

CHAPTER X1.-(Continued.) dripping from his firm, white body and glistening in big drops on the thick bair on his heaving chest, as he rushed acros the floor of his sitting room, holding his towel around him with one hand. He spened the door a little way and took in the letter. Still holding his towel about him, he stood examining the envelope very As he stood thus, with carefully. foot slightly thrown forward, all his weight on his left leg, his muscles stood out like whip-cords. His eyes were bright and the light of a new interest suddenly sprang into them. He presented thus a splendid specimen of physical manhood. He had little occasion for the brisk rubing to which he treated himself, when be had put down the letter unopened, merely remarking:

"I wonder what Cassagne is doing at Villeneuve."

The heat of his young and vigorous sily had almost evaporated the molsture. He went back into his bedroom and put a soft, silken suit of pajamas, caught the waist with a brocaded belt. He took a tasselled Turkish fer from its peg and put it on his head. Then he went to his chocolate and rolls, picked his morning paper and began to read. He skimmed the sheet at first with a languid interest, eating very deliberately as his eye traveled over the paper. Suddenly he came to this item :

"Nothing new has transpired slace yesterday in regard to the murder of Mme. Roupell at the Chatcau Ville-

He got no further. Like a flash he dropped the paper and reached out and took hold of the letter which he had almost forgotten, exclaiming : "The Chateau Villensuve ! Villensuve !

Why, that's the place Cassagne writes from. Pshaw! what am I thinking of? He can't have been called in on that mat-It was in the hands of the prefect of police, and I know he hates Cassagne like poison.

Nevertheless it was with fingers which trembled a little in their eagerness that he opened the letter. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "here's fun at

last. Cassagne is engaged in that Ville-neuve matter after all. Called in by a friend of the suspected party, too. Always on that side of the case-the most difficult, of course. Wants me to watch one Jules Chabot. I know him; old fop; club man. About as much chance of his being implicated as of my getting married. Well, I declare !"

There were two long sheets of instructions. His first excitement over, Charles, D'Aubaron rend them twice very carefully, sipping his chocolate so slowly that the contents of the cup were almost cold before he finished it. Several minutes elapsed before he finally put Cassagne's letter on one side and lay back to think.

It was curious that his new field of activity should at last have brought him into contact professionally with a man whom he had hitherto known only socially. M. Jules Chabot, while a mere ac-quaintance, belonged to a club of which he was a member-the "Alliance." He not very constant in his attendance; but he was tolerably well acquainted there. Jules Chahot he had known as one is apt to know those one casually meets in the billiard room or at the card table

How fortunate it was that, acting un der the advice of his friend Cassagne, he had scrupulously hidden from all his friends and acquaintances his new occu-pation. It would be a comparatively easy task for him to keep watch of Chabot's movements. The only question was how to do so without exciting his suspicions.

so putaling a nature. He was a true He sprang from the bath, the water Parisian. A day or two in the country sipping from his tirm, white body and son satisfied him. He required the stimulus of a great city to laugart to his mental organization that activity and sharpness which the calm and quiet of a rustic existence juiled into temporary repose, His most logical deductions had been made in the rush and rear of the streets. Before leaving the chateau a conversation something like the following had taken place between Dr. Mason and himself :

"This brother of Madame Roupell's, this Henry Graham-can you tell me when and where he was last heard from?"

"The last letter madame received from him," replied the physician, "bore the postmark of Blois. That must be twenty years ago, as near as I can recollect."

The first thing Cassagne did on his arrival in Paris was to call on his friend and pupil, Charles D'Auburon. He found him at home, his face glowing with suppressed onthusiasm.

"Now," said Cassagne, "tell us what has happened? Have you found Jules

Chabbt, and what progress have you made toward getting acquainted." "I already know him slightly," an-swered D'Auburon. "I approached him cautionsly, because if he is really implicated in this matter he would naturally be suspicious of any sudden show of friendship. Fortune favored me, however. I managed to lose a game of bil-liards to him at the Alliance this morning, the stakes a luncheon at the Cufe Anglais, whither we repaired shortly af-ter. What do you think that blundering idiot Lablanche is doing? He has set someone to shadowing Monaleur Chabot. The fellow followed us in a cab. I thought we had given him the slip, but, looking out of the windows of the Cafe Anglais there he was lounging against a lamp post, and looking like a detective all over. Did you ever hear of such clumsi-ness in all your life?"

"You must exercise your ingenuity, my dear boy. A little thing like that shouldn't disturb you. Always recollect that in this business it is the man who keeps cool that wins. It is a golden maxim."

D'Auburon was rapidly cooling. He had been waiting all the evening for the arrival of his friend to indulge in his tirade against the prefect. He had delivered himself. Then he became again, as Cassagre put it. "a reasoning being."

