OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

This is the guarantee with every box. That shows our confidence in Gin Pills. That proves, too, that it won't cost you a cent if Gin Pills fail to bring relief. Buy them with that understanding.

" Sept. 30th, 1904. "I have been troubled with rheumatism, bladder trouble, and pain and weakness in my back for several years. sent for a sample of Gin Pills. The rheumatism left me at once. I now send for a full box, and if they prove as you My you will hear from me again.
P. C. SMITH, South Orrington, Me."

And we did hear from Mr. Smith "Nov. 7th, 1904. "Enclosed I send P.O. order for \$2.50

for 6 boxes of Gin Pitts. "Yours truly, P. C. SMITH." We know your experience will be just like Mr. Smith's-because we know what Gin Pills can do. They never fail, even in the most severe cases. No matter what your experience has been with doctors and medicines, don't give up until you try Gin Piles. It is because they are different that they cure. Try them and get relief. If you will send us the name will send you a sample box of Gin Pilis absolutely free. You can thus test them and see for yourself whether or not they are all we claim for them. They are for sale at all druggists. 50c a box-6 boxes for \$2.50. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

TAXABARAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

By EMILE GABORIAU.

a letter made up of words cut out or s prayer book.

"Mme. Fauvel and Madeleine, owing to the extortions to which they had been subjected, became urgently pross. # 57 tradesmen and others to whom they owed money and had mothing on which to keep up their position in society. They remained secluded for a time, but were at last obliged to appear in public at the Jandidier ball. Madejeine went to Vesinet to ask Raoul to return some of the money and jewels they had given him. On this occasion she was followed by M. Verduret and Prosper. Madeleine's effort was fruitless, though she finally forced Raoul by threats of exposure to surrender some of the pawn tickets.

"At last Clameran and Raoul found in the clown at the Jandidier ball an enemy who possessed the secret of their villainles and tried to murder

S UCH are the facts that, with an almost incredit. for investigation, had been collected and prepared by the fat man with the jovial face who had taken Prosper under his protection, M. Verduret.

Resching Paris at 9 e'clock in the evening, not by the Lyons route, as he had said, but by the Orleans train, M. Verduret hurried to the Archangel, where he found Prosper impatiently

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expecting him. "You are about to hear some rich developments," he said to Prosper, "and see how far back into the past one has to seek for the primary cause of a crime. All things are linked together in this world of ours. If Gaston de Clameran had not taken a cup of coffee in a little cafe at Tarascon twenty years ago, your money safe would not have been robbed three weeks ago.

"Valentine de la Verberie is punished in 1866 for the murder committed for love of her in 1840. Nothing is neglected or forgotten. Listen."

And he related all that he had discovered, referring to a voluminous manuscript which he had prepared. with many notes and authenticated

"I wonder how you discovered all these infamies," said Prosper when he

proofs attached.

The fat man smiled. "When I undertake a task," he said, "I devote my whole attention to it. Now, make a note of this: When a man of ordinary intelligence concentrates his thoughts and energies upon the attainment of an object, he is certain to attain that object Besides that, I have my own method of working up a case. To be sure, one needs some light to guide one in a dark affair like this, but the fire in Clameran's eye when I pronounced the name of Gaston ignited my lantern. From that moment I walked straight to the solution of the mystery as to a beacon light."

Prosper's look showed that he won's The to know the secret of his protector's penetration and at the same time be more thoroughly convinced that what he heard was all true-that his innocence would be more clearly prov-

"Now, confess," cried M. Verduret, "you would give anything in the world to find out how I arrived at the truth!" "I admit it, for it is marvelous."

M. Verduret enjoyed Prosper's bewilderment. To be sure, he was neither a good judge nor a distinguished amateur; but admiration is always flattering, no matter whence it comes.

