GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1910.

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Scientific American

LL THE COUCH CURE THE LUNGS

Dr. King's New Discovery

The gripping qualities of this story reveal a gifted French author in his best vein. While it "What's the matter, Sainclair?" whispered M. Henri-Robert, who nover of mysteries, the narrative hope?

more clearly portrayed. The hearlbreaking test of the unfor-HADLEY & LOY tunate son who realizes that he must kill his father, who has

never known his son, to save his mother, whom he might never see again, is a vivid portrayal of some of the penalties of human

church upon the arm of her father. Robert Darzac walking behind them. Ah, the drama of the Glandler had been a sorrowful one for these three! But, strange as it may seem. Mathilde Stangerson appeared only the more beautiful for all that she had passed through True, she was no longer the beautiful statue, the living marble, the ancient goddess, the cold pagan diviniwho at the official functions at her to appear had excited a flutter of admiration whenever she was seen. It seemed, on the contrary, that fate in making her explate for so many long hid from sight the tender, delicate spirit. And it was this spirit which forth on her wedding day, in the sweetest and most charming smile, playing on her curved lips, hiding in

and I smiled in our turn. "She has the eyes of a mad woman!" tory at the Sorbonne. The man was cousin of the bridegroom. Long ago he had lost both father and mother ourse with his native province, from which he had brought an eager desire

for success, an exceptional ability to

work and a strong intellect. One beautiful morning in the prereding spring and consequently a year after the occurrences in the yellow room Darzac had presented Brignolles to his pupils. The new assistant had come direct from Aix, where he had been a tutor in the natural sciences and where he had committed some fault of discipline which had caused his dismissal. Darzac was suffering from the reaction following the strong emotions which had nearly weighed him down at the Glandier and at the court of assizes. We remarked that from the day that Brignolles came to him-Brignolles, whose friendship should have been a precious solace—the weakness of M. Darsac seemed to increase. However, we were obliged to acknowledge that Brignolles was not to blame for that, for two unfortunate and unforeseen accidents had occurred in the course of some experiments which would have seemed on the face of them not at all dancerous. The first resulted from the unexpected explosion of a Gessler tube. The second, which might have been extremely grave, happened through the explosion of a tiny lamp against which Darsac was

At the time of the second accident was present, having come to seek Darrac at the Sorbonne. I myself led our friend to a druggist and then to a doctor, and I begged Brignolies when he wished to accompany us to remain at his post. On the way Darrac asked why I had wounded the poor fellow's feelings. I told him that I did not care for Brignoiles' society for the abstract reason that I did not like his manners and for the concrete reason on this special occasion that I believed him to responsible for the accident. Dar-demanded why I thought so, and I did not know how to answer, and he

Henri-Robert to M. Andre Hesse.

"you see, in this world one can always find the bright side. See how besutifully everything held turned out, even fully everything held turned out, even the troubles of Mife. Stangerson. But the troubles of Mife. Stangerson. But the troubles of Mife Stangerson. But the troubles of Mife Stangerson is Darranc's plays the troubles of Mife. Stangerson is condition. At the beginning of the

winter Darzac had such a bad cough

"When I left Paris I seemed to be stifling."

answered. And I looked attentively thought, and I took Rouletabille into my confidence.

most peculiar coincidence that Darzac was so ill when Brignolles was with quite possible that he might be once him and so much better when he and more brought to life in the guise of his young assistant were separated. The impression that this was actually the fact was so strong in my mind ed M. Henri-Robert. "I'll wager that that I would on no account have permitted myself to lose sight of Bri-The young reporter joined us and gnolles. No, indeed! I verily believe that if he had attempted to leave Paris

Darzac returned home at the end of ing, gentlemen. I am not late, I four weeks almost completely restored to health. His eyes, however, were It seemed to me that his voice trem- still weak, and he was under the nebled. He left our pew immediately cessity of taking the greatest care of and withdrew to a dark corner, where them. Rouletabille and myself had rehe knelt like a child and prayed. His solved to keep a close watch on Brifervent devotion astonished me. When gnolles, but we were satisfied that he raised his head his eyes were filled everything would be right when we with tears. He did not even try to were informed that the long deferred hide them. He was lost completely marriage was to occur almost immein his prayers and, one might imagine. diately and that Darzac would take his wife away on a long honeymoon But what could be the occasion of trip far from Paris-and from Bri-

