NA-DRU-CO

Formulae Have Been Well Tried Out

Though the NA-DRU-CO line of Medicinal and Toilet Preparations have been on sale for a few months only, don't think for minute that in buying NA-DRU-CO goods you are experimenting with new or untried preparations.

Their Origin

The twenty-one wholesale drug firms now united in the "National" had all of them lengthy careers, some for fifty to one hundred years, prior to the union. Each firm had acquired or developed a number of valuable formulæ for medicinal and toilet preparations, all of which became the property of the "National".

Since the union our expert chemists have carefully gone over these formulæ and selected the best for the NA-DRU-CO line. **Every formula has been carefully studied by these experts, improved if possible, and then thoroughly tested again, in actual use,** before we consider it good enough to bear the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

An Example

A good example of what we mean is **NA-DRU-CO Nervozone** for Brain Fag or nervous break-down. The formula was pronounced the most scientific combination of nerve medicines, but this was enough for us; we had it tried out with a dozen different kind of Brain workers — School Teachers, Lawyers, Bookkeepers—as well as Society leaders and home workers, and everywhere the result was so good that we adopted it as one of the best of the NA-DRU-CO line.

There are therefore **no experiments among** NA-DRU-CO preparations. We have invested altogether too much time, work and money in the NA-DRU-CO line to take any chances of discrediting it with preparations that might not prove satisfactory. We make **absolutely certain** that each preparation is **satisfactory** before we endorse it with the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

Ask your physician or your druggist about the firm behind NA-DRU-CO preparations and about the NA-DRU-CO line. They can tell you, for **we will furnish them,** on request, **a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO article.**

"Money Back"

If by any chance you should not be entirely satisfied with any NA-DRU-CO article you try, return the unused portion to the druggist from whom you bought it and he will refund your money—willingly, too, because we return to him every cent he gives back to you.

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Tooth Powder

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Carbolic Salve
Cascara Laxatives (Tablets)
Cod Liver Oil Compound, Tasteless (2 Sizes)

Dyspepsia Tablets
Headache Wafers
Herb Tablets
Nervozone
Pile Ointment

Rheumatism Cure
Sugar of Milk
Stainless Iodine Ointment
Toothache Gum
White Liniment

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NA-DRU-CO N D C G TRADE MARK
ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

6

THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF MADAME YALTA.

CHAPTER VII.

When Maxime awoke next morning the scenes in Rue Jouffroy presented themselves under a new aspect. Now that he had come out from the hubbub and could reason more calmly, he began to extract a few certainties from among all these obscurities.

The marvel of the Rink was not the friend of Borisoff. On this point there was no possibility of mistake. She had directed a plot for the deliverance of Robert de Carnoel, and the plot had succeeded. But by what miracle of address had she come to deceive Borisoff and induce him to bring his prisoner to her house? And who was this Madame Sergent who showed herself only to vanish immediately, who skated at the Rink like an adventuress, who was enthroned like a great lady in the first boxes at the opera, who supped with a Bertha Verrier, who had at her disposal a house peopled with liveried servants, who exhibited herself one evening in company with a suspicious boyard, and a month after was brought home by the most authenticated of Russian colonels? To all this he was prepared with a reply. The pretended Madame Sergent could be none other than the agent of the conspirators who had stolen Borisoff's papers, an intimate friend of the thief who had left her hand in the claws of the safe. But if Madame Sergent were this, what was to be thought of Carnoel? Either he was her lover or her accomplice. This melancholy conclusion forced itself upon Maxime. And in these cases he had betrayed poor Alice; he was unworthy of the love of the girl who perished in believing in his innocence.

"So," thought Maxime, "those who accused the Lord Carnoel were right, and I for my part acted as foolishly as Don Quixote when he undertook to deliver the bandits who were being led to the galleys."

But he could not forget that it was not he alone who had undertaken the defence of his uncle's secretary. The Countess Yalta affirmed vehemently that Robert de Carnoel was the victim of atrocious injustice. She it was who had cast doubts into the mind of Alice just as the poor child had begun to believe in the guilt of her lover. It was she who had fired the zeal of Maxime, who had launched him into a senseless enterprise. Her interest in him drew its inspiration from a feeling of chivalry, a natural propensity to defend the weak and succor the oppressed. But this nocturnal adventure proved that her pity was ill placed. Maxime proposed to relate this history to her and hoped to convert her to more rational views.

