

A Paris Physician's Horrible Discovery.

[Continued.—Continued Enquiries.]

[CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.]

Suddenly, as he leaned above her neck to read that fatal countenance or to find the secret from the marble breast, he started in fright—he had discovered something new and terrible, like a flash of black crayon traced upon the flesh and around the edges of the eyelids—the artificial employed by the women of the theater to enlarge the eyes and give them a deep and velvety appearance. Dipping a cloth into water—*he was right, the cloth was stained with black.* As he continued to gaze, dumb with amazement, he perceived, nestling in the discolored hair, something that sparkled brilliantly. Bending closer, he saw that the head was encircled with rows of pearls and golden sequins, half buried in the mass of curls that spread themselves upon the pillow. What did this masquerade mean? When came this woman painted like a courtesan, and this strange adornment which she had evidently been too much hurried to remove?

"THOU MISERABLE WRETCH!"

He bowed beneath his teeth, his arm raised, his fingers clenched, as if he would have beaten the corpse, as if he had been the victim of the power to think. Dashed from the height of happiness, deprived in a few moments not only of a beloved wife, but of the right to honor her memory, it was one of those blows which terrify and conquer the most intrepid of souls. Perhaps it was to science, to work, that he owed his broken life, his wrecked happiness. Fool that he was to pass whole days in his laboratory, his eyes riveted to the microscope, absorbed in his experiments, never for a moment suspecting that such a doom and weariness could enter his peaceful home. He had failed to remember that they were evil counselors and opened the door little by little to his thoughts, prurient curiosity and perfidious temptations.

What mattered his successes of yesterday, so much applauded; the medals conferred upon him in the college of physicians, or the fulsome eulogies of the press! For all these triumphs of a miserable self-love he had paid most dearly.

Full of these terrible regrets, there were moments, when looking upon the body of his wife, stretched upon the bed as if asleep, her eyes closed, and with the chaste and honest expression upon her face habitual to her, asked himself if all that had happened were not a frightful dream; it was impossible that such a thing could have taken place.

Alas, it was not a dream, and yet he had not even the power to avenge himself, or to punish her crime. It seemed to him that if he could only have punished her in some way, no matter what, it would have soothed his outraged heart.

But if the dead had escaped him, the living had not, and he should pay for both. The coachman of the fiacre should again be subjected to a rigid examination; it would be astonishing, indeed, if he elicited nothing that would furnish him a clue.

Perhaps his mother-in-law could point him to the way. In the mean time he would search every drawer, every corner, every article in the rooms. There might be a letter, a note, or a name; only a name would be enough, and to learn that name Pascal would cheerfully have sacrificed a limb.

CHAPTER IV.

Without losing an instant he hurried to the brackets, and, lighting the candles in the scones, flooded the room with light, and in feverish haste commenced his work, opening first a little secretary where Christine was in the habit of keeping her correspondence. It was an exquisite piece of furniture, ebony, incrustated with foliage and arabesques of ivory, the body supported by twisted columns. When shut a long drawer formed the desk. The upper part of it, however, was divided and subdivided into innumerable little drawers, concealed by panels. He knew it well, for he had given it to his fiancée as a wedding gift on the day the marriage contract was signed. As he saw it now it was filled with a thousand things which in the depth of his passionate devotion it had delighted him to lay at her feet. Neatly folded in the drawer below were yards and yards of magnificent laces—Alençon as fine as your hand, and a garniture of point de Venise fit for a Queen. He remembered that, too, for he had bought it himself during one of his trips to Italy.

In the upper compartments were jewels, bracelets, rings of gold, cats'-eyes and emeralds; her diamonds in their velvet boxes and pearls of wonderful tintings, and a hundred and one other things which touched him deeply.

A moment sufficed him to run through these various objects, and again he saw the face of Christine smiling and blushing as she expressed her thanks. He could even recall how her voice trembled, and how he

glazed the mirror in an effort to reconstruct the words and bits of broken phrases. In another of the drawers were piles of blank books, receipts, odds and ends of papers, notes, invitations, pleas for charity and a package of letters bound up with a ribbon.

