

"I have only to remand you to your cell," said the magistrate. "We will hunt for the other man." Dantin, in his turn, said in an iron-ical tone, "And you will do well!" M. Ginory made a sign. The guards led out their prisoner. Then looking at the chief, while Bernardet still re-mained standing like a soldier near the window, the magistrate said: "Until there are new developments. Danth will say nothing. We must look for the man in the sombrero."

Dantin wil say nothing. We must look for the man in the sombero." "Necessarily!" said M. Leriche. "The needle! The needle! And the haystack!" thought Bernardet. The chief, smiling, turned toward him. "That belongs to you, Bernar-det." him. det."

I know it well," said the little man, "but it is not easy. Oh! It is not easy at all."

You have unearthed more 'Bah. difficult things than that. Do it up brown. There is only one clew-the Do it up hat-They are not uncommon, those hats,

I. Leriche. They are not very bad ats. But yet it is a clew. If we live, e shall see." He stood motionless between the hats.

Certainly, But guilty-you believe

him guilty?" "Without doubt."

"Would you condemn him?" he quickly asked as he gazed searchingly at the chief. M. Leriche hesitated.

"Would you condemn him?" M. Gi-nory repeated insistently. The chief still hesitated a moment, glanced toward the impassive Bernar-det without being able to read his face, and he said:

"I do not know."

CHAPTER XIII.

"I do not know," thought Bernardet as he returned home. "What one knows on, that would be impossible! Is that on the retina of the dead man's eye, re-flected there at the supreme moment of the agony? Is there found the image of this Dantin, his face, his features—this man, in a word, denounced by this wit-ness which is worth all other witnesses in the world? This assassinated man cast a last look upon his murderer as he called for aid—a last cry for help in the death rattle. And this man says, 'I do not know.' But the dead man knew, and the kodak knows also. It has no passion, no anger, without hate, because it registers what passes; fixes that which is flecting."

which is fleeting." Bernardet was obstinate in his conviction. He was perfectely rooted in it. What if he had not persisted in be-lieving that photography would reveal the truth? What weighty reason, what even acceptable one, was there which obliged Dantin to remain silent in the even acceptable one, was there which obliged Dantin to remain silent in the presence of the examining magistrate ind his registrar—in the secret inter-view of an examination—when in order to escape a prison, an accusation, he had only to speak two words? But if Dantin said nothing was it because he had nothing to say? If he had given no explanation, was it because he had nothing to say? If he had given no explanation, was it because he had nothing to say? If he had given no explanation, was it because he had nothing to say? If he had given no explanation, was it because he had nothing to say? If he had given no explanation, was it because he had nothing to say? If he had given no explanation, was it because he had nothing to say? If at the instant when M. Ginory pressed the ivory but ton the other day the man had been able to defend himself, would he not have cone it? One knew the secret rea-son of criminals for keeping silent. Their best reason is their guilt. Only it seemed now certain that Dan-tin, although guilty, had an accomplice —ves, without doubt, the man with the

Only it seemed now certain that Dan-tin, although guilty, had an accomplice -yes, without doubt, the man with the sombrero, the seller of the portrait. Where could he now be in hiding?

CHAPTER XIL—Continued. "I have only to remand you to your ell," said the magistrate. "We will unt for the other man." Dantin, in his turn, said in an iron-

dreams of a Hamlet. Carabet du Squelette! The announcement of the droll prom-

ises-apparitions, visions, phantoms-had often made him smile when he had

had often made him smile when he had passed near there to go to the prefec-ture—this wineshop, the front of which was bordered with black, like a letter announcing a death, and which bore, grating as it swung at the end of an iron rod, a red lantern for a sign. His little girls, when he laughingly spoke of the cabaret where the walters were dressed like undertakers' assist-ants, turned pale, and plump little Mme. Bernardet, ordinarily smiling, would say, with a sigh, "Is it possible that such sacrilegious things are permitted in the quarter?" such sacrilegiou. in the quarter?"

