"Excuse me, sir, for a moment," he said;
"but would you mind easting your eyes at
the opposite box?"
Not only Mr. Barberini, but all present,

immediately glanced in the direction indi-cated. The "surprise" had come.

They saw that a lady had just made her

ance at the Frivolity Theater."

say that Mr. and Mrs. Barberini were reconciled on the spot; and that the little man could not do enough to prove the return of his love for the wife he had so unjustly sus-

pected. She forgave him readily. He had been misled by a friend; a stockbroker, a

man of unquestionable veracity and honor, who having seen Madame Flanka at a public resort in the company of the noble lord, under whose "protection" she moved, had left with the firm conviction that the lady was his friend Charles Barberini's wife, and

had thought it his duty to apprise the de-luded husband of the fact. As for Mr. Brusel's

share in the matter, accident had assisted him by causing him to light upon Mrs. Barberini's double, and making him guess with his habitual shrewdness how the error

had occurred. With the object of carrying conviction by ocular evidence, and also with a pretty notion of artistic effect, he had arranged the scene at the Vallambrosa

Mrs. Barberini is now her husband's

"Poozleoozle," that being the latest endearing epithet of his invention; and Mr. Bruse

is often heard to declare that the case of Mr.

and Mrs. B. has not only been one of his

most lucrative jobs, but the cleanest thing he has ever touched during the whole course

CAMPAIGN expenses, by T. C. Crawford, in THE DISPATCE to-morrow.

SHE CAN SEE AGAIN

From Almost Total Blindness.

that her left eye was wholly bereft of

After treatment by oculists in Washing-ton without success she was brought to this

city, where she was examined by specialists,

and it was found that a rupture and subsc-

had taken place.

ent detachment of the retina of the eye

Miss Dolliver was kept in a recumbent

position in a dark room for 10 weeks, and finally the retina floated back and once more attached itself to the choroid. While

Miss Dolliver's sight is still slightly im-

paired, it will probably regain its normal

strength in time. The fact of the reattach-ment of the retina after so long a period of separation makes the case one of the most

has wrought relief, cure and comfort to thousands of sufferers from piles; it is cer-tainly a great medicine, or we could not give a printed gnarantee with each package. Price \$1, six packages \$5. By mail. For sale by Jos. Fleming & Son, 412 Market street. 8

Lake Chautauqua and Return, \$5 00.

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Tuesday, Angust 2.
Tickets good 15 days returning. Trains leave Union station at 8:20 A. M. and 8:50 P. M., consisting of Eastlake coaches and Pull-man buffer, parior and sleeping cars.

REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK, LIM.

101 Smithfield Street, Cor. Fourth Avenue.

Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$75,000. Deposits of \$1 and upward received and

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notable in the history of optical surgery.

of his career as a detegrive.
[THE END.]

BY REGINALD BARNETT,

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him and secure his aid.

III.

It was a discreet looking house, partitioned

off into business offices, and without any

conspicuous feature about it. She pulled at

the particular bell which bore Mr. Brusel's

name inscribed on a brass plate beneath,

on immediately entering it the sober man

"Please be seated, ma'am. Mr. Brusel

before a side door, till then unperceived by

her, was opened and a gentleman, evidently

the Director of the Inquiry Agency in per-son, stepped forward making a profound

Mr. Brusel, late of Scotland Yard, where

he had held the office of Inspector, was a portly and florid man, perhaps 50 years of age, with shrewd, twinkling eyes, a large nose and bushy whiskers. He was a person

of some mark, whose official career had been

highly successful. It it had been as lucra-

tive as it had been brilliant Mr. Brusel

would have been glad to continue a servant

of the Government. Unfortunately, par-simony in the wrong direction is a failing

for which our administration is notorious

and, as an ill-paid official waxing in years.
Mr. Brusel had come to the conclusion that

after mature deliberation he had taken,

feeling for the fair sex.

He advenced with the ease of a man

"Mrs. Barberini, if I am not mistaken?

I am the person to whom your letter was

His persuasive smile soon exercised its

detective on so delicate a subject as that which had brought her there.

"You may speak quite freely here, madam," continued Mr. Brusel. "Kindly

regard this as a sort of confessional. Secrets

He was discoursing in this way, not be

cause he was garrulous by nature, but be

cause it was part of his system to give diffi-

dent clients time to recover themselves

while he rattled on airily, and to familiar

ize them with the novelty of the situation,

and commenced to explain her wishes.

Mr. Brusel listened with profound atten-

tion. The story she told was, in substance, a recital of the doubts and fears already re-

language; but the acute ex-Inspector guessed the whole truth after she had

spoken but half a dozen words, and heard her rather for form's sake than for instruc-

tion. At the conclusion of her statement he assumed a brisk business-like air.

"I am to understand then, ma'am, that you wish me to have an eye kept on Mr.

B.'s movements-quietly of course," he hastened to add, observing renewed sym-

toms of trepidation, "very quietly, of course, Strictly on the Q. T. We are accustomed to

that sort of work and can keep a thorough watch on people without anybody being

of. I think I can guarantee that."
"And he won't know, will he? asked Mrs.

Barberial, auxiously. "I should not like

Mr. Brusel indulged in a movement of the

right eye suspiciously suggestive of a wink. "Reassure yourself, ma'am," he said. "It

is our business to keep everything secret. You want to know, without Mr. B.'s know-

ing that you want to know, where Mr. B. goes and what he does with himself. Very well, the information shall be supplied to

you. And, by the way, there's a matter I

"Only this," replied the ex-Inspector,

on your movements, ma'am. You've been

steadily tollowed I should think for some

IV. The startling disclosure fell with the

force of a thunderbolt on Mrs. Barberini.

as she recovered her powers of speech.

