PARDONED AT LAST.

A THRILLING CHRISTMAS STORY BY "JACK FROST."

ACT THE SIXTH.

Bertram Dene was anxious about Myrtle's rafety now that the Duke had taken the field against him again, for well he guessed place of Myrtle.

The little party had left Fairlawn House almost by stealth, so fearful was Dene lest anyone should track them.

He had left word with the housekeeper to discharge the servants and to remain herself as earetaker.

tracks of tourists, and meant to remain there to pack a valise for her. all his innocence could be proved.

Society had turned its back upon him. An escaped convict enscring the role of a mil-Monaire and giving princely entertainments was undorbtedly amongst the latest of novelties, but it had its drawbacks.

Myrtle was very beautiful and engaging, and young men very impressionable. Only Janey a noble lord waking up one morning to find he had for a daughter in law the daughter of an escaped convict!

These considerations did but weigh as the dust in the balance, compared with the safety of his daughter.

Among the solitude of these snowy mountains there was freedom from danger-time to think and counterplot his implacable

Molly Spriggins was not in love with her new abode; but she loved Myrtle, and to be near her was the chief thing.

"When are we going back to London, Miss Myrtle?" she asked, it's getting near Christmas now. Wasn't last Christmas jolly ?'

" I see no chance of returning in time, walk; so will I." Molly; why, child, it only wants a week to Christmas." "Give me Englishmen anyday before

bber to you. "That's not their fault," laughed Myrtle ;

you ought to learn their language, and then you'd find them nice people enough." " Catch me wastin' my time," snapped larks. Molly; "one chap took off his hat the other day, and laughed in my face.'

"He meant to be polite," laughed Myrtle. "I paid him off," snorted Molly; "I gave him a" wunner on the head with my ambrella-he ought to understand English | was hurrying after the messenger, who was after that."

"It isn's that, Miss Myrtle. I'm happy smough where you are. It's not being able

to continue that's breaking my heart.' "Are you going to leave me, Molly?" Myrtle asked in surprise. "Me, miss? Catch me."

"But you said you couldn't continue." "Lawks, miss, you don't see how the cat

sumps. I mean to be continued next week. I've got up to, oh, such a lovely part in the tale I'm reading; where the bold, bad, onesyed brigand runs away with a real prinbess: and the bottle nosed sea serpent puts tail round a mountain, meaning, of course, -it's too bad,

Bertram Dene entered at this moment squipped for hunting, and kissed Myrtle are here; it may be treachery." tenderly.

"Do stay at home, papa." she pleaded. "Why, dear Myrtle? You need have no anxiety about me, darling; I'm safter here by far than in England."

bad dreams lately.' must take more exercise, my pet. Good day, it up, while the guide uttered a smothered

dear, I'm off. I've secured the services of | malediction. experienced guide, and hope to bring home | Molly handed the paper to Ecle, who son o'large game." Sae kissed him and watched him while he ly-

coming evil. No such fears occupied the into the hands of you father's enemy-the breast of Bertram Dane, whose nerves had Dake of Brittany ! Listen-"To Mone, gathered strength among these mountainous | Dupon,-Take care of Myrtle Dene, and redastnesses. So far as he was personally concerned, he I shall be with you scon .- BRITTANY."

did not regret the change from England.

Werlon, who was sanguine that before a week had elapsed he would receive the with her umbreila, saying-Exer's pardon for a crime he had never semmitted.

He had some excellent sport, and was resting in a hut high up the mountain while the guide prepared luncheon.

Full of dreams of coming happiness when mace more he could look the world in the face, and Myrtle would no longer bear the

B. fore he was aware of it he found himwelf bound with a strong rope from behind. Then, throwing himself upon him, the guide tide his legs tightly together, and Bertram | the floor like a flounder. De ne lay helpless.

What is the meaning of this outrage.

Bould you murder me? lag off his slouched hat and false beard and whiskers. "I won't murder you; cold and want will kill you. This mountain is not Maly to be visited by sportsmen."

"Fiend, devil, release me, and let me Eght the matter out with you, man to man." "A likely thing!" the duke sneered. No, Bertram Dene, convict, regicide; it would be too great an honour to do you to cross swords with you."

M If I escape you shall smart for this,' gried Dene, beside himself with impotent

If you do !" laughed his enemy. "Do you know what I intend doing when I leave here?' " Nothing honourable."

