

A GREAT SECRET.

OR,
SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"I am afraid I am too tired to drive with you to-night, Gustave," said she to her husband, while the fierce excitement from which she was suffering began to tell at last in the restless glances of her eyes and in the nervous twitching of her hands. "Do you mind going without me for once?"

"Well, really, Madeline, I don't care to go without you. I can give up my drive for one night. You know I am not an invalid now," said her husband with a transparently jealous look at Gerald.

His meek self-abnegation was not well received. Madame de Lancry crossed the room rapidly to the door of her own apartment, resting her hand for a moment on Gerald's shoulder as she passed him.

"Very well; it is just as you please. You won't mind my going out for a quarter of an hour, just to help this poor boy to find a lodging for the night, will you?"

Without waiting for an answer she disappeared into her own room, from which she returned in a very few seconds, with her arms thrust hastily through the sleeves of a long ruby plush mantle trimmed with feathers, a small bonnet of the same colors on her head, and her gloves in her hands. She nodded farewell to her husband, who was still looking disconsolate, put her hand through Gerald's arm and left the room with him. As soon as they were sitting side by side in an open *fiacre* her composure gave way. After directing the driver to drive to the Champs Elysees, she turned to Gerald, whispering, in a voice hoarse from excitement:

"The stone! You have it with you; let me see it."

He opened his pocket-book and gave her the envelope in which the treasure was contained. She made him take out one of the carriage-lamps to see it by. He watched her face; but it did not light up as if she recognized either stone or crest.

"You have not seen it before?" he asked, curious and disappointed.

"No. The crest is quite unknown to me."

"Then you don't think it will be of any value?"

"Of the greatest possible value, when we find some one who can identify it."

"You know some one who can?"

"I think so. You will trust me with this?"

"Of course, madame."

"You did not see Lord Kingscliffe again after the interview you described in your letter?"

"No, madame. Did I tell you about Lord Kingscliffe's curious resemblance to Mr. Beresford?"

"What a strange fancy!" She said these few words after a short pause, in a constrained voice, without the spontaneity of carelessness or surprise, yet she was much interested.

"Is he an old man?"

"Very. And he is said to be very wicked. I suppose you don't think, madame, that this—this scapegrace relation he spoke about, who robbed him fourteen years ago, could be—could be—"

"Mr. Beresford? O, Gerald, isn't that something like heresy?"

The young fellow grew scarlet in the darkness.

"I have heard and seen such strange things lately, madame, that I begin to think there is only one good person in all the world."

"And that is, of course, myself?"

Gerald gave a perceptible start.

"Ah, then it is not I."

"You are out of the range of my judgment, madame; but I am sure you are everything that is noble and true," said he, earnestly. "And now I have a question to ask that has been burning my tongue ever since I saw you, and I beg that you will be kind enough to answer me. Is the man on whose track we both are, the murderer of my father, of Mr. Shaw, the man you hate and are hunting down—M. de Breteuil?"

He could learn nothing from her look, words, or manner. She repeated the name, and asked:

"What suggested Mr. Beresford's great client to you?"

"I was at his house to-day, on my way here—"

Madame de Lancry was moved at last; her head turned slightly toward him.

"And I learnt several curious things about this rich man. The daughter of Mr. Beresford's game-keeper is installed there like a princess; she herself speaks of him as being a mystery to her, and says that he has grown nervous and irritable during the last few days, that she hates him, and will steal his papers and use them against him if he does not treat her better."

"She said all this to you to-day—this evening?" said Madame de Lancry, much excited.

"Yes. And she speaks of him as if he was hard and cruel. I myself, as soon as I heard his voice—"

"You heard his voice!" echoed the lady, sharply. "You did not see him?"

"No, madame," answered Gerald, in a very quiet voice, drawing his own conclusions from her excitement. "I did not see him. He left the house while I was there to dine at the British Embassy."

She asked no more questions, and for some time they drove on in silence. At last she took out her watch, saw that it was half-past ten, and told the driver to go to the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honore.

She stopped him at the British Embassy, and sent Gerald to ask the *concierge* whether Mr. Paget Lennox was there this evening, and if so whether he would kindly come out and speak to her.

