

FREDERICTON, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28. 1888

VOL. X., NO. 13

## Oats and Horses

to much attention is given, the Paris correspondent of the *Farmer*, to the growing of oats, price keeps relatively high as compared with other grains. There may be a reluctance to employ oats in horse feeding; but no ration for a horse can be made without oats for they con-

special ailment for the horse the animal be intended for speed or both combined. In certain matters that in a marked manner facilitate the work, promote the well being and the energy of the horse. It is easily digested in itself, strengthening and nutritious forcing to fatness. With moist straw and fair exercise, apart to horses firmness of bone, or fire, endurance and for sustained work.

Dr. Wilhelms German has the subject of hereditary the cost of horses. In the 19000 productions of pure English horses were sire and dams be same color, that color was used 856 times to the progeny. In cases where the colors of the horses diverged the color of the

of the sire, 508 that of the dam and 55 different from both. This is the true most reproducible type. The parents are of the same color when they are of different shades. Black is the rarest shade found in crossings; only 116 out of 1000 when the sire is black and 192 when mare is so. When the sire is half-buff, the ratios are very markedly different. Nor is Black exhibit much variation when sired and dam are white or of fawn of the same color as the sire. But only 1000. But the ratio is again markedly rare. When the sire represents a coat different from the dam, the parents it is fox-red that is the color and which represents the color of a color belonging to an ancestor. Representing *serge*, the complexion is unequally trans-

When the parents are of one color, brown is the prevailing color and white for stallions. There are no explanations for hergens. The color is suggested by the work of food as it takes place during the gestation the more the offspring resemble the mother. In where the color of either eliminates there will dominate that form also.

---

### Drying off Cows.

When cows in the fall or early when the milk is rich and the cows, perhaps, a little from change of feed or exchange of weather, there is a loss of watchfulness than at other season of the year when poorer and more easily abandoned. On no account should

to be long in the bag as to the milk. It is not necessary to try to milk dry or at all times, leaving back a part of the milk each milking. This is the motive way to diminish secretions and means the oldest milk will be drawn out and the new milk back as a check on the secretion. The proper promotion of milk is to give a cow of her milk and dry the flow may be very should the bag show any inflow of fever by its increased the exhaustion of milk should be complete, or perhaps all of the water should be drawn out. If the water is abated and for a while the cow is limped and the milk is not abundant. Cows which have good health are more liable to trouble in drying than those which are well and vigorous. Dry cows should therefore be dried after. Some dairymen in the north of England say they wish to stop the milk of females were in high flesh and used this might do, but it is undesirable. Cows that have dried a whole season usually

and, and need an increase in the decrease of feed in the fall. It is better to let the milking cows longer and feed liberally with pinch a cow. Excitement, by dogs, the barking by dogs, kicking and pounding of a dry milker, or any similar thing, will be sure to reduce the yield of milk several per cent.

---

### BEANS.

---

As to the various matters of special interest to the farmer disclosed in the past year, says an American

has been the heavy imports of beans from Europe. It can be stated that not one farmer has ever given the subject a thought, but why is not very clear. There are no secrets about the cultivation of beans, nor is there any need for expensive labor in connection with their cultivation, gathering, assorting, and it is singular that Canada and Europe can ship products and pay a duty of ten cents per bushel on them in addition to the freight and incidental expenses. They have come from Europe not only by the hundreds of

but by the thousands of manfully somewhat startling in and showing that the present country during the past two must have been surprised. Canada finds the States every year for her surplus to submit the subject to the consideration of our farmers of whom are devoting their labors to crops that barely living to give the bean business.

by the carload sounds like but that is what the cream-doing in Aroostook County, F. O. Winslow, from his F. O. creamery, lately sent a full butter to Boston market, at shipment—the first in the State.



202 Queen St, Fredericton,  
November 21, 1886







## Poetry

### VERSE.

There's a great deal of bliss in a lingering kiss,  
And a smile of solid rapture;  
There are lots of fun in a stolen kiss,  
If you're clever about the kiss.  
The sweetest kiss is a kiss that's quick;  
Is it put it where it belongs;  
If you kiss it goes down the nose,  
And knocks at the gate of the soul.  
A kiss that is cold may be for the old,  
Or pass with a next relation;  
But one like that is a kiss—that's a kiss—  
Of supererogation.  
If you're going to kiss be sure of this—  
That the girl has got some heart in her;  
If you don't give a girl the full of a kiss,  
Of kisses without a partner.  
The point of this rhyme is to take your time;  
Kiss slowly and do it neatly;  
If you do the thing right, and are halfway bright,  
You can win her sweet heart completely.

