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ed them?

CHAPTER VI.

UT by the time Fanferlot reach-B ed Montmartre street, where M. Lecoq lived, his courage had vanished. He pulled his hat over his eyes and hung his head, as if looking for relief among the paving stones. He slowly ascended the steps, pausing several times, at last reaching the third floor, and stood besymbol of vigilance-and his heart failed him so that he had scarcely the courage to ring the bell. Janouille, M. Lecoq's old servant, opened the door.

"Ah." she said, "you come in time for once in your life. Your patron awaits you."

Upon this announcement Fanferlot was seized with a violent desire to beat a retreat. By what chance could he thus hesitated Janoniile seized him by the arm and pulled him in, saying: "Do you want to take root there? Come along. Your patron is waiting for you."

In the middle of a large room curiously furnished, half library and half greenroom, was scated at a desk the same person with gold spectacles who had said to Prosper at the police ofin his official character.

Upon Fanferlot's entrance as he advanced respectfully, bowing, M. Lecoo laid down his pen and said, looking sharply at bim:

"Ah, here you are, my man. Well, it seems you haven't made much progress in the Bertomy case." "Why." murmured Fanferlet, "you

know"-"I know that you have mixed everything until you can't see your way out, so that you are ready to give up.'

"But it was not I"-M. Lecoq arose and walked up and down the room. Suddenly he confront-

ed Fanferlot. "What would you think, Master Squirrel," he said ironically, "of a man who abuses the confidence of those who employ him, who reveals just enough to lead the prosecution on the wrong scent, who sacrifices to his own foolish vanity the cause of justice and the liberty of an unfortunate man?"

Fauferlot recoiled a step. "I should say." he stammered-"I

should say"-"You think, Mr. Squirrel, that this man ought to be punished and dismissed from his employment, and you are right. The less a profession is honored, the more honorable should those be who belong to it. Nevertheless you have been false to yours. Ah, Mr. Squirrel, we are ambitious, and we try to make the police force serve us. We let justice go her way and we go ours." "But I swear"-

"Silence! Do you pretend to say that you did your duty in what you told the judge of instruction? While others were informing against the cashier you undertook to inform against the banker. You spied upon him. You became intimate with his

Was M. Lecoq really angry? Fanferlot, who knew him well, was in doubt. He did not know what to think of this devil of a man.

"If you were only skillful," he continued. "But, no; you wish to be a master, and you are not fit to be a journeyman.'

"You are right," said Fanferlot piteously, seeing that it was useless to deny anything. "But how get on with an affair like this, where there was not even a trace or sign to start from?"

M. Lecoq shrugged his shoulders. "Poor fellow! Why, don't you know that on the very day you were sent for with the commissary to verify the robbery you held-I do not say certainly, but very probably held-in your great stupid hands the means of knowing

whether the key of the cashier or the banker had been used when the robbery was committed?"

"You want to know? I will tell you. Do you remember the scratch you discovered on the safe door? You were so struck by it that you exclaimed at seeing it. You carefully examined it and were convinced that it was a fresh scratch. You thought, and rightly, too, that this scratch was made at the time of the robbery. Now, with what was it made? Evidently with a key. That being the case, you should have demanded the keys both of the banker and the eashler. One of them

"You have spoken correctly," said M.

At a distance Fanferlot was very to move. brave, but in M. Lecoq's presence he yielded to the influence which this exformation, these minute details of all his of a thief letting the key slip."

upset him. How had M. Lecoq obtain-

"Have you been long looking up this case?" he asked.

"Probably. But I am not infallible and may have overlooked some importaut evidence. Take a seat and tell me all you know."

One could not deceive M. Lecoq, so Fanferlot told the exact truth, a rare thing for him to do. However, as he the photograph. fore a door decorated with the arms reached the end of his statement a feelof the famous detective-a cock, the ing of mortified vanity prevented his three different tones as he stood startelling how he had been fooled by Gipsy and the stout man.

far did you follow the empty coach?"

ed and hung his head. "Oh." he stammered, "you know

Lecoq want anything of him? While He stopped short, bounded off his chair and cried:

"Oh, I know! You were the large man with red whiskers."

