Robert Macaire.

THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES IN THE CAREER OF THIS SWAGGERING ROBBER.

A TALE OF VILLAINY AND VIRTUE.

The Last Brilliant Crime Which Cost Macaire and His Pal Their Lives.

By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Robert Macaire, an ex-convict, comes to a village in France, where he imposes on the simple peasants, and marries Marie Beaumont, daughter of a rich farmer. He later murders a young man named Pierre Lanar.

Macaire robs Marie's father. Robert and his wife are arrested on suspicion. On the way to prison, Macaire changes clothes with Marie and escapes.

CHAPTER III.

The Foundling.

THE gendarmes ran back and scoured the road right and left, but all in vain, for Robert Macaire had broken from prison and escaped from custody too often to be caught napping when there was a chance of escape.

He was already safe in the wood and under cover of its shelter, putting each moment a great distance between himself and his pursuers, while they were vainly searching for him on the ground which he had passed over.

Seeing that the search was in vain and that the only chance of recapturing him was by raising the hue and cry from the station, the Sergeant called his men back.

They came, naturally enough, thoroughly angry at the way in which they had been tricked and vowing vengeance on Robert Macaire in case they should ever lay their hands upon him again.

After a few hours' more journeying they reached the jail, where Marie, thoroughly exhausted, sank into a deep sleep.

In the morning she was taken before the Magistrate and charged with theft. Of course the gendarme told of the escape of Macaire, and Marie, who up to this moment had been in utter ignorance of her husband's bad character, now found that she was considered merely as a tool in the hands of a criminal known as Robert Macaire, whose guilty record, though unknown to the rustic gendarmes at the time of his arrest, was now unfolded to her agony and amazement, though as an innocent and deceived party.

She was treated with the utmost kindness by the warden into whose care she was placed. But the awful thought that her child would be born in prison made her resolve to escape at all hazards.

In the dead of night she arose, and with little difficulty made her way out to the darkness.

Her evident and extreme weakness had lulled all thought of watchfulness or rest on the part of the country-bred jailer.

After hours of wandering and as the morning was breaking, finding her strength going fast, she threw herself down by a little wayside shrine.

The figure of the Divine Mother gave her a new hope and she sank lower in the dust and bowed her weary head as she prayed.

She felt no fear now. With that divine image of motherhood and suffering before her she felt that her prayer was heard and that her child would be free from the curse of its fatherhood.

Here alone, save for what she felt to be the presence of the Mother of Sorrows, her son was born.

In the morning grew, however, a new fear began to assail her. The thought that she might be captured and taken back to the prison again.

The fear that after all her son might inherit the taint of the prison gave her strength to stir herself and she looked around her eagerly for some clue through the maze of doubts before her. She thought that the best thing that she could do was to place her child somewhere where it would be taken care of and where it would never know the sufferings or the despair of his poor mother or his father's shame.

The thought of leaving him almost broke her heart. She faltered in her purpose.

Suddenly she listened. There was the sound of a horse's feet quietly cantering. The thought came to her like an inspiration that it could not be any one pursuing her or the pace would have been quicker.

She made up her mind—she would trust her child to the mercy of this stranger.

Hastily wrapping him in her woollen shawl, she laid him tenderly at the foot of the shrine, after kissing him with passionate fervor, and hurriedly hid herself in a clump of trees that grew thickly around the shrine.

The horseman approached at an easy pace. She peered out eagerly through the leaves to see to what kind of a person she was about to trust the fate of her child.

He had thrown the rein on the horse's neck and was to all seeming unconscious of what went on around him. He was evidently in some deep distress, for the tears were rolling down his cheeks.

The mother's heart grew glad as she saw him stop and after a moment of uncertainty stoop, take up the now wailing child and after a few moments of hesitation ride away with the babe.

"They may take me now to prison if they like," cried Marie, "for if they seek me they will surely find me, but, thank God, my child is saved."

* * * * * * *

In all the department of the Saone-et-Loire there was no man more generally liked and respected that M. Dumont, the proprietor of Les Bons Amis, a thriving auberge (or inn) which stood in the outskirts of the village of Simard, just where the highroad to Montret passes the end of the lane leading to the old church.

M. Dumont was a widower, having lost his wife some twenty years before. They had gone to Marseilles to see her father, her only remaining relative, who was dying.

The fatigue of the journey had been too much for her and she had died in giving birth to a son, their first and only child.

Having laid his young wife and her old father side by side, M. Dumont returned to Les Bons Amis with a little dark-eyed infant, a few weeks old, to be henceforward the great joy and interest of his life; for he never thought of remarrying, but devoted himself to the bringing up of his child and the care of his inn and his farm.

