No remorse for the past, no apprehen-

baker's wife with impunity. clapse before another interview.

erty, and at this period it presented itself. They made the acquaintance of the young banker, Andre Fanvel. The first time he met Valentine he was struck by her beauty, and after once look. ing into her large, melancholy eyes, his passion deepened into love-a love so carnest and passionate that he felt that he rould never be happy without her. Before being introduced to her his heart had surrendered itself to her charms. He was wealthy; a splendid esreer was: open to him, and he swore that Vaientize.

should be his. you are, and what reasons you had for He confided all his matrimonial plane toan old friend of Mme. de la Verberie, who no sooner broached them to the matchmaking mamma than the alliance was ar-

coming to my rescue!" The extraordinary man smiled sadly, and "I will tell you, in the presence of Nina,

began to appreciate the powerful assistance rendered by his friend. amazed at its extent.

aged and consoled him. daring to act or think for himself, more timid than a child when deserted by his

Mme. Alexandre, who seemed to have some knowledge of M. Verduret's affairs. begged Prosper to remain at home. What can I risk by taking a walk at this time, in a quiet part of the city?" he asked. "I can certainly stroll as far as the Jardin des Plantes without meeting any

Unfortunately he did not strictly follow

ip" read the following? He called for pen and paper, and, forget-

ing that no situation can excuse the mean cowardice of an anonymous letter, wrote in a disguised hand the following lines to M. "Dran Sen:-You consigned your cashier to prison;

"But, even if he stole money from your safe, does it follow that he also stole Mme. Fauvel's diamonds, and pawned them at the Mont-de-Piete, where they "Warned as you are, if I were you, I would not be the subject of public scandal. I would watch my wife, and would be districtful of handsome cousins. "Moreover, I would, before signing the marriage coutract of Mile. Madeleine, inquire at the Trefecture of Police, and obtain some information concerning the noble Marquis de Clameran.

Prosper hastened off to post his letter. Fearing that it would not reach M. Fauvel n time he put it in the main letter-box. so iety of his action. But now, when too late, when he heard the sound of his letter falling into the box,

And he had cause for regret.
At that very hour M. Verduret was taking his seat in the cars at Tarascon. meditating upon the most advantageous plan to be adopted in pursuance of his dis-

For he had discovered everything, and Adding to what he already knew, story of an old nurse of Mile, de la Verberie, the affidavit of an old servant who had always lived in the Clameran family. and the depositions of the husband and wife who attended M. Lagora at his country-house, the latter having been sent to him by Dubois (Fanferlot), with a good deal of information obtained from the Prefecture of Police, he had worked up a complete case, and could now act upon a chain of evidence without a missing link.

As he had predicted, he had been com pelled to search into the distant past for

One of the farm rs was eager to buy a piece of land which he had reuted so long The following is the drama, as he wrote tout for the benefit of the judge of instruction, knowing that it would contain grounds for an indictment against the

CHAPTER XIV. THE DETECTIVE'S RECORD. In 18-1 ved in his ancestral castle, on he banks of the Rhone, the old Marquis de "ismeran, and his two soms, Gaston and

CHAPTER XV. THE SON OF SHAME

She began to look forward to the future, and her youth seemed buried in an impenstrable mist, and was, as it were, the men

ory of a painful dream.

One rainy November her husband had gone to Provence on business. She was sitting, gazing into the bright fire, and thanktully meditating upon her present happiness, when the servant brought her a letter, which had been left by a stranger, who refused to give his name.

Without the faintest presentiment of evil
she carelessly broke the scal, and in an in-

stant was almost petrified by the words which met her terrified eye : "MADAKE: Would it be relying too much upon the memories of the past to hope for half an hour of

"To-morrow, between two and three, I will do my tell the honor of calling upon you.
"The Marquis or CLARRAS." Ah i she had hoped and believed that the fatal past was atoued for, and bursed in oblivion; and now it stood before her, pitiless and threatening.
Poor woman! As if all human will could prevent what was fated to be!

