"What would you do, Monsieur Pierre?" asked

soft, low voice, so tremulously sweet that it eemed to have fallen from the heavens over his

head.
"Juliette!"
"What would you do, Monsieur Pierre?" was spo en again in that same gentle voice.
"Save Jacques," murmured Pierre.
"Save Jacques?" she repeated slowly, "If that is what you would do, come, for he is dying and calls for you. Your voice, your touch may save him, come!"

"It is wonderful!" said Laurier to himself, as e gazed upon his friend's face. "See what a cansiormation has taken place! He is not the ame person. The very moment be is rescued

right, this is a disease of the mind and I can save him. I can breathe a spirit into that frail body which will rescue it from dissolution. The soul of Pierre Laurier in the body of Jacques de

your hands. Nay, both of them, now press hard and look me full in the face, but don't think; let me do the thinking. Be passive, receptive, as if you were waiting for something to happen or were expecting to hear some call or sound, or

"Good!" exclaimed Pierre; "that was your brain, but my thought," and as he rose and surendered his place to Mme. de Vignes something pressed against his breast. It was Jacques'

pistol.

"You need rest, Monsieur Pierre," said Mme. de Vignes gently; "I have sent your coffee to your room. Sleep until dinner, anyway."

Juliette soon joined Mme. de Vignes at Jacques' bedside, but the slek man took no note of her presence. He had sunk into a stupor-like doze, and although he replied when spoken to, yet he seemed scarcely conscious that his mother was bathing his face, feeding him and giving him drink.

was bathing his face, feeding him and giving him drink.

Suddenly a quick, sharp noise smote the ears of the two women painfully. Juliette gave a low scream and seized Mme. de Vigues' arm. Her face was whiter than Jacques'.

"Good heavens! what was that?" asked the young girl, fixing her eyes with a wild stare upon Mme. de Vignes.

The next instant Pierre's voice was heard in the corridor.

THE SOUL OF PIERRE LAURIER!

A NEW PSYCHOLOGICAL ROMANCE,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLAIRE AND THE FORGEMASTER"-WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY CALL BY GEORGES OHNET.

PUBLISHED IN ADVANCE OF ITS APPEARANCE IN PARIS.

HERE had been a dinner party at Prince Patrizzi's, and from the salon of his beautiful villa on the terrace of Monte Carlo issued sounds of music and laughter and an overpowering odor of wilted flowers and to-bacco smoke. Bohemia was well represented. There was a cigarette in every mouth, even between the dainty lips of the three ladies whose presence lent a charm to the festivity. Opposite the Prince sat Dr. Davidoff, a celebrated Russian physician; near him Pierre Laurier, a wellknown French artist, and a little further along his friend and particular chum, Jacques de Vignes. The two men were physically not un-like each other except that Plerre was all nerve and vitality, while Jacques, as the prodigal son, had eaten so much yeal that to look at him one would say another return home would end his

There was a wild outburst of merriment at Dr. Davidoff's expense. We've had enough physiology."

"We're here to drink, smoke and laugh."
"Never mind the doctor, he's off his base." " This is not a dissecting-room." " The ladles are bored to death."

"Open the window; there's a musty, scientific smell in the room." Let us have a dance." "No, we are going to leave you," cried one of the ladies. "I'm going to the Casino. I dreamed hat red turned up thirteen times." 'Do what you all please," cried the Prince. 'Only be quiet, that's all we ask,"

After the ladies had left the room Patrizzi rned to the doctor and said: "Go on, doctor, et us hear more about your wonderful theory of he transfusion of psychic power." Davidoff raised his somber, bearded face and enlied: "It is not a theory, my dear Prince, ut a scientific fact. You'll admit that every uman being is invested with and animated by a sterious power which we call the soul. Now ndered by its owner and so controlled by his vill power, concentrated, intensified and conous, as to be forced to enter and revivify anther's body which, from natural causes or therwise, is parting with its own spiritual ssence and returning to the condition of mert

A strange flush spread over Jacques de Vignes' hallid, emactated countenance, as he listened to he deep, impressive voice of the Russian doctor.

The thing happened lately lu my country, ontinued Davidoff, as he fixed his cold gray becomes the cold gray and the cold gray to "The thing happened lately in my country, continued Davidoff, as he fixed his cold gray eyes on De Vigues' hollow cheeks and bloodless hps. "A certain Vindimir Alexievich, seeing his betrothed, Marie Fedorowna, stricken with some insidious disease, which was slowly but surely sapping her strength, and persuaded that medical science was powerless to arrest its course, determined to sacribce his own life and yield up to Marie the full measure of vital energy which throbbed within his great heart. With a faith as boundless as it was intense and persistent, Vladimir now engaged in conflict with his soul, until by sheer force of will-power it became obedient to his wish; then he set it free. Immediately the girl's health began to mend, and in a few weeks she left her sick-bed with no trace of suffering in her countenance save sorrow for her lost lover."

"Did she marry again?" asked Pierre Laurier.
"No," replied Davidoff, "although an extremely sweet and comely person and much sought after, she remained faithful to Alexievich, and, strange to say, always spoke of herself as his wife and in lauguage and manner expressed and demeaned herself like a married woman, using the plural "we" as if a dual soul were animating her thoughts.

"A genuine case of 'two souls with but a

were animating her thoughts.
"A genuine case of 'two souls with but a single thought," murmured De Vignes with a

"And strange to say," added Davidoff, not noticing the covert sneer, "various kinds of food such as caviar, salmi, boleius, marchpone, which had been favorites with Alexievich and intensely disliked by Maria, were now eaten by her with extraordiary reliab." "Ah, my dear doctor," exclaimed De Vignes, you may be a great scientist, but you don't ou may be a great selection, but you don't low woman; that's very evident!" A hand laid gently on his shoulders caused course to raise his heavy eyes. Air, Pierre, is that you?" he murmured.

