CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) In a few minutes they had a ladder standing against the wall. But to their "and Joseph will report to us that he chagrin they found the ladder six feet has gone to tell Clameran what has just too short. Six long feet of wall between taken place." the top of the ladder and the lighted

window was a very discouraging sight to

M. Verduret, quickly placing himself a yard off from the house, and seizing the ladder cautiously, raised it, and rested night. Perhaps I shall discover what I the bottom round on his shoulders, at the am seeking at the Jandidiers' ball." same time holding the two uprights firmly and steadily with his hands. The ob-

stacle was overcome. up the ladder, which swayed and trembled beneath his weight. But he had scarcely looked in the lighted window when he uttered a cry which was drowned in the roaring tempest, and dropped

like a log down on the wet grass. With wonderful promptness and vigor M. Verduret laid the ladder on the ground, and ran toward Prosper, fearing he was dead or dangerously injured. "What did you see? Are you hurt?"

he whispered. But Prosper had already risen. though he had had a violent fall, he was unhurt; he was in a state when mind governs matter, so absolutely that the

body is insensible to pain. "I saw," he answered, in a hoarse "I saw Madeleine do you under stand, Madeleine-in that room.

It possible that he, the infallible expert, had been mistaken in his deductions? He well knew that M. de Lagors' visitor was a woman, but his own conjectures and the note which Mme. Gypsy had sent to him at the tavern, had fully assured him that this woman was Mme. Fauvel.

"You must be mistaken," he said to know that Madeleine is here on her own account? Did we not come to the conclusion that she was sacrificing herself for the benefit of some one else? That superior will which compelled her to banish you may have constrained this step

"That might be the case," Prosper murmured, "who knows?" 'I would soon know," said M. Verdu-

With a strength of which a few min-

ntes before he would not have believed past ten he quitted his post.

himself possessed Prosper raised the M. and Mme. Fauvel, followed by himself possessed, Prosper raised the shoulder. M. Verduret rapidly ascended his head on a level with the window. There was Madeleine. M. Verduret

observed that she still wore her shawl and bonnet. She was standing in the middle of the room, talking with great animation. Her look and gestures betrayed indignant scorn. There was an expression of undisguised loathing upon her beautiful face.

Madeleine continued talking, and it on the mantel, that M. Verduret hoped to discover the meaning of the scene before him. At one moment Lagors would start and tremble in spite of his apparat the fire with the tongs, as if giving their womankind. vent to his rage at some reproach uttered

Finally Madeleine changed her threats into entrenties, and, clasping her hands, almost fell at his knees. He turned away his head, and refused to answer save in monosyllables. Several times she turned off to leave the room, but each time returned as if asking a favor, and unable to make up her mind to leave the house till she had obtained it. At last she seemed well satisfied with the impression he was Raoul quickly rose and opened a desk quadrille he leaned over her, and whisnear the fireplace, from which he took a bundle of papers and handed them to

Madeleine took the papers, but was apparently dissatisfied. She again cutreated him to give her something else. Rnoul refused, and then she threw the papers on the table. The papers seemed to puzgle M. Verduret very much, as he gazed at them through the window "I am not blind," he said, "and certain-

ly am not mistaken; those papers, red. green and yellow, are pawn ticket dupli-Madeleine turned over the papers, as if

looking for some particular ones. She selected three, which she put in her pocket, o'sdainfully pushing the others aside. She was evidently preparing to take her departure, for she said a few words to Raoul, who took up the lamp as if to escort her downstairs. There was nothing more for M. Verduret to see. He carefully descended the ladder, muttering to "Pawn certificates! What infamous

mystery lies at the bottom of all this?" M. Verduret and Prosper hastily laid the ladder on the ground, regardless of the shrubs and vines they destroyed in doing so, and then concealed themselves among the trees, whence they could watch at once the front door and the only get behind that oleander tree I

outer gate. Madeleine and Raoul appeared in the doorway. Raoul set the lamp on the and just as he had reached the desired bottom step, and offered his hand to the girl; but she refused it with haughty contempt, which somewhat soothed Prosper's incerated heart. He followed her to the gate, which he opened and closed after her; then he hurried back to the house, while Madeleine's carriage drove

"Now, monsieur," said Prosper, "you must tell me what you saw. You prom-ised me the truth no matter how bitter secret of their power?" ised me the truth no matter how bitter it might be. Speak; I can bear it, be it what it may."

