

Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

Published every Wednesday Morning at 9:30 o'clock per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise it will be sent to subscribers on a quarterly basis.

No advertisement will be inserted without payment in advance. Subscribers are asked to pay their bills in advance.

Advertisements are accepted for insertion at the rate of 10 cents per line per week.

Special attention given to the sale of GLADES BUTTER.

Somerset Printing Company.
JOHN L. SCULL,
Business Manager.

Business Cards.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

F. J. KOEHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

LAW OFFICE—ALEXANDER H. WILSON, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

W. J. L. & H. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

KIMMEL & COLEMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

JOHN G. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

HENRY S. SCHILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

M. G. GAITHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

ARTHUR G. GAITHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

JOHN G. MILLER, after twelve

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

G. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, Pa., will attend to all legal business in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

D. R. J. G. MILLER, after twelve

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. George B. Funderburg, of Chambersburg, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the treatment of medicine and surgery, Dr. Walter F. Funderburg, of the same city, and Dr. J. W. Funderburg, of Harrisburg, Pa., in the treatment of the Eye and Ear.

D. R. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and Allegheny counties, Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Old House.

D. R. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and Allegheny counties, Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Old House.

D. R. J. G. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession—Office opposite Chamber King's residence.

S. S. GOOD, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Somerset Block.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!!

J. C. YUTZY, DENTIST, DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.

Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality. Like-life and handsome, inserted in the earliest, most scientific manner, and on the most durable of the natural tooth. These teeth are made of the best material, and are so constructed as to be as good as the natural teeth.

Dr. W. M. COLLINGS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all dental work in Somerset and Allegheny counties.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1874.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIII.

NO. 14

A Simple Remedy.

Every one accustomed to travel by rail has noticed the crowding and jostling that takes place between those who want to get off the car and those who want to get on, and the train stops at a station. The passengers who are at their journey's end ought to have the right of way through the narrow door and down the platform steps, but the impatient people who fear that all the seats in the car will be taken up before they get in, will not wait on them, and the result is a struggle for precedence most provoking to all engaged. We sometimes meet with an elderly politician who yields and waits, but it is rather rare, except in private dwellings. In public conveyances, as a general rule, the average American citizen, male or female, has a great desire to secure whatever may be most eligible by being first, or at least as far from being last as circumstances will permit.

The Boston *Advertiser* suggests a very simple remedy for the jostling and crowding now experienced by all who take the cars or railroads, and that remedy is to be carried in the pockets of the passengers at way stations. Let railroad companies make a rule requiring all passengers to leave the cars by the front door and enter by the rear. A notice to this effect should be conspicuous posted in every car, and the conductor might also be required to call attention to the notice when he calls out the station. Passengers might also be hung up at the ticket office and in the waiting rooms, so that the traveling public might be advised of the car to be taken, and of entering by the rear door and leaving by the forward door would become a fixed habit, practiced by all travelers, except perhaps those who are making their first trip.

Severe on the School Teachers.

The Richmond *Engineer* says: "It must be acknowledged that a large number of young men are raised annually for all purposes of good to Virginia by over education. They are forced to leave the State to find a field for the exercise of their acquirements, or they remain here and lounge or starve on incompetent salaries, and their parents are thus ruined rather than swept and bitter, but which yet holds a clever hint to teachers. 'The great difficulty with our Virginia system is the want of men of practical common sense to control it.' They are so full of practical purposes, but they lack what is far more valuable, to wit, common sense. It has been established by experience, and is notorious, that professional school teachers, as a class, have no practical sense. Their learning we concede, but learning is not common sense.

Obedient Orders.

A certain General of the United States Army, supposing his favorite horse had ordered an L-ham to be skinned:

"What is Silver Tail dead?" asked the man.

"What is that for?" said the officer. "Do as I bid you and ask me no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in about two hours returned.

"Well Pat, where have you been all this time?" asked the general.

"Skinning your horse, your honor."

"Did it take you two hours to perform the operation?"

"No, your honor, but then you see it took me about half an hour to catch the skin."

"Catch him! Fire and furies was he alive?"

"Yes, your honor, and I could not skin him alive, did you kill him?"

"To be sure I did, your honor, and sure you know the order of the officers without asking questions."

The Harpers.