"It will be no robbery," cried Pierre, "but a ree gift. Bah! take it, my friend. I detest it. with a laugh. "Had another quarrel with Cle-mence Villa? If she doesn't behave herself why he set his teeth and struck the table with his Well, good-night," said De Vignes. "I must leave you, my Pince. That's one of the curses of weak lungs. The very hours which I enjoy most with my friends I must pass in bed."
"Bundle up warm," cried Patrizzi. "The

Pietre helped his friend on with his coat, say-ing. "Remember now, Jacques, my soul is "About three months, with good luck and plenty of codilver oil."
"What, you going too?" cried the Prince. "Ah, take care, my preity fly, that's a dangerous web which you are buzzing around. Keep clear of it."



scorn. Pierre walked slowly toward her, and seating himself on a hassock at her very feet murmured tenderly:

"Forgive. I am suffering deeply, for I love you and I am jealous."

She fixed her eyes upon him with a cold stare.
"So much the worse, for I have no notion to put up with your suspicions and brutal treatment any longer. It's all over with, I say; all over with, I vou need not trouble yourself to call again." A pallor spread over Pierre's face.

"You drive me away?"

"Because you love some one else?" asked the arlist in low and measured tones.

"What difference can that make to you?" replied Clemence. "I don't love you any more; that's all you need know."

Pierre felt the hot blood tingling in his cheeks. "Is my successor a credit to me?" he asked in a bitter tone; "you know one's self-respect—"

"Oh, calm yourself on that point," interrupted the cold-blooded enchantress. "I shan't lose anything by the exchange. He is young, he is rich, he is mandsome; you dined with him tonight; you have just left him."

"Davidoff!" blurted out Laurier, stupefied at the woman's audacity.

"Bah!" cried clemence, with a contemptuous cuil of her lip. "that Russian cynic who despises women, wouldn't hesitate to use the knout on one! No, no; my boy is a charning f-llow; gentle, somewhat gloomy, but entirely devoted to me."

At these words Pierre Laurier, beside himself At these words Pierre Laurier, beside himself with rage, seizing Glemence Villa by the wrists, in spite of her struggles, pressed her against the wall, and meeting her wrathful gaze with flashing eyes, hissed the words: "You mean Jacques de Vienes?"

Vignes?"
"I do."
"And you know that he is dying of con "I like him so. I'll nurse him-his pure devotion will enchant me—"
"Confess that there's no truth in this story,"
whispered Pierre with a savage glare in his
eyes; "that you've only invented it to torment
""

"Clemence, take care!"
"You dare threaten me?" she cried, struggling to break away from him, "in my own house?
Well, then, I shall take him, and only for your sake! "Infamy!" burst from Laurier's lips, as he "injamy!" ourst from Laurier's lips, as he hurled the young woman from him with such force that she fell back half prostrate on the sofa. "Go on; work out your shameful plan, wretch that you are, but I'll have my revenge! You shall see me again, Clemence Villa, you shall see me again!" and with a mad plunge he threw himself against the door and was gone.

calls for you. Your voice, your touch may save him, come!"

Taking fierre by the hand, Juliette led him slowly into the house. The paroxysm had already passed and Jreques welcomed his friend with a faint smile and feeble pressure of the hand. Toward morning, Pherre prevailed upon Mme. de Vignes and Juliette to go to rest and let him watch out the rest of the night alone. Jacques had now fallen asleep and his friend sat there by the bedside thinking over the strange events of the night, how Juliette had stayed his hand at the very moment he was about to set his soul free, and at the very moment, too, when Jacques was crying out for it.

"Ought I not to heed this admonition?" Pierre asked nimself. "Ought I not to turn back at Juliette's cail? Is this not the hand of fate laid upon my shoulder? Fate? What is fate but another name for surrender? Men make fate as much as fate makes them. Juliette bids me save Jacques. Pil obey her. Davidoff is right; it is not physical power that Jacques stands in need of but will power. He is dying because he refuses to fight for breath until nature can repair the evil done by his ancestors."

"Ah, Jacques, awake, are you?" murmured the artist as the sick man opened his eyes and gave a deep sigh of regret at sight of earthly light again; "drink this, it will strengthen you," said Pierre.

Jacques obeyed mechanically.
"How nseless, how useless," he whispered, as On the delightful road which runs from Monaco to Nice, a little beyond Eze and just before reaching Villefranche, in a little bay formed by a break in the cliffs, with the blue waters bathing its terrace on which mimosas and orange trees are blooming, there stands a pink-and-white villa, half hidden among red-trunked pines, dark-bine jumpers and black thuyas.

Here for two months Mme, de Vignes has been domiciled with her son Jacques and her ward Juliette, the daughter of a distant jelative.

Jacques had graduated with high honors, but Jacques had graduated with high honors, but coming into possession of a fortune upon attain-ing his majority he had thrown aside all books



pleasures, a course which had succeed d in draining purse and health with astonishing Both Mme. de Vignes and Juliette—now a girl of 18 and giving every promise of rare beauty and sweetly sympathetic character—were at this time making the most patient and earnest efforts to check the malady with which Jacques had been stretched. had been stricken, and it was with heavy heart that they noticed his apparent rebellion of late against the strict regimen prescribed by his phy sadly reduced revenues, but also for the reason that Juliette was an altogether charming and delightful girl, certain to make a noble wite and a devoted mother, had dreamed of a union between her and Jacques. Now, however, an opposition, as strange as it was stubborn, had arisen to thwart her wishes; not, as might be readily supposed, based upon the fact of Jacques' illness, apparently past all human aid, but upon a romantic whim or sentimental notion of Jacques, that he must out of gratitude to Pierre for the long years of unselfish affection for and devotion to him, "give him Juliette," as he phrased it.