In course of time the little delicate baby grew up to be a tall, strong young man, the pride and joy of his father—the apple of his eye.

He was a general favorite with old and young, while his gentle manners and soft, dark eyes made him specially popular among the young girls of the surrounding villages.

Things had gone well with M. Dumont, and at the time of which we speak he was a very rich man.

M. Germenil was a wealthy farmer, an old friend of Dumont.

He had a pretty daughter whom he wished to see married to Charles, the only son of M. Dumont.

Now MM. Germenil and Dumont contrived to leave Charles and Clementine, the daughter of Germenil, together, and both old gentlemen were delighted to learn a couple of hours later that Charles had been accepted by Clementine, subject to the approval of Germenil. Dumont, upon being informed of the state of affairs, said:

"The boy has been my right hand and comfort this many a year, and now he brings me the daughter I desired and their little children will cheer my old age. On the day he marries, neighbor, he will become the owner of this inn, and when I die he will inherit all my savings."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Charles, tears standing in his dark eyes.

"And I," said Germenil, "will give Clementine a dot (dowry) of 12,000 francs and at my death— But there, we are not going to die ", my old friend. We have many a hearty year before us, I trust!"

It was then arranged that M. Germenil and his daughter should come to Les Bons Amis the following Wednesday.

The contract should then be signed and the wedding take place the next day.

On the morning of the next day every one was on foot brave and early at Les Bons Amis.

The best room was opened and aired, for there the marriage contract was to be signed. Soon M. Dumont and Charles appeared in earnest converse.

"My poor Charles," said Dumont, "Germenil must know, but it will be all right. You must have more confidence. Where will Germenil find a more eligible son-in-law? Do I not give you up the most flourishing business in all the country?"

As he spoke the sound of wheels were heard and M. Germenil and Clementine arrived.

Charles took possession of Clementine, and as soon as the two old friends were alone M. Germenil cried:

"Why does Charles look so sad?"

"He has reason to look sad," said Dumont. "I have revealed to him that which may affect his whole future happiness. The fact is, Charles is not my son."

"Parbleu!" exclaimed Germenil.

"Yes," continued Dumont, "after the death of my wife and only son (who died an infant), while journeying to this place, in great sorrow I stopped for rest and a few moments' prayer at a wayside shrine; here I found a new-born infant wrapped in a shawl. There was no clue to his parentage except the name Marie Beaumont worked in the shawl. No one but myself knows the facts, and I have regarded and always will regard Charles as my own son, sent by heaven to bless me."

"Ah!" said Germenil, "I see no reason why this should affect the marriage."

"I knew your good heart," answered Dumont, grasping his friend's hand.

(To Be Continued.)

THE DESERTION.

SHE LAID HIM TENDERLY AT THE FOOT OF THE SHRINE, AFTER KISSING HIM.

BIBLE IN NEW TONGUES.

