The Hair,

When dressed with **Ayer's Hair Vigor,** becomes soft, silken, and luxuriant.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all that I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles st., Haverhill, Mass.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft."—J. V. Bowen, Ed. *Enquirer*, McArthur, Ohio.

Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill., writes: "My hair was faded and dry, but after using half a bottle of

Dr. Ayer's

The Scalp

Is kept clean, cool, and healthy by the use of **Ayer's Hair Vigor.**

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor with marvelous success. It restores the original color to gray hair, promotes a fresh growth, and keeps it strong and healthy."—Mrs. J. Burton, Bangor, Me.

R. T. Schmittou, Dickson, Tenn., says: "My hair was all coming out, so bald was it, and I was fast becoming bald, but the celebrated Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

and now I have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for."

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

ATTENTION

To the various irregularities of Stomach and Bowels, by the use of a prompt remedy, may often save serious evils. One of **Ayer's Pills,** taken after dinner or at night, relieves Dyspepsia and Constipation.

Eben Knight, M. D., of Brimfield, Mass., says: "As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills have no superior. I use them freely in my practice."

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

MOTHERS

Of young children should never be without **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in the house. It has saved many lives.

"My children are liable to croup. Having lost my oldest girl by this disease, I was in constant fear for the others, until I found, to my great satisfaction, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral would cure it."—Mrs. Anna W. Wentworth, Northampton, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Fever and Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA

CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve the worst cases of croup, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now residing in this country, says the "Condition Powders for the Horse and Cattle Powders" sold everywhere are worthless trash. He says the "Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

IN GRANITE CANON.

She was a lean-limbed, long-faced New England school-ma'am, and had accumulated five hundred dollars. One day in her village home in Lincoln county, Maine, she took out her bank-book to look at the neat figures with wistful eyes. How many years of toil that five and two ciphers meant. Long, cold walks over the hills in chill, winter days, or reluctant lingering in spring and autumn mornings, when the forest world besought her to learn of its wonders and mysteries, to leave printed thoughts of dead men, to learn of a living world. Then, like the children, she hated the close schoolroom, the rustle of pages (when the air outside was full of the rustle of leaves) and the buzzing of human voices. Lately she could hear that buzzing in her long, wakeful nights; her sleeping hours were occupied with a ghost school. Gaunt and haggard, she would steal out in the gray morning to walk restlessly by the stone-walled road, and coming in to the meager breakfast she would see her brother and sister watching her with crafty eyes.

"If they could make me out crazy they'd get my money," she muttered, smoothing the pages of her bankbook—"the money that is my life-blood distilled drop by drop in ten long years."

The gruesomeness of the idea pleased her.

"I wonder," she went on disconsolately, as her faded eyes rested on the wooded road outside her window, "how much I would have had, had I not been cheated by men and relations. And how I hate men, for the world is open to them and shut to me. Thank Heaven, I never had a beau—that was spared me. I never had time" (with a bitter laugh). "Me the oldest, and six younger boys. Father, how mean and hard he was, and mother drudged herself to death, an unpaid servant, leaving me her toil. Then when it grew easier a bit by some of the boys getting married and going away, father marries a widow with three sons, and then I have no home, not any recompense for my long slavery. Then I went to work for myself at thirty, worn out in body and mind, and as I saved and scrimped, they, my brothers, borrowed of me, worked on my women's feeling until one day I saw myself. I looked backed on my lovless, hard-worked childhood that they had never brightened or helped; I remembered there indifference then, and I grew selfish. Thank Heaven, I have hardened my heart. It is not a woman's heart now, nor ever will be. The good in me is just ground out by the man idea—the man idea of the serfdom of women. Marry one of 'em! I'd jump off a precipice first. But there ain't" (with a lift of dry, New England humor) "any procession of 'em after me as I see."

She reached over and took up her sewing, with that thrifty idea of using every moment to advantage that sends half her sisterhood in that bleak land into early graves or asylums. She sewed on a brown gingham gown that, angular and limp, had a curious likeness to herself.

