USE POND'S EXTRACT

GULDS

CUTS

SORE

plauded with her hands and smiled.

pleased to be obliged to speak after

me. His fears were perhaps exagger-

listened to with no great impatience.

The meeting ended. I left the hall

in company with several of my con-

was said to be as well versed in worldly

I believe that it was written in verse.

wished to believe.

English accent:

a wonderful min L'

pressed my hand.

ady has a very serious mind."

troubled. To tell the truth, I had even

almost forgotten it, and new experien-

ces were necessary to recall it to me.

"Monsieur Pigeonneau?"

NO BOCUS testimonials, no bo-

its advertisements is absolutely true.

gus Doctors' letters used to sell HOOD'S Sarsaparilla. Every one of

Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused PILES BURNS SORE EYES SORES Headache

that RHEUMATISM so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's very bal you must change your diet . and perhaps take some distasteful drug BRUISES -the doctor will tell you what-but first SPRAINS rab thoroughly the part afflicted with WOUNDS POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will cer- THROAT tainly be much relieved. Now that you have the POND'S EXTRACT try it for -AND any of the many things its buff wrapper mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes. PAIN

SHAVING POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y mained twenty-five or thirty pages, a the most, to read, when my eyes sud denly met those of the man with the Asserian beard. How can I explais what then took place, when I do not myself understand it? All that I can say is, that the look of this person caused me at once the most inconceivable unregarded me were fixed and greenish. I could not turn away from them. I remained mute, with my head throwr back. As I stopped speaking, there was applaus a Shence being re-established, I wished to continue my reading. But in spite of the most violent efforts, I could not tear my eyes away from the two living lights on which they were mysteriously riveted. That was not all. By a phenomenon still more inconceivable I, contrary to the

my entire life to Egyptian archeology. I should be ungrateful to my country. to resence, and to myself if I regretted. have followed for forty years. My works have not been sterile. I can say without' conceit that my "Memoir on the Handle of an Egyptian Mirror in the Museum of the Louvre" can still be consulted with profit, although its writing dates from my debut in science. As for the somewhat voluminous work that I have latery consecrated to one of the bronze weights found in 1851 in the excavations at Scrapeon, I should be ungrateful not to think well of it, since it opened to me the doors of

the Institute. Encouraged by the flattering reception that my researches in this direction have received from my new col-·leagues, I was tempted for a moment to undertake a life work upon the weights and measures in use in Alexandria in the reign of Ptolemy Aulete, (80-52, B. C.). But I soon recognized that such a general subject could not be treated by a true scholar, and that serious science could not approach the subject without risk of involving itself in all serts of adventures. I felt that in considering several subjects at the same time there was danger of wandering away from the fundamental prin-

ciples of archieology My third work. I hasten to say, was wisely conceived. It was an essay entitled 'On the Toilette of an Egyptian Woman of the Middle Empire, from an Unpublished Painting." I did not introduce a single general idea. I kept close to my subject. I kept myself from those considerations, from those illustrations and those points of view



SHE WAS TAKING NOTES.

by which certain of my colleagues ruin the explanation of the most beautiful discoveries. Why should so sound a work have such a strange destiny? By what turn of fate did it become the cause of the most monstrous disorders of my mind? But let us not anticipate events or confuse dates. My essay was to be read at a public meeting of the five academies, an honor much more precious because rarely testowed on productions of such a character. These academical reunions during the last few years have Leen largely attended by fashionable people. On the day of my reading the large

room was filled with a brilliant crowd. Among the audience were many ladies. Pretty faces and rich tollettes shone in the rows of seats. My reading was listened to with respect. It was not interrupted by those thoughtless and noisy manifestations that literary work often provokes. No: the audience maintained an attitude quite in harmony with the essay presented to them. It was serious and grave. In order to separate the thoughts, I

paused tetween the phrases, and so had leisure to examine attentively over my spectacles the entire andience. I can say that no trace of smiles was to be detected on the face of any one! The freshest faces took on an austere expression. It seemed that by enchantment I had caused all these minds to mature. Here and there while I read, young people whispered in the ears of their neighbors. Without doubt they discussed some special point of my ea-