"Well," he replied, "I will explain my system. There is nothing marvelous about it. We worked together to find the solution of the problem. You know my reasons for suspecting Clameran had a hand in the robbery. As soon as I had acquired this certainty my task was easy. What did I do? I placed trustworthy people to watch the partles in whom I was most interested.

charge of Clameran, and Nina Gips. never lost sight of Mme. Fanvel and her niece. "I understand it all now," said Prus-

"And what have you been doing during my absence, my young friend?" asked M. Verduret after a pause. At this question Presper blushed. "Alas," he stammered, "I read in a newspaper that Clameran was about to marry Madeleine, and I acted like a

ret uneasily. "I wrote an anonymous letter to M. Fauvel informing him that his wife

"What did you do?" inquired Verdu-

was in love with Raoul"-M. Verduret brought his clinched fist down upon the table. "Stupid!" he exclaimed. "You have

ruined everything!" He arose from his seat and strode up and down the room, oblivious of the lodgers below, whose windows shook with every angry stamp of his foot.

Prosper remained silent as long as be could and then uneasily said: "I am afraid I have embarrassed you very much, monsieur." "Yes, you have dreadfully embar-

rassed me. What am I to do? Shall I of the paper in which you read this we hasten matters or wait? And I am bound by a sacred promise. We had better go and advise with the judge of instruction. He can assist me. 'Come with me."

As M. Verduret had anticipated, Prosper's letter had a terrible effect. When M. Fauvel opened his mail the morning after it was posted, the fatal missive fell into his hands.

Something about the writing struck him as peculiar. It was evidently a disguised hand, and, although, owing to the fact of his being a millionaire, he was in the habit of receiving anonymous communications, this particular letter filled him with an indefinite presentiment of evil.

With trembling hand and absolute certainty that he was about to learn some new calamity, he broke the seal and, opening the coarse cafe paper, was shocked by the following words:

Dear Sir-You consigned your cashier to prison. You did well, since you were convinced of his dishonesty and faithlessness. But even if he stole 250,000 france from your safe, does it follow that he also stole Mme. Fauvel's diamonds?

This was a stroke of lightning to a man whose life hitherto had been an unbroken chain of prosperity, who could recall the past without one bitter regret, without remembering any sorrow deep enough to bring forth a tear. What! His wife deceive him! And, among all men, to choose one vile enough to rob her of her jewels and force her to be his accomplice in the ruin of an innocent young man! For did not the anonymous letter assert this to be the fact and tell him how to convince himself of its truth? M. Fauvel determined to show the

letter to his wife. "But suppose it be true!" he muttered to himself. "Suppose I have been miserably duped! By confiding in my wife I shall put her on her guard and lose all chance of discovering the

There was one simple means of verification. The letter said the diamonds

had been pawned. If it lied in this instance, he would treat it with the scorn it deserved. If, on the other hand, it should prove to

Breakfast was announced. At table M. Fauvel talked incessantly, so as to escape any questions from his wife. who, he saw, was uneasy at the sight of his pale face. But all the time he was talking he was casting over in his mind expedients for getting his wife out of the house long enough for him to search her bureau without her perceiving him. At last he asked Mme. Fauvel if she were going out before

"Yes," said she. "The weather is dreadful, but Madeleine and I must de

some shopping." "At what hour shall you go?" "Immediately after breakfast."

He drew a long breath, as if relieved of a great weight. In a short time be would know the truth.

After awhile be beard the carriage roll away with his wife and niece. Hurrying into Mme. Fauvel's room, he opened the drawer of the chiffonier where she kept her jewels. The boxes containing superb sets of jewelry which he had presented to her were gone! The anonymous letter had told the truth! Perhaps Valentine had put her dia-

monds in Madeleine's room, Without stopping to consider the indelicacy of what he was about to do he hurried into the young girl's room and pulled open one drawer after another. He did not find Mme. Fauvel's diamonds, but Madeleine's seven or eight

boxes, also empty. Was she, too, an accomplice? This blew broke down his courage. M. Fauvel well knew that the fact of the diamonds being stolen was not sufficient ground upon which to bring an

accusation against the accomplices. Happily he could procure other proof. He began by calling his valet and oudering him to bring him every letter that should come to the house. He then wrote to a notary at St. Remy to send him a telegram containing authentic information about the Lagors family and especially about Raoul.