"Well, it may seem like that to you,"

said Mr. Brusel, calmly; "but I can assure

you it's a fact. You've had a man at your

heels for a good bit, I should say. You can

take my word for it, ma'am. I know what

so overcome that she could not do more than clasp her hands in anguish. Then a terrible thought suddenly struck her. "But if my husband has caused me to be

watched," she exclaimed, "he will learn that I have come here. Oh, Heaven! what

Mr. Brusei smiled quietly.
"Don't distress yourself, ma'sm," he
answered. "That might have happened if

you had applied to any one less experienced than I am. But I'm too old a fox not to

look for traps. Make your mind easy, Your visit here will remain quite a secret

"But how?" asked Mrs. Barberini, joy-fully, yet still doubtfully.
"It was easily done," replied the ex-In-spector. "You see, ma'am, our line of business obliges us to be very careful. All

sorts of clients apply to us for assistance,

and I don't mind telling you that before dealing with them we like to make sure what kind of parties the make. Don't take offense, therefore, at what I am going to say. When your letter reached me I carried out

my system as per usual. You have given a

correct name and address—some of 'em don't, and more fools they!—and that makes things

For an instant or two Mrs. Barberini was

"Me, followed! Impossible!"

I'm talking about."

have I done!"

from your husband."

"Me, followed!" she exclaimed, as soon

curiously.

time past."

Her narrative was couched in guarded

orded in reference to Mr. Barberini.

ddressed, and quite at your service."

it would pay him better to serve the public

was fixed.

she had received.

will see you in a minute.'

She had received the anxiously expected reply to her note. It had come, not in the ordinary way by post, but had been delivered by a sure and discreet hand; and Mrs. Barberini had devoured its contents with feverish eagerness. To make quite certain that she was awake and not in a dream she rend it over and over again to herself. It ran thus:

"MADAM-Your letter to hand I shall be happy to give the professional advice and assistance you require. It you can make it convenient to call this afternoon between 2 and 4 1 shall be able to devote myself to your interests without interroption. I am, yours obediently, "THOMAS BRUSEL

"(Late Inspector, Scotland Yard.)" The address given in the letter was a street near the Strand; and there was an inclosure in the shape of a printed circular. This also Mrs. Barberini perused with an avidity not unmixed with a secret feeling of nwe. It set forth that the only accredited establishment in the city of London for making inquirles, watching suspected persons, tracing missing friends, obtaining private addresses, etc., was the one of which Thomas Brusel, late of Scotland Yard (25 years' experience and highest testimonials), was director. It likewise added that a feature of the establishment was its large statt of clever and sharp male and female

"Watching suspected persons," mur-"Watchmured Mrs. Barberini to herself. ing suspected persons. That's it. That's what I want done. If this man could only find out for me—if he could only discover the truth and put an end to this state of susnense. My life is intolerable. I cannot

go on as I am doing."
She was alone in the solidly furnished breakfast room of the commodious house near Regent's Park, which she and her hushand. Mr. Barberini, had occupied for some He had gone that morning to the city as usual, and had intimated before starting that he might not be back until late at night. She felt, in consequence, free to dispose of herselt. There was nothing to prevent her from slipping out quietly, as it were on a shopping expedition, and visiting secretly this Inquiry Agency, the existence of which had come to her knowledge through an advertisement in the daily papers. Yet the hesitated before taking this decisive and desperate step. Was it right? Was it aldesperate step. Was it right? Was it al-together !sir? Did it not betray a cruel want of trust? While hesitating, the events of the past flashed back to her memory, and served to bring her to a definite resolve.

How was it that she had been brought to her present frame of mind? Until a short while ago nothing had occurred to break the uninterrupted harmony of 12 years' wedded happiness. At 19 she had met Mr. Barberini in society. He was nearly ten years her senior, and the son of a wealthy Italian merchant who had settled in England and become naturalized, Mr. Barberini was amiable, passably good looking, and not without accomplishments. He was in every way an eligible parti; and his overtures had been received with approval not only by Miss Hudspeth's family, but by Miss Grace Hudspeth herself. She was one of five daughters; and was not without a shrewd perception of the necessity of re-lieving her father—the manager of a bank with but a moderate income—of his domes-tic burdens. Charles Barberini had presented himself; as a tall, buxom, rosy-checked and tan-buired English girl, she had found favor in his eyes, and a wedding had come of it. She was fond of the dark man-he was shorter than hi wife by nearly half a head-when she mar ried him; and the prrival in due course of a "little stranger" in the person of a daughter had strengthened the tie of affection that and the pair together. The untroubled years had gone by. She, as the mother of the girl old enough to be removed from the parental home, and to be sent for her edu-cation to the famous Ladies' College, at Mrs. Barberini, for she soon gained courage wees er, had matured into an agreeable English matron, with a somewhat nonneed tendency to embonpoint, but still very handsome in a showy, conspicuous way, and very much admired by all with a prejudice in favor of the massive. He aving that his complexion was a trifle sallower, and that his hair was streaked here and there with gray, was the same little Charles Barberini who had wooed and