John Harper, familiarly known as "Uncle John Harper," the well known Kentucky stock raiser and distinguished turfman, was of a plain, distinguished family of Pennsylvania-Dutch origin, though long settled in Kentucky. He was one of five children only one of whom, a brother, ever married. Another brother, Adam, was killed in 1864 by guerrillas, who visited the house for booty. His brother Jacob and sister Elizabeth were on the 14th of September, 1871, murdered in their beds by parties still unknown. They had amassed a large property by farming and rearing race horses, all of which became the property of John Harper. He leaves by will his homestead, with 600 acres of the finest blue grass land in Kentucky, together with all his race horses (including Longfellow), to his nephew, "Little Frank Harper." John Harper was about 78 years of age.

A Curious Kansas Advertisement.

The following, clipped from the Atchison *Champion*, is a kind of notice they have in Kansas:

"Lost, strayed or stolen. An individual whom I, in an urgent moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good looking and feeble individual, not knowing any English, and does not come in when it rains unless some good looking girl offers him the shelter of her umbrella. Answers to the name of Jim. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking with his arm around her waist, looking more like a man than I have seen lately. Anybody who will catch the poor fellow and bring him carefully back, so that I can chastise him for running away, will be invited to stay to tea by

KATE E. SMITH.

A Sharp Doctor.

An amusing story is told in Scribner's magazine of a veridant who went to buy the practice of a country doctor. The doctor said his patients were so numerous he could not remember them all, but his knowledge of the human mind was so great that he never stopped to wonder how he was so successful. He was a native of the country where he practiced, and he had never a patient case in his history. He had never a patient case in his history.

An Iowa minister was recently killed by lightning while standing on the banks of a murmuring stream and endeavoring to convince some bad boys that bathing on Sunday was a sin. An awful warning.

"I want to ask you a question," said a little boy to his drunken father. "Well, my son, if I can't tell you a question, how can you tell me a question? Because you can't tell me a question, because you can't tell me a question, because you can't tell me a question."

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK.

120 CLINTON STREET.

CHARTERED IN 1870.

TRUSTEES:

JAMES COOPER, D. J. MORRELL, DAVID DIBERT, JAMES MILLER, C. B. ELLIS, JAMES MORLEY, A. J. HAWES, LEWIS PLITT, F. W. HAY, H. A. BOGGS, JOHN LOWMAN, GEORGE SUPPES, T. H. LAISLY, GEO. T. SWANE, D. McLAUGHLIN, W. W. WALTERS.

DANIEL J. MORRELL, President,
FRANK DIBERT, Treasurer,
CYRUS ELDER, Solicitor.

Deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards receive interest and interest on all sums payable twice a year. Interest if not drawn out, is added to the principal, thus compounding the deposit. A YEAR, without involving the depositor in any loss or present his deposit book. Money can be withdrawn at any time after giving the bank-treasurer notice by letter.

Married Women and persons under age can deposit money in their own names, so that it may be drawn only by themselves or their executors, and can be deposited with or without society, or at trust funds. Subject to certain conditions.

Loans Secured by Real Estate.

Copies of the By-Laws, reports, rules, of deposits and special act of Legislature, relative to deposits of married women and minors, can be had at the bank.

Banking hours daily from 9 o'clock to 4 o'clock, and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

JOHNSTOWN BANKERS,

NO. 240 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

We sell Drafts negotiable in all parts of the United States and Canada, and in Foreign countries. A YEAR, without involving the depositor in any loss or present his deposit book. Money can be withdrawn at any time after giving the bank-treasurer notice by letter.

Banking hours daily from 9 o'clock to 4 o'clock, and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Cambria County BANK,

M. W. KEIM & CO.,
NO. 206 MAIN STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
In Henry Schaeffer's Brick Building.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Drafts and Gold and Silver bought and sold. Collections made in all parts of Somerset and Allegheny counties, and in the State of Pennsylvania, at the rate of 10 cents per month. Loans made at the rate of 10 cents per month. Interest on deposits at 6 percent. per annum. All left in trust with us. Interest on deposits at 6 percent. per annum. All left in trust with us.

Interceded at the rate of 50 cents per cent. per annum paid on Time Deposits.

Everything in the Banking Line receives our prompt attention.

Thankful to our friends and customers for their kind patronage, and in order to give the most complete and satisfactory service, we have secured the best facilities for the transaction of business.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

Superior English Oil Cloths,

BRUSSELS CARPETS, &c.,
RAG, HEMP and INGRAIN CARPETS

In every variety.