"Get your daughter, Myrtle Dene, into my power. I hope you bade her good bye this morning, for you will never see her again."

"Have you no pity, no mercy for your

own sister's child? "No, it is because she bore her that I am what I am. I will crush you and your brood

"Heaven can protect her-I escaped after

meventeen years' torture.'

"Yes, only to die here, to leave your canaille bones to bleach upon the Alps. Good-bye. Now to finish my ve :geance." He left the miserable man struggling wainly to free himself from his cords, seek. | tense-at first he thought Bertram Dene was | is she now?" me Heaven's aid one moment, blaspheming | dead-murdered.

The in the power of his implacable enemy. | duke a treachery.

hours when a man mounted on a mule rode | the chalet while she guards it," up to the chalet. "Well, you ugly looking baboon, who are on reaching the chalet. "Look at the preyou a-grinning at !" Molly demanded.

"Myrtle Done." He said nothing more, siege." that poor Becky Pride had perished in the for he perceived his interlocutor spoke said he would not have flattered himself.

there learnt from the messenger that her of wood. father had met with an accident and was waiting her coming.

"Where on earth are you going to, Miss her father and lover were with her. He took a chalet in the Alps far from the Myrtle?" Molly asked, when she told her

"To my father; he has met with an accident," she replied, tearfully.

"I'm coming, too, of course," Molly said, resolutely.

ready for him against I return, Molly." Why, he's the exact pictur' of the Bold, have nothing to fear-the papers in every won't be far off."

question with her, and presently the pair devotedly, PIERRE. came down ready for the journey, Melly carrying the valise.

"The mule can carry one only," said the messenger, eyeing Molly with evident dis-"What's that he says, Miss Myrtle?"

Molly asked, tightening her hold on the formidable umbrella. "That the mule will only carry one." "What a fool he must be," Molly snorted. | handsome lover, Ecle Payton.

"Does he think I take it for a homlibus that carries inside and outside? He will have to | ing of Christmas Eve, and Molly nearly lost The fellow would have remonstrated, but

Molly's resolute face deterred him. So the j urney commenced in silence, Fiery Sea-Serpent." these furrinchaps; why, they can't even | Molly walking in the rear of the guide, but close to him, to keep a wary eve upon him.

"There's some mischief here," thought the once more inhabited. astute maid. My opinion is that master's enemy has found him out, and is up to After a lapse of two hours they reached a

station, little better than a hut, in the valley, from whence the train could be seen. Myrtle, whose beauty caused the male

passengers to look at her with admiration, carrying her valise, with Molly coming up "I'm afraid you miss your old home, behind, when she heard a gentleman say, with outstretched hands-Why, its Myrtle Dane !"

"Erle! Oh, I am so glad," she cried, and the next instant was folded in his arms, while the messenger stood aside, an evil look in his eyes. "Where is your father, Myrtle?" Erle

asked. "He went out shooting this morning, and met with an accident. I am going to him." "How-surely not by that train? I've

just arrived by it; it is express from here until it reaches the French frontier. Myrtle, if you go I must accompany you. There is eyes. something very strange in all this. Is that to topple it over; and now I can't continue | your guide?" looking in the fellow's direc-

"Yes, dear Erle-oh! how glad I am you "Where are you taking this lady to, fellow?' Ecle asked, sharply.

R sising his hat politely, he answered-"To her father, monsieur." A paper fluttered to the ground when he "I can't give you a reason; but I've had railed his hat, and Molly, who had come up and was listening to the conversation be-"Your digestion is out of order-you | tween the lovers, darted forward and picked

glanced at its contents, and said, excited-

remained in sight, full of a presentiment of | "Myrtle, you have barely escaped falling | ward the messenger with a hundred francs.

Molly heard all this, and, gathering its He had heard from his old friend Pierre | import, made for the guide, snatched the valise from him, and gave him a "wunner"

"You nasty, frog eating villain, get out, or I'll pulverise you !" Perceiving his game was up, the fellow

took to his heels, pursued by Molly, shout-"Sop, thief! Stop the Bold, Bad, One eyed Brigand !"