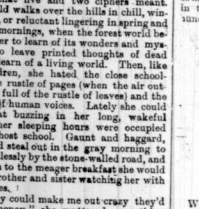
She heard the door slam, and saw her two nephews run down the road in boy's play, while her prim-faced little niece, with the tired walk of an old woman, strolled slowly up and down the yard, staggering under the weight of she two-year-old baby.

"You are in training," muttered the woman, grimly. "The only play that you know is keeping house and working, or hemming dusters—the first all you know, because it's what a little girl ought to play, and not mix with the boys; but it's mighty little time you have for play between the young ones and household tasks. You'll marry into a life-long servitude if consumption don't carry you off. It would be a mercy, I think. I believe your mother would be sure I was crazy if I was to say those strong, lazy boys ought to help your stooped little shoulders with their burdens."

Shortly afterward the rickety wagon of her brother went rumbling down the hill, he driving in morose silence, his wife holding the last baby and steadying a big basket of eggs. Then into the watcher's mind a queer idea stole. It would not be driven away; it wrapped itself in a golden haze of happiness and freedom; it whispered of the laughing trees, of rustling leaves, of slanting sunlight beams, of rollicking brooks, of long, long idle summer days, when just to lie and dream is content, of quiet nights when the buzzing was stilled, and peaceful memories of girlish hopes would come as sweet companions. It told of a country where a woman could find a home by her own toil, the land held by the Government for such as she beside the men who could earn it so easily.

With a half guilty air she reached over and drew a pamphlet out of a drawer and read it eagerly. There was a printed letter speaking of a town, Granite, in Colorado, near which there was still some land for homesteaders.

"I've been shut up in granite for forty years," she said to herself. "Somehow that name attracts me; it's as cold and as my life, and as eternal! Women like me in this country have lived to be nigh a hundred."



With sudden decision she folded her work, packed her trunk—a queer old brass-nailed belonging in her father's family for half a century; then in her best gown, tying her bonnet as she went, she crossed the fields Silas Stetson's farm. There he was, a bowed, stoop-shouldered old man, with bright blue eyes and frosty hair and beard. He was mending a stone wall, but stopped to look at her with a kindly smile.

"Wal, I declar', Huldy, it's you; hain't set eyes on ye this good while."

"I've been busy all vacation," she answered, absently; then she said suddenly: "You told me, Silas, that when Mandy died—and for weeks I'd stayed with her at nights, and she loved me—that if ever I asked you for help you'd give it to me; you'd do anything in the world for me."

"An' so I would, an' glad, too, Huldy," said the old man, thinking of his dear daughter, a sad consumptive, who had been this woman's dear friend. "I've wanted ye to come an' stop with us, but yer brother lowed it was your dooty to give your board money to the family."

"I am sick of duty," said Huldy, bitterly. "If you want to pay me back, hitch up and move my things to Bath. Don't ask me any questions; just do it."

"Sartin, I will, Huldy; an' you set with marm till I'm ready."

Little Mrs. Stetson welcomed her warmly, brought out doughnuts and cider, and then, learning she was going away, collected a bunch of herbs from the garret, and wrapped with them a new pair of Silas' socks to wear over her shoes in the winter.

"I hain't much to give, Huldy," said the dear old sole, "but my blessin' an' yarbs, but both is give free and lovin', your faithful daughter and sister."

"And little thanks I've ever got for it," said Huldy, grimly, as she pressed a frosty kiss on the wrinkled cheek.

The wagon was loaded with her belongings, when her eldest nephew came up to her, saying, with some asperity:

"He was goin' to tell pa."

"Do," said Huldy, "tell him I took all belonging to me, an' I'm never coming back. I guess I'm of an age to do as I please."

She softened a bit when the little sister came up with the unwieldly baby.

"You've begun your martyrdom, Clary," she said, laying her bony hand on the flaxen head; "but when you're growed, if I'm alive and prosperous, I'll do for you."

The cross-roads school-house never saw its teacher again, and as years went on, Huldah Barker's very name was forgotten, save among her kindred, who spoke of her bitterly, as one who had robbed them. Clary went early to her rest, buried in the hillside graveyard near the old Stetsons who had finished their long pilgrimage.