But Letter still! A young lady of twenty-two or twenty-four years of age, seated in an angle of the north row of seats, not only listened attentively, but took notes as well. Her face presented a delicacy of feature and a nobility of expression which re truly remarkable. The attention that she gave to my words added a with my praises. Even those papers charm to her strange face. She was without any claim to a literary charnot sione. A tail, rolust man, wear- reter spoke with praise of the "charming, like the A-scrian kings, a long ing fragment" which terminated my curling black beard and long black assay. "It is a reve ation," they said, hair, was seated by her, and from time "and M. Pigeonneau has given us a to time addressed her a few words in a most agreeable surprise." I do not low tone of vo.ce. My attention, which know why I repeat such bagatelles, for at first was divided among my audience, I am quite indifferent to what may be gradually concentrated itself upon this said of me in the press young woman. The inspired me with | Now I had been shut up in my writan interest that cortain of my col- ing room for three days when the ringleagues would consider unworthy of a ling of my door-bell startled me. There scientific mind. But I am sure, in the was semething imperious, fantastic, same situation, they would not have and unknown communicated to the been more in tifferent than I. As I wire by the pulling of the knob, which spoke, she scribbled in a little note- troubled me, and it was with real anbook; plainly she experienced while xiety that I went to the door in person. listening to me the most contrary Whom did I find on the landing place? emotions, from contentment and joy The young American who was so ateven to surprise and uneasiness. I ex- tentive to the reading of my essay, amined her with a growing curiosity. Miss Morgan, in person. Would to God I had never seen her save that day under the cupola!

For Malaria, Liver To . ble, or Indigestion, BROWN'S IRON BITT

I had nearly finished; there buly re-

longer wear your beautiful coat will the green palms. But, I beg, do not put it on for me. I like you much bet

ter in your dressing gown." I invited her into my work-room. She cast a curious glance on the papyri, the prints and pictures of all kinds which covered the walls to the ceiling. Ther she looked for some time at the goddess Pacht which was on my table. At

"She is charming." she said. "You are speaking of this little statue? It has indeed a rather curious inscription. But may I inquire to what circumstance I am indebted for

"Oh!" she replied, "I do not trouble myself with the particulars of an inscription. She has a cat's face of an exquisite delicacy. You believe that she is a true goddess, do you not.

Monsieur Pigeonneau?" I defended myself against such an infurious suspicion. "Such a belief," said I, "would be

fetishism. She turned her large green eyes on

me with surprise. "Ah! You are not a fetich. I did not believe one could be an archeologist without being a fetich. How can Pacht interest you if you do not believe that she is a goddess? But never mind that. I have come to see you, Monsieur easiness. The balls of those eyes which Pigeonneau, with regard to a very important affair.

"Very important?" "Yes. With regard to a costume. Look at me.'

"Do you not find that my profile has certain characteristics of the Egyptian I did not know how to reply. Such

a conversation was quite ontside of my

She continued: habit of my entire life, commenced an member having been an Egyptian. And "Oh! It is not astonishing. I reimprovisation. Heaven knows that it you, Monsieur Pigeonneau, were you was wholly involuntary! Under the also formerly an Egyptian? You do influence of a strange force, unknown, not remember? It is strange. You do irresistable, I recited with elegance not disbelieve, at least, that we pass and warmth a philosophical dissertathrough a series of successive incarnation on the toilette of women in differ-

"I do not know, Mademoiselle." The man with the Assyrian beard "You surprise me, Monsieur Pigeondid not cease looking at me fixedly while I spoke. Finally I dropped my "Would you kindly tell me to what

eyes and was silent. It grieves me to I owe the honoradd that these last words, as much a "I beg your pardon, I have not yet stranger to my own inspiration as contold you that I have come come to beg trary to scientific facts, were received you to aid me to compose an Egyptian with enthusiastic applause. The young costume for the costume-lail at the lady in the north row of seats ap-have a costume perfectly correct and I was followed by a member of the

of a stupefying beauty. I have already French academy, who was plainly not worked a great deal over it. I have consulted my recollections, for I can very well recall having lived at Thebes The essay which he read was six thousand years ago. I have had designs made in London and New "That is the surest way."