"He must have her, mother," were the sick man's oft-repeated words. "He is worthy of her, too, for where, pray tell me, can you find a no-

"I must be quick," murmured the artist, "or it will be too late."

The fact is, Jacques had within the past few weeks experienced such a feeling of utter hopelessness and despair in his struggle for life that the darling project of his college days, to-wit; the bestowal of the hand of the beautiful heires. Jullette upon his worthy and industrious friend Pierre so engrossed his thoughts that Mme, de Vignes, yielding to the whim, had promised on this particular evening to make Juliette look as "radiant as the morning star," so poor Jacques had expressed it.

"Where's Juliette?" asked Laurier,

"Oh, don't be impatient, my boy!" replied Jacques, rubbing his thin, transparent hands together. "She'll be down presently and then, an, then you'll see something to set your artistle.

then you'll see something to set your artistic magination in a guiver of delight—a dream of loveliness, a very substantial dream, too, my dear friend, 20,000 francs income. What do

imagination in a quiver of delight—a dream of control of the two women paintning. Justice gave a more interest, 20,000 frames interm. What dyou ago to hard of the two women paintning. Justice gave a more interest and passed this limid over the cays as the control of the contr

"On, yes!" she exclaimed joyously; then dushing deeply, added: "You know mamma ishes it. But I fear that Jacous loves somepay else. He doesn't seem to care for me. I ppose he looks upon his life as so nearly over at it would be folly—"
The young girl health the Mme. de Vignes moved about as if in a dream of bilss at sight of her son's returning health and his manifest pleasure in her ward's society. It was almost too much to hope for, and ten times in a single day she descended to the terrace to satisfy herself that it was not all the figment of her imagination. Davidoff was delighted when he was toid of the pleasure which Jacques took in listening to the reading of Pierre's favorite authors. But this did not satisfy the Russian physician. He determined to make several experiments in order to satisfy doubting minds of the truth of his theory, for, as far as he was concerned himself, he was firmly persuaded that the soul of Pierre Laurier had passed into De Vignes' body, or, to make the statement seem less audacious, that the death of Pierre Laurier, occurring under the peculiar circumstances which it did, would have a deep, lasting and powerful influence upon Jacques de Vignes, mentally and physically. Mme.deVignes was let into the secret of the proposed experiment, for Davidoff was destrous of having them occur at the villa and that Jacques should be kept as far as possible in ignorance of them. These experiments consisted of two kinds, one addressed to the mind and the other to the body, that is a mental and a physical test. The young girl hesitated.

"Bui," persisted Pierre, "if. I should send him to you some day happy and hearty, you will make him love you, wont you, Juliette?"

Tears choked her voice. She held out her hand to Pierre, who pressed it to his lips.

"Why, this is dellghtful!" he thought to himself. "Save Jacques, make Juliette happy and punish her all by one and the same blow."

Mme. de Vignes now entered the room with a request from Jacques that Laurier should pass the night under their roof, as was in fact often his custom. mme. de vignes now entered the room with a request from Jacques that Laurier should pass the night under their roof, as was in fact often his custom.

"But he warns you, Monsieur Pierre," cried Mme. de Vignes, laughingly, "not to make your appearance at breakfast with the same solemn visage which you've worn this evening."

The night was surpassingly beantiful, and Pierre, throwing off his coat and vest and loosening his shirt at the neck, to get rid, if possible, of the feeling of suffocation which weighed upon his breast, sat down by the window. He noticed that he was in Jacques' room, from which, on account of the chilly air from the water, he had been removed to one on the land side of the villa.

"Av, Jacques is right," mused the artist; "It is only the affair of a minute, and gives no pain save to the spectator. Then why not to night?"

The dreamy splash of the fountain on the terrace and the faint, sad murmur of the sea as it broke on the stony shore, were sounds in sweetest harmony with Pierre Laurier's thoughts and as sleep, least of all things, seemed likely to come to him, he rose half unconsciously with the lintention of descending to the terrace. As he gazed into the mirror ne shuddered, so ashenpale was his face and such a mysterious light shone from his eyes. He had never seen himself if that was he. Suddenly he gave a start, his breath came in puffs and cold drops of perspiration gathered on his brow. Jacques' pistol was lying in front of him. Gradually the fearful sinking sensation passed off. The painter looked into the mirror and smilled, then reaching out took up the weapon, thrust it into his pocket and passed noiselessly out of the room.

The deliciously cool night air soon rid the painter's brain of all its phantoms and he sat down where he could look out on the sea and hear its voice more plainly.

"Suppose Davidoff should be wrong?" he whispered to himself, "suppose this thing called my soul, this breath, this shadow, should not yield obedience to my will? Well, what harm? A few tears,

ther to the body, that is a mental and a physical test.

Hitherto De Vignes had richly merited his sobriquet of "straight-line Jacques," for there was an utter absence of the poetic and esthetic instinct in him. He was color bilind, could scarcely distinguish one melody from another, and preferred the hard and angular figure of the athlete to the graceful outlines of the female form. But now, however, the intentional disform. But now, however, the intentional discords in color groupings, which Mme. de Vignes or Juliette, at Davidoff's suggestion, were guitty of in their costumes were at once noticed and condemned by Jacques; nor did he stop here, for he not only noticed the error but directed how it might be cured. His ear, likewise, began to show a wonderful acuteness in detecting a false note in music or calling attention to a voice singing off the key. The curved line no longer offended him, and he half unconsciously laid aside the magazine of outdoor sports for the art journal. journal.