Fanferlot's surprise gave so singular an expression to his face that M. Lecoq as sure proof a circumstance which

wildered detective. "You are the large gentleman at whom I stared so as to impress his appearance upon my mind, fice, "Courage." This was M. Lecoq and I never recognized you! What an actor you would make if you would go ery?" on the stage! But I was disguised, too very well disguised."

"Very poorly disguised. It is only just to you that I should tell you so Do you think that a heavy beard and a blouse are unrecognizable? The eye, he would not have brought a witness the eye! The art lies in being able to

This explained why the lynx eyed Lecoq never appeared at the police office without his gold spectacles. "But." said Fanferlot, following up

his idea, "you have made the little girl confess, which Mme. Alexandre could not do? You know why she leaves the Archangel, why she does not wait for M. de Clameran and why she bought calico dresses?"

"She is following my advice." "In that case," said the detective dejectedly, "there is nothing left for me

"No, Squirrel," said M. Lecoq kindly, "you are not an ass. You merely did wrong in undertaking a task beyond your capacity. Have you progressed one step since you started in this affair? No. That shows that, although you are incomparable as a lieutenant, you do not possess the qualities of a general. I am going to present you with an aphorism. Remember it and let it be your guide in the future-'One

of those heavy clouds which threaten in the horizon for a moment and then

felt uneasy. He was afraid that something might be concealed beneath this

"Do you know who the thief is?" he asked.

thing, and that is that a scratch was on the safe door. That scratch is my

photographed the door of M. Fauvel's narrow, projecting brass lock. The scratch was indicated with admirable

exactness. scratch. It runs from top to bottom, starting from the hole in the lock, diagonally and, you see, from left to rightthat is to say, it terminates on the side next to the private staircase leading to succeed, all the success must be atthe banker's apartments. Very deep tributed to you. And, above all, don't at the lock, it ends off in a scarcely per-

ceptible mark." "I see."

scratch was made by the person who took the money. Let us see if you were right. I have here a little iron box, painted green like M. Fauvel's

Without seeing through his chief's motive, the detective did as he was bid, scratching vigorously with the

"The deuce," he said after several

"Very hard, my friend, and yet that on the safe is still harder. So, yen see,

in ignorance of your intention of fol-

will tell you to watch Prosper. You that. It certainly required great force will reply that you will not lose sight of him. I myself will answer for his "Yes, but how was it done? I have being in good hands." been racking my brain for three days,

"And if he asks me about Gipsy?" and only yesterday I came to a con-M. Lecon he situted a moment. clusion. Let us examine together and

"Tell him," he said, "that you persuaded her, in the interest of Prosper, to live in a house where she can watch some one whom you suspect."

M. Lecoq abandoned the photograph Fanferlot rolled up the photograph and, walking to the door communicatand was joyously picking up his hat to ing with his bedroom, took the key go when M. Lecoq checked him with a gesture. "Come here, Fanferlot, and stand by

"I have not finished. Do you know how to drive a carriage and manage

"Why can you ask this of a man who used to be a rider in the Bouthor cir-

"Very well. As soon as the judge "To put my hands on your arm and dismisses you return home immediatedraw it toward me quickly, so as to ly, make yourself a wig and the complete dress of a valet, and, having dressed yourself, take this letter to the agent on Delorme street." Fanferlot obeyed, and the key held

"But"-"There must be no but, sir. The agent will send you to M. 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 does not come into the matter. He is not the cashier's friend."

"Do what I tell you and don't disturb your mind about the rest. . Clameran is not a friend of Prosper, 1 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? 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 high liver, who takes it into his head to live at the Hotel du Louvre in the midst of a tumultuous, ever changing crowd, where it is hard to watch him. 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

mistaken. There is no doubt about it." give me an account of his manner of "That being the case, what deduclife and of the sort of people with tions would you draw from our discovwhom he associates." "You shall be obeyed." "In the first place, it proves the "One word more. M. de Clameran is irritable and, still more, suspicious, You will be presented to him under the "Because, at perfect liberty to open the safe whenever he wished to do so,