"You will only have joy to bear, my friend. Within a month you will bitterly will blush to think that you ever imaga man like Lagors. It is precisely against his project. appearances that we must be on our guard. Always distrust them. A sus- his switch and beating his banner, and picion, false or just, is always based on seated himself in a chair between Mme something. forever; and as Raoul has fastened the gate we shall have to climb back again."

ed by on his way to the station.
"That is Raoul," said M. Verdaret.

When they got into their hack again and were driven back to the Archangel,

M. Verduret said: "You will not see me to-morrow, but I will be here about this time to-me

Prosper was dumb with amazement. What! would M. Verduret think of appearing at a ball given by the wealthlest Prosper made a sudden spring, and and most fashionable bankers of Paris? seizing the lower rounds, quickly climbed This accounted for his sending to the

> "Then you are invited to this ball?" The expressive eyes of M. Verduret danced with amusement.

"Not yet," he said, "but I shall be."

CHAPTER XVI. The Rue St. Lazare was adorned by the palatial residences of the Jandidier brothers, two celebrated financiers. These two mausions, marvels at the time they were built, were entirely distinct from each other, but so planned that they could be turned into one immense house when so desired. When the Jandidiers gave parties they always had the movable partitions taken away, and thus obtained the most superb salon in Paris. On Saturday the Rue St. Lazare was blocked up by a file of carriages, whose M. Verduret was confounded. Was fair occupants were impatiently awaiting their turn to drive up to the door, through which they could catch the tantalizing strains of a waitz.

It was a fancy ball, and nearly all the costumes were superb, though some were more original than elegant. Among the latter was a jester. Everything was in perfect keeping; the insolent eye, coarse "But even so, how do we lips, high cheek bones, and a chin beard so red that it seems to emit flames in the reflection of the dazzling lights.

He carried in his left hand a canvas banner, upon which were painted six or eight pictures, coarsely designed, like those found in strolling fairs. In his right he waved a little switch, with which he would every now and then strike his banner, like a quack retailing his wares. Quite a crowd surrounded ret, "if I could see them together in that this clown, hoping to hear jokes, songs or stump speeches, but he kept near the door and remained silent. About half-

ladder, and placed the last round on his their niece Madeleine, had just entered. Belonging to the battalion of grave, elthe ladder without even shaking, and had derly men, M. Fauvel had not assumed a fancy costume, but merely threw over his shoulders a sort of silk domino.

On his arm leaned Mme, Fauvel, nee Valentine de La Verberie, bowing and gracefully greeting her numerous friends. She had once been remarkably beautiful; and to-night no one would have supposed her to be forty-eight years old.

But Madeleine was the object of universal admiration, so dazzlingly beautiwas by closely watching the face of ful and queenly did she appear in her Lagors, clearly revealed by the lamp costume of maid of honor. Having costume of maid of honor. Having greeted the host, Madeleine took her aunt's arm, while M. Fauvel wandered through the rooms in search of the card the usual refuge of bored men table, ent indifference; the next, he would strike when they are entired to the ballroom by

The ball was now at its height. For gotten by the crowd, the clown had takand seemed to be meditating upon the gay scene before him; at the same time he kept his eyes upon a couple not far

Madeleine was dancing with a splendidly dressed doge, the Marquis de Clam He appeared to be radiant, and to have uttered something decisive, for making upon his partner; at the end of a pered compliments with the most unbounded admiration.

"Evidently," muttered the clown, "this noble scoundrel is paying court to the banker's niece. But how can Medemoiselle Madeleine resign herself to so graciously receive his insipid flattery?"

