

Barraud's Vengeance.

'Take my advice, Morris. Leave pretty faces alone or you'll get into a scrape—as I once did,' he added reflectively.

It was Max Deuchars, the well-known baritone, who had spoken, and the room instantly divined that an adventure lay beneath.

'The story! Let's have the story! we cried, with one accord, and some one, with delicate forethought, filled up his glass.

'Well, I suppose there is one if you care to call it such,' he said, 'so here goes. Most of you remember my entering the profession—there was only one profession in Deuchars' eyes—but you did not probably know that it was pure accident that gave me my first chance. But so it was. I was cast for a very minor part, indeed, but I was always ambitious, and even then I had understood Barraud, the principal baritone, so thoroughly that I was practically word-perfect in his lines.

'He was a good actor and the cleverest I have ever known at make-up, but careless and indifferent and endowed with a temper the reverse of serene, which caused him to fly off at a tangent on the slightest provocation. One night he failed to show up at the proper time. Dickenson, the manager, was at his wits' end. The regular understudy was taking a holiday. The audience could not be pacified much longer, and he was at loss what to do. Then I stepped in and volunteered to play the part. He eyed me dubiously for a second or two, but I suppose I looked pretty confident for he said:

'All right; try—and for goodness sake be quick.

'I tried, and—well, I made a hit. A few weeks later, when Barraud's engagement required renewing, Dickenson offered me the part as a permanency. Naturally, I accepted. This turned the begrimed baritone's resentment against me, though his dismissal was entirely the result of his own negligence, and he went away uttering vows of vengeance against what he termed my sneaking ways.

'So much for Barraud. I did not see him again for nearly two years, during which I played the hero nightly with—modesty forbids me to say more than a fair amount of success. And now, having got rid of what a novelist would call the prologue, let me commence in earnest with the story.

'I had been asked to sing at a morning concert somewhere in the suburbs in aid of a charity. Immediately I ascended the platform I became conscious of the surpassing beauty of one face among the row after row in front of me. The girl did not look more than 19 or 20. The exquisite contour of her cheeks, the shapely mouth and nose, and above all her eyes, fringed with lashes that seemed to droop instinctively to conceal their depths of hazel, all went to make up a face that was well nigh perfect in its loveliness.

'I had a hazy idea of having seen her before somewhere, but could not resolve it to anything definite. Each time a few bars' rest gave me the opportunity I looked down upon her. Strange to say she was generally gazing at me at the same moment, and our glances met. Once I could swear that she even smiled at the circumstance and lowered her eyes purposely. It was the same during my second song. A subtle kind of magnetism seemed to play between us.

'I was encored, and this time I responded, going no further from the platform than just out of sight of the audience. When I reascended it, the seat she had occupied was empty. I was disappointed, and racked my brain again to think where I had seen her.

'When I returned to the artists' room a surprise awaited me. A tiny note lay on the envelope. Instantly I jumped to the conclusion that it was connected with the owner of the lovely face, and tore it open in a little flutter of excitement. Inside was just a plain card, and traced in pencil, in a plain card, in a dainty feminine hand, this:

'Come and see me. I have something to tell you.'

'I was at once elated and disappointed. Elated because I felt that my guess was correct; disappointed that she had given no name, nothing whereby I could identify her. She gave an address, 15 Osborne Terrace.

'I looked at my watch and hesitated. I could spare half an hour and still be in time for the theatre. My mind was soon made up.

'Taking a card out of my pocket, I scribbled a few lines on the back hastily. 'Dear Jack,' I wrote, 'Awfully sorry I cannot meet you as promised. Pressing engagement—Max.' They were to Jack Albany, our tenor. I had promised to meet him at the club and go down to the theatre together afterward. That much accomplished, I proceeded to the address given by my fair correspondent.

'I began to trim the housemaid who answered my ring, and then I stammered and looked foolish. I had forgotten that I did not know her name.

'The girl smiled behind her apron. 'It's all right, sir. Will you come this way, please?'