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 "Well reasoned. But on this suppo-Stairmeuse and the Count de Commasition the banker would also be innorin and that you have just left the Baron de Wortschen, who has gone to Fanferlot reflected, and all of his Germany. Be careful of your dress and manners. Watch the marquis' "It is so," he said in a despairing movements. Above all, don't overdo your part. It might arouse suspicion." "Find the third rogue, or, rather, the "Pon't worry as to that. Where real rogue-the one who opened the

shall I report to you?" "I will call on you every day. Until I change your orders 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 chief of the secret service. 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 Lecoq whom gry. nobody knew-a handsome man with a clear eye and resolute bearing. But he remained only for an instant. Seated before a dressing table, covered with more cosmetics, paints, perfumes, false hair and other unmentionable shams than the toilet tables of a modern belle, 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 man with red whiskers

wished to have one. He hated assistants, wishing to share neither the whom Fanferlot failed to recognize. pleasure of success nor the pain of de-"Well," he said, easting a last look feat. Thus Fanferlot, who knew his in the mirror, "I have forgotten nothpatron's character, was surprised to ing. I have left nothing to chance, hear him giving advice who heretofore All my plans are fixed, and I shall make progress, provided the Squirrel "Chief," he ventured to say, "you does not waste time."

seem to take a great personal interest But Fanferlot was too happy to in this affair-you have so deeply studwaste a minute. He did not run, he flew, toward the Palais de Justice. At M. Lecoq started nervously and relast he was able to convince some one of his wonderful shrewdness. As to eyed cow puncher. acknowledging that he was about to "Don't be too curious, Master Squirrel. Be careful that you do not go too obtain a triumph with the ideas of another man, he never thought of it. It is generally in perfect good faith that "That will do," interrupted M. Le the jackdaw struts in the peacock's coq. "If I choose to lend you a helpfeathers. His hopes were realized. If ing hand, it is because it suits me to the judge was not absolutely convincdo so. It pleases me to be the head

ed, he admired the ingenuity of the whole proceeding. "This decides me," he said, dismissing Fanferlot. "I will file a favorable report today, and it is highly probable that the accused will be released to-

"We shall certainly succeed since morrow. He began at once to write out one of "Yes, I am interested in it, and durthose terrible decisions of "Not proving the last four days I have discovered" which restores liberty, but not ed many important facts. But I have honor, to the accused man; which says reasons for not appearing in this afthat he is not guilty, but does not say fair. No matter what happens, I forhe is innocent: bid your mentioning my name. If we

Whereas there do not exist sufficient charges against the accused, Prosper Bertong, in pur-suance of article 128 of the Criminal Code we hereby declare that we find no grounds for prosecution against the aforesaid prisoner at this pres ent time, and we order that he shall be released whate he is commed and set at liberty by the jailer, etc. When it was finished, "Well," he

said to the clerk, "here is another of those crimes which justice cannot clear up-another file to be stowed away among the archives of the record office. And his own hand wrote on the cov-

er of the bundle of papers relating to Prosper's case the number of the packthis evidence will determine him to re- age, "Case 113."

TO BE CONTINUED.

to Instead of taking the opinions of other men on trust, it is well enough to little thinking on your own ac

his mistake, accost him not upon the subject when his spirit is ruffled.

Miscellancous Reading.

BUCKSKIN'S LITTLE JOKE.

Cowboy's Have Their Fun, and He Has His Afterward.

The boys of the Carlisle ranch in southern Utah will never forget their cessful, one in the gang. introduction to Buckskin, or rather Buckskin Ike's introduction in the early he's your mount for today," was the suggested one. 90's. Ike strolled up to a cabin of the foreman's instruction as he winked at Bar X ranch with a gunny-sack on the boys, who knew what was coming his shoulder and a woe-begone express- and prepared to enjoy the fun of watchion on his face, and sought admission, ing Ike ride old "Satan," the worst-He told a hard-luck story about a sick spoiled bronco in Utah. This horse was him shook loose," remarked another. horse that died "down in the hills yonder," and he wanted to stay a few days had never been conquered. He had out here," yelled the foreman. "Sit up until he found out "where he was at. Hospitality is one of the most pronounced features of cowboy and cattlemen in that part of the world, and as ing the sticking qualities of the prono wanderer's plea for shelter was ever fessed horse-breakers who traveled in vain, therefore the invitation to come in was hearty and unqualified.

