A FAMILY STORY



A MYSTERY SOLVED.



H, Max! I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him! What shall I do?"

"How could you have made such a mistake?"

"In the dusk he looked exactly like Of course, the moment he spoke rrible blunder flashed upon me led."

nonsense, Ray. I will see him plain the matter. If he is so ke me no doubt he is a very fellow."

conversation took place be- a charming girl and her brother, ere staying at a certain hotel in -known seaside resort. To this I came in search of health to re- a nervous system which had been lately, and, indeed, had never recovered from a shock caused orrible accident which had hap- to me several years ago.

ad been lured by a madman into ouse under pretence of playing a e of billiards, to find myself a ner with an armed lunatic, who d me to play the game for the est possible stake—life itself. tunately I won; but my opponent, ough he fulfiled the conditions of game by shooting himself, with re- ment of cruelty tied me in a faint- condition to the billiard table so t I might witness his death. In- d, his vindictiveness went further n this, for he branded my leg with ot iron and wrote a paper in which accused me of taking his life.

I was charged with the murder, but quitted, as the fact of my being dis- ered bound and the strange appear- e of the body attired in the cos- ne of Mephistopheles—a character madman endeavored to assume— sufficient to prove my side of the ry. Even the astuteness of Scotland d proved powerless, for all the po- could discover, after a long search the antecedents of the unfortun- nan, was the fact that he had been ned in a lunatic asylum.

needed no proof to convince me the man was mad. But there was bod in his madness. Until I met a public billiard saloon, whence ue to his house, I had never s on him before. Then what e reason for the cruel hatred he tly felt toward me? Two clews essed, but as each had proved ess to the detectives, it was not ly that they would lead me to a lution of the affair.

rst I discovered that in branding eg the wretch had traced the let- RACHE. That these letters rep- ed the German word "Revenge" perfectly aware; but what was I ru from that? That the man German? I think not. His ac- plainly told me he was English. oubt revenge was his object, but meaning of those letters remained stery.

ly other clew was a note which I nd during a subsequent visit to the l room, hidden under a carpet. though it bore no address, I suppose was meant for me, as it spoke of the ter being avenged at last after a se half round the world of one who stolen his money, murdered his ded wife and attempted to mur- im. This appeared to be nothing than the ranting of a mind dis- d, and I soon gave up all hope of getting to the bottom of the mys- of my terrible game of billiards.

n reaching the hotel, on the day story opens, another shock awaited e, though of a somewhat different ind. As I entered the hall a charm- g girl ran up to me, flung her arms round my neck, kissed me and mur- ured:

"You darling, I'm so glad you've me!"

In my embarrassment I said some- ng, but the fair damsel had flown e a startled bird.

"A little thing like that makes one l at home directly," I said to my- f with a smile, for, as a single man, knew the value of a pretty girl's sses, and would have liked a more tended interview. I looked forward dinner that night with much eager- ess and longed to see the lady who istributed her kisses so rashly.

In the drawing room, before the ong sounded, my wish was gratified. man of about my own age, who bore striking resemblance to myself, ame toward me with the charming irl blushing at his side. He explained hat the kiss was intended for himself, nd introduced his sister, who apolo- gized for her mistake in the sweetest manner. I sat next Miss Carstairs at dinner, and in the course of conversa- tion remarked that once before I had been mistaken for another man with nearly a fatal result to myself.

"Oh, do tell me about it," she said.

I was about to do so when she added:

"But, no, please wait until after dinner; then Max can hear the story, too."

I am afraid my eyes were scarcely lifted from my beautiful companion during dinner. Already love had conquered. You see, at the outset, before there had been time to so much as declare war, the position had been stormed, the citadel "rushed" by that delightful kiss! And now it was sufficient happiness for me to watch the changing lights in a pair of sapphire eyes, whose dusky lashes curled upward as though in wanton contrast with the tendrils of the auburn tresses above.

We three took our coffee in the garden that warm September night.

"Now," exclaimed Carstairs, "Ray is dying to hear your story, so go ahead!"

"Well," said I, thinking what a sweet name Ray Carstairs was, "although it happened several years ago, the incident still remains painfully fresh in my memory. It was an adventure I had with a mad billiard player.

They both started.

"Max," said his sister, "doesn't that remind you of what happened at—"

"Yes," he replied, before she could finish the sentence, "but don't interrupt. Please go on," he added.

In a moment it flashed upon me that the solution of the mystery lay within my grasp. This man, who so strangely resembled me, was the intended object of the madman's revenge.

"Is it possible," I cried, springing to my feet in excitement, "that you are the man?"