The train was just steaming away, when ban of having a convict father, he closed his | the felicw opened the door of a carriage, and scrambled io. But not before Molly, raising her umbrella

with both hands, brought it down on his back with all her might, sending him flat on

Heads were popped out of every carriage, and quite a chorus of cheers and laughter greeted Molly, who stood shaking her um-"No, Bertram Done," said the duke, tak. | brella threateningly, while the train remained in sight.

Luckily, Erie was able to obtain three mules and the services of a guide, to convey them back to the chalet.

Molly, despite the anxiety which oppressed the heart of her young mistress and Erle Peyton, caused no small amount of merriment by getting off her "moke," as she called it, whenever the road took a sharp angle round a precipice.

The poor guide had no sinecure, for he had to help her to mount and dismount, and Molly was no light weight.

The chalet was reached at last, and it was discovered that Bertram Dene had not " Don't cry, darling," Erle said, tenderly "I will find him-a hunter can be easily traced-he has gone further among the until the time comes for you to confront

mountains than he intended, that is all." Luckily, the guide who accompanied them from the station knew the neighbourhood well, and being promised a handsome reward, consented to go in search of Bertram

Erle took the precaution of putting a large flack of brandy in his pocket, as well as some biscuits and sandwiches.

By dint of inquiry they got on the track

hut, found him bound and insensible, Erle Peyton's anxiety and alarm was in- society a girl he calls his daughter. Where

the next-left there to die, without hope, A little brandy, however, restored him to flashing eyes, and a face grand in its holy paswith the knowledge that Myrtle would soon | consciousness, and then he told Erle of the | sion, saying-

Her father had been absent only three! "Myrtle is safe; I met her only just in honour with my life!"

time," he replied, in answer to her father's anxious irquiry. "I left her at the chalet." "Let us nasten there at once," Dane said, in slarm; " the duke is villain enough to make a fresh attempt during our absence." "You may safely trust her to the keep

ing of Molly, 'Erle replied, with a smile. "No one could gain an entrance easily to "What did I tell you?' laughed Erle, parations Molly has made for standing a

Molly was at one of the windows which only English. Had he understood what she commanded the approach to the house, with three rifles by her side, four pistols, and a Myrtle, hearing her name, came out, and couple of swords, besides several heavy logs

She readily admitted the party, however, and then Myrtle's joy was complete, for

Great, good news was in store for Bertram Dene next morning. A letter arrived from Pierre Verlon, its

contents as follows :-

"DEAR OLD FRIEND - R joice, you are a free man at last -your innocence has "No, no; you can remain and get things been fully proved. I am too old travel to the Alps with the Cz .'s pirdon; but will "My name isn't Molly Spriggins if I let | meet you on Christmas Eve at Fairlawn you go with that cu'-throat chap alone. House, wnither you can return at once. You Bad, One-Eyed Brigand. Where you go I civilised country will soon ring with an secount of your martyrdom, your innocence. Myrtle was too wretched to argue the Kiss sweet Myrtle for me.-Yours ever

Orders were given to pack up and be off

Molly was delighted, and danced and saug to her heart's content at the immediate prospect of getting back to London in time for Christmas Day.

Myrtle's heart was full of delicious juy, for the stain which had been removed from her father's life left her at liberty to wed her

They arrived in London early on the mornthe train for Richmond by going in search of her continuations, "Tre Bold, Bad, One-Ered Brigand" and "Tne Bottle Nosed

Christmastide again; the chimneys of Fairlawn House gave signs of the house being Some of the old servants were back among them "James," Molly's handsome

footman. A proud, happy look was on Bectram | lie." Dane's face, as he sat in his library completing his diary.

The task brought back to him thoughts of poor Backy Pride, who was resting in Bromp. ton Cometery. "Ah me !" he sighed, "my secret has not

cost only me dear, but her, to-with all her faults she was true to me and mine, at the last." Servants were busy putting up holly and

mistletoe, and other Christmas decorations, when Myrtle entered, a sprig of mistletoe in her pretty white hand, on which she were an engagement ring-Erle's gift. Hoiding the mystic berries over his head,

she said, saucily : "I'm going to anticipate Christmas, papa, and kiss you, you dear old darling.' "What if I resist?" he asked, laughing,

"That would be treason, sir, ' she replied and forthwith gave him sweet innocent kisser, each one straight from the heart. "Papa, 'she said, presently.

