abandon and verve that he found most bewitching. Presently he spoke.
"Your scheme is perfect, ma belle Lucie. It has only one fault

"It is impracticable."
"Perhaps Monsieur will be good enough to explain," said the actress demurely. "I do not understand." "You know how absurd it is to speak of leaving Paris. What is to become of my patients? What is to become of me? Of my prospects? It would take years elsewhere to

"Too diffident! I am not wont to be esteemed diffident," he replied with a laugh. discussed several times latterly with his colleagues the prospects of a revolution, and all agreed that if it came it would be no rosewater affair. The Prince was the master of 20 legious, and would not spare. Before

on the property of the propert wife, possession of the only woman who had ever touched his selfish heart, all to be obanticipating the future by a few days or weeks. Expulsion from French territory was the least evil he had to dread. Beyond that, the terror was too vague to be correctly

The end of his ruminations may be told by what he did. He had already turned most of his securities into cash. He now converted the remainder. He next obtained passports for himself and his wife in an assumed name; and on the night of the 2d of December, when Louis Napoleon was mowing down the citizens of Paris in their own streets, and marching to Empire over the bodies of the slain, Felix Jaquet, ac-companied by Lucie St. Hillaire, was miles away from the scene of carnage. They had crossed the frontier and reached

News of the coup d'etat soon flew across the frontier; and when Felix Jaquet heard the tidings in the Hotel d'Angleterre, he turned to his companion and exclaimed: "Thanks to your courage and wisdom, I am Selfish to the core, his first thoughts were of his own safety, He had not a thought to spare for his former political associates, some of whom had been shot down in the street, others of whom had been thrown into prison. Nor did he trouble to reflect on the

A bright morning in the early summer in 1867.
Dr. Jaquet, the eminent West End phy-

Dr. Jaquet, the eminent west Eug physician, had just finished his daily consultations at his residence in Harley street, his brougham was standing at the door, waiting until he had completed his preparations before setting out on his rounds, when his staid and elderly butler entered the room carrying a note on a silver salver.
"Who brought this?" he asked with some who brought this? he asked with some impatience in his tone, though without the slightest trace of a foreign accent.

"It was left at the door by a commissionaire, and as it was marked 'immediate,' I though I had better bring it to you before you want out."

you went out."

The doctor, after examining the superscription and concluding that the handwriting was unfamiliar to him, thrust the note in his pocket, and not until he had completed his preparations for departure and was whirled away in his brougham, did he make any attempt to acquaint himself with its contents.

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wonderingly. This was followed by a quick glance of recognition.

"At la-t! Kiss me, Felix," she said.

He kissed her. It was the role of the attentive husband, which, he had decided, while she remained unconscious, was the role that he could play with most advantage. He played his part with skill and success. Many moments had not elapsed before they were sitting side by side, with his arm thrown round her, while she poured into his ears her story.

abandoned her and their child with deliberances.

"But I am better now. Your coming has done me good. Besides, I will not make my story long."

Dr. Jaquet was cager to listen to the history of the past 16 years, though it did not agree with the past 16 years, though it did not agree with the past 16 years, though it did not agree with the past 16 years, though it did not agree with the past 16 years, though it did not agree with the past 16 years, though it did not agree with the past 16 years.

"When you did not return for two days," Madam Jaquet said, "I began to grow auxious. Then that night of the 2d of December, when the firing began in the streets! How shall I ever forget it? Ahl what scenes! It explained your absence, but it made me fear the worst had happened. How I lived through those December days I shudder to recall. At one time I thought you were in prison; again I thought a worse fate had befallen you—that you were lying mangled, murdered, in the streets. My father came to my assistance. ness.
"But I am better now. Your coming has done me good. Besides, I will not make my story long."

was warned.
"My heart grew light at that," went on
Madam Jaquet, ignoring the interruption,
and appearing as though she heard him not and appearing as though she heard him not.

"But when no message came from you I said that it could not be. You would have written if you were safe. You would not have left the wife who loved you in doubt of your fate. You were dead, or you had been secretly deported, or perhaps you were working in the galleys at Toulon. Inquiries were made, but they were fruitless. But nothing could shake my opinion that some evil had happened you, and that you could not write. You were ever the soul of honor, Felix."

"Forbear!" oried Dr. Jaquet and he Claire's comfert him kes not to be thought of for a moment.

He was not thinking so much, he said, about his professional reputation, which was deserved after the would suffer if any scandal, however innocent its character, became connected with his name—for he could afford to lay down his practice and retire on his reputation, which was deservedly high—but he was thinking of his dear Claire and what was best for would occasion less remark, and where suspicions, if any arose, could much more easimally the forbear!" oried Dr. Jaquet and he Claire's comfert. Not this was not to be thought of for a moment.