Cassagne then gave D'Auburon a short sketch of what had occurred at the Chateau Villeneuve. He finish his account by producing the little gold locket.

"The man who wore this was last heard from at Blois. The owner of this locket was the man who actually murdered Madame Roupell. Whether he had accomplices or not it is hard at present to say The prefect argues, doubtless, from Jules Chabot's presence in the chateau on the night of the murder, that he is in some way connected with it. My own opinion is that it is a more coincidence; nothing more. Still it will not do to leave any point uncovered. That's why I want you

to keep him well in sight. Do you see?" "I see, of course," responded D'Au-huron. "I can keep him in sight read-Meantime, what do you yourself prolly. pase to do? Go to Blois, I suppose." "Exactly, and I start to morrow morn

That means I shall go to bed early ing. to-night. You must try and discover this man Chabot's most intimate friends, meanwhile. I may be gone for a day or 80. Try and go where he goes, to be invited where he is invited ; and above all don't let Lablanche get ahead of us. He's not such a fool as you think. If he makes blunders, remember he makes remarkably clever ones. "There was some talk of a ball to-mor-row night," remarked D'Auburon at length, when he had well weighed the other's words--- "a ball at the Vicomte de Valiar's----

to inform him of such a person as Henry Graham. M. Cassagne retired to rest the sunggest hostelry in the town, the Golden Fleece.

Such progress did the detective make the next morning in the good graces of M. Crutteau, the proprietor of the inn, that by the time the ancient gilt clock over the stables had chimed out the half hour, M. Cratteau and he were on excellen terms, walking around the little garden and chatting and talking confidentially

M. Cassingno was confiding a wonder-ful fairy story. He was at Blois in the interests of a little girl of whose person and estate he had been appointed guar-He had only to establish the death dian. of one individual to prove his little ward heir to a large property in America. M. Cratteau, in his ten years' residence in Blois, had doubtless met many Ameri-CRUS,

Yes, many." "Had monsieur known an American

called Honry Graham?" "Graham! Graham?" No, the man had not. "But I think I can direct you to a person who can," he added. "Go and see Madame Beausantin, the old washerwoman of the Rue du Concert. She has ione the washing of every American who has been in Blois for the past twenty years. She gets all the business because ahe knows what they want. She may be

able to tell you something about him." It was barely nine o'clock when M. Cassagne, having finished his coffee and issued forth from the courtyard rolls, of the Golden Fleece, and proceeded in the direction of the Rue du Concert, 11 was a short street, containing neither inns nor barber shops, which, perhaps, accounted to his not having previously set foot within its precincts. If it had not been for the fortuitous meeting with Crutteau, in all probability M. Cas-sagne would never have thought of looking there for traces of Henry Gra-

It was a bright, smart shop, with large plate glass windows, in which were displayed, beautifully ironed, two long ince curtains, lying specimens of the quality of the work which was never, even for the best customers, done within. The interior of the establishment was fitted up with a large stove in the rear, on which dozens of irons were heating. Ranged in long rows across the floor were the ironing benches at which the women la-Through an open door at the boreil. back, a glimpse of huge piles of lines, in various stages of renovation, was to be had. The whole place was full of steam. Though the weather was warm, there was an entire absence of proper ventilation. The atmosphere of the place to one un-accustomed to breathe it was intolerable. The appearance of the young women

In the establishment of Mme. Beausantin, however, entirely belied that of the popular picture. Notwithstanding the arduous character of their employment, they were as robust and strong as amazons. The glow of health was on their cheeks, and the muscles of their bare arms and necks stood out like whip cords. They were not at work, however, when M. Cassagne arrived. It was a time-honored custom of the establishment that from nine o'clock to half-past was to be de-

voted to rest and refreshment. When M. Cassagne intimated his wish for a strictly private interview with Mms. Beauxantin she bowed consent and led way to an inner apartment.

M. Cassague took a sent. Mme. Heausantin stood with one elbow on the man telpiece, and eyed him curiously. She had been mistaken in the gentleman being a customer, she told herself. What the was the object of the present visit? She was soon to know. The detective approached point blank the one subject which was always uppermost in his mind.

whereahouts of one Henry Graham? You were his laundress some seven years ago" In a moment he had hit upon a plan

of enlisting the co-operation of Mme. Beausantin. An excellent judge of char-acter, he could tell that greed of gain was one of her predominant traits. Then,



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Woman placed on trial in Washington for the ailling of former Senator Brown of Utah, the presiding judge and leading attorneys in the case.