brought about by his efforts? Perhaps | The witnesses signed the register, and from joy that he wept. He rose from the rest of us congratulated the newly his knees and was hidden behind a wedded pair. The sacristy was yet And the next moment Mathilde Stangerson made her entrance into the count of the darkness that I could not Darzac requested me to go and look for him. I did so, but he had disappeared. When the bridegroom brought this news to his wife she appeared to be

which her father's position had forced | Will you hunt up our little friend and

much? And I began a wild goose chase after years an imprudence committed in Rouletabille. But I appeared at the early youth had cast her into the station without him. Neither at his depths of madness and despair, only home nor at the office of his paper to tear away the mask of stone which nor at the Cafe du Barreau, where the necessities of his work often called him at this hour of the lay my hand on him.

moment that the speed of the train bewithout seeming to discover the one gan to accelerate, certain now that she was not to see her "little friend" again, she threw me an envelope from the car

"For him." she said. And almost as though moved by an an expression of something that resembled terror, she added in a tone so strange 'hat I could not help recalling the horrible speeches of Brignolles: "Au revoir, my friends-or adieu."

CHAPTER II.

Rouletabille's Revelation.

left the sanitarium, in which for several months her shattered nervous system had needed and received the most the famous professor had been able to understand the extraordinary part drama that without his help would inevitably have ended in the bitterest grief for all those whom she loved-

an unobtrusive but strong curiosity is which all of us were ignorant and on which the young man had kept silence

with a sort of savage pride. 1 returned from the Lyons station still pondering over the numerous , the strange captices of Rouletabille during the last two years But nothing that entered my mind could have warned me of what had happened or, still less, have explain it to me. Where was Bouletabilie? went to his rooms in the Bouleva St. Michel, telling myself that if I did not find him there I could at least leave Mme. Darsac's letter. What was my astonishment when I entered the building to see my own servan carrying my bag. I asked him to tell me what he was doing and why, and he replied that he did not know—that I must ask M. Rouletabille.

The boy had been, as it turned out, while I had been seeking him every where texcept naturally in my own house), if my apartments in the Rue de Rivoit. He had ordered my servant to take him to my rooma and had made the man fill a valles with every thing necessary for a trip of three or thing necessary for a trip of three or to told me?

four days. Then he had directed the man to bring the bag in about an hour to the hotel in the "Boul' Mich."

I made one bound up the stairs to my friend's bedchamber, where I found him packing in a tiny hand satchel an assortment of tollet articles, a change of linen and a nightshirt. Until this task was ended I could ob tain no satisfaction from Rouletabille. for in regard to the little affairs of everyday life he was extremely particular and despite the modesty of his means succeeded in living very well. having a borror of everything which could be called bohemian. He finally delened to announce to me that "we were going to take our Easter vacation" and that since I had nothing to do and the Epoch had granted him a three days' holiday we couldn't do better than to go and take a short rest at the seaside. But my silence did not

disturb Rouletabille in the least, and, taking my valise in one hand, his satthel in the other, he hustled me down the stairs and pushed me into a back which awaited us before the door of the hotel. Half an hour later we found ourselves in a first class carriage of the Northern railway, which was carrying us toward Trepot by way of Amiens. As we entered the station he said:

"Why don't you give me the that you have for me?" I gazed at him in amazement. He had guessed that Mme. Darzac would be greatly grieved at not seeing him before her departure and would write to him. He had been positively ma-

licious. I answered: "Because you don't deserve it." And I gave him a good scolding, to which he interposed no defense. He did not even try to excuse himself, and that made me angrier than ever. Finally I handed him the letter. He took it, looked at it and inhaled its fragrance. As I sat looking at him curiously he frowned, trying, as I could see, to repress some strong feeling. His face betrayed the fact that

was suffering profoundly. "Well?" I said. "Aren't you going to read the letter?" "No." he replied; "not here; when

we are yonder." We arrived at Trepot in the blackest night that I remember after six bours of an interminable trip and in wretched weather. The wind from the sea chilled us to the bone and swept over the deserted quay with weird sounds of lamentation. I walked behind Rouletabille, who made his way with difficulty in this damp obscurity. However, he appeared to know the place. for we finally arrived at the door of a queer little inn which remained open during the early spring for the fishermen. Rouletabille demanded supper and a fire, for we were half starved and half frozen.