In Denver, a month after that strange elopement, one sunny day, a white-covered prairie schooner drawn by two lean mules came rolling down a dusty road. Its driver, a lank female, peered out under her sun-bonnet at a crowd of boys gathered about a yelping dog. With some show of thin limb in white cotton stocking, ending in a cloth gaiter, she abruptly descended and approached the crowd.

"What deviltry art you at?" she inquired, in the old schoolma'am tone of command, instantly recognized by a freckled boy, who said:

"Jim and Tom was fighting over a pup they'd found, and that the dog-catcher would give them ten cents for at the pound. They're both pulling on the rope round the dog," said the boy, soberly, "an' I cal'late there'll be a fight."

"There won't," said the newcomer, decidedly; and before the astonished combatants knew what ailed them, the dog had escaped, and they were being shaken till their teeth chattered in the grip of long, lean hands.

"Drat you," gasped Miss Huldah, "and all your kind that must be torturing something."

Just then a policeman came up, and the boys took to their heels.

"Where's your humane society?" asked Miss Huldah, climbing into her wagon.

"Dunno," answered the policeman. "Them by's was right; "thas pup hadn's no license."

"Where's yourn?" said Miss Huldah, with fine scorn. "You b'ain't no more right to tax dogs than to be taxed fur a license yourself. Bah!"

Granite, the end of Miss Huldah's pilgrimage, was forty miles from Denver, and with true womanly thoughtfulness, the halted her mules for the night, after twenty-five miles' journey.

As she sat by her camp-fire in the evening, a queer, angular silhouette against the sunset light, she saw something come limping along the road. It was a brown-setter dog, with a fine silky coat, now muddy and covered with fine dust. It came slowly, dragging a rope freighted with briars and weeds after him.

"Land of the living!" said Miss Huldah, huskily; "of it ain't that poor brute beast I rescued, a following me all the way from Denver, and I never saw it to take it in."

The dog lay down by her side, freely licking her hand. She fed it, and then and there, as both were "lone ones," adopted it, saying in apology for her kindness, "a dog's a sight of company."

At daylight she continued her journey, that ended that night in Granite canon, six miles from the town where she had bought out the claim of a discouraged homesteader.

It was intensely lonely in Granite canon. On either side high, rocky walls, covered with huge boulders, torn from the summit by earthquakes and frost, reached to the blue Coloradoesky. Attheir base ran the road to the mining camps up in the mountains, and by this a noisy stream that came from miles away, the dripping from eternal snow far above timber-line. But down the high rocky walls the sunlight slanted, and summer lingered long, nor winter ever grew fierce and cold.

Miss Huldah's homestead beyond the creek across from the road was a garden patch always. Her cabin took on an air of womanly neatness and thrift; there were little white ruffled curtains in her windows, and her fence was soldierly prim and precise her barns in repair and, as time went on, her cattle increased and her farm looked prosperous. A plump calf would claim attention from the stage passengers, or a fine heifer, or a flock of nice chickens, or the hives of bees, and the consequence was that Miss Huldah's butter and eggs brought the most extravagant prices.

She never built a bridge across the stream, but laid a plank, that, when her purchasers departed, she drew up in drawbridge style and for all purposes and poetry her abode became a moated grange, with a contented and plump Madiana. In the sunshine and peace of her life she gained gracious outlines of happy womanhood and a bloom that had never been given her weary youth.

She met with but one serious disappointment that gave her food for grim humor. She named the dog Don, in her innocence, but after the manner of her sex, the grateful animal proved her mistress with a litter of five fine pups. Don was immediately changed to Donna in consequence.

"After all," said Miss Huldah, "you couldn't help your nature, I suppose, and you's a sight of company."

Five years passed, and Miss Huldah prospered in her retreat. She rested after the burdens and heat of her day, looked with youthful yearning eyes on the sunsets behind the rocky walls, saw the leaves come and go on the trees, felt the quiver of springtide in the balmy air, drew in the inspiration of golden summer days, and grew close to the great heart of nature. But one morning the serpent entered Paradise. So quietly and darkly he came that only in the morning, when the sound of his hammer woke the echoes, she knew he was there. From her kitchen window she saw him build a ramshackle cabin beside the stage road, across her creek, and actually take up a residence on his claim.

