

Why the Jap is Strong.

The Japanese are allowed to be among the very strongest people on earth. They are strong mentally and physically and yet practically they eat no meat at all. The diet which enables them to develop such hardy frames and such well-balanced and keen brains consists almost wholly of rice, steamed or boiled, while the better-to-do add to this Spartan fare fish, eggs, vegetables and fruit. For beverages they use weak tea without sugar or milk and pure water, alcoholic stimulants being but rarely indulged in. Water is imbibed in what we should consider prodigious quantities—to an Englishman, indeed, the drinking of so much water would be regarded as madness. The average Japanese individual swallows about a gallon daily in divided doses.

The Japanese recognize the beneficial effect of flushing the system through the medium of the kidneys and they also cleanse the exterior of their bodies to an extent undreamed of in Europe or America.

Another—and perhaps this is the usage on which the Japanese lay the greatest stress—is that deep, habitual, forcible inhalation of fresh air is an essential for the acquisition of strength and this method is sedulously practiced until it becomes part of their nature.—Medical Record.

The record tomato was raised by Mrs. Joshua W. Shockey of Baltimore, Md. It weighed twenty-two and a half ounces, and measured over eighteen inches in circumference. It was cut into thirty slices, which were served to nine persons.

"WHACKS"

And What They Mean.

When Old Mother Nature gives you a "whack" remember "there's a reason," so try and say "thank you," then set about finding what you have done to demand the rebuke, and try and get back into line, for that's the happy place after all.

Curious how many highly organized people fail to appreciate and heed the first little, gentle "whacks" of the good old dame, but go right along with the habit, whatever it may be, that causes her disapproval. Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea or other unnatural treatment of the body, until serious illness sets in or some chronic disease.

Some people seem to get on very well with these things for a while, and Mother Nature apparently cares but little what they do.

Perhaps she has no particular plans for them and thinks it little use to waste time in their training.

There are people, however, who seem to be selected by Nature to "do things." The old Mother expects them to carry out some department of her great work. A portion of these selected ones off and again seek to select duty by some one or more of the drugs—Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea, Morphine, etc.

You know all of these throw down the same class of alkaloids in chemical analysis. They stimulate and then depress. They take from man or woman the power to do his or her best work.

After these people have drugged for a time they get a hint or mild "whack" to remind them that they have work to do, a mission to perform, and should be about the business, but are loitering along the wayside and become undisciplined for the fame and fortune that waits for them if they but stick to the course and keep the body clear of obstructions so that they can carry out the behests of the mind.

Sickness is a call to "come up higher." These hints come in various forms. It may be stomach trouble or bowels, heart, eyes, kidneys or general nervous prostration. You may depend upon it when a "whack" comes it's a warning to quit some abuse and do the right and fair thing with the body.

Perhaps it is coffee drinking that offends. That is one of the greatest causes of human disorder among Americans.

Now then if Mother Nature is gentle with you and only gives light, little "whacks" at first to attract attention, don't abuse her consideration, or she will soon hit you harder, sure.

And you may also be sure she will hit you very, very hard if you insist on following the way you have been doing.

It seems hard work to give up a habit, and we try all sorts of plans to change our ill feelings to some other cause than the real one.

Coffee drinkers when ill will attribute the trouble to bad food, malaria, overwork and what not, but they keep on being sick and gradually getting worse until they are finally forced to quit entirely, even the "only one cup a day." Then they begin to get better, and unless they have gone long enough to set up some fixed organic disease, they generally get entirely well.

It is easy to quit coffee at once and for all by having well-made Postum, with its rich, deep, seal-brown color which comes to the beautiful golden brown when good cream is added, and the crisp snap of good, mild Java is there if the Postum has been boiled long enough to bring it out.

It pays to be well and happy for good old Mother Nature then sends us her blessings of many and various kinds and helps us to gain fame and fortune.

Strip off the handicaps, leave out the deadening habits, heed Mother Nature's hints, quit being a loser and become a winner. She will help you sure if you cut out the things that keep you back.