The man was about as long and loose-jointed a specimen of humanity pounds, was 8 years old, and "so as is generally given to mortal eyes to weighing about 130 pounds he appeared. ess, mildewed hue, rather long, and his pearance indicated that he was not a to grow. His actions as he moved to horse about crazy with excitement bethe centre of the room and cast a gun- fore the boys came to his aid, but someny sack he was carrying over his how his rope never seemed to fly boys around him and encouraging old air as though he felt there was some alive. He was dressed in a faded and not an expert with a rope, and his angray hat, not of the style usually worn boys who had caught their "string" el which was in keeping with his lo- him. cation and the company he was in were his high-heeled boots, which were the regulation article of the range.

"Gosh, I'm glad to get somewhere, was his exclamation as he let his pack slide to the floor and looked around tually catch his horse the next throw with a bewildered air.

"Where'd you come from and where cock. are ye going?" asked the boss of the ranch., Billy Madden.

goin' to the mines down on the river, every galoot round camp, even to the but my horse took sick and died down cook, had business in that immediate and blanket on my back," replied the he had, some of the kinder-hearted ones the crowd of cowboys gathered in the dissuade him from using it, offering cabin waiting for supper. "An' I'm all- him a good saddle. fired hungry," he added, with an appealing air, looking toward the cook, fit to ride a mess wagon, let alone a Bar X boys were the worst-sold gang who stood, kettle in hand, listening to

his story. the cook. "It's a pretty big contract to stamp a good many years, an' it still fill you up, but you're welcome to all sticks. I'd feel kinder lost in one of it. It was a way he had .- Denver

you can hold." "Where are you from," inquired the foreman, after he had watched for a stranger's assertion that he was hun-

"From Missouri," vouchsafed the in diameter. busy guest, between bites, "an' my name's Ike-Ike Jarvis." "Been out here long?" continued

Madden. "'Hout as long as they make 'em, I guess," replied the lengthy Ike, as he glanced down at his toes.

"I guess that's a fact," replied Madlen, with a grin; "but how does it come you're so short?" "Oh, that a long story," said Ike, as

he bolted a biscuit whole and reached for another chunk of beef. "Say, you'd make a pretty good ti ope if you're tough enough," remarked \$50 a month job without having a try. one chap down at the other end of the

lown in Missouri," assented Ike, in nowise perturbed by the intended ridicule. After supper was over, the gang gathred around the new comer to quiz him. "What are you going to do now, since on them legs," said Jud Smith, a cross-

"Guess I'll have to look around for

"Can you ride?" "Ride? Of course I can ride. Ever ce a feller that couldn't ride?"

"Yes, I know; but what I mean can want a good buster here, as our string's cetting thin." "Well, I don't know about these

esky animals here, but I used to break mules and colts back in Missouri." "How did you do it then?" asked Madden.

"Why, I'd wait till I worked a colt all lay ploughing and then jump on his back and ride him to the barn. Some-

times they'd kick up and run away, but on bet I'd ride 'em." "Well, that ain't the way we do it out

ou pay?"

Madden.

unsophisticated as he appeared.

sisted the foreman with a grin.

about it.

Turning-in time was now announced the boys sought their beds.

were called out to the corral to catch was so hard to shake off. their mounts for the day, and Ike was the most active, if not the most suc-

"Catch that bald-faced sorrel there known as the bronco-buster buster and thrown every rider who had ever got en his back and was kept for the purpose of initiating greenhorns and test over the country breaking horses at so much per head. He was a powerful, rangy horse, weighing about 1,100

poison you could scrape strychnine off Lehold. Six feet and 4 inches tall and his neck," as one fellow put it. He and raked old Satan from neck to flank could rag a little livelier and hump his as he stood leaning against the door- back a little keener and faster than any Thoroughly maddened by this time, old way, to be much taller and slimer than horse on the range. He knew every he really was. His hair was of a color- trick and crook of the business and was front legs and "went after" lke in past master in the art of giving aspirsleepy blue eyes and general listless ap- ing bronco riders a lift in the world. Ike put in about an hour of good, solcharacter of much force. His long, id work in an endeavor to catch old So- frantic brute. Around and around they thin neck and large ears gave one the an. He was an energetic, persistent impression that he had been carried "cuss" and so was old Satan, who could around by the ears when a child and dodge the rope with marvelous cunstood up in the corner out of the way ning. Jarvis tried hard and had the hair's breath could be move his rider,

caught the wrong horse. Whatever he To a friendly offer by one of the boys

to catch his horse for him. Ike replied: 'Naw, I'm going to try just one more throw. I think I'll get nim next time." By some backhanded fling he did ac and straightened up as proud as a pea-

After breakfast, when Ike brought out his gunnysack containing his sad-"I come from Bluff City and I was die, and prepared to saddle old Satan yonder about 20 miles, an I hoofed it vicinity. When he dumped out his all the way up here with the saddle saddle and they saw what sort of a rig skin." stranger, as he slowly looked around took pity on him and attempted to "Why, that 'henskin' of yourn ain't

brank " said one.