Yes, there was a but-a big but-a cloud of suspicion and doubt, that for more than a month had darkened and chilled this cousehold. Charles Barberini, outwardly and physically the same man of happy years agone, had inwardly and morally exhibited symptoms of an unexpected and dis-acreeable change. He had come home one day moody, reserved and silent, instead of rry and expansive, as had been his wont. had put certain questions, thrown out man on Mr. B.'s track, he won't be lost sight He had put certain questions, thrown out certain vague hints, the exact drift of which his wife atterly failed to catch. She had caught him eveing her furtively when he thought she was not looking his way. To her own knowledge he had more than once condescended to interrogate the servants as her movements; seemingly anxious to know when she went out, and how long she stepped away from home. Then, he was torever announcing that business would call him out of London for some days; and it almost invariably happened that his return from these expeditions would take place suddenly, before the time intimated, and without word of warning, except per-haps a telegram which had a suspicious knack of arriving after his return instead of before it. In short, Mr. Barberini's conduct was perplexing and distressing in Violences, natural possibly to his inherited Italian temperament, but dormant during 12 years of married life, would now make their appearance. He was liable to unexpected fits of irritability, to sudden explosions of veiled sarcasms directed at his wife. She was terribly puzzled at first; but by dint of thinking and brooding over the matter, it seemed at length that she had fathomed the bitter truth. Mr. Barberini no longer cared for her. He had met some one who had supplanted her in his affections. old her only too plainly that her figure had ost some of the poetry of its shape, that she was getting stout; while Charles, on the contrary, looked scarcely a day older than he did on the happy day he had proposed to her. It was a sad thing that women should age and alter so quickly, while men retained their youth and attractiveness. Yes; that must be it. There was a woman, a younger and more inviting woman in the case, and Mr. Barberini was lost to her.

This conviction once firmly established in her mind, Mrs. Barberini enjoyed no rest. The picture of her husband at the feet of a rival, of some wicked Delilah, haunted her unceasingly. Everything tended to sup-port her belief. His restlessness at home; his frequent absences; above all, his altered demeanor. There was a time, and not very ong since, when Mr. Barberini had been attentive to her even unto uxoriousness He had little caressing ways of his own; little outbursts of sentimentality which the onjugal felicity of years had not exhausted. He had a trick of inventing nonsensical net names for her. How well she remembered The last one had been "Indian Boo." She had been his "Indian Boo!" The title, to be sure, had no significance, but it had an endearing sound; and this fair lady, some-what large and turning to fat, found these salties of her diminutive lord. these little demonstrations of an affection which time did not impair, very sweet. Alas! She was not his "Indian Boo" now A timid attempt on her part to encourage renewal of these sugary domesticities had been greeted with something akin to a conlong you had been married, who your father was, et cetera, et cetera. You ain't offended, are you? It was all in the way of business

"To get all these facts together it was necessary, of course, that I should visit your neighborhood and take a peep at your house. It was then that I discovered that a watch had already been set. I saw the chap—one of Dupont's men. You may have heard of Dupont, ma'am—a sort of Frenchman at the head of another private inquiry temptuous repulse. Yes, she was positive of it. The impressionable heart of Charles Barberini had become enslaved by new and more seductive charms. He had carried his man at the head of another private induity office; a clever fellow in his way, but don't know how to manage his men, is stingy with them, expects them to do his work for next to nothing. Well, one of his chaps—known to me, of course—bless you, I know the whole lot! was hauging about. I went up to him, and thinking it might be worth fascinations elsewhere, and home had no longer any joys for him. As a wife she had a right to know the truth. She must know the truth, even though its knowledge should prove fatal to her happiness—reduce her to the desperate extremity of separation from Charles. This man, this Director of the while, bought him over. That fellow is now in my employment. He still reports himself to Dupont as a matter of form, but it's for me that he's working; and I may add that he knows better than to play any Private Inquiry Agency, could get to know everything, could sift the whole matter for her. She would make up her mind to visit tricks with me. So you see you're in no

The flashing back to memory of these painful events had done its work. Mrs. Barberini no longer hesitated. Her resolve danger."
Mrs. Barberini was still too stunned by the unexpected turn of events to speak collectedly. Mr. Brusel therefore resumed: "I knew that I had a real lady to deal with; and that's why I took the trouble and The cab which conveyed Mr. Thomas risk. I think you will give me the credit of having done the right thing for you Brusel's new client to the secluded street leading out of the Strand was stopped at

"Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Barberini, "and the turning by its occupant. Mrs. Barberini got out, dismissed the vehicle, and I am not ungrateful—I am extremely obliged to you. But why should Mr. Barberini have me watched. You are sure it walked with a fluttering heart and a timid step to the number indicated in the letter

was Mr. Barberini?"
"Positive," answered Mr. Brusel. "Dupont's man described him. A little dapper
gentleman, dark hair and dark mustache." That answers to Mr. B., don't it?" "Yes—it must be my husband," mur-mured Mrs. Barberini. "Rut why should he set spies upon me? What have I done

and the summons was promptly answered by a sober looking man, who respectfully invited her to walk up. She was ushered into a plainly furnished sitting room, and "He might have 50 reasons," said Mr. Brusel. "For instance, he might have wished to make sure of your being out of the way—not on his track, I mean, so as to heave the control of the way.

have the coast clear. I don't say, mind, that was his motive, but it might be." that was his motive, but it might be."

This wily suggestion of the ex-Inspector fell on good soil. "Ah, you are right!" she exclaimed. "He dreads discovery, and that is why my footsteps are dogged by his orders. But you will help me to baffle him, won't you? I can rely upon you, can't I? I have means—you shall be well paid for all you do for me, but I must learn the truth and without delay. The sufferiers I. Mrs. Barberini had hardly time to com-pose herself and look around the apartment truth, and without delay. The sufferings I am enduring are terrible."

