MANHO



RICH BUT WEAK Don't sell your health. Don't frit-

ter away your strength. It is better

Necessary to a Happy Life



to live upon a crust and be a perfect man physically and mentally that to POOR BUT STRONG ss wealth without strength to enjoy it. Any man who is weak from youthful errors or later excesses has my compassion, because he has much to regret in the folly of his past days. Parents are largely to blame for the alarming extent of this great vice. A father should make it his duty before all else to take his boy in hand just at that tender age when na ture must be most assisted in her work of development. The man, young, middle-aged, or old, who suffers from Nervous Debility, Impotency, Lame Back, Losses, Varicocele, etc., allows his imagination to get the better of his good judgment. The trouble is, as a rule, he lets some "quack" scare him half to death, and then proceeds to fill his stomach with a lot of rank stimulating drugs, which not only do no good, but result only too often in a permanent injury. Reader, my advice is that you throw all such away, and if you follow my suggestions and take ordinary care of your general health, I promise to make you a sound, strong man, with new energy for business and pleasure. In the first place, I would want you to get my fa-

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a few simple little health rules, which I would get up for you according to your case and requirements. That is all. No drugs, and no further expense. Fcan give you with this simple remedy a strong, vigorous life, and such health as you have never known. My electric belt is a patented article, but there is no secret in what I use. Simply nature's own simple restorer-the pure galvanic current of electricity. The current as I apply it flows from a point over kidneys at small of back, through all the weakened glands and parts to the suspensory in front, giving almost immediate benefits. You wear it at night. It soothes, strengthens and cures you while you sleep. Drop in some day and consult me free of charge, or if you live too far send for free book, "Three Classes of Men," sent in plain scaled envelope. It explains all. Established 30 years.

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THE sames

ommitted the deed.
"You never saw the woman who vis-

ited Rovere?"
"Yes; the veiled lady, the woman in black, but I do not know her. No one knew her."
The story told by the portrees about the time when she surprised the stranger and Rovere with the papers in bis hand in front of the open safe made quite an impression on the examining magistrate. "Do you know the name of the visit-

"No, monsieur," the portress replied.
"But if you should see him again
would you recognize him?"
"Certainly. I see his face there be-

fore me."

She made haste to return to her home to that she might relate her impressions to her fellow gossips. The worthy couple left the court puffed up with self esteem because of the role which they esteem because of the role which they had been called upon to play. The obsequies were to be held the next day, and othe prospect of a dramatic day in which M. and Mme. Moniche would still play this important role created in them an agony which was almost joyous. The crowd around the house of this crime was always large. Some few passersby stopped—stopped before the stone facade behind which a murder had been committed. The reporters returned facade behind which a murder had been committed. The reporters returned again and again for news, and the couple, greedy for glory, could not open a paper without seeing their names printed in large letters. One journal had that morning even published an especial article, "Interviews With M. and Mme. Moniche." Mme. Moniche.

The crowd buzzed about the ledge like a swarm of files. M. Rovere's body had been brought back from the morge. The obsecules would naturally attract an enormous crowd, all the more as the mystery was still as deep as ever. Among his papers had been found a receipt for a tomb in the cemetery at Montmartre, bought by him about a year before. In another paper, not dated, were found directions as to how his funeral was to be conducted. M. Rovere, after having passed a wanderten life without the property of the state of the The crowd buzzed about the ledge his funeral was to be conducted. M. Rovere, after having passed a wandering life, wished to rest in his native country. But no other indications of his wishes, nothing about his relatives, had been found. It seemed as if he was a man without a family, without any place in society or any claim on any one to bury him. And this distressing itselection added to the morphic curiosity isolation added to the morbid curiosity which was attached to the house, now all draped in black, with the letter

all draped in black, with the letter "R" standing out in white against its silver escutcheon.

Who would be chief mourner? M. Bovere had appointed no one. He bad asked in that paper that a short not. I should be inserted in the paper giving the hour and date of the services and giving him the simple title ex-consul. "I hope," went on the writer, "to be taken to the cemetery quietly and followed by intimate friends, if any remain."

Intimate friends were scarce in that crowd, without doubt, but the dead man's wish could hardly be carried out. Those obsquies which he had wish-to be quiet became a sort of fete, full-real and noisy, where the thousands of

to be quiet became a sort of fete, full-real and noisy, where the thousands of people crowding the boulevard crushed each other in their desire to see, and pressed almost upon the draped funeral car which the neighbors had covered with flowers.

Everything is a spectacle for Pari-sians. The guardians of the peace strove to keep back the crowds; some gamins climbed into the branches of the frees. The bier had been placed at the foot of the staircase in the narrow corridor opening upon the street. Mme. Moniche had placed upon a table in the lodge some locse leaves, where Rovere's un-transfer the street with bis eyes wide open, studying the faces, searching the eyes, mingled with the crowd, looked at the file of people, crutinized, one by one, the signatures; Bernardet, in mourning, wearing black gloves, seem-ed more like an undertaker's assistant than a police spy. Once he found him-self directly in front of d more like an undertaker's assistant than a police spy. Once he found himself directly in front of the open door of the lodge and the table where the leaves lay covered with signatures. When in the half light of the corridor draped with black, where the bier lay, he saw a man of about 50, pale and very sad locking. He had arrived in his turn in the line at the table, where he signed his name. Mine. Moniche, clothed in black, with a white handkerchief in her hand, although she was not weeping, found herself side by side with Bernardet; in fact, their elbows touched. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the ed. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah!" She was evidently much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said:

"I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that

"I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that
Bernardet divined rather than heard
what she meant in that stifled cry. He
looked at her from the corner of his eye.
He saw that she was ghastle and again
she spoke in a low tone. "He, he whom
I saw with M. Rovere before the open
safe."