Knowing of his repugnance to several kinds of wine, notably sherry and Tokay, and to any dish containing even the slightest suspicion of garlic, Davidoff caused careful experiments to be

"Don't, don't come in."

made and found in each case that the nerves of made and found in each case that the nerves of taste had undergone as marked a change as the subtler senses of sight and hearing. In a word, Jacques de Vignes, as he took on a new body, took on a new mind. He was no longer himself. The doubters merely scoffed and said:

"He is posing! A man doesn't receive the gift of a soul every day. De Vignes is simply taking advantage of a filend's hallucination to gain a little notoriety. Watch him! He'll go back to his old tricks in a few months, to his athletic sports, to the races, to his hunting breeches and turn his back on art and curved lines."

lines."

Davidoff was somewhat startled one morning to receive a note from Mme. de Vignes asking for an immediate interview. As the Russian scientist entered the room her first question was:

"Was Pierre in love with a certain adventuress by the name of Clemence Villa?"

"Foolishly, unreasonably, madly!" was Davidoff's answer.

Mme. de Vignes sank upon the sofa with a grean and covered her face with her hands. groan and covered her face with her hands.
"My dear madame," began Davidoff, apologetically, "Lecrave forgiveness—possibly I was too frank—I should have remembered that you looked upon Pierre Laurier as somewhat different

ent from the ordinary run of young men-a sort of model, sober, industrious, and full of earnest purpose-I-"
"No, doctor," replied Mme. de Vignes, as she "Ah, Jacques, awake, are you?" murmured the artist as the sick man opened his eyes and gave a deep sigh of regret at sight of earthly light again; "diluk this, it will strengthen you," said Pierre.

Jacques obeyed mechanically.
"How nseless, how useless," he whispered, as he sauk back upon his pillow; "what do a few days longer signify, my friend? Why not let me go? Why ching to me so?"
"Listen, Jacques," said Pierre, impressively, "there is really no need of your going at all. Davidoff says, and I believe him, that hundreds of men lead active lives and attain old age with no more lung surface than you have; that the other organs of your body are entirely free from disease and that it is simply a case of depressed sprirts caused by the presence of carbonic acut gas in your system; that you are dying, in other words, of indifference and despondency."
"Call it what you will, dear Pierre," murmured the sick man, "I am dying nevertheless; but don't let it worry you. I know it is not pleasant. It is as much a bore to you, I suppose, as it is to me. It is such a roundabout road. I always did hate curves and angles when I was at school. Don't you remember how they used to call me 'straight-line Jacquess' send and gales when I was at school. Don't you remember how they used to call me 'straight-line Jacques?' many has a first of many who have ying way to my feelings in this way, but my dear madam, think of the scientific value of this piece of news, think of the honorable mention of I fear me that my dear son will be constrained to take the evil along with it."

"You mean, madame," cried Davidoff breathlessiy, scarcely daring to hope that his theory in the received and the visual part of the forman who has just its to make the evil along with it."

"You mean many may any grown to be very like piece of news, think of the honorable mention of I fear me that my dear son will be constrained to take the evil along with it."

"You mean, madame," cried Davidoff breathlessiy, scarcely daring to hope that his theory in the rece "Dector Davided!" 'exclaimed Mme, de Vignes, with mingled contempt and indignation pic, the wind mingled contempt and indignation pic, with mingled and butter and in many and the transfer and in the more than the rest of the world. She had fled from the glost of the world and the pic, and the light-heart and stai rned a piece of the most gratifying news. Doctor Davidoff!" exclaimed Mme. de Vignes.

much weight a human heart can bear and not be crushed."

"Dear madam," pleaded Davidoff, "your grief is as noble as it is affecting. Don't think that I do not sympathize with you. My whole being is stirred at sight of your sorrow, but look at it in another light. This is the price paid; good and evil are so mixed in this world that one cannot be had without the other."

Mime, de Vignes' shapely head was resting on her hand in an attitude of deep attention, but her look of anguish showed that she was drawing but little consolation from the Russian's words.

"Walt, dear madam," continued Davidoff, "don't be too impatient. In the unseen as in the visible world there are conflicts, commotions, upheavals. Give the psychic either time to settle and purify itself. Turbidity is nature struggling to rid herself of impurities. She begins with graphite and ends with the diamond. As Jacques grows stronger and stronger, he will grow more and more like Pierre and Pierre, you remember, while he was subject to sudden and violent likes and dislikes, yet in the end his vision cleared and his judgments were astonishingly sound and sane."

sadly, "if it should transpire that Pierre's love for this woman was the outcome of his deep, earnest, manly nature, you must admit in order earnest, manly nature, you must admit in order to be locical that my poor boy would inherit that inclination with increased intensity."

"I do, madam," said Davidoff calmly, "but I do not admit that Pierre Laurier's affection for Clemence Villa was, at the time of his death, such as you describe it. There had been differences between them, and who can say maynap Jacques took the title to that remainder of affection with a cloud—if I may so express myself—of suspicion, even hatred resting upon it."

"God grant that it may be so?" exclaimed Jacques' mother fervently. "God grant that it may be so!" exciaimed Jacques' mother fervently.
"But for the time being, dear madam," added Davidoff, with a smile, "be guided by my judgment. Do nothing, say nothing. Let Jacques go his way without let or hindrance, as the lawyers

Mme. de Vignes promised to foliow Dayl-doff's directions implicitly. Breakfast was now announced and the Russian scientist was easily persuaded to accompany his charming friend to the table.

"No psychology with my tomato omelette."

"No psychology with my tomato omelette."

whispered Mme. de Vignes, pressing Davidoff's
arm on entering the breakfast-room.

Here they were joined by Juliette, looking as
tadiant and velvety as the roses at her throat.