"There's a reason" and a profound one.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Secret of the Plundered Safe

By EMILE GABORIAU

CHAPTER XXIV.

An hour later Mme. Fauvel ordered her carriage, and went out. M. Fauvel jumped into a hackney coach and followed her.

"Heaven grant that M. Verduret may reach there in time!" cried Nina to herself, "otherwise Mme. Fauvel and Raoul are lost."

Mme. Fauvel hastened to Vesinet, convinced that some new misfortune was in store for her. Her alarm was groundless. She found Raoul more tender and affectionate than he had ever been. He saw the necessity of reassuring her, and winning his old place in her forgiving heart, before making his disclosures. He succeeded. The poor lady had a smiling and happy air as she sat in an armchair, with Raoul kneeling before her.

"I have distressed you too long, my dear mother," he said, in his softest tones, "but I repeat sincerely, now listen to me—"

He had not time to say more; the door was violently thrown open, and Raoul, springing to his feet, was confronted by M. Fauvel. The banker had a revolver in his hand, and was deadly pale. It was evident that he was making superhuman efforts to remain calm, like a judge whose duty it is to be justly punish crime.

"Ah," he said, with a horrible laugh, "you look surprised. You did not expect me? You thought that my imbecility insured your safety?"

Raoul had the courage to place himself before Mme. Fauvel, and to stand prepared to receive the expected bullet. "I assure you, uncle—"

"Enough!" interrupted the banker, with an angry gesture, "let me hear no more infamous falsehoods! End this acting, of which I am no longer the dupe." "I swear to you—"

"Spare yourself the trouble of denying anything. I know all. I know who pawned my wife's diamonds. I know who committed the robbery for which an innocent man was arrested and imprisoned."

Mme. Fauvel, white with terror, fell upon her knees. At last it had come—the dreadful day had come. Vainly had she added falsehood to falsehood, vainly had she sacrificed herself and others; all was discovered. She saw that all was lost, and wringing her hands, she tearfully moaned:

"Pardon, Andre! I beg you, forgive me!"

At these heart-broken tones the banker shook like a leaf. The memory of his lost happiness was too much for the stricken man. He forgot the present in the past, and was almost melted to forgiveness.

"Unhappy woman!" he murmured, "unhappy woman!"

For some moments nothing was heard but the sobs of Mme. Fauvel.

"I came here," continued the banker, "with the intention of killing you both. But I cannot kill a woman, and I will not kill an unarmed man. Defend yourself!" cried the banker, raising his arm, "if you do not—"

But the horror of the scene was too much for Mme. Fauvel to witness any longer without interposing. She understood but one thing—her son and her husband were about to kill each other before her very eyes. Rushing up to Raoul, she threw her arms around him, and said to her husband:

"Kill me, and me alone!"

At these words M. Fauvel glared at the guilty pair, and deliberately talking aim fired. Neither Raoul nor Mme. Fauvel moved. The banker fired a second time, then a third.

He cocked the pistol for a fourth shot, when a man rushed into the room, snatched the pistol from the banker's hand, and throwing him on the sofa, ran toward Mme. Fauvel. This man was M. Verduret, who had been warned by Cavalillon, but did not know that Mme. Gypsy had extracted the balls from M. Fauvel's revolver.

"Thank heaven!" he cried, "she is un- hurt."

"How dare you interfere?" cried the banker, who by this time had joined the group. "The villain shall die!"

M. Verduret seized the banker's wrists in a vice-like grasp, and whispered in his ear:

"Thank heaven, you are saved from committing a terrible crime; the anonymous letter deceived you. Do you know who that man is that you attempted to kill? Her son!"

The words of this stranger, showing his intimate knowledge of the private affairs of all present, seemed to confound and frighten Raoul more than M. Fauvel's threats had done. Yet he had sufficient presence of mind to say:

"It is the truth!"

The banker looked wildly from Raoul to M. Verduret; then, fastening his haggard eyes on his wife, exclaimed:

"It is false! You are all conspiring to deceive me! Proofs!"

"You shall have proofs," replied M. Verduret, "but first listen."