'She showed me into the daintiest of boudoirs. Rich curtains and rugs, the thick axminster on the floor, and the array of little ornaments scattered profusely around the room proclaimed its owner to be accustomed to luxury. A second or two later the curtains opened and in walked, not she whom I was expecting, but—Barraud! I gave a start of amazement. I had pretty nearly forgotten his existence; but the insolent smile, just showing the white of his teeth, on his face as he advanced, brought back vividly to my recollection the circumstances of our last meeting.

'So we meet again, Mr. Deuchars?'

'It seems that we do,' I replied coldly;

and, seeing that he was about to speak, I added: 'But will you please acquaint your mistress that I am here? My time is limited.' I took him to be a servant. I had heard that since his dismissal he had contracted habits of intemperance and gradually sunk down the social ladder.

'Much to my relief, after a moment's hesitation, during which he appeared undecided whether to continue the conversation or accept rebuff he chose the latter and vanished five minutes, perhaps, elapsed. Again the curtain divided, and this time—ah! I stepped forward to greet my divinity.

'I must apologize most humbly for keeping you waiting, Mr. Deuchars,' she said. 'I hardly dared hope that you would find time to pay me a visit.'

'Beauty has but to express a wish and it immediately becomes a command,' I replied in my most tender manner, and bent low to take her hand when—

'Ho! ho! ho! ho!—ha! ha! ha!'

'A burst of derisive laughter checked the gallant intention and caused me to start back in dismay. A furious cl. tch at a fl. xen wig, the sound of a dress being roughly torn down the middle. Barraud! Again! It was a grotesque figure that confronted me. Shreds of feminine attire clung to him here and there, and the heavy wipe he had given his face had had the effect of distributing the grease paint and powder on it in blotchy, even patches.

'Then I comprehended. I have said that he was a consummate master of the art of make-up, and his slight girlish frame had lent itself to his talent with marvelous effect. I had been tricked, duped, deceived completely.

'And now! For what purpose had he lured me into his power? Eor in his power I felt that I was. There was a gleam of incipient madness in his eyes, and a smile of mocking triumph on his patched and powdered features gave him the appearance of some unreal, fantastic figure; some bizarre conception of an overheated imagination. A sense of impending danger caused me to shiver slightly.

'At last he broke the silence, which was fast growing oppressive.

'Well, M'sieur Deuchars, do I not make a charming young lady? Does not your mouth water when I cast my eyes up at you—so? I suppose you thought that because my revenge was long in coming I had forgotten. Barraud never forgets. I have waited long for an opportunity, but now—You see that? he said, breaking off suddenly. It was a revolver, and I looked apprehensively at the polished barrel. 'Shall I tell you what I propose to do with it? But let me congratulate you before I do. You sang well this afternoon; exceedingly well—for the last time.'

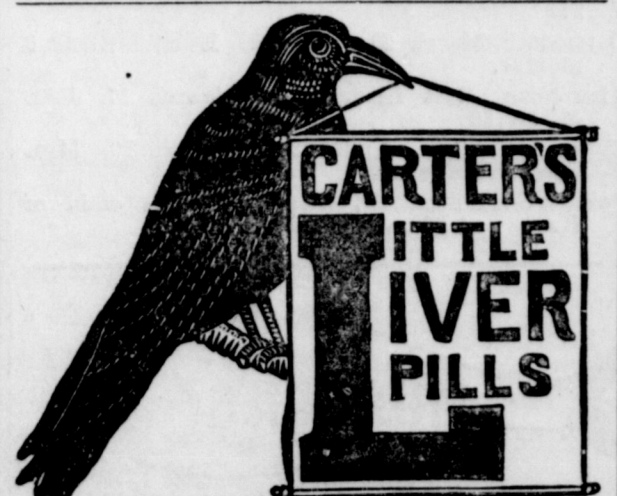
'The emphasis he threw into the last words confirmed my worst suspicions, and I heard my heart beat faster. Bitterly I cursed the headstrong foolishness which had placed me in his grasp. I looked round the room. I was caught like a rat in a trap. There was apparently only one exit, and he sat guarding that and toyed carelessly with the revolver. I waited in trepidation for him to resume.

'It is now 5:35. At 6:30 or soon after you ought to be at the theatre; is not that so? But you will not be there, make up your mind to that. I propose to—to—kill two birds with one stone.'

