16

"Nothing less, sit. My twa bit laddies went into the Glen, maybe an hour since, and they cam' running home wi' the news. Then f went mysel', and there he's lying wi's platol by his side. I'm feared, Sir James, that he sent his ain soul adritt." "You thick he shot himsel?" said Sir "You think he shot himselt?" said Sir

Janue in a low tone of horror. | "I fear sae, sir, the wife said he seemed mair down-hearted when he paid his reckoning, and my opinion is he just went straight to the Glen and put the pistol to his ain bead. However, there he is, and I cam' over to tell you. I thought maybe ye wad like to see him before he's lifted."

Sir James telt unutterably shocked. There is something in death so solemn that all our passions seem to dwindle in its pres-ence. Sir James stood silent for a moment or two, and the landlord once more wiped his damp brow. "Ye ken't the chiel when alive, did ye

not, Sir James?" he presently asked. "I think I have seen him," said Sir James slowly.

"They say a lass brought him a letter, sae there'll has been some petticoat at the bot tom o't. I misdoubt. And he's weel favored a fine handsome lad, ch; it's a sair end, but there'll has to be an inquiry, and the 'Fiscal must has notice to-day."

"Yes, of course." "Wad ye like to come and has a look at him, Sir James? I've left him in charge of the police; but perhaps ye will be able to identify him, and that' ave something."

"I will go back to Strathloe with you," mid Sir James. That there had been some secret about the deal man he now felt convinced; some secret Miriam knew, and his face flushed darkly as he thought of his wile. So he walked almost in silence by the side of the landlord to Strathloe. There was great excitement evidently going on in the village as they entered it, and various people were hurrying toward the Glen. Bir James also unconsciously hastened his footsteps, and the landlord nearly ran forward. They soon reached the momentarily increasing group standing round the body of the deal man. But some of those present fell back a little at the sight of Sir James,

tupe and expression of Dare. At this moment the village doctor

arrived on the scence, and kneelingdown opened the waistcoat of the recum bent figure and placed his head on the cast to see if the heart was actually still. Then he looked round and glanced at Sir James, and shook his head. "Is he quite dead?" asked Sir James in

an unsteady voice. "Quite, for many hours," answered the doctor; "he has probably lain here through the night."

Then again he pushed the waistcoat aside and opened the white woollen vest. As he did this Sir James saw a gold locket was suspended round the soldier's neck. The doctor saw this also and raised the locket and touched the spring. It opened, and a little curl of hair, the color of which Sir James knew only too well, tell from it. The doctor litted up the curl, and was placing it again in the locket, when he saw written words were also inclosed in

the gold case. to be buried with me," he read aloud the next moment. "Ah! poor fellow," he continued, "so this has been the end of some unfortunate love affair. Well, we must respect his last wishes," and he refastened the locket again as he spoke, and once more

hald it on the dead man's breast,

tracedy at Strathloe. "They say, Lady MacKennon, that the poor iellow had a locket on his breast, wi' some woman's hair in it," he said, as he spooned his sonp into his capacious mouth.

spooned his soup into his capacious mouth. "I tear he has been a victim of some sin-ful passion," replied Lady MacKennon, with a glance at her son's overclast face. "That's verra likely; and in the locket there was a request that the locket and the woman's hair were to be laid in the grave wi' him," answered the minister... "What color was the hair? Did you see

it?" asked the dowager with grim curios-"The police ha' charge o' the body, and that you were present, Sir James, when he

The Rev. David looked at Sir James in genuine astonishment. His spoon containing soup remained quite two moments suspended in the air aiter this sudden out-break before he could collect his faculties. "The minister meaut no harm, James,"

said Lady MacKennon, gravely. But she herself the next minute changed the conversation; she was beginning to have a grim suspicion in her mind that the dead man found in the Glen at Strathloe was the lover of her son's wife.

# THE TRUTH.

The next morning's post brought a letter bad terms with her.

writing, evidently penned by a shaking hand. We are all in the deepest distress

Increasing group standing round the body of the deal man. But some of those present fell back a little at the sight of Sir James, who was the owner of the soil, and touched their caps to their landlord. There were two policemen keeping guard, and these men also saluted Sir James. He walked on a few stens further, and then came in sight of the body of the soil den the blow wis terrible. I had been with her a short time before and she expressed a wish to see her husband. He went to her and only a tew minutes later, it seemed to us, the bell rang violently. Mother and I both hurried to her room, and found dear Joan had passed away, and the General in a state of mind I cannot describe. He seemed turned to stone, and has scarcely spoken since. My father and mother are also in the greatest gries, and a small revolver at his side. Sir James stood looking down at him in silence, but a great throb ol bitter emotion was in his hent. "No wonder she loved him," he was thinking, with his eyes fixed on the pale singularly handsome features of the dead soldier. It was a mountful sight; a man in the whole attitue and expression of Dare. At this moment the village dector her lips. You cannot believe she is gons antil you touch her icy brow. I cannot

Sir James read this letter twice and then made up his mind. His mother was watchng him from the other end of the breakiast table as he did so, and her eyes followed him as he vose and, without speaking, left the room.

the rural postman, who usually waited awhile after he had brought the let.ers to Kintore. He wrote this out and then intrusted it himself to the postman's hands, accompanied by a liberal reward. "I will start to-day and will be with you

to the breakfast room. "Mrs. Couray has to be buried to-morrow,

mother," he said, briefly, "and I will leave here for Tystord to-day so as to be present at the funeral."