"Ab. now, my friend." I said when we were settled after a fashion, "will you condescend to explain to me what we have to come to look for in this place aside from rheumatism and neumonia?"

But Rouletabille at this moment coughed and turned toward the fire to warm bis bands again.

to tell you. We have come to look for the perfume of the Lady in Black." This phrase gave me so much to think about that I scarcely slept at all

Early in the morning I was awakened by a changed Rouletabille. His face was distorted with grief as be handed me a telegram which had come to him at the Bourg, having been forwarded from Paris in accordance with the orders that he had left. Here is the dispatch:

Come immediately without losing a min-ute. We have given up our trip to the orient and will join M. Stangerson at Mentone at the home of the Rances at Rochers Rouges, Let this message re-main a secret between us. It is not necmain a secret between us. It is not necessary to frighten any one. You may pretend that you are on your vacation or make any other excussional that you like, but come. Teiograph me general delivery, Mentone, Quickly, quickly: I am waiting for you. Yours in despair,

DARZAC.

"Well," I cried, leaping out of bed, "it doesn't surprise me!" "You never believed that he was

dead?" demanded Rouletabille in a one filled with emotion. "I never felt quite sure of it," I an-

twered. "It was too useful for him to ones for dead to permit him to hesi tate at the sacrifice of a few papers, however important those were which were found upon the victim of the Dordogne disaster. But what is the matter with you, my boy? You look as though you were going to faint. Are you ill?"

Rouletabilie had les bisself into a hair. It was in a voice which trembled like that of an old man that he confided to or that -- while the narriage ceremony of our friends was going on be had become possessed with a strong conviction that Larsan was not dead. But after the ceremony was at an end he had felt more se cure. It seemed to him that Larsan would never have permitted Mathild Stangerson to speak the vows that gave her to Robert Darzac if he were really slive Larson would only have had to show his face to stop the mar

Wiping the perspiration from his forehead, Rouletabille remarked; "Sainclair, can you ever forget Larsan's eyes? Do you remember, The presbytery has not lost its charm of be garden its brightness?"

I pressed the boy's hand. It was burning bot. I tried to calm him, but be paid no attention to anything I

"And it was after the wedding-just few bours after the wedding-that he chose to appear!" be cried. "There isn't anything else to think, is there, "Oh, M. Darzac is not a child to be

frightened at bogies. But we must hope—we must hope, mustn't we, Sain-clair, that be is mistaken? Oh, it isn't esible that such a fearful thing can be true. Oh. Sainclair, it would be too

leeply agitated, even at the time of the most terrible events at the Gian-

"I am going to tell you. The situation is horrible. Why didn't that vil-

"And, after all, how do you know that he is not dead?" "Look here, Sainclair-don't talk-be quiet, please. You see, if he is alive I

"Ah, that is true! You have said

which almost frightened me. I threw my arm around him and begged him to tell me why be was so terrified, why he spoke of his own death and why he smiled so strangely. Rouletabille looked down and stead-

"You shall know all Sainclair shall know as much as I do, and when you do you will be as unhappy as I am, for you are kind and you are fond of me."

Then he straightened back his shoulders as though he had already cast off a burden and pointed in the direction of the rallway.

he said. "There is no direct train from Eu to Paris in the winter. We shall not reach Paris until 7 o'clock. But that will give us plenty of time to pack our trunks and take the train that leaves the Lyons station at 9 o'clock for Marseilles and Meutone." He did not ask my opinion on the

course which he had laid out. He was taking me to Mentone, just as he had brought me to Trepot. He was well aware that in the present crisis I could refuse him nothing.

I thought of the perfume of the Lady in Black, but I kept silence. He had said he would tell me all. He led me out to the jetty. The wind was still blowing a gale. Rouletabille closed his eyes as if in a dream. "It was here," be said, "that I last

saw her." He looked down at the stone bench beside which we were standing.

. In another half hour we were at Eu. We alighted, and the horse and carringe stood motionless upon the street. The driver had gone into a saloon. We entered the cool shades of a high Gothic church which faced upon the square. The young reporter gazed sorrowfully at the square battlements of the city hall, which extended to ward us the hostile lance of its solled and weather beaten flag; at the Cafe de Paris, at the slient houses, at the shops and the library. Was it there that the boy had bought those first new books for which the Lady in Black had paid?

