

"Turn to the Right."

"But better board, mademoiselle!" I answered gaily. Like most of the men of my province, I am commonly mal-ancholic, but I have the habit of growing witty at such times as these. "Now, Mr. Fresnoy, I continued, "I am waiting your convenience. Must I put on my cloak to keep myself warm?"

He answered by a curse, and stood looking at me irresolutely. "If you will come down," he said.

"Send your man away and I will come," I answered briskly. "There is space on the landing, and a moderate light. But I must be quick. Mademoiselle and I are due elsewhere, and we are late already."

Still he hesitated. Still he looked at the man lying at his feet—who had stretched himself out and passed, quietly enough a minute before—and stood dubious, the most pitiable picture of cowardice and malice—the being ordinarily a stout man—I ever saw. I called him poltroon and white-feather, and considering whether I had not better go down to him, seeing that our time must be up, and Simon would be quitting his post, when a cry behind me caused me to turn, and I saw that mademoiselle was no longer looking through the opening in the door.

Alarmed on her behalf, as I reflected that there might be other accomplices in the room, and the men have other accomplices in the house, I sprang to the door to see, but had barely time to send a single glance round the interior—which showed me only that the room was still occupied—before Fresnoy, taking advantage of my movement and of my back being turned, dashed up the stairs, with his comrade at his heels, and succeeded in penning me into the narrow passage where I stood.

I had scarcely time, indeed, to turn and put myself on guard before he thrust at me. Nor was that all. The superiority in position no longer lay with me. I found myself fighting between walls close to the opening in the door, through which the light fell, and my eyes, baffling and perplexing me. Fresnoy was not slow to see the aid this gave him, and pressed me hard and desperately so that we played for a full minute at close quarters, thrusting and parrying, neither of us having room to use the edge, or time to utter word or prayer.

At this game we were so evenly matched that for a time the odds seemed to tell against me. Presently, however, there came a change. My opponent's habit of wild living suited ill with a prolonged bout, and as his strength and breath failed and he began to give ground I discerned I had only to wear him out to have him at my mercy. He felt this himself, and even by that light I saw the sweat spring in great drops to his forehead, saw the terror grow in his eyes. Already I was vanquishing him a dead man and the victory mine, when something flashed behind his blade, and his comrade's point, whizzing past his shoulder, struck me fairly on the chin, staggering me and hurling me back dizzy and half-stunned, uncertain what had happened to me.

Sped an inch lower it would have done its work and finished mine. Even as it was, my hand going up as I reeled back gave Fresnoy an opening, of which he was not slow to avail himself. He sprang forward lunging at me furiously, and would have run me through there and then, and ended the matter, had not his foot, as he advanced, caught in the stool, which still lay against the wall. He stumbled, his point missed my hip by a hair's breadth, and he himself fell all his length on the floor, his rapier breaking off short at the hilt.

His one remaining backer stayed to cast a look at him, and that was all. The man fled, and I chased him as far as the head of the stairs; where I left him, assured by the speed and agility which he displayed in clearing flight after flight that I had nothing to fear from him. Fresnoy lay apparently stunned, and completely at my mercy. I stood an instant looking down at him in two minds whether I should not run him through. But the men of old days, when he had played his part in a number of able fashion and shown a coarse good-fellowship in the field, held my hand, and flinging a curse at him, I turned in anxious haste to the door, the center of all this bloodshed and commotion. The light still shone through the breach in the panel, but for some minutes—since Fresnoy's rush up the stairs, indeed—I had heard no sound from this quarter. Now, looking in with apprehensions which grew with the continuing silence, I learned the room was empty!

Such a disappointment in the moment of triumph was hard to bear. I saw myself, after all done and said, and the prospect of being again outwitted, distanced, it might be foiled. In frantic haste and excitement I snatched up the stool beside me, and dashing it twice against the lock, forced it at last to yield. The door swung open, and I rushed into the room, which, abandoned by those who had so lately occupied it, presented nothing to detain me. I cast a single glance round, saw that it was empty, low-ceilinged, unfurnished, a mere prison; then swiftly crossing the door, I made for a door at the other end, which my eye had marked from the first. A candle stood flaring and guttering on a stool, and as I passed I took it up.

Somewhat to my surprise the door yielded to my touch. In trembling haste for what might not befall the women while I fumbled with doors or wandered in passages—I flung it wide, and passing through it, found myself at the head of a narrow, mean staircase, leading, doubtless, to the servants' offices. At this, and seeing no hindrance before me, I took heart of grace, reflecting that mademoiselle might have escaped from the house this way. Though it would not be too late to quit the city, I might still overtake her, and all end well. Accordingly I hurried down the stairs, shading my candle as I went from a cold draught of air which met me and grew stronger as I descended, until reaching the bottom at last, I came abruptly upon an open door, and an old, wrinkled, shriveled woman.

The hag screamed at sight of me, and crouched down on the floor; and doubtless, with my drawn sword, and the blood dripping from my chin and staining all the front of my doublet, I looked fierce and unamiable enough. But I felt it was no time for sensibility—I was panting to be away—and I demanded of her sternly where they were. She seemed to have lost her voice through fear perhaps—and for answer only stared at me stupidly; but on my handling my weapon with some readiness she so far recovered her senses as to utter two loud screams, one after the other, and point to the door beside her. I doubted her; and yet I thought in her terror she must be telling the truth, the more as I saw no other door. In any case I must risk it, so setting the candle down on the step beside her, I passed out.