He was impatient also to denounce the conduct of the fencing-master who had shown himself the ally of Madame Sergent, and had certainly acted without the knowledge of the noble woman in whose service he was engaged.

In the last interview with Madame Yalta, she had clearly explained herself on the subject of the Nihilists and their adherents.

"I have the good fortune not to be a Russian subject," were her words; "I have therefore nothing to do with these people, but I belong by instinct to the party of the prescribed, and am not of that of thieves and murderers."

But it was not surprising that a hireling had betrayed his mistress, and it might even be that Madame Yalta was surrounded, unknown to herself, by scoundrels affiliated with a sect whose dream is universal destruction.

These wretches were known to be everywhere, and to establish themselves from choice where no one suspected they would have the audacity to enter. If the fencing-master, Kardiki, was one of them, as it appeared, he had well chosen his post. The superb mansion of the Avenue de Friedland was a sure asylum where no one would think of looking for a socialist conspirator.

He hastened to dress, and had only put on his overcoat and hat, when his valet presented him the card of a gentleman who asked to see him.

He was about to be excused to this early visitor, when to his great surprise he saw on the card the name of Dr. Villagos.

What could be the Hungarian doctor's object in this visit to a small apartment of Rue de Chateaudun where he had never set foot before? Concluding he had been sent by the countess, he refrained from excusing himself, simply resolving to be very cautious and beware of letting him into his confidence.

The doctor entered smiling. "Dear monsieur," he said, "you must be a little surprised at seeing me so early. I should not have disturbed you at this unusual hour had I not brought you news of a person in whom you are interested."

"The Countess Yalta? How is she? I was sorry to find her suffering yesterday."

"She received you, then?"

Maxime bit his lips. He saw too late that in spite of his sage resolutions he had committed an indiscretion.

"Yes," he said with embarrassment, "she was good enough to do so—but I remembered your orders and made my visit short."

"Oh," resumed the doctor, laughing, "I shall not scold her. You have proved very agreeable to her and she asserts that distraction will do her more good than my remedies. But it is not of my dear patient I wish to speak with you."

"Of whom, then?" asked Maxime, his curiosity beginning to awaken.

"Of a woman who perplexed you very much six weeks or two months ago. You remember the marvellous brunette whom I pointed out to you at the Rink?"

"Yes, certainly," he replied with some agitation.

"Have you seen her since?"

This unexpected question disconcerted Maxime, but an immediate reply was necessary, and he answered evasively:

"I have seen her once at the theatre."

"And you spoke to her?"

"No, she was in a box with a gentleman."

"A foreigner, was he not?"

"He had that appearance."

The doctor reflected for a moment. Maxime more and more confused by this singular questioning could not long remain silent.

"You know her, then?" he asked, looking with a certain uneasiness at Villagos.

"One of my friends knows her, and he was with her when day before yesterday I passed her in the street."

"And he has told you who she is?"

"Yes, and it is so curious a history that I came expressly to relate it to you. This creature who amuses herself with skating on casters like a simple cocette, and who looks like an Andalusian; this girl with eyes of fire is a Russian and a Russian Nihilist—one of those lunatics whose dream is to abolish everything."

"It is astounding!" cried Maxime, feigning astonishment, though the doctor told him nothing new. "And your friend is sure of his facts?"

"Very sure. You will see, presently, that he is well informed. The evening you escorted her from the Rink did she not take you to a house in Rue Jouffroy?"

"Yes," replied Maxime.

"And when you went next morning to enquire for her the answer was that they did not know her?"

"You know that!"

"No, but I guess it. You were so much excited about this marvel of a beauty that you would not be put off by the first check you received. Moreover, my friend told me that the lady had there a temporary lodging, which she never occupied two nights successively."

"Did your friend tell you why she has returned?"

"Yes, and it is to speak to you of that, that I came. She arrived there yesterday and is there now."

"Your friend is mistaken. She is not there," said Maxime, heedlessly.

"She was yesterday evening, and unless she can have decamped last night—but prepare yourself to be thunder-struck. Do you know why she has resumed temporary possession of this mysterious abode? That she might receive there one of the accomplices whom you know better than I—your uncle's ex-secretary."