## Literature.

### 301A SCAPEGOAT.

Miss Doris Bracondale was bending over a glass counter when a pocket-book with some of every imaginable shape that fine leather and crushed velvet could make to assume, she was a noticeable pretty girl even among the host of faultily-tooled beauties that the summer brings to Baden-Baden, and she alone gave to an occasional Felix in his "Jaguar" or "What a lovely life!"—quite a whisper of course.

The object of her quest was a case to contain a photograph suitable for carrying in a gentleman's pocket, the photograph being a poor reflection of her own delicately-tinted sweet face, and the pocket for which it was destined that of Mr. Felix Wrayt, her betrothed lover.

After much deliberation, she selected a pretty little tin in white leather with a spray of forget-me-nots painted on it and a beetle, anatomically wrong, appearing in one corner. It was lined with the palest blue satin, and was altogether an unsuitable thing to place in a man's pocket with such dignified small change.

The afternoon concert on the gravel sweep before the Conversationshaus was being heralded by the usual babel of nursemaids with astonishing caps, in charge of children in the widest of dresses and deepest of embroideries, the little ones with rubber balls carried in worsted nets, and the older ones with a collection of humanity as one could desire to see—from a pig-tailed Chinese knacker to a rugged Scotch tourist in gaiters and a baggy, comfortable-looking coat.

Before the programme was fairly under way Miss Bracondale and her mother had joined the audience; and at the close of the overture to Richard, Mr. Wrayt, standing toward the back of endless rows which they were sitting.

Felix Wrayt was a happy-looking, well-grown young fellow of twenty-five or thereabout, arrayed in a tweed suit, English shoes, a Gengary bonnet, and a speech in his throat.

"Where were you hidden that I missed you on the promenade?" he said, looking back on the spring iron seat beside the fountain.

"I was choosing this for you, Felix," said Doris, putting the fair leather case into his hand. "You will carry it everywhere with you while you are away, will you not?"

"Yes, I promise," said Felix, and he very much obliged to her. It is lovely—a great deal of love for me," answered Felix, looking intently at the photograph enshrined in blue satin. It was the likeness of a girl with silky dark hair, beautifully arched brows, and dark eyes, large and intense, set in a face of exquisite mould.

"How long will you be away, Felix?" Mrs. Bracondale asked, glancing up from her programme.

"A week at the most," said Doris, who was to go just now, "remained Doris, when the roses and grand illuminations are about to begin."

"It is indeed. I always vowed myself ready to see Mrs. Delamore and her child run safely installed at Brussels; but I never supposed the summons would come at such an inopportune time. To say that I wish them all at the bottom of the sea would be uncharitable, I suppose; but—"

"Don't give expression to such wicked ideas," said Doris, putting the coffee and the waiter had noticeably placed at her elbow; "and let us change the subject, for, if we speak any more of your departure, I shall make a spectacle of myself by shedding tears in the coffee."

"The Winthrop are bearing down upon us," said Mr. Wrayt, shortly afterward, in an undertone, "and I will be a refugee, as I have some little means to attend to—"

"—a visit to Mrs. Ripon in the Sophienstrasse among others; I shall see you again this evening."

On the first opportunity that offered itself Mr. Wrayt took Doris's photograph from the beetle-bedazzled case that she had bestowed upon him, and put it between the leaves of his pocket-book, in a little tin that he had brought with him, intending at his first idle moment to transfer it from there to a serviceable black leather envelope in his possession. The little case he wrapped carefully in a white paper and stored away with a pack of cards, some withered flowers, and a sort of silly dark hair, all very jealously guarded by a lock and key.

"She's a dear little soul, but not practical," he soliloquized with no engaged. Arrived at Mrs. Ripon's rooms in the Sophienstrasse, Mr. Wrayt found that lady in great excitement and distress.