He was not thinking so much, he said, about his professional reputation, which was deservedly high—but he was thinking of his dear Claire and what was best for your fact. You were ever the soul of honor, Felix." "Forbear!" cried Dr. Jaquet, and he groaned within himself at this shaft so in-

nocently meant. "I know you feel for all I went through then," Madam continued. "My poor Felix! it is past now. Where was I? Oh! I remember; I was speaking of my opinion that you were in trouble somewhere and could not send to me. But my father overcould not send to me. But my father over-ruled my objections, and began to arrange your affairs with a view to administering your estate. Then we found that you had made preparations for flight, and had real-ized everything. My father said that you had abandoned me and our boy. He thought so, and the blow killed him. But why should you run away from proceedings. should you run away from poor Claire? I could not believe it. You were somewhere;

and we must go through the world seeking you—little Philippe and I—till we found you. Ten thousand francs was all that was left of my dot."

"How was that?" cried Dr. Jaquet, who, though conscious that he had acted a base, cowardly part in abandoing his wife and child, nevertheless believed that their wants were amply provided for under his wife's marriage settlement.

To society as acce, the church and the law, but of whom society knew nothing. At present he could see no way out of the dilemma; he must have opportunity for reflection, and this he now secured.

But now that Madam Jaquet was satisfied of her husband's good intentions, she was anxious to bring about a meeting her was an

and began my search. I obtained professional help, but after spending half my store I was compelled to work alone. It was too expensive. But it was hard. I found I could do nothing without money. What was I to do? I took lodgings in Camdengard to be near Phillippe who was I to do? was 1 to do? I took lodgings in Camdenroad, to be near Philippe, who was at
school, and near my employment."

"Your employment, Claire?" cried Dr.
Jaquet in a distressed tone, as the vision of
this delicately-reared woman fighting her
battle alone, and uncheered, forced itself
upon his mind too vividly to be pleasant.
"You do not mean that you have been compelled to work?" "Why not? What else was there to do?

"Why not? What else was there to do? Was I to see my money melt away, whilst I was doing nothing? I soon learned a little English. Then I was engaged to teach French at a lady's school. It was for Philippe's sake. He has cost me little, though; his education—that is all. His mathematical abilities secured for him an excellent situation at the Universal. He is enraptured with his prospects, though this is not what I would have chosen for our "I had to give up my search for you when

by many degrees. A slow convalescence in cases of marked cardiac debility like hers, he explained, was always to be expected; but she would soon be well again, and by the time his arrangements were completed and they were ready to return to Parls, she would be quite strong.

When Philippe grew up he might have helped to find you quicker, but I could not lean upon him. I was afraid that he might think his father had forsaken his mother, and then—. You understand—he would not love his father when I found you, and I wanted him to love you.

"It all came out by accident at last. Three weeks ago I was in the Park with Philippe. There I saw you. I knew you at once. You are not much altered—stouter, perhaps; and you wear glasses now, but that is all. I felt faint with fear and joy—fear lest Philippe should notice my agitation, and joy that the end of my long search had come at last; but with a strong effort I man aged to control myself. Two days later I was in the Park again, this time alone. You

"You are the doctor, I suppose," the servant said in an interrogative tone.
"I am Dr. Jaquet."
"Please to step this way, sir. Mrs. Johnson has been expecting you all day, and is in 'a rare take in' because you didn't come.
She thought you did not mean to come."
Dr. Jaquet assumed his most freezing air of relitations at the freezing of this address.

in a rare take in 'because you didn't come.

She thought you did not mean to come."

Dr. Jaquet assumed his most freezing air of politeness at the freedom of this address, and waved his hand are a sign for the girl to conduct him to her mistress. He was conducted to his patient's apartment, the front drawing-room upstairs, and as the door closed behind him, he found himself face to face with the wife whom he had abandoned 16 years before.

"Claire" he exclained, "but no, it is impossible. You are Mrs. Johnson. You have sent for me," he addeed quickly, end devoring to recover from the state of surprise into which this unexpected meeting had thrown him. But the agitation of the meeting had proved too much for the frail if strength of the invalid. No reply came from her pallid lips; she had fainted.

The husband was forgotten in the doctor immediately. Dr. Jaquet unloosened the invalid dress and hastened to apply such restoraives as were within his reach. Checked the impulse to ring for assistance. No third person must hear the words that might fall from the lips of his wife when her consciousness returned.

There was a carale containing water on the sideboard which he at once seized, and proceeded to moisten her lips and brow.

