



## CHAPTER VI.

Having made up his mind what course to pursue, I returned to Marshminster, took leave of my relatives and left that evening for London. There I remained two days reviewing the strange events in which I had lately been an actor. At one moment it was in my mind to abandon what certainly seemed to be a hopeless search, for I could but see it was a matter of great difficulty to lay my hand on the assassin of Francis. It would be better, I thought, to place the matter in the hands of the police and let them thrash it out for themselves. Two reasons prevented my taking this ignominious course.

One was that Francis Briarfield had been a college friend, and I was unwilling that his death should go unavenged. The story of his love for Olivia, which he had told me at the inn, contained the elements of a strange romance fitly capped by his tragic end. I felt certain that Felix, through his hired bravo—for I could call Street by no other name—had conspired the death of his brother. Felix was passionately in love with Olivia, and the unexpected return of Francis not only threatened to take her away from him, but also to reveal the scoundrelly fashion in which he had behaved. At one blow Felix would lose her love and respect. Therefore his motive for avenging such a catastrophe was a strong one. That he should determine on fratricide was a terrible thought, but there was no other course left to him by which to secure the woman he loved and the respect he valued. It was the mad action of a weak, passionate man, such as I know Felix to be. Too cowardly himself to strike the fatal blow, he had hired Street to carry out his plans, and the death had been duly accomplished, though in what way I was quite unable to say. It was sufficient for me to know that Francis was dead, and I felt myself called upon to avenge his death.

The other motive was perhaps the stronger one of detective fever. I was a bachelor. I had a good income and nothing to do. Therefore this quest was one of great interest to me. I had often hunted beasts, but this man hunt was a much more powerful incentive to excitement. I could hardly sleep for thinking of the case and was constantly engaged in piecing together the puzzle.

As yet I had no clear clue to follow, but the first thing to be settled was the identity of Felix at Marshminster with Felix at Paris. Once I established that point and proved conclusively that Felix had never left England, I would be in a position to prosecute the search in the neighborhood of Marshminster.

I own that there was an additional reason in the puzzle I felt at the scornful disbelief of Olivia. She evidently considered my story pure fiction, and the strange disappearance of the corpse from the inn confirmed her in this belief. Irritated by such contempt, I was resolved to bring home the crime to Felix and to prove conclusively to her that he was masquerading as her lover, the dead Francis. It would be a cruel blow when assured of the truth, but it was better that she should suffer temporary pain than drag out a lifelong agony chained to a man whom I knew to be a profligate, a liar and a murderer.

At the end of two days I confirmed myself in the resolution to hunt down the criminal and decided as the first step to go to Paris. Leaving Victoria by the night mail, I arrived in the French capital next morning. Anxious to lose no further time, I hastened at once to the Hotel des Etrangers, in the Rue de St. Honoré, and there took up my quarters. Recovered from the fatigues of the journey, I partook of luncheon and then made inquiries about Felix Briarfield. To my surprise, I not only discovered that he was in Paris, but that he was in the hotel at that moment.

"Has he been staying here for any length of time?" I asked the manager.

"For six weeks, monsieur, and now talks of going to Italy," was the astonishing reply.

To say that I was surprised would give but a faint idea of what I felt. That the assertion of Olivia should thus prove true was almost incredible to me. If Felix was here and had been here for the past six weeks, it could not possibly be he whom I had met at Marshminster. Assuming this to be the case, who was the man of the Fen Inn who called himself Francis? My head was whirling with these thoughts. Suddenly my idea flashed into my brain which in might possibly account for the mystery.

"Can it be," thought I, "that it was Felix whom I met at the inn—Felix, who tried to pass himself off as Francis and then invented that lying story? Perhaps he was not dead, as I thought, but merely plunged into a trance. When he revived, seeing the uselessness of fighting with Francis, he fled back to Paris."

All this time I stood hard at the manager. In reality I was puzzling out the mystery and not paying any attention to the man before me. He, however, grew weary under my regard and moved uneasily.

