

When the War Was Over

BY FREDERICK R. BURTON.

Author of "Her Wedding Interlude," "Josef Helmuth's Goetz," "A Pot of Gold," "The Strange Object of Thornton Wetmore," etc.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Chap. I—Love in the Adirondacks—Will Spencer and Elsie Warren meet—He proposes and she accepts him—They see a couple of suspicious-looking men, one black—The Warren Home—An unexpected visitor—Chap. II—Ben Golding goes after the visitor—Mr. Warren discovers supposed murder on the mountain—Chap. III—Sam Springer's story—Golding says he has chased Freeman from Africa to America, and believes he is hiding in the mountains—Springer's place mysteriously burned down—Mysterious man rescued by Mrs. Warren—Chap. IV—The visitor is Freeman Dutton and Golding identifies him—You may suspect Dutton taken to Warren's—His belt recovered—It contained diamonds once, but they are missing—Chap. V—Golding suspects Warren stole them—He and his wife much alarmed—Chap. VI—Golding chains Freeman Dutton's belongings and accuses Warren of stealing them and attempting to murder the man—Warren denies the charge—Mr. Nason arrives, and Golding pleads to send Dutton, but is kept out of his room—Somebody borrows the doctor's horse—Chap. VII—The doctor empties the catch-all—It contains the diamonds—Warren discovered by Golding searching the Springer ruins for the missing precious stones—Chap. VIII—Warren and Golding fight while in the Civil War, and that Golding bayoneted Warren's comrade, Freeman Dutton—Warren wards befriended him—Golding and Dutton were partners in Africa, and are partners still—Dutton's secret given to Golding—Golding suspects Warren of having the diamonds—Chap. IX—Warren's search for them—Dr. Nason suspects Warren of the crime, after listening to Warren's ravings and informing Warren—Dr. Warren finds "the President" diamond—Golding takes Dutton's keys from his pocket—Golding insinuates that her husband attempted to murder Dutton and fire Springer's cottage, a very mysterious hint at their subterfuge past of here and there—Chap. X—Mrs. Warren begins to suspect her husband of being Dutton's assassin—Golding guards over her—Golding's wife, who pockets the diamond he found, and which some thief attempted to steal from his tool chest—Chap. XI—Neighbors King, Turner and Alvah Newcombe come as a committee of inquiry—Warren passionately denies their right to investigate—Golding's wife tells Warren and she shall divide the diamonds—The offer spurned—Chap. XII—Dr. Nason and Father Readon see the wounded man—Golding sees him too—The doctor says Dutton is really shamming—Chap. XIII—Dutton still refuses to speak—Golding's wife is placed in the patients' clothes by Warren—Wanga, the black man, carries off Elsie—Chap. XIV—Will looks at the diamonds—Golding talks—He suspects Wanga—Warren is arrested for murderously assaulting Dutton.

CHAPTER XVII.—JOHN MARTIN'S DOGS.

"I am the chief of police of Denby, and a deputy sheriff," added the stranger. "I was given to understand that you would make no resistance to arrest."

"Of course not," responded Mr. Warren sadly, with his thoughts on his wife and daughter. "Your name is Williams, isn't it?"

"Yes, you've heard of me, I suppose?"

"I have. When must I go?"

"Immediately."

Mr. Warren knew little about the policeman save that he was a new man in the office, and rumor had had it that he was over-eager to signalize his administration by a great number of arrests. In fact, he was a shrewd, zealous man, ambitious, too, and very naturally, therefore, given to exalting his importance somewhat.

"This comes at a most unfortunate time," said Mr. Warren.

"Arrests for murder are not usually happy events, I find," remarked Chief Williams, sententiously. He did not add that this was the nearest he had ever come to making an arrest for murder. Mr. Warren eyed him a little resentfully as he responded:

"If any justice had sent me word that I was wanted to answer for the assault on Freeman Dutton I would have hitched up and gone without waiting to be arrested."

"That isn't the way our business is done."