"I don't understand," said Carstairs, looking as perplexed and startled as his sister at my sudden outburst of feeling.

"Of course not—of course not," I murmured, sinking into my chair. "I will tell you the whole story, then you will know what I mean."

As I went through the horrible details of that fearful night they listened with rapt attention, and unless the darkness deceived me, I detected tears of sympathy in the beautiful eyes of Ray Carstairs.

"You are right!" exclaimed her brother, as I finished; "all you suffered was intended for me. Now, for my story, which will clear up the mystery.

Miss Carstairs rose.

"I think I'll run off to bed, Max, I'm very tired, and it's getting late."

She kissed her brother, then gave her hand to me.

"Good night," she said, "let us hope it will be fine to-morrow."

Reluctantly I relinquished her hand, but there was hope in that reference to the weather. Might it not mean a walk together in the morning?

I finished the evening in Max Carstairs's room; and while we smoked he told his strange story.

"Mark Malbrain was the man's name," he continued "and I met him at a hydropathic establishment in the North, where my sister and I were staying one summer about seven or eight years ago. My sister was then about seventeen, and Malbrain, much to her disgust, fell wildly in love with her. He made himself generally a nuisance by pestering her with unwelcome attentions and writing extravagant verses in her praise, until at length matters came to a crisis. Tableaux vivants were a favorite evening amusement, and on this particular night my sister appeared as Marguerite, I was Faust, and to Malbrain was assigned the role of Mephistopheles. The living picture was an immense success, and a dance followed, at which we appeared in our stage costumes.

"During the evening Rachel (yes that is her name—Ray is only a family pet name) complained to me of Malbrain's conduct. It seems he had continued to follow her round the room, begging for a dance, and his manner became threatening when she firmly refused. I at once went to him and said plainly that Miss Carstairs wished to have nothing more to do with him, and therefore I must request him not to speak to her again.

"From the manner of his reply I gathered that he did not know Rachel was my sister, but imagined we were lovers; and I did not think it worth while to deceive him. I decided to send Rachel home in the morning, but remained myself for a few days longer. Malbrain was furious when he heard that my sister had gone, but he said nothing to me.

"One evening after dinner we met in the billiard room. To my surprise he challenged me to a game, suggesting that we should play for a £10-note. I agreed, and the stakes were handed to one of the men present. We played a hundred up, and strange to say, tied at ninety. Malbrain seemed very excited and offered to double the stakes, throwing another £10-note on the table. I agreed, for I felt cool and in good form. We played on, and you may imagine the sensation when again we tied at ninety-eight! I am afraid my temper was rising when I sarcastically asked Malbrain if he felt inclined to double again.

"'Yes!' he shouted, pale with passion. 'Fifty—a hundred if you like!'

"'One hundred pounds,' I said, taking out my check book.

"It was my turn to play. I tried for a carom and missed. Malbrain seized his cue, trembling like the proverbial aspen leaf. He went to pocket the red, but he missed the ball entirely, giving a point to me. Of course, I won by my next stroke.

"The stake holder handed the £200 to me, amid the applause of the men standing around—for Malbrain was not liked and my victory was popular. Then the party broke up, but Malbrain waited for me on the stairs. His face was livid with passion.

"'I hope you are satisfied,' he said hoarsely.

"'I am sorry,' I replied, 'if the stakes were too high, but later you may have your revenge!'

"'Revenge!' he shouted, losing his self-control. 'I'll have my revenge! We'll play again and you'll find the stakes still higher—too high for you!"

"I had good reason to remember these words when I awoke one night, to find Malbrain in my room dressed in his fantastic costume of 'Mephistopheles.'

"'Come,' said he, 'one of us must die to-night. Through you I lost the girl who would have been my wife. My money, too! But come to the billiard room; we will play to-night. Did you not promise me my revenge? And the stakes! You will find them high enough. Come! we will play for our lives—you and I! Ha, ha! one of us shall die to-night?'

"I knew as I sprang from my bed that the man was mad! We grappled together, the candle fell from his hands, and we struggled in darkness. Down we went on the floor, and I felt the cold steel of a revolver, which exploded and a sharp pain came in my arm. Then I heard doors opening and voices, so I held on till some of the fellows came in with lights. 'Mephistopheles' was carried off to his own room, raving and struggling. The slight wound in my arm was dressed by the doctor connected with the establishment, who also took the unfortunate lunatic under his care.

"Later on Malbrain was sent to a private asylum. The doctor's opinion was that brain lesion had threatened the poor fellow for some time. Whether he had escaped from the asylum when he met you, or had been discharged as cured, one cannot say. However, my story," concluded Carstairs, "has solved the mystery of your unfortunate encounter with the wretched man."