in the quarter?" Bernardet good naturedly replied, "Ah, my dear, where is the harm?" "T know what I am talking about," his good wife said. "They are the pleas-ure of the unhealthy minded. They mock at death as they mock at every-thing else. Where will it all end? We shall see it:---"Or we shall not see it." Intermet

we shall see." He stood motionless between the bookcase and the window, like a soldier carrying arms, while M. Ginory, shak-ing his head, said to the chief, "And this Dantin—what impression did he make on you?" "He is a little crack brained," replied the chief. "Certainly, But guilty—you believe droll.

skeleton). He found the place very droll. A small hall which had a few months before been a common wineshop had been transformed into a lugubrious place. The walls were painted a dead black and were hung with a large num-ber of paintings—scenes from masked balls, gondolas, parades, serenades with a balcony scene, some of the lovers' rendezvous of Venice and an ideal view of Granada, with couples gazing at each other and sighing in the gondolas on the lagoons or in the Andalusian courts, and in this strange place with its romantic pictures, souvenirs of Musset or of Carlo Gozzi, the tables were made in the form of coffins with lighted candles standing upon them, and the waiters were dressed as un-dertakers' assistants, with shiny black hats trimmed with crepe on their heads.

"What poison will you drink before you die?" asked one of the creatures of Bernardet.

of Bernardet. Bernardet, Bernardet, A few "high fliers" from the other side of Paris were there. Here and there a thief from that quarter sat alone at a table. Some elegants in white cravats, who had come here in correct evening dress, were going later, after the opera, to sup with some premiere. The police officer understood very well why the blase came here. They wished to jog their jaded appetites; they sought to find some piment, a curry, spice to sea-son the tameness of their daily exist-ence. The coffin shaped tables upon which they leaned their elbows amused them. Several of them had asked for a bavaroise, as they were on milk diet. They pointed out to each other the

sion, uneasy and slightly intense, struck Bernardet at once. That white face, with its black beard, with its gleaming eyes, was not to be passed by with a casual glance. The waiter placed a glass of brandy before him; he placed his elbows on the table and leaned his chin upon his hands. He was evidently not a habitue of the place nor a resident of the quarter. There was something foreign about his appearance. His glance was steady, as appearance. His glance was steady, as that of one who searches the horizon, looks at running water, contemplates the sea, asking for some "good luck," of the unknown.

of the unknown. "It would be strange," thought Ber-nardet, "If a simple hat and no other clew should put us upon the track of the man for whom we are searching." At once, with the ingenuity of a master of dramatic art, the agent be-

gan to plot and to put into action what lawyers, pleading and turning and twisting a cause this way and that, call an effect. He waited until the manager informed them that they were about to pass into the cave of death and gave them all an invitation into the adjoining hall; then, profiling by the general movement, he approached the unknown, and, almost shoulder to shoulder, he walked along beside him, through a narrow, dark passage to a little room, where, on a narrow stage, stood upright an empty coffin. It was a doleful spectacle which the Cabaret du Squelette (the wheshop of

the skeleton) offered to its clientele of idle loungers and morbid curiosity seekers attracted to its halls by these seekers attracted to its halls by these exhibitions. Bernardet knew it all very well, and he knew by just what play of lights, what common chemical illuminations they gave to the lookers on the sinister illusion of the decom-position of a corpse in its narrow home. This phantasmagoría, to which the people from the boulevard came in or-der to be amused he had seen many people from the boulevard came in or-der to be amused, he had seen many times in the little theaters in the fairs at Neuilly. The proprietor of the ca-baret had explained it to him. He had been curious and very keen about it, and so he followed the crowd into this little hall to look once more at the image of a man in the coffin. He knew well to what purpose he could nut if image of a man in the coffin. He knew well to what purpose he could put it. The place was full. Men and women were standing about. The black walls made the narrow place look still smaller. Occasional bizarre pleasan-tries were heard and nervous laughs rang out. Why is it that, no matter how skeptical people may be, the idea, the proximity, the appearance of death give them an impression of uneasi-ness, a singular sensation which is often displayed in nervous laughs or sepulchral drolleries? Bernardet had not left the side of the young man with the gray felt hat.