"I know 'tisn't; I was just trying to show you how I stand. It doesn't hurt me to be taken up on this charge, but here is the situation: not only is the wounded man in my house, with my wife nursing him, but within an hour it has been discovered that my daughter has been carried off, and those of us who understand the circumstances are convinced that her abductors are the parties responsible for the assault and the setting fire to—I suppose you've got that in the indictment, haven't you?"

"This isn't an indictment; it's a warrant."

"Well, it's the same to me."

"You are charged, if you want to know, with setting fire to a house on Baker Mountain."

"That's the least of my troubles, Chief Williams, that and the charge of assault. I'll go hard to be taken away, though, while the search for my daughter is unfinished."

The chief was thinking hard. He had not the slightest notion of complying with the accused's comely request, but he sensed possible glory for himself in this new crime. What if he should remain and effect a capture of Miss Warren's abductors? It would be a great deed for his record.

On the other hand, there was the justice in Denby who had agreed to hold a special session late in the afternoon or evening for the sake of a preliminary examination of this man charged with a crime that might be murder provided only that the victim should die. To send his subordinate back to Denby with the prisoner would be to deprive himself of a great deal of immediate prestige on the slender chance of accomplishing something sensational here in the wilderness.

"Who's making this search?" asked the chief.

"Pretty much the whole village," replied Mr. Warren. "I suppose there's twenty of 'em all told."

That settled it with Chief Williams. If the girl should be found with any such party as that in the field, the glory would be divided, to say the least. Moreover, there might be a way to get not only the glory of conducting a supposed murderer to prison, but to take a hand in the search for abductors, too.

"I also want to find one James King," said the chief of police, consulting his warrant. "There's nobody

at his house. Do you know where he is?"

"He started off with the others to try and find my girl."

"Ah! Well, Jackson," and he turned to his assistant in the buggy, "I don't see but what I'll have to leave you here to serve the witness, King."

"All right," responded Jackson, indifferently.

"Come into the house, chief," said Mr. Warren, well knowing that his wife must even now be aware of the nature of this man's visit. "I must get ready and let my wife know about it."

Williams followed Mr. Warren into the sitting room a little disappointed. He would have preferred some blustering, some display of temper, such as he had heard that Mr. Warren had already shown in connection with the affair. There seemed to be no especial credit to be attached to the rendition of a man who took his arrest as quietly as if it were an invitation to supper.

"This is Mr. Williams, of Denby, Martha," said Mr. Warren, when his wife came in. "He's the chief of police here, and he wants me to go with him. He has a warrant for my arrest."

"Well," said his wife, linking her arm in his and pressing gently, "I suppose you'll have to go."

The chief was a good deal taken aback at the wife's calmness, and he was not without some sense of appreciation of the situation. He hastened to say, in an awkward manner:

"I think I understand how you feel, Mrs. Warren, and I'm sorry to have to give you pain; but the law is my master and I must do my duty."

"I don't think," returned Mrs. Warren, simply, "that you understand how I feel at all. You don't give me the slightest pain, and, of course, you must do your duty."

Williams stared. This was entirely beyond his comprehension. He had arrested several thieves in the presence of their wives, and the women had taken on so that he felt himself quite a Spartan in conveying their husbands to the lockup. Even the wife of a man arrested for wife-beating had cried bitterly when the brute was led away from her presence to the prison pen.

"I am sorry that this couldn't have come a little later, Nicholas, if it must come," said Mrs. Warren, putting both her arms to his neck.

"Yes," he responded, "that's the hard part of it. The Lord only knows how long I shall have to be away, and poor Elsie—"

His voice quavered.

"I shall send you news of her just as soon as there is any," she whispered. "I'll get Will to ride after you on Mr. Springer's best horse."

Then turning to Williams she said: "Is it so very necessary that he should return with you at once?"

"I have no right to allow any delay," he answered stiffly. "The court waits for him."

