

"Turn to the Right."

Panoramic in the shadow of the house while a man might count ten, I impressed on my memory the position of the particular window which bore the knot; then I passed quickly into the street, which was still full of movement, and for a second, feeling myself safe from observation in the crowd, I stood looking at the front of the house. The door was shut. My heart sank as I saw this, for I had looked to find it still open.

The feeling, however, that I could not wait, though time might present more than one opportunity, spurred me on. What I could do I must do now, at once. The sense that this was my last chance, and that I saw nothing for it but to use the knocker and gain admission, by brand if I could, and if not, by force. Accordingly I stepped briskly across the kennel, and made for the entrance.

When I was within two paces of the steps, however, someone abruptly threw the door open and stepped out. The man did not notice me, and I stood quickly aside, hoping that at the last minute my chance had come. Two men, who had apparently attended this first person down stairs, stood respectfully behind him, holding lights. He paused a moment on the steps to adjust his cloak, with more than a little surprise I recognized my acquaintance of the morning, M. de Brühl.

I had scarcely time to identify him before he walked down the steps swinging his cane, brushed carelessly past me, and was gone. The two men looked after him awhile, shading their eyes from the wind, and one saying something, the other laughed coarsely. The next moment they threw the door to and went, as I saw by the passage of their light, into the room on the left of the hall.

Now was my time. I could have hoped for, prayed for, expected no better fortune than this. The door had rebounded slightly from the jamb, and stood open an inch or more. In a second I pushed it gently from me, slid into the hall, and closed it behind me.

The door of the room on the left was wide open, and the light which shone through the doorway—otherwise the hall was dark—as well as the voices of the two men I had seen, warned me to be careful. I stood, scarcely daring to breathe, and looked about me. There was no matting on the floor, no fire on the hearth. The hall felt cold, damp, and uninhabited. The state staircase rose in front of me, and presently bifurcating formed a gallery round the place. I looked up, and up, and far above me, in the dim heights of the second floor, I espied a faint light—perhaps the reflection of a light.

A movement in the room on my left warned me that I had no time to lose, if I meant to act. At any minute one of the men might come out and discover me. With the utmost care I stole on my journey. I stole across the stone floor of the hall easily and quietly enough, but I found the real difficulty began when I came to the stairs. They were of wood, and creaked and groaned under me to such an extent that, with each step I tried, I expected the alarm. Fortunately all went well until I reached the first corner—I chose, of course, the left-hand light—then a board jumped under my foot with a crack which sounded in the empty hall, and to my ears it seemed as if a pistol-shot. I was in two minds whether I should not on the instant make a rush for it, but happily I stood still. One of the men came out and listened, and I heard the other ask, with an oath, whether I was there. I leant against the wall, holding my breath.

"Only that wench in one of her tantrums!" the man who had come out answered, applying an epithet to her which I will not set down, but which I carried to his account in the event of our coming face to face presently. "She is quiet now. She may hammer and hammer, but—"

The rest I lost, as he passed through the doorway and went back to his place by the fire. But in the way his words were of advantage to me. I concluded that I need not be so very cautious now, seeing that they would set down anything they heard to the same cause; and I sped on more quickly. I had just gained the second floor, landing when a loud noise below the opening of the street door and the heavy tread of feet in the hall—brought me to a temporary standstill. I looked cautiously over the balustrade, and saw two men go across to the room on the left. One of them spoke a few words, entering, chiding the other knaves, I fancied, for leaving the door unbarred; and the tone, though not the words, echoing saliently up the staircase, struck a familiar chord in my memory. The voice was Fresnoy's!

CHAPTER X.

The certainty, which this sound gave me, that I was in the right house, and that it held also the villain to whom I owed all my misfortunes—for who but Fresnoy could have furnished the broken coin which had deceived mademoiselle?—had a singularly inspiring effect upon me. I felt every muscle in my body grow on the instant hard as steel, my eyes more keen, my ears sharper—all my senses more apt and vigorous. I stole off like a cat from the balustrade, over which I had been looking, and without a second's delay began the search for mademoiselle's room; reflecting that though the garrison now amounted to four, and no need to despair. If I could release myself without noise—which would be my easy way—my key in the lock would be to pass through the hall by a door de one of one kind or another. And a clench at this moment striking five, and reminding me that we had only half an hour more inclined to risk something.

The light which I had seen from below hung in a flat-bottomed lantern just beyond the head of the stairs, and outside the entrance to one of two passages which appeared to lead to the back part of the house. Suspecting that M. de Brühl's business had lain with mademoiselle, I guessed that the light had been placed for her convenience. With this clue and the position of the window to guide me, I fixed on a door on the right of this passage, and scarcely four paces from the head of the stairs. Before I made any sign, however, I knelt down and ascertained that there was a light in the room, and also that the key was not in the lock.

No far satisfied, I scratched on the door with my finger-nails, at first softly, then with greater force, and presently I heard someone in the room rise. I felt sure that the person, whoever it was, had taken the alarm and was listening, and putting my lips to the keyhole I whispered mademoiselle's name.

A footstep crossed the room sharply, and I heard muttering just within the door. I thought I detected two voices. But I was impatient, and, getting no answer, I whispered in the same manner as before, "Mademoiselle de la Vire, are you there?"