He knew her? Oh, yes, he knew her. She was the same beautiful woman of old though her features were thin and worn, and her hair was turning gray. He had recognized her immediately, before she had time to speak and make herself known. Her failntess was alarming, but he was thankfull that it had occurred, since it gave him time to recover his self-possession; for the reappearance of his wite—in London, too—within reach of his own door, after long it years of separation, had startled him more than any visit from the dead could have done.

He bent down to listen to her heart, and then resumed bathing her brow and temples with the cool water. Presently Madam Jaquet opened her large, lustrous gray eyes wonderingly. This was followed by a quick glance of recognition.

"At las-t! Kiss me, Felix,"

Two courses seemed opened to him. To take back his wife, in which case Mile. Lucie's temper might be relied upon to make quick work with him. He had had some experience of Mile. Lucie's temper some experience of Mile. Lucie's temper during the past 16 years, and he knew very well that if he attempted to dethrone her from the before they were sitting side by side, with his arm thrown round her, while she poured into his ears her story.

"How long have you been in England?" he asked.

"Perhaps I had better tell you everything from the beginning," she said.

"You are too tired and too ill to do that now," he replied, with well-affected tenderness.

"But I am better now. Your coming has some experience of Mile. Lucie's temper during the past 16 years, and he knew very well that if he attempted to dethrone her from her position she would denounce him as a bigamist without compunction. Besides, how could he appear before the grandes dames of his acquaintance as a physician with two wives? "The second course was to tell the woman who had sought him through all the long years of their separation the bitter truth—that he was faithless, and had abandoned her and their child with deliberate intention. He took neither course, preserved.

were lying mangled, murdered, in the streets. My father came to my assistance. We searched everywhere, but discovered nothing. You had not been seen since the day before all that dreadful slaughter began. Then it was suggested that you had received a timely warrang and eventual eve gan. Then it was suggested that you are ceived a timely warning and escaped."

"That is true," exclaimed Dr. Jaquet, "I gauntlet of curious inquirers who would seek to probe their secret to the bottom and Not this was not to who would not spare. No! this was not to be thought of for a moment.

> ly be allayed. He would see to his dear Claire's comfort while he was making arrangements for the disposal of his house in Harley street, and when his affairs were wound up they would leave England for-

ever.

Madam Jaquet, who was willing to go anywhere with her husband, and who felt that in the delicate state of her health, excitement would prove injurious to her, was nothing loth to be convinced by this reason-ing, which had succeeded in securing for FelixJaquit that invaluable commodity, time, that so often fails men at their need. He wanted to think out a way in which the ghost, which had suddenly spring up in his path, could be effectively laid. He was in the, position of a man with two wives; one known to society as such, the other his true wife in the eye of the church and the law, but of

were amply provided for under his wife's marriage settlement.

"Alas, the dot was nearly gone," Madame Jaquet replied; "my lather had speculated with the money that he had set aside for me—hoping to make it more. It was little that was left, but it kept us above want—my little Philippe and I. I came to London and began my search. I obtained profes-licant labels have the search of the search She was persuaded in her own mind that the father was yearning for the hour when he would embrace his son, and the three of them would set out together, a reunited family, for the land of their birth.

The conversation drifted into other chan-nels, chiefly referring to Madam's health, and the arrangements to be made for her comfort while she remained at Cornwall road. She declared that she wanted nothing, now that her dearest Felix was restored to ber; and after examining the prescriptions of her medical adviser, and having pronounced himself satisfied with the treatment, he bade her an affectionate farewell, promising to return on the morrow. Dr Jaquet returned on the following

Dr Jaquet returned on the following day. One glance at the face of the accomplished actor told his wife all that she wished to know. He looked proud and happy. His visits were renewed daily for some weeks, during which Madam's health continued delicate. But he always spoke to her of her ailments in a gay and confident tone, that raised the invalid's courage by many degrees. by many degrees. A slow convalescence in cases of marked cardiac debility like hers,

fondly exhibited than her own. There was always something for him to tell, and for her to hear; some new difficulty that had her to hear; some new difficulty that had arisen that would necessitate delay, or some old difficulty that had been made to disappear like magic. They talked confidently and hopefully of the future, planning where they would live when they returned to Paria, and how they would pass their days; for by this time Dr. Jaquet had announced his resolution to retire from professional life and devote the remainder of his days to the acceptant had described.

fessional life and devote the remainder of his days to the society of his dear Claire, of which he had been so long deprived.