It was in this bour of security, when she Yet they met happily, until one fatal evening, when she saw her lover swim the imagined herself pardoued, that the storm burst upon the fragile edifice of her happitide at the greatest rick, and fall at her ners, and destroyed her every hope. "Is it you." she murmured, trying to lift aim up. "Then Heaven has heard my prayers, and had pity." The dreaded day came, and with a the man. But to her amazement it was not Gaston whom she saw, but his brother, Louis! Her emotion was too deep not to serve his purpose, and though she preserved snough coolings not to place herself in his power by accepting his fiction of thatton dwing in his brother's arms later in Paris, and consigning to him the fare of his son, she could not altogether above the could not altogether a

gether shake him off. On the other hand, she dared not coules to her husband, who would never have confidence in her again; and she refused the apathy of Madeleine. The girl had avined that she was in distress, and had pipa led to learn the cause. The piotter gave time for the pois a so

work; when he communicated with her again, it was to ask her to call on him at The poor woman, in the coils, dared not stay away. Here another surprise awaited

her. The Marquis was not in the rooms. He who received her was a cherubic youth who announced himself in a sweet voice, "Wilson." It was her castaway son! This voice was so like Gaston's that she seemed once more to be listening to the lover of her almost forgotten youth. It seemed only yesterday that Gaston had pressed ber to his faithful beart ; she saw

him still, saying, gently : "In three years, Valentine ! Wait for Andre, her two sons, Madeleine-all were du ber maternal lore-her folly-she did not so much as g'ance at the proofs whi h this young man was abundantly provided

entangled in the toils of Clameran and Raoul de Lagors, for the plotter passed him off as her nephew that he might visit the

present. To ber the future waste morrows sternity was the sixteen hours which must She seemed to think that Gaston's death

absolved the past and changed the present. Her sole regret was her marriage, Free, with no family tipe, she could have consecrated barself exclusively to Raoul. How gladly would she have sacrificed her affluence to enjoy poverty with him" She felt no fear tient, bor husband and

sons would suspect the thoughts which absorbed her mind; but she dreaded her She imagined that Madelcine looked at

her strangely on her roturn from the Hotel du Louvre. She n'ast suspect something. but did she suspect the truth For several days she asked embacrassing questions as to where her aunt went, and with whom she had been during these long absences from bome.

This disquietude and seeming curiosity changed the affection which Muso, Fauvel had hitherto felt for her adopted daughter into positive dislike. She regretted having placed over herself a vigilant spy from whom she could not escape. She pondered what means she could take to avoid the penetrating watchfulous wis

girl who was accustomed to read in her face every thought that crossed her mind. With unspeakable astisfaction at solved the difficulty in a war which as thought would pleasonall parties. She would have her married, and thus removed from her path and her son's Clameran esponeed/her idea bet wante to modify it; it was himself that he proposed for the girl's hand, undertaking to shelve Bertomy, to whom she had been tacitly engaged, and be promised, as a sub-

stantial inducement for the banker's wife to consert to this change, to transfer to Raoul all the dower that same with the This time the creature in his talons presumed to cebel. He left her with fear that his plans were not wonking emoothly as be-

Clameran had cause for fear. Mms auvel's determination was and feigued She was firm in her resolve to confess.

"Yes," she cried, with the cuttinginem a poble resolution; "yes, I will tell Ander She believed perself to be alone, but turned around suddenly at the sound of footsteps, and found herself face to face with Madeline, who-was pale and amelled eyed from weeping.

To be Continued.

ODDS AND ENDS

"Mamma, was that a sugar-plam you just gave me?" asked little Mabel. "No dear, it was one of Dr. Ayer's Pilis." "Please, may I have another?" "Not now, dear; one of those nice pills is all yon need at present, because every dose

and Bladder discuses relief in six hours the "Great Scuth American Kidney Cure" This new remedy is a great surgeise and delight on on account of its exceeding promothess in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back water and pain in passing it ulmost imme-

The bachelor editor of the Dundas Banner thus soliloquizes :- "Now the boarder from the city roams the fields a careless rover, trying hard to tell the difference between Indian corn and clover. For the turnip tree he searches, and he seeks with zeal divine for the rutabaga orchard and the spreading parsnip vine; climbs the grape vine for bananas, and through fragrant fields he cuts, scanning elderberry bushes in his search for cocosnuts; and through swamps and tang ed forests with unwearied feet he pushes, searching day by day in patience for the watermelon bushes: and he asks the startled tarmer if he's done his nutmeg hoeing; how his temon vines are growing; if he's dug his barley hay crop, if he's sowed his sweet potatoes; if his slippery elm is planted, if he's grafted his tomatoes; if

-urniture.