Although some of the salacious fea- deed a lively task before him, for Cole tures which were looked for at the trial ridge was never caught napping. The post was so awkward a horseman that. of Mrs. Anna N. Bradley for the murder of Senator Arthur M. Brown were his riding loften attracted comment of eliminated by direction of the court, anything but a complimentary nature One day he was riding along the turn there was enough of the sensational connected therewith to hold the attenplks road in the county of Durhan tion not only of Washington but of the when a wag who mot him fastened upon him as an excellent subject for entire country. The prominence of the sport. Consequently he drew rein and man and the attractiveness of the wom-"Can you tell me anything of the an, together with the manner of the said in an impertinent drawl : "My graceful friend, did you happen shooting, invested the case with unto meet a tailor on the road?" osual interest.

Arthur M. Brown, leading citizen of Salt Lake City, man of great wealth Coleridge meditatively. "I was not



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""Still rooting for the Carlisie Indians, are you? What's the secret of your fondness for the noble red man?" "I'm one myself." "So? You don't look H."

"I belong to the Improved Order of

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The cows udder is kept in a clean, healthy and smooth condition by washng it with horax and water; a tablespoonful of borax to two quarts of water. This prevents roughness and soreness or cracked teats which make milking time a dread to the cow and a worry to the milker.

End of the Vacation.

Influential Parishioner-Doctor, when do you start up the works again? The Rev. Dr. Fourthly (with great severity)-Divine service will be resumed next Sunday morning, Mr. Higgsworthy, at 11 o'clock.

R Cores While You Wath. Allon's Foot Rass is a cortain cure for hot, seesting callon, and swoilen, aching best. Bold by all Druggists. Price like. Boor's accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen B. Oimsted, Le Roy, S. Y.

Curiosity Appeased.

"I notice you are prematurely bald," pherred the inquisitive passenger. "May I ask how you lost your hair?" "I lost it by doing too much butting into other people's affairs," answered the

sther till

Only One "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the eigenture of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. Me.

Morely a Filler.

Parry (reaching for his blue penell)war?

Graff-Yes-four lines.

"I'm inclined to think I did," said

JUDGE M.P.STAFFORD.

State of Ohio, City of Tuisdo (Larcas County, Prank J. Choosy makes each that he is sentes partner of the firm of P. J. Chonsy & Co., doing bainces in the City of Teissio, County and state storecald, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDIED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be sured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cue. FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and an isotriked in my pres-ence, this of that of December A. D. Iso.

He sat revolving this matter in his mind for nearly an hour, at the end of which time he arose and completed his tollet, dressing himself with unusual care. role he had now to play was one which had deceived many-that of a rich. innocent dandy, to whom appearance is everything, and who has not a thought in his head beyond the set of his hat or his

He selected from his wardrobe a fine morning freck coat and a flowered waist coat of an oriental design which was all the rage among the boulevards. He put on a very tall collar and a necktie of a very ultra fashion ; a glossy hat, patent leather boots and a silver-headed Malacca cane completed his outfit. As he descend ed the stairs he put an eye glass in one 150.

Thus accoutred. Charles D'Auburos was as different a being as you could well imagine, from the free and easy Bohemian of an hour previously. A slight drawl was apparent in his speech. Half-ing a cab, he directed the driver to procood to the Alliance club. He was the most innocent looking young man in the whole of Paris. A vacuat smile played around his mouth. One gloved hand sought his blonde mustache in a caressing manner, while with the other he re-turned the salutations of his numerous acquaintances. M. Jules Chabot, seated in the bay window of the Alliance club, any him alight, and surveyed him with a look in which contempt struggled with politicness and got rather the best of it. "There is that insufferable fop, D'Au-

beron, couling up the steps," he remarked to an intimate. "I think that fellow looks a bigger fool every day."

CHAPTER XII

When Alfred Cassagns hid Dr. Mason adleu, it was to return to Paris, first to hink and then to act. Never in the purper of his experience had a sncoun-ared a case which presented obstacles of

"Ah! do you know him?"

"Yes, as I know them all. I know of him. He an be got at if necessary. From what Chabot dropped," continued D'Au-buron, "I believe he intends to be there He is quite in with the de Valiars, I understand. You have heard of de liars, I suppose? Great financial naboh, and all that sort of thing."

Cassagne nodded, quietly. "You ought certainly to be there. One never knows "Now to find, in a population of near-

ly thirty thousand people, this one indi-vidual, this Henry Graham, who was last heard from in this very city seven years ago," soliloquized M. Cassagne, as he stepped from his compartment on to the platform of the little railway station and naw frowning from above him the ancient castle of Itiois. All the way down in the train he had been busily occupied in plan-ning how he would find the human needle. Henry Graham, in the bundle of hay, Blais

With nothing to guide him but his own marvelous powers of reasoning, he now started forth upon a search which ninetyaine men out of a hundred would have considered worse than useless. For it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the man he was looking for had lived in Blois under another name than that of Henry Graham.