Incommoded by the stifling heat of the room, Mms. Fauvel had sought a little fresh air in the grand picture gallery which, thanks to the talisman called gold, was now transformed into a fairylike garden, filled with orange trees, ja ponicas, laurel and many rare exorics. The clown saw her sexted near a grove, not far from the door of the card room. Upon her right was Madeleine, and near her stood Raoul de Lagors, dressed in a Henri III. costume.

Madeleine appeared very sad. She had plucked a japonica from a tree near by, and was pulling it to pieces as she sat with her eyes downcast. Raoul and Mme. Fauvel were engaged in earnest conversation. Their faces were composed, but the gestures of one and the trem bling of the other betrayed a serious discussion. In the card room sat the dogs M. Clameran, so placed as to have full view of Mms. Fauvel and Madeleine.

"It is the continuation of yesterday's scene," thought the clown. "If I could might hear what they are saying."

He pushed his way through the crowd spot Madeleine arose, and taking the arm of a bejeweled Persian, walked away. At the same moment Raoul went into the card room and whispered a few words to De Clameran.

"There they go," muttered the clown. "The two scoundrels certainly hold these poor women in their power, and they are determined to make them suffer be

His attention was attracted by a commotion in the picture gallery; it was caused by the announcement of a won derful minuet to be danced in the ballregret your suspicions of to-night. You room. In an instant the gallery became almost deserted. The clown thought it a ined Mademoiselle Madeleine to care for favorable opportunity for carrying out

He abruptly left his corner, flourishing But we must not stay here Fauvel and the door. As soon as the people had collected in a circle around him he commenced to cough in an affect They scaled the wall, and had not ed manner like a stump orator about to walked fifty steps when they heard the make a speech. Then he struck a com-noise of a gate being unlocked. They cal attitude, standing up with his body stood aside and waited; a man soon pass- twisted sideways, and his hat on one

ear, and with great buffoonery and volubility, made the following remarks:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this very morning I obtained a license from the authorities of this town for the purpose of exhibiting to you a spectacle which has already won the admiration of the four quarters of the globe, and several universities besides. Inside this booth, Indies, is about to commeuce the representation of a most remarkable drama, acted for the first time in Pekin, and translated into several languages by our most celebrated authors. Gentlemen, you can take your seats; the lamps are lighted, and the actors are changing their

Here he stopped speaking and imitated to perfection the fantasias which untebanks play upon horns and ket-

tledrums. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he re sumed, "you wish to know what I am going to do outside, if the piece is to be performed under a tent. The fact is, gentlemen, that I wish to give you a foretaste of the agitations, sensations, notions, palpitations and other enter tainments which you may enjoy by paying the small sum of ten sous. You see this superb picture? It represents eight of the most thrilling scenes in the drama."

CHAPTER XVII. The showman's shrill voice brought the banker's wife back to a sense of reality; she started, and looked quickly about her, as if suddenly awakened from

a troubled dream. "Now, ladies, we are in Chins. The

first picture on my canvas, here in the left corner," here he touched the top "represents the celebrated Mandaub, darin Li-Fo, in the bosom of his family. This pretty woman leaning over him is his wife; and these children playing on the carpet are the bonds of love between this happy pair." Mme. Fauvel had left her seat, and

approached nearer to the clown.
"Picture No. 2!" he cried, after flourish of music. "This old lady, seated before a mirror tearing out her hair, do you recognize her? No, you do not. She is the fair mandarine of the first picture. I see the tears in your eyes, ladies and gentlemen. Ah! you have cause to weep, for her happiness has departed, us at the hall were helping in some she met on the streets of Pekin a young roffian, fiendish, but beautiful as an an-

The last words were uttered in the most tragic tone. During this tirade he had whirled around, so that he found himself facing the banker's wife. But up. nothing he had said seemed to affect her. She leaned back in her armchair perfectly calm, and occasionally smiled at the tragic manner of the showman.

"Good heavens!" muttered the clown, uneasily, "can I be on the wrong track? He saw that his circle of listeners was increased by the presence of the doge, M. de Clameran.