51 FIFTH AVENUE,
ABOVE WOOD STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Imports direct from Manufacturers.

These cloths are now nothing but the best quality. Like-life and handsome, inserted in the earliest, most scientific manner, and on the most durable of the natural tooth. These teeth are made of the best material, and are so constructed as to be as good as the natural teeth.

W. M. BOOSE & Co.,
FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS,
SALISBURY, : : PENN'A.

Manufacturers of all kinds of CASTINGS & MACHINERY

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Address: W. M. BOOSE & Co.,
Salisbury, Elkville P. O., Somerset Co., Pa.
Oct. 18.

URSINA Lime Kilns.

The undersigned are prepared to furnish Prime Building Lime By the Car Load. Orders Respectfully Solicited.

R. J. RATZER & CO.,
Ursville, June 18.

STUEBENVILLE, O.,
Female Seminary

On the 15th of July, 1874, the Seminary opened its doors to the ladies of the county. It is situated on a beautiful site, and is well equipped with all the modern improvements. The Seminary is conducted by Miss Mary Ann Ratzer, a lady of high standing and ability.

Special rates for introduction.

Address the Publishers,
D. W. PROCTOR, Agent,
HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST PUMP IN THE WORLD!

FORCE PUMP!

The Simplest, Most Powerful, Effective, Durable, Reliable and Cheapest Pump in use. It is made all of iron, and of a few simple parts. It will run on any water, and is perfectly adapted for the fire engine, or for any other purpose where a water pump is required.

It has no valves or pumps, as the suction and delivery are all of iron.

It will raise water from 40 to 60 feet in the air, by attaching a few feet of hose.

It is good for washing, Baggies, Windows, watering Gardens, &c.

It fulfills the most perfect and robust water, being in placed in the bottom of the well.

TERMS—3/4 inch Pump, \$15; 1/2 inch, \$10; 3/4 inch, \$12.

Larger sizes in proportion.

SOLE AGENTS FOR SOMERSET COUNTY, Pa.,
Somerset, Pa., May 18, 1874.

PLANING MILL.

A. Growall & Son.

We are now prepared to do all kinds of Planing and Manufacturing of building material.

FLOORING,
MOULDING,
WEATHER BOARDING,
SASH AND DOORS
WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,

In short anything generally used in house building. All orders promptly filled.

205 N. MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

30c PER LINEAL FOOT.

THE IRON FENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO Lewis, Oliver & Phillips, Manufacturers of MERCHANT RAIL IRON CASTING IRON DOOR HINGES, ROLLERS, NUTS, WASHERS, and their New LOWE PATENT EXPANSIBLE WOOD HOLLOW AXLES. For sale by all Iron and Hardware Dealers.

91 & 92 Water Street and 114 and 116 First Ave. Pittsburg.

OWENS & SCOTT,

Butter Commission House,
153 W. Pratt St.,
BALTIMORE.

NEW STORE!

SCHILL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at

SOMERSET A Mineral Point Railroad, and now offer for sale a General Stock of Merchandise, consisting of

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
HATS & CAPS,
HARDWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES,
&c., &c., &c.

All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or extended on credit. WANTED—Numbers of all kinds, Hoop-poles, Cast-Iron, Bar, Staves, &c., Also, Wood, Rail, &c., &c., &c.

Reason, Grain of all kinds. Furs, Sheep-Fur, and Beaver, for which we will pay the highest prices in Cash or on credit.

SALT AND FISH.

Always on hand. Give us a call and we will convince you that we are the best and cheapest dealer in the county.

SCHILL & WILSON.

Approved School Books.

PUBLISHED BY
J. H. BUTLER & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA.

ADOPT THE BEST BOOKS.

Miner's New Geographies.
Miner's New Outline Maps.
The New American Reader.
The New American Speller.
The New American Primer.
The New American History.
The Ecumenical Reader.
Goodrich's Physical Geography.
The Scholar's Companion.
Tenney's Grammar.
Hingham's Latin and English Series.
Smith's English Grammar.
Orsted's Juvenile Speller.
Orsted's Spelling Book.

The New American Series of Readers & Spellers, AND Mitchell's New Geographies. Adopted in New York City. Adopted Unanimously in Philadelphia. Adopted for Exclusive Use in the State of Vermont.

Adopted in Reading, Lancaster, Huntington, Hollisterburg, adopted in Connecticut Convention of Directors for the Public Schools in Connecticut, and hundreds of other cities and towns in Pennsylvania.