"You surely are not going, James?" said Lady MacKennon, with sudden agitation

"Yes, mother, 1 am." "James, do not go," and Lady MacKen-non rose as she spoke. "That woman does not deserve any consideration from your hands. She has made you miserable aid it on the dead man's breast. Sir James turned away with bitten lips and a knitted brow as he noted this action. The doctor then rose and joined hime. hands. She has made you life. Sir James gave a short and bitter laugh. "It is easy talking," he said. "Whatever she is she will never pass out of my life. But I have made up my mind and have something to say to her, and I do not choose during their present grief to add to the misery of her family by letting them But know of our estrangement; but you need not be afraid if you mean that, for it is finat \* Lady MacKennon gave a sort of gasp and then once more resumed her seat. "James," she asked in a broken voice, "answer me one question; auswer your mother. Was that unhappy man who sent quiry, and this circumstance excited much his soul adrift into darkness at Strathloe her lover?" "I cannot tell you," answered Sir James gloomily, and he turned and left the room, and Lady MacKennon did not see him again until he came to bid her goodby before he started his journey to Tyelord. She kissed him with icy lips and a heavy

"I dare not tell Joan that I meant to run sobbing on, and at last he once more ap-prouched her.

proached her. "Try to compose yourself," he said hoarsely, and as he spoke she turned round and caught him by the hand. "Oh, James, I am so miserablel so utterly miserable," she eried, raising her tear-stained face, and looking with her dark eyes up to his. But he made no response. He thought she was miserable because she was parted alike from her sister and the man she loyed! But Miriam was not in truth thinking of Hugh Farrars. It was her husband's hardness and seeming indifference that cut so deeply in her heart. He dropped her hand from his nerveless grasp; once more he turned

no one is allowed to see it pending the in-quiry," said the Rev. David. "But I'm told it's a fact, and the doctor told me also the room door and entered it to summon the room door and entered it to summol him to follow Joan Conray to the grave.

that you were present, Sir James, when he found and opened the locket." "Good heavens! do talk of something else," cried Sir James, with passion and anger he could not control. "All the day I have spent over this miserable subject; surely you can let it rest now."

broken hearted man.

and Mrs. Clyde, after the funeral was over Sir James announced his intention<sup>®</sup> of im-

## CHAPTER XXVL

for Sir James which decided his course of action. It was from Miriam, and contained a touching appeal to him not to add to their present misery at Tyeford by appearing on

Dear James, he read in irregular hand-

write any more, but remain, sincerely yours, Minian. public papers. Would Miriam see them? Would her father tell her of Dare's death, of which he was sure to be now aware, Sir James anxiously asked himself. But the third day after he had left Tyeford, these questions were answered, for he received

He went to send a telegram to Miriam by

vice in India, and leave Miriam behind him, and thus with as little pain and scandal early to-morrow," he had written, and after he had dispatched his message he returned

understood the cause of her illness only too well, he now told himselt. She had seen the account of Dare's death in the papers, and the blow had been too heavy for her to

and quivering lips. "Yes, mother, I am."

away with Hugh Ferrars, and he and I ar-ranged by letter to meet in the grounds here

ranged by letter to meet in the grounds here at night, and go together to London and be married there. I went out that night atraid and trembling as you may think at the ap-pointed hour, and just as I entered the grounds I thought I heard a shot. I was frightened, but still I went on to the spot beneath the trees where Hugh and I met before. It was a windy, moonlight night, and sometimes the moon was overeast. But it was shining as I entered the grove where I expected to find Hugh waiting for me-Ohl mv God; that awful scene rises before Ohl my God: that awful scene rises before Ohl my God: that awful scene rises before me now. I heard groans, and as I ap-proached, the moon shone out and showed me everything distinctly. I saw Hugh Ferrars standing with an awful look on his face; I saw Joan kneeling on the ground, Robert Conray lying on it, with his head pillowed on her breast! Hugh Ferrars had shot him; he had mistaken Joan for me: had seen the girl he loved, the girl who was about to fly with him, in the arms of

James, after saying a few brief words of condolence, hurried from the presence of the weeping women. Downstairs every-thing was equally sad. The gray-haired General with his bent head and stony face, and Colonel Clyde, and Sir James were the only mourners. This was by the especial desire of General Conray. And thus unos-tentatiously Joan was borne away from her husband's honse, leaving behind her a broken hearted man.

it was, Robert Conray died on Joan's breast-his liteblood stained her white To the extreme surprise of both Colonel breast—his lifebiool stained her white gown, and there was nothing left to Hugh Ferrars but to disappear. Had he been ar-rested for Robert Conray's murder, Joan's reputation would have been lost, for one of the orderlies stated at the inquest that he had seen a lady whom he thought was the Gen-eral's wile with Captain Conray in the grounds on the night of the murder. Then mediately proceeding to town. He was obliged to go, he said. "But how can you leave Miriam in such distress?" asked Mrs. Clyde. "I have no choice, I must go," answered Sir James with a reserve in his tone that Mrs. Clyde hy no means approach of he erals whe with Captain Conray in the grounds on the night of the murder. Then I came forward; I said I had been with Robert Conray in the grounds, but that I had left him well and uninjured. I stated

Mrs. Clyde by no means approved of. He had in fact made up his mind it was impos-sible for him to stay. He could not now, atter he had seen Miriam's bitter grief for had left him well and uninjured. I stated also that I was engaged to him. I did it to save Joan, and I persuaded Hugh Ferrars to go quietly away. Yet somehow suspicion fell on him. He hai disappeared from his rooms in town on the very day of the murder, and finally a warrant was issued for his arrest. But he was never found-and two years mosted away and I saw him her sister, inflict any tresh pang on her heart he decided. He would leave the knowledge of Dare's suicide reaching her ears by chance. She might, perhaps, never hear it; at all events he could not tell her, and so two hours alter his arrival at Tye-ford he went away. He saw Miriam for a few moments to say and two years passed away-and I saw him again. Saw him lying wounded on the shore at Newbrough-on-the-Sea, and-and I knew him once more. James, the soldier grodby before he did so, and tound her completely broken down by her heavy sorrow. "I will write," he said briefly, in great Dare was no other than Hugh Ferrars, and when you saw us meet by the loch near Strathloe I had sent for him to warn him. Poor Joan in her tever had bubbled out the agitation, and after he was gone, with a moan Miriam turned her head upon her pillow, feeling that all his love for her was

dreadful secret, and General Conray came to Kintore to induce me to confirm it. I de-nied everything, and I sent for Hugh Fer-rars to give him money to leave England forever; to fly, in fact, for his life. He re-fued the money and restore the reindeed gone tor ever. "And for poor Hugh's sake I must still keep silence," she thought; "Joan is at rest, but he is living still." And the next few days were more miser-able ones alike for Miriam and Sir Jamea. fused the money, and perhaps you can better understand now what you saw-I was parting with my old lover for ever-parting Mrs. Clyde could not conceal her anxiety from her daughter to learn the cause of Si with a hunted, miserable man."