The reply was as follows: The Lagors are very poor, and no one knows any member of the family named Raoul. Mme. Lagors had no son, only two daughters.

The next day, among the letters which his valet brought him, was one bearing the postmark of Vesinet. He opened the envelope with great care

Dear Aunt-It is indispensable that I see you today. Come to me. I will explain why I give you this trouble instead of calling on you.

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Sometimes faint and dizzy? Heavy pressure in your head? Bad taste in mouth? Does your food distress you? Are you nervous and irritable? Do you ever have the blues? Then your liver is all wrong ! Make your liver right. Make it do its work better. Take one of Ayer's Pills each night, just one. We have no secrets ! We nublish d. C. Ayer Co.,

MAYS THEM HOW IT CRIED M. BRUTEL

prospect of vengeance. drawer, took out a revolver and examder. He imagined himself alone, but a vigilant eye was watching his movements. Gipsy, under strict instructions from M. Verduret, stationed herself at the keyhole of the study door and saw all that occurred. M. Fauvel laid the pistol on the mantelpiece and resealed the letter, which he then placed where the letters were usually left, not wishing his wife to know that it had passed through his hands. He was only absent but two minutes; but, inspired by the imminence of the danger, Gipsy darted into the study, rushed to the mantel and rapidly extracted the balls from the revolver.

"There!" she murmured. "This peril is, for the present, averted, and M. Verduret, whom I shall warn through Cavaillon, will now perhaps have time to prevent a murder."

She descended to the bank and sent the clerk with a message, telling him to leave it with Mme. Alexandre for M. Verduret. An Lour later Mme. Fauvel ordered her carriage and went out. M. Fauvel took a hackney coach and followed her.

"Great heavens!" cried Nina to her-Belf. "If M. Verduret does not reach there in time, Mme. Fauvel and Raoul

W HEN the Marquis of Clameran perceived that Party gors was the only obstacle between him and Madeleine, he swore that the obstacle should be re-

The same day his plan was laid. As Raoul was walking out to Vesinet about midnight he was stopped at a lonely spot by three men, who asked him what o'clock it was. While looking at his watch the rufflans fell upon

him suddenly. By his skillful blows, for he had become proficient in boxing in England, Raoul made his enemies take to their heels. He continued his walk home, determined to be hereafter well armed when he went out at night. He never for an instant suspected his accomplice

of having instigated the assault. But two days afterward, at a cafe which he frequented, a vulgar looking man, a stranger to him, after trying to provoke a quarrel, finally threw a card in his face, saying its owner was ready to grant him satisfaction, Raoul rushed toward the man to thrash him with his fists, but his friends held him back. "Very well, then. You will hear from

me tomorrow," he said to his assailant. "Wait at your hotel until I send two friends to you." As soon as the stranger had gone Raoul recovered from his excitement and began to wonder what could have

been the motive for the insult. Picking up the man's card, he read: "W. H. B. Jacobson, formerly Garibaldian volunteer, ex-officer of the Army of the South (Italy, America), 30

Leonie street" "Oh," he thought, "here is a big mill tary man who can whip everybody!" Raoul had seen enough of the world to understand these heroes who cover

their visiting cards with titles. But, since the insult had been offered in the presence of others, early the next morning Raoul sent two of his friends to make arrangements for a duel. He gave them M. Jacobson's address and told them to report at the Hotel du

Louvre, where he proposed to sleep. At half past 8 in the morning his seconds arrived. M. Jacobson had selected the sword and would fight that very hour in the woods of Vincennes.