'In the next hour you and I will have a nice, quiet conversation—we will recall old memories—and by that time, my very dear friend, the stage manager will be saying to himself: 'Where the dickens is that Deuchars?' He will begin to fret about and get excited, as he did on a former occasion, for the understudy is away and there is no one who can take Deuchars's part—ah! you are surprised to find that I know anything about that, are you not?'

'With callous refinement of torture he prolonged his words until a cold perspiration came out all over me as I sat there helpless and inert.

'So much for the stage manager; I shall consider that we are quits. For you, my dear friend, I have another method. At seven o'clock I shall invite you to play a little game of chance with me. I shall place two pieces of paper in that hat of yours. On one your name will be written; on the other mine. You may then take one out; I give you the privilege of drawing. It is bears



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

your name, you will be free—you will have won the game. It mine is the name, I have won, and at 7:30 o'clock I shall shoot you through the head with this revolver. I give you half an hour, you see, to prepare. I have only one more thing to say. Do not make any attempt to escape; it will be useless, as I have here an effectual means of preventing it. Another thing; the servant who let you in at the door is my wife; she is the only person in the house besides ourselves. You need not waste your breath in calling out, therefore; you understand?'

'He ceased, and I was left to my own thoughts. What they were you a madman, of course, there was little doubt. I had something over an hour on which to ponder on the very slender chance of life I possessed after that time, for how did I know that he would keep faith even if our bout with chance resulted in my favor.

'If the worst came to the worst, I was resolved to make a fight for life, at any rate. I would not sit there and be done to death like a dog. Another fifteen minutes—seven! As the last chime fell on the silence he got up. My hat lay on a table near by; carefully he measured two pieces of paper of exact size, wrote on them in a firm hand, and placed them in it.

'Now, let us take our little gamble with Dame Fortune. Monsieur Deuchars, I invite you to draw. It she favors you, very good; if I come off the victor—'

'A loud knocking at the door interrupted me. But I had caught the sound of a voice I knew. I rushed to the window and shouted with all my strength: 'Jack! help! Jack!'

'He raised the revolver, but I was on him before he could draw the trigger, and pinned him with my arms. Fiercely he strove to wrench himself free, but I held on like grim death, till Jack Albany and another man burst into the room. Barraud's little scheme was foiled. He saw it, and had the good sense to give in quietly.

'Their opportune arrival was brought about in this way: Jack went down to the club as arranged, and my missive was duly delivered to him. He thought nothing of it, and proceeded to the theatre in due course, but as the time passed and I did not arrive, he began to wonder what had happened. Then, in feeling for something in his pocket, he chanced to pull out my note again. This time he was surprised to see some writing he had not noticed on the previous occasion. It was the card I had received at the concert.

'In the hurry of the moment, when pencilling my message, I must have written on the back of that instead of my own card. He waited another few minutes and then decided to come in search of me, feeling sure that it was no trivial affair which would keep me from the theatre. For prudence sake he had taken a companion, and they arrived, as I have described, just in the nick of time.

'Well, my friends, that is about all. I was not anxious, as you may guess, for the affair to become public property, and we let Barraud off, after promising that he would clear out of the country and give up his murderous intentions. However, I heard a day or two afterwards that his brain had become completely deranged and that he was confined in a lunatic asylum.'

NO WONDER THEY ARE SO POPULAR.

Ever increasing in popularity. Ever extending their name and benefits TURKISH DYES are welcomed in every household in the land. They do so much, and do it well. Never throw away an old garment as long as TURKISH DYES are in the house or in the town. TURKISH DYES will make it new, whatever the condition, and whatever the age. And when once it is thus made new, it will remain so. TURKISH DYES are the most brilliant dyes in the world, as they are the most lasting. Have you ever washed a garment dyed with common dyes? Will you ever forget the mortification you suffered as you beheld the wretched result?

TURKISH DYES will never come out. They are the only dyes that stand the work. They are brilliant first, last and all the time.

Send postal for 'How to Dye well' and Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

ROUNDING THE CURVE.

A Passenger Describes a Rough Ride on a Locomotive.