"Nothing has changed." He drew me into a little street and stopped again in front of a tiny temple of the Jesuit style. After having push ed open a little low door Rouletabille bade me enter, and we found our selves inside a beautiful mortuary chapel

college chapel," whispered Rouletabille.

There was no person in the chapel We crossed the room left wall Rouletabille tapped very gently a kind of drum, which gave out a queer, muffled sound.

"We are in luck," be said. "We are nside the college, and the concierge has not seen me. He would remember "What barm would that have done?"

Just at that moment a man with bare head and a bunch of keys at his side passed through the room. and Rouletabille drew me into the "It is Pere Simon. Ab, how old he

has grown! Listen! This is the hour when he goes to superintend the study hour of the younger boys. Every one is in the classroom now. Oh, we are very lucky!" Why was Rouletabille so anxious to

hide bimself?

"I believe that I am going crazy!" he said with a short laugh. "But I can't help my feelings. They are stronger than I. To think that I am going to see the parlor-where she waited for me! I had been living only in the hope of seeing her, and after she had gone I fell into such a despondent state that after each of her visits they feared for my health. So from one visit to another I had her nemory and her perfume to comfort me Never having seen her dear face distinctly, I lived less with her image than with the heavenly odor. The perfume which she always used and which was indissolubly associated in my mind with her was the most subtle and the sweetest odor I have ever known, and I never breathed it again in all the years which followed until the day we first went to the Giandier."

"You mean the day that you met Mathilde Stangerson?" "That is what I mean," responded

the lad in a trembling voice. (Ah, if I had known at that moment that Professor Stangerson's daughter as the result of her first marriage in America had had a child, a son, who would have been if he had lived the same age as Rouletabille, perhaps I would have at last comprehended his motion and grief and the strange reluctance which he showed to prosounce the name of Mathilde Stangeron there at the school to which in the past had come so often the Lady in Blackb

"And you have never known why the Lady in Black did not return?"

"She did return!" he cried. "But I ran away." "Why-to look for her?" "No, no-to fee from her."

"She may have been broken hearted at not finding you."

Rouletabille raised his arms toward the sky and shook his head.

py wretch I am! Hush, Sainciair! Here comes Pere Simon! Now be's gone again, Quick—to the parior!" As we entered the room his face be-came flushed, he advanced with abort teps, turned to me and said in low

Feel how my bands burn. My face is dushed, is it not? I was always dushed when I came here, knowing that I should find her. I used to run. I felt smothered. I do now. I was not able

to wait. Oh, my heart beats just as it did when I was a little aid! I would come to the door-right here-and then I would pause, bashful and shame faced. But I would see her dark shadow in the corner. She would take me in her arms and hold me there in silence, and before we knew it we were both weeping as we clung together. How dear those meetings were! She was my mother, Sainclair. Oh, she never told me so! On the contrary, she used to say that my mother was dead and that she had been her friend. But she told me to call her mamma, and when she wept as I

The poor lad could no longer contain himself. He rested his arms on the mantel and wept like a little child.

which he had placed there in the train and tear it open. His haud fell, and he uttered a groan. His flushed face grew pallid. It seemed as though every drop of blood had left his heart. Finally his features took on the serenity which comes from assurance of vic

"We must go now, Sainclair." And he left the parlor without even looking back. I followed. In the deserted street I stopped him by asking anxiously:

the Lady in Black?" "Yes," he said, very gravely-"yes, Sainclair, I found it." And he hand-

gerson's daughter. I looked at him, doubting the evidence of my own senses, not undered into my eyes.

you, Sainclair-the secret of my life and perhaps some day the secret of my death. Let what will come, it must die with you and me. Mathilde Stangerson had a child-a son. He is dead-is dead to every one except to the two of us who stand here."

such a revelation. Rouletabille the son Rouletabille must be the son of Lar-

Oh, I understood now all the wretchedness of the boy! Rouletabille simply made a gesture

When we reached Paris, Rouletabille handed me a new dispatch which had come from Valence and which was signed by Professor Stangerson. It said: "M. Darzac tells me that you have a few days' leave. We should all be very glad if you could come and spend them with us. We will wait for you at Arthur Rance's place. Rochers Rouges. He will be delighted to present you to his wife. My

A concierge from Rouletabille's hotel It contained two words, "Rescue us."