And rapidly, with his wonderful talent for explanation, he related the principal points of the plot he had discovered. The true state of the case was terribly distressing to M. Fauvel, but nothing compared with what he had suspected.

His throbbing, yearning heart told him that he still loved his wife. Why should he punish a mistake committed so many years ago and atoned for by twenty years of devotion and suffering? For some moments after M. Verduret had finished his explanation M. Fauvel remained silent.

So many strange events had happened, rapidly following each other in succession, and culminating in the shocking scene which had just taken place, that M. Fauvel seemed to be too bewildered to think clearly. But the sight of Raoul froze the words upon his lips.

"So this is your son," he said to his wife—"this man, who has plundered you and robbed me?"

Mme. Fauvel was unable to utter a word in reply to these reproachful words.

perpetrated a gross imposture."

CHAPTER XXV.

Raoul had been quietly creeping toward the door, hoping to escape while no one was thinking of him. But M. Verduret was watching him out of the corner of one eye, and stopped him just as he was about leaving the room.

"Not so fast, my pretty youth," he said, dragging him into the middle of the room; "it is not polite to leave us so unceremoniously. Let us finish the story. Clameran hastened to London. He had no difficulty in finding the farmer's wife to whom the old countess had entrusted Gaston's son. But here an unexpected disappointment greeted him. He learned that the child, whose name was registered on the parish books as Raoul Valentine Wilson, had died of the croup when eighteen months old."

"Did any one state such a fact as that?" interrupted Raoul; "it is false!"

"It was not only stated, but proved, my pretty youth," replied M. Verduret. "You don't suppose I am a man to trust to oral testimony, do you?"

He drew from his pocket several officially stamped documents, with red seals attached, and laid them on the table.

"These are the declarations of the nurse, her husband, and four witnesses. Here is an extract from the register of births; this is a certificate of registry of his death; and all these are authenticated at the French embassy. Now are you satisfied, young man?"

"What next?" inquired M. Fauvel.

"The next step was this," replied M. Verduret. "Clameran, finding that the child was dead, supposed that he could, in spite of this disappointment, obtain money from Mme. Fauvel; he was mistaken. His first attempt failed. Having an inventive turn of mind, he determined that the child should come to life. Among his large circle of rascally acquaintances he selected a young fellow to impersonate Raoul Valentine Wilson; and the chosen one stands before you."

Mme. Fauvel was in a pitiable state. And yet she began to feel a ray of hope; her acute anxiety had so long tortured her that the truth was a relief; she would thank heaven if this wicked man was proved to be no son of hers.

"Can this be possible?" she murmured; "can it be?"

Raoul saw that the game was up. "You are a detective!" he ejaculated. The fat man smiled grimly.

"At present," he replied, "I am merely a friend of Prosper Bertomy. It depends entirely upon your behavior which character I appear in while settling up this little affair."

"What do you expect me to do?"

"Restore the three hundred and fifty thousand francs which you have stolen."

"The money is in this room."

"Very good. This frankness is creditable, and will benefit you. I know that the money is in this room, and also exactly where it is to be found. Be kind enough to look behind that cupboard, and you will find the three hundred and fifty thousand francs."

Raoul tremblingly went to the cupboard, and pulled out several bundles of bank notes, and an enormous package of pawnbrokers' tickets.

"Very well done," said M. Verduret, as he carefully examined the money and papers; "this is the most sensible step you ever took."

Raoul relied on this moment, when everybody's attention would be absorbed by the money, to make his escape. He slid toward the door, gently opened it, slipped out, and locked it on the outside; the key being still in the lock.

"He has escaped!" cried M. Fauvel. "Naturally," replied M. Verduret, without even looking up; "I thought he would have sense enough to do that."

"But is he to go unpunished?"

"My dear sir, would you have this affair become a public scandal? Do you wish your wife's name to be brought into a case of this nature before the police court?"

"Oh, monsieur!"

"Then the best thing you can do is to let the rascal go scot free. Here are receipts for all the articles which he has pawned, so that we should consider ourselves fortunate. He has kept fifty thousand francs, but that is all the better for you. This sum will enable him to leave France, and we shall never see him again."