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ol. XVI. No. 31

him send one of his sons.

one of them in the ball-room to-night;

let him come. You asked me who I am ;

in return I ask you who are you-you who

undertake to act as Madame Fauvel's cham-

pion? Are you her relative, friend, or

by pretending to discover an allusion to her

this. M. de Clameran sought a means of

"I am a friend of M. Fauvel," he said

"and this title gives me the right to be as

jealous of his reputation as if it were my

own. If this is not a sufficient reason for

my interference I must inform you that his

family will shortly be mine; I regard my-

"Next week, monsieur, my marriage

This news was so unexpected, so star-

ling, that for a moment the clown was

But he soon recovered himself, and, bow-

ing with deterence, said, with covert

"Permit me to offer my congratulations,

nonsieur. Besides being the belle to-night

Mlle. Madeleine is worth, I hear, haf a

Raonl de Lagors had anxiously been

"We have had enough of this gossip," he

said in a disdaintful tone. "I will only say

"Perhaps it is, my pretty youth, per-

planation from a man who conceals his iden-

"You are at liberty, my lord doge, to

"You are," cried Clameran, "you are-a

ask the master of the house who I am-if

haps it is; but my arm is still longer.

that your tongue is too long."

tity under the guise of a fool."

lumb; and now his surprise was genuine.

with Mile. Madeleine will be publicly an-

self as his nephew."

There was nothing to be said in reply to

in a play intended for amusement ?"

What right have you to insult her

DURHAM, Co. Grey, Thursday, August 2nd, 1894.

FILE NO. 113

dardBank of Canada Attention In time to any irregularity of the Stomach, Liver, or Bowels may Indigestion, costiveness, sea, biliousness, and ver-A GENTS in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba United States tigo indicate

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No Better Medicine, and have induced many to use it. run down by hard work and a succession of colds, which made me so feeble that it was an effort for me to walk. I consulted the doctors, but kept sinking lower until I had given up all hope of ever being better. Happening to be in a store, one day, where medicines were sold, the proprietor noticed my weak and sickly appearance, and, after a few questions as to my health, recommended me to try Ayer's Pills. I had little faith in these or any other medicine, but concluded, at last, to take his advice and try a box. Before I had used them all, I was very much better, and two boxes cured me. I am now 80 years old; but I believe that if it had not been for Ayer's Pills, I should have been in my grave long ago. I buy 6 boxes every year, which make 210 boxes up

positions. The business course of study is by far the most through and complete in Canada. There to this time, and I would no more be without them than without bread."-H. H. Ingraham, Rockland, Me. AYER'S PILLS Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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watching the people near them, to see if they overheard this conversation. WOOLS. one thing more, Master Clown, and that is, EMBROIDERIES and SILKS.

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near. While I walked around one side of the church they must have gone the other and lain in wait for me." His wound began to pain him; he stood under a gas-lamp to examine it. It did not appear to be dangerous, but the arm was cut so the bone. He tore his handkerchief into four bands, and tied his arm up with the dexterity of a surgeon.

-BY-Emile Gaboriau.

an'ess-but no, that is impossible." "Do you pretend," said M. de Clant-Although he saw no one he was convinc eran, "to be ignorant of M. Fauvel's mis-He was not mistaken. When he reach-The clown looked very innocent, and ed the Boulevard Montmarte he crossed the s reet, and as he did so distinguished "Ah, yes, yes; I remember. His cashier ran off with three hundred and fifty thousand france. Pshaw! It is a thing that two shadows which he recognized. They crossed the same street a little higher up. "I have to deal with desperate men," he almost daily happens. But as to discover-ing any connection between this robbery muttered. "They do not even take the pains to conceal their pursuit of me. and my play, that is another matter. If, unintentionally, I have offended the wife of They seem to be accustomed to this kind of adventure, and the carriage trick which a man whom I highly esteem, it is his husiness to seek redress, and not yours. fooled Fauferlot would never succeed with them. Besides, my white Perhaps you will teil me he is too old to demand satisfaction; it so,

hat is a perfect beacon to lead them on in the night." He continued his way up the bonlevarl, and, without turning his head, was sure that his enemies were thirty feet behing him. "I must get rid of them somehow," he said to himself. "I can neither return home nor to the Archangel with these devils at my heels. They are following me to find out where I live, and who I am. If they discover that the clown is Verduret,

and ahat Verduret is M. Lecoq, my plans will be ruined. They will escape abroad with the money and I shall be left to console myself with a wounded arm. A pleasant evening to all my exertions!" The idea of Raoul and Clameran escaping him so exasperated him that for an instant he thought of having them arrested at

