

SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH, 1906

Desires the banker or cashier? "Certainly Justice must not be kept in ignorance of your intention of following up this affair. Monsieur Patricien will tell you to watch Prosper; you will reply that you will not lose sight of him. I myself will answer for his being in safe keeping."

"Suppose he asks me about Gipsy?" M. Lecoq hesitated for a moment. "Tell him," he finally said, "that you persuaded her, in the interest of Prosper, to live in a house where she can watch some one whom you suspect."

Fanferlot was joyously picking up his hat to go, when M. Lecoq checked him by waving his hand, and said: "I have not finished. Do you know how to drive a carriage and manage horses?"

"Why, patron, can you ask this of a man who used to be a rider in the Bouthor circus?" "Very well. As soon as the judge dismisses you, return home immediately, make yourself a wig and the complete dress of a valet; and, having dressed yourself, take this letter to the agency on the Rue Delorme."

"But, patron—" "There must be no but, my friend; the agent will send you to Monsieur de Clameran, who is looking for a valet, his man having left him yesterday."

"Excuse me if I venture to suggest that you are making a mistake. This Clameran is not the cashier's friend?" "Why do you always interrupt me?" said M. Lecoq, imperiously. "Do what I tell you, and don't disturb your mind about the rest. Clameran is not a friend of Prosper's, I know; but he is the friend and protector of Raoul de Lagors. Why so? Whence the intimacy of these two men of such different ages? That is what I must find out. I must also find out who this forge-master is, who lives in Paris, and never goes to attend to his furnaces. A jolly fellow, who takes it in his head to live at the Hotel du Louvre, in the midst of a tumultuous, ever-changing crowd, is a fellow difficult to watch. Through you I will have an eye upon him. He has a carriage; you are to drive it, and you will soon be able to give me an account of his manner of life, and of the sort of people with whom he associates."

"You shall be obeyed, patron." "Another thing, Monsieur de Clameran is irritable and suspicious. You will be presented to him under the name of Joseph Dubois. He will demand your certificate of good character. Here are three, which state that you have lived with the Marquis de Stairmeuse and the Count de Commarin, and that you have just left the Baron de Wortschen, who went to Germany the other day. Now keep your eyes open; be careful of your dress and manners. Be polite, but not excessively so. And, above all things, don't be obsequious; it might arouse suspicion."

"I understand, patron. Where shall I report to you?" "I will call on you every day. Until I tell you differently, don't step foot in this house; you might be followed. If anything important should happen, send a note to your wife, and she will inform me. Go, and be prudent."

The door closed on Fanferlot as M. Lecoq passed into his bedroom. In the twinkling of an eye he had divested himself of the appearance of a police officer. He took off his stiff cravat and gold spectacles, and removed the close wig from his thick black hair. The official Lecoq had disappeared, leaving in his place the genuine Lecoq whom nobody knew—a handsome young man, with a bold, determined manner, and brilliant, piercing eyes.

But he only remained himself for an instant. Seated before a dressing-table, covered with more cosmetics, paints, perfumes, false hair, and other unmentionable shams than are to be found on the toilet-tables of our modern belles, he began to undo the work of nature, and make himself a new face.

He worked slowly, handling his brushes with great care. But in an hour he had accomplished one of his daily masterpieces. When he had finished, he was no longer Lecoq; he was the large gentleman with red whiskers, whom Fanferlot failed to recognize.

"Well," he said, casting a last look in the mirror, "I have forgotten nothing; I have left nothing to chance. All my plans are fixed; and I shall make some progress to-day, provided the Squirrel does not waste time."

But Fanferlot was too happy to waste a minute. He did not run, he flew, toward the Palais de Justice.

At last he was now able to convince some one that he, Fanferlot, was a man of wonderful perspicacity.

As to acknowledging that he was about to obtain a triumph with the ideas of another man, he never thought of it. It is generally in perfect good faith that the jackdaw struts in the peacock's feathers.

His hopes were not deceived. If the judge was not absolutely and fully convinced, he admired the ingenuity of the whole proceeding, and complimented the proud jackdaw upon his brilliancy.

"This decides me," he said, as he dismissed Fanferlot. "I will make out a favorable report to-day; and it is highly probable that the accused will be released at once."

He began to allow to write out one of those terrible decisions of "Not proven," which restores liberty, but not honor, to the accused man; which

says that he is not guilty, but does not say he is innocent. "Whereas there do not exist sufficient charges against the accused, Prosper Bertomy, in pursuance of Article 128 of the Criminal Code, we hereby declare that we find no grounds for prosecution against the aforesaid prisoner at this present time; and we order that he shall be released from the prison where he is confined, and set at liberty by the jailer," etc.