As Davidoff's eyes rested on this vision of delteate and sympathetic loveliness he murmured
to himself:

"Man is a strange creature! There is but one
animal to which he may be compared and that



Clemence Villa was gazed at with envious eyes by the thoughtless, giddy throng which hovered around the gaming tables at Monte Carlo. "Not only does the poor lover with delicate consideration commit suicide and his rich friend make haste to fall madly in love with her, but she wins 20.000 franes in the very nick of time for her trousseau. Such is luck!"

This was the gist of the conversation at the Casino.

tion, always sleep so, and animals always. The organs in the front of the body are elastic, and so do not suffer from pressure; but when the body is extended on the back these organs are a dead weight upon the nervous system, and in time will break it down. Isn't that a curious idea?" Why Envelopes Are Only Redeemed. Some people have an idea that the Gov-ernment redeems postage stamps when from any cause they become unfit for use or are any cause they become unit for use or are difficult to use. Frequently sheets of stamps are stuck together or are torn or injured. The loss, if any, falls upon the owner, as the Government refuses to assume any responsibility of stamps when once sold. The agents of the Government, the Postmasters, and redeem stamps which they have for

This was the gist of the conversation at the Casino.

To say that Clomence enjoyed her suddenly acquired notoriety would be putting a very mildy—she fairly reveled in it. It seemed to impart a new charm to her beauty, a new strongly on her powers of fasenation. Admirers spring on his armed men from the dragon's teeth, new powers of fasenation. Admirers spring on his armed men from the dragon's teeth, new powers of fasenation. Admirers spring on his amped envelopes. If one should happen to be misdirected or should become blotted, or for any reason a person should wish to be misdirected or should become blotted, or for any reason a person should wish to country paid to the beautiful woman whose smiles seemed to be so carefully garnered for him.

The fact is, Clemence Villa, with the quick-staintedness of the woman of the world, had noted in herself the first faint trace, invisible to the keenest observer, of decaying charms. The clowery had alained her and she had not been draw in coming to a conclusion, which was to read a possible. She saw that in the natural was to appear to the courter of the concentry of the convery had a possible. She saw that in the natural of the dechroment of the concentry of the convery had a possible. She saw that in the natural of the dechroment of the convery had a possible. She saw that in the natural of the dechroment of the convery had a possible. She saw that in the natural of the dechroment of the convery had a possible to the proper than the convery had a possible to the proper than the convery had a possible to the proper than the convery had a possible to the proper than the convery had a possible the convert of the conver can redeem stamps which they have for sale, if through any accident they become unfit for use. But when the citizen buys a

tothe firm, safe and pleasing ground of eminent respectability. It was a dream that such a woman often indulges in, but has not the moral courage to transform into reality. Clemence Villa lacked nothing less than she did audacity. It had been the key-note of her success in life. It had given her mediocrity as an actress the stamp of talent. She had taken the world by the throat rather than by the heart. She had not corrupted the jury, she had overawed it.

Never was a man so overwhelmed with tenderness, so literally besieged with attention and consideration, as Jacques de Vignes by Clemence Villa. It was a revelation to him. He had been accustomed to look upon women as full of guile, many hundred times gentler than doves when occasion required, but always a great deal wiser than the best-educated serpent. It is not to be wondered at that Jacques was touched by these delightful manifestations of tireless devotion and unaffected unselfishness. In a few short weeks he found himself as Davidoff had phrased it, "foolishly, unreasonably, madly" in love with Clemence Villa.

Juliette noticed his frequent and protracted absences from home and was not a little surprised at Mme. de Vignes' calmness and composure under such circumstances. When he did make his appearance Jacques was all amiability and gentleness, but, with a woman's intuition. BLONDES OF THE BOTTLE

A Hair - Dresser's Views on Golden-Hair Washes.

cently asked a CALL reporter of a prominent hair-dresser, "is it as fashionable as it was?" "More so, if anything," was the reply; "and," dropping his voice to a whisper, "there are two ladies in there now." indi-

cating his operating-room by a nod of the nead in its direction, "and they are undergoing the operation. In fact, they have brought their switches with them, to have them get a color, too." "Why, do you operate upon switches as well?" asked the other in amazement.

prised at Mme. de Vignes' calmness and compos-ure under such circumstances. When he did make his appearance Jacques was all amiability and gentleness, but, with a woman's intuition, Juliette feit that there was a certain Indifference latent under all this show of friendliness. Noth-ing occurred to mar the serenity of the existence which had spread its gentle powers of fascina-tion over Jacques until toward the close of the season and the lease of the pretty little rose-covered cottage rented by Clemence was about to run out. "Of course, why not? It's adelicate job, too, I can tell you; it's altogether different from dyeing the hair on the head, for you see a switch must look like the hair with covered cottage rented by Clemeace was about to run out.

"Now or never," thought the enchantress as her thoughts were busy with her approaching return to l'aris. She knew only too well how dangerous it would be for her to allow Jacques to taste the pleasures of life at the capital aiter his miraculous restoration to health, unless the scheme of marriage could be first carried out. That evening a dread feeling of uncertainty took possession of her. She followed Jacques to the door and endeavored to get from him a promise to return to-morrow morning and breakfast with her. But all in vain. He would set no hour.

"Good-by, good-by, my sweet," was his cheery cry as he walked toward the door; "don't be foolish, you shall see me again to-morrow some time. It will not be long before you shall see me again."

"Jacques! Jacques!" came from Clemence's bloodless lips in a strangled voice as she staggered back against the wall which it is placed or it will be detected at once. Now, of course, all women know that each other woman may have more hair on her head than actually grew there, and yet she does not want that fact to be ocularly demonstrated to the rest. Why, I have spent hours in going over my entire stock of false hair, and it is not a small one I can assure you, to match a lady's hair. Some shades are very difficult to match. The shade may be the same, but the luster is different. So, when it comes to dyeing a switch a blonde to match the bleached hair on the head, the result may be disappoint-"Jacques! Jacques!" came from Clemence's bloodless lips in a strangled voice as she staggered back against the wall.