"Oh, Felix," she began, "I have been robbed of my diamond earring, Leola's superb gift, by a black-eyed thief of a woman! But sit down—nail the case—and I will tell you the particulars. Mrs. Ripon said she kept the earring on the sofa, took a long breath, and began again. "I had advertised for a governess for Lucy and Elaine, as you perhaps know this morning, when I was dressing, I was quite prepared for the announcement that a lady had inquired for me on business. I was dressing, as I said before, with my toilet-table was covered over with jewelry and trinkets, my diamonds among the rest; but I never dreamed of any danger, and had the stranger stood up directly to my room. In the hand some, high breasted looking, well dressed woman who presented herself before me I could scarcely imagine the applicant for the post of governess to my children; but she was a—"

"A handsome governess is often a dangerous acquisition in a household; but I need not offer such a suggestion to you," said Felix, meditatively.

"I did not quite like her looks, although she had recommendations from friends of mine; so I told her I would let her know my decision by letter on the following day. At that instant I heard a child scream in the street below; and thinking it sounded like Lucy's voice, I flew to the window and looked out; but finding no accident had happened, I came back to bid my visitor adieu, she took her departure gracefully, as she had entered, and I was more than ever struck with her beauty. "Madame de Konarski" was the name on the card my maid had brought me; and I mentally set her down as a Felix of a good family but uncertain fortune."

"Altogether a suspicious character, I should say; that description of woman usually has higher aspirations than to teach A. B. C. and 'How doth the busy little bee' to a pair of cherubs in holland pinafores."

"You are right; and I was the weakest of dupes. Half an hour after my maid had gone, I missed the earring, and I took the clever creature had taken them out of the case and closed it again while I was standing at the window."

"That is a serious accusation to make, Mrs. Ripon. Are you quite sure there is no mistake?"

"How can there be, Felix? I had noticed the earring particularly, and even moved them to catch a ray of sunlight five minutes before this woman came, and no one else entered the room after her until I raised the alarm. I wish with my heart that there was some chance of a mistake."

"It is the most daring robbery I ever heard of. But we must lose no time in handing the matter over to the police."

"I sent word directly to the watchman in the street below, to tell him what had happened; but in that unlucky half hour Madame de Konarski had time to escape, as she came and went in a cab."

Mr. Wrayt's next errand was to the nearest police-bureau, where he might seek advice as to the most hopeful way of recovering Mrs. Ripon's property.

"Your description tallies with that of a woman we have long been in search of," replied the functionary before whom Felix presented himself and made his statement. "She was last known under the name of Madame de la Tuile, and is the cleverest and most daring thief of the day, and many a tradesman and hotel-keeper has a doubtful tale to tell of her depredations. I can give you a photograph of her, which you can show to the lady who has been robbed. If she recognizes it as the supposed thief, you can give it to a detective whom I can highly recommend, and trace to its powers the light fingered lady. She is described as being tall and handsome, with dark eyes, heavy brows, and light hair; her age is apparently thirty, and she is usually rich dressed. You will note this description, sir, and convey it to the detective if you decide to employ him; and should you succeed in arresting this woman, you will confer a great benefit on society."

Mr. Wrayt took the photograph, which depicted a saucy bold face with big dark eyes and full lips, at once attractive and repellent, and put it between the leaves of his pocket-book. He then betook himself again to the Sophienstrasse, and Mr. Ripon's exclamation of "That is the woman to the life! I begin to cherish a faint hope that I shall see my diamonds again," gave him full authority to proceed further; and, putting the photograph again among his memoranda, he set forth in eager search of Herr Gaspey, the detective.

He was a shrunken, undernourished man, and with a world of quick observation in his small, sparkling eyes. Mr. Wrayt's interview with this individual was of necessity short, as he could not go away without a "good by" to Doris, and his train would leave within an hour.

"But, Mr. Wrayt, you are forgetting the all important photograph!" suggested Herr Gaspey, as Felix was leaving the office.

"By Jove, so I was!" Felix fumbled hastily in the dusk among the papers in his pocket-book. "There it is! It speaks for itself, as you will see by a light—"

"Keep a sharp lookout for her, Gaspey. I wish you all success, and assure you that your efforts will not go unrewarded."

The beautiful ball-rooms in the Conversationshaus were brilliantly lighted, wreathed with garlands, banked with flowers with flags of all nations, in honor of the birthday of a member of the Grand Ducal House of Baden. All the wide world of Baden-Baden had been invited to the fête, and all who had a fine toilet or proficiency in the newest ways to display had responded. Every one of the fifty odd musicians of orchestras had been engaged; and the coffee and the waiter had noticeably placed at her elbow; "and let us change the subject, for, if we speak any more of your departure, I shall make a spectacle of myself by shedding tears in the coffee."