An engineer's life is full of excitement, and also of a strange, wild joy in the power of the great creature under his control. No wonder the strain at last becomes too great, and he requires rest from his nerve-destroying occupation. A writer in McClure's Magazine gives a vivid picture of some rides he has enjoyed on the engine with fireman and engineer. He says:

When we were a little late and had a passing point to make, the engineer would sometimes say: 'Don't you set no brakes goin' down here; I got to git a gait on 'em.'

Then when the train pitched over the top of the hill, he would cut her back, a notch at a time, till he got her near the centre, and gradually work her throttle out wide open.

How she would fly down-hill, the exhaust a steady roar out of the stack, the connecting-rods an indistinguishable blur, the old girl herself rolling and jumping, as if at every revolution she must leave the track, the train behind half-bid in a cloud of dust, and I hanging on to the side of the cab for dear life, watching out ahead where I know there is a sharp reverse curve, and hoping, oh, so much, that he'll shut her off before we get there!

I watch that grimy left hand on the throttle for the preliminary swelling of the

PURE BLOODED HORSES.

Your horse will look twice as well, feel twice as well, do twice as much work, sell for twice as much money, if you tone him up with—

DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS

No other condition powder gives the results that this old tried remedy does. If your dealer does not sell it, we will send you a full size package, as sample postpaid, for price 25cts.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Free BIGGEST OFFER YET Free

EVERY FARMER WANTS

The Celebrated and Popular work, Entitled

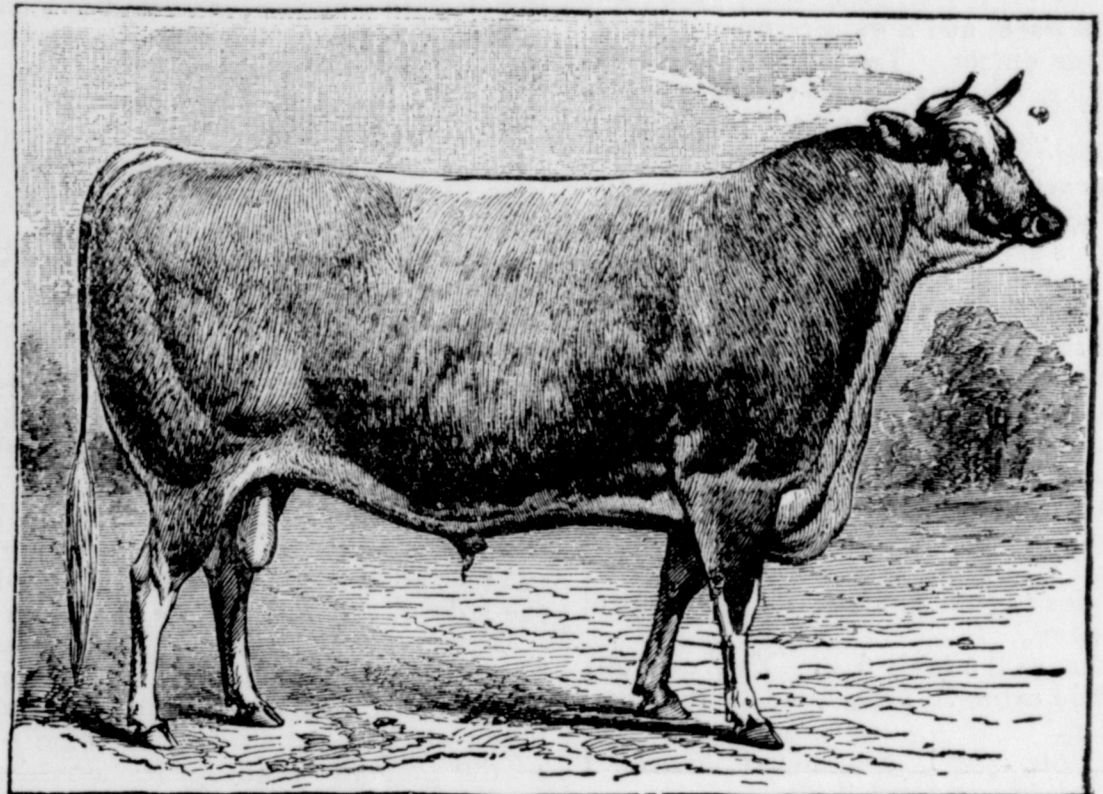
Manning's Illustrated Book

ON

Cattle, Sheep and Swine.