"For God's sake, Clemence, what's the matter?" cried De Vignes, catching her in his arms.

"Why, how pale you are; how you tremble. Let me cail your maid?"

"No, no," gasped Clemence; "it will soon be over. A sort of vision came over me, my darling. It seemed as if I was parting with you forever. I'm better now. Now I'll let you go, dear Jacques, but come early to-morrow. You will, wont you?" ment. No lady herself could do it successfully; the art is in knowing when to stop putting on the dye."
"Which colored hair makes the best re-

"Well, my own taste inclines me to pre-fer that resulting from the wash on the dark red brown hair. It has a burnished bronze tint that is awiully fetching. A real blonde will make a straw-colored tint, that Jacques, but come early to-morrow. You will, wont you?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," replied De Vignes.

"And now that you're ailing, sweetheart, I'll come and take breakfast with you." And laying his hand upon the knob of the door ne drew himself up in mock dignity and exclaimed in measured tones, "Never mind your visions, Clemence, you shall see me again!"

As the door closed behind him, the woman covered her face with her hands, gave a half shriek, half groan, and then called loudly for help. In an instant her maid was at her side.

"To bed, to bed!" whispered Clemence, and she dragged herself along toward the staircase. In a few hours she seemed to recover her self-possession and began to chatter with her maid and made unusual efforts to draw from her the gossip and scandal of the day. is much admired. But what amuses me most in regard to the whole business is the way that some attempt to deceive all their friends and acquaintances, insisting that they never use anything on their hair but borax or ammonia, washing it frequently to keep it light. No woman need imagine that she can deceive the eye of an expert. The manufactured blond tint is unmistaka-ble. I have overheard young ladies discuss-ing the charms of a certain belie; she is married now and no longer a resident of married now and no longer a resident of our city; and they have allowed themselves to get into a heated argument as to whether or not her locks had been bleached. At last one wound up the talk by saying:

'Well, I have known her from a child, and be the contraction of the contraction. possession and began to chatter with her maid and made unusual efforts to draw from her the gossip and scandal of the day.

"What do you think they say, madam? Why, they say that Pierre Laurier didn't die because you wouldn't love him, but that he killed himself so that he might give his soul to Mousieur de Vigues. Did You ever hear anything so ridiculous? Good Heavens! what's the matter, madam? You are ill. Whatshall I do for you?"

"Nothing, nothing," gasped Clemence, "only don't leave me alone, not for a single moment. I am so afraid of ghosts and your ghost stories. I can't stand them. They frighten me to death." Dear madam," cried her maid, "your hands are burning up with fever. Let me send for your physician; you are really ill. Your face is red and white by turns; please give me leave to call a doctor. Now your skin is cold as ice."

"No, no," whispered Clemence, "Pil be better after a good night's sleep, only don't leave me alone, not for a single moment. Do you hear; not for a single moment."

When De Vignes reached the house the next morning he was not surprised to hear of Clemence's illness; but he was to be told that she was threatened with brain fever. The servants shook their heads mysteriously, and informed him that their mistress had passed the night in half delirium, calling out for mercy at the hands her hair was only a very light brown until a few years ago. Then she took to sitting in the sunny window on the south side of the house, with her hair all spread over her shoulders. As this always happened just before a big party, I soon knew what to think, especially as her hair took to growing golden just about this time.' And I say I was amused, for the young belle in question had been one of my best custom. question had been one of my best customers; in fact, I gave her hair its first applica-

tion."
"How often must the operation be repeated?"
"That depends upon the original color of the hair; the darker the hair the more fre-quent must be the application. The tint desired has something to do with the length of time one must undergo treatment. Of course an exposure to the sun is beneficial, but it is not imperative. I have frequently colored the hair in the morning for those who wish to appear as blondes in the evening. The roots, you know, constantly push out the hair, and so a retouching at the scalp is constantly necessary."

"Has the Patti red come into favor?" Insing to allow a physician to be called in.
Jacques bounded upstairs, and entered the
room on tiptoe.
The instant Clemence Villa's eyes rested upon "No, the craze is still for the golden blonde." The instant Clemence Villa's eyes rested upon him she urtered a piercing shriek and feil back on the pillow, covering her face with her hands as if to shut out some harrowing sight.
"Don't, don't come in," she pleaded in piteous tones. "Laurier's ghost is behind you. I see it. It has followed you nere. It has come to torment me. Go back, go back! In heaven's name, don't stay here! Leave the house quickly! Go. go!"

him that their mistress had passed the night in

half delirium, calling out for mercy at the hands of Flerre Laurier, but that she persisted in re-

[Copyright, 1890. All rights to this English adapta tion reserved.]

A NEW TREATMENT.

A Novel Theory Which Is Being Put

Into Practice in This City.

ELL, wonders will never cease,"
said a lady to a CALL reporter.
"I have heard some of the

yous prostration or whatever else you may choose to call it when one becomes weak,

languid and out of health, went to a physi-

cian. He at once began to examine her

And yet the idea as he developed was not so far fetched after all. Let me see if I can remember his line of argument. He said that we do not give enough thought to what we eat. He insists that we should think as we sit down to a meal, 'Now this food is what I like, what I need, and what is going to do me good.' He says that the roof of the mouth is furnished with nerves that when thought is thus taken of the food go directly with nourishment to the

ood go directly with nourishment to the rain. He says that this will nourish the

body and also the soul.