"The third picture," he said, after a roll of drums, "depicts the old mandarine after she has dismissed that most annoying of guests-remorse-from her She promises herself that Interest shall chain the youth to her side. It is with this object that she invests him with false honors and dignity, and introduces him to the chief mandarins of the capital of the Celestial Empire; then, to talk rot like that to me?" since so handsome a youth must cut a fine figure in society, and as the fine figure cannot be cut without money, lads must needs to sacrifice all of her possessions for his sake. rings, bracelets, diamonds and pearls, all are surrendered. The monster carries all these jewels to the pawnbrokers, and was a very dark tent into which we then has the cruelty to refuse her the plunged, and I could see no fortune tickets."

(To be continued.)

English Are Out of Date.

The skipper of the tramp steamer Bumping Billy was engaging a new crew. "What's your name?" he said to the foremost applicant.

"Giuseppe Grinolleri," replied the

"Eyetalian?" "Yees, sair."

"Very good; step to one side. And yours? he went on the next A. B.

"Ivan Ikanoff." "Russian?"

"Bollsh, sare." "Right; step alongside o' Yewseppy.

"Next man?"

"Wilhelm Zwillanguzi."

"German?"

"Ja." "Very good; over you go. Next?" "Manoel Oliveria. I Portuguese sea

man, senhor." "Step over there, Manniwel. Next?"

"John Thompson, sir." "What?"

"John Thompson, sir."

"What in th-thunder-what thewhat nationality?" screamed the horrified shipmaster.

"English, sir," replied the man, For a full half minute the unhappy skipper stood speechless, his countenance turning from purple to orange and from orange to gray, and then, with a gurgling gasp of "English, by gum!" he tottered, staggered and fell prone upon the ground.-Liverpool heart says so."

Safe on the Cinder Path.

There are parts of Kentucky where some of the mountaineers have never seen a locomotive. One of these mountaineers who drifted into civilization encountered a railroad train, and took say, tell me. When shall I be cato flight down the track.

The engineer stopped the train and captured what he supposed was a crazy man. Finding him sane, though breathless, the engineer in anger asked him why he did not get off the

"Get off the track!" roared the mountaineer. "If I'd ever took to ly. plowed land the thing would have caught me for sure."

Her Only Chance.

She-I am surprised at Edith. She was in love with that fellow long enough to know better ... an marry He-Yes, but too long to do any bet-

ter.—Town Topics. There is not a single qualified practicing dentist in the English protector-

ates of East Africa and Uganda.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE

Tis autumn-and off together, Over the hills and away, We go in golden weather, My lady and I, to-day.

And sit on the hillside sunny Where the purple grapes hang low and watch the clouds a floating by And their shadows come and go.

We hear the clear pipe of autumn-The call of the hiding quali-And see the flash of gold as he flies Over the old fence rail.

My lady's face is dreamy, And her thoughts seem far away, As she twines the leaves for a garland, To trim her hat to-day.

"Of what are you thinking?" I ask her, And she lifts her eyes so brown; was wondering," she said-the mischiert

"Will the new hatbrims turn up or down? -Millinery Trade Review.

PALMISTRY.

LONE James did it. I have told him since that I owe him a debt of gratitude which I never, never can repay. His reply, that he would rather I owed him something which I could repay, touched me deeply, but had no other immediate result.

I must give you his name in full: James Arthur Brocklebank. Perhaps some day will find me teaching my children to lisp that dear name at their mother's knee. This is what they do in novels, though I should not think "Brocklebank" allows of much scope for lisping. Still, there it is.

It was at a fancy bazaar. Most of us at the hall were helping in some what are those things that ladies buy? -while her daughters had sweet and seent and tobacco stalls, and so forth I thought at first that I was the only unemployed one until James strolled

"Hello," he said; "you're doing nothing."

"I wanted to help." I exclaimed. My idea was to keep a tobacconist's stall, and then one could smoke cigaretes all the time. The assistants in shops always do that to advertise their goods."

