"Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be-'Try Ayer's

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

Rheumatism.

Bo medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes:

"I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been from these complaints." free from these complaints.

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JULY 19. 1889.

FROM THE DIARY OF INSPECTOR BYRNES.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, Author of "The Great Bank Robbery," "An American Penman," Etc.

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"I don't say there is; and as a matter of course, judge, I recognize the sincerity of your attitude. Still, if I were interested in the boy, I should think twice before I accepted this news as concinsive. Have you heard anything person-

"Nothing. This is all we know, so

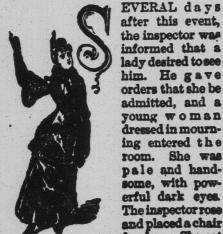
"Well, you are aware that people reported drowned at sea sometimes have a way of coming to life again. The sea is a big place, and it's difficult to be sure what becomes of a man in a heavy storm when everything's as black as pitch. Then again, young Nolen, you must admit, might find it convenient to have it supposed he was permanently out of the way. He could start in under a new name, with very little fear of ever being interfered with. When this affair has blown over or been cleared up, he might come cack and all would be right again. I don't say that is what has happened; I only say it might be so. And, considering that Mr. Martin was a friend of the family, it seems a little odd that he shouldn't have sent a letter giving a full account of the affair. He must have known what a value the mother and sister would have put upon it."

"I hope with all my heart your theory may be the true one," said the judge. "But I fear the report is correct," he added, after a paused. "There can be no doubt about the hurricane, nor that Percy was on the steamer. There was no necessity of inventing a report of his death; he would be as safe in Mexico or New Zealand as at the bottom of the Atlantic. No, I'm afraid the poor boy is gone. And, as I was saying just now, I trust that no steps will be taken today to blacken his memory. The cause of justice would not be vindicated, and it would add a terrible pang to his mother's and sister's grief. Some consideration should be shown to them."

"Well, let us go down to the court moom," said the inspector, rising and taking his hat. "I don't suppose any one wants to trample on a dead mannot even the woman he was in love

This surmise proved partly correct.
On the case being called, counsel for the
plaintiff submitted that their client was disposed to abandon the prosecution. The court asked where the prisoner was, and the report of his death was put in. The court observed that the prisoner appeared to have intended forfeiting his bail, and was of opinion that the evidence of death was insufficient. But as the plaintiff wished to withdraw, and here was only a moderate presumption of guilt, the case would be adjourned pending confirmation of the report of eath, when the question of estreating bail would be decided.

> CHAPTER XIV. A POWERFUL ALLY.



after this event. the inspector was informed that a lady desired to see him. He gave orders that she be admitted, and a young woman dressed in mourning entered the room. She was pale and handsome, with pow-erful dark eyes. The inspector rose and placed a chair for her. She sat

down, regarding him with great intent-ness, as if endeavoring to satisfy herself what manner of man he was.

less to you. You were officially cognizant, were you not, of the case of Mr. Percy Nolen, who was accused of a rob-

bery a few weeks ago?"

The inspector inclined his head. came to my knowledge in the ordinary routine," he said. "It has been adourned, as you are probably aware, and the chances are that it will not soon be heard of again."

"Percy Nolen was my brother," she resumed. "He was lost at sea." Her lips trembled, but she recovered herself -the inspector noted that she seemed to possess unusual self command—and went on. "My mother and I are the only ones of the family left alive; and my mother is an invalid. My brother died with a shadow upon his name, and I consider it my duty to remove it. I am sure that it can be done; and I am ready to make any effort or sacrifice to do it. Nothing would be a sacrifice that would accomplish that result."

"I'm afraid you will find it no easy matter, Miss Nolen. Speaking as a pro-fessional man, I must say that the prospect is not a hopeful one."