So saying, the fat man took up his hat and quietly left the room, and jumping into his cab, ordered the driver to return to Paris, and drive to the Hotel du Louvre as rapidly as possible.

His mind was filled with anxiety about Clameran. He knew that Raoul would give him no more trouble; the young rascal was probably taking his passage for some foreign land at that moment. But Clameran should not escape unpunished; and how this punishment could be brought about without compromising Mme. Fauvel was a problem to be solved.

After long thought he decided that an accusation of poisoning must come from Oloron. He would go there and work upon "public opinion," so that, to satisfy the townspeople, the authorities would order a post-mortem examination of Meunier. But this mode of proceeding required time, and Clameran would certainly escape before another day passed over his head. He was too experienced a knave to remain on slippery ground, now that his eyes were open to the danger which menaced him. It was almost dark when the carriage stopped in front of the Hotel du Louvre. M. Verduret noticed a crowd of people collected in groups, eagerly discussing some exciting event which seemed to have just taken place.

"What has happened?" he demanded of a loungeer near by.

"The strangest thing you ever heard of," replied the man. "Yes, I saw him with my own eyes. He first appeared at that seventh story window; he was only half dressed. Some men tried to seize him, but with the agility of a squirrel he jumped out upon the roof, shrieking 'Murder! murder!' The recklessness of his conduct led me to suppose—"

The gossip stopped short in his narrative, very much surprised and vexed; his questioner had vanished.

"If it should be Clameran!" thought M. Verduret; "if terror has deranged that brain, so capable of working out great crimes! Fate must have interposed—"

While thus talking to himself he elbowed his way through the crowded court yard of the hotel. At the foot of the staircase he found M. Faunterler and three peculiar looking individuals, standing together, as if waiting for some one.

"Well," cried M. Verduret, "what is the matter?"

With laudable emulation the four men rushed forward to report to their superior officer.

"The matter is this, patron," said Faunterler, dejectedly. "I am doomed to ill luck. You see how it is; this is the only chance I ever had of working out a beautiful case, and, pat! my criminal must go and fizzle! A regular case of bankruptcy!"

"Then it is Clameran who—"

"Of course it is. When the rascal saw me this morning he scampered off like a hare. You should have seen him run; I thought he would never stop this side of Ivory; but not at all. On reaching the Boulevard des Ecoles a sudden idea seemed to strike him, and he made a bee line for his hotel; I suppose to get his pile of money. Directly he gets there what does he see? These three friends of mine. The sight of these gentlemen had the effect of a sunstroke upon him; he went raving mad on the spot. The idea of serving me such a low trick at the very moment I was sure of success!"

"Where is he now?"

"At the prefecture, I suppose. Some policeman handcuffed him, and drove off with him in a cab."

"Come with me."

M. Verduret and Faunterler found Clameran in one of the private cells reserved for dangerous prisoners. He had on a straight-jacket, and was struggling violently against three men, who were trying to hold him, while a physician tried to force him to swallow a potion.

"Help!" he shrieked; "help! Do you not see my cousin coming after me? Look! he wants to poison me!"

M. Verduret took the physician aside, and questioned him about the maniac.

"The wretched man is in a hopeless state," replied the doctor; "this species of insanity is incurable. He thinks some one is trying to poison him, and nothing will persuade him to eat or drink anything; and, as it is impossible to force anything down his throat he will die of starvation, after having suffered all the tortures of poison."

M. Verduret, with a shudder, turned to leave the prefecture, saying to Faunterler:

"Mme. Fauvel is saved!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Four days had passed since the events just narrated, when, one morning, M. Lecoq—the official Lecoq, who resembled the dignified head of a bureau—was walking up and down his private office, at each turn nervously looking at the clock, which slowly ticked on the mantel, as if it had no intention of striking any sooner than usual, to gladden the man so anxiously watching its placid face.

At last, however, the clock did strike, and just then the faithful Janouille opened the door, and ushered in Mme. Nina and Prosper Bertomy.