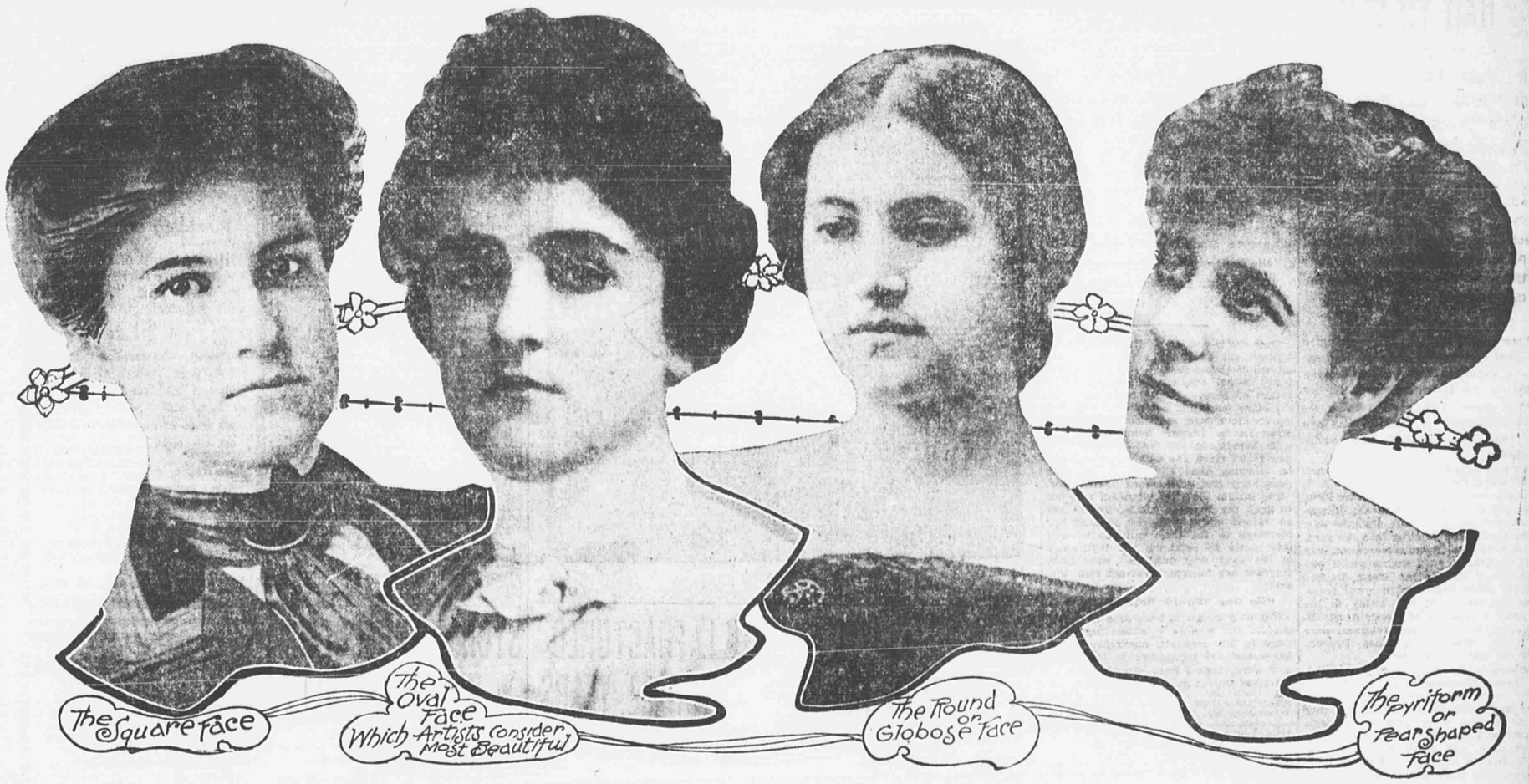
Four hitherto unknown tongues, so far as print is concerned, are now being added to the list of languages in which the British and Foreign Bible Society prints the gospels, and of these three are for the benefit of subjects of His Majesty. The New Testament is to be turned into Nyanja for the tribes of the Shire River Bank, Nyassaland, and in this work the Livingstonia Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland, the Blantyre Mission of the Established Church of Scotland and the Myera Mission of the Dutch Reformed Church are collaborating. A version in Yalunka is nearly ready for natives of the Falaba district of Sierra Leone, and in Bugotu for the inhabitants of Ysabel Island—one of the Solomon group. Lastly, a translation into Visayan, spoken by some 2,000,000 persons in the Philippine archipelago, is being undertaken. All are enterprises of great interest to philologists.

FIRST ARTICLE OF SERIES.

HOW TO READ YOUR SWEETHEART'S FACE.

BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

TO WHAT TYPE DOES SHE BELONG?



Many persons have an off-hand way of disposing of the subject by saying, "I don't believe in physiognomy. I don't believe you can tell anything about a man or a woman by her face."

Fortunately this is a free country, where liberty of speech and a few other privileges are allowed the just and the unjust.

Now, I do believe that a man's or woman's tendencies are early to be read in facial signs and in mature years. I know that, broadly speaking, our faces tell the history of our lives.

The mind controls, or should control, the manner of our lives.

The mind—or perhaps I would better say the thought behind every action, like the finest, tiniest graver's chisel—traces its record on our faces, in the look from our eyes, in the curve of the lips, in the expanse or contraction of the nostrils, and in a thousand crisscross network lines on brow and cheek that never would have been without the thought that set the muscles in motion, whose contractions finally carve the tell-tale tracks.

However much the unthinking man or woman may sneer at physiognomy as as an indication of character, as a matter of fact we all do believe in it.

I once had an Irish maid who was frightfully superstitious and was very sensitive on this particular subject. One day I forgot something and attempted to enter my apartment after having closed the door and started for the stairway. My faithful Jane opened the door and, throwing up both hands, barred my entrance.

"Don't! Don't sthep over the duresill fer the luv of Hivin!" she cried; "it's terrible bad luck."

I laughed and said: "Oh, Jane, you are so ridiculously superstitious," whereupon she became very grave, and in an offended way said:

"I am not superstitious, but I do believe in signs."