James' sudden departure from Tyeford, and this added to Miriam's pain on the subject. Sobs here choked Miriam's further utter ance, and she fell back exhausted on the pillow, and for a moment or two Sir James spoke no word. Then he bent forward and And in the meanwhile, Sir James heard from Scotland that the deceased soldier

Dare, had been identified by the Captain of his company-Captain Escourt. The ad-journed inquiry betore the procurator-fiscal had been held, and the details were in the took one of her cold, trembling hands. "My poor gir!," he said, "you have suffered terribly for others."

"I-I loved Joan so much," wept Miriam, "and I was so sorry for poor Hugh--" "But you loved him?" asked Sir James

in a low, broken voice. "I did when I was a girl; but James I

never wronged you-never even in thought." There was silence in the room a ter this-a silence broken only by Miriam's muffled sobs. But suddenly Sir James tell down on an imperative summons from Mrs. Clyde to come to Miriam's sick-bed. "Come at once," the telegram ran, "Miriam is seriously ill; do not delay."

his knees by the bedside and bowed his head over Miriam's hand, which he still held. "It broke my heart, Miriam," he mur-mured; "it broke my heart."

either go to his wife, or announce to her purents that he had parted from her. He She did not speak, but she faintly pressed the hand in her's. And a ter awhile; after meant to exchange into a regiment on sera brief struggle in his mind, Sir James raised his head and looked in her lace.

as possible to Colonel and Mrs. Clyde, he intended to separate from his wife. And he "You have told me the truth," he said, "and I want you to answer me truthfully one question more? I have made up my mind to leave England, to exchange into a regiment in India, and before I go I wished to see you to make arrangement for your bear. But still he went to her; there were maintenance-

"To leave England!" interrupted Miriam many arrangements to make with her bein a startled voice. "Yes; but atter I have heard your story

tore he could start for India, regarding her furure life and maintenance, and it was bet-ter that these should be done personally. Perhaps, too, he wished to see her; wished to learn the truth of the early story that had ended so tragically in the Glen of Strathles. At all accounts he started for will you tell me what you really feel? come between your heart and mine?"

He asked this question gravely, solemnly, with his eves fixed on her lace, but Miriam's inter logs an' snakin' em to the water, an raitin' of 'em ter market, so ez to make i answer was not given in words. She bent torward and kissed him, and Sir James fer civilization to come an' set down on. He was keepin' a bar'l ot cider in one corner o asked no more. But an hour afterward. the cabin, an' a bar'l o' pork in another corner, an' he were dishin' of 'em to hnutwhen Mrs. Clyde entered the room, she found the husband seated by the wile's ers and fishermen th't strung along through our neck o' woods, from June to Janiwary, bedside with her hands fast clasped in his. [THE END.] thicker'n sogers on a march. I mowt stretch a p'int an' say th't pop were run-nin' a hotel, but we didn't call it that in LONDON'S NOTED POISONER. them days, an' I guess I won't put on airs Sketch of the Man Who Gave Deadly Po tions as a Means to Blackmail. "Pap had cleared enough ground around Herewith is presented a sketch of a man the cabin to hev a garden spot enough to raise all the coru an' 'taters and other garwho is among the world's famous criminals den sass we wanted, an' me an' mam had spaded up, an' made a couple of flower beds It is of the man who poisoned girls in Lon don and used their mysterious deaths in front o' the cabin. We had marygol's

Thomas Neill Cream

Orchestra in & Prison.

I asked a charming girl. She dropped her lashes shyly And stroked a vagrant curl;

Then consciously she murm This rosebud newly cut:

"What is a woman's weapon," I asked a lover true; He turned him to a maiden With eyes of heavenly blue. Her violet ilps were parted, All innocent of gulle, And exercit he answered.

What is a woman's weapon.

I asked a poet then; With sudden inspiration

He seized u; on his pen. "On, I could name a thousan He cried in acconts clear; "But woman's surest weap?" I grant you, is a tear?"

"I have a strong suspicio Her weapon is a pout."

And eagerly he answer "Her weapon is a smi

One of the largest orchestras in the world

PAINTERS HER SIZE. A Good Aunty of Pennsylvania's

Wilderness Tells of Her l'rowess. TWO BIG BEASTS IN A FIGHT

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH. SUNDAY. AUGUST 21, 1892.

Threaten to Tear Up Her Flower Beds and

She Drew & Bead. . A TARN THAT DOES THE SEX PROUD

[COBRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. ]

ROULETTE, PA., Aug. 20. > HEN Abel Fulle, and his son Joe sat down of an evening A at their home on Bailey Run and let themselves loose on life in the backwoods, if the bones of Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett don't turn and rattle in their graves, it is only because they must long have ceased to be bones and resolved themselves into dust with no rattle in it. Once while I was a trout fishing guest of Abel's his good wife Mandy suddenly

selves and their exploits a little too much in the foreground, and proceeded to have a lew words to say herself. "Abel here," she said, "sets great store

was young, an' that boy Joe o' mine'll set up all night an' tell ye 'bout the b'ar he's busy removin' off the face o' the 'arth, right along, ev'ry day; but hain't it kind o' funny that neither one on 'em don't hey nuthin' to say 'bout w'at I done in the way o' painters, w'en I was nuthin' but a slip of a gal at that?

A Hostelry in the Forest "W'en I were 10 year old-an' that hain't ez many year ago ez some folks mowt think

-me an' my pap an' mammy lived so fur ack in the woods th't it Gabr'el had blowed

Sh. Savel Her Fower Beds.