"No, nothing is surer than an inner freres, who renewed their congratulations with a sincerity in which I Stopping a moment on the quay near forms slender and pure, of profiles the lions of Creuzot to shake hands with the most delicate lines, of women with my friends, I saw the man with who look like flowers, and have an in- called after me: the Assyrian beard and his beautiful describable stiffness and suppleness at companion enter a trougham. By the same time. And a goddess who rechance I was at that moment by the sembles M. Sarcey! Oh! you have no side of an eloquent philosopher, who idea how beautiful they are!" 'My dear young lady, I do not yet

elegancies as in cosmic theories. The oung woman, putting her delicate "That is not all. I went to hear head out of the carriage window, and your essay on the toilette of a womanreaching her hand toward him, called him by name and said with a slight | Your article was a little difficult to understand, but I worked hard. From "Dear friend, you forget me. That all these documents, I have composed a costume. It is not vet just right. As the brougham moved on, I asked have come to beg you to correct it. my illustricus confrere who this Come to my house to-morrow, please. charming young lady and her compan- Do that for the love of Egypt. It is What!" he replied. "You do not understood? To-morrow! I am going know Miss Morgan and her physician now. Mamma is waiting for me in Daoud, who treats all maladies by the carriage."

While pronouncing these last words, magnetism, hypnotism and suggestion? Annie Moggan is the daughter of the she flitted away, I followed her. When richest merchant in Chicago. She I reached the ante-chamber, she was already at the foot of the stairs, from came to Paris with her mother two years ago. She, has had a marvelous whence I heard her clear voice crying: ionse built on the Avenue de L'Imper-"To-morrow! Avenue Bois-deBouatrice. She is well educated and has logne. At the corner of the Viila Said." 'I will not go to this crazy woman's

"You do not surprise me," I anhouse," I said to myse.f. swered. "I already had some reason The next day at four I rang the bell o believe that this American young at her door. A servant showed me into an immense glass hall filled with My brilliant friend smiled as he pictures and statues of marble and bronze: sedan chairs filled with porce-I continued my way on foot to the lains; Peruvian mammies; a dozen Street St Jacques, where, during forms of men and horses covered with thirty years I have fived in a molest armor that harmonized with their tall house, from the roof of which can be figures; a Polish cavalier, on whose seen the tops of the trees of the Luxback were fastened white wings; and emicourg. I entered my house and a French cavalier in a tourney costume. seated myself at once at my writing I remained there three days working assidoously, seated opposite a statu-At the foot of the God, an old woman ette repsesenting the roldess l'acht poorly elad was reading a Bible. I was Griental species, more slender than with her cat's head. This little figure still dazzled by so many marvels, when has an inscription not correctly under-Miss Morgan, raising a purple cloth stood by M. Grebault. I have prepired an excellent article on this inscription, with a commentary. My adventure at the institute left a less lively impression upon me than I could z.es, followed her. have hoped for. I was not very much

"I knew perfectly well that you would come, Monsieur Pigeonneau." 1 stammered a compliment. How could one refuse so charming

I had then leisure to continue my esa person? say and commentary. I interrupted 'Oh! it is not because I am pretty my archaeological work only to read that nothing is refused me. But be-cause I have secrets which cause oththe newspapers, which were filled ers to obey me." Then turning toward the old lady

reading the Bible, she said: "l'ay no attention to her; it is words. It is the last novelty among the sects. The believers dress themselves in sacking, and eat out of wooden porringers. Mamma amuses herself very much with these practices. But you know. I have not invited you here to talk of Mamma. I am going

to put on my Egyptian costume. look at some of these little things." She made me sit down before a cabinet which contained the coffin of a mummy, several statues of the middle Empire and some fragments of a beau-