"Ah," said M. Lecoq, "you are punctual."

"M. Verduret gave us express orders to meet here in your office this morning, and we have obeyed," said Madame Gypsy.

"Very good," said the celebrated detective. "Then he kind enough to wait a few minutes; I will tell him you are here."

During the quarter of an hour that Nina and Prosper remained alone together they did not exchange a word. Finally a door opened, and M. Verduret appeared.

Nina and Prosper eagerly started toward him, but he checked them by one of those peculiar looks which no one ever dared resist.

"You have come," he said, severely, "to hear the secret of my conduct. I have promised, and will keep my word, however painful it may be to my feelings. Listen then. My best friend is a legal, honest man, named Caldas. Eighteen months ago this friend was the happiest of men. Infatuated by a woman, he lived for her alone, and, fool that he was, imagined that she felt the same love for him."

"She did!" cried Gypsy; "yes, she always loved him."

"She showed her love in a peculiar way. She loved him so much that one fine day she discarded him. In his first moments of despair Caldas wished to kill himself. Then he reflected that it would be wiser to live and avenge himself."

"And then?" faltered Prosper.

"Then Caldas avenged himself in his own way. He made the woman who deserted him recognize his immense superiority. Weak, timid and helpless, her cousin was disgraced, and was falling over the verge of a precipice, when the powerful hand of Caldas reached forth and saved him. You understand all now, do you not? The woman is Nina, the cousin is yourself, and Caldas is—"

With a quick, dextrous movement he threw off his wig and whiskers, and stood before them the real, intelligent, proud Lecoq.

"Caldas!" cried Nina.

"No, not Caldas, nor Verduret any longer; but Lecoq, the detective."

M. Lecoq broke the stupefied silence of his listeners by saying to Prosper:

"It is not to me alone that you owe your salvation. A noble girl confided to me the difficult task of clearing your reputation. I promised her that M. Fauvel should never know the secrets concerning his domestic happiness. Your letter directed all my plans, and made it impossible for me to keep my promise. I have nothing more to say."

He turned to leave the room, but Nina barred his exit.

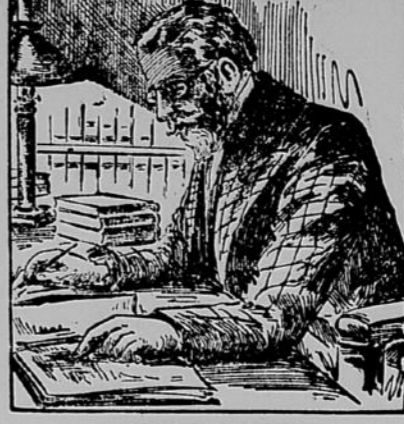
"Caldas," she murmured, "I implore you to have pity on me! I am so miserable! Ah, if you only knew! Be forgiving to one who has always loved you. Caldas! Listen!"

One month later was celebrated at the church of Notre Dame the marriage of M. Prosper Bertomy and Mlle. Madeleine Fauvel.

The banking house is still in the Rue de Provence, but as M. Fauvel has decided to retire from business and live in the country, the name of the firm has been changed, and is now:

PROSPER BERTOMY & CO.
(The end.)

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

James Monroe was appointed minister to Spain.

The French governor of Guadaloupe forbade the shipping of newspapers to the colony.

Owing to a long dry season the coffee crop of Mexico was a complete failure.

Three hundred slaves were employed at the shipyards at Antwerp, Germany.

As the south wing of the capitol at Washington was not completed, the members of the House of Representatives met in the library of the building.

All talk of war between England and Spain had ceased, notwithstanding the capture of the treasure frigates, for which no reparation had been made.

The *Hibernia*, at that time the largest man-of-war ever built in England, was launched at Plymouth.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Spain ordered 8,000 stands of arms to equip her soldiers who were going to Mexico.

Political riots occurred in London. President Guerrero of Mexico relinquished the extraordinary powers granted to him by Congress on account of the Spanish invasion.

The City Council of Washington passed a law prohibiting gambling. The Siamese twins were exhibited in London.