"Nope," he replied to their kind of-"Well, fall in; chuck's ready," said fers. "I've rid this yere old postage them big saddles."

By dint of much coaxing and exertion he got old Satan saddled and prepared time for evidence of the truth of the to mount. Diving into his sack he pro duced a wicked-looking pair of Mexican spurs, with murderous rowels an inch

His good nature and innocent mien good will of the camp, and one of the boys felt really sorry for him and thought that it was little short of manslaughter to allow this poor country jake to continue further with the joke. Big Bill Williams, the biggest-hearted what kind of a proposition he was up ing the man-eater."

But Ike would pay no heed and insisted that he was not going to give up a When he tried to mount, old Satan backed off and circled round, allowing "Yes. I've held a good many mules like to get no closer than near enough to eatch the stirrup in his hand. Occarup and hopped around like a crow afour horse is dead? You can't travel horse gave a plunge and tried to break the result of smoking eigarettes. away, but the lanky Missourian managed to hang on, though ofttimes he was near to losing his feet. The entire disguised enjoyment, watching the cir-

"If you can ride as well as you can rope you are all right," was a jeering cou ride wild horses, break 'em? We remark that brought a steely glint to hip and thigh. About a year before lke's eyes and caused a tightening of the lines about his mouth that bespoke a determination to do or die.

"Why don't you walk up, straddle of him and sit down?" "Try the other side; mebbe he's ; left-handed horse."

"Did your Missouri horses act like that?

begin?" shouted lke, all excited over awkwardness, was evident, and that will it last?" persisted the lengthy Mis- around long enough. He caught the "That depends on yourself. It will head up with a tight rein, so it could jurious effects upon young mea. ast as long as you can stick on," per- not get free action to buck, flopping first to one side and then to the other, "Whoop! Hoorah! I'll ride 'em till sometimes back of the saddle and somethe cows come home. I'll show you times before it. At each time it apthe optimistic Ike, with a sudden of mere strength, and apparently be-

tivity and movements of gracefulness avoid going quite off. Old Satan was doing some pretty stiff buck-and-wing work, but he could not get the rein for and a general movement took place, as free action. He could not quite make out about that long, limber thing that Early the next morning all hands dopped around so awkardly and yet

"Stay with him Missouri" eried the crowd.

"Wrap your legs around him and stick your feet in your coat pockets,'

"Lengthy, your time's growing

short," cried another. 'The birds will build a nest in his ear before he lights, if old Satan ever gets

"That's not the way we ride horses and give him his head or else get off. "He'll get off fast enough," laughed one fellow, who knew the route, having been introduced to old Satan him-

Ike glanced around and a quiet grin came over his face. He concluded he had carried his little joke as far as he could. Straightening up in the saddle he threw the reins across the pomme with a sweep of his long spur-clad leg. Satan ducked his head between his lead earnest. But the harder he pitched, the closer sat Ike, his long, lithe body swaying gracefully with the went. Satan straining every nerve and exercising every trick and effort of an accomplished renegade, but not a who sat, centaur-like, grinning with ineffable sweetness upon the wide-eye shoulder, on the floor, were slow and straight, or it would get tangled around Satan to further contortions by exuncertain, and he were an apologetic his legs and trip him. Several times he ploring for unspurred territory with his long, limber legs. What manner of excuse necessary to offer for being might be as a rider, he certainly was man was this who could ride old Satan, the terror of two territories, and nonworn suit of overall goods and a soft tics afforded much amusement for the chalantly roll a cigarette while the furious beast was tying double bowby cowboys. The only article of appar- and were standing around watching knots in the air and coming down like pile driver, without seeming to even receive a jolt? Never had the boys

seen such riding as this. When Ike got ready to dismount, old Satan had been ridden, and well ridden, and had been spurred from his ears to his tail. He was the meekestlooking horse in seven states, but looked no more sheepish than the boys who gathered around the calmly benignant

Ike and asked: "Who in thunder are you, anyway?

