AGREAT SECRET

SHALLIT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XII.

As Peggy Berestord's little elfin face disappeared behind the hood of the carriole, Gerald instinctively reined in the fat old horse, which he had been at some pains to worry into abnormal speed. But Mr. Shaw, less susceptible, touched the lad's arm reprovingly.

"She had good reason for what she says, you may be sare. Drive fast. Perhaps her words were a message. At any rate I have no time to loose."

Gerald's face grew suddenly hot, and he whipped up the horse with great energy. This valiant attempt to cover an emotion which his companion had not even noticed was the more unnecessary as it was already dark-not with the darkness of night, but with the gloom of the cloudy close of a sunless day. There was no moon, but they could see the light-colored sandy road which lay for some discance straight before them, with flat bare fields on either side, and nothing but an occasional clump of leafless poplars or a tangle of dead bushes to break the monotonous stretch of uninteresting landscape between one group of cottages and the next. Gerald would have liked to talk, but the preoccupied manner of the elder man had to be respected, so he whistled softly to himself to while away the time until Mr. Shaw should think fit to break the silence. This the latter presently did upon the very subject which, in spite of the mysteries about his father and about the recent robbery that had filled his mind all day, was at the moment first in Gerald's thoughts.

"An odd little girl," Mr. Shaw said "Odd! Who!" asked Gerald, knowing perfectly well who the odd little girl was. "Miss Bereaford. It isn't a woman, and it isn't a child, and it isn't a demon-at least, I don't think so; but it is a little of

all three, and-I like it." "Why do you say 'it'?" asked Gerald shyly, not liking to show that he was offended, though his whole heart was in.

"Because to say 'she' would be to do the queer little caricature of humanity great injustice."

"Why, she's very pretty." sort of prettiness that made her, in my out of your head-" opinion, look ten times better when she "No, Mr. Shaw," Gerald broke in, very

be exactly like any one else." you to say so, Mr. Shaw. I thought you stopped. liked girls to be what is called well behaved, with their hair combed away in front, course—the elfin girl !" you know, and coiled into a little knob like "It's not exactly that," said Gerald, a shell behind-like Miss Brown or Miss apologetically. "At least, not-not in

Robinson, in fact." dinary well-combed girl is infinitely and her father doesn't seem to care for Mis Beresford's superior. But you can her much, while-while she and I, you admire a wild rose as well as a garden know, seem to get on very well together, rose, though the one has a commercial value | not like -like spoons, you know-not a bit and the other hasn't. And while I admit I like that, but more like chums, you know. should be sorry for the persons to whom | She isn't stiff, like other girls, at least not this young lady stood in the relation of wife, with me-I mean," he corrected himself housekeeper, or mother, and I doubt wheth. | hastily, "she's only stiff before strangers, er she will ever be even tamed down into an you know.' agreeable hostess, yet she is shrewd and amusing en tete to etc, and when left to herself she is picturesque. As she made that young Frenchman will do with her !"

"Unlucky! Victor!" stammered Gerald, amazed and incautious, "Why, he ought to be standing on his head with delight. "If he indulged in such pranks as that he

would be a better match for her, certainly," chance of happiness, as far as one can see." in a low husky voice.

But he did not say what he should do if he thought that; Mr. Shaw turned to look at him, but did not ask him to finish his sentence; and there was silence for some time, until they passed a man who was coming in the opposite direction. A lean and bent old man he was, dressed in the blue blouse of the working class; he was walking quickly, and did not glance up as the travellers passed. Gerald leaned out of the carriole to look after him; there was not light enough to see much, but the man's shuffling, halting gait was unmistakable.

"Why, it's old Monnier !" cried the young fellow. "He has been into Calais to-day, I suppose. Then Smith didn't find him at his cottage, so of course that's why he turned into the cabaret, as he's too fond of doing. I wish he had come with us; he's so jolly clever and so popular everywhere, that you would have travelled twice as comfortably if he had said a word or two to the guard and the station-master. He can nearly always manage a side of the carriage to himself, no matter how crowded the train

"That was not altogether an advantage last night," suggested Mr. Shaw, thought-"On the whole, I am glad Mr. Smith has not come."

"Don't you like him? Mr. Beresford thinks very highly of him."

"Yes, I could see that."