"Yes, you audacious puss; what fresh tol do you want to ex lot from your doting old ! father?' "Dotting, yes; old, no," she replied, fond ly, caressing his hair, as she leant lovingly

on his shoulder. "I want you to give me a cheque for fifty pounds.' "To buy gewgaws, sh!" he laughed, as he opened a drawer and took out his chequebook.

"No, papa; to present it as a thankoffering to the poor through our worthy vicar.

"I'il make it a hundred, my darlinghere, run away; you're a good girl-I hear Erle's voice." She blushed, and tripped away as lightly

as a fawn, to run right into her lover's arms, strength of a dezen men, and shook the who at once snatched the sprig of mistletoe | police officer off as if he were a rat. from her, and made her pay love's toll. Molly, when Myrtle sought her, was found stowed away in her bedroom, devouring the back numbers of her favorite

romances-real shockers-warranted equal to any eclectric machine ever invented. "You'll turn your head, Molly," said Myrtle, with gentle reproof.

"Oh! Miss Myrtle, it's lovely; you should just read about what the four-eyed Amazon

"No, thank you, Molly. I don't want to be troubled with the nightmare, on Christmas Eve especially.'

"She slewed a whole harmy with lightning from two of her eyes, and watched the larks of another harmy with the other two; fancy. My! wouldn't I like to be like her, just !" Molly had to tear herself away from her pets, and descend from the heights of

imagination to things mundane, much to her regret. But she consoled herself with the thought of making up for lost time on the morrow. 'Twas late when Pierre Verlon arrived, bringing with him the Cz vr's pardon.

How he was welcomed by father and daughter need not be stated-to him they mainly owed their present happiness. Dinner was over, and Ecle Peyton and Myrtle were playing a game of billiards, both making many flukes, for they were paying more attention to flirting than the

game, when Bertram Dene and Pierre Verlon entered, both looking much excited. "Myrtle, Erle," Mr. Dene said; "come with me, my children; you shall soon hear and see what manner of man my enemy, the Duke of Brittany, is. He is at the door. Pierre, hide behind the curtain,

him." He placed Myrtle and Ecle in his study, leaving the secret door half way open. "Show the gentleman in here, Curtice,"

he said in an agitated voice. "Have you come here to insult me only? Have a care; don t goad me too far, I am a free man in England where such men as you find themselves impotent to work any harm. I am innocent of crime, and you know it." " All England shall ring with the name of of the missing man, and on arriving at the the convict, the regicide, the man who, to gain my sister's fortune, has foisted upon

Rushing out, Myrtle confronted him with

"Here I am, ready to defend my father's | skating tournament.

when he saw her, and his discomforture was heightened when Erle Payton stepped forward, and taking Myrde by the hand, said-"Father, this lady, the daughter of a con-

knew you were Date of Brittany." sister, and is a low criminal."

"Dake, you lie!' said Dine; "your sister was lawfully married to me and if there is a criminal present it is you. No son of yours shall wed child of mine. Myrtle, leave him, and come to me.

"Father !" eried Erle, "don't destroy the she said softly; "you know how bitter my happiness of two human beings. I love Myrtle, my cousin ; if you have wronged her father, plead for forgiveness-he is too noble | had not died on that fatal Christmas Eve." to refuse it. And you, sir (turning to D me). be just, and do not visit the faults of my | lips, and saidfather on my head.

"Bafore either of those appealed to could answer Inspector Urquhart entered, followed

by Martha Skinner. Martha Skinner, on seeing the duke, whose face was of a livid pallor, pointed at him and screamed-

"That's the man that brought all the trouble on my poor Jack; he gave him money to do it, curse him. I hid as long as I could, but they cotched me at last." All eyes were turned on the duks, who said, hoarsely, his passion almost choking

to help me to get possession of my niece, to take her back with me to France, so that she might escape from the contaminating influence of her father who is a convict, a gaolbird.

him;

Linking her father's arm in hers, Myrtle said, proudly : "I would rather be the daughter

cruel man like you.' "An escaped convict?' cried the insp "Where from ?"

convict-father, than the niece of a

"From Siberia," said Dens, quietly. "Good luck to you, sir, I say," replied the inspector. "There's many an innocent man sent there, and if I am a judge of faces you were one of them.