"Now of course I don't pretend to say how much truth there may be in this idea, but I do know that I have seen dyspeptics sit down to a meal with the conviction that whatever they are was bound to disagree with them, and disagree with them it did,

with them, and disagree with them it did, and I may say that it did the same with every one who had the misfortune to be at the table. I once said: 'Well, I suppose that I ought to apologize for enjoying what you have declared to be not fit to eat, but really I find it very pleasant.' Now when people make up their minds to be disturbed by their food they generally get what they expected and so, what should prevent the

expected, and so, what should prevent the converse from being true?
"Then, as for the lying on the back, the

doctor said that it was necessary to sleep upon the stomach. Infants, if they can possibly wriggle themselves into that posi-

or "Can you remove the golden tint as easily as you have put it on?"
"That's the difficulty. When a lady has begun to use the dye, she must keep it up, or else submit to being a sight. For once on the hair, it must remain until the hair name, dou't stay here! Leave the house quickly!

Go. go!"

Horror-stricken at the sight of the delirious woman, and deeply moved by the cries of terror uttered by her. De Vignes hastily quitted the noom with the intention of reaching his carriage, and driving off for a physician without a moment's delay.

An hour elapsed before he succeeded in finding the French physician to whom he desired to intrust the case; but upon amounteing himself and the trust the case; but upon amounteing himself and the trust the case; but upon amounteing himself and the trust the case; but upon amounteing himself and the trust the case; but upon amounteing himself and the trust the case; but upon amounteing himself and the hair, it must remain until the hair has grown out in its natural color. I must tell you an amusing incident relating to an experiment made by a well-known society girl in this city about three years ago. She was a decided brunette. One day, thinking to surprise her fiance, she bleached her hair, it must remain until the hair has grown out in its natural color. I must tell you an amusing incident relating to an experiment made by a well-known society girl in this city about three years ago. She was a decided brunette. One day, thinking to surprise her fiance, she bleached her hair, it must remain until the hair has grown out in its natural color. I must tell you an amusing incident relating to an experiment made by a well-known society girl in this city about three years ago. She was a decided brunette. One day, thinking to surprise her fiance, she bleached her hair, it must remain until the hair has grown out in its natural color. I must treat has grown out in its natural color. I must treat has grown out in its natural color. I must treat has grown out in its natural color. I must treat has grown out in its natural color. I must treat has grown out in its natural color. I must treat has grown out in its natural color. I must treat has grown out in its natural color. I must treat has grown out in its natural color he then surprised her by saving that he the doctor at the door, he was quietly informed that madam could see nobody, that she was not in need of a physician, and had given absolute orders that none should be admitted.

De Vignes turned away in silence, dazed and bewildered by the extraordinary turn which eyents had taken.

The next day the residents along the torseen.

England which has never been adopted by the people of the United States. It is the dispatch-box, which English novelists have rendered familiar to all readers of fiction. Inquiry elicits the fact that the jewelers and notion-dealers of New York, with the exception of a few of the more noted ones, are absolutely ignorant of this article.

Several years ago William Waldorf Astor had one made to order by Tiffany & Co., says the Jewelers' Weekly. It is believed to be the first of its kind ever manufactured doctoring. Just listen: A young lady I know, who has been suffering from nervous prostration or whetever all the handsomest ever made. It was covered with the finest Russia leather and we with the finest Russia leather and we with the finest Russia leather and we will be the next of its kind ever manufactured in this country, and certainly was one of the handsomest ever made. It was covered with the finest Russia leather and we will be the next of its kind ever manufactured in this country, and certainly was one of the handsomest ever made. with the finest Russia leather, and was em-bossed and otherwise decorated in original and attractive designs. It was also handsomely mounted with silver and gold.

The dispatch-box is a small hand-trunk about fourteen inches long, eight inches head, and, before he had asked her a single question, he informed her that her brain was not properly nourished, and that she slept upon her back! Imagine the two brought into any relation with each other!

And yet the idea as he developed was not head to serve not only as a jewel-box, but tended to serve not only as a jewel-box, but dation of the various articles it is intended to contain, and is lined with velvet or satin as the taste of the owner may suggest. It has a flat top, upon which a silver or gold plate containing the owner's name is usually fixed. The article is one that is conducive to the greatest convenience in traveling, its points of superiority over the more generally used hand-bag with its single compartment being very numerous. It is essentially a box for valuables, the English carrying in it their papers, and even money, in addition to jewelry and stationery.

She Had Reason to Be Afraid .- "My heart is in my mouth. I am afraid to hear your answer. "You may well be, Mr. Dollboy," re-torted Ethel. "I never could marry a man whose heart was not in the right place."- N. Y. Sun.

THE GREAT SIERRA KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Is a new and wonderful discovery, manu Is a new and wonderful discovery, manufactured from the pure fresh juices of the herbs of California, in their natural state, containing all their original properties. Delightful to the taste and immediate in its effects. Positively containing no mineral in its composition. Perfectly harmless and a sure cure for all the many troubles arising from the Kidneys, Liver and bladder; among which are Catarrh of the Bladder and Stomach, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's Disease. ach, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, burning, smarting pains in the small of the back, Gravel and other disorders these or-

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS DORA SUTHERLAND. ALS BORA SUTHERLAND.

SAN FRANCISCO (Cal.), May 13, 1890.

To the Seven Sutherland Sisters: For your own and public benefit I wish to state that I have used the Seven Sutherland Sisters' Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner only a few weeks, but the results are very satisfactory, for a new growth of hair is upon portions of my head that had been bald for eight years. Respectfully,

Carpenter and Builder,

Corner Eighteenth and Mission streets.