One evening he remained later than usual, and as the girl appeared in the hall to open the door for his departure, he expressed his surprise that Mr. Philippe Jaquet had not returned. "Kindly explain to him when he arrives that I waited for him as long as I could. Madam is decidedly better today, and if the present improvement continues she will be able to go out for a drive in a day or two. But tell him also that Madam does not get enough sleep. She lies awake at nights until she hears him re-Madam does not get enough sleep. She lies awake at nights until she hears him retire, and that is bad for her and retards her recovery. Tell him from me that if he values his mother's life he must keep better hours. And, oh, by-the-by," he added, as he descended the steps, after giving these instructions, "as Madam is disposed to steep now, you had better not disturb her. Can you remember all that?" he inquired. The girl promised that the message should be duly delivered, and the great physician, hailing a passing hansom, was soon lost to sight.

Philippe, in deference to the physician's message, which lost nothing of its urgency in transmission, delayed entering his mother's room, until the thought struck him that er's room, until the thought struck him that her sleep was becoming more protracted than was likely to be beneficial. "She will not sleep to-night at all," he said, speaking to himself, "if she is not roused."

The sun was setting as he entered his mother's room, and a rosy light bathed her pure face in the soft glory of the dying day.

What was it that suddenly caused his heart to stop its beating, and then to rush forward with a bound as though it would burst through its prison in his breast? The quick eye of love saw that there was a strange rigidity in her form as she lay there on her couch. He strode rapidly to her side, touched her hand and started back in terror at the chill shock of her cold clay. Too soon he realized that Madam Jaquet Too soon he realized that Madam Jaquet was asleep in the sleep that knows no wak-

"Mother! speak to me once more," he exclaimed, with a great and sorrowful cry; and then, kneeling down by her side, he covered her cold lips with his passionate

[To be continued next Saturday.]

A WAR OF RATES AVERTED.

The Differential Claimed by the Baltimere and Oblo is Allowed. BALTIMORE, March 29.-The general passenger department of the Baltimore and Ohio was to-day informed by the Chairman of the Chicago Passenger Committee that the committee has concluded, and in this they have the indorsement of Commissioner Bianchard, of the Trunk Line Association, ential claimed by them of \$1 50 on first-class

tickets, and \$1 on second-class tickets be-tween Chicago and New York and other Eastern points.

This action of the Chicago Committee averts an impending war of passenger rates between Chicago and the East, as General Passenger Agent Scull had issued orders to the Chicago agents of the Baltimore and Ohio to live up to all the rights of the com-

The German Government Wants the Cor respondent Tried at Apia. WASHINGTON, March 29 .- It is reported and believed in well-informed circles that the German Government has requested that Correspondent Klein, who left Samoa immediately after the killing of the German sailors, and came to San Francisco, be arrested and return to Apia to be tried before court for "murderous assault." It is not known here whether Klein is an

American citizen or not, but that is not re-BILL NYE in to morrow's DISPATOR, admater General Wanamaker, in which he orders a suit of clothes and incidentally makes a bid for the New York Postoffice.

THE INAUGURATION

Of the Jackson Building Brought Thou-

To the large and handsome clothing house Nos. 954 and 956 Liberty street. The building was handsomely decorated and the people were pleased with the display of the handsome clothing department. The hat and furnishing departments took the prize for the most beautiful display. The people were surprised at the large stock. The people were surprised at the low prices. Everybody promised to become a customer, and no wonder, for the suits we're selling at \$10 cannot be had elsewhere for \$15. The pantaloons we sell at \$2.50 would cost you \$4, no matter where you'd go. Jackson's was voted to be the place to buy clothing. Jackson's got the majority for hats. Jackson's is the place for furnishings. As for merchant tailoring, there is no place like merchant tailoring, there is no place like

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On Saturday we will sell men's \$2 50 pants for \$1 75 and \$3 50 pants for \$3; \$22 apring overcoats for \$18, and \$6, \$7, \$8, \$10 and \$12 spring overcoats that can't be equaled by any house in the city. Special bargains in suits for man and boy at the Hub, and every boy gets a fine ball and bat. You find nothing but the best at the Hub. Clothing for men and boys at the Boston Clothing House, 439 Smithfield street.

Are You Forbidden to Take Augusthetics To get your teeth extracted? If so, try Dr. Smith's Bonell freezing process, which benumbs the gums so that very little pain is felt. It is perfectly safe; no bad effects DR. F. H. SMITH'S DENTAL OFFICES,

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SEE our handsome India silks, just received, at Ladies' Suit Parlors, 29 Fifth ave. Grand Millinery Opening Continued to-day at Rosenbaum & Co.'s.

light unless you have proper shades or globes. The most complete assortment and newest designs are to be found at Craig-head's Lamp Store, 615 Smithfield st. D

FADED hair recovers its youthful color & softness by use of Parker's Hair Balsam. Parker's Ginger Tonic cures inward pains. Grand Millinery Opening Continued to-day at Rosenbaum & Co.'s.