"Indeed! I am not familiar with such matters, but do not let officers usually search for all the evidence that can be had of the crime for which they are making an arrest?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Warren, but I have not come with a search warrant; it wasn't thought to be necessary in the face of the evidence in our possession."

"No?" The good lady spoke with rare sweetness of voice and perfect composure. "You don't need any warrant with us, though, of course, you didn't know that. The injured man is here. Don't you wish to see him?"

"I suppose I'd better," replied Williams, increasing wonder at the case he followed Mrs. Warren into the sick room, Mr. Warren going with them.

"Tell me one little thing," continued Mrs. Warren, as they stood at the bedside. "Is it not sometimes the case that the police officer takes the accused into the presence of the victim and asks the victim to identify the accused as his assailant?"

"Yes, indeed," responded the chief. "That is often done when there is any doubt in the matter."

"Do you mean to tell me, sir," and Mrs. Warren's voice grew stern, "that there is no doubt in this case?"

"Well, of course, there's always a doubt unless a man is seen to do it," answered Williams, feeling very awkward and uncomfortable; "a man is supposed to be innocent until he's proved guilty."

"Then I want to ask, without meaning to give offense, why you have not adopted that method in this case? Is the victim of an assault, then, stands my husband, accused? Why don't you confront the victim with him and ask him about it?"

The chief answered with some impatience:

"You ask me that while the victim lies unconscious. We suppose that it is only a question of a few hours when he will be dead, and that there is no hope of his regaining consciousness."

"Indeed! Mr. Golding told you that, I suppose?"

"You may read the warrant if you want to. Mr. Golding is a witness."

"I don't care to. The fact is, however, that Mr. Dutton will probably get well. He was conscious a half-hour ago, and spoke to us. The excitement over my daughter's disappearance broke him down again, but I have no doubt that if you should wait a while he will awake, and then you can know to a certainty whether Mr. Warren committed the assault or not."

Williams hesitated. He had not been informed of Dutton's condition in such terms as to make him suppose that there was any hope of the man's recovery. He had more than half expected to find Dutton dead. For an instant he suspected that Mrs. Warren was trying to deceive him for the purpose of creating delay, and for that matter it was a part of the loyal wife's purpose to keep the officer there as long as possible, for it was dreadfully to think of her husband going away without word of Elsie.

This suspicion, however, the chief dismissed, for he was not only a keen observer, but he reasoned that Mrs. Warren would not dare to make this statement as a mere bluff.

"If she was afraid Dutton would incriminate her husband," he thought, "she would not take the risk."

Aloud he said:

"In any event I am bound to bring your husband before the court now that the warrant has issued. I have no right to wait for the experiment you suggest."

"Then we'll try it now," Mrs. Warren laid her hand on Dutton's shoulder.

ton's shoulder.

"Freeman," she said, in a clear tone, "do you hear me?"

The sick man opened his eyes drowsily.

"Will you ask him?" whispered Mrs. Warren, eagerly.

Considerably excited for a police officer, Williams leaned over the foot of the bed and said:

"Mr. Dutton, I am an officer. Did this man, Nicholas Warren, attack you or in any way cause your injuries?"

A faint smile flitted across Dutton's face, he shook his head very slightly, and again closed his eyes.

Williams was seriously disturbed. It looked as though he were not arresting a murderer after all. But there was the warrant, and there would be the temporary glory of bringing in his prisoner, even if he had to let him go again.

"I must execute this warrant," he said sharply. "Come, Mr. Warren."

Neither husband nor wife made any further attempt to create delays. Each felt that the sooner now he was taken to court the sooner would he be released, and but for Elsie they would have parted cheerfully.

You must ask Will to stay here tonight, said Mr. Warren, when he bade her good-bye.

Williams directed his assistant, Jackson, to remain until the searching party came home, and then to proceed to the city with him.

"It wouldn't surprise me," the chief whispered, "if I got back here myself tonight. There may be a good deal of business for us in that girl affair."

And so Mr. Warren was taken to the county seat to answer to the charge of attempting to murder Freeman Dutton.