"I am at your service, ma'am," answered Mr. Brusel; "I can say no more. This may or may not be a difficult job. I don't myelf think it will, but there's never any telling. In any case I'm experienced at the business, and all that can be done shall be done. I'll work for you honestly. Tom Brusel has a reputation to keep up as a loyal man to his clients, and I don't think you'll have any reason to repent of your confidence in me. Mr. B. shall be watched rom to-day; and I will find means of letting you know all that happens without anyone dreaming of what is going on except our own selves. Leave it to me, ma'am; leave it to me and it will be all right."

in an independent capacity. He had, therefore, resigned his post, organized a private inquiry agency of his own, and, so far, had no reason whatever to regret the step which the world, tempered by professional defer-ence to a client and a naturally chivalrous On the same night Mr. Barberini returned home late, as he had announced he would. Mrs. Barberini, who was very nervous and anxious, pretended to have a headache in order to conceal her state of mind. Mr. Barberini in his turn was silent and restinfluence. Mrs. Barberini, horribly ner-vous at first, gradually began to feel more less, though from force of ancient habit, on hearing that his wife was suffering, he comfortable, and to realize that it was not so dreadful a thing after all to consult a uttered a few words of sympathy, and hoped that she would soon be better. Mrs. Barberini, however, reflected somewhat bitterly that in the old days Charles would have been hovering round her with eau de Cologne

and kisses as medicaments for her ailment. o no further than these walls. Discretion The next morning he went to the city. and dispatch is my motto. Discretion and dispatch, ma'am. I like to get through my leaving word expressly that business would be sure to detain him beyond the dinner jobs quickly, and to bury them once they're settled. Lord! ma'am, if I hadn't learnt hour. Business did detain him, and he did not return until late. Throughout that day and evening Mrs. Barberini waited anxiousthe trick of forgetting all the things that have passed through my brain I should have been bursting long ago. No head would have been big enough to hold them ly for tidings from Mr. Prusel, but nothing

On the following day, however, the ex-Inspector sent word to her to come if pos-sible to his office. Mr. Barberini was con-veniently absent, and taking a cab she drove in all baste to the Strand. She found Mr. Brusel preoccupied, and as she imagined, a trifle worried. "What has happened?" she asked, eagerly.

"What have you discovered? Tell me, I burning to know." Mr. Brusel paused, as though careful to weigh his words before he spoke. "So far, this case licks me," he said. "Excuse my siang, but I'm in a regular mix. I can make nothing of it—at least in the way I should like." should like.

"How?" inquired Mrs. Barberini, uneas-"Well, I'll tell you what I've done. As agreed upon, Mr. B. was followed. Here's the result," he said, referring to a notebook before him. "Ten A. M. Drove to office in Austin Friars. Remained there three good hours. At 1 o'clock walked to his club, the Imperial, and stayed there s couple of hours. Lunch, etc., we may take it. At 3 or thereabouts returned to his office, and stopped till 5:30—country and loreign post time, ma'am, as perhaps you may be aware. After that he was back to his club again, and never moved from it until 12 at night, when he took a cab and drove straight home. There's nothing very suspicious in all that, is there now, ma'am? A gentleman's club is a very safe place—I mean from our point of view. No adies

allowed there, you know, ma'am."

Mrs. Barberini listened with eager attention, but was too perplexed to say anything in reply.
"But this ain't all," continued Mr.
Brusel, "I've found out that he's been doing this all along. Mr. B. has been lead-ing this kind of life more or less ever since you had reason to notice a difference in his ways and habits. I've had a talk with one

ought to mention to you, and of which you are perhaps ignorant."
"What is it?" asked Mrs. Barberini, of the club servants-it's right what I tell "But what does it mean?" asked Mrs. with affected carelessness, "that Mr. B. him-self has thought proper to institute a watch

"Ah, that's more than I can say at pres ent," replied Mr. Brusel. "One thing is certain, however, he isn't after any lady. Never in the whole course of my experience did I know a man who was playing the Don Juan do it in that style. Excuse my free-dom, ma'am, but business is business, and we must be straightforward."

"What do you think then? What is your opinion?" inquired Mrs. Barberini, quite taken aback by the wholly unexpected information imparted to her.
"I don't know what to think," answered the ex-Inspector, who was at the same time eyeing his client with a keen, penetrating glance, as though endeavoring to read her most secret thoughts. "It's very queer. Not at all what I expected."

"It is strange, indeed," murmured Mrs. Barberini. Then a sudden remembrance flashed upon her. "But Mr. Barberini's absences!" she exclaimed. "How are they to be accounted for?—he has been away sometimes for days without returning home

"Oh, I know what he did with himself right enough," replied Mr. Brusel, caimly.
"He never left the town for one thing. He has had a room retained for him at the Hotel Metropole and staved there,' "Ah, you see!" exclaimed Mrs. Barberini,

"No importance to be attached to that,"
"No importance to be attached to that,"
resumed the ex-Inspector, coolly. "I've
investigated the whole matter. He was quite
alone at the hotel—as safe there as if he had
been at his club."

"Are you certain?" asked Mrs. Barber-ini, astounded once more.
"Certain. What with my own inquir-ing, and what I got from Dupont's man, I have made myselt accuminted with everything. As an honest man, you may rely upon what I have said."