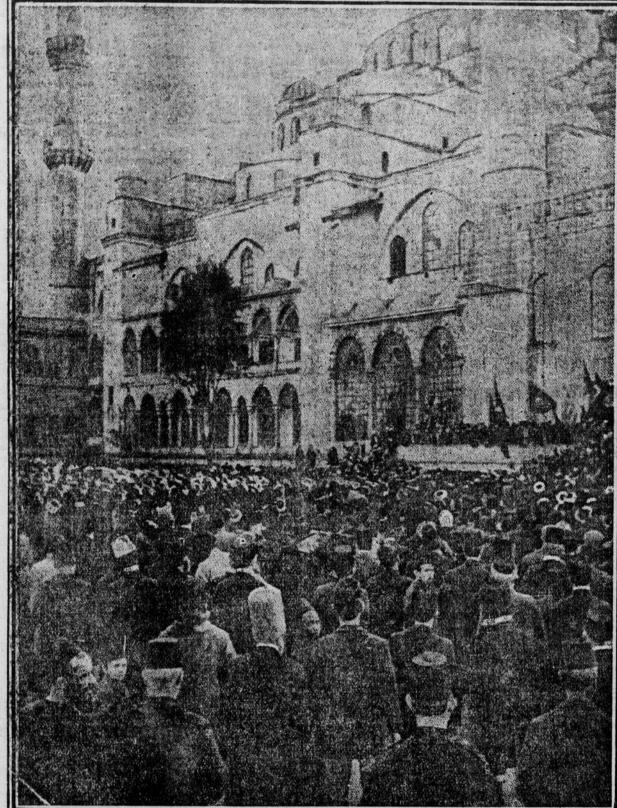
Bernardet had not left the side of the young man with the gray felt hat. He could see his face distinctly in the light of the little hall, and could study it at his ease. In the shadows which lurked about them the young man's face seemed like a white spot. The of-ficer's sharp eyes never left it for a moment. The manager now asked if some one

The manager now asked if some one

moment. The manager now asked if some one would try the experiment. This was to step into the open coffin—that box, as he said—"from which your friends, your neighbors, can see you dema-terialize and return to nothingness." "Come, my friends," he continued, in his ironical tones, "this is a fine thing. It will permit your best friends to see you deliquesce. Are there any married people here? It is only a question of tasting in advance the pleasures of a widowhood. Would you like to see your husband disappear, my sister? My brother, do you wish to see your wife decompose? Sacrifice yourselves, I beg of you. Come, come up here! Death awaits you!" They laughed, but here and there a laugh sounded strident or hysterical. The laugh did not ring true, but had the sound of cracked crystal. No one stirred. This parody of death affected even these hardened spectators. "Oh, well, my friends, there is a ca-daver belonging to the establishment which we can use. It is a pity. You may readily understand that we do not take the dead for companions." "As no one among the spectators would enter the coffin the manager, with a gesture, ordered one of the supernumeraries of the cabaret to en-

with a gesture, ordered one of the supernumeraries of the cabaret to en-ter. From an open door the figurant glided across the stage and entered the coffin, standing upright. The manager

TURKS BOYCOTT THE RED FEZ WHICH IS MADE IN AMERICA



-AUSTRIAN DEMONSTRATION AT THE SULTAN'S AKHMED MOSQUE AY SPHERE 2

The red fez, which is made in America, is absolutely boycotted by the Turks, who use the white fez, which they themselves manufacture. Note the predominance of the white fez, which is rapidly replacing the red.

Conundrums.