"The Winthrop are bearing down upon us," said Mr. Wrayt, shortly afterward, in an undertone, "and I will be a refugee, as I have some little means to attend to—"

"—a visit to Mrs. Ripon in the Sophienstrasse among others; I shall see you again this evening."

On the first opportunity that offered itself Mr. Wrayt took Doris's photograph from the beetle-bedazzled case that she had bestowed upon him, and put it between the leaves of his pocket-book, in a little tin that he had brought with him, intending at his first idle moment to transfer it from there to a serviceable black leather envelope in his possession. The little case he wrapped carefully in a white paper and stored away with a pack of cards, some withered flowers, and a sort of silly dark hair, all very jealously guarded by a lock and key.

"She's a dear little soul, but not practical," he soliloquized with no engaged. Arrived at Mrs. Ripon's rooms in the Sophienstrasse, Mr. Wrayt found that lady in great excitement and distress.

"Oh, Felix," she began, "I have been robbed of my diamond earring, Leola's superb gift, by a black-eyed thief of a woman! But sit down—nail the case—and I will tell you the particulars. Mrs. Ripon said she kept the earring on the sofa, took a long breath, and began again. "I had advertised for a governess for Lucy and Elaine, as you perhaps know this morning, when I was dressing, I was quite prepared for the announcement that a lady had inquired for me on business. I was dressing, as I said before, with my toilet-table was covered over with jewelry and trinkets, my diamonds among the rest; but I never dreamed of any danger, and had the stranger stood up directly to my room. In the hand some, high breasted looking, well dressed woman who presented herself before me I could scarcely imagine the applicant for the post of governess to my children; but she was a—"

"A handsome governess is often a dangerous acquisition in a household; but I need not offer such a suggestion to you," said Felix, meditatively.

"I did not quite like her looks, although she had recommendations from friends of mine; so I told her I would let her know my decision by letter on the following day. At that instant I heard a child scream in the street below; and thinking it sounded like Lucy's voice, I flew to the window and looked out; but finding no accident had happened, I came back to bid my visitor adieu, she took her departure gracefully, as she had entered, and I was more than ever struck with her beauty. "Madame de Konarski" was the name on the card my maid had brought me; and I mentally set her down as a Felix of a good family but uncertain fortune."

"Altogether a suspicious character, I should say; that description of woman usually has higher aspirations than to teach A. B. C. and 'How doth the busy little bee' to a pair of cherubs in holland pinafores."

"You are right; and I was the weakest of dupes. Half an hour after my maid had gone, I missed the earring, and I took the clever creature had taken them out of the case and closed it again while I was standing at the window."

"That is a serious accusation to make, Mrs. Ripon. Are you quite sure there is no mistake?"

"How can there be, Felix? I had noticed the earring particularly, and even moved them to catch a ray of sunlight five minutes before this woman came, and no one else entered the room after her until I raised the alarm. I wish with my heart that there was some chance of a mistake."

"It is the most daring robbery I ever heard of. But we must lose no time in handing the matter over to the police."

"I sent word directly to the watchman in the street below, to tell him what had happened; but in that unlucky half hour Madame de Konarski had time to escape, as she came and went in a cab."

Mr. Wrayt's next errand was to the nearest police-bureau, where he might seek advice as to the most hopeful way of recovering Mrs. Ripon's property.

"Your description tallies with that of a woman we have long been in search of," replied the functionary before whom Felix presented himself and made his statement. "She was last known under the name of Madame de la Tuile, and is the cleverest and most daring thief of the day, and many a tradesman and hotel-keeper has a doubtful tale to tell of her depredations. I can give you a photograph of her, which you can show to the lady who has been robbed. If she recognizes it as the supposed thief, you can give it to a detective whom I can highly recommend, and trace to its powers the light fingered lady. She is described as being tall and handsome, with dark eyes, heavy brows, and light hair; her age is apparently thirty, and she is usually rich dressed. You will note this description, sir, and convey it to the detective if you decide to employ him; and should you succeed in arresting this woman, you will confer a great benefit on society."