"I have them now," he cried to himself. He broke the string, the package fell apart—the writing was his, the letters his own. A year ago the Government had sent him on a mission to Syria to investigate an epidemic of cholera raging there in a very fatal form. He was absent for two months. Even

Christine had never uttered a word that would have prevented her husband from accepting the perilous honor. Every mail had brought him letters by the dozen. What had he done with those pages upon which she had poured out her heart? Kept them at first, and then he could not remember. She, on the contrary, had guarded religiously every scrap that he had written her—few enough in the hurry and part of his work. But this hoarding of letters proved nothing either—absolutely nothing. At that time, doubtless, she was loyal to him. He scornfully scattered them upon the carpet. In the drawer with the letters were some envelopes, each marked with a date and containing a faded flower. He had found something at last.

Upon the first of them, the oldest of all, he read the date, January 26, 18—, the day that he was officially authorized to pay his addresses—the day that he sent her his first bouquet. He could see it yet—a great bunch of lilacs, tea-roses and japonicas. She had taken from it a rose and put it aside. She had done the same with all that followed—those that he had given her on fête days and the anniversaries of their wedding-day. Sometimes it was a sprig of heliotrope, an azalea blossom, or the velvet leaf of a camellia. They were all there, these pitiful tokens of love and trust, lying in their shrouds of paper, dead—dead as she who had so tenderly guarded them; dead as the happy love of hours that were past and gone.

It seemed to Pascal, in his jealous fury, that every thing conspired to retard him in his righteous search. Seizing the envelopes with passionate rage he flung them into the fire; some fell upon the hearth, some upon the coals, and these slowly crumbled away. He had certainly not been happy in his searches.

But there were still the armoire and the cabinet de toilette—perhaps he would find what he sought there. He tossed the contents upon the floor, overturned the lenses, tumbled the clothing, threw aside the handkerchiefs, and it is useless to say, found nothing. Stay, I am wrong; there was

SOMETHING IN THE BOTTOM OF THE DRAWER;
Something he had not expected to see, and which filled his eyes with scalding tears. It was a "layette," a baby's wardrobe, the tiny garments complete in every detail. Months after marriage, Christine had hoped to taste the joys of maternity. With what ardor, with what fever of love she had worked at these dainty vestments!

That hope had failed him also. His throat tightened, he felt as if choking, but he quickly recovered himself; nothing should make him abandon his search.

The clock on the mantle marked five in the morning, but Pascal's excitement prevented his feeling fatigue. Stretched upon her back, her pale form scarcely distinguishable from the linen of the pillows upon which she lay, the dead woman impassively assisted in the scene of disorder of which her chamber had been the theater, the calm immobility of face and figure forming a strange contrast to the surrounding confusion.

Behind the doors of the cabinet de toilette were heaps of dresses and piles of household linens, and back in a corner of the shelf a jeweled casket. He had forgotten it until now, yet it was there she invariably concealed her valuables. The key never left her; she carried it in her portemonnaie, the portemonnaie which of course was in the pocket of the dress she had been wearing and which was now hanging across the chair at his elbow. He rushed to the dress. He was ashamed of the action. Nevertheless he did not hesitate. He slipped his hand into the pocket; the portemonnaie was there, and with it a piece of paper. It crackles beneath his fingers; perhaps it is the letter! It is the letter—the letter which had taken her out. It was the envelope only that she had thrown into the fire. At last, at last, he holds in his grasp the clew that will lead him to his vengeance. His hand closes upon it convulsively; he unfolds it; he stares with amazement and makes an angry gesture; it is from Mad. Dumarais, Christine's mother. No matter, he will read it. Nothing must be neglected that will lead him to that man—that man in the overcoat, with his hat over his eyes, and whom his wife had kissed in the streets of Paris.

"My dear daughter," wrote Mad. Dumarais, "good news has made me so happy that my neuralgia has gone, where or why I know not; perhaps never to return. Louis has just this moment arrived from Constantinople, as usual, without the least warning. He desires to see thee immediately. Come at once. What happiness it will be to have thee together! Louis regrets that thy husband is absent at Versailles, but will breakfast with thee tomorrow. He has a surprise for Pascal, the cross of the 'Grande Ordre,' a decoration of honor which the Sultan of Turkey has created for those eminent physicians who exposed themselves so heroically in Syria. When they knew that Louis was returning to Paris they entreated him to deliver it to his brother-in-law in person. But say not a word, it is a secret until they meet. However, it is not all he brought. He has an assortment of gorgeous stuffs and a superb Turkish costume for thee, also from the Sultan. It is a marvel, I tell thee, and Louis intends thee to put it on before him, that he may judge of the effect. But come as quickly as possible. Thy brother will see thee to a carriage on thy return home."