You never came from Missouri!" "Yes, I did-about 30 years ago, And my name's Ike-front name, 'Buck-

He was, indeed, the most famous rider ever known in Utah and Arizona His fame, but not his face, was wellknown at the ranch he had duped. And it was due to this fact that the that ever initiated a greenh the mysteries of broncho riding. Buckskin Ike had traveled miles for his fun and had enjoyed it to the lim-

Times. THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

Does Not Bear Out the Friendly

Claims of Scientific Men. They have received another black eye, or rather a clean knock-out, so far had by this time gained for him the as it goes, at the Northwestern Academy, in Evanston, Ill. In an address to his students on Monday last Dr. H. F. Fisk, the principal of the academy, stated that recent competitive examinations had shown that only 2 per cent, of the cigarette users in the fellow in the crew, tried to tell him school had been able to reach the first grade, whereas in the fourth, or lowest against and to keep him from "crawl- grade, the percentage of such smokers was 57. In conclusion, Dr. Fisk advised all of his pupils who were addicted to cigarette smoking either to quit the habit or the academy. Tuition fees will be refunded, said he, to ail who choose the academy.

The factor of stupidity ascribed to the cigarette is greater in this institusionally he got one foot up in the stir- tion than it is in the Kokomo schools. in Indiana, where, it was said a few ter the horse, who backed away with days ago, 400 pupils out of 1,800 were his rolling eyes. Several times the two years behind in their studies as

It is noticeable that the most viruent attacks upon the eigarette usually occur at this time of the year, that is crew was now gathered around in un- in February or March. In February of last year, the legislatures of Michigan and Tennessee and of half a dozen other states were overrun with measures to smite "the cigarette demon" that the officers of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad formally expelled the "coifin tacks" from the ips of all the trainmen on that system. Early in 1899 the Maryland Public Health association considered the specific charge that "the eigarette antagonizes the best efforts of the mother for the welfare of her boy." In the in-"Don't you wish you were back in vestigation which followed, the weight Missouri ploughing corn?" And kin- of evidence, including that furnished dred remarks were showered upon the by some of the best-known physicians poor fellow's head, as he followed the in Maryland, was very indecisive, bers, but I'll give you a trial if you vicious animal around, sometimes hop- About four years ago a so-called eigthink you can ride," said Madden with ping with one foot in the stirrup or arette war was on in New York, and quiet grin at his head "buster," a being dragged by the bridte reins. That then, as in other trials of the same aan of considerable repute as a stayer. This man was no fool and knew how to sort, the charge against the accuse t "I'm your buckleberry. When can I avoid getting burt, despite his seeming backed the proof necessary to convict,

Indeed, it is less than five years ago his good fortune, "and how much do he had grit was also plainly to be that a spirited agitation against the seen. Paying no ateation to the jeers eigarette took place in Chicago, only a "I pay \$50 a month and board, and of his comrades, who were getting im- short distance from the Northwestern ou can begin in the morning," said patient waiting, as they could find no academy. At that time a thorough further excuse for tarrying. Ike seemed analysis by the experts of Chicago's "Will the job be steady-how long suddenly to conclude that he had fooled health department of fourteen different brands of the article sold in that city sourian, with a twinkle in his eye, stirrup with one hand and made a fly-showed that there was nothing in any which indicated he was not so green or ing leap for the plunging horse's back. of the brands examined, which, in the There he clung, holding the horse's opinion of experts, would produce in-

The statement of Dr. Fisk shows that there are still some in Cook county who disagree with the findings of Chicago's health board; and doubtless thouhow they do it down in Missouri," cried peared that he would go off, but by dint sands of people could be found elsewhere who agree with the doctor. straightening out of his lanky body, cause he was so long, the horse could Nevertheless, the case against the circthat somehow, in spite of its ungainly not jump out from under him in one arette cannot be called closed. - New length, had lines of strength and ac-leap, and he managed each time to York Sun.

"What do you mean?"

would have had some particles of the hard green paint sticking to it." Fanferlot listened with open mouth to this explanation. At the last words he violently slapped his forehead with his hand and cried out: "Imbeeile."