"He may live and die there, for all of me," she would mutter angrily.

She saw he was an elderly man, thin and delicate, with stooping shoulders, and long gray hair and beard. He looked very poor and lonely, walking with a dejected air, that roused her sympathy. He never claimed her attention in any way, nor ever, as she could see, looked at her prosperous home with the faintest interest. He had no stock nor farming utensils, and Miss Huldah began to suspect he intended to sell liquor.

"Thank goodness," she said, "the creek ain't bridged, and it's deep enough in front of my house to drown any of his customers."

With her temperance leanings, the idea of a saloon was the greatest blow that could happen; but after a few days her fears were set at rest by seeing him start at early dawn up the mountain with pick and shovel. Then she knew he belonged to those treasure-hunters who were her best customers.

"But he won't buy of me," she said, wistfully, "for he looks as if he'd never struck a paying break in his whole life."

So a year passed, and never a word was spoken between the two neighbors. The stage brought neither of them news from the outside world though sometimes a passenger would give the hermit a newspapar or book. The proximity of the two was the source of endless jokes up in the camps, and Miss Huldah's customers used to styly suggest that the hermit had an eye on her property.

"I've had plenty of chances to support shiftless men since I came to this canon," Miss Huldah would say, grimly; "but I never was friendly to the man idea, and I come across here to get rid of the sight of 'em and it strikes me he s a mighty poor specimen of his kind at the best."

Another summer came, and the hermit climbed the mountain daily in his weary search. Miss Huldah studied him carefully noted his dejected return, and would mutter: "You n'ain't found it; you never will." Once in a while she would say, "Poor soul," and sternly rebuke herself for her womanly pity. She could not help seeing with her thrifty eye that his clothes needed mending, and that he looked starved and ill.

One day one of Donna's pups, in a spirit of depravity alike ungrateful and inexplicable, quitted its comfortable quarters, swam the creek, and took up its residence with the hermit. All night long Miss Huldah had mourned over her pet as having fallen a prey to the coyotes, but in the morning, with mingled rage and relief, she saw it gamboling across the creek by the side of the hermit.

"Man," called Miss Huldah, with awful sternness, "send back that dog you stole."

"I am very sorrow, madam," said the hermit, advancing to his side of the creek, "but the animal came of its own accord, showing very poor judgement, and will not be driven away. I hate to use brutality to her, for even the love of a dog touches me very much. I am so friendless."

They looked at each other across the creek for a full moment.

"You may keep the pup," said Miss Huldah.

"Thank you, madam."

"Not madam, miss," answered Miss Huldah, shortly, and departed.

"Like all her sex, starve for the sake of a man," Miss Huldah would say, watching her pet, seeing her grow lean and starved like her new master, but faithfully following him up the mountain or caressing him as he sat by his door.

One morning, when the hermit was on the mountain, Miss Huldah, with a guilty air, crossed her plank and looked in the window of the cabin. She saw only an earth floor, a heap of straw, covered with a blanket, and a kettle half filled with mush on the hearth. Nothing more—not a dish or chair.

"Of all she poverty," she muttered, striding in and looking about. "Eats with sticks, like a Chinee, I s'pose and nothing but that meal mush in the house." She went swiftly home, returning with a dozen eggs, some corned beef, and a pot of coffee. "I'll tell him it's for the dog," she said, to appease her conscience. This she did when he came to his side of the creek to thank her.

"I happened that way and see in the window as I passed," said Miss Huldah blushing. (Oh, Miss Huldah, to see in you had to stand on a log). "I come over to get you to do some chopping for me. I suppose you'd like to earn a little now and than."

He gratefully accepted, said he would take his pay in food, and for the first time crossed the moated grange. The stage-driver saw him there chopping wood, and chuckled softly to himself.

"I call'ated she'd gir him over," he muttered. "Like all winnmen kind."