"Mr. Briarfield is now in his room, monsieur. Shall I take to him your card?"

"If you please," I answered mechanically and handed it to him. In a few moments a waiter came with a message stating that Mr. Briarfield would be glad to see me. I followed the man in a state of the utmost bewilderment and found myself in the presence of Felix before I knew what to say or do. He was so like Francis, whom I thought was lying dead at the Fen Inn—so like the man who passed as Olivia's lover—that for the moment I could do nothing but stare at him. Yet he could be neither of the two, for one was dead, and the other I had left behind at Marshminster.

"How are you, Denham?" he said, somewhat surprised at my strange conduct. "And why do you stare so steadily at me?"

"Are you Felix Briarfield?" I gasped. "As you see," he answered, raising his eyebrows. "Surely you know me well enough to dispense with so foolish a question."

"And your brother?" "He is at Marshminster, I believe, with Miss Bellin, to whom he is engaged. Why do you ask so strange a question?"

I sat down on the sofa and buried my face in my hands. Either I was out of my mind or the victim of some terrible hallucination. I certainly had met Francis at the inn and beheld him dead under its roof. As surely had I seen the man I believed to be Felix at Marshminster. Yet here in Paris I beheld an individual who was neither the dead friend nor the living lover, and he called himself Felix Briarfield.

"I must be mad! I must be mad!" was all I could say for the moment.

"What is the matter, Denham?" asked Briarfield, touching my shoulder. "Are you ill?"

For answer I seized first one hand and then the other. On neither appeared the least scratch. Yet the man whom I believed to be Francis had a ragged wound on the right hand. My theory of a trance vanished into thin air at this proof that the men were distinct. Astonished by my action, Felix drew back in some alarm.

"How strangely you act, Denham!" he said uneasily. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Do you think I am mad?" I asked irritably. "Your action just now was scarcely the act of a sane person. Why did you examine my hands?"

"To see if they were cut in any way." He turned the palms of his hands toward me and shook his head with a slight laugh.

"You see," he said, smiling, "they are absolutely free from cut or wound. Why do you expect them to be marked?"

I made no reply, but passed my hand across my brow. The situation in which I found myself was so strange and embarrassing that I did not know how to proceed. In the presence of facts I could not but admit that my story would sound but a wild invention.

"Come, Denham," said Briarfield. "I swear that the man I met at the Fen Inn was your brother Francis."

"You are doubtless in some trouble, and have come to me for help and advice. I'll give both to the best of my ability."

"I want neither," I muttered in a low voice, "but if you will answer some questions I wish to ask you will oblige me greatly."

Briarfield drew back with a queer look in his eyes, as if he thought my madness was increasing. However, he overcame the dread my actions apparently caused him and answered civilly enough:

"Certainly, if it will do you any good. What is it you wish to know?"

"Were you in England within the last seven days?"

"No; I have not been in England for at least six weeks."

"Do you know the Fen Inn?"

"Never heard of it in all my life."

"Are you acquainted with a girl named Rose Street?"

"I don't even know her name."

"When did your brother Francis return to England from South America?"

"Three months ago."

"Have you seen him since his return?"

"Frequently in London, but he is now, I believe, at Marshminster."

"Do you know he is engaged to Miss Bellin?"

"Of course I do," said Briarfield. "The marriage takes place shortly, and I am to be the best man—that is, if I return in time."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm going to Italy tomorrow," said the young man, shrugging his shoulders, "and it is just possible that I may prolong my tour to the east. In that case I may be absent from England for at least six months or more. During that time Francis will doubtless marry Olivia, and I shall not be able to be at the wedding."

"You have not been in England within the last six weeks. You don't know the Fen Inn nor of the existence of Rose Street," I summed up. "Then I am the victim of some extraordinary hallucination."

"You are very extraordinary altogether," retorted Briarfield. "Now I have answered your questions, pray answer mine. Why do you ask all these things?"