"I don't expect it to be easy; but I am determined to succeed, and I mean to give all my life and energy to it," said she, in the same quiet tone which she had used from the first, but with immense underlying earnestness. "Of course, I know nothing about the ways of finding out criminals, and I don't think that, in an ordinary matter, I should make a good detective; but this is a thing I care so much about that it's different. I believe that if the man who stole that money was to pass me on the street I should feel that it was he."

The inspector dropped his pencil and stooped to pick it up. The notion of identifying criminals by emotional intuition was not without its humorous side; but he did not wish his smile to be seen; and by the time he had recovered his pencil he had recovered his gravity likewise. "Even if you were able to recognize him in that way, Miss Nolen," he remarked, "there would be no evidence in that to fasten the crime upon him. The jury might think you were mistaken, and would refuse to convict; in fact, I don't think you could persuade any judge on the bench to grant you a

"I wasn't thinking of putting it on that ground," Pauline replied, coloring a little. 'But when I have convinced myself that I know the man, I would find evidence against him that would convince the world too. Only let me know him first, and the rest would be easy." "Well, all I can say is, I hope you'll

find him." "I should not have come here to waste your time merely by telling you this," she continued, looking up at him firmly. "I wish to tell you something that may indicate who he is, and then you will be able, perhaps, to help me find out where he is and what his record is. I don't suppose you know that Percy was not

my only brother?" The detective intimated that he did

"My other brother's name was Jerrold. son to think that his death was hastened by foul means. The man whom he accused of it was tried; the case was appealed several times, but at last, after having been confined for over a year, the accused was acquitted. He said that he would be revenged upon us. Why may he not have taken this way to be revenged?" The inspector began to be interested

"What was his name?" he asked. "His name was Horace Dupee. He was a medical student." "Tell me the circumstances. I may

recollect something of it." "When my brother Jerrold left college he decided to be a physician, and he began the study of medicine here in New York. He attended lectures and went to the hospitals. He was fond of fun and a favorite with his fellow students, and I suppose he was rather imprudent in his

habits. He was good natured and excitable and the others led him on. "The way the end came was this: There was a supper given to one of the students who had got through his course. He was the Horace Dupee I spoke of. He was a clever man, I believe. I never saw him, and he and Jerrold were great friends. There were ten or twelve other young men at the supper. They drank a good deal of wine and became noisy and excited. They began to play practical jokes on one another. At last Horace Dupee got up to make a speech. My brother, who sat near him, kept interrupting him with jokes and laughing. He got angry finally—Dupee did—and made some threat or said some insulting thing. My brother instantly threw a glass of wine in his face, glass and all.

"Dupee rushed at him and struck him with his fist. They began to fight; but my brother was the stronger, and he struck Dupee in the face, so that he fell over a chair. Then the others separated them; and my brother, after a moment, forgot his anger, and wanted to make friends with Dupee again, but Dupee would not for a while, but the others urged him, until at last he laughed and came and shook hands with my brother, and pretended that he was quite reconciled; but he said afterwards to one of the young men that he 'would be even with Nolen yet.'

"They had been on the point of breaking up, but after this they got to drinking and talking again; and Dupee came and sat down by my brother, and kept filling his glass for him, but only pretending to drink himself, until my brother got quite intoxicated and acted foolishly. It was then after midnight, and the young men began to go home. and the young men began to go home, and Dupee said he would see my brother to his lodgings. My father and mother and myself were not in New York just then; we had gone down to a southern watering place on account of my mother being delicate, and Jerrold was staying in furnished rooms in a boarding house.