Pascal could read no more. Tears streamed from his eyes. Crushed by remorse, he fell upon a chair, regarding without seeing the scattered papers, the jewels, the clothes that his sacrilegious hands had thrown upon the floor in blind, insensate rage. His heart felt as if it would burst.

Suddenly he leaps to his feet; some one was calling him. Can he believe his ears? Has grief made him mad? Surely it is the voice of Christine that calls upon his name, that speaks to him and demands to know "what it is that he is doing there." Bewildered and blinded with tears, Pascal turns—to behold his wife gazing upon him from the bed, raised upon her elbows and casting looks of terror and astonishment upon

the disordered chamber, as if there had been a robbery.

"She lives—she is not dead!" He drags himself to the bedside and buries his face in the pillows. "Pardon me, Christine; pardon me, my wife," he hoarsely murmurs, his body shaken by convulsive sobs, a flood of tears pouring from his burning eyes.

The explanation on between them was not long. Christine, after humoring the fancy of her brother to dress and coiff her in the Sultan's present in a true oriental style, had been conducted by him to the regular station where they had expected to find a carriage. But it was not until they had gone the length of the Rue de Harve that they had met the fiacre. She had refused, knowing how fatigued he must be from traveling, to allow him to accompany her. Once in the carriage she remembered nothing more.

It was now Pascal's turn to relate how she had fallen into a syncope under the combined influence of fatigue, nervous excitement and the action of the cold upon imperfect circulation. This syncope had become lethargic in character, indeed, almost cataleptic.

Believing her dead and blinded by a mad jealousy, caused by the mysterious conditions under which he had found her, he had dared to outrage her by the most odious suspicions. A life of repentance could not atone for his fault. Christine, however, refused to listen to his self-reproaches. The madness of her husband was in her eyes but the natural outgrowth of the affection he bore her, and she forgave him with all her heart.

But all the same, Pascal was not cured of his jealousy. You can not cure such things. Still, the fear that he had suffered proved a warning to him. He devoted himself to his wife more than he had done even in the days of their early wedded life. The academy suffered, it is true, the loss of many interesting lectures and treatises, but, to finish like the stories in the fairy books, Pascal and his wife were happy forever more.

The Ballet Centrifugally Considered.

A not too entertaining caller at the sanctum was relating, the other morning, his opinion of the opera as given on the evening previous. He alluded to the vast amount of talk concerning the morality of the ballet with which the papers have recently been filled.

"I haven't any opinion on the subject of the relation between the ballet and ethics," he was pleased to observe, while the editor concealed a yawn behind his hand, "but I have discovered what is the most awkward predicament in which a mortal can be placed."

"And what is that?"

"Why, if the premiere danseuse in dancing a passee should turn a pirouette so fast that one of her legs should fly off from centrifugal force."

"Nonsense; she'd only have to stand on one toe until somebody brought it back. The situation is not nearly as awkward as was that of T. the other evening when he found he had just introduced Mrs. X. to her divorced husband; or as that of P. when he found himself at a dinner party assigned to Miss Y., by whom he had been rejected two days earlier."

"Why, those things," the visitor objected, "are in the common experience of social life, and all education is a training to meet them. Civilization is made up of a series of experiences that train a man to accepting this sort of unpleasantness but the dancer can have had no experience that would enable her to preserve her countenance and her coolness in so novel a situation as that of being suddenly and unexpectedly made into a uniped, and

"If you will excuse me," the editor said, with brisk rudeness, "you are talking precisely nonsense and I am, or ought to be very busy. Do you mind giving somebody else the benefit of your original and startling ideas, so that I can finish my copy before the foreman comes after my heart's blood?"

A Mouth Bet.
A New Yorker from Congressman Burling's district took a trip through Vermont lately, and met ex-Gov. Underwood. They and some friends sat down to play poker, and after a few rounds the New Yorker and Gov. Underwood both had good hands. They bet for a while, and the Governor said: "I raise you \$10."