The hermit took his pay in food, and Miss Huldah felt her charity had kept him from starvation. When he came to her door that fall to say good-by, she felt a curious sense of regret. All that winter, looking at his empty cabin, gave her a feeling of loneliness she never had before.

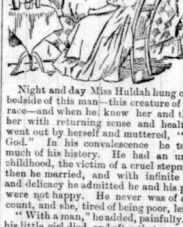
In the spring, when she saw him coming down the canon as pale and dejected as of yore, her heart beat faster and her eyes grew bright. She noted he had the dog still, and both looked as starved as they always had. He spoke to her across the creek, said he had been up to the camps all winter, had suffered some, and had not found the lode yet; that he thought perhaps he never would be had always been misfortunate.

In July she noted for three days he did not leave his cabin. While she debated whether it would not be a Christian act to go over, the dog came limping weakly out and plunged into the creek. When the dripping animal came up to her, looking with wistful eyes, something choked Miss Huldah s utterance.

"You've come for help for him, you poor, dumb creature," she said, and went swiftly across on her errand of mercy.

He was lying on his bed of straw, talking meaningless words, looking with vacant eyes into an unreal world. When the stage came some kindly miners helped her carry him to her house and put him in her bed.

"I thought you'd git him over, Miss Huldy," smiled the stage driver, but his eyes were misty. "We'll do what we can for him in the way of drugs."



Night and day Miss Huldah hung over the bedside of this man—this creature of a hated race—when he knew her and thanked her with returning sense and health, she went out by herself and muttered, "Thank God." In his convalescence he told her much of his history. He had an unhappy childhood, the victim of a cruel stepmother; then he married, and with infinite pathos and delicacy he admitted he and his partner were not happy. He never was of any account, and she, tired of being poor, left him.

"With a man," headded, painfully. Then his little girl died, and after that some years, his wife returned to him to die, and he forgave her and cared for her till the end. After that he just drifted.

Miss Huldah's eyes were dim as she listened, and curiously, as he finished her eyes fell on the newspaper in her lap, where one sentence riveted her attention. "Pity a skin to love."

"You poor, naturally-horned fool, Huldy Barker," she thought. "At your time of life too!"

In the morning the hermit said he must return to his home, and when she pressed him to remain until he was quite well, in pitiful confusion he admitted the miners were talking funny about his staying in her house.

"You are the noblest woman I ever knew," he stammered, "and not through a poor wretch like me must talk come to hurt you."

"I s'pose they say we oughter be married," said Miss Huldah, blushing.

"Yes, and if I were a better man; if I had prospects—"

"H'm," smiled Miss Huldah, a light in her eyes a curious trembling on her lips, "I—I guess they're about right. Surely we're old enough to know our own minds."

"Told ye, Miss Huldy," grinned the stage-driver, as he drove this singular pair down to Granite, to the preacher's, where he said he would give the bride away. "I told ye you'd git him over—knowed it for sartin. How about the man idee now?"—Patience Stapleton in Once a Week.

FOUND IN AN EYE.

Mon. Theodore, Chef de Surete, sat in his cabinet deeply perplexed. His two elbows on his desk, his head on his hands, he was musing.

"And was it going to last, this, which had been going on for so long a while? And these assassins, were they going to end by beating him? Were they going to compel him, by adverse public opinion, to send in his resignation?

"Parbleu! it looked so, and if they did it on purpose, passing the word from one to another to force him to get out of their way. Eight assassinations, one after another! Crimes of the worst caliber with horrifying details, which peopled alike with horrifying visions the sleep of the bureaucrat and the concierge! And not an assassin, for all their skillful work, had they been able to lay their hands upon! They had died, every man of them; they had disappeared, vanished—piff, like a puff of air. Clearly, dispatch, their motto, and to go without leaving an address behind them! Frankly, it had begun to pass the bounds of all reason."

"And now, to top off these eight other crimes, there was still another one, a ninth one, a murder, like the others, accomplished the evening before, under similar conditions, a femme-galate with her throat cut, five thousand francs' worth of jewels gone, and—not a trace of the assassins!"

Despite his robust philosophy, that had long been the admiration and emulation of his century, M. Theodore felt himself drifting into melancholy reflection not unmixed with anger.