Lecoq. "Imbecile! This proof is before your eyes, and you do not see it! This scratch is the only clew. If I find the guilty party, it will be by key, means of this scratch, and I am determined that I will find him."

traor-linary man exercised upon all the scratch you discovered could not who approached him. This exact in- have been made by the trembling hand

lock, slipped along the door, making an exact reproduction of the scratch in "Oh, oh, oh." exclaimed Fanferlot in

ferlot's enthusiasm.

only probable."

cashier innocent."

"How so?"

cent. Think."

secretary."

patiently.

solved."

ied it."

"Gipsy."

was necessary."

animation vanished.

Proceed."

to make so deep a scratch."

starting point."

from the lock.

see if our conjectures present enough

chances of probability to establish a

my side. There, very well. Suppose

that I want to open this door and you

don't want me to open it. When you

see me about to put the key in the

lock, what would be your first im-

"Precisely so. Now let us try it.

by M. Lecoq, pulled aside from the

"Do you begin to understand now?"

you are! I see the scene as if I had

been present. Two persons were at the

the other wished to prevent its being

Accustomed to triumphs of this sort,

M. Lecoq was much amused at Fan-

"There you go off half cocked again,"

he said good humoredly. "You regard

may be accidental and at the most

"No, a man like you could not be

when he intended to commit the theft."

tone. "What can be done now?"

safe and stole the notes and who is

still at large, while others are suspect-

"Impossible! M. Fauvel and his

"Pardon me. On the evening of the

robbery the banker left his key in the

"Yes, but the key alone was not suf-

ficient to open the safe. The word also

M. Lecoq shrugged his shoulders im-

"Which is the name of the cashier's

grisette. The day you find a man suf-

ficiently intimate with Prosper to be

aware of all the circumstances con-

nected with this name, and at the

same time on a footing with the Fau-

vel family which would give him the

privilege of entering M. Fauvel's

chamber, then you will discover the

real thief; then the problem will be

Egotistical, like all great artists, M.

Lecon had never had a pupil and never

had only given orders.

Fanferlot began to apologize.

while you are the limbs. Unassisted,

with your preconceived ideas, you

would never have found the culprit.

If we two don't find him, my name is

try to find out too much. Be satisfied

These conditions seemed quite to

"I shall rely upon you. Now, to be

this case. Explain to him as if it

came from you alone what I have just

shown you. Repeat what I have dem-

onstrated, and I am convinced that

with what explanations I give you."

"I will be discreet," he said.

you are interested in the case."

plied, frowning:

not Lecoq."

suit Fanferlot.

"What was the word?" he asked.

cashier only had keys, and they al

ways kept them on their persons."

prevent your introducing the key."

ing at the door. "It seems to me, Master Squirrel, that asked M. Lecoq. "Understand! Why, a child could understand it now. Ah, what a man

you have forgotten something. How Fanferlot despite his assurance blushsafe. One wished to take the money;

about that? How did you"-But a sudden idea entered his brain. taken. That is certain."

could not restrain a smile. "Then it was you," continued the be-

change the eye. That is the secret."

to do but to acknowledge myself an ass."

may shine in the second rank who would be totally eclipsed in the first." Never had Fanferlot seen his patron so talkative and good natured. Finding his deceit discovered, he had expected to be overwhelmed with a storm, whereas he had escaped with a little shower that had cooled his brain. Lecoq's anger disappeared like one

are suddenly swept away by a gust of But the husband of Mme, Alexandre

affability.

"I know no more than you do, and you seem to have made up your mind, whereas I am still undecided. You declare that the cashier is innocent and the banker guilty. I don't know whether you are right or wrong. I started after you and have only reached my preliminaries. I am certain of but one far. Do you understand?"

As he spoke M. Lecoq took from his desk and unrolled an immense sheet of drawing paper. On this paper was safe. Every detail was given minutely. One could see the five movable buttens with the engraved letters and the

"Now," said M. Lecoq, "here is our

"Naturally you thought that this gin, you must carry this photograph to the judge of instruction. I know M. l'atrigent is much perplexed about safe. Take a key and try to scratch

lease the eashier. Presper must be at liberty before I can commence my op attempts, "This paint is awfully hard erations." him know that I suspect any one be-

sides the banker or easider?" "Certainly. Justice must not be kept secret movements and even thoughts, 1 "I never should have thought of lowing up this affair. M. Patrigent

"Of course, chief. But must I let mint. a If you would convince a person