Something in Mr. Shaw's tone puzzled the young fellow, who looked curiously at him | bordered the roadside for a little way, up to while he said, "Of course you didn't see enough of him to find out how clever he is; cottage some hundred yards in front of but I assure you in business he is Mr. Beresford's right hand."

"I should say he is more than that; he is

Mr. Beresford's brain." startlingly heterodox statement to have any object about them. thing to say in refutation of it. He looked from his companion to the animal he was driving, and wondered by what strange chance such a shrewd man of business as Mr. Shaw had failed to be struck by Mr. Beresford's hitherto unquestioned superiority to

everybody else.

silence. were open at last, and the elder man turned the left hand, and a copse of small trees and vehicle.

toward the younger with almost a sigh o relief. "It is not a gracious task to have to speak against the man whose guest one has been within the hour, to another man who is his guest still. But since half-truths are dangerous, and you are by your position deeply interested in the character of this man, I will tell you my opinion : it is, that Mr. Beresford, philosopher and philanthropist, is nothing but a selfish hypochon driac, with just sense enough to get himself well served, and to know that the less he says and does himself, and the more he leaves to his clever clerk, the better it will be both for his interests and his reputation. The clerk knows this as well as the employer, and profits by it, no doubt; he probably has a good deal of business on his hands of which his paralytic employer knows nothing; but, rogue as I believe him to be, I confess I prefer his audacious knavery to the cold-blooded cynicism of the other.'

"What do you know about Smith? What have you found out?" asked Gerald deeply interested. "You must know some-

thing to speak like that." "Well, yes, I do. I learned by chance while in Paris that this trustworthy Mr. Smith is making private bargains of his own with one of his employer's clients."

"Impossible! Who was it with?"

"With M. de Breteuil." " M. Louis de Breteuil ? One of our best clients. I must tell Mr. Be-'

"You will do nothing of the kind-yet. You only know enough to bring yourself into disgrace with both of them; for Mr. Beresford would believe nothing against his confidential clerk without strong proof. And all I can tell you at present is, that I myself, when I accompanied Blair on his second call at M. de Breteuil's hotel, heard the open-faced little Smith say, as he and the millionaire passed me on the stairs, that 'a bargain made with an old paralytic didn't matter much, and would not interfere with their agreement.' And they both seemed to enjoy the joke immensely.

"I wish you hadn't told me. It has made me feel so jolly uncomfortable, ' said Gerald, after a pause.

"And a good thing too. I don't want you to be comfortable here; I don't want "Caricature!" exclaimed Gerald indig- you to stay here. You must come back to wour old friends in England, and we'll soon "Ye-es, in a way. But it is a wild weird mysteries and knaveries and elfin girl

dashed into the salon all over mud, with hep decidedly. "It's awfully kind of you, and hair half down behind and falling into held know it seems beastly ungrateful of me to eyes in front, then when she walked soberly say no. But I do mean to stay in this in, all washed and combed like Miss Brown country for more than one reason. The or Miss Robinson, and tried her hardest to first is, of course, that I must discover how and by whom my father was murdered. "Well, I thought so too," Gerald admit- The second-" The second reason was not ted with hesitation. "But I didn't expect so easily explained, for the young man

Mr. Shaw nodded disapprovingly. . "Of

the way you mean. But, you see, the "So I do; in most respects the or poor little thing has got no friends,

> "And how long is it since you were stranger to her?"

sensational entrance, though she looked half | really a long acquaintance; but then when | touch him, den't, I say -- " like a scarecrow, she looked half like people meet first in a rather uno remonious a fancy picture of the north wind. I fashion, without having anybody to introwonder what in the world that unlucky duce them to each ether, why, I think they to his side, his feet to each ether, he leapt yet," he whispered. seem to knew each other quicker."