"Then Charles—my husband—is inno-ent?" exclaimed Mrs. Barberini, joyfully. "As innocent as a babe unborn, ma'am." "You have restored me to happiness again," said Mra Barberini, squeezing Mr. Brusel's hand in an outburst of gratismooth. I found out all about you, your Mr. Brusel's hand in an outburst of grati-position in life, what family you had, how tude, and with tears of joy filling her eyes.

promised by Mr. Brusel. Nor, indeed, could anything be seen of that gentleman. At 9 o'clock, however, the sounds were heard of hurrying steps in the corridor leading to the box, and suddenly the door of the latter was burst open without ceremony, and in walked—Mr. Charles Barberini humself! "I could have forgiven him everything but The ex-Inspector looked at the majes —no idle curiosity."

—Mr. Brusel paused and watched with professional pride the effects of his remarks on Mrs. Barberini. He then continued.

tic woman before him, and noticed admiringly how beautiful she was in her melting mood. He was an impressionable man, with a lively appreciatic woman before him, and noticed admiringly how beautiful she was in

berini himself!

tion of what is known as a "fine woman."
Then, presently, he came to a determina-"Mr. B.," he said, "comes out of it as clean as a newly done up shirt. That's cer-tain; and I'm glad of it for your sake, ma'am. But isn't there another side to the matter? I had not intended to speak of it, because it's no affair of mine. My business was to find out all about Mr. B., and I've done that for you. I feel, however, that you're a lady I should like to help. There's a misunderstanding somewhere in this affair. We've been hunting for the shoe that

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Barberini. "What I mean is, that while you have been suspecting Mr. B. of doing wrong, he has been suspecting you of the same."
"Me? Suspect me?" exclaimed Mrs. Barberini, in horror.
"Yes, ma'am; though of course he's quite

in error—I can see that well enough. But it's so. Can't you see that his conduct has en purpose-like; that he's kept away so as to give you every chance, and catch you on the hop—detect you. I should say? Du-pont's man had orders to let him know at once if you received any party or went out with him. That's why he stopped at his club and at the hotel, so as to be handy if called for."

"Gracious heavens!" almost screamed "Well, it's so, anyhow!"
"I shall go home and speak to Mr. Barberini about this matter. It's downright insanity that he should suspect me, his

Mr. Brusel smiled, and allowed his fair client sufficient time recover from her emo-tion. He then said, "Will you let me offer suggestion?"
Mrs. Barberini nodded.

"I've given this case my best attention Until a minute or two ago I was still in doubt—we have such a queer lot sometimes to deal with in our line of business. But now I'm positive. Mr. B. has heard some-thing, his mind somehow has been poisoned against you. Have you any enemies—is there anyone who would do you a bad

'Not one that I know of." replied Mrs. Barberini, emphatically, "and Mr. Barberini is not the man to listen to tittle-tattle." "Then, it's as I thought-there's a mystery which wants clearing up. Mr. B. must have had some strong reason for behaving as he has done. Listen to me, ma'am; you give this thing a proper chance. Don't act hustily. Wait a few days without saying or doing anything; and in the meanwhile, I'll set my wits at work to find it all out for

Mrs. Barberini reflected for a moment. "Perhaps it would be as well," she then said. "I will do as you advise me. My mind is at any rate relieved. As to the rest, I can afford to laugh at it."

The Barberini case went on for some days without any fresh or remarkable development. The husband was still moody and suspicious: but the wife had recovered her good spirits, and though faithful to her compact with Mr. Brusel, could not refrain from sly and amused looks at her jealous and gloomy Charles. Remembering, nevertheless, what she berself had suffered, she also felt considerable compassion for the misery she now saw he was enduring. Nothing, in fact, except her promise to the ex-Inspector, and the hope that all would end presently in a comfortable and satisfactory manner prevented her from having an explanation with Mr. Barberini and insisting upon learning from his lips what was the foundation of his mistrust. That it was of a serious nature she felt sure. Charles was not the man to suspect his wife

At length Mr. Brusel broke his silence. He sent one morning a secret message summoning Mrs. Barberini to his office. As soon as she arrived there she saw by the soon as she arrived there she saw by the triumphant expression of his, face that he "You have good news?" she said.

know you have."
"I hope so," answered the ex-Inspector, "Tell me then," added Mrs. Barberini,

eagerly.
"It's not a question of telling you anything," replied Mr. Brusel. "You must just be obliging enough to do something that I am going to ask you to do. I will answer for the consequences. But in the first place you have a brother, haven't you?"

"Why, of course I have," replied Mrs. Barberini, greatly surprised. "What a strange question?"
"It's perhaps not so strange as you think, He's a grown up young gentleman, isn't he In the bank with your father?"

"Yes, that is quite correct," said Mrs. Barberini, utterly unable to understand what Mr. Brusel was aiming at.
"He will do spendidly, I think. I want rou to wire to your brother to come to you after his business hours, this very attern Then-now listen attentively-I want you to get him to take you to a place they call the Vallambrosa Theater."
"The Vallambrosa Theater!" exclaimed

Mrs. Barberini.
"Yes, I know what you are going to say. You have heard that it's not the place a lady like you should visit. I'm aware of that; but it is necessary you should make an exception for this once. esides, you'll be in a private box, and that won't be so bad. Heaps of ladies go, for won't be so bad. Heaps of ladles go, for the fun of the thing in a private box."

"Yes; but why should I go the Vallam-brosa Theater?" sked Mrs. Barberini.

"That's my little secret," replied Mr. Brusel, slyly. "You'll know why well enough after you have been there. Come, enough after you have been there. Come, ma'am, you've put yourself in my hands, and you're surely not going to fail me just when I'm bringing this matter to what I hope will be a most satisfactory conclusion? It is not much I ask of you. You will have your brother with you to protect you, and that should be sufficient for any lady."