Seven Sutherland Sisters' Scalp-Cleaner is the only bandruff Cure. For shampooing it has no equal. Prices—Hair-Grower \$1, six bottles for \$5; Scalp-Cleaner, 50c.
SEVEN SUTHERLAND SISTERS, sole manufacturers and proprietors, 834 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

Main office, 18 West Fourteenth street, New York.

No charge to see the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

Consultation free.

je22 1t

ON EXHIBITION THIS WEEK.

A Young Lady with One Side of Her Fac Cleared of Freckles, Other Side as It Was. Ladies Should Not Miss This Op-portunity of Convincing Themselves That Mme. Ruppert's World-Renowned Face Bleach will Do All Advertised.



MME. A. RUPPERT'S WORLD-RE-NOWNED FACE BLEACH IS NOT A COSMETIC, BUT A THOROUGH Cleanser of the complexion, having the same effect on the face as our wearing apparel, by frietlon, has on the rest of the body, thus gently removing the dead, callous cuticle that covers the pores, cleansing the latter of all poisonous fillings and drawing from beneath the skin all impurities or discolorations that have been accumulating there for years. Having this action, it cannot fail to clear any skin and remove entirely freekies, moth-patch, black-heads, chronic plinples, ezzema, acne, roughness and any discolorations or blemish of the complexion. Face Bleach has been thoroughly tested; horrible complexions cleared by its use for public inspection. Face Bleach sent to any address on receipt of price: one bottle, \$2; three bottles (usually required to clear the complexion), \$5. Send 4 cents for postage for complete particulars and catalogue of wonderful Face Bleach, MADAME A. RUPPERT, 121 Post street, rooms 7 and 8.

to use

COMPLEXION

Because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
mrl1 ly TuThSu



as the least harmful of all Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Foudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones st., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe.

**B' Beware of Base imitations. \$1000 Reward or arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

mr30 SuMo 6p ly

FASHIONABLE HAIR



LIEBIC CO.'S Coca Beef with Citrate of Iron Tonic

A Purely Natural and Easily Digested Tonic for Invalids, Dyspeptics and Debili-tated Broken-down Constitutions and Restorative for Convaiescents.

Highest Medals at Principal Expositions. Indorsed and Prescribed by the Most Eminent Physicians of Europe and America.

Liebig Laboratory and Chemical Works Co., New York, Paris and London. LIEBIG Co.'s Coca BEEF Tonic embodies the natritive elements of the muscular fiber, blood, bone and brain of carefully selected healthy bullocks, so dissolved as to make it readily digestible by the weakest of stomachs, It also embodies the tonic nutritive virtues of the Occa or Sacred Life Plant of the Incas, the greatest of known vegetable nutrient tonics, the whole being dissolved in a guaranteed quality of Amonthilado Sherry, thus constituting it the most perfect nutritive reconstructive tonic yes offered to the medical profession and public.

Sold by WAKELEE & CO., cor. Montgomery and Bush sts., and cor. Polk and Sutter sts., and all first-class druggists.

HIMRODS

Catarrh, Hay Fever, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Croup and Common Colds. Recommended by Physicians and sold by Drug-its throughout the world. Send for Free Sample. HIMROD MANUF'G CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 191 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

None Genuine without our Horseshoe Trade Mark.

MISCELLANEOUS.

This week we will have a monster sale of

CANVAS and COLORED SHOES!

All persons needing that class of goods should call and get supplied during

FOR INSTANCE!

this week.

3000 pairs of LADIES' FINE CANVAS BUTTON 1500 pairs of LADIES' FINE RUSSET OXFORDS. with diamond patent-leather tip, \$1 50 per pair 2400 pairs of our own custom-made FINE LADIES' CANVAS SHOES, Waukenphast last (will out-wear any \$6 shoe made)........\$2 50 per pair

no other. Sole Agents for Norman & Bennett's Celebrated Sporting Shoes for the Pa-

cific Coast. SEND FOR OUR REDUCED PRICE LIST.

P. F. Nolan & Sons, 812 and 814 Market St., S. F.

BRANCH STORES.

1053 BroadwayOakland, Cal. 256 Main street.......Stockton, Cal. 17-19 East Santa Clara street......San Jose, Cal. 1818 Mariposa street......Fresno, Cal. 603 J street my22 ThSutf Sacramento, Cal,

CALIFORNIA

Like my Wife FIREWOF

COMPANY. WE ARE PREPARED TO SUPPLY THE TRADE with a full line of

FIREWORKS, FIRECRACKERS. FLACS, BALLOONS, TOY PISTOLS, Etc. Illustrated Catalogue furnished on application AT A specialty of EXTRA EXHIBITION WORK, CAMPAIGN ROCKETS, ROMAN CANDLES and COLORED ILLUMINATIONS.

Correspondence solicited with Committees in charge of public celebrations. Office and Salesrooms 221 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.
F. L. WOOSTER.
je4 eod 1m



LADIES, A BOON FOR YOU!

ACCOMPLISHED AT LAST.

-Dr. J. W. Kirkwood's Ladies' Scientific Suction and Force Syringe. A Boon to Ladies. Indorsed by physicians and enthusiastically recommended by those who have used it. Descriptive circulars sent on application to any one sending their address and stamp. Price, \$5.

KIRKWOOD HARD RUBBER CO., Murphy Building, Rooms 123 and 124, No. 1236 Market street, San Francisco. Lady Agents wanted in every town.



GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

"BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

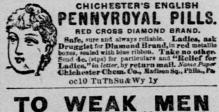
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS&CO., Homosopathic Chemists, London, England.

JOHN WIELAND'S CELEBRATED

Lager Beer! STANDARD. | Sold During the Year

ERLANGER. 122.173 Barrels of Beer. For Sale at All Principal Saloons. CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH



man who is nervous and debilitated. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

ap8 d&wy ly