On the other hand, in acting thus hastily. he was insuring the safety of the principal plotter, De Clameran. What proofs had he against him? Not one. He had strong suspicions, but no well-grounded charge to produce against him. On reflection the clown decided that he would act alone, as he had thus far done, and that alone and unaided he would dis-

cover the truth of all his suspicions. Having reached this decision, the first step to be taken was to put his followers He walked rapidly up the Rue Sebastopol, and reaching the Arts et Metiers square he abruptly stopped, and asked some insignificant questions of two policemen who were standing talking together. The maneuver had the result he expected : Raoul and Clameran stood perfectly still about twenty stebs off not daring to

Twenty steps ! That was at much start as the clown wanted. While talking with DeClameran here interrupted them by the police he had pulled the bell of the door before which they were standing, and the click of the lifted latch apprised him "It is impossible for one to seek at exthat the door was open. He bowed and entered the house. A minute later the police had passed on, and Lagers and Clamerah in their turn

rang the bell. When the janitor appeared they asked who it was that had just gone in disguised as a clown. They were told that no such person had entered, and that none of the lodgers had gone out disguised that night. "However," added the janifor, "I am not very sure, for this house has a back door which opens on the Rue St. Denis." "We are tricked," interrupted lagors, 'and will never know who the clown is." "Unless we learn it too soon for our own

good, "said Clameran, musingly. While Lagors and Clameran were anxiously trying to devise some means of discovering the clown's identity Verduret hurried up the back street, and reached the Archangel as the clock struck three. Prosper, who was watching from his window, saw him in the d'stance, and ran down to open the door for him.

"What have you learned !" he said; "what did you find out? Did you see Madeleine? Were Raoul and Clameran at But M. Verduret was not in the habit of liscussing private affairs where he might "First of all let us go into your room, and get some water to wash this cut which

burns like fire" "Heavens! Are you wounded?" "Yes, it is a little mark of your friend Raoul. Ah, I will soon teach him the danger of a man's arm !" Prosper was surprised at the look of merciless rage on his friend's face as he calmly washed and dressed his arm. "Now, Prosper, we will talk as much as you please. Our enomies are on the alert, and we mush crush them instantly or not at all. I have made a mistake: I have been on the wrong track; It is an accident liable to happen to any man, no matter how intelligent he may be. I took the effect for the cause. The day I was convinced that culpable relations existed between Raoul

and Mme. Fauvel I though I held the end of the thread that must lead us to the truth. I should have been more mistrustful; this solution was too simple, too "Do yoo suppose Mme. Fauvel to be in . "Certainly not. But her guilt is not such as I first supposed. I imagined that, infatuated with a seductive young adventurer, Mme. Fauvel had first bestowed upon him the name of one of her relatives and then

introduced him as her nephew. This was an adroit stratagem to gain him admission to her husband's house. "She began by giving him all the money she could dispose of; later she let him take all her jewels to the pawnbrokers; when she had nothing more to give, she allowed him to steal the money from her husband's safe. That is what I first thought."

"No, this did not explain everything, as well knew at the time, and should, conequently, have studied my characters more horoughly. How is Clameran's position to be accounted for, if my first idea was the correct one ?" "Clameran is Lagors' accomplice,

rosper began to remonstrate. M. Verduret shrugged his shoulders. To convince Presper he had only to utter one word; to tell him that three hours ago Clameran had announced his intended marriage with Madeleine; but he did not. "Clameran," he continued, "Clameran one has Mme. Fauvel in his power.

Louis. They were the objects of his love in the same measure as for his hate he viewed his neighbor, the Counters de la

Stern, cold, and arregant, she world have been the general deteration as she was this individual one, and it not been Clameran's past life. And to-night he turned as white as a sheet then I made this individual one, and it not been tioned his brother Gasters name. And for her beautiful and gentle daughter, then I remembered that Gasten died and Valentine.