When the score of villagers who set out to find Elsie had crossed the road and stood on the top of one of the low hills that overlooked nearly the whole interval called the meadows, John Martin took Elsie's hat and a shoe that belonged to her, and excited the dogs to sniff at them.

In a moment the hounds dashed away down the hill and did not slacken pace until they came to the spot where Will had picked up the hat. There the women, who seemed to be in confusion on the part of the dogs occurred, and the villagers caught up. The pause was not a long one, however, and away went the hounds again, as confident apparently as before.

Then all at once they yelped and wheeled about and searched the ground for rods around, finally striking a tree trunk and retracing their course. They had come to the spot where Wanga had taken Elsie in his arms.

The villagers were greatly puzzled.

"If it had been the edge of a brook," said one of them, "there'd be nothing surprising in it, but no one's going to suppose that Elsie flew away from that place, and Silver Brook is at least a hundred yards away."

Will overheard this remark, and the truth flashed upon him. He went to Martin.

"Elsie must have been picked up here," he said; "can't the dogs take the scent of the men who carried her?"

"They may get on to it in a minute," replied Martin, who was watching the antics of the hounds with dissatisfaction.

It seemed presently as if they had indeed taken a second scent, for they proceeded straight to the brook, but there was no life in their chase, none of the vigorous enthusiasm with which a dog follows a known quarry. As they came among the trees bordering the brook, they raised their snouts to the low bushes and sniffed and bayed as if there they had found a trace.

"She was carried," said Martin critically, "the least by which we have scraped the bushes."

At the edge of the brook the dogs not only stopped but turned back, tails down, and whining.

"Something wrong," muttered Martin. "How long ago'd you say 'twas, Billy?"

"It can't be much more than an hour."

"Well, then, if anybody waded the stream, specially carrying a girl, 'tain't likely he'd go far without getting out on land again. Some of you cross the brook and some stay on this side. 'Tain't likely he waded down stream, for that would bring him to the open meadows and take to the village. So you fellows go along the banks, and look sharp for wet grass or bushes. One drop may tell the story. So keep your eyes open."

The party separated as suggested, and after a few minutes a cry came from the men on the same side of the stream, on which Martin stood with his dogs.

"'Twould be a good trick," he remarked, "if a man was to pretend to cross the stream and yet come out on the same side he went in."

He gave the leash by which he held the dogs, having caught them when they turned back, to one of the villagers, and examined the ground and bushes where the man who had cried out stood. It was in deep shade, for they had followed the stream into the edge of the forest. There was more than one tell-tale drop of water in evidence upon the ground and vines.

"This is where he came out," declared Martin, in a satisfied tone; "let's have the dogs."

They were led to him, and he tried to excite them to the fresh scent. They whined, whining, and made as if they would break away, but he curbed them and abused them for worthless mongrels, until at last, seeming to prefer the distasteful scent to his punishment, they took after it, and he slipped the leash.

The dogs crept along—it could not be said that they ran—while the villagers followed, amazed at their behavior.

All at once both gave loud yelps of terror, abandoned the scent, leaped away and bolted, tails down, as fast as they could go. The villagers saw a small snake wriggling slowly along the edge of the stream.

"You thundering cowards!" howled Martin, in a furious rage, as he drew a revolver; "turn tail at an adder, would you?" and he shot after the flying hounds, an answering yelp testifying to the accuracy of his aim.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

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All Going to Show How Connolly and McGreevy Were Specially Favored.