"Nine murders, one after the other: nine crimes without an author; nonsense! impossible!" The Chef de Surete pulled himself together, threw back his head like a war-horse sniffing battle and—the door opened.

It was his secretary who presented himself, bearing a card in his fingers.

"A gentleman, monsieur, who insists upon seeing you. He declares"—and the Secretary smiled a little at the absurdity of the claim—"he declares himself in a position to furnish you with definite particulars regarding the crime of yesterday."

"Ah, the crime of yesterday!" the Chief turned quickly; "then bid him enter," said he, and while the Secretary regained the ante-room to do his bidding Mon. Theodore cast his eye upon the card before him.

"Frederick Bouscal!" he read in a half voice. "Bouscal, Bouscal: it seems to me that I know that name—that I've heard it somewhere."

He scrawled a line upon a scrap of paper, handed it to his Secretary, who returned at the moment ushering in the visitor who had asked to see him, dismissed him with a word, and was ready for the matter in hand.

Mon. Theodore raised his eyes. Before him was a man simply but neatly clothed and with a frank and honest countenance, though veiled, as by a cloud, with sadness. The eyes were clear and open, the mustache and goatee gray and pointed: in short, there was something in his manner, something in his whole appearance, of a militaire "in retreat."

"You have particulars to give me, have you not, Monsieur?" questioned the Chef de Surete; "particulars, I believe, of the crime of yesterday?"

"I hope so, Monsieur," simply responded the visitor.

"Ah, hope so! You are not then sure?"

"It rests with you, Mon. le Chef, whether I am sure or not. All depends, in fact, upon an operation the means of which you alone are able to furnish me."

"Explain, if you please."

"Certainly, and at once, though doubtless you have heard it spoken of, Mon. le Chef, a certain scientific procedure which permits under certain conditions, better even than description could do, a reconstitution of the portrait of an assassin. Briefly, behold my meaning. You know, of course," he continued, "that in the phenomenon called vision the object which we see throws or forms upon a screen in the eyeball itself, in plain words, upon the retina of the eye, an image which remains there until displaced by another. It has been proved also that this image persists even after death. You recognize, therefore, that if a person murdered has been struck from the front, and in a light sufficiently distinct for him to see, the last thing upon which his eyes would be fixed would in all probability be the face or form of the murderer. Naturally the image of that face or figure would be thrown upon the retina of the eye where—and this is what I came to say—it is not only possible to refind it, but also possible to reproduce it. Ah, well, monsieur, in the case which occupies us—"

The door of the cabinet opened anew, and the Secretary of Mon. Theodore re-entered, holding in his hand a roll of papers that he laid before his chief, then turned and was gone again as quietly as he had come. Mon. Theodore lifted it and ran his eye over the contents.

"You are named Frederick Bouscal, are you not, monsieur?" he demanded presently, addressing his visitor.

"Yes, Mon. le Chef. Frederick Bouscal."

"——your age?"

"Fifty-eight years, Mon. le Chef."

"Hum-m-m!" Mon. Theodore rapidly twirled the sheets beside him: "Seventy-seven years!" he murmured, as if thinking aloud. "So, it was not you then, who was imprisoned two years ago and condemned for contumacy and the theft of a thousand florins?"

A sudden flush empurpled the countenance of the visitor.

"No, monsieur," he responded with effort, in a dull voice; "no, it was not I—it was my son."

"An employe of the Credit-Agricole, was he not? And—you are ignorant of what has become of him?"

"Absolutely. It is fifteen months that his mother and I have been without news of him. That child, Mon. le Chef, that child has been our sorrow and our shame. He has broken our hearts, dishonored our name—"

His voice was choked; he was silent, unable evidently to go on.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the Chef de Surete, "I never reopened a painful wound, but—I listen to you—you were saying?"

The man passed his hand across his brow and eyes to clear his vision; then resumed.