The retains were accurated only by the

"The key might have been M. Fauvel's. "No," was his gloomy answer, "Heaven has not been pitiful, for I am forced to flee. Our love is the sport of the rustics, and to punish the insolent I have killed two of the forgoiten, I suppose. But unfortunately Gipsy remembered. You know that, two days before the robbery, you took Lagors and two other riends to sup with Madame scoundrels. But what does this exile matter ! You will accompany me, and share my home in the wilds." "I cannot leave my mother, Gaston,"
"But if my father comsents to our Gipsy? Niua was sad, and repreached you "She never will, for you are poor, and the is Lettrmined I shall marry a wealthy man that she may end her days in luxury.

Her mother had soon heard the story of

Valentine could have wished death had

kuckily she was a woman for emergencies.

The young mother, bereft of her son and

Her mother remained a marble image to

her, but she was alive to her selfish inter-

ests. She was always looking about her

for the means to rise from her genteel pov-

During the courtship the countees' con-

She suddenly ceased to importune her

daughter, and with tearful resignation said.

she would not attempt to influence her de-

sision, that her happy settlement in life-

was the only anxiety that weighed upon

But she went about the house sighing

and groaning as if she were upon the eve of

starving to death. She also made arrange-

ments to be tormented by the bailiffs. At

tachments and notices to quit poured in-

"God grant we may not be driven from

Knowing that her presence was sufficient

"Once married," she thought, "they can

at La Verberie, which she would show

to Valentine, and, with tears in her eyes,

the home of our ancestors before your mar-

to freeze any confession on her daughter's

settle the matter to sait themselves. I

She was as impatient as Andre, and

Eighteen months after her marriage

Mme. Fauvel presented her husband with

a son. But neither this child, nor a sec-

ond son born a year after, could make her

forget the first one of all, the poor, foratken

babe who had been thrown upon strangers,

mercenaries, who valued the money, but

She would look at her two sons, surrounded by every luxury which money

"Who knows if the abandoned one has

Louis de Clameran was given no news of

his brother by Valentine, and, like all the

rest, he believed that his life was lost in

the river. He was the more inclined to

believe, as he had long chafed under the burden of being the younger son. Now he was the heir, by the two removals of those

who had stood between him and the enjoy

All the unjust precautions taken by the

marquis to crade the law, and insure bo-

youd dispute the gassession of his entire

ortune to his eldest son, turned against

By means of a fraudulent deed of trust

drawn by his dishonest lawyer, M. de

Clameran had disposed everything so that,

on the day of his death, every farthing he

Louis alone was benefitted by this pre-

caution. He came into possession without

even being called upon for the certificate of

He was now Marquis of Clameran; he

was free, and comparatively rich. He

who had never had twenty five crowns in

his pocket at once now found himself the

in the country, and hastened, after dispos-

ing of nearly everything, to Paris. He plunged into the sea of dissipation until the day came when he dragged himself out on the shore, penniless, and glad to live quiet-

ly, while meditating any means to regain wealth. Forced to quit the country, he was eighteen years abroad, living from

hand to mouth for the most of the time

when at a gaming resert he broke the

home once more, where perhaps the evil he had done had not hived after his de-

He had been twenty-five years absent

He, the adventurer, the bully, the base

secomplise of London swindlers

delighted in these marks of respect

as the representative

the house of Clameran; it seemed to make

him once more feel a little self-respect, as if

that he almost felt it was his own; Luis

dispos d of it for ready money, and, al-

but the old tenants remembered him, and

warmly gave their welcome.

and veneration, bestowed

ossessor of two hundred thousand france.

This sudden unexpected fortune so com-

not the child for whom it was paid.

could give, and murmur to herself :

bread to eat?"

ment of the patrimony.

wned would be Gaston's.

hastened the preparations for the wedding.

She gave Valentine no opportunity for re-

shall not then be disturbed by it."

lips, she never left her alone with Andre.

duct was a masterpiece.

riage, my darling !"

of its father, returned home with her

were fostering.

intelligence of either.

Whole No. 830.

was no barrier for love.

feet, almost exhausted.

ment his image filled her heart.

river, nere parrow but swittly nowing. "It

Valentine saw Gaston, and from that me

But so many obstacles separated them

"Yes, I remember that." "But do you remember what you replied "No, I do not," said Prosper, after "She shall have it," said Gaston, bitterly "make her wait three years, when I shall return rich, or you will be free to wed for "Well, I will tell you: 'Nina, you are unjust in reproaching me with not thinking constantly of you, for at this very moment your dear name guards M. Fauvel's safe.'"