"Well," he said to the clerk, "here is another of those crimes which justice can not clear up. The mystery remains to be solved. This is another file to be stowed away among the archives of the record office."

And with his own hand he wrote on the cover of the bundle of papers relating to Prosper's case, the number of the package, "File No. 113."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SLUM LIFE.

Story of a Drunkard and His Victory by Miss Evangeline Booth.

"I was sitting one night in my little room, when the door opened and a woman walked in. She sat down by the fire without a word. I let her alone, because I knew she was in trouble. Finally she said:

"They say she died of cancer, but it's a lie! He done it with his fist. He's drunk now. 'Cos why? Minnie she died he come in an' tuk the clothes off the baby an' put 'em up the spout."

The audience forgot all about its being a religious meeting. Somewhere, unseen, a violin was sighing Handel's "Largo." Miss Booth, still acting the ragged role of Soho, went on to tell how she put on her shawl and went to the cellar where the mother was dead. She did not dwell upon the morbid side of it, but said she found two children, too little to talk much, curled up together on the damp floor. She took them to the room, where she bathed them, gave them warm milk, and dressed them like little angels in white "nighties."

"Suppose he comes after them?" suggested Miss Booth.

Three days later he came, very drunk and profane. Miss Booth tackled him. He proposed to wring her neck and other things. Miss Booth told him he would not get his babies, but he might see them. She led him upstairs to the room, and showed him the babies—their hair combed out, their faces shining with soap and water, both curled up in bed. The man swore hard for two minutes; then stopped short, burst into tears, and said:

"Is them my kiddies?" He never drank again.—Miss Evangeline Booth.

WHOSE DAUGHTER?

Your Daughter or the Saloonkeeper's? Which? Whose Bonnet Do You Pay For?

When the writer spoke to the men in the Michigan Central railroad shops in Detroit recently, a workman told him this story of a scene he had himself witnessed:

"Papa, will you please give me 50 cents for my spring hat? Most of the other girls have theirs already."

"No, not now, Jane, I can't spare the money."

A beautiful ten-year-old daughter had made the request. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his work, and on his way to the shop he met a friend, and being a half fellow well met, he invited him into "Bill's" for a drink. There were others there and the father treated the crowd, and then threw down a dollar that just paid for the drinks.

Just then the saloon keeper's daughter entered, and going behind the bar, said: "Papa, I want one dollar for my spring hat."

"All right," said the dealer, as he pushed to her the dollar just laid on the bar.

Jane's father was dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself: "I couldn't give my daughter 50 cents for her hat, but I had to bring my dollar here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with. I'll never drink another drop."—Michigan Issue.

GERMANY'S DRINK BILL.

Some Figures Which Tell a Startling Story of the Kaiser's Kingdom.

Germany has about 60,000,000 of people. The American consuls report that the annual drink bill of that empire is \$672,588,000. This is an average of about \$11.21 per person, or of \$37.36 per person over 15 years of age. For schools this great empire spent \$99,722,000, for working people's insurance \$104,244,000, for the army and navy \$203,847,000. The drink bill shows an average consumption annually of 6 1/2 quarts of wine, 12 1/2 quarts of beer and 9 quarts of brandy for each person. The German consul in Chicago tried to mollify the apparent force of these figures, by stating that the expenditure of \$37.36 for each person over 15 years of age does not mean in Germany what it does here, since the beer brewed there is not as intoxicating as that which is drunk here. But 9 quarts of brandy for each person is pretty heavy drinking of spirits, and nothing can offset that. While the total expenditure for drink in this country is much greater than in Germany, being about a billion and a half, the average expense per capita is about \$18.20. In Great Britain it is about \$19.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Do You Smash the Home? Mrs. Nation has an idea that she smashed things which deserved that kind of treatment. She says: "You call me crazy because I smashed a few saloons that were smashing hearts, homes and souls. Well, every time you cast a ballot you either smash the saloon or you smash the home. A vote which licenses and protects the saloon smashes the home in the most effective way the devil has devised. Which of us is crazy?"—Backbone.

A PUBLIC DANGER.

How Cities in England and Scotland Are Warning People Against Drink.

