

Gin Pills Cure Sick Kidneys OR YOUR MONEY BACK. This is the guarantee with every box. That shows our confidence in Gin Pills.

"I have been troubled with rheumatism, bladder trouble, and general weakness for a number of years. I need a sample of Gin Pills. The rheumatism left me at once. I now send for a full box, and if they prove as you say you will hear from me again."

CASE 113

By EMILE GABORIAU. A letter made up of words cut-out or a prayer book. "Mme. Faurel and Madeleine, owing to the extortions to which they had been subjected, became extremely nervous."

CHAPTER XIII.

SUCH are the facts that, with an almost incredible talent 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 o'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 expecting him.

"You are about to bear some rich developments," he said to Prosper, "and see how far back into the past one has to look 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."

Headaches

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? 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.

"I understand it all now," said Prosper. "And what have you been doing during my absence, my young friend?" asked M. Verduret after a pause.

"At this question Prosper blushed. 'Alas,' he stammered, 'I read in a newspaper that Clameran was about to marry Madeleine, and I acted like a fool!'"

CHAPTER XIV. WHEN the Marquis of Clameran perceived that Raoul de Lagors was the only obstacle between him and Madeleine, he swore that the obstacle should be removed.

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 ruffians 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 back.

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 military man who can whip everybody!" Raoul had seen enough of the world to understand these heroes who cover their visiting cards with titles.

"I have been now," cried M. Faurel, trembling with indignation at the heartrending vengeance. "Bager to lose no time he opened a drawer, took out a revolver and examined the hammer to see if it was in order. 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. Faurel 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 watch through Cavallion, 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 hour later Mme. Faurel ordered her carriage and went out. M. Faurel took a hackney coach and followed her.

"Great heavens!" cried Nina to herself. "If M. Verduret does not reach there in time, Mme. Faurel and Raoul are lost!"

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

"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 imprisoned."

Mme. Faurel, while with terror, fell upon her knees. "At last it had come—the dreadful day had added falsehood to falsehood. Vainly she had sacrificed herself and others. All was now discovered."

Do You Want to Know What You Swallow? There is a growing sentiment in this country in favor of medicaments or known composition. It is not natural that one should have some interest in the composition of that which he or she is expected to swallow, whether it be food, drink or medicine.

Recognizing this growing disposition on the part of the public, and satisfied that the fullest publicity can only add to the well-earned reputation of his medicines, Dr. H. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., was, and is publishing broadcast a list of all the ingredients entering into his leading medicines, the Golden Medical Discovery, the popular Liver Invigorator, stomach tonic, blood purifier and heart regulator; also of his Favorite Prescription for weak, over-worked, brooding, nervous and invalid women.

This bold and out-spoken movement on the part of Dr. Pierce, has, by showing exactly what his well-known medicines are composed of, completely disarmed all the sneering critics who have heretofore unjustly attacked them. A little pamphlet has been compiled, from the standard medical authorities of all the several countries, showing the strongest endorsements by leading medical writers of the several ingredients which enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated anti-bilious granules. They regulate and invigorate stomach, Liver and Bowels. Do not upset the "bile habit," but cure constipation. One or two each day for habitually constipated, three or four for an active cathartic. Once tried always in favor.

"Unhappy woman! What have I done that you should act thus? I have loved you too deeply." Raoul, who listened with attention, saw that if the banker knew something he certainly did not know all. He saw that erroneous information had misled the unhappy man and that he was still a victim of false appearances. He determined to convince him of his mistake.

"Monstier!" he commenced. "But the sound of Raoul's voice was sufficient to break the charm. 'Silence!' cried the banker, with an angry oath. 'Silence!'"

"Place yourself in that corner of the 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."

At these words M. Faurel glared at the guilty pair and, deliberately taking aim, fired. Neither Raoul nor Mme. Faurel 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 Mme. Faurel. It was M. Verduret.

The true state of the case was terribly distressing to M. Faurel, 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 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. Faurel remained silent. So many strange events had happened in the last few days, culminating in the scene which had just taken place, that M. Faurel 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 fearful sin, were not in existence, M. Faurel would not have hesitated—Gaston de Clameran was dead—he would have held out his arms to his wife and said:

"Come to my heart! Your sacrifices for my honor shall be your absolution. Let the sad past be forgotten." "So this is your son," he said to his wife—"this man who has plundered you and robbed me!"

"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.'"

"Into what dark depths of shame have we fallen!" he groaned. "Reassure yourself, monstier," replied M. Verduret. "After what I have been constrained to tell you little remains. I will finish the story."

"Impossible!" cried the banker. "An 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 valuable information from London. Now, my young gentleman, I will tell you this little story he told me."

"This 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 satisfaction to his protector until he was sixteen years of age. Then he became intimate with a worthless set of people and turned out badly."

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