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tion - those who want to be made strong, and those who want to be made well. It builds up, invigorates, regulates, and cures. It's for young girls just entering

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Great Scott! A Canadian preach-

I commenced at once to build various interesting theories from the documents. I had been plunged in this work for some time, just how long I do not know, when I was warned by a sort of instinct that some one was behind me. I turned and saw a marvelous creature, her hair confined in a golden net, and dressed in a narrow, sheath-like gown, all white, which revealed the adorable and youthful lines of her figure. Over this sheath feil a light, rose-colored tunic, fastened at the waist by a band of precious stones, the ends falling wide apart and forming symmetrical folds in the gown. The arms and feet were bare, the fingers and toes being covered with

She stood facing me, turning her head toward her right shoulder, in an attitude which gave an almost indescribable divinity to her beauty. "What!" I cried. "It is you, Miss Morgan?"

"If it is not Neferou-ra in person You know the Neferou-ra of Leconte de Lisle, the Beauty of the Sun?

" Voici qu' élle inmuit sur son lit virg i nal, Tres pale, enveloppee avec des fines toiles. But you do not know! You do not know poetry. Poetry, however, is very pretty! Come to work! Having mastered my emotion, I made

some remarks to this ravishing creature on her costume. I ventured to



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, UNCLE? oute several details which were not an archeological exactitude. I proosed replacing the setting of the ings with certain stones more common in that age. Finally, I decidedly opposed the wearing of an agraffe of loisone enamel. In truth, this ornament was an odious anachronism. We decided to substitute for it a gold plaque, with precious stones inserted n small cells.

She listened to me with extreme docility, and was so well pleased that revelation. I have also studied the cused myself, pleading the regularity she wished me to dine with her. I ex-Egyptian museum at the Louvre. It is of my habits and the frugality of my regime as an excuse, and took leave of

I was in the ante-chamber when she "Wait a moment. Is my costume

striking enough? I must make all the other women jealous.' I was shocked at such a thought, but turning toward her again, I fell under her charm. She called me back.

"Monsieur Pigeonneau, you are so amiable! Write a little story for me, and Ishall like you so very, very much." "I do not know how," I answered. She shrugged her beautiful shoulders and cried:

"Of wha use then is science to us if it does not serve as a basis for stories? You will write me a story, Monsieur Thinking it useless to renew my ab-

solute refusal, I withdrew without re-I met at the door the man with the

Assyrian beard, Dr. Daoud, whose look had so troubled me under the dome of the institute. He seemed to me a most vulgar man, and the meeting with him was absolutely painful to me. The ball of Countess N- took

place fifteen days after my visit. I was not surprised to read in the papers that the beautiful Miss Morgan had made a sensation in the costume of Nefer-I heard nothing of her during the

year 1886; but the first day of the new year, as I was writing in my room, a valet brought me a letter and a basket. "From Miss Morgan," he said, and

The tasket was placed on my table. A perfect forest of paims stood about The sound of a cat's voice came from the hall. In the centre of the room it. I lifted the cover, and a small gray cat jumped out.

our cats, and resembling, so far as I portiere, appeared to me. She wore a mies, enveloped in great bands, are could judge, its ancestors, whose mumwhite gown, Lordered with swan's now found in such large numbers at shale. down. She advanced toward me. Two Thebes. It shook itself, looked around, immense Danish dogs, with long muz- hum ped its back, yawned, and then began rubbing itself against the goddess Pacht, whose pure figure and fine, pointed noise were raised color and with its fur shaven, the little cat was very gracious. It seemed intelligent and not wild. I could not understand the reason for such a strange present Miss Morgan's letter did not

enlighten me much, either. Itran thus: "DEAR SIR:-I send you a little cat that Dr. Daoud brought from Egypt and which I love very much. Treat it Mamma. If you spoke to her, she kindly for love of me. I do not need would not answer. She belongs to a to remind you that you owe me a religious sect which forbids needless story. You will bring it Kings' Day. We will dine together.