300,000 Sold at \$3.00 per Copy

READ OUR GREAT OFFER.



This great work gives all the information concerning the various breeds and their Characteristics, Breeding, Training, Sheltering, Buying, Selling, Profitable Use, and General Care; embracing all the Diseases to which they are subject—the Causes, How to Know and What to Do, given in plain, simple language, but scientifically correct; and with Directions that are Easily Understood, Easily Applied, and Remedies that are within the Reach of the People; giving also the Most Approved and Humane Methods for the Care of Stock, the Prevention of Disease, and Restoration to Health. Determined to outdo all offers ever yet made, we have secured this celebrated work, the most complete and practical yet produced, heretofore sold at \$3.00 per copy, and offer A Copy Free to every new subscriber to our paper.

OUR OFFER Although the price of one year's subscription to the PROGRESS is only \$2.00 we now offer to send this great work in slightly cheaper binding and for one new yearly subscription to the PROGRESS.

Think Of it? MANNING'S BOOK. Former Price, \$3.00 All for Only \$2.00 The Progress

Send by Postal Order or Postage Stamps \$2.00 at once and secure this unrivalled and useful premium.

muscles that will show me he is taking a grip to shove it in. Not a sign; his hand and half his body are out of the window, and now we are upon it.

I give one frightened glance at the too-convenient ditch where I surely expect to land, and take a death grip of the side of the cab. Whang! she hits the curve, and seems to upset. I am nearly flung out of the window, in spite of my grip. Before she has half done rolling, she hits the reverse, and I am torn from my hold on the window and slammed over against the boiler; and she flies on, roaring and rolling down the mountain.

All this time the engineer hasn't moved an eyelid, or the fireman interrupted for an instant the steady, pendulum-like swing of the fire-door and the scoop-shovel. How do they do it? Oh, it's easy, after you get used to it.

Disordered Kidneys.

Perhaps they're the source of your ill health and you don't know it.

Here's how you can tell:— If you have Back Ache or Lame Back. If you have Puffiness under the Eyes or Swelling of the Feet.

If your Urine contains Sediment of any kind or is High Colored and Scanty.

If you have Coated Tongue and Nasty Taste in the Mouth.

If you have Dizzy Spells, Headaches, Bad Dreams,—Feel Dull, Drowsy, Weak and Nervous. Then you have Kidney Complaint.

The sooner you start taking DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS the more quickly will your health return.

They've cured thousands of cases of kidney trouble during the past year. If you are a sufferer they can cure you.

Book that tells all about Doan's Kidney Pills sent free to any address.

The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



Ninety-Million Candle-Power.

Tests have recently been made at the Lighthouse Depot on Staten Island of an electric light beacon which, it is expected, will be set up at some important point on the Atlantic coast. The illumination is furnished by an arc light of 9000 candle-power, but this is refracted by a series of concentric prismatic segments, so that the light is projected in a parallel beam nine feet in diameter, which is estimated to be of no less than 90 000 000 candle-power. Such a light would be visible in a straight line at a distance of 169 miles, but owing to the curvature of the earth, the actual distance at which it could be seen would depend on its elevation above the sea.

No cough can keep you awake if you use Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

"In the Soup."

This expression comes from the German, some say, but its birth as slang took place at a game of baseball between New York and Chicago in June, 1888, at the Polo Grounds, in New York. It seems that the members of the Chicago team had made themselves conspicuous by marching about the field before the game in dress suits and had consequently been dubbed "waiters" by the bleachers crowd. The game was a disastrous one for the visiting team. They suffered a defeat by the ignominious score of 10 to 2. At the close an enthusiastic New York rooster yelled, "The waiters have fallen into the soup!" This took the fancy of the excited crowd and was shouted all over the grounds. The newspapers repeated it in the accounts of the game and the theatres promptly took it up.

Papa Brindle—'Matilda, I seriously object to you encouraging the attentions of that young Spooler. He is the most rakish looking youth I ever saw.' Matilda—'What do you mean papa? Papa Brindle—'Why, I mean the way he wears his hat on one side.' Matilda—'That isn't rakishness, papa.' Papa Brindle—'What is it, then?' Matilda—'It's a boil.'