"Yes," I said, musing on the strange account I had heard. "But I wonder why he charged you with murdering Miss Carstairs? And he also repeated the accusation in the paper I found. I suppose it was some wild idea he had got hold of in his mad jealousy of you."

"Yes," said Carstairs. "You see, he thought we were rivals, and he knew I was the cause of Ray's disappearance."

"Then there is another thing that puzzle me. Why did the madman brand my leg with the word 'Rache?'"

"It is German for revenge," said Carstairs.

"Yes, but Malbrain was not a German, so why should he use that language?"

"Can't say. I suppose the marks have entirely gone by this time?"

"Yes; but the police had them photographed, and I think I have got one of the photos in my portmanteau."

I found the card and handed it to Carstairs.

"It is funny," he said, laughing, "to notice how beautifully the printing is done—all except the full stop, which is a bit too high up. By Jove! it must have been painful though."

"I never felt it at the time—I was in a faint, I suppose."

"Ah! I have it!" cried Carstairs. "That full stop explains it. Of course, the word he meant to trace was 'Rachel,' only for some reason he didn't finish the 'L.' Ha! ha! ha! How Ray will laugh at you when she hears of you being tattooed with her name."

So my last thought that night was of charming Ray Carstairs. And how could it be otherwise?—her name on my body, her image in my soul and her kiss on my lips! As for the kiss I felt I could not honorably keep what was not intended for me. But I was soon able to return it, for, ere another month had passed, Ray Carstairs promised to be my wife.—Tit-Bits.

About a Marvelous Clock.

Speaking of wonderful timpieces, a yellow old book tells a story about a clock made by Droz, a mechanic of Geneva. There were to be seen on it an African, a dog and a shepherd. When the clock struck the shepherd played six tunes on his flute and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This clock was exhibited to the King of Spain, who wes delighted with it.

"The gentleness of my dog," said Drox, "is his least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket you will admire the fidelity of this animal."

The king took an apple and the dog flew at his hand and barked so loud that the king's dog began to bark. At this the couriers, not doubting that the clock was bewitched, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they went. The Minister of Marine was the only one who remained. The king asked him to enquire of the African the time of day. The minister obeyed, but received no response. Droz then observed that the African had not yet learned to speak Spanish, whereas the question was repeated in French, and the African immediately answered. At this new prodigy the Minister of Marine ran away, declaring the clock was surely the work of witches.—Chicago Record.

Snakes in Demand.

East Indian snakes are in great demand for European collections. Every German steamer that leaves Calcutta takes hundreds to Hamburg for distribution over the continent.

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST, *EASTON, MD.*
Office corner Washington and Cabinet Sts.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,
Attorney-at-Law, *Easton, Md.*
Office at his residence on Washington street.

DRS. W. T. KELLEY & BRO.
DENTISTS, *Easton, Md*
Office in the Shannahan Building, Dover st.

LEWIS BUFFETT, M. D., D. D.
DENTIST, *Easton, Md.*
Office in Masonic Temple.

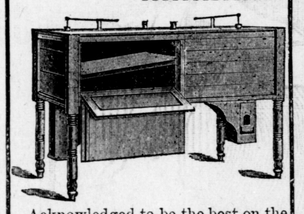
R. RASTALL WALKER,
Attorney-at-Law, *Easton, Maryland.*
Office on Dover Street, formerly occupied by Dr. J. F. Mckerson.

J. C. & C. MULLIKIN,
Attorneys-at-Law, *Easton, Maryland.*
Office Cor. Dover and Washington Sts.

J. S. GARRISON, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Office and residence, two doors east to Hotel Avon, Dover Street.
Office Hours—8 to 10 A. M., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M

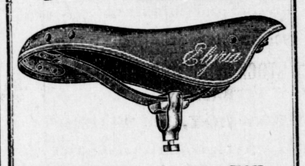
WAGNER'S GREEN HOUSE,
WEST PRATT STREET,
BALTO. MD.
J. & B. L. WAGNER, - Prop'rs.
This Restaurant is the old and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city.
The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management.

Superlative Incubator



Acknowledged to be the best on the market, and the price very materially reduced. If you wish to be successful in the poultry business, buy the best, get the
SUPERLATIVE
Fancy Poultry and Supplies, Collie Dogs, Chester White Swine, Pedigree Stock. Send for circulars.
KUTZ & GARIS,
353 NORTHAMPTON ST.
Easton, Pa.

