

fect ease and confidence, stopped a few steps from her, as if to study her features more attentively, and then added, like a man who is satisfied with the observations he had made: "Come! the unfortunate events of the night before last have had a less injurious influence than I feared. There is some improvement; the complexion is less flushed, the look calmer, the eyes still somewhat too bright, but no longer shinning with such unnatural fire. You were getting on so well! Now the cure must be prolonged—for this unfortunate night affair threw you into a state of excitement, that was only the more dangerous from your not being conscious of it. Happily, with care, your recovery will not, I hope, be very much delayed." Accustomed though she was to the audacity of this tool of the Congregation, Mdle. de Cardoville could not forbear saying to him, with a smile of bitter disdain: "What impudence, sir, there is in your pity! What effrontery in your zeal to earn your hire! Never for a moment do you lay aside your mask; craft and falsehood are ever on your lips. Really, if this shameful comedy causes you as much fatigue as it does me disgust and contempt, they can never pay you enough."

"Alas!" said the doctor, in a sorrowful tone; "always this unfortunate delusion, that you are not in want of our care!—that I am playing a part, when I talk to you of the sad state in which you were, when we were obliged to bring you hither by stratagem. Still, with the exception of this little sign of rebellious insanity, your condition has marvellously improved. You are on the high road to a complete cure. By and by, your excellent heart will render me the justice that is due me; and, one day, I shall be judged as I deserve."

"I believe it, sir; the day approaches, in which you will be judged as you deserve," said Adrienne, laying great stress upon the two words.

"Always that other vexed idea," said the doctor, with a sort of commiseration. "Come, be reasonable. Do not think of this childishness."

"What! renounce my intention to demand at the hands of justice reparation for myself, and disgrace for you and your accomplices? Never sir—never!"

"Well!" said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders; "once at liberty, thank heaven, you will have many other things to think of, my fair enemy."

"You forget piously the evil that you do; but I, sir, have a better memory."

"Let us talk seriously. Have you really the intention of applying to the courts?" inquired Dr. Baleinier, in a grave tone.

"Yes, sir; and you know that what I intend, I firmly carry out."

"Well! I can only conjure you not to follow out this idea," replied the doctor, in a still more solemn tone; "I ask it as a favor, in the name of your own interest."

"I think, sir, that you are a little too ready to confound your interest with mine."

"Now come," said Dr. Baleinier, with a feigned impatience, as if quite certain of convincing Mdle. de Cardoville on the instant; "would you have the melancholy courage to plunge into despair two persons full of goodness and generosity?"

"Only two? The jest would be complete, if you were to reckon three: you, sir, and my aunt, and Abbe d'Aigrigny; for these are no doubt the generous persons in whose name you implore my pity."

"No, madame; I speak neither of myself, nor of your aunt, nor of Abbe d'Aigrigny."

"Of whom, then, sir?" asked Mdle. de Cardoville, with surprise.

"Of two poor fellows, who, no doubt sent by those whom you call your friends, got into the neighboring convent the other night, and thence into this garden. The guns which you heard go off were fired at them."

"Alas! I thought so. They refused to tell me if either of them was wounded," said Adrienne, with painful emotion.

"One of them received a wound, but not very serious, since he was able to fly and escape pursuit."

"Thank God!" cried Mdle. de Cardoville, clasping her hands with fervor.

"It is quite natural that you should rejoice at their escape, but by what strange contradiction do you now wish to put the officers of justice on their track? A singular manner, truly, of rewarding their devotion!"

"What do you say, sir?" asked Mdle de Cardoville.

"For if they should be arrested," resumed Dr. Baleinier, without answering her, "as they have been guilty of house-breaking and attempted burglary, they would be sent to the galleys."

"Heavens! and for my sake!"

"Yes; it would be for you, and what is worse, by you, that they would be condemned."

"By me, sir?"

"Certainly; that is, if you follow up your ven-

geance against your aunt and Abbe d'Aigrigny—I do not speak of myself, for I am quite safe; in a word, if you persist in laying your complaint before the magistrates, that you have been unjustly confined in this house."

"I do not understand you, sir. Explain yourself," said Adrienne, with growing uneasiness.

"Child that you are!" cried the Jesuit of the short robe, with an air of conviction; "do you think that if the law once takes cognizance of this affair, you can stop short its action where and when you please? When you leave this house, you lodge a complaint against me and against your family; well, what happens? The law interferes, inquires, calls witnesses, enters into the most minute investigations. Then, what follows? Why, that this nocturnal escapade, which the superior of the convent has some interest in hushing up for fear of scandal—that this nocturnal attempt, I say, which I also would keep quiet, is necessarily divulged, and as it involves a serious crime, to which a heavy penalty is attached, the law will ferret into it and find out these unfortunate men, and if, as is probable, they are detained in Paris by their duties or occupations, or even by a false security, arising from the honorable motives which they know to have actuated them, they will be arrested. And who will be the cause of this arrest? You, by your deposition against us."

