



## After the Ball, OR, The Mystery Solved at Last.

### CHAPTER XXXIX. Missing.

As the detective took it from his trembling hand and put it in his pocket, the heroic girl staggered and fell into her father's arms.

The next morning the chase had commenced, the bloodhounds were on the scent.

But it was soon lost, and they hesitated and got astray.

Large rewards were offered, descriptions of the supposed murderer's person were posted all over the kingdom, every town and village searched, London scoured, but to no purpose. The fugitive had got clear away and the hounds were flat.

That he was the murderer only a few had even doubted. There had been some story of a strange foreign-looking man inquiring his way to Grassmere, at the same way-side inn at which the woman had stopped, but no one attached any importance to that. What did that solitary fact weigh against the wet clothes, the blood-stains, the actually proved meeting of Maurice Durant and the deceased?

The pockets being turned inside out was no evidence in his favor, the police decided. It was a common ruse when the deed of blood was actuated by feelings of revenge or passion to empty the pockets in the hope of misleading the detectives and throwing them off the scent.

Another link in the mysterious chain of circumstances had also been found. Mr. Crawshaw, in a search he had instituted in every part of the hall, had come upon a small picture which was proved to bear a striking likeness to the face of the murdered woman, and Sir Fielding, on being asked about it, distinctly remembered that Maurice Durant had nearly swooned at sight of it the first night he had visited the gallery.

No, public opinion declared him the murderer, and once public opinion makes its declaration it is difficult to change it.

Even Sir Fielding and Lady Mildred had their doubts, though they strove hard against them; but Maud—gentle, loving Maud—declared, delirious or conscious, as she lay on her sick bed, his innocence, night and day, and called Heaven to witness it.

For the first week after the terrible scene in the library they had despaired of her life, and Sir Fielding had telegraphed for Chudleigh and Carlotta; but she had fought hard against her agony and delirium, and the doctors declared that though she would not be out of danger for some time, Chudleigh's return might save her.

They said this to Sir Fielding, but to themselves they spoke of no hope and entertained none.

## This Ointment Possesses Power to Heal the Skin

Two Cases Which Prove the Extraordinary Healing Power of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The use of Dr. Chase's Ointment is wonderfully satisfactory because you can actually see the results accomplished. It is surprising what change can be brought about in a single night by this great healing ointment. Mr. W. W. Oliver, Port George, Annapolis Co., N.S., writes: "I am going to tell you my experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment. There was a spot cam on my face something like a mole, but it kept getting worse, and seemed to grow. When I went to see a doctor, he said it was cancerous, and that it would have to be cut or burned out. I intended having this done, but changed my mind when my brother recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment. Before I had applied one box of the ointment the skin around had gone, and he had not told me where I could get it. One day my druggist handed me a sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I used it with such good results that I decided to give the ointment a fair trial. Altogether I used four boxes of it, and I am glad to say that the sore on my leg is entirely healed up. Since this experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment I have recommended it to many people."

### CHAPTER XL. In Strange Scenes.

Oh, weary heart, that longeth for the day!  
Oh, weary heart, that panteth for the night's still breath!  
Where lies the succor? where the solace? Say! Death! it answers, sadly, Death!

Yet were I lying where the sea sand lies.

A thousand lengthy fathoms deep,  
That voice would wake me from eternal sleep,

And like the last trump, bid me rise.

WILL my readers graciously deign to seat themselves on the novelist's magic carpet, and let it carry them—whither?

To a wide expanse, limitless as far as the eye can see, a world of bright blue sky, spangled with stars, and lit up by a glorious moon, whose rays fall upon a boundless carpet of magnificent flowers.

Flowers to the right, flowers to the left, flowers as far as the eye can reach; one boundless prairie of heaven's earth jewels, one splendid meadow, soft as velvet, dazzling as a cluster of precious gems, without an owner save the solitary trapper, the fleet-foot Indian, or the wild animals that browse on its bosom and fly across it with swift foot at the approach of men.

While we gaze lost in wonder and awe three specks appear in the gray horizon and gradually grow nearer. They are horsemen—rough, sturdy sons of the prairie and mountains, tanned by the sun, hardened by the continual struggle for the necessities of life, trained to deeds of daring by their incessant warfare with deadly and never-ending foes.

Armed in garments of rough calico, the hairy skins of the prairie wolf, and the tanned hide of the buffalo—the animal which provides them with both food and clothing—their rough heads covered by caps cut from the hairy coat of the deadly grizzly bear, and their legs cased in moccasins, stripped from Indians that had fallen beneath their smooth, shining robes, these Mexican trappers look fiercer than the beasts, and by the tawny sons of the forest are more dreaded.

Coming along at a speed which only a Mexican horse could maintain, and only a Mexican—the finest rider in the world—or a trapper, could sit through, steed and rider seem one, yet as they dash through the bright-hued flowers they could at a word bring their flying horses to a halt and fling themselves from the saddle.