Mr. Wrayt took the photograph, which depicted a saucy bold face with big dark eyes and full lips, at once attractive and repellent, and put it between the leaves of his pocket-book. He then betook himself again to the Sophienstrasse, and Mr. Ripon's exclamation of "That is the woman to the life! I begin to cherish a faint hope that I shall see my diamonds again," gave him full authority to proceed further; and, putting the photograph again among his memoranda, he set forth in eager search of Herr Gaspey, the detective.

He was a shrunken, undernourished man, and with a world of quick observation in his small, sparkling eyes. Mr. Wrayt's interview with this individual was of necessity short, as he could not go away without a "good by" to Doris, and his train would leave within an hour.

"But, Mr. Wrayt, you are forgetting the all important photograph!" suggested Herr Gaspey, as Felix was leaving the office.

"By Jove, so I was!" Felix fumbled hastily in the dusk among the papers in his pocket-book. "There it is! It speaks for itself, as you will see by a light—"

"Keep a sharp lookout for her, Gaspey. I wish you all success, and assure you that your efforts will not go unrewarded."

The beautiful ball-rooms in the Conversationshaus were brilliantly lighted, wreathed with garlands, banked with flowers with flags of all nations, in honor of the birthday of a member of the Grand Ducal House of Baden. All the wide world of Baden-Baden had been invited to the fête, and all who had a fine toilet or proficiency in the newest ways to display had responded. Every one of the fifty odd musicians of orchestras had been engaged; and the coffee and the waiter had noticeably placed at her elbow; "and let us change the subject, for, if we speak any more of your departure, I shall make a spectacle of myself by shedding tears in the coffee."

"The Winthrop are bearing down upon us," said Mr. Wrayt, shortly afterward, in an undertone, "and I will be a refugee, as I have some little means to attend to—"

Half an hour later Herr Gaspey proudly ushered Felix into the presence of his captives, only to have his triumph turned to consternation at the scene that followed. He saw the pretty criminal rush forward and throw her arms around his employer's neck, crying—

"Oh, Felix, my love, I knew you would come to save us!"

"What trick is this you have been playing, you rascally scoundrel!" cried Felix, turning on Gaspey with blazing eyes.

To defend himself, the detective drew the photograph of Doris from his pocket-book, and there between his leaves lay the mocking, smiling face of Madame de Konarski, worn next his heart for the past forty-eight hours.

"The fiends take that woman!" he muttered to himself, as he tore the picture up. "What a fool I have been!"

"Who is this lady, Felix, and what is the meaning of this mystery?" asked Doris, picking up the photograph.

"Gaspey, order a cab and take yourself out of my sight forever!" said Felix, and the door closed on that useful member of society.

Felix was bowed to the earth with shame and confusion; his stupid mind, my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy.

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Half an hour later Herr Gaspey proudly ushered Felix into the presence of his captives, only to have his triumph turned to consternation at the scene that followed. He saw the pretty criminal rush forward and throw her arms around his employer's neck, crying—

"Oh, Felix, my love, I knew you would come to save us!"

"What trick is this you have been playing, you rascally scoundrel!" cried Felix, turning on Gaspey with blazing eyes.

To defend himself, the detective drew the photograph of Doris from his pocket-book, and there between his leaves lay the mocking, smiling face of Madame de Konarski, worn next his heart for the past forty-eight hours.

"The fiends take that woman!" he muttered to himself, as he tore the picture up. "What a fool I have been!"

"Who is this lady, Felix, and what is the meaning of this mystery?" asked Doris, picking up the photograph.

"Gaspey, order a cab and take yourself out of my sight forever!" said Felix, and the door closed on that useful member of society.

Felix was bowed to the earth with shame and confusion; his stupid mind, my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy.

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"If you had been a model devoted lover, Felix, you would have looked for my picture Doris's photograph for that of the adventures had brought upon her hours of the keenest misery she had ever known in her life; he could never forgive himself, even if he dared hope for her pardon. But Doris was hurt by his suffering, and gave him the consolation of which he was so sorely in need, release from a hateful bondage, making forgiveness doubly easy."

Just as he found the real Madame de Konarski as elusive as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

Half an hour later Herr Gaspey proudly ushered Felix into the presence of his captives, only to have his triumph turned to consternation at the scene that followed. He saw the pretty criminal rush forward and throw her arms around his employer's neck, crying—