"I have no doubt they do." about fermal introduction myself. It seems | was silence or whether he was partly stunto set up a barrier at once between you and ned by this last rough jerk, Gerald heard the person you're introduced to ; just as if nothing. Then Mr. Shaw's voice, clear, said Mr. Shaw imperturbably; "and their the introducer said, 'I know I am doing a loud, and strong, rang out in tones that the household would at least be lively. As it risky thing in introducing to you such a young man never forgot. is, I can't help thinking they stand a poor bad character as this; but there-I'll hold myself responsible for his decent behavior." "If-if I thought that-" began Gerald, If Mr. Beresford had formally presented me to his daughter, as M. Feurnier did to Leuise, I should have looked upon her as I do upon the Dresden figures in the cabinet at a speed it had never travelled before, in the drawing-room, pretty, silly things, too fragile to play with, and whose value I don't understand. But when you first meet a her head banging down over one side, and her | which were, hewever, changed and muffled little feet stuck up in front of her on a level by the handkerchief tied across his mouth. how I feel about Peg- Miss Beresford."

"Well, I think its a great; pity Peg-Miss Beresford, wasn't formally presented to you by her papa. It's a mistake in the long run for a lad to see so few young women that he looks upon them as china; but when once he has got to look upon them in that light, it is better he should continue to do so, and, above all, that he should not want a Dresden figure for his the cry was " Murder !" own cabinet."

"But, Mr. Shaw, you're not a bachelor." "No, my boy, but no right-minded martyr would wish to send others to the stake."

"And yesterday you said if I came to England you would find me a nice wife." "Yes, but not the promised wife of another man. Gerald, take care what you're doing ; for, if you interfere with Mr. Beresford's plans, you will find-"

He stopped, and peered out from the hood of the carriole. Gerald's glance followed in the same direction, but he saw nothing except a bit of straggling hedge that the rough wall of a dilapidated and deserted

the drive, the subject of their thoughts,

"I thought I saw something running on the other si te of those brambles." "A rabbit, I expect; the ground all

round here is honeycombed with their holes." "It was a rabbit four feet high, then." "A donkey, perhaps."

"Very likely."

bushes on the right, closed in the prospect Gerald gave the old horse a smart cut with the whip, and, at the moment the animal began to quicken his pace, a low whistle was distinctly heard from the direction of the

"Hullo !" said Gerald, softly, glancing at his companion, who gave a short nod to intimate that he heard, and swung over the front of the carriole for freedom of action in case of emergency. For, without exchanging a word on the subject, both men had prepared, during the last few minutes. for foul play of some sort. As the carriole was drawn rapidly into the shadow of the tangled branches, the younger man tightened his hold on the reins, glanced round at his friend, and their eyes met-for the last

"There is something wrong, I am sure of it. Shall we turn back?

"No. It is too late. Drive on-fast." Again Gerald drew the whip sharply over the horse's now steaming flanks. There was something in front of them, some dark ob ject crouching by the side of the road, on the right hand, nearest the side where the young man sat. The latter had scarcely caught sight of it when the low whistle was heard again, and Gerald knew that the spot. crouching object was a man. With his eyes steadily fixed upon that spot, he turned the whip in his hand to have the butt-end ready for defence, when suddenly he felt the shock of a heavy weight flung with force on to the front of the carriole, and a roaring furnace breath against his neck, while the gurgling sounds of a wild beast fell upon his ears, and Mr. Shaw's loud cry of "Help!"

He was only just in time, as he turned, to see his friend dragged down to the ground by the jaws of a great animal, whose long, white fangs, and red, bright eyes shene in the darkness. He was springing up to help the factory, his good-humored face and his him, when he felt the horse, which had been checked by the attack and by the fall of Mr. Shaw, stop short; the two-wheeled carriole tell back with a jerk, and just as Gerald was thrown backward over the seat into the interior of the vehicle he saw a man, whom even in that rapid glance he could see to be very tall and very slim, spring from the horse's head toward him. A moment later, as, half stunned by the violence with which his head, in falling, had struck against the back seat of the carriole, Gerald was trying to soramble up to the help of his ed. friend, he felt a long, cold hand upon his throat, and looking up he saw quite plainly, even in the darkness, the face of his assailant. Only for a moment; as, with struggling breath and starting eyes he lay helpless, with a hand at his throat and a knee upon his cheet, meeting, with horrible, involuntary steadiness, the steady gaze of the man whom he believed to be his murderer, noting on the instant every feature, freezing under the frigidity of the pitlless eyes, he felt himself suddenly blinded, then gagged, and lastly bound, still with the cries of his old friend ringing in his ears, still making frantic efforts to get free.