For a moment the darkness was so intense that I felt my way with my sword before me, in absolute ignorance where I was or on what my foot might next rest. I was at

the mercy of anyone who chanced to be lying in wait for me; and I shivered as the cold damp wind struck my cheek and stirred my hair. But by-and-by, when I had taken two or three steps, my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, and I made out the naked boughs of trees between the sky and myself, and guessed that I was in a garden. My left hand, touching a shrub, confirmed me in this belief, and in another moment I distinguished something like the outline of a path stretching away before me. Following it rapidly—as rapidly as I dared—I came to a corner, as it seemed to me, turned it blindly, and stopped short, peering into a curtain of solid blackness which barred my path, and overhead mingled confusedly with the dark shapes of trees. But this, too, after a brief hesitation, I made out to be a wall. Advancing to it with outstretched hands, I felt the woodwork of a door, and, groping about, lit presently on a loop of cord. I pulled at this, the door yielded, and I went out.

I found myself in a narrow, dark lane, and looking up and down discovered, what I might have guessed before, that it was the Rue de l'Arce. But mademoiselle? Franchette? Simon? Where were they? No one was to be seen. Tormented by doubts, I lifted up my voice and called on them in turn; first on mademoiselle, then on Simon Fleix. In vain; I got no answer. High up above me I saw a light, and I started, a little, thinking moving in the house I had left; and the suspicion that after all, the enemy had foiled me grew upon me. Somehow they had decoyed mademoiselle to another part of the house, and then the old woman had misled me!

(To be Continued.)

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Emperor William has all his plain clothes made in London.

A Wonderful Cure.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. About a year ago I took a very severe cold, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using three bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know." 3

A French savant declares that fishes can talk.

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Burdock Blood Bitters cure Constipation.

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Burdock Blood Bitters unblock all the clogged secretions of the bowels, thus curing headaches and similar complaints.

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THEY RUN BY THREES.

When an Accident Occurs on a Railroad Look Out for Two Successive Ones.

(New York Sun)

"It has long passed out of the realm of superstition and become a fixed fact with railroad men, said an old conductor, 'that one accident on the rail, no matter how unusual or unheard of the cause, will be followed by two others within a few days from the same cause. I have taken note of this dozens of times and never knew it to fail.'

"There is no cause of railroad accidents so rare as that of rocks rolling on the track from hills or high banks bordering it. The Sun has already printed the story of the enormous boulder that left its place on the mountain Tuesday morning of last week and bore down upon the Erie Railway near Stockport, resulting in a badly damaged track and the wrecking of 32 loaded freight cars. I keep a record of queer railroad accidents, and not once in five years had I heard of one being caused by falling rocks. When I heard of this one I said:

'Now I'll watch for the other two.' 'I knew they would come. The following Thursday, at Walnut Bend, Pa., on the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad, the first one of the two came, and a disastrous one it was. A freight train, in which there were three loaded oil tank cars, was running south at a good rate of speed, when, as the locomotive went round a curve, the engineer saw a big rock that had rolled down from the east bank and covered both rails. The river was on the west side. It was impossible to stop the train. The engine struck the rock and was hurled down the bank. Fourteen cars, including the three oil cars, followed it. These caught fire. The engineer and the head brakeman, who happened to be in the cab, were thrown into the river, which was very high. The burning oil ran from the cars on to the surface of the water, and in a few seconds the flood was sweeping roaring flames down the stream. The engineer and the brakeman were carried down by the swift current, but, being good swimmers, managed to reach the shore before the flood of leaping fire bore down upon them. The fourteen derailed cars quickly caught fire, and the crew of the train had to climb to the hills to save themselves. Fireman Martin was the only one who did not escape. He was thrown from the car into the river with the engine and brakeman and was drowned.

"Saturday brought the third of these accidents. This one was on the Northern Central Railway, near Reistown, Pa. A big rock fell from an overhanging cliff and covered the track. Passenger train No. 16 was the first train that came along to discover the obstruction. Fortunately the engineer saw the rock in time to get his train pretty well under control, and no one was seriously hurt. The engine and one car were badly smashed, though, and travel was stopped for a long time. "I'm expecting any more accidents of this kind now. The three have come. It will probably be years before I have another one to record, and then I will have three again, just as sure as rocks are rocks."

"I pray you, Master Lieutenant," said Sir Thomas More, as he ascended the scaffold, "see me safe up, and for my coming down I can shift for myself." "A dauntless soul, erect, who smiled at death," said Thompson. He suffered martyrdom but once at the hand of the headsman, but how many suffer it every day through the slow but insidious hand of disease. He put his faith in prices and was lost. Put yours, oh suffering female, in the curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and be saved from hours of suffering. It cures every form of woman's weakness strengthens the pelvic organs, and forever checks those "beauty destroying" disease, so common to your sex.

The china cups and the cut-glass tumblers go the way of all fragile things, but the one breakable thing that Bridget never smashes, and you long to smash for her is her own mind.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and does not excite, relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

There is no row in the commonwealth procession, though there is a good deal of falling out.

A bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhea, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure and get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

When a man has his head chopped off it seems natural that his countenance should fall.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

One swallow does not make a summer, but it often takes the overcoat off a man's back.

You Needn't

Look

immediately

for the dam-

age that dan-

gerous wash-

ing com-

pounds do.

It's there, and

it's going on all the

time, but you won't

see its effects, prob-

ably, for several

months. It wouldn't do, you

know, to have them too dan-

gerous. The best way is to

take no risk. You needn't

worry about damage to your

clothes, if you keep to the origi-

nal washing compound—

Pearline; first made and fully

proved. What can you gain by

using the imitations of it?

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prices, or whatever may be

urged for them, wouldn't pay

you for one ruined garment.

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