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YOUR SERVANTS?

"They know nothing whatever. For Mademoiselle DeGray's sake I have secreted a few minutes' notice in the kitchen." "Madame, I will watch her night until the mystery is solved." Madame shook her head despondingly.

"It is quite useless, Monsieur! I am no coward, and have already tried that, and, strange as may seem, the cabinet remained intact both times." "Perhaps Mademoiselle DeGray suspected your intentions," I replied. "This time we must guard against the possibility. And now, if you more detest a burglar than a thief, let me show you the way to the door." "Always between midnight and day-break. I seldom retire till twelve o'clock, and on the night of the first theft it was considerably later. I remember distinctly that, on the night of the first theft, Mademoiselle DeGray and I sat here discussing the possibility of the very event which occurred. The recent Madworth robbery had impressed us both deeply, and as I left the room, I bade Mademoiselle good night."

"Did you lock the door?" I asked, indicating one of the windows before. "It might secrete a burglar, however. That is only a store closet."

"Was, Monsieur; but it did not, I was in there a very few minutes before the door was opened."

"And the key of the door here—did Mademoiselle know where you put it?"

"Certainly, Monsieur."

"And since that night?"

"Alas, Monsieur, I have hidden my keys in the kitchen."

After some further conversation I took my leave, promising to return about midnight. I did so. Mademoiselle and the servants had retired, and, as previously arranged, Madame answered my light tap herself. She unlocked the door, and I stepped into the private room, and soon bade me good night.

After a short absence, she returned with a steaming cup of coffee and a plate of Dutch cake.

"I always take a cup before retiring," she explained, "and thought you might find one acceptable." And with a final good-night she left me feeling both chilled and thirsty. I emptied the cup almost at a draught. Then wheeling a chair behind the curtains draping a bay-window, I distinguished the light and sat down to await the appearance of the unknown thief.

"But I saw nothing. Just at day-break Madame softly entered the room and spoke to me. I stepped unheeding to my feet, and stepped from behind the curtain. She gazed at me in surprise for a moment, and then smiled a little ironically.

"Monsieur slept well, I perceive."

"Yes, Madame, if well means soundly." I replied. "The coffee was delicious."

"Dressed!" she echoed, staggering back a pace or two.

"Yes, Madame. Permit me to ask you what it means."

"Who made it?" she repeated, in deep, hollow tones. "Mademoiselle DeGray? And—no, Monsieur, the money is gone."

"I answered, in some vexation, 'Mademoiselle, of all others should have known of my presence here.'

"Ah, Monsieur, I was most careful. A returned Madame sorrowfully. 'This is a mystery how she gained her knowledge. You would not suspect the fact I have stated?'

"If the secret compartment is here, most certainly not."

"It is here," she replied, briefly and emphatically, as she closed the desk.

"But I exhausted my wits to no purpose. Madame looked on in silence till I drew back and folded my arms. She then quickly asked:

"You would not suspect the fact I have stated?"

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"You would not suspect the fact I have stated?"

Madame sought me early.

She looked at me scrutinizingly.

"Ah! Monsieur has had another good night, without an end of drugs, 'I wish, Madame, a very good one.' I replied; 'but I first earned the right.'"

"Ah!" ejaculated Madame again; but this time very tremulously. "Then you have—?"

"Yes, Madame," I answered, finding she could not finish the sentence. "And now will you kindly allow me to see Mademoiselle DeGray?"

"No, Monsieur, no," she replied, with hasty emphasis. "My poor Antoinette has staid, no doubt, but she shall be protected. You shall not see my poor child, Monsieur," she concluded passionately. "Heaven and I will make a good woman of her yet!"

"My dear Madame, you quite mistake me," I answered feelingly. "Mademoiselle is innocent. I was hardly prepared for the little French woman's outburst of joy."

"My Antoinette! My pure darling! My white dove! My young angel! Sweet Heaven, I thank thee!" she cried, tearfully. "And before I could say any more, she had darted from the room. In a few minutes she returned, leading a tall, elegant, golden haired girl, whose proud eyes glittered with tears. This fair vision of youth and beauty left Mademoiselle's side and came to me. 'I thank you, Monsieur,' she said, with simple, earnest dignity. 'I thank you most truly.'"

"I have done little or nothing to entitle me to your thanks, Mademoiselle," I smiled in response. "But have you no desire to learn the name of the guilty party?"