He knew that he had no hope of escape; knew that the long cold hands were quick and skilful, and that the infinite torture he was suffering as he lay blindfold, expecting every moment to feel the muzzle of a revolver against his temples, was the work of very few minutes; but the sense of his own danger was deadened by a strong conviction that he was only a secondary victim, that however it might fare with him, it would fare worse with Mr. Shaw. As well as he could, for the handkerchief which was tied tightly across his mouth, he made broken entreaties, gasping out such words as came first, in the ageny of his heart.

"For God's sake-don't hurt him-don't hurt the other man! He-he is my best friend-he is goodness itself. If you are in want, he'll help you-I know he will, I "Well, of course-er-two days isn't swear it. For Ged's sake-don't-don't

But the man never paused in his work, never spoke. 'Having bound Gerald's arms down to the ground, as the young fellow "I don't see the use of such a lot of fuss | carriole. For a few seconds, whether there

" I know you !" Then followed a sharp crack of the whip, which the assailant had wrested from Gerald as he attacked him; and the carriole went jelting and jerking ever the rough read the scared horse galleping on in the dark, while Gerald in vain tried to free his hands from the cord which bound them, and reasgirl curled up in a chair like a kitten, with sure the herse by the tenes of his veice, with her shoulders, you-you-er-why, The carriole had been dragged some hundred you feel she isn't china. And-and that's | yards before Gerald heard any further sound but the thud of the galloping horse's hoofs and the creaking and bumping of the vehicle. Then above all these monotonous noises his straining ears caught a cry that froze his blood and checked his breath, and made his shuddering body cold and wet as he fell back again, inert and despairing, on

to the floor of the carriage. For the voice was that of Mr. Shaw, and of it without the knowledge of the owners

On went the carriole, rumbling and rocking; the old horse, his flesh still quivering from the unmerciful and unaccustomed lash, galloped along the well-known road toward cannot cash. Calais, with foam-covered bit and steaming flanks. The road was straight, flat, and little frequented; there was no obstacle to is unfindable-when wanted. turn aside the frightened animal, no solitary foot passenger to stop him until he drew near to the turning on the right hand which led into the town of Calais. Here the canal runs alongside the road, separated from by a wooden fence and a strip of rough ground. A group of loitering gamins shouted and yelled at the horse, attracting the where. The wise know it exists only in the attention of some workmen on the bridge mind. over the canal, two of whom came running toward the corner, when in the dusk they "What was it?" The circumstances of descried the gray covered top of the old carriole, as it came swaying and shaking were just gloomy enough for both men to toward them. As the gamins followed in a Gerald was too much amszed by this feel a suspicious interest in every animate | yelling, hooting fleck, the horse, whose pace had grown slower from exhaustion, made a last frantic effort, and, dashing up to the corner with an instinctive attempt to make the accustomed turn, brought the off-side wheel in such sharp contact with the post and rails which fenced off the field by the canal from the road that the carriole was overturned and the shafts snapped like tin-Neither of the men made any attempt to der, leaving the old horse free, but so effect-

"Some one inside !" cried one man, as he peered under the partly shattered cover. "He is hurt!" He is still " "He is dead !" cried different voices, as men and boys swermed, pushing and peeping, about

the overturned carriage. Then a voice rose in authoritative tone above the rest : " Stand back, keep off the gamins. If the man is breathing still, he will not breath much longer if you crowd

over him like herrings and keep off the air." And two or three strong-armed workmen fo ced back the foremest of the growing crowd, while the man who had first spoken, sided by another in a blouse, opened the door of the carriole and gently drew out Gerald's prostrate and senseless body. At the first sight of the hankerchief with which he was gagged, now wet and blood-stained, and of the cords which bound his arms, murmurs and exclamations broke from the nearest onlookers; their cries were taken up by those behind, till the road was in an uproar; men, women, and children struggling, screaming, and running, some to get the best possible view of the backs of those persons who had been lucky enough or muscular enough to is by walking. get close to the wrecked carriage, some to meet the police, who were hurrying to the

"There has been a crime !" "It is a murder !" were the whispers, the cries that ran helped him get rid of the irons. While she like wildfire from mouth to mouth, while those about the senseless man cut the cords which bound him, and did their best to rewive the net yet extinct life within him." By this time he had been recognized, and his name was repeated with doubled sympathy for him, with redoubled herror at the erime of which he had been the victim. For Gerald Staunton, and the gig, and the fat horse were well known in Calais and St. Pierre; and though he had few personal acquaintances outside evident disgust at the turn out he drove had made him a familiar and popular feature of the neighborhood.