That's the way with the people who make fun of physiognomy reading, and pretend there's nothing in it. They don't believe in physiognomy, but they do judge people by their faces.

Sooner or later you will hear one of the non-believers say of a man or woman, or even of a horse or dog:

"I don't like his eyes."

"She doesn't look honest."

"She is a conceited thing; you can see it in her face."

"She has an honest face."

"Excuse me from a woman with that sort of nose; it means mischief."

"That dog has an ugly pair of eyes."

Or a man "has a bull-dog expression."

These are every-day terms. If they mean anything at all they mean that a man's or a woman's character is to be read more or less distinctly, according to the knowledge of the reader by the subject's face.

Men in love are unreasonable beings. But the man who is in love sometimes has lucid moments. Let him study his sweetheart's face intelligently.

He will know better how to appreciate her fine qualities and he will be far more generous with her shortcomings, which she is fairly sure to develop in the course of a life partnership, if he realizes the tendencies she must overcome in order to triumph over faults which may, if not corrected, prove the entering wedge of a quick-growing discord.

Now, if you are studying a girl's face, begin with the form.

Most faces are of one of three distinct forms.

One is the oval. That is to say, the face would, if framed, present the outline of an oval. From the artist's point of view the oval is the most beautiful form.

Look at your sweetheart critically, and if her face forms a perfect oval you may consider that she will possess a great amount of firmness and self-reliance, that her friends will not only be those of her childhood, but that she will make new ones constantly, for she is usually of passionate loyalty.

This is particularly the case, when oval-faced girl has brown eyes and brown hair or dark hair.

Artists and the great painters have almost always chosen the oval-faced, dark-haired and dark-eyed woman to represent the Madonna, the martyr and saint.

The oval-faced woman is intensely maternal. She loves her children to idolatry. She is very constant in her love affairs. She may marry a second time, but often she remains a widow to the end of her days after a very short married life.

You may break her heart, and many men have done so, but you can rarely force the oval-faced woman with the brown eyes and brown hair to disloyalty.

This is not the highest intellectual type, but for womanly virtues she is pre-eminent.

The oval-faced woman is a girl for a man to tie to. But you need not be discouraged if you happen to have given your affection to a round-faced girl.

The round-faced type is one whose face pretty nearly describes a circle.

The round-faced girl is the most cheerful sort of a companion. Oftener than otherwise she is fair with dancing blue eyes and glints of gold in her hair. She is witty and men adore her.

But whether she be fair or dark the round-faced girl is a jolly, happy-go lucky creature, and usually has a love affair on hand.

She is an ardent lover while the spell lasts, but she is not always constant.

The round-faced woman is not malicious or vindictive. She really is in love on each separate occasion. She is frequently constitutionally inconstant. She gets tired, and this does not mean that she will wilfully hurt the man who no longer attracts her, but she is like a child with yesterday's toy.

But a day ago she hugged the toy to her breast, and this morning she throws it across the room and only asks not to see it again.

Of course there are exceptions, and it would be perfectly ridiculous to say that every woman with an oval face is a loyal saint and each round-faced girl a fickle coquette. I am defining physiognomy signs on broad, liberal lines. Generally speaking the round-faced girl is too impulsive. She has more flexibility than stability.

She loves to have a good time and she will not be made a martyr of to drudgery of any sort. She is the soul of amiability, and even in her inconstancy she is what we commonly call "good-hearted."

The round-faced woman is sympathetic and generous; she weeps with those who weep, and laughs with those who laugh.

She will divide her last dollar with you, and she always has lots of friends.

Constancy can be cultivated, and it is well for the round-faced woman—who frequently knows herself that she is fickle and says so—to make a study of her own case and acquire the habit of loyalty.

The pear-shaped face is the most spiritual of the four types, and it is also regarded as the most intellectual. It is the expansion of the upper part of the face, particularly the forehead, which is the dome of thought, that gives the pyriform, or pear-shaped, outline to the face.

Usually women of this type have delicate and finely chiselled features. They are bright-eyed, with fine, soft and not over-abundant hair.

There are, of course, many modifications of the pear-shaped face and the temperament is varied in proportion with these modifications.

The pear-faced woman lives in ideals. Her senses are acute, her intelligence lively, her imagination brilliant and poetic. She is frequently an artist or a poet, and always an idealist.

The pear-shaped woman rarely loves but once. If the man to whom she gives her heart proves unworthy of the high standard she has set for him, and he frequently does, being more or less human, the pear-faced maiden or wife wraps the mantle of silence about her and to the end of her days, mourns for the death of Love.

The square-faced type is the girl of endless energy and grit.