"He and Dupee started off together after leaving the others. My brother could walk, but he was not fit to take care of himself. The boarding house was on West. Twenty-third street, some way down. The door had a covered porch to it and was nearly on a level with the sidewalk. It was a winter night, but there was no snow on the

"Can I be of any assistance to you, madam?" the detective inquired.
"I hope you may," was her reply, "for gether. At 9 e'clock the policeman whose beat was on that part of Twenty-third

of the boarding house. He examined and found that he was in evening dress with an overcoat on; he was insensible and his pockets were empty. There did not seem to be any mark of violence on him. The policeman thought he was in-sensible from drink. He knocked up the people in the house, and when he found that my brother lived there helped to take him up to his room. But there was a physician living in the house, and he came and looked at my brother and saw there was something wrong. At last he found a bruise on his head, behind the ear, made with some blunt instrument, for the skin was not cut, but it had produced concussion of the brain.
Towards dawn he partly recovered consciousness, and when he was asked about his injuries he mumbled something about Dupee; but they could not get anything definite from him. A telegram was sent to us at Old Point Comfort, where we

were stopping. My mother was too ill to move; I stayed with her, and my father

went on at once, but he arrived too late.

My brother"-Her voice faltered, and she broke off The story had been told with entire simplicity, but with intense vividness and earnestness. The scenes which she described seemed to be before her as she spoke, and the emotion which she had striven to repress broke forth at last in a few quick sobs. She soon controlled herself and added, "My father had an inquest held; the young men who had been present at the supper were called upon to testify, and they told of the quarrel and the apparent reconciliation, and it was shown that Horace Dupee was the last person seen with my brother. In his examination Dupee said that he had taken him home and left him in his doorway, bidding him good night; and that, though my brother had seemed not quite himself, yet he was able to take care of himself. He denied any knowledge of the blow. But it was proved that he had threatened my brother; and it was thought that he might have emptied my brother's pockets only to make it appear that the murder was the work of some common thief. So the coroner held him

"I remember the case now," put in the inspector. "The case was pushed against him vigorously, but it broke down at last for want of conclusive evidence, and Dupee was discharged, as you say, after having been kept in jail for a year. Well, I must say, Miss Nolen, that the doubt as to his guilt is a reasonable one; and supposing him to have been innocent, he has certainly received hard treatment; for such an accusation as that. though not proved, is enough to ruin a man's career.'

"I do not believe he was innocent, Inspector Byrnes! I am sure that he was guilty, and, having escaped punishment or that, he means to do us more injury still. No-an innocent man would not have been ruined by an unjust accusation! It would have stimulated him to prove by his after life that he had been

wronged."
"Do you know what his subsequent life has been?" inquired the inspector. "I have heard enough to know that it has been what I should have expected it to be. He has associated with low and dishonest people; he has gone under dif-ferent names, and it is probable that he may have been arrested more than once for other crimes. I have always felt that he was our enemy, and have expected that something like this would happen. I am the only one of us left to fight him, Inspector Byrnes. He killed my eldest brother; he was the means of bringing about the disgrace and death of Percy; my father died of disappointment and grief; my mother is a broken down invalid. But I am strong and well, and I am determined to bring him to justice!

Will you help me?" Her eves darkened and her cheeks flushed as she put the question. The in-spector, though he could not but perceive that the chances were against the correctness of her theory, was touched by her earnestness.

"In what way would you expect me to assist you?" he inquired.

"You can communicate with the police in all parts of the country," she answered, "and you know, or can find out, the history of all the criminals who have been arrested in New York and in many other places. What I ask you to do is to trace the record of Horace Dupee from the time he left the jail on the termination of his trial till now. Find out his associates, and make them give evidence against him; learn what his aliases have been, and whether he was not in New York on the day that Mrs. Tunstall lost her money. If he was-and I am sure it will turn out so-it will be found that he had money to spend soon afterwards, and perhaps some one of the bank notes can be traced to him. Oh!" she ex-claimed, lifting one hand with an irrepressible gesture, "if I can see him stand before me in the prisoner's dock, I shall

have lived long enough!" "Upon my word, Miss Nolen," remarked the inspector with a smile, "I wouldn't envy the man who had done you an injury, be he who he may; and if this fellow Dupee, or any one else, has been guilty of the crimes you charge him with I hope with all my heart you may live to see him convicted of them—and a long time afterwards, too! As for my share in the business, I can assure you that all possible investigations shall be made and, if Dupee has really joined the criminal classes, it will prebably only be a question of time before we run across him. It is something to have a definite person suspected in connection with the affair. I don't want to give you any hopes that I cannot fulfill; but I am willing to say that it is not impossible some-

thing may come out of this."