"Ah, true!" exclaimed Madame. "I forgot all but my infinite joy. Tell us, Monsieur."

"First, Madame," I answered, "permit me to restore your stolen money. You have your keys. I see you will be kind enough to open the treasure box?"

And hastening to the closet, I sought out the jappaned box.

Madame knelt down and wonderingly turned the key. It fell from her hand and landed in the bottom of the box. An astonished exclamation parted Mademoiselle De Gray's lips; but Madame leaned over the box like one in a dream, and could not be convinced until the notes were in her hand and counted, that it was no scam at all, but a most pleasant reality.

"Yes, Antoinette," she at last said, rising and casting the notes on the table, "every son of it is here. And to think of its being in the old box, Antoinette!"

"Yes," smiled Mademoiselle, with a pained expression, "but—"

"But," interrupted Madame, even more vivaciously, "but who put it in the box?"

She paused to fix her eyes in eager expectancy on mine.

"The—apartition," I faltered.

"The—apartition? Between two and three o'clock, and went straight to the cabinet. In a few moments the notes were polished and deposited where you just now found them."

"But the secret compartment, Monsieur," interrupted Madame, with difficulty.

"Yes, Madame."

"Strange! most strange!" she ejaculated, in perplexing tones, adding the next instant, "Go on, Monsieur."

"That is all, Madame."

"All! But what did you do, Monsieur?" she asked, sharply.

"Nothing," Madame, but staggered aside and like an imbecile after the retreating form I had extended my hand to seize."

"Oh!" exclaimed Madame, in a low, awed voice. "Was it—you called it an apartment, I recollect, Monsieur. What—what did it resemble?"

"A woman. A small, pale, thin woman, clad in a trailing crimson robe."

"A crimson robe?" echoed Madame and Mademoiselle, both evidently aghast.

"Yes, and with silvery white hair."

"White hair?" again echoed both, looking at each other with faces of consternation.

Mademoiselle De Gray recovered herself first. "What else, Monsieur?" she queried impatiently, resuming her seat.

"That is all, Madame, except that this singular apparition carried a bronze candelstick and yonder bunch of keys." Mademoiselle gazed at me a moment in silence, and then turning, suddenly flung her arms about the Madame's neck and kissing her on both cheeks, exclaimed between tears and laughter:

"Oh! you naughty, naughty thief!"

Madame stared from Mademoiselle to the picture of bewildered dismay; then dropping her eyes to the floor she revolved, apparently, some perplexing question. Presently she looked up.

"Tell me, Antoinette," she murmured doubtfully, "why did you drug Monsieur's coffee?"

"I?" exclaimed Mademoiselle, flushing with indignation. "Did I do more than I stole the money. I knew not Monsieur was here, much less that he took coffee. But perhaps," she resolutely added the next moment as she again showered kisses on Madame's rosy cheeks, "but perhaps you can play guilty." Again she turned to me, and widened Madame's eyes, and after a little, she faltered:

"Oh, Antoinette, I—I—yes, I certainly did! Monsieur slept well and I slept poorly. Yes, Monsieur got my powder! I never thought of it till this morning."

"What powder?" laughed Mademoiselle De Gray.

"The morphine," exclaimed Madame, more composedly. "I felt sleepy and excited, and put it into a cup, intending to pour my coffee over it; but I suddenly gave Monsieur the wrong cup."

Then suddenly snatching the keys from the table, she thrust them into Mademoiselle De Gray's hands, exclaiming, tearfully:

"There! keep them, my poor wronged darling. I have played 'La Sonnanhina' long enough."

And I, looking at Madame's brown curls, roseate skin, and faultless figure, thought amusedly: "What a miracle of French art!"

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She looked at me scrutinizingly.

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"I have done little or nothing to entitle me to your thanks, Mademoiselle," I smiled in response. "But have you no desire to learn the name of the guilty party?"

"Ah, true!" exclaimed Madame. "I forgot all but my infinite joy. Tell us, Monsieur."

"First, Madame," I answered, "permit me to restore your stolen money. You have your keys. I see you will be kind enough to open the treasure box?"

And hastening to the closet, I sought out the jappaned box.

Madame knelt down and wonderingly turned the key. It fell from her hand and landed in the bottom of the box. An astonished exclamation parted Mademoiselle De Gray's lips; but Madame leaned over the box like one in a dream, and could not be convinced until the notes were in her hand and counted, that it was no scam at all, but a most pleasant reality.