In a few minutes a tall young *attache*, with a long, aquiline nose, a retreating chin, a drooping, fair moustache, and vacant, light eyes, came out and leaned over the side of the *fiacre*, with every appearance of being delighted by this unexpected call. He was in evening dress, over which he wore a light overcoat.

"You have been dining here this evening?" asked the lady. "I guessed that you would be. Jump in if you have nothing better to do, and tell me what everybody wore and what everybody said, to amuse me. I have been bored to death all day."

Mr. Lennox glanced at Gerald, who modestly changed his seat to the uncomfortable little shelf behind the driver, to make way for the new comer.

"Oh, this poor boy—Mr. Staunton, Mr. Lennox—has crossed from England to-day, and he is far too tired to talk to me. Now,

first, you had the interesting millionaire, M. de Breteuil, at dinner I know. What did he talk about?"

"Madame de Lancry, you are a fairy; I always thought you were, but now I am sure. The most interesting thing that was said at dinner this evening comes from the lips of the very person you mention first."

"Well, well, and what was it?"

"He electrified us all by declaring that he is tired of the Parisian life, and that he intends to return before long, without any warning, in his best 'Arabian Nights' manner, to—Canada, I think he said. That is his native place, isn't it?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but that is very interesting. He said he should go without warning?"

"Yes, madame."

"Ah!" She paused, and then said carelessly, "Now for the others. What new story did you hear? What dresses did you see?"

But from this point Gerald knew that her interest in the occurrences of the evening was assumed, and when Mr. Lennox had been set down, at his request, just above the "round point," the young Englishman had no further questions to ask as to the reason of her interest in M. de Breteuil.

"What made you go to M. de Breteuil's this evening?" she asked suddenly as, by her directions, they drove toward the street where, six years ago, Gerald had found a modest lodging while he was in Paris, hunting for the murderer of his father.

"Mr. Smith ask me to go there as soon as I arrived in Paris, about an order which M. de Breteuil had given."

"Mr. Smith sent you?"

"Yes, he gave me a letter of introduction."

"Which you presented?"

"I had no opportunity. The girl—the girl I told you about, madame, snatched it out of my hands and tore it before my eyes. See, I could not offer it again like that."

He took from his pocket the note which Babette's ruthless fingers had torn and crumpled.

"Give it to me," said Madame de Lancry.

He knew she was going to take unlawful advantage of this opportunity of reading a letter to some one else, but he had not the strength of mind to refuse. He gave it to her, and she read it twice, first to herself and then aloud.

It was this:

"Gerald Staunton, who brings this letter to you, has the signet-stone in his possession. I have tried to get it, and have failed. If you try, you won't fail. Don't hurt the boy if you can help it. He's a good little chap."

Madame de Lancry shuddered as she folded the letter carefully and retained it in her own hands.

"My boy, my boy," she said, turning to Gerald with real kindness and feeling in her beautiful eyes. "Can't you see what weak weapons your own honor and honesty are against such cold-blooded and cunning wretches as these? It wants something stronger than righteousness to fight them. You must not take one step without consulting me. Trust me, I will give you work enough before long."

Gerald bowed his head in silence, shocked and miserable. The image of his darling, his newly married wife, was forced from his mind once more by that of the treacherous Smith and of his more mysterious accomplice. But when Madame de Lancry left him at the door of his lodging, and he lay down to rest in his little room, the horrors of the evening seemed to fade away like a past nightmare and his last thought about Peggy was one of perfect happiness and peace.

"She is safe, far away from all this," he said to himself sleepily. "Her father is her father after all, and she is too sweet and pure for even a devil like Smith to wish to do her harm."

And so he fell asleep quite happily.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Gerald Staunton's first thought, as he sprang the next morning into the sudden and complete wakefulness which follows a night of long and sound sleep, was that he must go back at once to "Les Bouleaux" and Peggy. His experiences of the day before had influenced his dreams, and they in turn influenced him now, with the vague but violent force of prophecy.