"I don't ask for promises—only let something be done!" Pauline replied, rising and giving her hand to the detective. He felt the strong clasp of her little fingers, and smiled again,

tle fingers, and smiled again.

"You may depend upon my being at least as good as my word," he said kindly. "Your cause is a good one, and, so far as I am connected with it, you may be certain that it will not suffer. But you must be prepared for disappointment, and you must be nations."

CHAPTER XV.



T had been the custom with the Nolens, during the summer months, to go to known as Squittig Point, on the New England coast. They owned a small cottage there, conting room, three kitchen and a

of which was rest of the house. The house stood upon a low bluff directly overlooking the beach. There was a semi-circular inlet at this point, about fifty yards across; in this a pier had been constructed, to the end of which a catboat was moored.

It was a pretty place, but a very quiet one. To reach it it was necessary to drive five or six miles from the railway station in the neighboring town. Within a radius of a mile there were perhaps a dozen cottages similar to the Nolens' and occupied chiefly by artists. Milk, eggs, poultry and vegetables were furnished by the farm houses in the vicinity: fish could be caught by any one with a fishing line and a boat; meat and groceries must be fetched from the town. It was out of the line of fashionable travel; and those who knew of its existence, and had established themselves there, were united in a conspiracy to keep fashion away from it. If they themselves felt the need of a little dissipation, they could be at Newport in four or five hours or at Swampscott before night. But here they could always be sure of rest, seclusion, charming scenery and as much fishing, sailing and bathing as they wanted. Of course they could not hope to keep their secret long; sooner or later somebody would appear and build a hotel; but meanwhile they enjoyed it all the more for feeling that their exclusive possession of it must be

Opposite the point was a line of low islands, seven or eight miles distant, which served as a natural breakwater against the violence of the Atlantic's waves, and gave to the intervening expanse of water the advantages of a bay.

They were also a charm and attraction in themselves; for they were constantly undergoing the most surprising changes under the influence of the mirage; and, being within an easy sail, were often visited for picnicking purposes by the sojourners in the cottages. Baskets of provisions were carried over, and the materials for a clambake or a chowder were always obtainable from the sands and the sea. The time not occupied in cooking and eating could be devoted to picking huckleberries, practicing with the rifle or shotgun, or, if the age and circumstances of the members of the party permitted, in quiet flirtations along the beaches or in the wood home was made by the red light of sunset or by the white luster of the moon. (Continued next week.)

VARIETIES.

An act to amend. - Sewing on a button. Dr. Hodder's Liver Pills excel all others. Cure Sick Headache, Indigestion and Constipation, even where others fail. They improve the complexion wonderfully. Try them. All dealers. 25c.—46-tf.

Never use a gold snuff-box, Gold is not to

Werds cannot express the gratitude which people feel for the benefit done them by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Long-standing cuses of rheumatism yield to this remedy, when all others fail to give relief. This medicine thoroughly expels the poison from the blood,—58-1.

Some young men in search of dollars and cents are willing to accept daughters without sense to attain

Ladies who suffer from any of those weaknesses or complaints peculiar to their sex will find immediate relief by using Dr. Hodder's Special Remedy. Ask your druggist. Price \$1.00.—46-tf.

Sandy Fairley (who had just put half-a-crown into the church plate instead of a penny, and who is rot allowed to take it back):—Weel, weel, I'll get credit for two and sax in Heaven! Elder—"Na, na; you'll only get cred t for a penny."

Consumption Surely Cured.

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely ently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have amption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. SLOCUM., 164 West Adelaide street, Toronto, Ont.—47-lyr.

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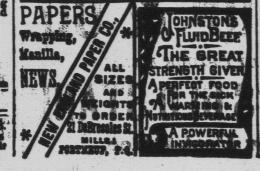
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