The truth suddenly burst up in Prosper like a thousand the safe. money. Meanwhile keep for me those jewels of my mother's, which I vowed should he worn by my beloved alone."

She accepted the pledge, and watched her lover depart in the gloom. Three days after he was on ship, bound for Valparaiso, happy that he had baffied justice, while she was in misery acute.

Rebiell.

"Do you think he was murdered?"
"I think the men who tried to murder

me would do anything. The robbery, my riend, has now become a secondary detail. It is easily explained, and if that were all to be accounted for I would say to you:

'My task is done; let us go ask for a war-

Prosper started up with sporkling eyes. "Ah, you know—is it possible?"

"Yes, I know who gave the key, and I know who told the secret word."

for not being more devoted to her."

rant of arrest."

But the word---"

"The word

thinking a moment.

like a thunderclap. He wrung his hands despairingly, and cried : "Yes, oh, yes! I remember now." "Then you can easily understand the One of the scoundre's went to Mme. Fauve!, and compelled her to give up her her disgrace. It was tempered but by two husband's key; then, at a venture, p'aced causes for rejuicing in this wicked woman's the movable buttons on the name of Gipsy, heart ; a I believed that Caston had been opened the safe, and took the three hundred and fifty thousand francs. And Mme. drowned in the Rhoue, and the fear that this was true had carried death to his Fauvel must have been terribly frightened father's heart. before she yielded. The day after the robbery the poor woman was near dying, and included her in this swoop, but for one reait was she who, at the greatest risk, sent son to preserve her, even in pain and you the ten thousand france" travail. Sne was soon to be the mother of "But which was the thief, Raoul Gaston's child. She had not revealed this

Clameran? What enables them to thus secret to him, but her mother divined it. tyrannize over Mme. Fauvel? And how does Madeleine come to be mixed up in the She escorted her daughter to England, where the child was born, and left with persons "These questions, my dear Prosper, I bired to adopt it, without, of course, cannot yet answer, therefore I postpone knowing what an aristocratic scion they being the judge. I only ask you to wait ten days, and if I cannot in that time discover the solution of this mystery I will return and go with you to report to M. mother in passive resignation. She sorrowed for four years, without receiving any

Patrigent all that we know." "Are you going to leave the city?"
"In an hour I shall be on the road Beaucaire. It was from that neighborhood that Clameran came, as well as Mime. Fauvel, who was a Mile. de la Verberie before marrying." "Yes, I knew both famflies." "I must go there to study them. Neither Raoul por Chameran can escape

during my absence. The police are watching them. But you, Prosper, must be pru-dent. Promise me to remain a prisoner here during my trip."

All that M. Verduret asked Prosper willingly promised. But he did not wish to be left in complete ignorance of his projects for the future, or of his motives in the "Will you not tell me, monsicur, who

on the day before your marriage with Ma-Once left to his own reflections Prosper

Recalling the field of investigation gone over by his mysterious protector he was He began to regret the absence of this friend, who had risen up in the hour of adversity. He missed the sometimes rough, but always kindly, voice, which had encour-He felt weefully lost and helpless, not

He had the good sense to follow the recommendations of his menter. He remained shut up in the Archangel, not even appearing at the windows. On the ninth day of voluntary seclusion Prosper began to feel restless, and at ten o'clock at night set forth to take a walk, thinking the fresh air would relieve the headache which had kept him awake the previous night.

this programme, for, having reached the

Orleans railway station, he went into a cafe near by and called for beer.

As he sat sipping he picked up The Soleil, and under the head of "Fashionable Gos-"We understand that the niece of one of our most prominent bankers, M. Fauvel, will be shortly married to the Marque Louis de Clameran. The engagement has been announced."

ou acted prudently, since you were convinced of his

Until now he had not doubted the

now must bring miattire to a crisis.

the first causes of the crime of which Pros per had been the victim.