Bernardet gave the man one sweeping glance of the eye. He fairly pierced him through with his sharp look. The un-known, half bent over the table where-

on lay the papers, showed a wide fore-head, slightly bald, and a pointed beard, a little gray, which almost touched the white paper as he wrote his name. Suddenly the police officer experienced a strange sensation. It seemed to him that this face, the shape of the head, stip pointed beard, he had recently seen somewhere, and that this human silhouette recalled to him an image which he had recently studied. The perception of a possibility of a proof gave him a shock. This man who was there made him think suddenly of that phantom discernible in the photographs taken of the retina of the murdered man's eye.

"Who is that man?"

Bernárdet shivered with pleasurable

excitement and insisted upon his own esoftement and Insisted upon his own impression that this unknown strongly recalled the image obtained, and mentally he compared this living man, bending over the table, writing his name, with that specter which had appeared in the photograph. The contour was the same, not only of the face, but the beard. This man reminded one of a seigneur of the time of Henry III, and Bernardet found in that face something formidable. The man had signed his name. He raised his in that face something formidable. The man had signed his name. He raised his



She spoke in a low tone, "He, he whom is saw with M. Rovere." head, and his face, of a dull white, was

head, and his face, of a dull white, was turned full toward the police officer. Their looks crossed, keen on Bernardet's side, veiled in the unknown, but before the fixity of the officer's gaze the strange man dropped his head for a moment; then in his turn he fixed a piercing, al-most menacing, gaze on Bernardet. Then the latter slowly dropped his eyes and howed. The unknown went out

and bowed. The unknown went out quickly and was lost in the crowd before the house.

"It is he; it is he," repeated the portress, who trembled as if she had seen a ghost.

Scarcely had the unknown disappeared than the police officer took but two steps to reach the table, and, bending over it in his turn, he read the name written by that man:

"Jacques Dantin." "Jacques Dantin."
The name awakened no remembrance

The name awakened no remembrance in Bernardet's mind, and now it was a living problem that he had to solve.

"Tell no one that you have seen that man, "he hastily said to Mine. Moniche. "No one. Do you hear?" And he hurried out into the boulevard, picking his way through the crowd and watching out to find that Jacques Dantin, whom he wished to follow.

CHAPTER IX.

Jacques Dantin, moreover, was not difficult to find in the crowd. He stood to examine him at his case. He was an elegant locking man, slender, with a resolute air and frowning eyebrows, which gave his face a very eagregiblook. His head bared to the cold wind, he stood like a statue while the bearers. he stood like a statue while the bearers placed the casket in the funeral car, and Bernardet noticed the shaking of the head—a distressed shaking. The longer the police officer looked at him, studied him, the stronger grew the resemblance to the image in the photograph. Bernardet would soon know who this Jacques Dantin was, and even at this women't be asked a constituent two of ment he asked a question or two of some of the assistants

"Do you know who that gentleman is nding near the hearse?

"Do you know what Jacques Dantin does?. Was he one of M. Rovere's inti-mate friends?"
"Jacques Pantin?" "Yes. See, there, with the pointed

"I do not know him."

"I do not know him."

Bernardet thought that if he addressed the question to M. Dantin himself he might learn all he wished to know at once, and he approached him at the moment the procession started and walked along with him almost to the cemetery, striving to enter into conversation with him. He spoke of the dead man, sadly lamenting M. Rovere's saf fate, but he found his neighbor very silent. Upon the sidewalk of the boulevard the dense crowd stood in respectful silence and uncovered as the cortege passed, and the officer rediced that some loose petals from the flowers dropped upon the road-



way.

"There are a great many flowers," he remarked to his neighbor. "It is rather surprising, as M. Rovere seemed to have so few friends."

"He has had many," the man brusquely remarked. His voice was hoarse and quivered with emotion. Bernardet saw that he was strongly moved. Was it to itterness of spirit? Remorse perhaps. The man did not seem, moreover, in a very softened mood. He walked along with his eyes upon the funeral car, his head uncovered in spite of the cold, and seemed to be in deep thought. The police officer studied him from a corner of his eye. His wrinkled face was intelligent and bore an expression of weariness, but there was something hard about the set of the mouth and insolent in the turned up end of his mustache.

mouth and inscient in the terried up end of tis mustache.

As they approached the cemetery at Montmartre—the journey was not a long one in which to make conversation—Bernardet ventured a decisive question, "Did you know M. Rovere very very ""."

The other replied, "Very well." The other replied, "Very well."

"And whom do you think could have had any interest in this matter?" The question was brusque and cut like a knife. Jacques Dantin hesitated in his reply, looking keenly as they walked along at this little man with his smiling aspect, whose name he did not know and who had questioned him.

The Soudan is to have a new postage tamp, so stamp collectors state. The eason for the change is surious.

stamp, so stamp conceous state. The Egyptian postage stamp has a creacent as a water mark, but the watermark of the Soudanese stamp is a cross. And good Mahommedans object strongly to apply their tongue to mucilage that adheres to the sign of the cross. They want to live a creecent. So the present series of Soudanese postage stamps are, say the collectors, to be withdrawn, and those with a crescent water-mark substituted.

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