"Well and supposing I convent to do see

"Well, and supposing I consent to do as you wish and go to night to the Vallam-brosa Theater, what am I to do there?" Mr. Brusel took an envelope out of a drawer of his desk. 'This contains the ticket for a private box' he said. "Dress yourself pretty smart; go to Vallambrosa with your brother, and sit so that you can be seen—not too prominently, you know, but just so that anyone looking specially for you might catch sight of you. I shall be on the premises also; and during the course of the evening you will see—what you will see. I'd rather say no more at present."

The teminine curiosity of Mrs. Barberini was fairly roused. 'Won't you tell me what I am to expect?' Won't you give me an idea, at least?"

"I'd rather not, ma am, I want to keep it as a nice little surprise. You just carry out my instructions. You won't repent it, I assure you." assure you. Mrs. Barberini saw that Mr. Brusel was not to be moved, and resigned herself to putience. "Very-well," she said, "I will show my trust in you, and do as you bid me

VIIL The telegram to Fred Hudspeth, Mrs. Barberini's brother, was duly dispatched, and that lively young spark, who had rea-sons connected with favors in the past, and avors to come, to show himself obliging to his sister, was easily prevailed upon to act as her escort. Under the impression that she was simply influenced by a larkish pro-pensity to see for once in her life what a big music hall was like, he put on his evening clothes, fetched Mrs. Barberini away in acab, and by 8:30 the pair were in a private box near the stage, she somewhat nervous and on the tiptoe of expectation, he very much interested in the performance of a young "serio-comic" lady singer and

For the benefit of Knights of Pythias, their friends and the public generally, a series of very low rate excursions will be run to Kansas City over the Pennsylvania lines and connections about the middle of August. Rates, ticket conditions and details will be given later through this paper and by hand-bills. LOW RATES TO DENVER.

terest allowed at 4 per cent.

The Pittsburg and Western Railway will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Col., good to return until October II. Very low rates rom Pittsburg. It Leads Them All.

August 2 to 6, Inclusive.

For the past 40 years Lippencott's Nectar has stood at the head of the list of pure liquors, and has no equal. Connoisseurs choose it and physicians recommend it for all medical purposes.

U.E. Lippencorr & Co.,
943 Liberty street, Pittsburg. Have You a Vacant Room

And wish a tenant for it? Then do as hundreds of others have done—advertise it in the To Let Booms Cent-a-Word advertising columns of The Dispatch.

PERFECT action and perfect health result from the use of De Witt's Little Early Risers A perfect little pill. Very small; very sure Way allow bedbugs to keep you awake at night when a bottle of Bugine will destroy them in a minute? 25 cents.

ONE dollar to Ohio Pyle and return to-morrow. Special train leaves B. & O. R. R. depot at 8:06 A. M. Room Renters and Boarding Houses Who

Used The Dispatch's Cent-a-Word advertis-ing columns under Wanted Boarders and Rooms To Let find it the bess. "A Penny Saved Is a Penny Earned." Deposit your money with the Peoples Savings Bank, 81 Fourth avenue. Interest allowed on deposits.

Twenty minutes or so passed without any-thing becoming apparent of the "surprise" H. Aiken & Co.'s, 100 Fifth avenue.

PRETTY NOOKS

Found by a Dispatch Commissioner on a Tour of Western England.

IN THE DREAMFUL VALLEY TOWNS

berini himself!

He was livid with rage.

"So I have caught you at last, madam,"
he hissed, rather than spoke. Then his
eyes fell unexpectedly on Fred Hudspeth,
who at the request of his sister had been
sitting concealed at the back of the box.

"What! why, it's Fred who is with you!"
he avelaimed in extract of barvilderment. Away From the Maelstrom Lines of Travel, Among the Hills.

A SERIES OF IDYLLIC SAUNTERINGS

he exclaimed, in a state of bewilderment.

The consternation into which Mrs. Barberini and her brother were thrown had prevented them from noticing that a second person had entered the box, following close upon Mr. Barberini's heels.

It was Mr. Brusel, who, perfectly calm and collected, now took the control of affairs. Stepping forward, he turned to Mr. Barberini. CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. CIRENCESTER, ENGLAND, July 18 .- One does not know a hundredth part of England even after years of travel among her historic scenes and about her countless shrines.

I feel this more and more when, after tiring of grand old beaten paths, I step aside, but a step it sometimes seems, and find maze upon maze of sweet old nocks, wonderfully winsome in collective or individual aspects; and these could never be exhausted, if one set out to explore for such as these and know them never so little when found, during the natural course of a lifetime.

appearance there, accompanied by a stylish-looking fop in irreproachable evening dress. She was the very counterpart of Mrs. Bar-berini: tall, fair, showy looking, with a ten-dency to embonpoint, and with a face so startling in its resemblance to Mr. Brusel's It seems to me that the West of England, say the western of the midland counties, furnishes the most extraordinary number of client, that one might very easily and naturally be taken for the other, especially if seen at some distance.
"That's the secret of it," said Mr. Brusel. these half mountain eeries. You need not go so far south or west as Devon and Somer set, nor even into Wales, where scener; has more the elements of wild and savage "That's the secret of it," said Mr. Bruse.
"That's the lady who has made all the mischief without being aware of it. She's
Madame Flanka, the Hungarian operabouffe singer, who has recently come; to
England, and will shortly make her appeargrandeur, and where the good folk who can speak English as well as you can-pride themselves in making you believe they cannot speak it at all, and that Welsh was The rest is easily told, for it is needless to

the language of Adam and Eve.

Neither will you have to go so far as the lake district, which is all sublimity and hotel and posting bills; nor to Northumber land and Durham, verdureless and suggest-ive of coal; nor again to Yorkshire, where the shuddering fogs flap along the grewsome moors.