Native Indian Words.

Why we accept and use words without really knowing their meaning is a question no one can readily answer, but that it is done daily is easily proven. No doubt many will feel surprised when they find many of the words we call slang are from our native Indian languages, and have such direct and pertinent meanings that we would never use them again as we do, to or about people, after they have been explained to us.

This was called more forcibly to mind than ever, through a visit made Hon. Elijah M. Haines, of Waukegan, Ill., who is one of the few intelligent and learned men that have been devoting their energies to investigating our native North American Indian languages, or, as they are called by the linguists, "jargons." There is no doubt but many have used the word "skeezecks." Now, note its meaning. This word is from the Pequot dialect, one of the New England tribes, and, according to liberal translation, means "domestic spy"—a person who is looking or spying around through idle curiosity, or a sort of Paul Pry, and really the plain form of the word meaning the eyes.

Hi-nu-y-chu-uk, or Ginstyentus, is from the Chinook language or jargon of a tribe inhabiting Oregon and Washington Territory, and means "big chief," or "big chief of the ranch," or "big man of the household," and bringing it down to the vernacular of the present day, "Big Indian."

We have here in Chicago a celebrated political club called the Calumet. The invitations, letter-heads and all printed matter pertaining to the institution have on them an Indian's head with the pipe of peace close by. Now, the general acceptance and belief is that this is an Indian word, and meant to signify the pipe of peace, as smoked by the Indian tribes of North America as a token or sign of peace and friendliness to the visitors and strangers, and in their councils.

This is not an Indian word, neither does it by itself signify pipe of peace. The word calumet is Norman French, and signifies a road, which the Normans used as a tube to their pipes, and as they had no other name for pipe except this word calumet, which related only to the tube of the pipe, they called the whole thing calumet.

The Ojibways, of the Indian tribe Chippeways, which is the general stock language of the Algonquin group, used the word "opoygun" as the name of the pipe, in which they placed tobacco for smoking. They had no other name for the pipe, and made no distinction in any class of pipe for use in smoking, by name. The smoking of the pipe did not, as is asserted and believed by many, refer to peace. The act of smoking might be in token of peace or in confirmation of a declaration of war.

Pipes for such occasions, whether they related to war or peace, were ornamented as a matter of taste or to designate them as pipes for state occasions.

You will bear in mind that, notwithstanding the introduction of the word Calumet to the Indians by the Norman French, they continued the name "opoygun" for the pipe.

The Norman French, who were among the early explorers of this country, did not then use the word calumet by itself alone as a designation of the pipe of peace. They called it "the calumet of peace," or as we would say, "the pipe of peace," so that it will be readily seen that the word calumet means simply a tube or pipe.—Robert M. Floyd, in Boston Courier.

Failure of the Grocer Poet.
The announcement made some days ago that Nelson Goodrich Humphrey, the grocer and poet, of Leroy, Ill., had failed in business, fell like a thunder-clap on all lovers of the pure and undiluted essence of poetry. It seems incredible that the gifted author of the subjoined poetic gem, which may be found among a hundred others equally beautiful in his volume, "Ran-lous Shots," should ever be allowed by his countrymen to go into bankruptcy. We quote from his poem on Spring:

And I heard the cattle lowing
On the prairie, stiff and cold.
And the rooster, he was crowing,
But his voice was harsh and old.
* * * * *

And I saw two wives together
Making soap, and their tongues did use,
Talking there about the weather,
And their neighbors did abuse.
* * * * *

For want of a beggarly \$4,000 a man who can write like that is compelled to run a large and well-selected stock of groceries over to the care of the sheriff and go to work like an ordinary, humdrum individual, to make a living! It is infamous!—Chicago Tribune.

THE MORPHIA HABIT.

What a Chemist Has to Say About the Fashionable Evil.

It was in the window of an instrument-maker's shop—a handsomely wrought silver box that, from its shape and general appearance, might pass as a receptacle for matches or for snuff. That it was not intended for either purpose was evident from the articles surrounding it. A question addressed to the man at work behind the counter brought him to the window, where, after adjusting his spectacles more firmly on his nose, he finally succeeded in discovering the novelty referred to, and drew it out with a hook-rod.