I don't b'lieve we k'd ha' heerd him. My pap warn't a strugglin' back in them woods Will the memory of the dead soldier always trying' to make the wildernest blossom by the sweat of his brow, an' he warn't a whackin' down big trees an' hewin 'em

lifted it up loud. I won't tell ve his interduct'ry remarks, fer pap was a positive man. But the winin' up of it was: "Durn it, Mandy, you've sp'iled the

'em to fight by, an' sickin' of 'em on ez if they wuz only a couple o' coon dogs havin' of it out with one another. Great man, **GUARDIANS OF PARIS.** of it out with one another, Great man, that maternal gran'pap o' your wuz, Joel I did hope th'; you'd show a leetle of him in yer makeup, but ye turn arter the Fullers. This world is full o' dissyp'intments, The Ununiformed Police Service and

Its Variety of Duties.

Track of the Anarchista.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1

PARIS, Aug. 10. - A few weeks ago I wrote

to THE DISPATCH of the uniformed police

service of Paris. There is a second division

in the active police service of the city. It

is the ununiformed. Like all things that

have a flavor of secrecy it is considered par-

ticularly interesting. You never know an agent of this branch of the police when you

see him. He may be the beggar to whom

you give your coin or the handsome lodger

in your own house. Anybody, in fact, whom

you see in Paris may me a member of the

ununiformed police. Cousequently every-

body is interested in the service and will

tell you more or less stories of the different

There are four of these. The first is

known as the surety. Its business is to

trace wily malefactors and arrest them.

The origin of this brigade is peculiar. It

was organized in 1817 and the principle fol-

lowed in selecting the men was simply that

it takes a thief to catch a thief. The enter-

taining spectacle is said to have been fre-

quent in those days of rascals arrested

accusing the agents who had entrapped

them of deeds quite as grave as their own.

All that is changed now and the inspectors

are declared to be models of square dealing.

Not a Wall Paid Service.

Loze, the Prefect of the Paris Police.

tor clothes. They have no regular

hours but must go at

The division numbers 300 inspectors, with

some 39 superior officers. The former are poorly paid, \$280 to \$340 a year, with \$50 effect on men of fashion as the habit of

the

divisions.

A Very Pleasing Evening

"Them painters screeched, an' tore each other with their claws—an' a b'ar's claw is like a wooden toothpick longside of a painter's claw—an' sunk their fangs inter each other's throats. They didn't seem to MAKING ARRESTS WITH A NOOSE. A Division Whose Futy It Is to Keep

keer fer pap nor his torch, but jist throw'd one another about in our front ward ez they had be'n ten miled out in their own HOW STRANGERS ARE REGISTERED

Sonny!

made up her mind that Abel and Joe were putting them-

Her Pap Enjoyed It Hugely. wildernest. W'at with the paintern yellin' and snarlin', an' our ol' chained-up houn' Jake a howlin' 'cause he couldn' by the wolves he savs he usety kill w'en he hev a hand in the rumpus, an' pap a-hollerin' at the top o' his lungs for one painter to keep it up, an' fer t'other un to sock it to him, it were ez about ez pleasin' an evenin' fer a 10-year-old gal to spend ez ye could well imagine. Bimeby the painters

rasseled right up to the cabin door, an' it it had ben open they'd ha' come right in, I guess, an' had the figh inside. "Then they got to workin' over to'ards the winder where I stooi, an' all of a sud-dent I see sumpin' th't made me turn pale. I hadn't thort o' the chances pap was run-nin' o' bein' chawed up by one or t'other o' them painters 'fore that fight was over, an' ] wan't worryin' a bit 'bout that. But here was them two big tusselin' painters a tumblin' right to'ards my flower beds, an' a threatenin' to tear 'em up ez if a steam plow had run through 'em. "'Papl' I hollered. 'Kill 'em! Kill

A Shot to Cave Her Treasury, "But pap only kep' a follerin' the painters with the torch, an' a sickin' of 'em on. Every tumble was takin' 'em nigher an' nigher to my posy patch, an' I was wild. Suddently an idee hit me. I run to the corner where par kep' his rifle. I grabbed it an' trotted back with it. It was almost all I could carry, but I got to the winder with it an' shoved the bar'l through. The painters was jest on the edge o' my pet flower bed. One more tumble an' they'd be

call of their superiors. If 24 a piowin' an' harrowin' of it up. "''I s'pose pup 'll be maider'n a hit snake,' says I, 'but my provocation is agin all natur'l. hours are demanded, 24 hours it is. They are not armed by the department as the ordinary policemen are. Their usual weapon is called a cabriolet. This is noth-ing more than a stout cord, which can be

"Pap was holdin' the torch so the painters made into a succies of nonse. The nonse is slipped over the wrist of the victim and he is led or driven into the station. It is said that the inspectors take a pride in running stood out agin the black line o' woods like shinin' brass. I slung my eye along the gun bar'l, an' whang! she went. There was jest one all-pervadin' yell, a mixtur' o' painter, dog an' pap. Then that clearin' was stiller th'n a Quaker meetin'. I had killed both painters deader 'n a stone. Soon ez pap got over bein' astonished, he turned an' see me in their game without a scratch and with-out using other weapon than this cabriolet. In case there is resistance offered they have two or three peculiar little devices to disan' the gun at the winder, an' knowed to able the captive. For instance, they take off one of his shoes and compel him to walk like "My son John." He is so hampered wunst w'at had happened.

The Old Gentleman Made Remarks. "Then things quit bein' quiet. Pap lifted up his voice in the wildernest an' he lifted up his voice in the wildernest an' he

applaud with the most violent. They hear their trade denounced without writhing, and they go home with a full and often an lmost verbatim report in their heads,

Here work with gamblers is what it is the world over, though perhaps there is a little more of it. Gamblers thrive like weeds all over Paris, from the aristocratic over opera quarters to the walls. They are raided one night and what of the lot escapes cheerfully installs itself somewhere else be-fore another nightiall. They are the pest of the races, the fairs, the places of amuse-ments in the suburbs and sometimes liter-ally take possession of outgoing excursion

One section of the division of news looks after the uniformed policemen. It spies on his habits, reports him for taking a sly glass of wine as he tramps up and down the street, for his visits with the conciergies at the hall doors, for his indifference to un-licensed beggars, for his omissions and commissions. It also investigates all charges made against the police. The sec-tion is small coll shout 47 constants tion is small-only about 47 persons. Still another section investigates the

claims of persous seeking admission into the

administration, wanting licenses to open concert halls, to run fruit or vegetable

carts, to play hand organs, to carry on any

one of the innumerable small trades which

makes the street life of Paris so varied, so

picturesque, so human. The personnel is

Looking After the Palace.