At this mement Pierre Verlon came from concealment, and handing Bertram the Czu's pardon and an autograph letter, said: "Dake of B:ittany, these give you the

"Isn's he to be punished?" screamed Martha Skinner. "Can the rich tempt the poor to commit crime and then skulk out of it? Inspector, take him in charge; handcuff him! Don't let him escape-don's!" She become so violent that she had to be removed from the room by the police.

"I must take you in charge, sir, on your own confession of having incited Skinner to unlawfully abduct one of Her Majasty's subjects," said the inspector, placing his hand on the duke's shoulder.

"To you I owe this," he hissed, glaring at Dane with all the savagery of a tiger brought to bay; "you have wrecked the happiness of my sister and ruined mine!'

"Let Heaven and the world judge between us. You, for twenty-one weary years, have persecuted, runished me for having tempted a wealth of tender love and effection in his | your sister to contract a mesalliance. Yet you have been guilty of the same thingperhaps worse, for while your sister could bear my name, on which no stain has ever fallen, your son perhaps cannot inherit your title!" said Done, with all the earnest force of a judge addressing a prisoner.

"Tis false; at my death my son will be Dake of Brittany," he retorted, savagely; "but sooner than he should wed your daughter I would kill him with my own hand."

Stepping back a few pices the duke drew a revolver, and before he could be checked, fired at Dene. Erle Peyton, who was standing close to

his uncle, seeing his father's intention, threw himself in the way and feil bathed in blood. "Unhappy man, you have slain your own inspector tried to wrest the revolver from the maniac, for by this time the duke was nothing else. But he was, possessed of the

Another report, and Charles, Duko of Brittany, fell dead, slain by his own hand. At this moment, when all present were horror-stricken by this tragedy, a body of

waits in the grounds struck up. "When Angels Watched their Flocks by Night." EPILOGUE. Two years have passed, and once more

Many changes have taken place in the world; but Jack Frost remained, as ever, winter's king. But how has it fared with the personages

of this eventful story- the record of many

Christmas Eve has come with its wonted

aides-de-camp -frost and snow.

Christmases? If you follow Jack Frost, he will show you, and take you down into fair Kineone of the gardens of Merrie old Eggland. Dene purchased a large estate in Kent, and settled there with his daughter and tribes. A grand reception was accorded to

-yes-his wife, What wife? Surely he could not be guilty of treason to the memory of the woman who had braved everything for his sake-a brother's wrath, and, to a certain by one of the most bellicose of the tribe,

extent social degradation? No : Bertram Dene was leal and true and the woman he called wife was his first love.

Marie, the mother of Myrtle. Her brother had obtained a forged certificate of her death to mislaad Bertram Dane, and had put her away in a convent. By this he satisfied his vengeance on the convict, then toiling in Siberian mines, and obtained possession of his sister's enormous

fortune. But Marie, like her husband, hungered to see her child, and almost concurrently with

Twas she who had called at Rocky Head | territory, in which her father, an officer, in search of Myrtle-only to find her gone. For years she had supported herself by her industry, when, lo! one Yuletide the nawspapers were filled with the account of the tragedy at Fairlawn House.

and thus the happy reunion and consumma-

not oppose her claim.

Rich and poor were free to come, and re- children as well as grown people.

The duke started back in blank dismay sponded freely, some in Canadian costume. There was plenty to eat and drink for all, and also prizes for successful competitors.

At its close Christmas carols were sung, and the guests retired cheering their host vict, as you style him, is my affianced wife ; and hostess to the echo, and will g them you are my father, though, till now, I never | and theirs "A Merry Christmas."

The family were assembled in the drawing-"Degenerate boy, unhand her, lest I curse | room, chatting about the recent tournament, you [" cried the duke; "he betrayed my when Molly, looking more saucy and plump thanever, came in and whispered something in Myrtle's little pink ear, causing her face to pale and flush albernately.

> Presently Myrtle stole out and was soon folded to her true love's heart. "Ecle, it is rash of you to come here,"

father is against our marriage." "Yes, to my cost. I often regret that I She placed her small white hand on his

"Erle, for shame-you know that if you had died I could not have survived you." "Oa, my love, think of my misery exiled from you, and plead for me. I once stood between your tather and death."

"Yes, and you saved my life, dear Erle; and also delivered me again when I was in peril-dear papa must have perished on the mountain side but for you. I wish the angel of mercy would couch his heart to-

"Amen to that! Lat me plead my own cause with him. This is Christmas Eve, when all butthose whose hearts are adamant, "I did employ Ethat woman's husband freely forgive and forget injuries. Do not seek to turn me from my purpose, darling."