"This," he said, "is one of the newest of my own inventions, and though it be but a small thing, its price is a big thing, or would be to some people. Do you know, sir," he continued, "that that little trinket is worth \$2? And tiny as it is it can do more damage than its innocent looks imply. This is a morphia case, and though we do sell a few to doctors, the greater number of sales are to people who are addicted to the morphia habit.

"This little spring on the bottom of the box opens the lid without the slightest noise, and by pressing it again when closing it will produce a similar result." Here he gave a short exhibition of how noiselessly the act of opening or closing it might be done. "Now, you know, a doctor would not especially desire such a case, but with the people who have formed this habit it is essential that in indulging they should not be noticed by others. As it is frequently necessary for them to apply it when on the street or while traveling in the cars we must comply with their wishes and make these cases and their contents as harmless and innocent in appearance as possible.

We have adopted the silver match-box shape and this noiseless catch on this account.

"In this first compartment," the instrument-maker continued, as he pointed to the first of the three parts into which the box was divided, "the wires for pointing the injector are kept, in the second is a small vial of morphia, in the third is a dainty little silver injector, which looks more like a pencil-case than the harmful thing it is. Now, sir, you see how easy a man can put the desired quantity into the injector at home and when outside how easily he can puncture his skin and inject the drug."

This little lecture upon the quaint instrument aroused the curiosity of the reporter, and on his way home, late at night, he stopped at a well-known drug store on a prominent street to ask something about the drug itself. There he learned that the usual amount used by physicians in their practice, when necessary for a hypodermic injection of morphia occurred, was from one-fourth to one-eighth of a grain; that the drug was really the active principle of opium, and that its indulgence as a habit was extremely dangerous, eventually fatal, and that it was also a very costly habit.

"The class of people," said the experienced night-clerk, "who are frequently found through sudden deaths or accidents that expose the truth to have been addicted to morphia are mostly men who are living in a high-pressure style. The lower class, and, in fact, many of the upper class of society, and professional people are forming the habit. I know a prominent druggist in the eastern states who used it steadily for years, and when he died suddenly from its effects his arms and legs were found to be literally blackened where the skin had been punctured while using the injector. Every night someone comes in here for it. We sell a greater amount to ladies, and mostly young ladies, than to men. Who they are or to what class they belong I can not tell, as they only go at intervals to one store, and in this business curiosity would be a bad fault.

"It is hard to tell just how much one who has become addicted to this drug can stand, as it depends mainly upon the length of time they have been indulging in it. This is true in every habit, and the longer they use it the more is necessary to effect them. The habit is evidently growing, and it may some day need legislation to prevent it from becoming as popular as the use of opium is in China."—St. Paul Globe.

Worldly Wisdom.
"What is the best thing in this world?" a traveler once asked, after he had traversed Christendom and returned to his native town to enlighten the villagers with his wisdom. "Liberty," he answered.

Stanley as a Smoker.
"I never allow the luxuries of civilization to demoralize me, and I never when I set foot once more on African soil and I fall readily into my old nomadic ways of life. Tea, coffee, milk, opaco, but stimulants seldom. Yes, here I smoke six cigars a day. In Africa I have my pipe and mild tobacco. I did not begin to smoke until I was twenty-five, and could not grapple with a pipe until I was thirty. Since then I have always found tobacco a solace and an aid to concentration. I remember when on one journey down the Congo we were just about to enter a most dangerous country. I knew that fight was inevitable and told my men to make ready. I took an observation, lighted my pipe and smoked for five minutes to settle myself for the action. We were fighting for our lives a few minutes afterwards and the battle went on for hours. Livingstone never smoked."—Pall Mall Gazette.

We have seen some things that were flat failures; but the toboggan is a flat success.—Burling on Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Mary's Macarons—One cup of black-rye nuts, one cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour, whites of two eggs, and a little lemon extract. Drop on white paper and bake in a slow oven.

Cinnamon Buns—Reserve one quart of dough when making bread; work in a cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter and roll half an inch thick, cut in large biscuits, spread with sugar and cinnamon. Let rise and bake.