M. Cassagne sauntered quietly down the curving, narrow main street of the old town. By nightfall he had accom-plished this: He had had his hair dress ed nenriy twenty times, he had ordered and paid for but barely tasted nenriy forty meals. He had discovered that there were exactly two inns for every barber in the town of Biols. But no barber, and no innkeeper had been able

without giving the laundress time to deny or affirm his statement, he added in an impressive tone: when the frail-looking defendant was

"My name is Alfred Cassagne, and I robust of form and beautiful of face. am a detective from Paria."

Mme. Benusantin's little heady eyes no longer twinkled. Instead, they appeared to be dilated to twice their former size. Her hands trembled apprehensively and her fingers interlaced themselves together in a spasm of sudden nervousness.

"A detective !" she gasped, when she Canangne. "Not the slightest harm is in confied to you. On the contrary, perhaps I may be able to make your special knowledge of this affair of cousiderable pecuniary advantage to you. Take a seat. There is a good deal to talk about." The caim tone of the detective some-

what reassured the proprietress of the temporary insanity. Mrs. Adams has laundry. She sat down. The look of declared that there was no foundation alarm on her face gave way to her predominant expression-the expression of stord.

"What do you want to know?" was her enger question, in a voice which asked alyou pay for it?

want to know as much of Monsleur Graham's history as you are acquainted arged her to get a divorce and induced have all along known and deplored the with."

He drew from his pocketbuok two bills of the Bank of France. They were of the denomination of one hundred france aplece. Taking one between his finger and thumb, he pushed it toward Mme. Beausantin across the table.

"When you tell me all you know about Monsieur Graham, you shall have the other one," he remarked, impressively. "The sum is entirely too small, mon-successful (candidate for Congress. sieur," she said, "for information which Once he declined a United States Senis really worth having." (To be continued.)

In Milan there are 38,000 families living in one room each.

For Brown's sake she deserted her hus-

band, and although he would not heed ter pleas to marry her, she clung to About a year ago Brown went bitu. from Utah to Washington. Mrs. Bradtey heard that he was going to marry

Mrs. Anna C. Adams, mother of Maud "Do not be alarmed, madame," said newed him. At his room in a Washingowed him. At his room in a Washington hotel they had a loud talk, the result of which was that she shot him and he died five days later-Dec. 13. He refused to say anything concerning the tragedy. Mrs. Bradley never de-

married Brown.

When the case came up for trial in most as distinctly as words, What will the stand was that Brown won her

her to get her trousseau.

The chief counsel for Mrs. Bradley there. He was made associate justice of the Supreme Court of Utab by President Cleveland. He has sat in the State Legislature and has been an unsuccessful (candidate for Congress,

storship for an unexpired term.

Rondside Wit.

He who matched wits with the author of "The Ancient Mariner" ha in- perila,-Harper's Weekly.

ther along the road."

The wag put spurs to his borse, and the poet jogged caluly on his way.

The Common Danger.

We have been used to hear that while the fear of dangerous negroes made it hard for white children in the South to get to school, the negro children were not in danger, and going to school without fear or risk had on that account an educational advantage over the white children. A Southern woman who writes to the American Magazine about race relations in the South touches on this point to say that the dangerous negroes are dangerous to all women and girls, white or black ; aled that she did the shooting, pleading that the negro children go to school in

temporary insanity. Mrs. Adams has groups, as the white children do; and that the negro women, like white womfor the report that she was to have en, in the South recognize that it is not safe to go far from home unpro-

tected. This statement has probability Washington Mrs. Bradley's story upon in its favor, and for various reasons sounds true. It was worth making; ove by protestations of undying affec- the more so that we do not remember tion and promise of marriage; that he to have seen it in print before. We

peril to the white women and children, but no one before this has thought was Orlando W. Powers, a native of it worth while to mention that the New York, who went to Utah to live negro women and girls were in any and is the leader of the Gentile party danger. The reason why this ought to be known is that a common danger is a strong tie, and the blacks and whites in the South are developing antagonisms so fast that no tie that remains ought to be ignored. After the Atlanta riot decent people, white and black, got together to discuss preventive meas-ures. That was the right way. Shotgun methods will only increase their

ence, this 6th day of December A D her. (Seal.) A. W. GL: ANON. Notary Public, Hail's Catarrh Care is taken insernally, and acts directly upon the blood and nuccoustant faces of the system, send for instimutals free faces of the system. Take Hail's Family Fills for constipution.

Reformation.

"Geoffrey," she said, nestling closer to him, "mamma thinks you'rs a bit and and bolaterous. You're not, are you?" "No, love," answered Geoffrey. "No, love," answered Geoffrey.

used to be, but I'm not now. You can tell your mamma I quit playing the sylo-phone long ago."



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