His night fancies, strong upon him still, were of danger to his darling; and all the time that he dressed hurriedly breakfasted at a *cafe*, and walked toward the Hotel du Louvre to say good-bye to Madame de Lancry, he wondered how he could for one moment have dared to leave his poor little bride in the neighborhood of her selfish father and his unprincipled clerk.

"If Mr. Beresford is still bent on her marrying Victor, they will worry her life out," he thought. "She will never dare to own that she is my wife, and if she did they would never rest till they had found some cruel means of punishing her."

He reached the hotel and waited some minutes alone in the sitting-room where he had dined the evening before; he was frantic with impatience by the time that Madame de Lancry at last appeared, in a morning-gown of peach-tinted lace that would have taken his breath away if he had been less anxious, restless, and blind to everything but the mental image of Peggy.

"I have come to say good-bye, madame," said he, rushing toward her as if his train were already in sight.

"Good-bye! O, no," said she quite calmly, detaining his hand in a strong grip, which made Gerald involuntarily thankful that the girl he had married was not of the Amazonian build of the two ladies between whom he had been recently shuttled.

"Did I not tell you last night that I should have some work for you to do?"

Gerald knew that this majestic lady took a real interest in him, knew that her counsel and support were likely to lead to results quite as valuable for himself as for her. Yet he could not help a feeling of irritation at her imperial manner of taking for granted that what she had for him to do must necessarily be of more importance than what he had to do for himself.

"I will come back, madame, and do whatever you wish. But I am still in Mr. Beresford's employment, and I am still bound to attend to his wishes," he said quietly, looking at the carpet.

"Then it is by Mr. Beresford's wishes that you are in such a hurry to return to 'Les Bouleaux'?" Or by Miss Beresford's? Gerald did not answer. He thought the lady was presuming upon the rights her

kindness gave her. She was not in the least disconcerted by his cold silence, however; throwing herself on to a sofa, she glanced at a chair that stood near, as an invitation for him to sit beside her. Very reluctantly he did so.

"Miss Beresford has returned to 'Les Bouleaux' then, I suppose. I heard that she left it suddenly, after your departure for England."

"I believe she has returned, madame."

"I see. You met her in England?"

"Why not, madame? A man may love whom he pleases; and if he is thrown into the society of a sweet and charming girl by parents who look upon her only as merchandise, it is the parents' fault and not either his or hers, if he learns to love her with all his soul, and tells her so and—sticks to it."

The last words were not poetical, and Gerald felt this. But in a difficulty a lame end to a sentence is better than none, and it sufficiently intimated that he did not intend to be majestically badgered out of his attachment.

"And you mean to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Well, you must not. You think this is a caprice of mine, but it is not; and when I dare to tell you my reason for speaking so strongly, you will agree with me."

She sprang up from the sofa, to Gerald's bewilderment, and began pacing about the room.

"Well, madame, tell me your reason at once; that is only fair to me," said the young man passionately. "You told me, before I left Calais on your errand, that in less than a fortnight (I think those were your words) I should be free to marry Peggy."

"If you chose. I added that, did I not?"

"Yes. The fortnight is over and I have chosen."

"I thought when I said those words—I admit that I did say them—that events would flow each other a little more quickly than they have done. I thought that within two weeks from then you would have learnt certain facts of which you are still in ignorance, which would make you prefer to make the poorest creature that earns her living in the streets your wife rather than that girl."

If her voice, her face had not betrayed an unaccountable hatred of Peggy which repelled his confidence, Gerald would have confessed that his employer's daughter was already his wife. As it was, the very violence of Madame de Lancry's prejudice reassured him as to the idleness of her vague accusations, even while it excited his curiosity as to her reason for making them. That Peggy's ill-protected wandering life had been as innocent as that of the cloistered nun of a fanatic's imagination, he would have staked his very life: then what wild fancy made this lady hate her, a girl whom she had scarcely seen?

"Indeed, Madame de Lancry, the facts that would destroy my love for—Peggy Beresford would have to be very appalling, indeed."

"That I can believe. But as your love, however deep it may be, must be destroyed, the sooner you learn those facts the better."

"Certainly, madame; I am ready to hear them now."

"Very well. Wait for me one moment."

"Can you not tell me now, madame? I want to get to the station."

She almost stamped her foot.

"No, you must wait for me," she said imperiously.

But she did not put his patience to any severe test; within five minutes she had left him and returned dressed in black and wearing a short black veil. This attire he had put on in accordance with the feminine superstition that to dress from head to foot in black is a method of escaping observation, and Gerald followed the tall column down stairs wondering where she was going to take him. They got into a *coupe*, and, crossing the Seine, drove through an old and dirty quarter of Paris, quite unfamiliar to Gerald, and stopped at the door of a dingy fourth-rate hotel. Here they got out, and Madame de Lancry looked, with much evident interest, up at the windows as they passed into the courtyard.

"Your father was in this hotel, Gerald, the night before his death," she said to the young man, leaning heavily upon his arm, much moved by the recollection of the events which the dreary old house recalled to her mind.

Gerald echoed her last words in an awestruck whisper as they passed through the doorway, and Madame asked the stout lady in a shepherd's-plaid dress, with a broad, turned-down white collar and large cerise bow, who sat in the bureau and smiled at the strangers, whether she knew the present address of a woman called Rosalie, who had been head chambermaid at the hotel eleven years ago.

"Ah, in my father-in-law's time! I remember, madame. Yes, she has retired now, and lives at Passy. I can give madame her address."

She wrote it down, smiled as benignly at the well-dressed strangers as if they had been valuable customers, and sent the seedy waiter to see them to their carriage. They drove almost in silence through the dull suburbs until they came to the cottage—it was scarcely more—where the ex-chambermaid had retired on her savings.

She must have been a thrifty woman, that was clear; for the little house and garden looked trim, prosperous, and not without pretensions to more than the bare necessities of life in its *jardiniere*, striped blinds, and particularly elaborate scraper. A white-capped, neat maid opened the door and showed the strangers into a small *salon*, which proved the limitations of the ex-chambermaid's experience, as it was furnished with the second-hand smartness of a room in a cheap hotel, while the mantelpiece was piled high with plaster images of saints, and with ugly-painted china vases full of tawdry artificial flowers.

Madame Rosalie did not keep them long waiting. "She was not much changed, Madeline thought, as the spare, bright-eyed woman came in, wearing a cap and dark stuff gown, as of old, but with the dignity of leisure in her manner. She shut the door and came slowly forward toward her visitors, peering at them in the old keen manner until, as the tall lady in black held out her hand, she fell back a step with a cry:

"Mon Dieu! C'est Madame de Breteuil!"

Gerald grew white and cold. Madame de Lancry glanced hastily at him, and gave a hard, short laugh.

"No, Rosalie, you are making some strange mistake. I am Madame Louis, whom you helped and were kind to eleven years ago. Since then my husband has died and I have married again."

"Ah!" said the woman shortly, glancing in her turn at Gerald. "And this is the new husband?"

"No, no, this is an unlucky young fellow whom I want you to help, in the goodness of your heart, as you once helped me."

She spoke rapidly, being really disconcerted by the abrupt discovery that Rosalie knew even more than she expected.

"Ah!" said the woman again, dubiously. "Monsieur does not want his clothes sold, I suppose?"

"No. He wants to learn all he can about the past life of M. de Breteuil. It is a matter of life and death to him."

"I should have thought madame would have been able to assist him better than I."

"Back to a certain point I can. Further back than that you can, I think. Eleven years ago you said you held a remarkable secret concerning M. de Breteuil. Bring it to market now, and you will find you did not deceive yourself about its value."

Apparently Rosalie's philanthropy had grown rusty with years, for it was not until a slight but intentional movement of her left hand that Madame de Lancry allowed her purse to peep out from the lace that fell round the sleeve of her mantle that the woman's eyes began to brighten and her face to show strong interest.

"Ah, yes, yes, so I did," said she thoughtfully. "You have grown rich again then, madame, since I knew you at the hotel, and since that day when I met you—"

"Yes," interrupted the lady coldly, "I am rich now, and I can pay for your secret well."

"Ah! you want to have your revenge now. You have waited a long time, but it comes at last," said Rosalie, whose tongue had grown talkative now that her limbs could take more rest. "You have let M. de Breteuil—M. Louis grow rich again, build houses that are palaces, buy horses, have servants, slaves like an Eastern prince, and then you want to come and with your little secret—"

"Well, Madame Rosalie, we are waiting for that."

"Be patient. It is a long time ago. I must think, and I must find my proofs of the truth of what I tell you. Every sorceress has her enchantments, you know, and I have mine."

She left the room; interest in the old story she was about to rake up was now rising to aid the effect of cupidity, and she was growing almost as eager to tell as her visitors were to hear. For a few moments after she had gone, neither the lady nor her companion spoke to each other. Then Gerald made a step forward from the fearful spidery vermilion and indigo hanging on the wall, and supposed to represent the sun setting behind mountains, upon which he had been gazing as intently as if it had been a Turner.

"Shall I wait for you in the *coupe*, madame; you will be some time with this lady?" he asked, looking at his feet and blushing scarlet.

A little, shivering sigh from the lady caused him involuntarily to look up, and he saw that her gray eyes were swimming in a mist of tears, which made her more modest, more womanly, more worshipful in his eyes than she had ever been before. In one electric glance he saw into the woman's passionate heart, knew what sort of terrible history she had passed through; while she read stinging sympathy of a chivalrous nature in the lady's eyes.

"No," she said, very gently. "Stay here. She can tell nothing you may not know, nothing but what you had better know."

And he stepped back quietly to his old position, under the gem of art already described, as Rosalie re-entered. She had in her hand a small box ornamented with shells, in the centre of the lid of which was a pin-cushion of blue silk of a violet shade. She held the box in both hands while she talked.

"The story is not very long, madame, and it is for you to judge whether it is of any value. Seventeen years ago a handsome young Englishman came to Paris with his wife and a little child. They stayed at a fashionable hotel and led a gay life abroad, though, from what the servants of the place could gather, they were not always too happy at home. There were quarrels sometimes between them, that was well known; and one day, when monsieur had to go to the opera by himself, madame stayed at home with what she called a headache; but the servants, who were less refined, called it a black eye. Every one took the part of madame; she was so beautiful, had such sweet manners, and was so good to the child, who was a little witch whom everybody worshipped. My brother was a waiter there at the time, which will explain a great deal of what I know. But all this time the bill was never paid, and if it had not been for the smiles of the lady and her little one, who were two English angels, they would all have had notice to quit before long, for monsieur's temper was detestable, and his family, of which he used to speak as if he had been a prince, never seem to send him any money. At last this fine young gentleman began to feel the pinch of poverty more keenly, and the sharp eyes which watched them detected that the lady no longer wore any jewelry when she went out. Shortly after this was noticed there was a great disturbance in the hotel because one of the gentlemen staying in it missed some gold and notes from his portmanteau; a waiter was suspected, but proved to be innocent, and nothing was ever seen of the money. This commotion was scarcely forgotten when a lady in the hotel had a pair of diamond earrings and some bracelets stolen from her dressing-case. The Honorable Mrs. Corrie—that was the young English lady's name—was ill in her room at the time. When one of the chambermaids took up to her a cup of coffee and a biscuit for the child, she saw lying on the sofa, one of the bracelets which had just been missed. The girl was intelligent, and guessing the truth, said, 'Ah, madame, you have dropped one of your bracelets.' 'No,' said the lady, 'it is one my husband has just given me.'

"The chambermaid hurries off with the tray, informs the proprietor. A strict lookout is kept for the return of the Honorable Mr. Corrie. But he knows better; he does not return. Little by little the truth leaks out to the poor lady; her husband has robbed these strangers and deserted her. Poor thing! she was heart-broken, they say; she wrote to her friends in England, and an old gentleman, her step-father, I believe, came to fetch her and her child back, and part of the hotel-bill was paid—after a dispute. But the proprietor was not hard upon them. He saw that they were victims too."

"I saw father and mother and child once, when I went to the hotel to visit my brother; and I have never seen the ladies again. But

when, six years later, I saw the rich and fashionable M. de Breteuil driving in the Champs Elysees, I recognized him under the beautiful moustache he had grown; and when he appeared at that little hotel where I first had the honor of meeting you, madame," with a respectful inclination to Madeline, "I knew him at once, and I took good care, though our visitors' luggage was seldom worth ransacking—to lock up the rooms."

"And you never told me," burst out Madeline.

The old Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders. "What good would it have done, madame? You learnt your lesson soon enough, and I kept a valuable secret that is a!"

"And this?" asked Madame de Lancry, touching the shell-box.

"Ah, this contains some fragments of letters from the Honorable Mr. Corrie to his wife; they were found in the grate of the room she used, and it was I myself who pasted them together."

And, very proud of her ingenuity, Rosalie flourished an old letter, the torn pieces of which were neatly joined together by thin strips of gummy paper cut off the edges of a sheet of postage stamps.

Madeline, with trembling hands, took one of the letters and began to read it. She had only seen the first line: "My darling wife," when she was startled by a hoarse gasp from Rosalie, who had drawn near to listen to Rosalie's story. She looked up, and saw that his eyes were fixed on something which had for a moment escaped her notice in the agitation of the sight of the handwriting caused her. It was the crest at the head of the letter: two herons, the one standing with wings outstretched over the prostrate body of the other; and the motto: "Vainqueur et roy."

"What does that mean?" asked Gerald hoarsely.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Modern Tight Rope Performance.

A mouse on a telegraph wire, high above the street, was the novel sight witnessed in San Francisco recently. When he got 30 feet away from the telegraph pole the mouse grew very timid and scarcely advanced at all. At length he grew bolder, and finally made the perilous distance of over 300 feet to the next pole. A child explained the mystery of the mouse's queer journey by narrating how a black-and-tan dog had pursued it, making it take to the pole. When the mouse had completed his dangerous mid air trip, he climbed down the pole and stepped on the hand of a looker-on, who carried him away in triumph. The mouse did not object to the proceeding at all. His spirit seemed to be entirely broken by the terrors of his jaunt.

"The Cup That Cheers."

While tea-drinking is being strongly condemned in England and moderately so in this country, it is becoming almost the universal beverage in France, and particularly in the wine growing district. For instance, it has been estimated that during the last 30 years the consumption of tea in France has increased from 168,000 to 300,000 kilograms. Prof. Germain Ser recommends tea as not only being the best digestive, but as being the surest means of sustaining intellectual energy.—*Ex.*

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "broken-up" appearance generally. "Be jabbers!" he yelled, "I'm all wrong entirely. I want some stuff to straighten me out. Some of them 'Purgatory Bullets' will fix me, I'm thinkin'. What d'ye tax for them?" "What do you mean?" asked the clerk. "Purgatory Bullets, 'or, or somethin' loike that, they call them," replied the man. "Shure, I'm in Purgatory already, with headache, and liver complaint, and bad stomach, and the devil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off contented. These little Pellets cure all derangements of liver, stomach and bowels. Sugar-coated, little larger than mustard seeds, and pleasant to take. Druggists.

Brown is a fashionable color for evening as well as day wear.

Does the Earth Really Move?

Science says that it does, but we cannot help wondering sometimes if there isn't some mistake about it, when we see how stubbornly certain old fogies cling to their musty and antiquated ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their hands to their ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery continues to rescue sufferers from consumptive graves. It is a sure cure for this dreaded disease, if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—and consumption is included in the list—yield to it.

Mrs. Cleveland takes her pleasant weather strolls in Washington accompanied by a big St. Bernard.

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote?

The question of female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequalled for the cure of leucorrhoea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness, and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

The inkstand on the table of the late German Emperor was a shell, the paper weights were the hoofs of favorite chargers, the pens splinters from Uhlan lances, a gold plate on each recording the heroic act in which the wood was employed.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Bloating, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine, All Druggists, 50 cents.

John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe and Sir Isaac Watts all lie in Bunhill Fields cemetery, London.