Graham Muffins—One pint of graham flour, two tablespoonfuls of melted lard, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, water or milk to make a batter just thin enough to run, a little salt. Bake fifteen minutes in gem pans in a hot oven.

A favorite entree at a luncheon is served of the large French chestnuts, first boiled and then heated in the oven at the last minute. They are wrapped in a napkin and set before each guest with a tiny pat of butter, some salt and a silver knife.

Trifles—Three well beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of salt, flour enough for a stiff paste. Roll out and cut into very thin cakes and fry in hot lard. Spread half of them with jelly or jam and cut three round holes in the other half and use them for the upper crusts or covers.

Apple Turnover—Roll out tolerably thin a little piece of light pastry; place in it a large apple of good baking kind, pared and cored; cover it well with the paste and secure it firmly; bake in a temperate oven. Four of these turnovers, as they are called, make a dish; they are good either hot or cold.

English Buns—One yeast cake, dissolved in a pint of warm milk, a pinch of salt, add flour to make a soft sponge, and let rise; add one tea-cup of sugar, a cup of butter, two eggs, flour to make a stiff dough; let rise, roll in a large sheet, spread with butter, and cut in biscuits, fold over, let rise again and bake.

To Corn Beef—Put thirteen pounds of common salt in a can and fill it almost full of water, add three pounds of molasses and one-fourth of a pound of saltpetre that has been dissolved in the water. Stir them together and when cold pour them over the beef. The smoked beef can be put in with it to pickle.

Rump Steak a la Mode—Put a steak in a saucepan with a sliced onion, a little whole allspice, two bay leaves, pepper, salt, a teaspoonful of browned bread crumbs or grated crusts and sufficient vinegar diluted with water to cover it; stew gently for two or three hours, according to the weight of the meat. The dish is excellent food.

Boiled Rice—After careful looking over and washing put the rice into the cooking basin of the double boiler and cover with water to the depth of three inches, and boil two hours. A double boiler lacking, place the rice in a bean pot or deep earthen dish and put it uncovered in a kettle containing boiling water, covering the kettle. The kernels are soft but distinctly cooked in this way.

Cabbage Dressing—The yolk of one egg, two teaspoonfuls of oil, one of mustard, a little salt and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat the yolk well, then add half the vinegar, the mustard, salt and a little white pepper. Put over the fire and stir till it thickens, then beat smooth and add the rest of the vinegar and oil. Butter will answer in the place of oil, but it is not quite as good, as it coagulates when cold.

Why She Ran Away.
A well known citizen had his wife arrested on charge of running away from him and taking several valuable articles with her.
"Madam," said the judge, "the mere act of your running away from your husband is a violation of none other than that great moral law and for which you will have to answer before the Judge of judges. But as you have been arraigned on a charge of taking your husband's property, I would like to ask you a few questions. I hear that you had a very pleasant home?"

"Yes, sir; very pleasant," the woman replied.
"Your husband was very kind to you, I understand?"
"Yes, sir; very kind."
"You left him, then, because you did not love him?"
"Oh, no, sir; I love John very much."
"What ran away from home when you love your husband?"
"Yes, sir."
"Madam, will you please explain?"
"I will try, sir. Some time ago Mrs. Jeckleton ran away and although we all knew her to be as ugly as a nightmare, the newspapers, in speaking of the incident, said that she was handsome. A little later, Mrs. Brockbrin, who has a hair mole on her face, is cross-eyed and as yellow as a pest-house flag, ran away and the newspapers said she was beautiful. These facts preyed upon my mind. I had always longed to be called beautiful, so I ran away in order that I might see myself complimented."
"Madam, I suppose you are now sorry that you took such a foolish step?"
"Yes, sir."
"Sorry, madam, because you now see the vanity and weakness of allowing yourself to be so perniciously led astray?"
"No, sir."
"What! not sorry on that account?"
"No, sir."
"Then why are you sorry?"
"Because the newspapers did not speak of me at all."—Arkansas Traveller.

How the Salmon Are Scared.
It is said that since the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway salmon are deserting the Frazier River. Formerly the salmon in the spawning season ascended the river by the million, and they could be scooped out of the water by the barrelful with any kind of vessel large enough. The noise of the engine and the vibration imparted to the banks are supposed to have scared them, and therefore caused their departure.—New York Sun.