Beyond them, glistening in the rays of the summer moon, lay the Rocky Mountains, whose summits are always hoary with eternal snow, whose holes and caves are the homes of the bison and the fearful grizzly bear.

Making direct for this high range of mountains the three riders skirted a little to the left, and, suddenly pulling up beside a bright, shallow stream, which meanders through low rocks and around the base of a clump of dark trees, leaped from their horses, and two of them commenced, without a moment's delay, to cut down some dry branches, whereupon to make a fire, while the third fastened the bridles of the horses by means of pegs driven into the ground with one heavy blow of his axe.

While one tended the fire, heaping brush after branch, and piling stones around it in the shape of a round stove or grate, the other two unsaddled the horses and took from the spacious saddlebags some dried buffalo ham and bread, and proceeded to erect a gypsy tripod over the

### \* Knocks Obstinate Coughs in a Hurry

A Simple Home-Made Remedy that Gets at the Cause.

Thousands of people normally healthy in every other respect, are annoyed with a persistent hacking bronchial cough which deters during their sleep and makes life disagreeable. It's so needless—there's an old home-made remedy that will end such a cough quickly.

Get from any druggist "2½ ounces of Pinex" (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with water. Begin taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then cease. This will stop the cough almost immediately.

It also promptly loosens a dry or tight cough, stops the troublesome throat tickle that the bronchial tubes cause, and relief comes almost immediately.

A day's use usually cures colds and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma there is nothing better. It tastes pleasant and keeps well.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Nettles and Extract of Sassafras and Musiacol and is used by millions of people every year for throat and chest colds with splendid results.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction is given and promptly refunded if this preparation.

The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

crackling blaze.

From this tripod they suspended a piece of rope, and stuck huge slices of the buffalo meat upon a hook attached.

This done, and three flasks filled from the stream, the men threw themselves down beside the fire—their rifles close at hand—and watched their supper cooking.

Neither of them had spoken as yet, each going through his allotted share of the work with taciturn earnestness, but, now that they were stretched at full length, one of them, the tallest, looked up, and, addressing the man who had been tending the fire said:

"Carlos, how came you to miss the old one?"

"Ask it when you see it—I can't tell. I'm not used to running 'em; eh, Bill?"

"Yer ain't," replied the other, curting his keen eyes, lank jaw and nasal accent proclaiming him a Yankee, though he rode, shot and hunted with the same daring and excellence as his Mexican companions. "It's lucky Alph pricked the cow, or we'd gone superless to bed, I guess."

"There are more buffaloes this side of the mountains."

"I calculate not; they are due south now. That's only grizzlies and a brownie now and then up yer."

"Hum!" grunted the Mexican called Alph.

"I have seen the Great Hunter once," said the Mexican, filling a short, wooden pipe with black York River, and lighting it with a brand.

The others followed his example, and soon the fragrant aroma of tobacco joined the smoke of the wood fire.

For half an hour they smoked in silence, then one by one they curled themselves up in their blankets and rolled over, grasping their deadly rifles, to sleep.

Suddenly, before a couple of hours had elapsed, the American raised his head, and, lifting his rifle, sat up in a listening attitude.

The slight noise he made aroused his companions, and in a second all three were listening intently, rifles grasped and eyes on the watch.

"Coyote," said the Mexican, meaning the prairie wolf.

The Yankee shook his head and, listening for a few seconds longer, said suddenly:

"It's a dog."

Instantly the three crept a little distance forward, and fell full length with their rifles pointed in the direction of the noise, ready to strike death at a single shot, if need be.

(To be Continued.)

looking up, saw a trapper riding a tall C'est come riding up. He was afraid to fire, for the bar was twisting around, and he might have dropped me as easily as the grizzly, but when he came close he leaped down, and, swinging his axe around his head, struck the bar 'cross the nozzle.

"It dropped me like a hot coal, and turned on him, but he, quick as lightning—I never saw it better done—out with a long bowie and ripped the beast up. Before the claws did more than take the skin off his back it dropped dead as a nail.

"When I came to he was gone, but Carlos had seen him before—there's no forgetting him—and said it was the Great Hunter."

The Yankee took down one of the slices and commenced eating, the others following his example.

"Seen him since?" he asked after five minutes' eating and staring at the fire.

Carlos nodded.

"Ay, thrice. Once with a couple of redskins, tracking a panther once scurrying across the hills after deer, and another time sitting beside a stream watching for beaver. Always alone, excepting for the dog—dog never away."

"I remember once," said Alph, taking a flask of spirit from his pocket, and, after drinking from it, handing it to his companions; "I remember once when the Reds were on the war-trail, that if one mentioned the Great Hunter's name they uttered a yell. He never misses, never forgets, and shows no mercy to a foe. But a friend—well, it ain't a grizzly and a handful of redskins that will stop the Great Hunter if one needs him."

"When did you hear 'o' un last?" asked the Yankee.

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