Places of Rest and Beauty. But here in the very heart of England, where anybody that has two days' time though he should have two months instead and two stout legs, can come from any great English city almost as in a holiday stroll, are these myriad places of restfulness and beauty, hidden coy from the globe trotters' lorgnettes in the glens and hollows of these midland hills, with histories reaching farther back than the time of the Saxons first coming, with the moss of ages upon them, and yet all of them as sweet and fresh as the dew trickling from the loftiest grasses of Cleeve Clouds and Broadway Beacon, which stand like grim old towers above the Cotswold hills.

above the Cotswold hills.

I know the "live" American tourist is hardly worthy of himself if, having arrived in Liverpool on Tuesday or Friday evening, he has not "done" Chester, dashed through Leamington, nodded in a friendly way to the painted effigy of Shakespeare, become tired of London, glanced at Kenilworth and Warwick and swept around the lake district to Glasgow the Trassache. lake district to Glasgow, the Trossachs, Edinburgh, Abbotsford and Melrose, in fact "exhausted Great Britain," as he naively and quite correctly puts it, before the first week has barely rolled around.

A Slow Row and a Good One. A pleasant way to reach this lovely region is through Warwickshire. Stop a day or more at Stratford if you like, and lojter about the church beside the Avon. Then get an old boatman, mind you, an old and carryllous bestman, to row you down A Young Lady's Remarkable Recovery NEW YORK July 29 .- Miss Dolliver, sister of Congressman Dolliver, of Iowa, and garrulous boatman, to row you down was discharged from the New York the historic stream. He will tell you more about Will Shakespeare and his times than Ophthalmic Hospital, at Thirty-third street if the mighty bard had been his schoolmate. Do not let him row tast. Give him time to and Third avenue, a few days ago, having experienced & somewhat remarkable restorrest and descant upon the origin of Roman roads and barrows and cromlechs, and above ation to sight, after a total blindness which had affected one of her all give him time for folklore tales and bugaboos and whispered mysteries of the lordly halls high up among the parks and eyes for nearly a year. It is said that only one similar instance is recorded in medical annals, and that was the case of Governor Lucius Robinson, of this State, who was af-

Never care for the passing hours. The ected in the same way and was successfully thatches of cottages lean everywhere along the Avon-almost to its brink. You have Miss Dolliver about a year ago was open-ing a bottle of ginger are, the cork from which flew out and struck her in the left no need for an inn. With your peasant companion you will be welcome everywhere eye, causing apparent slight injury but con-siderable pain. She was treated by local oculists, and it was supposed she had en-tirely recovered. Some time atterward she you will come to the vales among the Cots-wolds. Then you will see hamlets and villages dotting the valleys, imbedded in orchards, clustering on the hillsides, perched upon the heights, and all in a set-ting of lush orchards, waving fields within checked lines of hawthorn hedges or denser ows of limes, and these in turn backed by banks of forest primeval; all in such droning quiet, ample content and smiling opu-lence that, full of the winey exultation of it

claim, "Here is Aready at last!" The Shadows of An Abbey Town. By and by your boat comes under the shadows of a gray old abbey town. Near anadows of a gray old above town. Near it is Deerhurst, where kings older than Alfred worshiped. The Avon has sung itself to sleep in the bosom of the silver Severn, and there, by Olney, Canute and Edmund Ironsides met and divided England between Dane and Saxon. Nearer still to the gray old abbey town is the "Bloody Meadow," where the War of the Roses was

decided. Back past this now peaceful scene, past old thatched cottages, bright gardens and green fields, there rises upon the stranger's sight a mighty silver gray old abbey. It is the abbey of Tewkesbury. It is more than 800 years old, and the Norman pillars of its dim old nave are the hugest and highest in England. Few of the English abbeys, or, indeed, of the great English cathedrals, con-tain the materials of history and story which

Tewkesbury possesses.

Then what wonderful charm there is in the old half timbered houses of Tewkesbury. They lean over the shadowy streets as though they had come back from a misty past to crane their necks and heads into he affairs of this bright and modern time. Here you have Chester, Bristol, Exeter and Coventry almost in one in the wealth of specimens of the old Tudor style. In the gables, with their crowning pinnacles, in the porches, doors, mullioned windows and huge chimneys, in the overhanging of stories and projection of windows, they are no more quains and curious than their inte-riors, with their spacious, low ceilinged rooms, paneled with oak of ebon blackness, elaborately carved and ornamented, and with passages, nooks, niches, small rooms, cupboards and presses bewildering in num-

A Pretty Pictre Pureserved. All of those who have read "John Hal-ifax" will find in Tewkesbury a closer charm than in abbey and ancient houses. Tewkesbury green was Abel Fletcher's lawn. The clematis arbor, the yew hedge and many delights so-pleasantly pictured in "John Halitax" are still carefully pre-served. Dinan Mulock Craik loved old Tewkesbury passionately. She summered at Malvern, but this mellow, restful place was her affectionate haunt. Over in the huge abbey, among some of the richest and grandest ecclesiastic monuments of Eng-land, there has lately been placed a fitting tablet to the memory of this good and talented woman.