At the first sign he gave of returning consciousness, he was, on the suggestion of one of the workmen from the factory who happened to be among the throng, earried on an impromptu stretcher straight into the town of Calais, and to the house of M. Fournier, where the strange story caused the utmost he had said his prayers, he produced a consternation among the family, who were at dinner when the unconscious guest arriv-

He was taken up to Victor's own room, where motherly Madame Fournier tended him herself, while Louise, after being refused permission to see him, went into hysterics in the dining-room. When the young man opened his eyes he at first remembered nothing, but stared silently at the green curtains of the bed on which he had been placed, and smiled at the kind face of the lady bending over him. It was not until he caught sight of Victor, who was standing behind his mother looking very grave and anxious that Gerald's face clouded with dull pain and perplexity. The young Frenchman could not restrain his eager solicitude : at this first gleam of intelligence in his friend's eyes he leaned over the bedside, and asked impetuously :

"Geraid, who was it attacked you?, The young fellow suddenly sprang up on the bed, with fire in his eyes. " He has

-been murdered ?" he cried hoarsely. Madame Fournier fell back in bewilderment and horror; Victor pressed past her and supported the young fellow in his arms. "Who-who has been murdered, Gerald?" he asked, in tones almost as hoarse as those of the injured man.

But Gerald's head sank wearily, and his eyes grew dull and gentle again. "Who !" he reveated, trying to rouse himself; " why -why, it was my father! No one will believe it, I know; but they did murder him. Can't you let me sleep now ? I will tell you the whole story in the morning."

Victor laid him down, and turned to his frightened mother.

" Poer fellow ! His head is not quite clear

He was retreating from the room, when knew from the tilting ferward of the his mother rushed toward him and seized

> are you going to do ?" inquire into this."

"No no; you must not go to night-while there are robbers, murderers about," said she excitedly, clinging to him.

He disengaged himself by a deft movement, and addressed her from the passage with a more dramatically valiant air than an Englishman would have thought necessary, but with earnestness and fire.

"What one man can dare another can, mether. I will not rest until I have done what I can to discover who committed this crime !"

Before she could utter one word more, he had shut the door and hurried down the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dictionary of Modern Times.

Bank.-Anciently an establishment for the sale custedy of meney; but now used for the unsafest disposal of the same. Manager.—He who manages to so dispess

Cashier. -Se called (on the principle of lucus a non lucendo; just as a locket is so

called because it dees not lock), because he Director.—A vague term with a variety of meanings. Usually as indefinable as he

Liquidator.—One who endeavors gather up spi'led milk or other liquids. Creditors.-Those who cry over milk or

other liquids thus spilled. Stock.-Similar to space or time. The ignorant think it is infinite and exists every

Broker.—He who has broken a bank. Credit.—An extinct variety of an antediluviau bird of prey. The only proofs of its existence are the fessil remains of those it

fed on. Debit. - A voracious omnivorous animal, supposed to have caused the death and extinction of the bird of prey above mentioned. - Grip.

It is an ancient custom to put scents in clothes. John McCullough once bought a gold embroidered jacket from a Persian bazsar in Paris. It gave a lasting odor to that, sir," he said, diffidently, after a resume the interrupted conversation. Both ually checked that he was easily caught by a every trunk in which he placed it. One kept their eyes upon a turn of the road still lad, while a group of those who had witness- day he looked it over and found a lump of "To be frank, I do not." The flood-gates some yards off, where the ruined cottage on ed the accident gathered round the fallen musk and another of ambergris, stitched into the lining. It was a very old garment, unequalled.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

A hundred years and it will be the same Beloved one. As though you ne'er across my pathway came And gr.w mysun.

A hundred years and it will matter not We met to part, Twill all be over then—this eartbly lot,

But."then and there" is e'en so distant, dear-Se dim and far-While "here and now," with needs, so urgent, clear Frets at each bar.

O years, roll wiftly in your onward flight Till woe shall cease Till, with eto nity's unchanging light, Comes restfui peace !