There remains only a small force of the ununiformed service. It has the interest-

ununiformed service. It has the interest-ing duty of looking after the palace of the Elysee, where the President of the Repub-lie lives. Oddly enough the members of this division receive a duily see of from 3 to 5 tranes to keep themselves fine on, so that they can be distinguished by the initiated from the ordinary member of the service, and perhaps foo so that they will be in

and perhaps, too, so that they will be in harmony with the elegance of the palace to which they are connected. They use the money well, wearing the shiniest of tail hats

and the whitest of linen. It rather takes

the pleasure out of one's promenades in the

vicinity, however. If one did not know of

this guard he would be justified in imagin-ing all the elegantly dressed men he met

around and in the gardens of the Elysee to

be intimates of the President, but with a

knowledge of it there is always a suspicion

arraying waiters in evening dress. You

are never quite sure whether you are addressing the master or his servant. The duties of the guard are numerous.

It is they who intercept the cranks who burn to relieve the French Government of its figure head; who warn off the relie hunt-

ers who seek to chip off bits of the marble

statuary or carry off flowers to press; who keep an eye on the impertment; who, in

ahort, prevent the President being reached by common bores, by dangerous characters, by vulgar cheats. In this list

of duties is one of special interest-investi-gating the claims of those who seek charity. The President of the French Republic and

his wite make it one of their cuie, duties

to relieve distress. Naturally the demands

to releve distress. Naturally the demands are endless and frequently tradulent. Be-fore responding to any claim it is turned over to the guard to investigate. The idea is a good one. It might be adopted by American millionaires of generous habits who love to give, but hate to be cheated.

THE HEAT OF THE SUR.

It is Much Warmer Und rneath Than at the

How hot is the sun? That is a question

astronomers and physicists have been trying

lor years to solve, and they are not yet

satisfied that they know the true answer.

In fact, it may be said, they are certain

they do not know it, although they are able

to report progress, from time to time, in the

The most recent trustworthy investigation

is that of M. De Chatelier, who fires the et-

fective temperature of the sun at 12,5000

Fahrenheit. It may, he thinks, be either hotter or colder than that figure indi-

Visib . Surface.

Couth's Companion. ]

direction of the truth.

IDA M. TARBELL.

not fixed in this section.

and a knitted brow as he noted this actio The doctor then rose and joined hime "Some one was saving in the village, Sir James, that you knew this poor fellow. Is

"I think I have seen him," answered Sir James, with so visible an effort that the doctor saw this inquiry was ill-timed.

at the official inquiry as to the cause of the man's death in the Glen of Straihloe, which was held on the following day at the village the procurator-fiscal, Sir James was sesin called upon to answer this question A policeman went over to Kintore to summon Sir James to oppear at this in.

puriosity and excitement in the Downger Lady MacKennou's mind. They say a centleman has been found

dend in the Glen of Strathloe, James," she suid. "Yes," answered Sir James, gloomily, "Who is it?" asked his mother, sharply

"A mystery, apparently," said Sir James, turning away, and he spoke to his mother no more on the subject.

But at the inquiry before the procurator fiscal he was forced to speak of it. He was asked if he had known, or could identify the dead man, and he spoke the truth "I saw him and spoke to him once, I am

almost sure," he replied to these questions. "It was at Newbrough-on-the-Sea, a place near where my regiment is stationed and was then wearing the uniform of the in- loss. fantry regiment, in which, at that time, he was in the position of a private soldier, and his name was Dare."

"And you know nothing further of him Bir Jumes? Nothing of his family history? 'Nothing, except that he distinguished himself on the occasion of a shipwreck by great bravery. I spoke to him in the hospital where he was receiving treatment after an accident; I was with the captain of the company at the time."

"Then I think it will be wise to adjourn this inquiry notil we communicate with either the Colonel of this regiment, Sir soldier?" said the procurator-fiscal.

"As far as my recollection carries me, it is the same man, but I cannot, or course, be perfectly certain. At all events, his name way Dave."

"Then, Sir James, will you kindly give the address of the Colonel whose regient you believe this man to have been in. and the number of his regiment as well? And perhaps his Captain's name also would be advisable?

Sir James complied with this request, and then returned to Kintore with a gloomy brow. He found there a telegram awaiting him from Tyetord Hall-from Miriam. It was very brief: "Joan is dead." He sat was very briet: "Joan is dead." He s down with it in his hand and consider what he ongist to do. His heart still felt dead within him; still crushed to earth by knowledge that his wite had never loved him, that she had loved another man, who probably had shot himself for her make. Yet how could he inflict a fresh blow upon her by telling her this, now when her sorrow would, he telt, he so bitter and intense. He knew the two sisters had loved each other deeply, and if his mother's words were to be believed they had to-gener shared some dark tragedy in their early youth. He would spare Miriam if ild, he thought, with the generosity of his heart, and yet he reflected she would probably see the inquiry regarding Dare's death in the public papers. Her father would certainly bear of it, as not doubt Captain Escourt would at once communicate it to Colonel Clyde. Dr. Reed also was sure to speak of the man who had been his patient so long. She was certain to learn it then; certain to hear that the man she had planned to meet in secret had shot himself in less than hour alter their

parting. He could not in fact make up his mind how to act, and passed a miserable evening of doubt and uncertainty. It was the day on which the Rev. David Young never failed to make his appearance at the dinner hour, of Kintore, and as Sir James sat at the

heart. "I will pray for you," she said; but her son made no reply. He left Kintore imme-diately atterward, and his heart too was heavy as lead as he journeyed on his way. He reached Tyetord on the following

norning-the day of Joan's funeral-and was received by Colonel Clyde, who looked sad, aged and worn. He pressed Sir James' hand and said a

few feeling words regarding their great

"Miriam seems quite broken down," he added; "but I trust having you with her again will help to rouse her." What could Sir James say? He murmured some words and turned away his head, and had Mrs. Clyde been present instead of her husband, her acute eves would instantly have perceived that something was wrong. But the Colonel never noticed

this; never even noticed that his son-in-law seemed in no haste to go upstairs to see his wife. But presently Sir James pro-posed to do this and with slow and beavy footsteps proceeded to the room James, or the Captain you mention. You where Miriam, with a sinking heart, have no doubt as to his identity with this awaited him. Then he entered the room, heart, and when he saw her pale, sorrow-stricker face he asked himself how it was possible that he could add to her grief by telling her of the miserable tragedy at Strathloe.