In view of the increasing interest taken by municipalities in England and Scotland in the question of public health as affected by the use of intoxicating liquor, many of the cities and large towns have decided to issue large posters in their respective areas in order to warn the people against the use of alcohol. Several of the London borough councils, Liverpool, Leeds, Tunbridge Wells in England, Glasgow and Dundee Scotland, are among the places that have taken such action. The trade has raised an action in the law courts in order to arrest the spread of the movement. The following is the form of poster issued by the city of Dundee, which is typical of that issued by other municipalities:

CITY OF DUNDEE. PHYSICAL DETERIORATION AND ALCOHOLISM.

The report of the committee, presented to Parliament by command of His Majesty, states that: The abuse of alcoholic stimulants is a most potent and deadly agent of physical deterioration.

Alcoholic persons are especially liable to tuberculosis and all inflammatory disorders. Evidence was placed before the committee showing that in abstinence is to be sought the source of muscular vigor and activity.

The lunacy figures show a large and increasing number of admissions of both sexes which are due to drink.

The following facts recognized by the medical profession are published in order to carry out the recommendation of the committee and to bring home to men and women the fatal effects of alcohol on physical efficiency:

(a) Alcoholism is a chronic poisoning resulting from the habitual abuse of alcohol (whether as spirits, wine, or beer), which may never go as far as drunkenness.

(b) It is a mistake to say that stimulants are necessary for those doing hard work.

(c) Alcohol is really a narcotic, dulling the nerves, like laudanum or opium. Its first effect is to weaken a man's self-control while his passions are excited; hence the number of crimes which occur under its influence.

(d) For persons in ordinary health the practice of drinking even the milder alcoholic drinks apart from meals is most injurious.

(e) The habit of drinking to excess leads to the ruin of families, the neglect of social duties, disgust for work, misery, theft, and crime. It leads also to the hospital, for alcohol produces the most various and the most fatal diseases, including paralysis, insanity, diseases of the stomach and liver and dropsy. It also paves the way to consumption, and frequenters of public houses furnish a large proportion of the victims of this disease. It complicates and aggravates all acute diseases; typhoid fever, pneumonia and erysipelas are much more fatal in the subject of alcoholism.

(f) The sins of parents who have drunk to excess are visited on the children, both morally and physically.

(g) In short, alcoholism is the most terrible enemy to personal health, to family happiness and to national prosperity. William Longair, Lord Provost; Chas. Templeman, M. D., S. S. C., Medical Officer of Health; Wm. H. Blyth Martin, Town Clerk. Town House, Dundee, January, 1906.

Prohibition in Kansas. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon recently declared that the majority for prohibition is larger in Kansas to-day than in 1880. Letters read from Gov. Hoch and Congressman Scott stated the benefits of prohibition. Among other facts mentioned were these: Eighty-five counties of 105 have no paupers, 35 counties have no prisoners, and one jail is used by farmers to store corn. A quarter of a million people 20 years of age or more have never seen a saloon. He stated that in his journey from Topeka to Hartford he saw more drunken men and boys than in his 17 years' residence in Kansas.

How It Feels.

A widely traveled gentleman lately said: "It is somewhat interesting to note the various ways in which intoxicants affect the various nations. Having traveled to a considerable extent I have perceived that when a Frenchman has had too much, he wants to dance; a German to sing; a Spaniard to gamble; a Britisher to eat; an Italian to brag; an Irishman to fight; and an American to deliver a speech."—Champion of Fair Play.

Without Drink Mob Impossible. Let there be an abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout this country during the period of a single generation and a mob would be as impossible as combustion without oxygen.—Horace Mann.

The Light of a Cigarette. As a light to illuminate a boy's path to the saloon door a cigarette excels electricity.

An Old One. Pjones—Do you believe that cures can be wrought by the laying-on of hands? Ksmith—Yep. That's the way I cured my boy of the cigarette habit.—Cleveland Leader.

What Was Needed. Magazine Editor—I can't use this poem unless you boil it down. Poet—And why should I boil it down? Magazine Editor—To kill the germs of thought which it contains.—Judge.

Versatile. Madge—What became of that advanced girl who advocated the retirement of persons who had acquired a competency? Marjorie—She is lecturing now on the idle rich.—Pack.

A Munificent Gift.

Mrs. Henry Boden, the president of the Derby branch of the B. W. T. A., recently gave £1,000 to clear off the debt on the Derby Temperance hall.

In Arkansas. Fifty-six counties out of 75 in Arkansas are without saloons.

Division of Labor. Voice from Below—Are you children all in bed? Voice from Above—Yes, mamma. Voice from Below—Well I must say it didn't take you long to say your prayers.

Voice from Above—We divided 'em up an' each took a section an' said 'em all at once.—Cleveland Leader.