O'Connell's Big Head. John Bright by a full buif toch. Mr. Giadstone's bat was of seven and three-eighth inch measurement—the same as Macaulay's-while Beaconsfield needed a full seven inch. The hat

and one-half inches by ten inche

Unreasonable. She-I don't see why you should bes-

Why? When a mother tells her boy he is fetting to be just like his father be

In Awful Shape. "Why don't you go to work?" "I'm so dead tired of doing nothing that I'm too tired to do anything."-Sleveland Leader

The Old Wooden Warships.

The Victory, for example, was And her cost, including her armamen was only about £100,000. - London

The British Constitution In England there is no such thing as volumes of statutes and reports ases.-New York American.

Taction. "Is there any portion of the fowl

"The left wing?" "Yes," returned the major, gasts dublously at the platter. "I be is always good military tactics bring the left wing of a veteran into action."—New York Journal.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect R. How To Find Out.

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hero of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," who is here confronted by the nerve racking mystery of "the body too many;" Larsan, the fugitive from justice and master mind of the polished criminals of two hemispheres, who reveals himself only when he wishes to show where he is not, and the Lady in Black, whose inspiring faith is unshaken by the unspeakable tragedies in which she is the central figure. The dreadful power for evil that can be exerted by a perverted brain has never been

CHAPTER I.

A Foredoomed Marriage. THE marriage of M. Robert Darzac and Mile. Mathilde Stangerson took place in Paris at the Church of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet on April 6, 1895, everything connected with the occasion being conducted in the quietest fashion possible. A little more than two years had rolled by since the events which I have recorded in a previous volumeevents so sensational that it is not speaking too strongly to say that an even longer tapse of time would not have sufficed to blot out the memory of the famous "Mystery of the Yellow

In this almost unknown pa was easy enough to maintain the utmost privacy. Only a few friends of M. Darzac and Professor Stangerson, on whose discretion they felt assured that they might rely, had been invited. I had the honor to be one of the num-

I reached the church early, and nat-When your stomach cannot properly urally my first thought was to look digest food, of itself, it needs a little for Joseph Rouletabille. I was somewhat surprised at not seeing him; but, having no doubt that he would arrive shortly, I entered the pew already occupied by M. Henri-Robert and M. Andre Hesse, who in the quiet shades of the little chapel exchanged in undertones reminiscences of the strange af-

fair at Versailles, which the approaching ceremony brought to their memo-"I never felt quite easy about Robert and Mathilde." he said. "not even after the happy termination of the affair at Versailles," said Henri-Robert, "until I knew that the information of the death of Frederic Larsan had been officially confirmed. That man was a

nitiless enemy." It will be remembered perhaps by readers of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" that a few months after the acquittal of the professor in Sorbonne there occurred the terrible catastrophe of La Dordogne, a transatlastic steamer running between Havre and New York. In the broiling heat of a summer night upon the coast of the new world La Dordogne had caught fire from an overheated boiler. Before help could reach her the steamer was utterly destroyed. Scarcely thirty passengers were able to leap into the life boats, and these were picked up the next day by a merchant

vessel, which conveyed them to the nearest port. For days thereafter the cean cast up on the beach hundreds of corpses, and among these they found Larsan. The papers which were found carefully hidden in the clothing worn by the dead man proved beyond a doubt his identity. Mathilde Stangerson was at last delivered from this monster of a husband to whom, through the facility of the American laws, she had given her hand in secret in the unthinking arder of girlish remance. This wretch, whose real name, according to court records, was Ballmeyer and who had married her under the name of Jean Roussel, could no longer rise like a dark shadow between Mathilde and the man whom she had loved so long and so well without daring to become his bride. In Mystery of the Yellow Room" I have related all the details of this remarksble affair, one of the strangest which has ever been known in the annals of court of assizes and which without doubt would have had a most

boy reporter, scarcely eighteen years old, Joseph Rouletabille, who was the only one to discover that Frederic Larsan, the celebrated secret service agent, was none other than Ballmeyer

tragic denoument had it not been for

the extraordinary part played by a

The Perfume of the

around you? Do you expect any one?" "Yes. I expect Frederic Larsan." M. Henri-Robert laughed. But I felt of absence and to take a trip to the no inclination to join in his mirth.