Troops of Monterey revolted against the governor of California, with a view to give all offices to Californians.

Sam Patch killed himself by jumping the Genesee Falls at Rochester, N. Y.

Fifty Years Ago.

The American Ship *Herald* was fired on by a British man-of-war.

The Canadian legislature voted \$100,000 toward the British patriotic fund.

New Granada prohibited the exportation of guano.

The city of Boston adopted a new charter.

A telegraph line was opened between Paris and Bastia.

Eighteen British and twelve French ships were lost on the Black Sea.

The mosque of the Sultan was blown down by the storm which wrecked many other buildings in Constantinople.

Forty Years Ago.

A school census made by the controller placed the population of Chicago at 169,353.

Sheridan sent an army through Front Royal in the Shenandoah Valley, capturing many prisoners, guns and horses.

Chicago was the hiding place of hundreds of men who had fled from their homes to avoid the draft, and many army officials were searching for them.

Three bounty jumpers, arrested and convicted of desertion in Chicago and St. Paul, were sentenced to be shot at Fort Snelling, Minn.

Reports circulated throughout the North that the movement of Sherman through Georgia toward Charleston was intended to give Georgia and South Carolina an occasion, desired by them, to secede from the Confederacy.

Thirty Years Ago.

Forty persons were drowned by the sinking of the packet *Empire* at New Orleans.

The government of Saxony forbade the practice of cremation.

Gladstone and Archbishop Manning were engaged in spirited exchange of press interviews on the relative demand of church and state on a Roman Catholic.

England was thrown into a state of excitement by the reported death of Queen Victoria in Balmoral castle.

St. Petersburg newspapers announced that the government had determined to introduce a system of compulsory education.

Twenty Years Ago.

The French forces captured and occupied Tamsui, China.

The official canvass of New York State was completed, assuring the election of Cleveland as President.

A treaty of commerce between the United States and the Spanish West Indies was concluded with Spain. The tribunal in Paris proclaimed the absolute divorce of Mme. Patti from the Marquis de Caux.

Shop Talk.
"Say, let up, will you," said the wagon wheel. "You make me tired."
"You fellows are always running around," rejoined the blacksmith; "no wonder you have that tired feeling."
"You are like your bellows," continued the wheel, "full of wind."
"Huh!" exclaimed the bellows; "you needn't think you are the entire gunstore just because you happen to be a little revolver."
Then the wagon tongue spoke up and put an end to the hubbub.

Stuck to the Truth.

Lawyer—You have taken your oath, and I want you to answer each of my questions honestly.

Witness—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—What is your occupation?
Witness—I am a driver.

Lawyer—Do you drive a wagon?
Witness—No, sir; I do not.

Lawyer—Now be careful and remember that you are on your oath. You admit that you are a driver; now, honestly, don't you drive a wagon?
Witness—No, sir; I drive a horse.—Albany Journal.

The Black Hand.

"Charley had a dreadful time last night," said young Mrs. Torkins. "He says he was a victim of the 'Black Hand.'"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the caller.

"Yes. He came home without a cent. I don't quite understand the particulars as he explained them. But they pulled a deadly weapon on him that is known as a club flush."—Washington Star.

Good News for All.

Bradford, Tenn., Nov. 21.—(Special.)—Scientific research shows Kidney Trouble to be the father of so many diseases that news of a discovery of a sure cure for it cannot fail to be welcomed all over the country. And according to Mr. J. A. Davis of this place just such a cure is found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Davis says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are all that is claimed them. They have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I had Kidney Trouble very bad and after taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am completely cured. I cannot praise them too much."

Kidney Complaint develops into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes, Rheumatism and other painful and fatal diseases. The safeguard is to cure your kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills when they show the first symptoms of disease.

Fecundity of Finny Tribe.

In a chapter on the artificial cultivation of sea fish, contributed by R. B. Marston to *Affalo's* "British Salt Water Fishes," it is stated that there need be no fear that such important fish as the cod and the herring can ever become extinct or even reduced in numbers by man, except locally. A cod of ten pounds has a