ANNIE MORGAN. "P. S.—The name of your little catis

After having read this letter, I looked at Porou, who, standing on his hind feet, licked the black nose of Pacht, his divine sister. He looked at will not take long. While waiting, me, and I must say that of us two he was not the more astonished. I asked myself, "What does this all

But I soon stopped trying to comprehend it. "It is very silly in me," I an overcoat and wishing that it was tiful funeral ritual. Alone, I exam- said to myself, 'to look for sense in ined this papyrus with even more in. the foolishness of a young flyaway.

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was the name of a scribe of the time | it." I returned to my work on chronology, which was much more interesting to me, as I handled a little roughly in it my eminent confrere, Monsieur Maspero. Porou did not leave my table. Seated in front of me with ears erect, he watched me write. For some inconceivable reason I could not write that day. My ideas were confused; there ran in my thoughts scraps of songs, and shreds of stories. I went to bed thoroughly out of tem-

per with myself. The next morning, I found Porou seated on my table, licking his paws. That day again I could not write Porou and I passed the hours of daylight in looking at each other. The next day, and the next, and, in short, all the week, went in the same way. I was in despair. But I must confess that little by little I grew to endure my trouble with patience, and even with gayety. The rapidity with which an honest man tecomes depraved is frightful.

Epiphany Sunday I rose in a very happy state of mind and ran to my table, where Porou, as was his custom, had preceded me. I took a pad of beautiful white paper, dipped my pen in the ink, and wrote in large letters under the eyes of my new friend: "The Misfortunes of a One-eyed Messenge.' Then, with the eyes of Porou still upon me, I wrote all day, with a prodigious rapidity, a recital of adventures so marvellous, so pleasant so varie s that I was myself quite up bundles, and made the most comical mistakes. Two lovers who found themselves in a critical position received help from him without his knowing it. He carried wardrobes with men concealed in them, and these he introduced into a house and frightened some But how can I describe such a lively story? Twenty times I burst out laughing while writing. If Porou himself did not laugh, his grave air was as pleasant as the most hilarious manner. It was seven o clock in the evening when I wrote the last line of this agreeable work. Since one o'clock the room had been lighted only by the phosphorescent eyes of Porou. I had written as easily in the obscurity as by the light of a good lamp. My story finished, I dressed myself. I put on my black coat and my white cravat, and then, taking leave of Porou, I descended rapidly the staircase and hurried into the street. I had not taken twenty steps when I feit a pull at my sleeve. "Uncle, where are you running too?

You look like a somnambulist." It was my nephew Macel who questioned me in this manner. A good and intelligent young man, a student at Salpetriere, every one said he would neceed at medicine. And, in truth, he had a good enough mind if he would but hold his capricious imagination more in check. "Oh!" I replied, "I am going to carry

story of my making t "What, uncle! you know Miss Morgan? She is very pretty. Do you also

snow Dr Daoud, who fellows her everywhere? "An empiric, a charlatan." "Without doubt, uncle, but at the ame time an extraordinary experimenter. Bernheim, Liegeois or Charcot himself has never obtained such phenomena as he produces at will. He can produce hypnotism and suggestion without contact, without direct action by the intermediary of an animal. Ordinarily, he uses for his experiments small cats with shaven

bodies. This is how he proceeds. He nfluence executes the command of the

operator." "Is this the truth?" "The exact truth, uncle." "And what is Miss Morgan's part in these beautiful experiments?"

"Miss Morgan, uncle, makes Daoud work for her amusement by using hypnotism and suggestion to cause people todo ridiculous things. Asif her beauty ought not to suffice for that!" I listened to nothing more. An irresistible force drew me to Miss Morgan.

Her Iden of It. A woman arraigned in a Vienna law court recently was asked by the judge if she had a clear character. The accused was silent. Then the judge, put-

ting the question in a more direct form, asked: "Have you ever suffered a legal punishment?"

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Getting to the Point. He-Are we alone? She-Of course not. Only one person

can be alone, and there are two of us. He-Fr-um-but suppose we were

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