"Oh, sir! that would be horrible; but it is impossible."

"It is very possible, on the contrary," returned M. Baleinier; "so that, while I and the superior of the convent, who alone are really entitled to complain, only wish to keep quiet this unpleasant affair, it is you—you, for whom these unfortunate men have risked the galleys—that will deliver them up to justice."

Though Mdle. de Cardoville was not completely duped by the lay Jesuit, she guessed that the merciful intentions which he expressed with regard to Dagobert and his son would be absolutely subordinate to the course she might take in pressing or abandoning the legitimate vengeance which she meant to claim of authority. Indeed, Rodin, whose instructions the doctor was following without knowing it, was too cunning to have it said to Mdle. de Cardoville: "If you attempt any proceedings, we denounce Dagobert and his son," but he attained the same end, by inspiring Adrienne with fears on the subject of her two liberators, so as to prevent her taking any hostile measures. Without knowing the exact law on the subject, Mdle. de Cardoville had too much good sense not to understand, that Dagobert and Agricola might be very seriously involved in consequence of their nocturnal adventure, and might even find themselves in a terrible position. And yet, when she thought of all she had suffered in that house, and of all the just resentment she entertained in the bottom of her heart, Adrienne felt unwilling to renounce the stern pleasure of exposing such odious machinations to the light of day. Dr. Baleinier watched with sullen attention her whom he considered his dupe, for he thought he could divine the cause of the silence and hesitation of Mdle. de Cardoville.

"But, sir," resumed the latter, unable to conceal her anxiety, "if I were disposed, for whatever reason, to make no complaint, and to forget the wrongs I have suffered, when should I leave this place?"

"I cannot tell; for I do not know when you will be radically cured," said the doctor, benignantly. "You are in a very good way, but—"

"Still this insolent and stupid acting!" broke forth Mdle. de Cardoville, interrupting the doctor with indignation. "I ask, and if it must be, I entreat you, to tell me how long I am to be shut up in this dreadful house, for I shall leave it some day, I suppose?"

"I hope so, certainly," said the Jesuit of the short robe, with unction; "but when, I am unable to say. Moreover, I must tell you frankly, that every precaution is taken against such attempts as those of the other night; and the most vigorous watch will be maintained, to prevent your communicating with any one. And all this in your own interest, that your poor head may not again be dangerously excited."

"So, sir," said Adrienne, almost terrified, "compared with what awaits me, the last few days have been days of liberty."

"Your interest before everything," answered the doctor, in a fervent tone.

Mdle. de Cardoville, feeling the impotence of her indignation and despair, heaved a deep sigh, and hid her face in her hands.

At this moment, quick footsteps were heard in the passage, and one of the nurses entered, after having knocked at the door.

"Sir," said she to the doctor, with a frightened air, "there are two gentlemen below, who wish to see you instantly, and the lady also."

Adrienne raised her head hastily; her eyes were bathed in tears.

(Continued on page 5.)

FEN POINTERS.

BY H. W. BOWMAN.

Papal pills are sugar coated. Credulity is the basis of Rome's religion.

Get a papist to thinking and the priest will curse you.

The priest's blindest eye is on the side where the most money comes from.

A Bible is the most hurtful book a papist can read—if we judge from Rome's past acts.

No man can walk with civilization and stay in the woods of papal superstition.

Rome wears a religious cloak, yet has a cold heart.

A confessional box is the tomb of self-respect.

Wearing a cross does not cure crossness.

Hatred is nursed by papal prejudice. The brighter history shines the darker Rome's record.

It is hard to convince a papist who lets the priest do his thinking.

To know that popery is a curse makes a man want to rid the earth of it.

Keeping knowledge in the hands of the priest starves the minds of the people.

You can never tell what a papist will do out of a church by his looks of devotion within.

Rome has trouble with the man who does his own thinking.

Popery throws the most mud at the whitest garments.

The priest does an evil day's work when he gets a child to go to the parochial school.

Every dollar in Rome's possession is stamped with fraud.

No man's influence is so small but what he could make it tell against Rome.

When Rome gives money she always puts a chain of power on it.

Truth is always ready to go to war; error will run at the first opportunity.

Every fact is an antidote for some foolish fancy.

Fighting truth is an old trick of popery; and it has become an adept at it.