"Let us be off!" cried Raoul gayly. "I accept the gentleman's conditions." After a minute's fencing Raoul was slightly wounded in the right shoulder. The "ex-officer of the south" wished to continue the combat, but Raoul's seconds declared that honor was satisfied and that they had no intention of imperiling their friend's life again. The ex-officer was obliged to acquiesce. Raoul went home delighted at having escaped with nothing more serious than a little loss of blood and resolved to keep clear of all so called Garibaldians in the future. In fact, a night's reflection had convinced him that Clameran was the instigator of the two attempts to kill him. Mme. Fauvel having told him what conditions Madeleine placed on her consent to marriage, Raoul instantly saw the great interest Clameran would have in his removal. He recalled a thousand little remarks and events of the last few days, and on skillfully questioning the marquis his suspicions changed into certainty. This conviction that the man whom he had so materially assisted in his criminal plans was so basely ungrateful as to turn against him inspired in Raoul a resolution to take speedy vengeance upon his treacherous accomplice and at the same time insure his own safety. He was persnaded that by openly siding with Madeleine and her aunt he could save them from Clameran's clutches. Having fully resolved upon this, he wrote

a note to Mme. Fauvel asking for an interview. The poor woman hastened to Vesinet at the appointed hour, convinced that some new misfortune was in store for her. 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 in an armchair, | Mme. Fauvel. It was M. Verduret. with Raoul kneeling before her.

"I have distressed you too long, my dear mother." he said in his softest tones, "but I repent sincerely. Now

listen to me." He had not time to say more. The door was violently thrown open, and M. Fauvel, revolver in hand, entered the room.

"Ah," he said, "you thought you could abuse my credulity forever!" Raoul had the courage to place himself before Mme. Fauvel and to stand prepared to receive the expected bullet. "I assure you uncle"- he began

There is a growing sentiment in this should have some interest in the compoition of that which he or she is expected to swallow, whether it be food, drink o

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"Spare yourself the trouble of denials. I know all. I know who pawned my wife's diamonds. I know who committed the robbery for which the innocent Prosper was arrested and impris-

npon her knees. At last it had come—the dreadful day had come! Vainly for years she had

she had sacrificed herself and others. All was now discovered. "Pardon, Andre! I conjure you, for-

At these heartbroken tones the banker trembled. This voice brought before him the twenty years which he had spent with this woman, who had always been the mistress of his heart. whose slightest wish had been his law and who by a look could make him the happiest or the most miserable of men. "Unhappy woman!" he said. "Un-

too deeply." Raoul, who listened with attention saw that if the banker knew some things he certainly did not know all. He saw the unhappy man and that he was still a victim of false appearances. He determined to convince him of his mis-

"Monsieur"- he commenced. But the sound of Raoul's voice was sufficient to break the charm.

angry oath. "Silence!" The stillness was only broken by the

sobs of Mme. Fauvel. "I came here," continued the banker, "with the intention of killing you both, but courage fails me to kill a woman,

Raoul once more tried to speak. "Let me finish!" interrupted M. Fau-"Your life is in my hands. The law excuses the vengeance of an injured husband, but I refuse to take advantage of it. I see on your mantel a revolver similar to mine. Take it and defend yourself."

"Never." "Defend yourself?" cried the banker,

room, and I will stand in this," continued the banker, "and when the clock strikes, which will be in a few seconds, we will both fire."

ror gave her strength to start up and rush between the two men, with ex-

"Have pity, Andre!" she cried, wringing her hands in anguish. "Let me tell

This burst of maternal love M. Fauvel took for the pleading of a criminal defending her lover. He seized his wife by the arm and thrust her aside. But she would not be repulsed. Rushing up to Raoul, she threw her arms around him and said to her husband: "Kill me, and me alone, for I am the

guilty one!" At these words M. Fauvel glared at the guilty pair and, deliberately taking 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 ran to

"Thank God," he cried, "she is unhurt! Do you know who that man is that you attempted to kill?"

Her loverr

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 mel Proefs!"