"It is a strange story and one which you will scarcely believe."

"Let me hear it."

Thus adjured, I told him the story of my adventure at the inn, but suppressed all mention of the belief I then entertained that the brothers had changed names. He listened attentively and eyed me with some concern. At the conclusion of the narrative he considered for a few moments before making any reply.

"I hardly know what to say," he said at length. "Your story is very circumstantial, yet you must have been deceived by the chance resemblance."

"I swear that the man I met at the Fen Inn was your brother Francis."

"How can that be when Francis was at Bellin Hall, and Olivia said he had not been out of the house. Besides, you say the man whom you believed to be Francis was murdered, yet you left

Francis alive and well at Marshminster."

"I thought Francis was you."

"Ah! Deceived by our resemblance, no doubt."

"Yes, I think so," I replied, not wishing to tell him my suspicions.

"Well, you see you made a mistake. Francis is at Marshminster, and I am here, I suppose," he added jokingly. "You are quite convinced that I am Felix?"

"I was quite convinced the other man was Francis."

"Great heavens, man, you surely don't doubt that I am Felix Briarfield?" he cried irritably, rising to his feet.

"I don't! I can't!"

"Perhaps you thought it was I whom you met at the inn?"

"No, because the man I met at the inn was dead. Besides he had a wound on his right hand, and you have not."

"It's a queer business altogether," said Briarfield, walking to and fro. "I cannot but agree with your idea of hallucination."

"I tell you it is too real for hallucination."

"Then how can you explain it?" he demanded sharply, passing before me.

"I can't explain it," I replied helplessly.

"If you had discovered the corpse when you returned to the inn, there might be some chance of solving the mystery. But you admit there was no corpse there."

"Not the vestige of one."

"Then that proves the thing to be hallucination," he said triumphantly.

"If the man was murdered, who would take the trouble to remove the corpse?"

"Street might have done so to conceal the evidence of his crime."

"To feed the previous night by your own acknowledgment. The whole thing is ridiculous. If I were you, Denham, I would see a doctor. That brain of yours is in a dangerous state."

"In spite of all you say, I am certain it was Francis I met at the inn."

"How can that be when he whom you met is dead and Francis is alive? It could not be Francis, and as I have not been out of Paris it could not have been me."

"Then who was it?"

"Some stranger, no doubt, in whom you saw a facial resemblance to us."

"Impossible!"

"So I think," said Briarfield significantly. "For my part, I think you are subject to delusions. Do not pursue this case, my friend, or you may find yourself in a lunatic asylum."

"Will you come over to Marshminster and help me to solve the mystery?"

"Certainly not, Denham. My plans are all made for Italy, and I go there tomorrow. I certainly don't intend to put them off for such a wild goose chase as you wish me to indulge in."

I took up my hat and prepared to go. The matter was beyond my comprehension.

"There is nothing for me but to return to England."

"Do," said Briarfield in a pitying tone, "and give up following this will-o'-the-wisp."

"It seems hopeless enough."

"Well, so far as I can see, it seems mad—nothing more nor less. My brother Francis is at Marshminster. You see me here, so it is absolutely impossible you could have met either of us at that inn, the more so as the man you met is dead, and we are both alive."

"Yes. Facts are too strong for me," I said, holding out my hand. "Goodbye, Briarfield. Many thanks for your kindness; but, oh, man," I added, with a burst of bitterness, "what does it all mean?"

"It's hallucination," said Briarfield. "Place yourself at once in the hands of a doctor."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sweet and Sour Apples.

Just why some should be sweet and some sour is a puzzle. The malleic acid which gives it the sour taste seems to be in about the same proportion in the unripe as in the ripe apple; the difference in sweetness seems to arise from the change of feculent or starchy matter into sugar as the ripening process proceeds. But, though the chemist can tell us the exact elements that go to make sugar, he cannot make sugar for us. No power but that of the living plant can do it, and we are absolutely in the dark as to how the plant gets it done.