A two hours' walk will bring you to bright and glowing Malvern, set high up against the glorious Malvern hills. It is the quietest, handsomest, sunniest, shadiest, laziest inland resort in all England. Thou-sands are here, but there is no elbowing, no jostling, no hurrying. Everybody saunters, dozes, dreams. A sense of lazy, unconstrained enjoyment broods over the entire place and region. The waters and the mountain air bring all the people here; but these are not a tithe of the attractions. A ten minutes' walk upon the hills and you are in rural England as the poets sing of it. Fruit trees shake their blossoms or their fruit in showers upon the grass in old nooks and corners of struggling hamlets. Each farmhouse and cotter's cottage stands in its own orchard, brilliant with the sprays f pink and white, or with balls of russet and gold, according to the season.

Birds as Plenty as Leaves. Chaffinches and robins are among the mosses in all these orchards. Blackbirds and thrushes are everywhere in the thick shrubberies of the gardens and in the tangled hedgerows and coppiess. Wrens, hedge warblers and other tiny birds are in the matted grasses, by the hedgerows and by the shaded runnels in the ditches.

Everywhere, too, are the irregular shaped meadows, with their fantastic nooks and corners, and their sweet rich herbage, where dairy cows and cattle "feeding up" for the butcher pass their tranquil lives literally in clover. There is always sure to be a pretty pool under the clump of trees at one corner, or a shallow stream rippling gently along at one side, singing its way to the valleys from

one side, singing its way to the valleys from the hills.

Not eight miles away are the spires and towers of a quaint old cathedral city. This is ancient Worcester, that carned its title of the "faithful city" in the time of the Commonwealth in so valiantly holding out against Cromwell for the King. Young Charles watched the last great battle from the Cathedral tower until the citizens, vainly beating back the invaders, gave him time to make his escape. Cromwell revenged the plucky resistance not so like a butcher as at Drogheda, but enough to leave the fair old city almost silent and deserted for years, while only the fowls of the air gathered in its roofless and windowless

In Worcester the old and the new touch verywhere. Interesting among that whiel s old are two of the most noteworthy monuments in England within the Cathedral. One is that of King John, the earliest royal effigy in any of the English churches. The other is the monument to Bishon Hough, of Magdalen College celebrity, whom James II. succeeded in making the English oroughly remember,

Pretty Mingling of Old and New. This mingling of the old and new is notably characteristic of Worcester. There are bustling streets with broad pavements and busy river wharves. There are noble bridges, big warehouses and bigger manufactories with tall chimneys, and long rows of brick cottages for workmen, which may possess comfort, but which have a hideous samenoss and dreariness about

But there are broad streets, sharply turning odd corners and losing themselves in the queerest of lanes running up and down the hills. There are weather-stained buildings, sacred and municipal, preserved or restored, or partially rebuilt. There is one venerable fortified gateway, and another graceful mediæval arch, while there are streets and wynds and closes with antiquated names like Forgate and the Fryars. So, too, there are many, many timbered houses with those fine old open galleries which used to look down upon the courtyards of inns and hostelries—when wagoners and cartmen liked to keep an eye on their goods and guests shouted for servants instead of ringing for them.

But the quaintest, sweetest place in all the Cotswold and Malvern hills is ancient

Broadway. Broadway street is its old and pleasant name, derived from that great road or trackway leading from the west of England to London and the east coast, and here anciently called the "Bradweia," from the shepherds' "cottes on the mounted wolds down to the most fruitful vale of Evenham"

It is one long, wide, straggling street, with a large, open, triangular green, at one end branching into two great roads, one to Cheltenham and one to Evesham. All its houses are picturesque. Indeed, here is one of the tew ancient stone built villages of olden England, left precisely as its makers built it all the way from 300 to 500 years ago, and without a single mark of modern "improve-ment" upon it. On every side are high pitched, gable roofs, with wonderful stone and iron finials, mullioned windows and bays, leaded casements, containing the original glass, and huge, tall, stone chimney stacks-all weathered to most peautiful col ors. Low stone walls in front enclose little old world gardens with clipped and fanci-

fully shaped yew trees. There are two of the quaintest inns in England here. Coaches have run to and from them, as now, for hundreds of years; for Broadway is beyond the sound of the railway, and the restful hostelries abound in interesting bits of detail, old oak doors and hinges, old glass and casement fasten-ings and most curious chimney pieces, plaster ceilings and paneled rooms. Every house has flat hended, mullioned windows, with massive wood lintels inside and huge baulks of oak, roughly squared and molded ver the ingles and breplaces. Near the village green is the old "Grange" of the abbots of Pershore; in an old house at one end of the village colonies of artists, some from our own country, annually come and live in what they call "Im Paradise," and from the summit of Broadway hill cot only can you study scenes blending into thirteen English shires, but hundreds of abbey barns and ancient stone farmhouses. An Example to Be Emulated.

In every one of the latter, tradition will tell you, Charles I. or Elizabeth passed a night. How wise of them to do so if they had the time. I envied them and followed their example wherever I could, and from this mossiest of all West of England nooks ook entraucing strolls to Daylesford, where Warren Hastings was born and where he died; to little Strenbam, where Samue Butler, author of "Hudibras," was born; to Chipping Campden, site of the ancient "Cotswold games" of the time of James I., "Cotswold games" of the time of James I., upon which Johnson, Dravion and other poets wrote, and whose rhymes were published in a quaint old volume called "Annalia Dubrensia," in 1636; to Winchcombe, asleep by the babbling Isborne stream, with its ruin of a once famous mitered abbey and its sad memories of the poisoning of the queen dowager, Catherine Parr; to Cleeve Prior, hung like a nest upon the cliffs above the Avon, and to Evesham, queen of noble Evesham vale, rising from the banks of the Avon and backed by venerable tower, antique churches acked by venerable tower, antique churches and the ivied walls of its once flourishing abbey. One and all, idyllic spots and hours were these. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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