Infantile Affection. "Our baby," says Newpop, with a deep sigh, "is very much attached to me."

"More so than to your wife?" asked the visitor. "You bet," answered Newpop. "Why, he refuses to let anyone but me walk the floor with him at night."—Chicago Daily News.

A Regret. "It is a great pity," said the architect, "that nature is not more adaptable."

"In what way?" "If human beings could only learn to sleep standing up we could make the rooms in a flat even smaller."—Washington Star.

An Embarrassment. Tooting Parke—How many times has Mrs. Coppinham been married? Clapham Becke—Couldn't say exactly. Why? Tooting Parke—Eh? Oh, I happened to remark that she had rather a large family, and she said "13 little ones."

Clapham Becke—Not families? Tooting Parke—That's what I want to know.

A Sure Thing. Ticket Seller—There are no lower berths left. Fat Man—Give me an upper. "You'll never be able to get into the upper."

"I won't have to. When the man who has the lower looks me over he'll be more than willing to change."—Life.

Of Course. Young Patient—I can't pay the bill, doctor. It's exorbitant. I'm no better than I was, either. Doctor—That's because you didn't take my advice. "Ah—well—of course, if I didn't take it, I don't owe you for it. Thanks. Good morning.—Royal Magazine.

Knew It Would Be Late. Mr. Cheapside—I thought you said you were going to Mrs. Brick's five o'clock tea this afternoon? It's after five now. Mrs. Cheapside—There's no hurry. Her five o'clock tea isn't likely to be ready before seven. She's got the servant we used to have.—Tit-Bits.

Dull Boy. The Young Idea—Dad? The Eminent—Well, my son? The Young 'Un—Dad, how long was Jonah in the ark? What? The Eminent—Go to! I'm ashamed of you. Don't know a simple thing like that. How long was Jonah in the ark? Why, some time, of course.

A Coincidence. "I suppose you enjoy hearing your boy talk since he went to college." "Yes," answered Farmer Coratossel, "but ain't it kind of a coincidence that so many of them classical quotations begin with 'rah, rah, rah!'"—Washington Star.

Ill-Gotten Gains, Etc. "They tell me," remarked the sympathetic friend, "that poor dear Rose's husband left most of his money to charities, after all." "Yes," sighed the other. "Poor dear, she seems to have taken his name in vain."

A FELLOW FEELING. Lady—Are you engaged? Cabman—No, miss. Are you?

Progress. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty magnate And his "trusty" band.

Instead. An old woman was telling her domestic trials to her clerklyman and enlarging upon the unkindness of "her ole man." The pastor, counselling patience and kindness on her part, asked:

"Have you tried heaping coals of fire on his head?" To which there came the proud response: "No, mister, but I've tried hot water."—Caswell's Journal.

Might Be There. The department store salesman had taken 29 rolls of dress goods from the shelf and was a trifle impatient. "Madam," he said, politely, "isn't there anything here which suits you?" "No," replied the fair shopper, "I guess I won't select the goods now."

You see, I'm just looking for a friend."

"There's another roll on the shelf," said the salesman. "I'll take it down if you think your friend is likely to be in it."—Puck.

Marketable. Eva—Katherine says she likes to see a man wear high collars and Grace says she likes to see him wear stocks. Would stocks attract you, my dear? Edna—Yes, if they were listed among the preferred.—Chicago Daily News.

Discounted. Ethel—Hubert sent me a lovely birthday gift, and a note saying that his thoughts are all of me— Ernest—That doesn't mean much; he only thinks about once a month.—Caswell's Journal.

His End of It. "My daughter," said Mr. Stoxanbons, doubtfully, "is by no means poor, you know."

"Oh, that's all right," responded the suitor, cheerfully. "I'm plenty poor enough for two."—Cleveland Leader.

Where It Went. "Dorothy, you get your pretty hair from your mother, don't you?" "I don't know, but I think I must a' got it from papa. His is all gone."—Cleveland Leader.

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It pays an endowment and burial benefit of \$200.00 for all ages. It pays \$4.00 per week sick dues. The badge costing 75 cents each is the only absolutely necessary regalia. For information concerning the organization of lodges apply at the main office.

The Courts of Calanthe. Is the Female Department of the Order. It requires a membership of thirty persons to organize a court. Its members are pledged to exhibit Fidelity, exercise Harmony and prove Love one for the other. It pays an endowment and burial benefit of \$150.00. It pays \$3.00 per week sick dues. The only expense for regalia is the cost of the badge, 50 cents and a rosette, costing 25 cents for funeral occasions.

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