FITS THE BODY.
Elyria Bicycle Saddle.



THEY WILL PLEASE YOU.
Send $3.00 for Sample by express prepaid.
THE TOPLIFF & ELY CO.,
ELYRIA, OHIO.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND CHEMICALS,
Fancy and Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Etc.
W. C. HUGHES.
Washington, Street.

Any Time
You are in need of anything in the Engine, Boiler or Sawmill line, don't forget to call on



LEWIS WHITEHOUSE,
EASTON, MD.
He has the agency for the Frick Companies Engines and Machinery. Anything in the machine line from a binnacle to a locomotive promptly and carefully repaired. All kinds of wheelwrighting promptly and neatly done, and at reasonable prices. All kinds of castings promptly furnished.

Being powdered, as much as is wanted can be taken out, the balance put away for future use.
Can anything we say persuade you to try
Eagle Powdered Lye or Potash?
We know it will please you if you will try it. Will you not buy a can from your Grocer?



FACTS WORTH KNOWING FOR ALL GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS.
The Principal uses of Eagle Lye and Potash.
For Making Hard or Soft Soap in 20 minutes without boiling (no trouble.)
For Softening Hard water instantaneously.
For removing Dirt and Grease from Sink Pipes, Drains, Etc.
For washing Greasy Dishes, Pans, Kitchen Utensils, Etc.
For removing Stains from Marble, Cleaning Woodwork; Oil Cloths, Etc.
For disinfecting Water Closets, Waste Pipes, Sinks and Sewers.
For driving away all Vermin. [Rats and Mice.] Directions for above uses printed plainly in German and English upon each can label.
Remember, all we ask is that you go to your Grocer, purchase one can Eagle Lye or Potash for 10 cents and convince yourself of the merits of these goods. One can Eagle Powdered Lye or Potash does the work of 20 pounds washing soda or any other soap powder offered upon the market.
EAGLE LYE WORKS.
Sole Props. and Mfgs., Milwaukee, Wis.
Our Motto: Honest Goods at Honest Prices.
Eagle Lye and Potash, once tried, always used.

NOTICE.
The business formerly conducted by C. R. Leonard & Brother, will hereafter be continued by E. T. Leonard, member of the late firm. All business entrusted to my care will receipt prompt and careful attention.
EDMUND T. LEONARD,
Partner in Liquidation

QUEEN SURREY TRAP. THE HIGHEST TYPE OF A FAMILY VEHICLE.

Utility.	FULL CANOPY. FULL CURTAINS all around.	EACH SEAT Independent.
Beauty.	WEIGHT only 440 lbs.	NO JOINTS to Rattle.
Comfort.	PLENTY of Leg Room.	GRADE the Highest.

Combines the always popular SURREY with the Phaeton and the nobby Trap.



ELEGANT DESIGN. NOVEL FEATURES. ROOMIEST ENTRANCE.
Both seats equal comfort. Double-tilting front seat—can enter either side. Rear seat folds down out of sight when not in use;
MORRIS WOODHULL, Factory: DAYTON, OHIO.

Our $150 Saw Mills
Are intended more especially for Farmers and Small Lumbermen, and will saw logs up to 34 in. diameter.
Our Export Saw Mills
Are built more especially for the Export Trade, and will saw logs up to 42 in. diameter.
Our Improved Saw Mills
With Universal Log Beam and Set Works are intended for the general lumbering business, and will saw logs of any diameter up to 60 in. and of any length desired, according to length of Mill. We build five sizes of this Mill with any length of carriage desired.
All our Mills are guaranteed to do as good work and as much of it as any other make of Mill of like size and with same power.
We also manufacture STEAM ENGINES, COFFEE HULLERS, WOOD PLANERS and other machinery. Write for descriptive circulars, prices and full particulars to the
SALEM IRON WORKS, SALEM, N. C.

ROBERT B. DIXON & CO.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Lumber & Building Material,
North Carolina Locust Posts, Very Extra Cypress Shingles,
FENCING, Both Hemlock and North Carolina.
DEALERS IN
Anthracite and Cumberland Coals and Fertilizers.
We are selling the above at lowest prices to suit the times.

LUMBER.
GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.
414 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.
We offer you, delivered to Wharf or Depot in Baltimore:
1 inch Yellow Pine Boards. (Edge,) $12.50 per M.
6x20 Sawed Cypress Shingles, - - 6.00 "
Worked Yellow Pine Flooring, 15.00 "
These goods are excellent value for the money. We have higher grades at higher prices. If you wish prices on other goods, write us and we will reply promptly.
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, Etc.
SHINGLES.