"O! And I suppose assistants in sweet shops eat sweets all the time?" "Of course,"

"Have you ever thought," said James, reflectively, "what a tired time the right-hand man of a butcher must

"Look here." I said, "did you come "No: I want you to have your for-

tune told. There's a paimist here." "But I haven't a fortune."

"You don't want one, Half a rown's enough." I went with him under protest, It

teller.

"Where is she?" I asked impatient-"The other side of the curtain," said

James; "but you mustn't go in. You put your hand through there, and she is on the other side. Of course, if she saw you, it would spoil everything."

"Who is It?" "Never mind."

I put my hand through. Some one took it, and it seemed as though she were going over the lines of my palm with a pencil.

"You are quick-tempered, slowminded, thin-skinned-

"Fat-headed go on!" I said bitterly. "Just you wait till I see you." "I'm awfully sorry," said the voice. "I don't think I have the right hand." "Of course you haven't. It's the

"Yes, that's right. Oh, I see! I was looking at it upside down. You are modest, clever, athletic and of an artistic temperament."

James laughed unkindly.

"Did you laugh?" asked a voice, "Certainly not?" I replied. wouldn't think of such a thing. But you are only saying things I know already. Won't you tell me my future?" "You will be married within a

year." I gasped.

"Did you gasp?" asked a voice, "That was the impression I intended to convey. But are you sure?"

"Quite, quite sure. The line of the "Heart lines, old chap!" said Jim. nudging me.

"What dld you say?" asked the "Nothing," I answered. "What you

heard was a hitherto honored and respected friend being kicked. But I gaged?" "Before the end of the week."

"Hi! Jim, quick!" I shricked, What's the day now?" "The thirteenth," said Jim. I shot a glance of scorn and loath-

ing at him. "Sorry, old man," he said, hurried-"It's Saturday." "Why-good Lord-then I shall get

"Why not?" asked Jim. "Why not? O, you idiot! ! She's not even in the house. She's in London."

engaged to-night!"

"Who is?" "Who?-why-O, nobody. You see what I mean. There's nobody in the house that-"It's no good," said James with a

"You've given yourself away." I turned back to the curtain.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, STATESMAN.



In the death of George Frisbie Hoar, of Masanchusetts, the United States Senate loses one of its most honored and influential members and the country a statesman of a type which is growing rare. It has been said that the chiefest of a nation's liars is he who writes the epitaphs of a nation's dead; yet the work of the man who chisels "Statesman" on the monument of George Frisble Hoar is as ruggedly honest as is the enduring stone,

Senator Hoar was one of the few surviving representatives of the "old school" which dominated in public affairs before the era of so-called commercialism set its seal upon American politics. Like Webster and Clay and Sumner, of ante-bellum days, and like Trumbull and Morrill and Vest of the later period, Senator Hoar revered the Constitution and measured his Amerleanism by the Declaration of Rights. With him, as with them, politics was a sentiment in which "business" had no place.

Senator Hoar was splendidly equipped for his position as a leader among American statesmen. He was of scholarly tastes and inclinations. His general learning was vast and his familiarity with the details of national administrative work was extraordinary. While not an orator as the word is usually accepted, he had the eloquence that comes of sincere conviction and the capacity for intense feeling. He will be remembered not so much for these gifts, however, as for his determined devotion to principle, his high ideals and his absolute freedom from any sort of participation in the game of politics as played by the average politician. In this he has set a standard of disinterested patriotism which is altogether too rare.

on there, are you there, are you there, are you-

"I've finished, thank you," came the voice. "But are you quite sure about being

ngaged by the end of the week?" "Quite, quite sure," said the voice little shakily.

James and I went out. "Who is she?" I asked. "I didn't recognize the voice." "Oh, she'd take good care about

that." "Well, anyhow, it's impossible," We entered the refreshment tent and drank things. Jim tried to be facetious about my rapidly approachpoetry to me. Things about love and

"Did you make that up yourself?" said wearily. "It's very bad."

"Why, it's Shakspeare, man," he said indignantly. "O, I thought it was you." "I don't mind having it," he said.