Dynamic of Rain Making. From the London Morning Post. is a ca-lishment ty. You ty for the desperate expedient of rain mak-the desperate expedient of rain mak-ing experiments has lately been put to the proof at Oamaru, in New Zea-land. The method employed was that of detonating large quantities of ex-plosives on the tops of hills. As the "rain making" took place at about the same time that a break up of the drought was imminent, and as human nature inclines to a belief in the "won-ders" of science, it was widely reported that in some instances the explosions had brought the rain down. Fortunate-ly the whole of the experiments were son? vorld? ly the whole of the experiments were carefully recorded and supervised by a trained meteorologist, who gives an unprejudiced account of them in Sy-mon's Meteorological Magazine. Rev. D. C. Bates, the observer in question, arives at the conclusion with which arives at the conclusion, with which no one who impartially surveys the facts will disagree, that the explosions of guncotton. dynamite, and gunpow-der, though of considerable force, had nothing to do with evoking the rain and that the anergy these artificial ar nothing to do with evoking the rain and that the energy these artificial ex-pedients developed was puny in com-parison with the great natural forces which were producing a cyclone over thousands of square miles when the rain fell. In some general observations on the experiments Mr Bates remarks on the experiments Mr. Bates remarks that the explosions had apparently no more effect on the vast expanse of air than would the striking of a match in a room. The forces arrayed against artificial changes in the atmosphere are tremendous, and almost beyond concep-tion. About a thousand units of heat are needed to transform a pound of water to vapor. When vapor is re-transformed into water latent heat is liberated to a corresponding amount. Now an inch of rain corresponds to about 65,000 tons to the square mile. The heat developed or released, there-The heat developed or released, there-fore, under such conditions of conden-sation from vapor to water would con-sequently demand an equivalent in work equal to a hundred million horse-power working for half an hour. The force of the mightlest explosion with all its gas put forth into the air is in comparison less than a drop in a buck et. Rain making, in short, like fog dispersal, demands far greater forces than any man is yet able to direct, produce or control.

Why is a portrait like a member of congress? Because it is a representative. What relation is a child to its own father when it is not its own father's A daughter. Where is the smallest bridge in the

On your nose. What table has no legs to stand on? The multiplication table. If a tough beef steak could speak, first love."

what English poet would it mention? Chaucer (chaw, sir!).

Too Much Experience.

Long and tenderly she gazed into the ount's eyes

"How deftly," she murmured, "you touched papa for that hundred." Then a frown ruffled her beautiful

Where could be now be in hiding? "Not easy." Bernardet repeated the v rds. "Not easy; no, not easy at all v run him out of his rabbit hutch." "The woman in black, the visitor, w ruld be another important clew. On this side the situation seemed a simple one. Or was this woman also an ac-complice, and would she remain silent, hidde... in the province? Or would the death of Rovere draw her to Paris, where she might be recognized and be-come a witness for justice? But the days passed. What was called the mystery of the Boulevard de Clichy zontinued to interest and excite the public. Violent and perplexing parlia-mentary discussions could not distract attention from a crime committed in broad daylight, almost, as one might say, in the street, and which made one doubt the security of the city, the effi-ciency of the police. The fail of a mindoubt the security of the city, the effi-ciency of the police. The fall of a min-istry, predicted each morning and anticipated in advance, could not thrust aside morbid interest in this murder. The death of the ex-counsel was a grand actuality

grand actuality. Jacques Dantin thus became a dra-matic personaga. The reporters created legends about him. Some declared him guilty and brought up in support of their conviction some anecdotes, some cales from the clubs, given as proofs; others asked if the suppositions were sufficiently well based to accuse a man sufficiently well based to accuse a man in advance of trial, and these latter ardently took up his defense. Paul Rodier had even, with much dexterity and eloquence, diplomatically written two articles, one on either side of the ques-

articles, one on either side of the ques-"It is," he said to himself, "the sure way of having told the truth on one side of the other." Bernardet did not renounce for an instant the hope of finding the man who had sold the picture. It was not the first time that he had picked the needle from a cartful of hay. Paris is large, but this human sea has its particular currents, as the ocean has special tides, and the police officer knew it well. Here or there some day he would meet the man, cast up by the torrest like a walf. First of all, the man was probably a stranger from some foreign land. Wear-ing a hat like a Spanlard, he had not

stranger from some foreign land. Wear-ing a bat like a Spaniard, he had not had time to change the style of dress of a the country from which he had come in search of adventures. Bernardet haunted the hotels, searched the regis-ters, made conversation with the lodg-ers. He found poor persons who had come from foreign countries, but whose motives for coming to Farls were all right. Bernardet never stopped search-ing a moment. He went everywhere, carlous and prying, and it pleased him, when he found a leisure evening, to go to some of the strange wineshops or alchouses (called carbets) to find sub-jects for observation. These carabets are very numerous on the outskirts of Montmarte, in the streets and boule-Monimarie, in the streets and boule-vards at the foot of the Butte, bizarre inventions, original and disagreeable creations where the ingenuity of the enterprisers sometimes made them indeous in order to attract, to cater to the idle and its hold the laungare from

At a certain moment and after an explanation given by the manager the gas was turned off, and the lovers in the gondolas, the guitar players, the singing of Spanish songs, the dancers infatuated with the Moulin Rouge, changed suddenly in sinister fashion. In place of the blonde heads and rosy cheeks, skulls suddenly appeared. The smiles became grins which showed the teeth in their fleshless guins. similes became grins which showed the teeth in their fleshless guins. The bod-les, clothed in doublets, in velvets and satins, a moment ago, were made by some interfor illumination to change into hideous skeletons. In his mocking tones the manager explained and com-mented on the metamorphosis addies

to the funeral spectacle the pleasantry of a buffoon.

"See, diseased Paristans, what you will be on Sunday!" The light went out suddenly: the

skeletons disappeared; the sighing lov-ers in the gondolas on the lagoons of Venice appeared; the Andalusian Venice appeared; the Andalusian sweethearts agai. gazed into each oth-er's eyes and sang their love songs. Some of the women laughed, but the laughs sounded constrained laughs sounded constrained.

bind of the women raighed, but the laughs sounded constrained.
"Droll, this city of Paris," Bernardet thought. He sat there, leaning back against the wall, where verses about death were printed among the white tears—as in those lodges of Free Masons where an outsider is shut up in order to give him time to make his will—when the door opened and Bernardet saw a tall young man of stalwart and resoluté milen chter. A black, curly beard surrounded his pale face. As he entered ac cast a quick glance around the Lall, the air of which was rather thick with cigar smoke. He seemed to be about 30 years of age, and had the air of an artist, a sculptor, or a painter, together with something military in his carriage. But what suddenly struck Bernardet was his hat, a large, gray, felt hat, with a very wide brim, like the sombreros which the bull fighters wear.

Bernardet had said. What if this young man with the strange hat way by chance, the un-known for whom he was searching? It was not at all probable. No, when one thought of it—not at all probable. But truth is sometimes made up of improbabilities and Bernardet again experienced the same shock, the in-stinctive feeling that he had struck the trail which he felt when the young man entered the wine shop. "That hat!" murmured Bernardet.

"That hat!" murmured Bernardet, sipping his wine and stealing glances over the rim of his glass at the young man. The unknown seemed to play directly in to the police officer's hand. After standing by the door a few mo-ments and looking about the place he walked over and seated himself at the coffin shaped table at which Bernardet was seated, bringing himself face to was seated, bringing himself face to face with the officer. One of the wait-ers in his mourning dress came to take the idle and to hold the loungers from samong the higher classes: carabets born of the need for novelty which might stimulate the blase, the demand for something eccentric almost to mor-

wrapped him about with

wrapped him about with a shroud, leaving only the pale face of the pre-tended dead man exposed above this whiteness. The man smiled. "He laughs, messieurs, he laughs still," said the manager. "You will soon see him pay for that laugh. 'Rome rit et mourut,' as Bassuet said." Some of the audience shouted ap-plause to this quotation from a famous author. Bernardet did not listen. He

author. Bernardet did not listen. He was studying from a corner of his eye his neighbor's face. The man gazed with a sort of fascination at this fan-tastic performance which was taking place before him. He frowned; he bit his lips; his eyes were almost fero-cious in expression. The figurant in the coffin continued to laugh.

(Continued Next Week.)

Turn About.