"Still no answer. The muttering, too, had stopped, and all was still—in the room, and in the silent house. I tried again. "It is I, Gaston de Marsac," I said. "D. you know I am come to release you." I spoke as I dared, but most of the sound seemed to

come back on me and wander in suspicious murmurings down the staircase.

This time, however, an exclamation of surprise rewarded me, and a voice, which I recognized at once as mademoiselle's, answered softly:

"What is it? Who is there?"

"Gaston de Marsac," I answered. "Do you need my help?"

The very brevity of her reply; the joyful sob which accompanied it, and which I detected even through the door; the wild cry of thankfulness—almost an oath—of her companion—all these assured me at once that I was welcome—welcome as I had never been before—and so assuring me, I braved me to the height of any occasion which might befall.

"Can you open the door?" I muttered. All the time I was on my knees, my attention divided between the inside of the room and the stray sounds which now and then came up to me from the hall below. "Have you the key?"

"No; we are locked in," mademoiselle answered.

I expected this. "If the door is bolted inside," I whispered, unfasting it, if you please."

They answered that it was not, so bidding them stand back a little from it, I rose and set my shoulder against it. I hoped to be able to burst it in with only one crash, which by itself, a single sound, might not alarm the men down stairs. But my weight made no impression upon the lock, and the opposite wall being too far distant to allow me to get any purchase for my feet, I presently desisted. The closeness of the door to the jamb warned me that an attempt to raise it open would be equally futile; and for a moment I stood gazing in perplexity at the solid planks, which bid fair to baffle me to the end.

(To be Continued.)

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"All run down" from the weakening effects of winter weather, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not put off taking it. Numerous little ailments, neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now to expel disease and give you strength and appetite.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure. On cutting through a teak log in the sawmill of a dockyard at Sheerness, Eng., recently a bird's nest containing four eggs was found in a hollow spot. The log had been shipped some months previous from India.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you. For every 4 shillings spent in England on drink only a halfpenny is expended on education.

At Death's Door.—Dyspepsia Conquered.—A Great Medical Triumph. GENTLEMEN, My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live, when I commenced the use of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 pounds. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over 30 dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover when I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of curing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia. JEAN VALOUBERT, General Merchant.

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Magistrate.—If you were there for no dishonest purpose, why were you in your stockinged feet? Burglar.—I heard there was sickness in the family, your worship. The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as HICKLE'S Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

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California has 40 Chinese temples.

HORSE-HEAT SAUSAGES.

Fischer's Factory Raided by United States Officers—A Rich Man.

KEYPORT, N. Y., March 31.—United States treasury officers yesterday raided the sausage factory of Emil Fischer at Port Monmouth, six miles from this place. Three officers arrested the proprietor for violating the sanitary laws. Fischer for the past year has been running a sausage factory, but no one ever heard of a pig being brought there. Old and decrepit horses were made into fresh country sausages and shipped to New York and Philadelphia. The factory has been in operation a year.

Fischer is said to be very rich. He conducted a similar factory at Newton Creek and was raided by the health officers, fined and his place closed. He owns a fine residence near his factory and spends money like water. Several weeks ago he owned the finest team of fast horses in the county. They ran away and threw him out. When the horses were caught he drove them down to the factory. He ordered his men to kill them and grind them into sausage. He watched the proceedings with joy.

JACK THE SPITTER,

Who Defiled Ladies' Dresses With Tobacco Juice—Fined and Jailed.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 31.—The police yesterday caught "Jack the Spitter," who for over a year has been engaged in the pastime of ruining the dresses of ladies on the street by following them and defiling their skirts with tobacco juice. He gave the name of John Nicoll. There is no statue covering the offense and he was charged with assault and battery, fined \$100 and sent to the workhouse for four months.

The Kicking Commences.

TORONTO, March 31.—Woolen men here are dissatisfied with the new tariff. A number of representatives of Ontario mills met here to-day and decided to make representations to the Government through a deputation to have the duty increased. They contend that the new duties will allow the importation of low priced woolen goods from England and Germany, which would make it impossible for them to sell their goods in Canadian markets at a profit.

Canadian Art Officers.

OTTAWA, March 31.—The new officers of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts are as follows: President, Robt. Harris, Montreal (re-elected); vice-president, A. C. Hutchinson, Montreal (re-elected); secretary-treasurer, Jas. Smith, Toronto (re-elected); auditor, H. Langley, Toronto; councilors, W. Raphael (Montreal), T. S. Scott (Ottawa), A. H. Howard, F. M. Bell-Smith, D. E. Dickson, A. Patterson, G. A. Reid, O. R. Jacob, L. R. O'Brien, T. M. Martin (Toronto), S. H. Hammond (St. John, N. B.), and James Griffith (London).

France's New Postage Stamps.

The French Government is planning to issue a new series of postage stamps, and has gone about the preparations for the action in a very sensible way. The services of the presidents of two societies of exhibiting artists, two celebrated sculptors, an expert metallist and an art critic of reputation were secured to advise the four post-office experts first instructed with the matter. Then the editor of Le Collectionneur, a philatelic authority, was called into council, as the Colombian postage stamps of this country are going out of use, and thus escaping criticism and ridicule. France may be expected to send out a series of stamps which will excite general compliment. When the Government officers, artists and philatelic unite in planning the design of so small a thing as a postage stamp, the result should be something satisfactory to all interested. (Worcester Gazette.)

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Blind Man's Buff,
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