Square faced women have been at the head and front of every great advance movement of the modern world.

The square-faced woman is a tower of strength. Let no man for an instant suppose that a girl whose face would fit better in a square frame than in one of oval, round or pear shaped outline, will ever prove a tender vine to which he is to play the part of stalwart oak. The contrary is much apt to be the case and while the square-faced woman is fully capable of a great and self-sacrificing love, it will be impossible for her to be happy dominated by a character less stronger than her own, and these are not often encountered.

Mrs. Ayer's next article will describe noses, and tell what noses of different shapes mean.

FRIENDSHIP AMONG INSECTS.

AN ODD ALLIANCE.

Dr. Hans Thoman, the ramous naturalist, has discovered a curious and wonderful life communion between two forms of insects, says the Philadelphia Press.

The discovery was made while he was on an entomological expedition in Switzerland.

There he found the caterpillar of a little blue butterfly, the lycaena argus. When he picked it up he was surprised to see two ants holding to its back.

He thought at first they had attacked the caterpillar, but every caterpillar of the same species found by him that day was accompanied by ants.

He studied the strange occurrence then and found that, while ants and caterpillars generally are bitter enemies, these two particular species were intensely friendly.

Whenever he approached a caterpillar thus accompanied the ants on its back would prepare to fight, raise their heads angrily and open their mandibles ready to bite.

Wasps and stinging flies that tried to attack the caterpillars were attacked in turn by the pugnacious creatures and generally driven away.

It was comparatively easy for Dr. Thoman to learn all these remarkable things.

But it was not so easy for him to discover what it was that led the ants to be so careful of the caterpillar.

At last, however, he solved the puzzle.

On one of the segments of the caterpillar he found a tiny aperture.

Out of this there flowed a thick, syrup-like juice, not continually, but only now and then.

The ants he found, wait greedily for this juice, and when it appears they gorge themselves on it.

They love it so much that they do not tire of waiting for it, however long the intervals may be between production.

It is not love, or even gratitude, but just plain greediness, that leads them to fight other creatures that approach their host.

MAY MANTON
DAILY DRESS HINT.

FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.

This smart afternoon gown is made of etamine of the canvas sort in sage green, trimmed with bands of velvet in a deeper shade, and is worn with a velvet belt held by a clasp that matches the three large enamelled buttons.

Material required for the medium size: Waist, 4 1-8 yards 21 inches wide, 3 7-8 yards 27 inches wide, 2 1-2 yards 32 inches wide or 2 1-8 yards 44 inches wide; for skirt, 10 1-2 yards 21 inches wide, 9 1-4 yards 27 inches wide or 5 1-2 yards 44 inches wide.

Waist pattern, No. 4,253, sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust, mailed for 10 cents.

Skirt pattern, No. 4,187, in sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist, mailed for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

QUEER SUPERSTITION.

"In a recent visit I paid to friends abroad I came across a superstition that was new to me, and I haven't found any one who ever heard of it in America," said Howard B. Temple, of St. Louis, to a Washington Post reporter.

"One day at dinner somebody hit a glass, which began the ringing, jingling noise that is familiar when glassware is struck, and immediately another guest covered the piece with his hands so as to muffle the sound. Every one present said 'That's right; stop the ringing.'

"I found out on inquiring that when one causes the ringing of a glass piece to cease it saves a human life from drowning. How the notion originated I can't explain, but these people I speak of were intelligent and not generally given to cherishing absurd notions. It is said to be a Scotch superstition, but no one of my friends could throw light on its origin."

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Every Afternoon and Evening, Sundays Included, 2.30 and 8.30. Doors open 1 and 7.
Feeding of the Carnivora at 4.30 & 10 P. M.
General Admission, 50c., Balcony, 75c., Reserved chairs, $1; Boxes, seating four, $6; Children, half price Afternoons. Season Tickets Adults, $10; Children, $5. Reserved seats at Hotels and Garden. Telephone 691 Columbus. Carriages 5 and 11 P. M.

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NEW SAVOY THEATRE. 34th st. & B'way. Evenings at 8. Matinees Wed. and Saturday.
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Preceded by AT THE TELEPHONE.
Monday, Oct. 20—His Excellency, the Governor.

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Prices 25, 50, 75, $1. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. Ev., 8.

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HERALD SQR. THEA. Jefferson de Angelis. LAST WEEK. The Emerald Isle. Mats. Wed. & Sat. NEXT Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger Will Present MONDAY MR. MARTIN HARVEY IN "THE ONLY WAY." SEAT SALE OPENS THURSDAY MORNING.

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