Kindly observe the new Swan of Avon."

"Are swans such great drinkers, then? I didn't know. "You're in a nasty horrid temper,

and I shall leave you," said Brocklebank I watched him go through the door of the tent. Some one was coming up He went on and spoke to her. It was a lady. He came back with her and brought her up to me. Good Lord!

It was Kate! "He'il give you tea," said James. 'I must go. Good-by." He raised his hat and went off,

"It is impossible." I said. "Well, what's the matter?" asked Kate. "Aren't you glad to see me?" "Go away. You're in Loudon," "I've just this moment come. You

knew I was coming, didn't you?" "No, I've hardly seen any one, I've only just come myself. Why, what

"Never mind the train," said Kate, burriedly; "I want some tea." We had tea. All the time I was wondering if I dared "to put it to the touch, to win or lose it all." At last took out a penny and tossed it. If it turned tall, why then, so would I.

But if not-"Heads," said Kate.

"It is. That settles it. After all, who am I to blast the reputation of a respectable and, for aught I know, beautiful palmist?" "I don't know what you are talking

about," complained Kate. "Kate," I said, impressively, "it's written on my hand"-and I showed her my hand-"that I shall get cu-

gaged to-day." "Is that what they call shorthand?" "It's paimistry. The line of heart has done something exuberant," "Well, I hope she'll have you," said

Kate. "Do you think she will?" "You should ask her."

"I am," I said, and I took her hand. 'Dear, do you think she will?" "I don't know," said Kate, looking down, "Perhaps she might."

"Only perhaps? Kate, say you're sure she will." "Quite, quite sure," said a voice.

"Are you still there?" I asked. "Are She looked up at me with a smile, Then I began to understand.

"Kate!" I cried. "Isn't it a beautiful day?" said Kate,-Black and White,

SOME LIVELY BALLOONING

Aeronauts Caught in Menacing Thunder Pack with Active Lightning.

For the first mile while slowly risng, the balloon gigzagged between the lower currents, until at approximately 3,000 feet it encountered a main sweep of air, which at that height was following the course of the valley below. The horizon had been clear at starting and the impression was as we ng engagement. He even misquoted sailed along in the current that we should have a fair passage, some cloud, not yet apparent, in our wake could ride after us and overtake us at a higher level, where wind velocity is generally greater. Perhaps, therefore, we paid insufficient heed to a murky veil ahead of us, which began gathering and deepening and blotted out the view. We were soon enveloped in this gray curtain and thus its true appearance was lost to us; but at Newbury, our starting ground, a large crowd was watching us entering a vast and most menacing thunder pack, and was wondering why we did not come down.

The first real warning which we had of our predicament was a flash of lightning close on our quarter, answered by another on our other side, and almost before we could realize it we found we were in the very focus of a furious storm which was being borne on an upper wind, and a wild conflict was already raging around us. There was our own fast current carrying us westward; there was the storm cloud slightly above us hurrying to the east, and added to these there now descended a pitless down draught of ice cold air and hall. We were doubtless in a cloud which was discharging lightning over a wide area, each flash, however, issuing from the immediate vicinity of the balloon, and the idea formed on the writer's mind was that many flashes were level-that is, as if from one part of the cloud to another. Any that reached the ground must from our known positi m have been at least a mile long.

There was another idea forced upon the party, which was that they would be more comfortable and far safer eisewhere, and when suitable opportunity occurred a descent was made to earth.-Longman's Magazine.

Main Allegation True. Mrs. Gadabout-People are saying you called on Mra Verdigris the other

day and got a setback. Mrs. Upjohn-What a willful perversion of truth! I called on her and got a set of Dickens back that I'd lent her two years before.—Chicago Trib-

Don't Brag.

"Don' brag because you happens to be a little lucky," said Uncle Eben. "If de hen wouldn't cackle so loud about de egg she done laid de white folks wouldn' be so li'ble to rob de nes'."-Washington Star.

When it comes to calling people from their beds the fire bell double Something in the words struck me. discounts the church bell.