An Ottawa dispatch says: That the Government are extremely sensitive to any reference to the release from prison of Messrs. N. K. Connolly and Thomas McGreevy was shown by Sir Hibbert Tupper's ludicrous action in telegraphing Mr. Laurier. Well might the Liberal leader tell him to search the prisons and he would find numbers of prisoners whose health would be better outside Mr. Laurier might have pointed to the case of Donald Morrison, who was only released the day before he died, notwithstanding petitions for clemency and medical certificates. He might, too, have referred to the Minister of Justice to an official return laid before Parliament by the Department of Justice, showing that during the last ten years 143 convicts have died in prison, an average of fourteen per annum. None of these were released, although for months they labored under the grip of fatal diseases. Why was Narcisse Belliveau allowed to stay for seven months in the prison hospital dying? Why was Edwin Paquin allowed to die in prison of consumption when he had to be kept for four months in the hospital? Another convict died by inches of consumption, having spent a whole year in the hospital. Sir Hibbert Tupper asks the public to bear in mind the pain endured by Mr. Connolly with a bad ear for a few weeks, but what about Robert Welsh, who was kept in prison, although dying of consumption, for a year, and actually nine months in the hospital? What of Joseph Livingstone, who was known to be afflicted with heart disease, and yet allowed to die in prison? Sir Hibbert Tupper justifies the release of his political associates because Mr. McGreevy could not sleep as well as usual. But why, if this was good ground for release, was C. Van Allen allowed to die in prison of a fatal disease of long standing, and Nelson Ransome and Edward Tate and Jas. A. Moore and John Sullivan and a hundred others? Were these men unfortunate enough not to have that political influence referred to by Mr. Justice Rose, when asked to report upon the petition for clemency in the cases of McGreevy and Connolly? Here are the words used by the judge who presided at the trial: "There remained two questions that seem to me of rather serious moment: First, would interference in the administration of justice generally? Is it better that these men should suffer the full term of their imprisonment than that after a fair trial and apparently just verdict a sentence in itself not severe should be interfered with? Second, would interference give a just or fair ground for the statement that it was because of the station or influence of the offenders and that they had been without powerful friends and much influence they would have remained in prison for the full term? There was nothing in the trial, verdict or sentence that warrants me in recommending interference." That was Judge Rose's report. His Lordship apprehended that the administration of justice would suffer from the impression that men with a pull could get out of prison, while men without wealth or friends are allowed to die in prison of organic disease, which gives timely warning of the approach of death.

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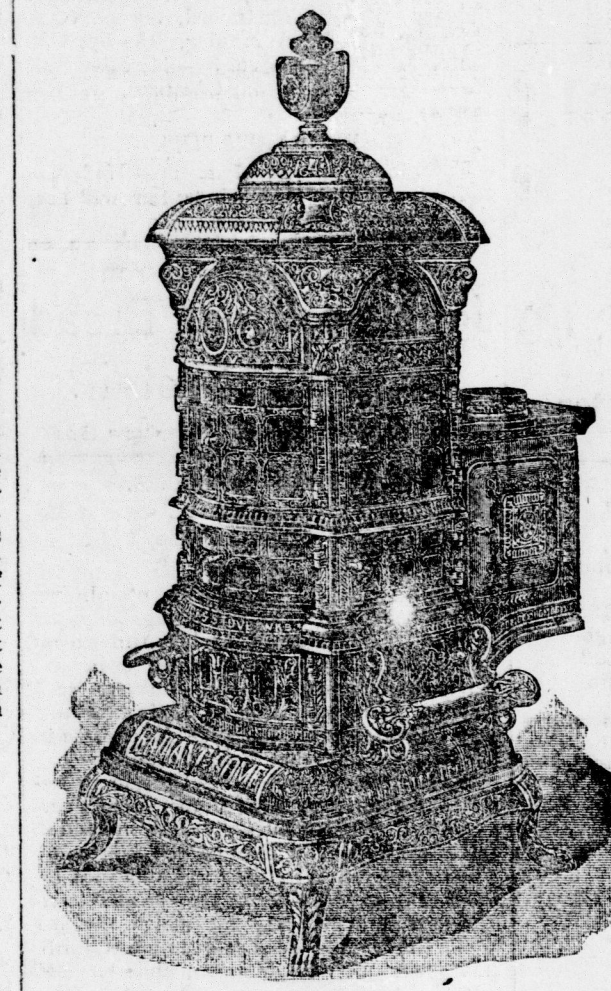
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