Possibly the climate has some influence on the acting vital power, for the Rhode Island Greening apple, a sour apple in the Atlantic States, is a sweet apple in the Pacific, and the same apple will often have a part of the same fruit sweet on one side and sour on the other. These cases are generally attributed to some one in the past having split a branch through a bud, then fitting the sweet apple half to the half of the sour apple bud, and grafting the spliced graft. This is regarded as an ingenious afterthought. Those who have directly grafted and grafted the experiment have had no such result.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

Diphtheria from Darnaway Fowls.

Dr. Turner states that an epidemic of diphtheria broke out in the village of Braughing, Hertfordshire, England, the first cases occurring on a farm where the fowls were dying of a disease of the throat, and on other farms where the children had diphtheria a similar analysis of the fowls prevailed. At Longhay, a man bought a chicken at a low price, as it was sick with the prevailing disease, and cared for it at home. His children soon sickened with diphtheria, which extended from his family through the village. Dr. Turner mentions similar instances showing that the fowls, turkeys, pigeons and in one locality pheasants, died of a disease attended by a pseudo-membranous exudation which was probably diphtheritic.—Dr. J. Lewis Smith in Babyhood.

SMALL BUT EFFECTIVE.

Was the little Monitor that met the Merrimack at Hampton Roads. So too are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, effective in conquering the enemy—disease. When you take a pill it's an important point to have the small—provided they have equal strength and efficacy. You find what Dr. Pierce's little liver pills of Dr. Pierce. They're put up in a better way, and they act in a better way, than the huge old-fashioned pills. What you want when you're 'all out of sorts'—grumpy, thick-headed and take a gloomy view of life, is these Pellets to clear up your system and start your liver into beautiful action. Sick Headache, Bilious Attacks, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are prevented, relieved, and cured. Put up in sealed glass vials, and always fresh and reliable.

JAMES WILLIAM CHASE, Esq., of Georgetown, Ky., says: "My wife thinks your little 'Pill' is the greatest pill out."

## BEAUTY PILLOWS.

They May Be Filled With Rose Leaves, Violets or Pine Needles.

It is now the fashion to have a beauty pillow, as it is called, which is a cushion for something very hard and uncomfortable for the head to rest upon at night. The soft reposeful feather pillows which have hitherto been the confidants of our mid-night meditations are to be cast aside as deleterious—too sympathetic possibly—and their place is to be taken by a stony hearted article distended with rose leaves, violets, pine needles or some other stuffing poetically suggestive, theoretically healthful and practically so hard that that proverbial head that wears a crown could rest no more unsteadily than does that of the simple republican leader.

Vegetation is not the only filling recommended for these new beautifiers. Some



body has lately advised the use of paper torn into tiny fragments. But it would seem that discrimination should be exercised in the selection of material for this sort of stuffing. A pillow full of unpaid bills, rejected manuscripts or outgrown love letters might be a fruitful source of restlessness and nightmare, while, on the other hand, one with an agreeable and soothing tale of contents would be calculated to allay mental disturbance and induce slumber. A woman inclined to melancholia might be cured by sleeping on a cushion stuffed with the best jokes that can be culled from the newspapers and funny publications, inasmuch as might be ward off by old sermons torn very small indeed, a too volatile and frivolous spirit could be curbed by a pillowful of death and funeral notices—in fact, there is no limit to psychological possibilities in this direction, and the experiment is certainly worth trying. While we are making up our minds just what sort of a pillow is best suited to our particular case we can use one stuffed with curled hair if feathers and down are too warm.

The sketch given shows a moire and taffeta gown. The first skirt of moire has an application of pointed gupure around the bottom. The second skirt is of taffeta draped at the side. The full pointed bodice of taffeta has moire revers covered with gupure and decorated with pendent ends of moire. The balloon sleeves, also of taffeta, have gupure cuffs.

GRANDMOTHER'S TRUNK.

If It Contains a Brocade Gown, You Have a Treasure.