ticed my expression. "Hesse was only joking." "I don't know anything about it," I done. And indeed we had believed Larsan dead so often when he was known as Ballmeyer that it seemed

"Here comes Rouletabille," remarkhe isn't worrying."

pressed our hands in an absentminded "Good morning, Sainclair. Good morn-

In his grief. his sorrow? Had not the good fortune gnolles. of Mathilde Stangerson and Robert Darzac been in a great measure

her eyes, filled with pensive happiness and leaving its impress on her fore-But what I shall always remember is the strange expression which came over her visage when she looked through the rows of faces in the pews she sought. In a moment she had regained her composure and was mistress of herself once more. She had

seen Rouletabille behind his pillar. She smiled at him and my companions, I turned to see who spoke the heartless words. It was a poor fellow whom Robert Darzac out of kindness had made his assistant in the laboranamed Brignolles and was a distant He had neither brother nor sister and seemed to have broken off all inter-

that I entreated him to ask for leave Midi. The physicians advised San Remo. He went thither, and a week later he wrote us that he felt much better. "I can breathe here," he wrote.

He agreed with me that it was a

I should have followed him.

And now we all-a dozen or so persons-were gathered in the sacristy. more dismal than the church, and I perceive Joseph Rouletabille. But assuredly he was not there. Mathilde had already asked for him twice, and

both pained and anxious. She called me to her side and said: "My dear M. Sainclair, you know that we are to take the train in two hours. bring him to me and tell him that his strange behavior is grieving me very

There was three minutes yet before the departure of the train. But no Rouletabille. We were all so grieved and moreover so surprised that we remained on the platform, looking at Mme. Darzac, without thinking to wish her a pleasant journey. She cast a long glance upon the quay, and at the

irresistible impulse, her face wearing

OULETABILLE had been treated by the Stangersons and by M. Darzac as their deliverer, and especially since Mathide had especially since Mathilde had assiduous care-since the daughter of which the boy had played in the

since she had read by the light of her restoved reason the shorthand reports of the trial, at which Rouletabille appeared at the last moment like some hero of a miracle—she had surrounded the youngster with an affection little less than maternal. The interested herself in everything which concerned him. She begged for his confidence. She wanted to know party about him than I knew and perhaps more even than he knew himself. She had shown regard to the mystery of his birth, of

wish to God that I were dead!" "If he is alive you must live to defend that poor woman."

the only thing that makes me want to live. To defend her! I will not think of myself again." And Rouletabille smiled, a smile

kissed ber I knew that she really was my mother." I saw him draw forth the letter lly into my eyes. Then he said:

"We shall leave here in an hour."

"Well, did you find the perfume of ed me the letter from Professor Stan-

> standing, because I knew nothing. Then he took my two hands and look-"I am going to confide a secret to

I recoiled, struck with horror under of Mathilde Stangerson! In that case

which seemed to say, "And now you understand, Sainclair."

daughter will be pleased to see you She joins me in kindest greetings." came rushing up and handed us a third dispatch. This one was sent from Mentone and signed by Mathilde.

ICONTINUED. Thackerny was six feet two inches in beight, and Sir H. W. Lucy says the great novellat wore a seven and fiveeighth inch hat, beating Dickens and

of Daniel O'Connell, bowever, would have beaten them all, measuring eight

itate to marry on \$3,000 a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that. He-But, my dear, we must have something to eat. She (petulantly)isn't that just like a man? Always thinking of his stomach. - Boste

knows well that it is not intended as compliment.

A modern battleship is supposed to last twenty years. As a matter of fact, its real efficiency as a first class fighting machine is less than half that period of time. Improvements are being made so rapidly and constantly that ships are superseded often after having served only one or two commissions. It was otherwise in Neison's launched in 1765 and was therefore forty years old at the battle of Trafal gar, when she flew the admiral's flag and was accounted quite the fines line of battle ship in the British navg

s constitution as we understand the word in this country. The British constitution is merely a mass of law consisting partly of statutes and partly of decided cases and accepted usages. in conformity with which the govern ment of the country is carried on from day to day. The constitution of th United States is written and can be read in twenty minutes' time, while the British constitution is unwritted save as it is contained in hundreds of

you prefer, major?" asked the hostes blandly. "The left wing, if you please."