It is stated that the cable car system is about to be introduced in the ancient city of Rome. Many streets there have sidewalks of stone steps, but no waggon ever rattles over the pavements, and the only means of getting from one part of the city to another

A fellow who got out of a Michigan gaol with a pair of shackles on his ankles made an Indiana woman believe that he was the victim of a private insane asylum, and she was crying over his wrongs he stole her husband's watch off its hook.

A man has been found in New York who is a "fence" for dog-stealers, and he deals only in stolen dogs. He buys the stolen creatures for little or nothing, returns them if a reward is offered and sells them if it isn't. And they do say he makes a very neat little income out of his out of his odd business.

Mr. Pullman ventured all he had on his first sleeping car, because, he says, "if I had built an \$8,000 car others would have said they could have improved on it. But when they saw the magnificence of the Pioneer and that it cost me \$18,000, everyone gave up the idea of entering into competition with me."

A Hartford youngster goes to church where the concluding amen of the prayer is sung by the choir. The other night, after harmonica from his pillow and astonished his mother by blowing a blast where the amen came in, remarking, "That's the way we do in church."

Brinking Before Meals.

An acquaintance of the writer who has suffered sorely from dyspepsia for a number of years, and has tried most of the numerous remedies a host of kind friends have recommended for her relief, hands us the following article from the Medical News with the request that it be printed in the Scientific American. Our dyspeptic friend has found great relief in following the directions, and it is hoped others may be also benefited.

"In the morning the stomack contains a considerable quantity of mucus spread over and adherent to its walls. If food enters at this time the tenacious mucus will interfere, to some extent, with the direct contact between the food and the stomach necessary to provoke the secretion of gastric juice. A glass of water, taken before breakfast, passes through the stomach into the small intestines in continuous and uninterrupted flow. It partly distends the stomach, stretching and to some extent obliterating, the rugee; it thins and washes out most of the tenacious muous it increases the fulness of the capillaries of the stomach, directly if the water is warm, and indirectly in a reactionary way if it is cold; it causes peristalsis of the alimentary tracs, wakes up (so so speak), and gives it a morning exercise and washing. Care must be taken not to give cold water when the sirculation, either local or general, is so feeble as to make reaction improbable. We should not risk it in advanced age, nor in the feeble, whether old or young, nor should it be given in local troubles, like chronic "Where are you going, Victor? What gastric catarrh. In these cases it is best to give warm or hot water. The addition of "I am going to ride to 'Les Bouleaux' to salt is very beneficial. Such a timehonored custom as drinking soup at the beginning of a meal could only nave been so persistently adhered to because of its having been found by experience to be the most appropriate time. It does exactly what warm or hot water, with the addition of salt does, and more, in that it is nutritive and excites the flow of gastric juice."

The Litte Seed.

A little seed lay in the carter's path; A little shoot bowed in the strong wind's wrath : A listle shrub grew, by its roots held fast; Then a stout ties braved all the winter's blast.

A little cough started-'twas only light; A listle chiu shivered the hours of night; A little pain came and began to grow, Then consumption laid all his brave strength low.

Be wise in time. Check the little cough, oure the little chill, dispel the little pain, ere the little ailment becomes the strong, unconquerable giant of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken in time, is a remedy for these ills.

A weeping rose tree in a garden at Koosteren, Holland, is so large that thirty performers lately gave a concert under its branches. It is 65 feet in circumferance, and it has been estimated that it had 10,000 roses at the time of the performance.

" Just Hear That Child Cry ?"

said Mrs. Smith to her sister, Mrs. Davis, as the sound of a child's shrieks came across the garden from a neighber's house. "What kind of a woman have you for a neighbor? Does she abuse her children?" "No, indeed," replied Mrs. Davis. " She is one of the most tender mothers in existence. But you see she believes in the old-fashioned styles of doctoring. When a child needs physic, she fills a speon with some nauseous dose, lays the little victim flat on her lap, holds his nose until he is forced to open his mouth for breath, when down goes the dreadful mess. Then comes the yells." "No wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "Why doesn't she use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? They are effective without being harsh, and are as easy to take as sugar plums. I always give them to my children." "And

so do 1," said Mrs. Davis. Quill toohtpicks come from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris. where there is an annual product of 20,000,-000 quills. The factory was started to make quili pens, but when these went out of use is was turned into a toothpick mill.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are