"You shall have proofs," replied M. Verduret. "But first listen." And rapidly, with his wonderful talent for exposition, he related the prin-

nothing compared with what he had suspected. His throbbing, yearning wife. Why should he punish a fault 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 in the last few days, culminating in the

scene which had just taken place, that M. Fauvel was incapable of thinking. If his heart counseled pardon and forgetfulness, wounded pride and self respect demanded vengeance. If Raoul, the baleful witness, the living proof of a faroff sin, were not in existence, M. Fauvel would not have hesitated-Gaston de Clameran was dead-he would have held out his arms to his wife and

"Come to my heart! Your sacrifices for my honor shall be your absolution. Let the sad past be forgotten."

But the sight of Raoul prevented. "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. Happily M. Verduret was there. "Oh," he said, "madame will tell you that this young man is the son of Gaston de Clameran. She has never

doubted it. But the truth is"-"What?" "In order to rob her he has perpetrat

ed a gross imposture." During the last few minutes Raoul had managed to approach the door, hoping to escape while no one was thinking of him. But M. Verduret, watching him out of the corner of one eye, stopped him just as he was about to leave.

"Not so fast, my pretty youth," he said, dragging him into the middle of the room. "Let us have a little conversation before parting. A little explanation will be edifying."

The jeering words and mocking manner of M. Verduret made Raoul turn deadly pale. He started back as if confronted by a phantom. "The clown!" he gasped.

"The same, friend," said the fat man. "Ah, now that you recognize me, I confess that the clown and myself are one and the same. Yes, I am the jolly clown of the Jandidier ball. Here is the proof."

And, turning up his sleeve, he showed a deep cut on his arm. "If you are not sure, examine this scar," he continued. "I imagine you know the villain that gave me this little decoration that night I was walking along Bourdaloue street. That being the case, you know I have a slight claim upon you and shall expect you to relate to us your little story."

But Raoul was too terrified to utter a word.

M. Fauvel listened without understanding. "Into what dark depths of shame

have we fallen!" he groaned. "Reassure yourself, monsieur," replied M. Verduret. "After what I have been constrained to tell you little re mains. I will finish the story."

He then told how Louis Clameran had concocted his plot to palm off Raoul as Mme. Fauvel's son with a view to extort money from her. "Can this be possible?" cried Mme.

Fauvel. "Impossible!" cried the banker. "As infamous plot like this could not be executed in our midst."

"All this is false!" said Raoul boldly. "It is a lie!" M. Verduret turned to Raoul and, bowing with ironical respect, said:

"Monsieur desires proofs, does he? Monsieur shall certainly have convincing ones. I have just left a friend of mine, M. Palot, who brought me valu able information from London. Now, my young gentleman, I will tell you th

little story he told me. "In 1847 Lord Murray, a wealthy and generous nobleman, had a jockey named Spencer, of whom he was very fond. At the Epsom races this jockey was thrown from his horse and killed Lord Murray grieved over the loss of his favorite and, having no children of his own, declared his intention of adopting Spencer's son, who was then

but four years old. "Thus James Spencer was brought up in affluence as heir to the immense wealth of the noble lord. He was a handsome, intelligent boy and gave sat istaction to his protector until he was sixteen years of age. Then he became intimate with a worthless set of people and turned out badly. To be continued.

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"Enough!" interrupted the banker, with an angry gesture. "Cease this acting, of which I am no longer the dupe." "I swear to you"-

Mme. Fauvel, white with terror, fell

added falsehood to falsehood. Vainly

happy woman! What have I done that

you should act thus? I have loved you that erroneous information had misled

"Silence!" cried the banker, with an

and I will not kill an unarmed man."

raising his arm. "If not"-Feeling the barrel of M. Fauvel's revolver touch his breast, Raoul took his own pistol from the mantel. "Place yourself in that corner of the

They took the places designated. 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. Fright and hor-

you! Don't kill"-

"No; her son!"

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