Besides, he had learned the secret of Valentine; he know of the shameful offspring of his mother and the sinning girl who was now the wife of one of the most opuleut of l'arbin bunkers. Louis meant to levy blackmail on her to increase his

Time had dulied the remorae and anxiety

RELIEF IN SIX Hottes .- Distressing Kidney and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of distely. It you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy, Sold by McFarlane & Co., Druggiste,

A GRAND FEATURE of Hood's SATSADarilla is that while it purifies the blood and sends it coursing through the veins full of richness and health, it also imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. Hence the expression so often heard: "Hood's Saraaparilla made a new person of me," It overcomes that tired feeling so common now, Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. perfectly barmless, always reliable and

he's trimmed his carle own ar he thinks the

assassin by spreading out his arms before This movement certainly saved his life, for he received in his arm a furious stab which would have instantly killed him had it penetrated his breast. Anger more than pain made him cry :

"That was certainly Lagors," said the clown, "and Clameran must be somewhere

orime, since these fellows are resolved upon murder- When such cunning rogues are only in danger of the police court they do not gratuituously risk the chance of being tried for murder." He thought by enduring a great deal of pain he might still use his arm, he started in pursuit of his enemy, taking care the keep the middle of the road, and avoid all

A warning look from Raoul checked the orge-master from using an epithet which would have led to an affray, or at least a The clown stood by with a sar jonic smile, and after a moment's silence stared Clameran steadily in the face, and in measured tones said: "I was the best friend, mousieur, that our brother Gaston ever had. I was his adviser, and the confident of his last These few words fell like a clap of thunder upon De Clameran. He turned deadly pale, and started back

with his hands stretched out before him, as if shrinking from a phantom. He tried to answer, to protest against this assertion, but the words froze on his lips. His fright was pitiable. "Come, let us go," said Lagors, who was perfectly cool. And he dragged Clameran away. supporting him, for he staggered like a lrunken man, and clung to every object he

passed, to prevent falling. "Hello !" exclaimed the clown. He himself was almost as much astonished as the iron-master, and remained rooted to the spot, watching the latter as he slow-It was with no decided object in view that he had ventured to use the last mysteriously threatening words, but he had been inspired to do so by his wonderful instinet, which with him was like the scent

"What can this mean?" he murmurs. "Why was he so frightened? What terrible memory have I awakened in his base soul? I need not boast of my penetration, or the subtlety of my plans. There is a great master, who, without any effort, in an instant destroys all chimeras; he is calld 'Chance.' " The clown threw aside his banner, and

tarted in pursuit of Mme. Fauvel. He found her sitting on the sofa in the large saloon, engaged in an animated conversation "Of course they are talking over the scene, but I have nothing more to do here," he murmured; "I might as well go, He completely covered his dress with a domino, and started for home, thinking

the cold, frosty air would cool his confused

CHAPTER XIII. THE ATTEMPT AT MURDER. He lit a cigar, and walking up the Rue St. Lazara crossed the Rue Notre Dame de Loretto and struck into the Faub urg Mont-A man suddenly started out from a place of concealment and rushed upon him with a Fortunately the clown had a cat-like instinct, which enabled him to protect him-

self against immediate danger, and detect any which threatened He saw, or rather divined, the man cronching in the dark shadow of a house, and had the presence of mind to strike an attitude which enabled him to ward off the

"Ah, you villain !" And recoiling a few feet he put himself But the precantion was useless. Seeing his blow miss the assessin did not return to the attack, but made rapidly

"I must be on the track of some great

"And in this way everything was ex-

"Ah, there is the mistake! I for a long time believed Lagors to be the principal master said to his dear friend, 'And, above all things, my friend, I would advise you not to resist me, for if you do I will crash did our first suppositions account for the

a thousand scruples filled his mind.

person, where, in fact, he is nothing. Yesterday, in a dispute between them, the you to atoms.' That explains all. The elegant Lagors is not the lover of Mme. Fauvel, but the tool of Clameran. Besides, resigned obedience of Madeleine? It is Clameran, and not Lagors, whom Madeleine

slander we must seek in the past for the cause of her resigned obedience to hir will."
"We can never discover it," said Prosper "We can discover it as seen as we know Clameran's past life. And to-night be

the question is, what is the secret of this terrible influence he has gained over her? I have positive proof that they have not met since their early youth until 15 months ago, and as Mme. Fauvel's reputation has always been above the reach of

of Valuatine. In the genial atmosphere of a happy home she had found rest, and almost forgetfulness. She had suffered so much at being compelled to decrive Andre that she hoped she was now even with

to bags t'