When a man sees the truth he beholds the deformities of error.

A Map of the United States.
The new wall map issued by the Burlington Route is three feet four inches wide by four feet long; is printed in six colors; is mounted on rollers; shows every state, county, important town and railroad in the Union, and forms a very desirable and useful adjunct to any household or business establishment.

Purchased in lots of 5,000 the maps cost the Burlington Route nearly 20 cents apiece, but on the receipt of 15 cents in stamps or coin the undersigned will be pleased to send you one.

Write immediately, as the supply is limited.
J. Francis, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Book "I" and sample free. Address Sterling R. Co., Chicago or New York.

The man who praises Martin Luther and courts Gibbons or Ireland is a huge humbug.

It takes patriotism to stand out against papal tyranny.

Burlington
Route

A Map of the
United States

SEND me 15 cents in stamps and I will mail you a map of the United States, three feet four inches wide by four feet long. Printed in six colors. Mounted on rollers. Shows every state, county important town and railroad in the United States.

J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

IN YOUR OWN HOME WITHOUT ONE CENT OF MONEY IN ADVANCE

We Do Exactly As Advertised.

We will send you High Grade Sewing Machines and Organs for LESS MONEY than any other concern in the World. Buy a Victor and save from \$10 to \$20.

High Sewing Machines with automatic bobbin winder, self-sewing needle, large self-threading cylinder shuttle and full set of attachments. Finest grade of oak or walnut woodwork. Guaranteed for 10 years; at \$29.50, \$11, \$12, \$13, \$14. Drop Desk Cabinet, Sewing Machine, at \$20. A Hand Machine at \$1.50, charges prepaid.

\$22 VICTOR ORGAN

Buy your Organ from Victor and save. We sell to you at A.S. AGENTS' PRICES. All instruments guaranteed for 10 years. Send for our Free 40 page catalogue of Sewing Machines, Organs and Pianos. We ship you direct from factory at wholesale prices. ADDRESS: VICTOR MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 440, 235 and 237 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Is Marriage a Failure?

A Novel Written by Mrs. Agnes Vivers Swetland, M. D. This is one of the latest publications, being somewhat of a romantic order, and is entertaining from beginning to end. For sale by booksellers generally.

Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50c.

If your bookseller does not have it in stock have him order it for you, or send price to the publisher's agent, the

CUT PRICE BOOK STORE.

1615 Howard Street, OMAHA, NEB.

HAVE YOU READ If Christ Came To Congress

BY H. W. HOWARD.

The Most Sensational Book Ever Written!

IT ECLIPSES ALL OTHER EROTIC EFFORTS.

The wickedness of the Capital City exposed and its disorderly houses mapped out. Has been read by President Cleveland and his Cabinet, and by Senators, Congressmen and their families. It is the boldest exposure of vice and corruption in high places ever written. Read it and learn about your high officials, your Senators and Congressmen and their mistresses, and the desecration of our National Capital. STARTLING DISCLOSURES made known for the first time! Read and learn. Over 15,000 copies sold in Washington in three weeks. The best seller out. Now in its third edition.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

4 Pages, Illustrated. Sent Postage Prepaid on Receipt of Price.
AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO

The Priest, the Woman, And the Confessional

BY REV. CHAS. CHINIQUY,

\$1.00.

Remit by bank draft, postal or express money order, or by registered letter to the

AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

AN UP-TO-DATE,
ABSOLUTELY CORRECT,
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

Atlas of the World

Especially prepared to meet the wants of Farmers, Merchants, Mechanics, Clerks, Students, Women, and all who desire a complete work at the minimum cost.

Nearly 70 Comprehensive Maps.
140 New and Superb Illustrations.
A Whole Library of Itself, of vital and absorbing interest to every member of the household.
Population of each State and Territory, of all Counties of the United States, and of American Cities with over 5,000 Inhabitants.

IT CONTAINS much special information regarding any Nation, Province, State, City, Town or Village desired. The knowledge is rarely obtainable from a school geography, which necessarily has only a few general facts and the location of important cities.
Railroad maps are notoriously incorrect and misleading, hence the puzzled truth-seeker, where large libraries are inaccessible, is without relief unless he is the happy owner of a knowledge-satisfying, pleasure-giving People's Atlas. All Countries on the face of the earth are shown.
Rivers and Lakes are accurately located.
All the large Cities of the World, the important Towns and most of the Villages of the United States are given on the Maps.
It gives a classified List of all Nations, with Forms of Government, Geographical Location, Size and Population.

This beautiful Atlas is bound in heavy paper cover, and will be sent to any address upon receipt of

AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO