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# CHAPTER XII.

Bernardet, without stopping to salute her, pointed out the portrait and asked to see it. When he held it in his hands, he found the resemblance still more starting. It was certainly Jacques Dantin. The painting was signed "P. B., Bordeaux, 1871." It was oval in Shape; the frame was gone; the edge was marked, scratched, marred, as if the frame had been roughly torn from the picture. the picture.

"Have you had this portrait a long ne?" he asked of the shopwoman. "I put it in the window today for the tim

first time," the huge woman answered. "Oh, it is a choice bit! It was painted by a wicked one."

by a wicked one." "Who brought it here?" "Some one who wished to sell it—a passerby. If it would interest you to know his name"— "Yes, certainly it would interest me to know it." Bernardet replied. The shop woman looked at Bernardet defiantly and asked this question: "Do yon know the man whose por-

"Do you know the man whose por-trait that is?" "No, I do not know him. But this

resembles one of my relatives. It pleases me. How much is it?" "A hundred francs," said the big

Bernardet suppressed at the same

Bernardet suppressed at the same time a sudden start and a smile. "A hundred francs! Diable! How fast you go! It is worth sous rather than francs." "That!" cried the woman, very in-dignant. "That! But look at this ma-terial, this background. It is famous, I tell'you I took it to an expert. At the public sale it might perhaps bring 1,000 france. My idea is that it is the picture of some renowned person, an actor or of some renowned person, an actor or a former minister—in fact, some hisperson.'

"But one must take one's chance," Bernardet replied in a jeering tone, "But 100 francs is 100 francs. Too much for me. Who sold you the paint-

The woman went around behind the

The woman went around behind the counter and opened a drawer, from which she took a notebook, in which she kept a daily record of her sales. She turned over the leaves. "November 12, a small oval painting bought"— She readjusted her specta-cles as if to better decipher the name. "I did not write the name myself. The man wrote it himself." She spelled out:

woman in black, called on M. Ro-Some accomplice," thought Bernar-He again asked Mme. Colard the

price of the picture. "Anything you please," said the wo-man, still frightened. Bernardet man, smiled.

"Come, come! What do you want for it? Fifty francs. eh? Fifty?" "Away with your 50 francs! I place it at your disposal for nothing if you need it."

need it." \_\_\_\_\_\_ Bernardet paid the sum, he had named. He had always exactly, as if by principle, a 50 franc note in his pocketbook. Very little money \_\_\_\_\_ a few white pieces \_\_\_\_\_\_ but always this note in reserve. One could never tell what might hinder him in his researches. He paid, then, this note, adding that in all probability Mme. Colard would soon be cited before the examining magis-trate to tell him about this Charles Breton. Breton.

"I cannot say anything else, for I do not know anything else," said the huge widow, whose breast heaved with emotion.

emotion. She wrapped up the picture in a piece of slik paper, then in a piece of news-paper, which chanced to be the very one in which Paul Rovere had pub-lished his famous article on "The Crime of the Boulevard de Clichy." Bernardet left enchanted with his "find" and re-peated over and over to himself: "It is very precious. It is a tidbit." Should he keep on toward the pre-fecture to show this "find" to his chief, or should he go at once to hunt up Charles Breton at the address he had

Charles Breton at the address he had given?

given? Bernardet hesitated a moment; then he said to himself that in a case like this moments were precious; an hour lost was time wasted, and that as the address which Breton had given was not far away he would go there first. "Rue de la Condamine, 16"—that was only a short walk to such a tramper as he was. He had good feet, a sharp eye and sturdy legs. He would soon be at the Batignolles. He had taken some famous tramps in his time, notably one night when he had scoured Paris in pursuit of a malefactor. This, he ad-mitted, had wearied him a little, but this walk from the Avenue des Bons-Enfants to the Rue de la Condamine was but a spurt. Would he find that a false name and a false address had been given? This was but the infancy of art. If, however, he found that this Charles Breton really did live at that address and that he had given his true name, it would probably be a very simple matter to obtain all the infor-mation he desired of Jacques Dantin. "What do I risk? A short walk," thought Bernardet, "a little fatigue. That can be charged up to profit and loss." Bernardet hesitated a moment; then

"November 12, a small oval painting bought"—She readily did lives at the better decipher the name model in the data and the had by the data in the presumption which implicates you and from Mne. Monthe's deposition, we have the name and a faile address had been given? This was but the infance of the name model in the had by the have the form Mne. Monthe's deposition, we have the faile address and this charles Breton. This was but the infance of the norm-that signifies norm the considerate to the norm-that signifies norm. But it is as fully for the painted the model of facques Data. But it is a fully prize that painting. It is a fully of the norm that the sheat the signification of the norm that the sheat the signification. But it is the norm that the sheat the signification. But it is the signification. But it is the norm that the signification. But it is the signification. But it is the signification. But it is the signification of the origin the data of the norm that the section of the signification. But it is the signification of the origin the data of the norm the deside of facques Data. But it is the signification of the origin the data of the norm the deside of facques Data. But it is the signification of the origin the data of the norm the deside of facques Data and the signification of the origin the data of the signification of the origin the data of the signification of the origin the signification of the signification of the origin the signification of the signification of the origin the sisset of t

He quickly held the picture before Dantin's eyes, wishing to scrutinize his face to see what sudden emotion it would display. Seeing the portrait, Dantin shivered and said in a short tone "It is exclution which to see tone, "It is a picture which I gave to Rovere.

"Ah," said M. Ginory, "you recog-nize it, then?"

"It is my portrait," Jacques Dantin declared. "It was made a long time ago. Rovere kept it in his salon. How did it come here?" "Ah!" again said the magistrate

"Ah!" again said the magistrate. "Explain that to me!" M. Ginory seemed to wish to be a little ironical. But Dantin roughly said

"M. le Juge, I have nothing to explain to you. I understand nothing, I know nothing, Or, rather, I know that in your error—an error which you will In your error—an error which you will bitterly regret some day or other, I am sure—you have arrested me, shut me up in Mazas, but that which I can as-sure you of is that I have had nothing —do you hear, nothing—whatever to do with the murder of my friend, and I protest with all my powers against your processes."

your processes." "I comprehend that," M. Ginory coldly replied. "Oh, I understand all the disagreeableness of being shut up within four walls. But then it is very simple. In order to go out one has only to give to the one who has a right to know the explanations which are ask-ed. Do you still persist in your sys-tem? Do you still insist on keeping I know not what secret, which you will not reveal to us?"

not reveal to us?" "I shall keep it, monsieur. I have reflected," said Dantin. "Yes, I have reflected," and in the solitude to which you have forced me I have examined my conscience." He spoke with firm-ness, less violently than at the Palais de Justice, and Bernardet's penetrating little eyes never left his face; neither did the magistrate's nor the chief's. "I am persuaded," Dantin continued, "that this miserable mistake cannot last long, and you will recognize the truth. I shall go out, at least from here, with-out having abused a confidence which one has placed in me and which I in-tend to preserve."

tend to preserve." "Yes," said M. Ginory, "perfectly, I know your system. You will hold to it. It is well. Now, whose portrait is that

that?" "It is mine!" "By whom do you think it was pos-sible that it could have been sold in the bric-a-brac shop where it was found?" "I know nothing about it. Probably by the one who found it or stole it from M. Rovere's apartment and who is probably, without the least doubt, his assassin."

assassin." "That seems very simple to you?" "It seems very logical." "Suppose that this should be the ex-act truth, that does not detract from the presumption which implicates you and from Mme. Moniche's deposition, which charges you-"

# TWO OF THE BEST KNOWN GENERALS AND THEIR WIVES



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, MAJOR GENERAL F. D. GRANT, MRS LEONARD WOOD, MRS. FD. GRANT AND MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

the military forces, marks another movement on the great army chess-ioa d. By it two leaders of the "Amer-ica's regulars" are to leave their for-mer posts for new fields. General Wood has only once been at Governor's Isl-

New York, Special: The return of Major General Leonard Wood from the Philippines where, for more than six years, he has been in command of the military forces, marks another mevement on the great army chess-ioa d. By it two leaders of the "Amer-ticu's regulars" are to leave their for: a set of the to be a set of the the military representative on the American commission to the Spanish Historical congress at Saragossa.

## Another Lincoln Story.

# THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

If an intelligent foreigner, travening in the United States at the time of a national election, should ask an Amer-ican friend a few simple questions about the electoral college, when it meets and how it proceeds to choose a president, he would probably be as-tounded at an utter ignorance on the part of the American sovereign voter. In the sense of having any physical function of meeting and acting, there is no such national entity as an elec-toral college. The practice of elections has departed so widely from the theory of the constituiton that an American who has not made a special inquiry into the subject generally regards the general election as settling the presi-dency, except for minor clerical de-tails. Very few realize the truth--that the selection of a president is still beset with grave doubts and with se-rious possibilities of convulsion. Not one American in 10 stops to think that Mr. Taft is not yet elected and is partice.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. If an intelligent foreigner, traveling a the United States at the time of a ational election, should ask an Amerstate disfranchisement will result. The unlettered voter will agree with the learned jurists that unless some bet-ter solution of this difficulty is in-vented, trouble will sooner or later be precedited.

tounded at an utter ignorance on the part of the American sovereign voter. In the sense of having any physical function of meeting and acting, there is no such national entity as an electoral college. The practice of elections has departed so widely from the theory the Greeley case most of the states meet and vote, or after the votes? In the the constituiton that an American who has not made a special inquiry into the subject generally regards the truther is not a person and that such a vote is not a person and that such a vote is not a person and that such a vote is voling for Greeley. However, that doubt was removed by a court decision which declared that a dead man tails. Very few realize the truther that the selection of a president is still beset with grave doubts and with serio possibilities of convulsion.
Not one American in 10 stops to think that Mr. Taft is not yet elected and is no more a president-elect than is any other citizen. He is the nominee of a political party and in the hands of its electors. They can choose Bryan if they so decide.
The process is that the electors in each state meet and vote. The state executive then certifies the vote to the secret.ry of state at Washington, who certifies the returns from all the states to congress. The philosophy is that the affair is in the hands of states, and that the mational congress meet and vote set and is a party angle of the imperfections occurs in the state, it appears, by a plurality of 605.

My intimate friend, the late Judge A. W. Hubbard, who represented in congress the northwestern third of Iowa during the civil war, related to me the following anecdote of President Lincoln which seems especially characteristic and worthy of preservation. Judge Hubbard went to the White House to see the presi-dent on some matter of business and found him occupied with a delegation found him occupied with a delegation from Cleveland, O., so had to wait in the ante room for their departure. At Cleve-land there were two factions of the re-publican party, and as is apt to be the case, in families, the feud was bitter and con-tention furious. Now there was a va-cancy in the postoffice there, and the president had sent to the senate for such president had sent to the senate for postmaster the name of a prominent member of one faction, and the nomination was likely to come up soon for confirmation or rejection. A delegation of leading men in the opposing faction had hastened to Washington to expostulate and even demand of Lincoln a withdrawal of the nomination, and the judge waiting in the ante room could hear the noise of their importunate demands. In course of time, however, the delegation filed out through the ante room, and the president following immediately after, hat in hand and that

expressive smile of sadness on his face, reached out his hand to the judge—an old friend—exclaiming: "Another bee-gum up-set, Hubbard, let's take a walk." Where-upon they went out to some office and the judge's business was settled on the way. Anyone who has seen a beehive up-set will see the point and appreciate the exclamation.

"Charles Breton, Rue de la Condamine 16-that is the name and address. I padd 20 frances for it. There is the re-ceipt. Read it. I beg. It is all right. We keep a good shop. Never have we, my late husband and I, been mixed with anything unlawful. Sometimes the bric-a-brac is soiled, but our hands and consciences have always been clean. Ask any one along the street about the Widow Colard. I owe no one, any every one esteems me"--The Widow Colard would have gone on indefinitely if Bernardet had not stopped her. She had, at first mention of the police, suddenly turned pale, but now she was very red, and her anger displayed liself in a torrent of words. He stemmed the flood of verbs. "I do not accuse you, Mme. Colard, and I have said only what I wished to say. I passed by chance your shop. I saw in the window a portrait which re-sembled some one I know. I ask you the price, and I question you about its advent into your shop. There is nothing there which concerns you personally. I do not suspect you of receiving stolen goods. I repeat my question. How

what it cost me into anything trouble-me. Take it for nothing, if that

have it draw me into anything trouble-some. Take it for nothing, if that pleases you." "Not at all. I intend to pay you. Of what are you thinking, Mme. Colard?" The shopwoman had, like all people of a certain class, a horror of the po-lice. The presence of a police inspector in her house seemed at once a dishonor and a menace. She felt herself vaguely under suspicion, and she felt an im-pulse to shout aloud her innocence. Always smilling, the good man, with gesture like that of a prelate blessing his people, endeavored to reassure her, to calm here. But he could do nothing with her. She would not be appeased. In the long run this was perhaps as well, for she unconsciously, without any katention of alding justice, put some clews into Bernardet's hands which finally aided him in tracing the man.

Colard still rebelled. Did they Mme. Colard still rebeiled. Did they think she was a spy, an informer? She had never-no, never-played such a part. She did not know the young man. She ahd bought the pleture as she bought any number of things.. "And what if they should cut off his head because he had confidence in en-tering my shop? I should never for-give myself, never." "It is not going to bring Charles Bre-

head because he had conductive in the tering myself, never."
"It is not going to bring Charles Breat on to the scaffold. Not at all, all at the source at a noment.
"Nothing," Mme. Colard responded. This is probably some returned traveler, and lif I hat not seen at the bottom of the plotting the seated to all if I hat not seen at the bottom of the plotting the seated to all if I hat not seen at the bottom of the plotting the code as an all if I hat all at the all at all the all if I hat not as an and if I hat all all the all at all the all th

he had found, and probably he might still be able to find another's trail. He had a collaborator who seldom failed him--chance! It was destiny which had aided him.

Bernardet took an omnibus in his haste to return to his chief. He was anxious to show his "find" to M. Le-riche. When he reached the prefecture, he was immediately received. He unwrapped the portrait and showed it to M. Leriche.

"But that is Dantin!" cried the chief.

"Is it not?" "Without doubt! Dantin when young-

"Without doubt! Dantin when young-er, but assuredly Dantin! And where did you dig this up?" Bernardet related his conversation with Mme. Colard and his fruitless visit to the Rue de la Condamine. "Oh, never mind," said M. Leriche. "This discovery is something. The man who sold this picture and Dantin are accomplices. Bravo. Bernardet! We must let M. Ginory know." The examining magistrate was, like the chief and Bernardet, struck with the resemblance of the portrait to Dan-

the resemblance of the portrait to Dan-tin. His first move would be to ques-tion the prisoner about the picture. He would go at once to Mazas. M. Leriche and Bernardet might accompany him. The presence of the police spy might be useful even necessary.

useful, even necessary. The magistrate and the chief entered

a flacre, while Bernardet mounted be-side the driver. Bernardet said noth-ing, although the man tried to obtain some information from him. After one or two monosyllabic answers the driver mockingly asked:

"Are you going to the souriclere (trap) to tease some fat rat?" M. Ginory and M. Leriche talked to-gether of the Valkyrie, of Baireuth, and the chief asked, through polite-ness, for news about his candidature to the Academy, of Moral and Bulking Academy of Moral and Political around town-even when they haven't any

"Do not let us talk of the institute,"

"Do not let us talk of the institute." the magistrate replied. "It is like the beginning of a hunt to sigh for the prize that brings unhappiness." The somber plle, the Mazas, opened its doors to the three men. They trav-ersed the long corridors, with the heavy air which pervaded them in spite of all efforts to the contrary, to a small room, sparsely furnished (a table, a few chairs, a glass bookcase), which served as an office for the examining magisas an office for the examining magis-trates when they had to hold any in-terviews with the prisoners.

erally torn from the frame. You ought, to know how this panel was framed." "Very simply when I gave it to Ro-vere. A narrow gilt frame, nothing more." mor

"Had Rovere changed the frame?" "I do not know. I do not remember. When I was at his apartment the last few times, I dot remember to have seen the Baudry. I have thought of it, but I have no recollection of it."

"Then you cannot furnish any in-formation about the man who sold this portrait?" None whatever."

"We might bring you face to face with that woman." "So be it! She certainly would not recognize me."

"In any case, she will tell us about

the man who brought the portrait to her

She might describe him to me accurately, and even paint him to me accu-rately, and even paint him for me," said Dantin quickly. "She can neither insinuate that I know him nor prove to you that I am his accomplice. I do not know who he is or from where he comes. I was even ignorant of his ex-istence myself a quarter of an hour ago.

#### (Continued Next Week.)

The Simple Life.

From the Lamar, Mo., Democrat. Go out to the home of some friend who lives in the country, one of these sharp autumn nights. Get out at 5 o'clock the next morning and do the chores in the chill approach of the dawn, then hie your-self to the cornfield and commence strip-ping the frost-covered shucks from the nubbins, staying with the job until night. Then as you unload the corn into the crib midst the gathering derkness you will amidst the gathering darkness you will have no trouble at all in figuring out why so many people persist in hanging



Knight Stands-I want you to under-stand that I am star of this company. Howell Rant-You may be billed as a star, but you couldn't be found by a Lick telescope.

One Kind. Teacher-Willie, what is a sentence? Willie-Thirty days.

The philosophy is that the votes. At the matter which a strong litical revolution, after which a strong control affair is in the hands of states, and that the national congress merely that the national congress merely counts and announces the result. Un-der the constitution "the president of the Senate shall in the president of der the constitution "the president of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and the House of Representa-tives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." Whether the president of the Senate shall count the votes, or whether the House has the power of deciding what votes shall be counted, are questions not yet finally settled, notwithstanding the legislation of the Hayes-Tilden period and the act of 1887. Many authorities hold that an amendment to the con-stitution is necessary before the discrestitution is necessary before the discre-tionary power involved in counting disputed returns will be satisfactorily Section 4, of the act of 1887, provides

that the Senate and House shall meet on the second Wednesday of February. The president of the Senate shall pre-The president of the Senate shall pre-side. Two tellers appointed by the House and two by the Senate shall open all certificates and papers. If only one set of returns shall have been tawfully certified by a state it snall be counted. In case of dispute between two state authorities, the two houses, acting concurrently, may decide. If they disagree, each house takes up the question separately, and only those houses, acting separately, shall decide to be the "lawful votes of the legally appointed electors of states." In other words, as Senator Sherman

In other words, as Senator Sherman said, the clause allows the two houses, if they are partisan and act together, said, the chuse anows the two houses, if they are partisan and act together, to reject the honestly recorded votes of every elector in every state. It per-mits a majority of congress, on tech-journey.'"

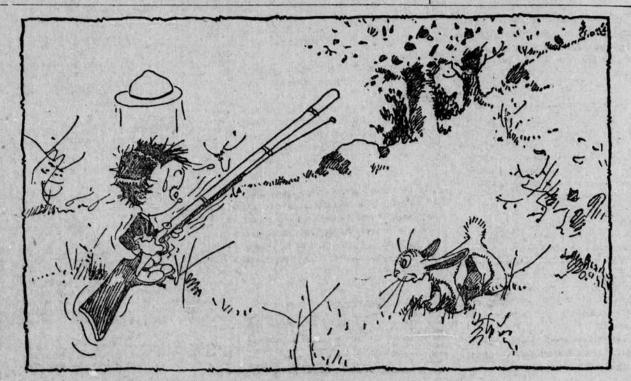
opponent, there will be temptations to devise technical reasons, in the vote of close states, for seating a candidate close states, for seating a candidate whom the people shall have rejected. The electoral system is crude, out of harmony with the customs of the coun-try, fallacious in its theories and dan-gerous in action.—as any one can per-ceive by asking himself what would harmon if both the president-elect and the vice president-elect should die be-fore inauguration. The system has worked most of the time, because party management has been strong enough management has been strong enough to prevent minor accidents, but no American can think of the electoral college without a wish that a sure and sound system could be adopted.

## Half and Half.

It was a decidedly stormy passage to New York. Israel Zangwill, the playwright and novelist, said one night in the smoking room: "It is pleasant to cross the Atlantic, but this bad weather is mingling a good deel of discomfort with our pleasure

filled." "Why only half, auntie?' the young

ALSO BLACK EYES. ETC.



Bold Hunter -- H-h-honest, Mr. Rabbit, I wasn't after you! I wus lookin' for bears.



Visiting Englishman-What are the most notable features about football as its is played here? The Native-Broken noses,