"Thank you for coming," she said, holding out her hand. Sir James just touched it, and that was all. Her wrong was rankling in his breast as bitterly as ever, but still he pitied her.

She look so white, so worn, in her trailing black gown, and her eyes were heavy with weeping. "It-was so sudden," she half whispered

a moment later. "Yes, it was very sad for you all,"

answered Sir James, in a constrained voice. "Poor Joan, poor Joat!" went on Miriam, the tears rushing into her eyes airesh, and streaming down her cheeks. Altogether it was a most painful interview for both the husband and wife. Could he have taken her in his arms and let her weep there it would all have been so different. But this But.this could not be; Sir James was thinking of the dead man lying at Strathloe, and Miriam that her husband's affections had completely passed away from her. And she was too proud to attempt to break through the barrier that he had raised between them. She made, indeed, no effort to do so. They both stood almost silent, when suddenly those muffled sounds, those whisperings, those strange and heauy footfalls chill our hearts more bitterly even than death itself were heard outside. The were about to bear away the dead, and when Miriam realized this she gave a de-

spairing cry, and tell down sobbing by the bed, couering her ears with her hands to shut out the dreadful noise. All this was terrible to Sir James. To see the woman whom he had so passionately loved-whom he in his utmost heart loved

still-lying before him crushed down by her natural and overpowering griet, and yet being unable to breathe one word of comfort or help, was absolute torture to his young heart. He looked at the prostrate figure of his unhappy young wite and then turned

Strathloe. At all events, he started to fyetori halt an hour after he had received Mrs. Clyde's telegram, and arrived there during the evening. Mrs. Clyde met him as he entered the hall, and the expression on her lace was very grave. "I telegraphed for you by Miriam's ex-press desire," she said. "She has been very ill, and is most auxious to see you the

moment you arrive." "I will see her," answered Sir James, with agitation, and he at once followed

Mrs. Clyde to his wife's room. Miriam was in bed, propped up with pillows, as he en-

tered the room, and she put out a wan trembling hand to greet him. "You have been ill?" faltered Sir James

This left Sir James no choice. He must

who was shocked at the change in Miriam's face "Yes," she answered, faintly. "Mother, will you leave us?" she went on. "I wish to see him alone."

And as Mrs. Clyde quitted the room Miriam once more put out her trembling hand.

"James," she said, "is it true-true what I read in the papers here," and she drew a newspaper from beneath her pillows as she spoke, "that Hugh Ferrars-Hugh Ferrars, whom you knew as Dare-was found dead in the Glen of Strathloe after I leit Scot-

"Yes," answered Sir James, hoarsely, "it is true

"And you knew this when you came to Joan's funeral? He was dead then ?" "Yes."

"Then, now you shall know the truth," continued Miriam, excitedly, raising her-sett up in bed, and fixing her sunken eyes on her husband's face, "the truth of the dark and bitter secret of my life."

Sir James did not speak. "There is no need for silence now, at least to you," said Miriam, with increasing excitement. "They both are dead-Joan and Hugh Ferrars-the truth cannot hurt

them now. "But what was this man to your sister?" "But what was this man to your sister?" asked Sir James, sternly, for he thought Miriam was trying to deceive him. "Atter what I saw with my own eyes...." as a means of levying blackmail. He was orn in Glasgow in 1850, and was shortly afterwards taken by his parents to America. There he developed a taste for medicine "Hugh Ferrars was nothing to Joan, and entered the Guild College at Montreal interrupted Miriam, eagerly; "nothing-he was my lover, as you know; the lover of my young girlhood, from whom I was parted by a terrible act." where, in 1876, he took a degree.

"What was it?" "I will tell you, I must go back to the

time when I was a young girl of 17 just from school, when I went to pay my first visit to Joan after her marriage to General Conray. She was two years older, and we

were extremely alike in our appearance, as you know.

is at a prison in Pennsylvania. Here a nightly "Yes." "I arrived here full of delight to be with concert is given by what is probably the her, and I tound Joan looking happy and excited. I wondered how she could seem strangest orchestra ever known, consisting of about 309 performers who never see on another. This prison is, perhaps, the only so happy with her old husband, but, girl as one in the world where the inmates are al-I was, I soon saw the cause. Robert Conray, the General's nephew, and who was on lowed to cultivate the art of music, and the his staff, was constantly at the house, and-and it is a sad story-but Joan loved him

privilege is deeply appreciated by them. The music begins precisely at 6 o'clock every evening, and ends at the stroke of 7. and he loved Joan, with such passionate affection that it blinded them to all eise b A WOMAN'S W EAPON. sides. They used to meet in secret, meet in the grounds, and gradually I learned this; learned to screen Joan, as I think the Gen eral rather wished that Robert should as Detroit Times.1 "What is a woman's weapon,"

me to be his wile." "But what has this to do with the man Dare, or Huga Ferrars, or whatever his

name is?" "You shall hear; Hugh Ferrars was in the same regiment with Robert Couray, but he was a poor man, the son of a clergyman, and the General did not like his attentions to me. He interfered too late, already I was engaged to Hugh Ferrars when the General engaged to Hugh Ferrars when the General torbade him to be received at the house. Then we too used to meet in secret-I will sell the truth-we planned to elope together, and to aid this, and lull all the General's suspicions, Hugh Ferrars asked for and ob-tained leave. We agreed that he had to re-turn to Tyeford in secret on a certain night, and that I was to fly with him-James, that dreading night will heart me till I die!"

dreadful night will haunt me till I diel "I do not understand."

an' larkspurs, an' pinies, an' lots o' posies in them beds, an' I thought more o' 'em th'n anythin' that was around the clearin'. Came Near Losing Her Heart.