J. Barton King, the famous Phila-delphia cricketer, at a dinner, described the manners and customs of the English as he had observed them during

"The English lodging house," said Mr. King, "is not of much account. I have a friend, an Oxford man, who tried lodgings, then took a flat. In lodgings, it seems, the landlady gouges

you frightfully. 'My friend told me how he once rebuked his landlady. She came to

"Whisky all gone, sir,' she said. "Whisky all gone, sir,' she said. Shall I get you another bottle?" "Yes, I wish you would,' said he 'it's your turn.'"

Discreet Prophecy.

"Why do you invariably predict the coldest winter we have had in years?" "Well," answered Professor Blatherwell, answered Professor Blather-ton, "if it comes true people necessarily give me credit for great wisdom. And if it doesn't come true they are too thankful to hold any grudge."

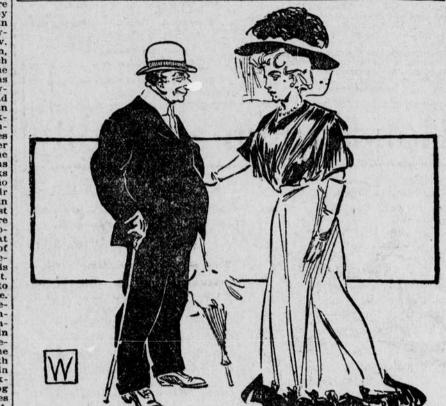
Ma says one of the advantages of a low neck dress is that it makes back scratching easy.



The Comedian-What did they call yout

A Self-Made Monkey. The Short One-You can't make key of me. The Tall One—I can't without infringing on your copyright.

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THE REASON.

Mrs. B.: "I can't keep track of my neighbors at all any more." "Are they moving in and out?" "No, but my friend, Mrs. Gossip, is ill." Mr. B.: Mrs. B.:

CAME FROM THE WEST.

Some of the westerners who have successfully in vaded New York, and their birthplaces are

Samuel L. Clemens, author, Florida, Mo. John W. Gates, capitalist, Chicago, Ill. Whitelaw Reid, journalist and diplomat, Xenia, O. Augustus Thomas, playwright, St. Louis, Mo. James R. Keene, stock broker, California. William R. Hearst, journalist, San Francisco, Cal. William Dean Howells, author, Martin Ferry, O. Henry M. Blossom, author, St. Louis, Mo. James Lane Allen, author, Lexington, Ky. John H. Finley, college president, Grand Ridge, Ill. Dr. Simon Flexner, bacteriologist, Louisville, Ky. Daniel Frohman, theatrical manager, Sandusky, O. Norman Hapgood, editor, Chicago, Ill. Margaret Illington, actress, Bloomington, Ill. William Vaughn Moody, playwright, Spencer, Ind. Adolph S. Ochs, publisher, Cincinnati, O. Frederick B. Opper, artist, Madison Lake, O. Lloyd Osborne, author, San Francisco, Cal.

Richard F. Outcault, artist, Lancaster, O. Maud Powell, violinist, Peru, Ill. Lillian Russell, opera singer, Iowa Ervin Wardman, editor, Salt Lake City, Utah. David Warfield, actor, San Francisco, Cal. Ray Stannard Baker, journalist, Lansing, Mich. Elbert Hubbard, author, Bloomington, Ill. Orville Wright, aviator, Dayton, O. Wilbur Wright, aviator, Millville, Ind. Blanche Bates, actress, Portland, Ore. David Belasco, oramatist, San Francisco, Cal. Amelia Bingham, actress, Hicksville, O. George McManus, comic artist, St. Louis, Mo. John G. Carlisle, lawyer, Campbell County, Ky. Carrie C. Catt, woman suffragist, Ripon, Wis. Irving Cobb. journalist, Shawnee County, Kansas. Amalia K. Coudert, painter, Terre Haute, Ind. Paul D. Cravath, lawyer, Berlin Heights, O. Homer C. Davenport, cartoonist, Silverton, Ore. Thomas A. Edison, inventor, Milan, O.