"Yes, Antoinette," she at last said, rising and casting the notes on the table, "every son of it is here. And to think of its being in the old box, Antoinette!"

"Yes," smiled Mademoiselle, with a pained expression, "but—"

"But," interrupted Madame, even more vivaciously, "but who put it in the box?"

She paused to fix her eyes in eager expectancy on mine.

"The—apartition," I faltered.

"The—apartition? Between two and three o'clock, and went straight to the cabinet. In a few moments the notes were polished and deposited where you just now found them."

"But the secret compartment, Monsieur," interrupted Madame, with difficulty.

"Yes, Madame."

"Strange! most strange!" she ejaculated, in perplexing tones, adding the next instant, "Go on, Monsieur."

"That is all, Madame."

"All! But what did you do, Monsieur?" she asked, sharply.

"Nothing," Madame, but staggered aside and like an imbecile after the retreating form I had extended my hand to seize."

"Oh!" exclaimed Madame, in a low, awed voice. "Was it—you called it an apartment, I recollect, Monsieur. What—what did it resemble?"

"A woman. A small, pale, thin woman, clad in a trailing crimson robe."

"A crimson robe?" echoed Madame and Mademoiselle, both evidently aghast.

"Yes, and with silvery white hair."

"White hair?" again echoed both, looking at each other with faces of consternation.

Mademoiselle De Gray recovered herself first. "What else, Monsieur?" she queried impatiently, resuming her seat.

"That is all, Madame, except that this singular apparition carried a bronze candelstick and yonder bunch of keys." Mademoiselle gazed at me a moment in silence, and then turning, suddenly flung her arms about the Madame's neck and kissing her on both cheeks, exclaimed between tears and laughter:

"Oh! you naughty, naughty thief!"

Madame stared from Mademoiselle to the picture of bewildered dismay; then dropping her eyes to the floor she revolved, apparently, some perplexing question. Presently she looked up.

"Tell me, Antoinette," she murmured doubtfully, "why did you drug Monsieur's coffee?"

"I?" exclaimed Mademoiselle, flushing with indignation. "Did I do more than I stole the money. I knew not Monsieur was here, much less that he took coffee. But perhaps," she resolutely added the next moment as she again showered kisses on Madame's rosy cheeks, "but perhaps you can play guilty." Again she turned to me, and widened Madame's eyes, and after a little, she faltered:

"Oh, Antoinette, I—I—yes, I certainly did! Monsieur slept well and I slept poorly. Yes, Monsieur got my powder! I never thought of it till this morning."

"What powder?" laughed Mademoiselle De Gray.

"The morphine," exclaimed Madame, more composedly. "I felt sleepy and excited, and put it into a cup, intending to pour my coffee over it; but I suddenly gave Monsieur the wrong cup."

Then suddenly snatching the keys from the table, she thrust them into Mademoiselle De Gray's hands, exclaiming, tearfully:

"There! keep them, my poor wronged darling. I have played 'La Sonnanhina' long enough."

And I, looking at Madame's brown curls, roseate skin, and faultless figure, thought amusedly: "What a miracle of French art!"

Madame sought me early.

She looked at me scrutinizingly.

"Ah! Monsieur has had another good night, without an end of drugs, 'I wish, Madame, a very good one.' I replied; 'but I first earned the right.'"

"Ah!" ejaculated Madame again; but this time very tremulously. "Then you have—?"

"Yes, Madame," I answered, finding she could not finish the sentence. "And now will you kindly allow me to see Mademoiselle DeGray?"

"No, Monsieur, no," she replied, with hasty emphasis. "My poor Antoinette has staid, no doubt, but she shall be protected. You shall not see my poor child, Monsieur," she concluded passionately. "Heaven and I will make a good woman of her yet!"

"My dear Madame, you quite mistake me," I answered feelingly. "Mademoiselle is innocent. I was hardly prepared for the little French woman's outburst of joy."

"My Antoinette! My pure darling! My white dove! My young angel! Sweet Heaven, I thank thee!" she cried, tearfully. "And before I could say any more, she had darted from the room. In a few minutes she returned, leading a tall, elegant, golden haired girl, whose proud eyes glittered with tears. This fair vision of youth and beauty left Mademoiselle's side and came to me. 'I thank you, Monsieur,' she said, with simple, earnest dignity. 'I thank you most truly.'"

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