"The fall I was 10 years old mammy had to go to see a sick sister o' her'n on another clearin' ten mile away, an' I had to stav an' look arter pap an' the cabin. One night, not loug arter me an' pap had gone to bed, sumpin' lifted the on'arthliest yell from outen the woods off to the right o' the cabin that was ever litted since Noah druv the animals outen the ark. My hair riz up like the brustles on a mai buck's neck, an' my heart flew up so fur in my mouth th't I had to stuff it back with my hand to keep it from fallin' out. Pap sprung outen his bunk till the cabin all shook.

"That's a painter!' says he, 'an' pooty durn clus by, too!' says he. "He hadn't hardly spoke w'en from the d'rection o' the creek, on the left o' the cabin, come another yell, litted wuss an'

"'Two on 'em, by gum!' says pap. 'Mandy,' says he, 'unless I hain'f up to snuff on the painter question thus a-gointer be one o' the pootiest painter fights right in

our clearin',' says he, 'th't this here howlin' wildernest ever got up!" "'Is that so?' says L 'Then I'll git up an' take a squint at it,' says L

Getting Beady for a Fine Ferap.

"So I got up an' went to the little winder in the front side o' the cabin an' looked out. Pap he opened the door on a crack an' sequently took two degrees at Edinburgh, and was consequently a fully qualified med-ical man. He practiced in Chicago up to pecked out. The night was starlight, an' the clearin' in front o' the cabin was jest 1881 and ten years later-that is to say, in light enough so we could see anything th't the autumn of 1891-he lett America and came to England. The sketch is by an artist of Pal Mall Budget.

light enough so we could see anything th't come inter it or crossed it. But around the edges o' the woods it were darker th'n the inside of a holler log. "Fust one o' them painters'd screech an' then t'other un'd take it up an' outsereech the fust one, both on 'em drawin' nigher and nigher. My heart beat so loud th't it sounded just like a woodpecker peckin' on a tree. Pooty soon at one side o' the clear-in' summin' dark come a creanin' out inter

in' sumpin' dark come a creepin' out inter the light, like the shadder of a little cloud, an' then at t'other side crep' another jest setch a shadder. Everything was stiller than death. Two yells th't give me a fit of fever and agur fer a minute riz from them two shadders an' busted the stillness like a

like coals. They didn't waste no time sizin' one another up, but both scrooched down, an' onloadin' a couple more o' them

down, an' onloadin' a couple more o' them orful shrieks they sprung together. "I only wished ye could ha' seen that fight! An' w'at does my pap do but run to the woodpile, git a big, fat pine knot, light it an' step right up to what them two paint-ers was rippin' and tearin' one another, an' hold the blazin' torch so's its light'd fall on

fight." "Can't help it, pap,' says L 'I wouldn't ha' done it, but w'en it's painter fight agin marygol' beds, I'm with the marygols every time,' says L.

"W'en pap come to think it over, though, the size o' me an' the size o' the painters, an' the way I plunked 'em both at one shot, he patted me on the head an' says:

"'Mandy,' says he, 'you're a good un. A stroke o' lightnin',' says he, 'couldn't ha' did that job ez quick an' lastin',' says he. 'An' mind what I say,' says he. 'You're a good un, an' when you grow up an' marry you'll git the best man ier a husband that is in the hull county."

Aunt 'Mandy paused, looked at Abel quizzically for a moment and then said: "My pap was a good hunter an' a good man, but as a prophet he wa'n't wuth shucks." shucks." ED MOTT.

# A TRUE FRIEND OF POE.

#### The Woman He Loved Best Defended His Character Faithfa"y.

"The name of Sarah Helen Whitman will be forever associated with the name of Edgar A. Poe, as that of the woman he most passionately loved during life, and who most jealously guarded and defended droan his memory when he was dead," says Eu

gene L. Didier in the Chautauquan. "Their names will be linked together like the names of Surrey and the Fair Geraldine, Byron and Mary Chaworth, Burns and Highland Mary. It is well known that a ter the death of his child-wile, Virginia Clemm, Poe, seeking 'surcease of sorrow for his lost Lenore,' became engaged to Mrs. Whit-

which a self-respecting person prefers to keep to himself when he is among strangers. I complied, because upon consulting the book I found that all my predecessors at man. "But it was not to be; the engagement, for some mysterious rea on that has never been clearly explained, was broken off. That Poe was blameless in the matter is No. - Rue de So-and-So had. I was inst recovering from the irritation when I proved by Mrs. Whitman's affection for his saw a big man with an official air and note nemory and delense of his character. book come in and copy what I had written. This seemed to be making rather familiar Scarcely was the dead poet in his long neg-lected grave, when slander and obloquy lected grave, when slander and obloquy were heaped upon his memory. Mrs. Wiut-man was one of the first to come to the dewith facts I considered private, and I demanded an explanation from my landlady. She paralyzed me by telling me it was a police officer. To be registered with the iense, and, as has been beautifully said, 'she walked backward, and threw over his police 24 hours after you arrive in a foreign city is not consoling, but I kept quiet and waited. After some ten mouths nothing has memory the shining mantle of her love.' She appeared as his champion whenever he was attacked, whether it was by some come of the registration. penny-a-liner seeking to puff himself into This division is really very useful. It is brief notice by abusing Poe, or some silly woman trying to skip into fame on Poe's composed all told of 140 men, of whom 130 are inspectors. They collect from day to day the names of arrivals and departures

### A Newspap r Mus-um.

and prepare for each person a card which is filed with the police. By this means per-sons who spend a night in Paris and give their own names can readily be traced. The At Aix la Chapelle there is a newspaper museum, founded by Oscar von Forckennames of loreigners are not given to persons inquiring for them unless relationship and beck, which contains files of specimens of more than 17,000 different newspapers in the world, and it is daily receiving copies of the a good reason for finding them are proved. This division gathers various other facts. remainder from all quarters of the globe. The great curiosity of the collection is No. It records the number of workingmen in the factories, and in times of strikes keeps lists 46 of the Texas Democrat, published at Hous-ton on March 11, 1864, when the exigencies of these off work. It gathers statistics in regard to s.ckness. Its personnel is usually of war time made it necessary to print it or composed of half worn-out policemen and of inspectors who are able to do its easy work, wall paper.