"Heaven forbid I should," she said, earnestly. "I tell you what I will do, dear Erle. I will sing 'Hark the Herald Argels Sing.' He is very fond of that carol; you can steal in, and perhaps he will relent; dear mother will second your pleading, I know."

"He kissed her passionately, and let her go, breathing a silene prayer to Heaven for the success of his own mission.

Soon Myrtle's pure soprano voice was heard singing her father's favourite carol. Erle, Dake of Brittany stole in at the door noiselestly, and ere Bertram Dene was aware of it. knelt at his feet.

"Uncle, on this holy Christmas Eve, let me plead with you for my poor, unhappy tather's forgiveness. Do not belie those blessed words dear Myrtle is singing-

'Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled.' Do not continue to visit my father's sins on

me, his unhappy son-give me Myrtle for my wife, or slay me at your feet." While he pleaded Myrtle continued to sing the carol softly, until her tender rendering of it became not a hymr, but a

"Bertram, dear husband, remember how Heaven has blessed you, and that one day we must all plead for mercy before that Great White Throne," said his wife, with solemn earnestness.

prayer.

Myrtle stole softly from the plane, and, nestling her cheek against her father's, said :-"Ramember! but for Erle I should not

have a father now, or you a daughter. How desolate mamma would have been then." "Etle, my brave lad, I always loved you as a son-do now," Bertram Done said. "Against you personally I have no enmity, and, indeed, I have learnt to think forgivingly of your un appy father; but I'm loth to bring a carse upon you and Myrtle by joining your hands. Remember how

bitter your father was in life." "Yes; but he has gone where he seed things in a puter, clearer light. His sie broke my poor mother's heart; if you discars me from your heart and home I shall b

doubly orphaned." "What say you, dear wife?" Bertram Dens asked earnestly. "Give our daughter to him, with all my heart. Bertram !'

"And you, dear Myrtle, will you risk all

for love's sake !" "Yes, dear father; for no curse has ever son!' Dene cried, horror-stricken, while the | yet followed true love-'swas love that bridged over earth and heaven. Yes, I am willing to become Ecle's wife."

"I am answered, and am content." Then joining their hands together, he asked Heaven's blessing on them, to which Marie, who had suffered so much, said At this moment Pierre Verlon walked in,

saying, "A Merry Christmas!" dear friends,

Jack Frost, echoing those words, bids his

readers "Farewell." THE END.

"And a Happy New Year !"

A CAPTIVE WHITE GIRL.

Taken by the Blackfeet Indians in a Raid

Into the United States.

A correspondent of the Lonion Graphic who occompanied Lord and Lady Stanley on their trip across the continent, writes to that newspaper that the Blackfeet Indians under the famous Crowfoot perhaps retain more of their original character than any of the other Lord and Lady Stanley. Lady Alice Stanley and Miss Lyster braved the possibility of being tomahawked by taking racific she ts with photographic cameras at a war dance He adds: "A captive of one of the chiefs of the Blackfeet is a little white girl about 9 years old. She was brought into camp on a pony, dressed in rich bead-work vestments, which ill became her fair hair and little white face. Full of intelligence, she sat to be sketched and photographed. I only hope that publicity will be the means of this child being handed over to people of her own color, though she is treated with every care and great effection, I believe, by her captors. The fate which awaits her when she is a few years older is sad to contemplate. I was his escape she managed to leave her convent | told by a good authority that she h.d been captured during a raid in United States

> Interesting to Parents. Mr. Robt. Laidlaw, of the Ottawa Free

was killed."

This guiled her to her husband and child, Press, says: Our babe was so choked up she could hardly breathe. In fact at one time we feared that she would choke to She recovered the fortune her late brother | death. Respiration became more difficult had dispossessed her of; his successor did every minute, for which we could get no relief by the usual remedies formerly used. The Danes were beginning to throw off | Having a bottle of Nasal Balm in the house the gloom of that fatal Christmas Eve, and my wife suggested trying it, and in twenty on this particular festival had thrown open minutes from the first application the child their spacious grounds, with its immense was sleeping and breathing easily, and in sheet of ornamental water, for a grand twenty-four hours not a sign of the trouble remained. It is an invaluable remedy for