I was saying Mon. le Chef, that in the case which occupies us now, the reconstitution of the assassin's portrait should be entirely possible. The victim was struck in the face; the direction of the blow, the form of the wound indicates it plainly. More than this, it must have been light enough to see the murderer, and with sufficient clearness to have stamped his likeness upon the retinal screen; for the papers assert that even in death her eyes were fixed in a wide and frightened stare. Thus, monsieur, we find ourselves in the presence of a half certainty; it is probable, if not sure, that the eye of the corpse lying now upon the slab of the Morgue contains the exact reproduction of of the features of the one you seek. With your permission, I will draw it from them—"

"Draw it—but how?"

"By photography—it is my business, Mon. le Chef. And this matter, this subject I spoke of, I have studied it long and almost with passion, for I hold it to be, in case of success, one of the most useful and beautiful applications of modern science. I know it can be done; I have myself experimented, and in one instance have reproduced the lineaments of the physician who had leaned above the bed of the dying.

The man spoke with animation, and while speaking his voice vibrated, his eyes burned, his whole countenance was illuminated, irradiated with the light of a legitimate pride, Mon. Theodore regarded him, visibly moved himself by this ardent conviction.

"And you conclude?" he questioned, after a moment's thought.

"I conclude—but authorize me to attempt the experiment on the woman assassinated yesterday, and I will tell you what I conclude. If I succeed it will be for us, my wife and me, a little glory, and also a little money—a ray of hope in our misery; if I fail—well, no matter—we are used to misfortune. A deception, more or less, need not be counted." In any event, Mon. le Chef, you lose nothing in the adventure, but the chance of an unhoped-for success."

"Then, so be it, monsieur," agreed the Chef de Surete. Take your instruments to the Morgue to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. I will see that the clerk is instructed. Later on I shall myself be there. I have the honor, monsieur, to wish you good morning."

In the obscure nook at the Morgue where he had inclosed himself in accordance with the arrangements made at the office of the Surete, Frederick Bouscal, his body bent, his face drawn, watched anxiously the result of his last washing. The plate was there before him in his bath of quicksilver, into which he had dropped it a while ago with such fear and infinite precautions.

Sensitivities! Vitalities! At least it should be, and if the conditions of the crime were such as he supposed them, and the victim before dying had really seen her murderer's face, the portraits of the assassin would be there under that bed of galatine on trains to melt away.

His throat closed as by a grip of iron, the operator held himself immovable, hearing only with painful distinctiveness the gurgle of the water as it dripped upon the faces of the dead in the adjoining chamber, the plunges of his blood as it throbbed and hammered through the arteries of his heart.

And at last the moment came—the moment that was to reveal to him all or nothing. He rose, that poor, trembling photographer, rose, I say, took it carefully by its dripping edges, that plate upon which his fate was hanging, half closed his eyes, held it to the single ray of light that filtered through the yellow sash—to stagger back with a groan of anguish, to let it crash into a thousand pieces!

"His son! Great God! The face of the murderer, the face of his son!"

Five minutes later, when Frederick Bouscal, the photographer, came from his nook and the Chef de Surete, awaiting him with impatience, hurried to meet him, he saw immediately by the pallor of his face, by his somber eyes, that he had nothing good to announce to him.

"Well?" said he, "nothing?"

"No," responded Bouscal, "nothing."

"Allons! no matter; try it a second time; do it over again."

"Impossible! the transparency of the cornea is destroyed. I wished to wash it, and I burned it through a mistake in the vials. I salute you, Mon. le Chef! and Frederick Bouscal turned away.

The next morning the Commissionaire of the Quarter of Ternes, forwarding to the Prefecture his annual report, headed it with the following item:

"To-day, at ten o'clock, summons to 109 Rue Laugiere. A call from the concierge, suspicions of charcoal fumes from the room of the Bouscals, man and wife, his locataires. The door by my order, was forced. Too late—they were dead, both of them, side by side upon the bed, a brazier of lighted charcoal plainly indicating the manner of their death. A double suicide—poverty the cause.

From — Commissionaire, Quarter of Ternes, third month, 16th day 188 4.

"Bah! these inventors!" murmured Mon. Theodore, as his secretary concluded the reading. "they are all alike, stupid and rash! though I too, on this occasion have naught to boast of. But how the devil," he added, as the memory of that pale, sad face rose up before him, "how the devil could I think of suicide for a cause as trifling as this?"