#### The Buzz of the Bas.

The bee has three-told voice organs, which are: The vibrating wings, the vibrating rings of the ab domen and a true vocal ap-paratus in the breathing aperture or spiracle. The buzz is produced by the first two and the hum, which may be "surly, cheerful or olloquially significant," by the vocal membrane.

Some Profinble Hunts.

acter and to gamping. Here are aways going on in Paris more or less gatherings of people who want to upset the Govern-ment and annihilate everybody more fortu-nate-and industrious-than themselves. The Anarchists, the rabid Republicans, the Some notable specimens of game have been killed in Maine quite recently. Ralph rioters gather from time to time in places Lord, of Westbrook, shot a golden eagle which measured 634 feet from tip to tip of wings, with talous 234 inches long. At Surry a wildeat was killed that measured 4 feet in length, 20 inches in height and weighed 53 pounds. which will be the set of the ununiformed police is rare indeed. They loiter in with the crowd and sition.

a triffe con use his free hand to hold on his garments. from the estimates of the temperature of The Surety is called upon to perform many difficult tasks. Many times it is a the sun made by some of the earlier investigators. The celebrated Secchi at one time maintained that the solar temperature was not less than 18,000,000° Fahrenheit, but question of the number of hours they can ie out in the rain, sit in the snow, stand in an angle watching a suspected door or win-dow, but they never desert their posts until he himself atterward tound reasons for dropping down to 250,000°. If M. De Chatelier's result is approxithey have secured their prey or proved it not there. Maxime Du Camp says that in mately correct, then we can perhaps betheir realiness, their address, their ruses, nothing equals them save Fenimore Cooper's gin to get somethin; like a comprehension of the heat of the solar turnace, since it approsches comparison with temperature that we can produce artificially. The highest Indians. They will trace a criminal' record so minutely as fairly to petrify the artificial temperature has been estimated by

unhappy fellow. I witnessed once the trial of a young man for some petty theft. The Prof. Young at about 4,000° Fahrenheit. President outlined the youth's life so exactly that the accused gasped with astonish But it must be remembered that there are certain arbitrary assumptions, which ment and confessed without a moment's may or may not be correct, involved even in resitation. In reading the reports of the the most careful investigations of this sub-French criminal courts one is constantly ject, and that, at any rate, the sun is unamazed to see the minuteness and exactitude oubtedly much hotter underneath than it is at its glowing and visible surface. with which the inspectors have worked up

their victims. The second section of the ununiformed police is a division of 81 persons, including its directors. Its business is the sad one of looking after fallen women. The tasks are difficult and the service is much abused by the public. Sometimes there are reasons Only a tew months ago a young girl of good family and pure life was arrested in Paris and confined for three days through some mistake of these inspectors. One such error in a year makes a noise which a thousand really praiseworthy public services cannot

but are unfit for the exposure of more vig-

Keeping Up a News Service,

There is still another division-that o

news. It is composed of four sections. The first of these has the difficult business of at-

tending to meetings of revolutionary char-

acter and to gambling. There are always

orous service.

poetical fancies about the extravagant doings of the deities of the sea. Prying Into Private Affilia.

A submarine volcanic eruption occurred Another division looks after the registers there, and the inhabitants of the island saw of apartment hotels and lodging houses generally. When I first rented rooms in what seemed like some great fish disporting Paris I was surprised to be contronted by a big book in which I was asked to write my himself in the troubled water, while col-umns of smoke arose round him.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS AT SEA.

trange Speciacle of a Great Fish Playing in

Troubled Waters.

Last year there was a strange occurrence

near the Island of Pantellaria, between

Sicily and Tunis, which would have filled

the imagination of a Homer or a Virgil with

pictures of the supernatural monsters and

weekly.)

name, occupation, residence, age, former dwelling place and several other things Those who ventured near to the scene in boats saw hot volcanic bombs, composed of black scoriaceous material, rising to the top of the water, and there running and darting about in the most singular fashion, under the impulse of the steam which they discharged. Some bounded more than 60 feet up into the air as the steam exploded. Such outbursts of heated matter from the hed of the sea furnish, perhaps, an even more impressive indication than ordinary volcanic eruptions do of the strange conditions prevailing at no great depth beneath the surface of the earth.

Running Boats Under Water.

Submarine navigation may now be considered as an accomplished fact, if the reported trials of the Detroit submarine boat are not unduly exaggerated. According to the published accounts of a trial recently made on the Detroit river, the boat attained a speed of ten knots under water, and steered, rose and sank under the most perfect control. The motive power the surface is steam, but under the water the boat is driven by means of a powerful electric storage battery which is charged by the steam engine while running the boat on the surface.

#### The Name of Pennsy vania.

Pennsylvania was founded by William Penn, and it was the only State named from its founder. The suffix "sylvania" signifies "forest land," and is descriptive of the general character of the country. Three counties lying southeast of Pennsylvania were formerly territories of that State. In 1701 they were granted a charter, and named Delaware, alter Lord De La War, who first explored the bay into which the river empties.

## Largest Fing on Record.

The largest American flag ever made will float from the top of a very lofty "liberty pole" in tront of the Administration building at the World's Fair. Upon request the state of Washington will furnish this big flag-staff as well as two or three others of the largest that are required by the Expo-

# A Fight Fit for History. "W'en the two painters got their eyes on one another they bounded inter the openin'

an' stood iacin'. An' wa'n't they jest ol' sock-dolagers! They wa'n't more'n 25 foot from the cabin, an' I could see their eyes glarin'

'em an' he could get a better sight o' the serimmage. Sometimes the painters'd tumble off inter the edge o' the woods an' then work their way back sgin, but all the time follered by pap, holdin' the torch for

blast busts a rock. Then I know'd th't the painters had arriv', an' 1 know'd ez well ez I know'd snything that the fight were goin' ter come off right thar.