Some women are fortunate enough to have a grandmother's trunk in the garret. Perhaps it is covered with hide and decorated with brass headed nails, or it may be a stout wooden chest made when work was done to last. But, whatever the outside may be, the inside is sure to be rich with the treasures of a past generation, so old fashioned that they are now new fash-

ions and may be brought forth and remodeled to fit the dainty lady of today, who cannot realize that the woman who originally wore them was then as fresh and blooming as her granddaughter now is.

The flowered mattocks and muslins of 50 years ago are considered eminently fashionable this season. They are almost sure to be fine in texture, and although tender with age, if they are made up over a silk foundation, which will bear the brunt of wear, they will be found still serviceable. Panniers are quite permissible this year.

Perhaps grandmother's trunk contains an old brocade gown. If so, it is a treasure indeed, for it will make a beautiful court gown full skirted and with wide ruffles opening over a ruffled vest. If there is not enough of the brocade to make both body and sleeves of the coat in these days of inordinate arm drapery, let the sleeves be of plain goods harmonizing with the color of the brocade. If the latter has a black background with pink flowers, the sleeves may be of pink satin covered with black lace. A large cuff and a lace frill at the wrist are the appropriate finish.

A sketch is given of a Louis Quinze gown of sky blue taffeta, with blue and chestnut brown flowers. The bottom of the plain skirt is trimmed with white lace arranged in oquilles. The corsage crosses surplus fashion back and front over a plastron of the silk. It is trimmed with white lace, and the belt is covered with lace. The round panniers terminate at the back under a short silk drapery forming a quille. The drapery shows covered with black lace. The white show that is trimmed with black moire and forget-me-nots.

JUDIC CHOLLEY.

"DOES LOVE FORGET?"

"Does love forget all it forgives?" once said the fair young Geck, who sadly learned to know.

Though much we love, we never forget a blow. The scar itself remains, though pain is dead. And was forgiven when the wound was red. The hand that strikes is not the hand that forgives. The hand that only should be forgiven. The hand that to sweet waters should have led. The perfume that in flower unconscious lives. The light that paints to stain the dullest faces. Are not more subtle than the love that warms. The human heart. From him who much does give.

It comes. A gift divine—a touch as yet Of perfect love that needs not to be forgot.

—Woman's Journal.

## Did she Was Told.

A persevering woman is transforming a newly arrived Swedish immigrant into an accomplished maid of all work. Sometimes her imitative knack brings about a decidedly funny situation. Madam discovered that her new acquisition was in the habit of walking away serenely after she had opened the front door, leaving the visitor whom she had admitted to close it. "Adolphin, you must not do so," said she impressively. "Listen. A lady will come to visit you, and you open the door for her. Hold it so, and open the door for her. Be sure to stay and close the door yourself." This was accompanied with appropriate pantomimic gestures.

Afternoon came and the visitor also. Adolphin's mistress, an accidental witness in the shadow of a portiere, was surprised to see Adolphin not only fulfill her instructions, but repeat the rather dramatic "physical expressions" which had accompanied them. The bend of the head, the wave of the hand were reproduced with Chinese fidelity.

"What nice servant you have," said the visitor, who was an old friend. "She doesn't speak much English, but she makes herself understood so cleverly by gestures. You don't mind my saying so, do you, but she waves her hands exactly as you do yours."—New York Recorder.

An Infallible Remedy for Snake Bites.

What seems to be an infallible remedy for the poison of snake bites is a solution of nitrate of strychnine in 340 parts of water, to which a little glycerin is added. This is used hypodermically in doses of twenty minims, at intervals of ten to twenty minutes, depending upon the condition of the patient. In 100 cases thus treated only one failure has occurred.—Exchange.

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From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1894.

The Flour Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by the World's Fair judges to the flour manufactured by the Washburn, Crosby Co., in the great Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolis. The committee reports the flour strong and pure, and settles it to rank as first-class patent flour for family and bakers' use."

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