"You see that your dear countess was wrong to interest herself about that young man."

"Good! good!" said the doctor, laughing. "I know she has recommended silence. She is a little distrustful of me because she knows I do not approve her romantic fancies, but she ended by confessing that she had launched you into the insane enterprise of finding this Carnoel. I do not know what you have done, but I am going to aid you with a piece of valuable information. I thing Madame Yalta was wrong to embark you in this foolish expedition, but the evil is done, and I wish only to serve you. She is bent on fishing up this youth who has fallen into the sea; well, we will fish him up together. I shall not be sorry to deliver him from the toils of this worthless woman, which it is in my power to do, and once withdrawn from her, we will facilitate his embarking for America. I suppose you no longer think of reinstating him that he may marry your cousin?"

"Oh, no," said Maxime, "my mind is made up about him."

"Good! we are agreed, then, on one point. It is what we are to undertake at the lady's house that concerns us now; but we must know at what door to knock. These female Nihilists are marvellously skilful in eluding researches—this one especially. We should fail unquestionably if we went to seek for her where she is not, and the check would be irreparable. Now she can be in only one of two houses, either the house in Rue Jouffroy or—"

"I affirm that she has left Rue Jouffroy."

"Very well, I take your word for it. You assert that she has gone; it would almost seem as if you had assisted in the moving. We have, then, nothing to do but present ourselves at a certain house to which they have transferred their nest."

"When?"

"This evening, if you will; or rather to-night, for it is just as well we should not be seen entering the house of a woman whose mysterious ways must have attracted the attention of the neighbors."

"Is it like the other?"

"No, it is a lodging meanly furnished in the faubourg St. Honore near St. Philippe du Roule."

"It is very astonishing, and I wonder, above all, that you should be so well informed," said Maxime, to whom a feeling of distrust of the doctor now and then returned.

"Nothing is simpler," said the doctor. "My friend has been intimately connected with her. He was madly in love with her, but had the courage to separate from her when he discovered that she was an active Nihilist. She does not hide from him, however. In France she incurs little or no risk, and he still possesses a certain influence over her; first, because he knows her secret, and secondly, because toward the end of the liaison he drew her from a very dangerous predicament. Now I am going to explain to you how we shall proceed if you agree to accompany us."

"Gladly. Where shall we meet?"

"Would you object to joining us at midnight in the Champs-Elysees?"

"Not at all."

"Well, from there we will go to the part of the city she lives in. My friend knows the house in which she hides and will know how to make it open to us."

"We will go armed, will we not? It would be more prudent. There is no telling what might happen."

"Armed! why? You fancy the brunette will receive you with a pistol? Make yourself easy; she will take care not to create a disturbance; and as for this M. de Carnoel, he is as anxious as any one to avoid publicity. For my part, I shall take only a cane, and I recommend you to do the same."

"But," said Maxime, after a little hesitation, "this woman may be surrounded with persons who are capable of doing us harm when once we are in her lodging."

"What! you suppose she has domestics in such a place as that?"

"I don't know; but I know she had three or four in her service in Rue Jouffroy."

"These lackeys must have dispersed when she abandoned her house, for she has abandoned it; you are certain of this?" asked Villagos.

"Yes," replied Maxime, with embarrassment.

(To be continued.)

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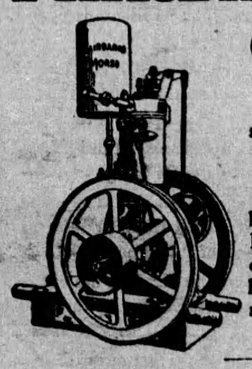

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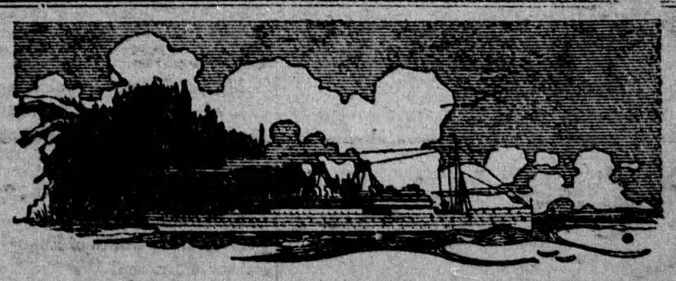

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