"A cause as trifling as this?"

Ah, my worthy Chef de Surete, it is not everything that is known in that Province of thine!

Too Confidential by Half.

Mr. Brown's Fiance—Tell Mr. Brown that the flowers were far too expensive for me.

Mr. Brown's Man—Oh, they're nothing. You ought to see the big bouquets that come to the house. I heard master say only yesterday: "It'll be time enough to pay for them after the wedding."—Fliegende Blatter.

Pianos! Organs!

THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

— Sole Agent for Great House —

"Chickering and Knabe,"

And other Leading American and Canadian Pianos.

Sole Agent for Nova Scotia for the Famous

"BELL" AND DOMINION ORGANS.

Don't fail to write or call for prices

W. H. JOHNSON,

121 & 123 HOLLIS STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S

BRANCH:

McKay's New Building, Inglis Street, Truro, N.S

December 4, '88.

PIC-NICS!

To Clergymen, Temperance Societies, and Managers of Picnics, Church Fairs Tea Meetings, etc,

J. E. BIGELOW & CO.,

Who for the past eleven years have supplied the majority of successful picnics with their celebrated temperance drinks and pure fruit syrups, would call the attention of those interested in the management of Picnics, Church Fairs, Tea Meetings, etc., that they are prepared to supply for the season of 1889:—

Ginger Ale,	Pure Fruit Syrups,
Champagne Cider,	Strawberry,
Lemon Soda,	Lemon,
Cream Soda,	Vanilla,
Sarsaparilla,	Lime Juice,
Grape Soda.	Pine Apple,
Imperial Nectar.	etc., etc., etc.

AND OTHER TEMPERATE DRINKS.

One of the largest and best selected stock of CIGARS in this Province, at factory prices.

Call or write us for prices before ordering elsewhere, and save money.

J. E. BIGELOW & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS.

HAVELOCK STREET, TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA

May 27th. Telephone Call, 80.

GOOD ADVICE!

THE SUBSCRIBER, while thanking the public for the liberal patronage they have bestowed on him in the past, would respectfully announce that he is better prepared than ever to give satisfaction to all who may require

PHOTOGRAPHS!

From the many styles of pictures he displays all can find something adopted to their wishes. The many flattering testimonials constantly received from all parts of the Province, give him increased confidence in asking a visit from any one requiring pictures of any kind. Proofs are always shown, from all negatives, and if not satisfactory a re-sitting can be had without additional charge.

Prices are as low as good work permits; and a comparison of photographs from this Studios with any other, home or imported photographs, is invited.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHILDREN A SPECIALTA.

Students of the Normal School are entitled to a LARGE DISCOUNT, and are requested ask for it.

Tintypes are made with the same care and elegant scenery as photographs, and parties residing within reasonable distance of Truro are advised to come to Truro in preference to being glued up against a bare wall by some travelling saloonatic.

CHARLES A. McLENNAN,

PEARSON'S BUILDING, - - - - - INGLIS STREET.

Nov. 18, '7

PROTECT YOUR HOMES!

MARLIN DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVER.

A GOOD REVOLVER no longer costs a Fortune

These revolvers are an exact duplicate of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON. .38 Caliber, using Centre-Fire Cartridges.

For sale by Hardware and Gun Dealers everywhere.

Manufactured by THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

MARLIN Magazine Rifle.

For large or small game, all sizes. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed, and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market.

BALLARD GALLERY, SPORTING AND TARGET RIFLES, world renowned. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

IDEAL RELOADING TOOLS

WILL SAVE ONE-HALF THE COST OF AMMUNITION.

Made for all sizes of Cartridges which are used in any of the following Rifles or Pistols: Marlin, Colt's, Winchester, Ballard, Stevens, Remington, Wallingford-Kennedy, Smith & Wesson; also for all gauges and makes of

SHOT GUN SHELLS, PAPER AND BRASS.

Cheaper and better than any other. Send for Price List of these tools to

Ideal Manufacturing Company,

Box 1064 O. New Haven, Conn.

C ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA