Diamond Cut Diamond

OR, THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Look at me," he said—and she lifted her timid frightened eyes reluctantly to his. "Now listen. You are to try and make him talk and open out his heart to you. Talk to him about this woman; you might ask him if he has ever been in love—make him confess it to you—even offer to arrange a meeting——"

"Matthew!"—with a cry of horror—"But it is wrong, wicked!—and if, as you think she is a married woman——"

"Pooh! how squeamish you are. There'll be no harm done; it's only till I find out, then she will be dropped at once. It's only an amusement to him," he added soothingly—"the sort of thing every man goes through before he marries and settles down. Besides, he is gone on the girl now. Why, he almost made love to her this evening, his attentions were most marked I consider, too much so, to draw back, and so I should tell him if he were to turn restive. Why you must have noticed it surely—he was quite lover-like—eh?"

"I noticed that he took a great deal of champagne," she answered with a frightened look.

Matthew Dane scrowled at her, and seized her roughly by the wrist, so that she uttered a little cry of terror.

"Don't let me hear you say that again!" he cried angrily. "I know what you mean. I saw you look at me with your miserable begging face at supper. Don't you think you are going to stand in my light—you poor, useless creature! What do I keep you here for, do you imagine, except to do as you are told? That's all you can do. If you had got a son of your own, Madam, you might have a right to speak—but as it is—bah!" and then he flung her hand away with coarse contempt, and strode away out of her room with a hot rage in his dark face, leaving her there, cowering and weeping, huddled up upon her sofa like a beaten dog.

And she was helpless. She had no strength either of mind or of body to resist his will. She would have to obey him. Always the scenes between them ended alike. He jeered at her, or swore at her, as the case might be, for her one great sin against him—that sin, which, as long as they both should live, he would never forgive her for—the sin of being childless. In time, she too had grown to believe it to be almost a crime that she had so bitterly disappointed him, and to feel a shame of herself for having so fatally failed. It seemed to her, in her morbid misery, that she ate his bread, and lived under his roof, and was clothed by his money, all under false pretences, since she had not done that one thing for him for which he had made her his wife. When he reproached her with it, she always gave in to him. She had done nothing for him. Perhaps, then, he was right, and that blind obedience was her sole and only method of reparation for all she owed him.

How many such tragedies are there not in the world, hidden away under a veil of conventional life, of seeming courtesy, of mock kindliness and affection, so that the prying eyes of friends and acquaintances are not able to discern them, but which, all the time, smoulder and burn in the innermost private lives of those who bear themselves so irreproachably in public? Of all Mr. and Mrs. Dane's acquaintances and relatives, not one had the remotest idea that they were not a perfectly orderly and well-assimilated middle-aged couple, living together in respectable harmony—save only Geoffrey Dane, who had seen behind the scenes, and whose heart ached for the poor weak-natured woman who clung to him, and whose doom had gone forth that she was to deceive and betray him.

Geoffrey had gone home that night with a strange whirl of complex feelings in his mind. The long day upon the summer river, the near proximity of a girl who was beautiful and tender as a poet's dream, the belief that he had but to put forth his hand to take her for his own—all this had had its full effect upon him. Added to which, the fumes of the wine were in his head, that wine with which his uncle had piled him so persistently. Was that the reason that he had been carried away a little beyond his own natural self? Why he had murmured a word or two in Angel's ear, that had better, perhaps, have been left unsaid? Why he had pressed her hand at parting with a fervour that had called up the tell-tale blushes on to her face and neck? As Geoffrey recalled it, walking home through the cool night air to his rooms, he felt a certain shame at himself that so poor and bad a reason should have led him to make love to such a one as Angel Halliday.

"She is as good as she is beautiful!" he said to himself with contrition, as he came to his own door, "and I, at least, am utterly unworthy of her." And as he made his way up his narrow staircase, he thought: "Yet, perhaps she loves me! Perhaps this girl, so good, so pure, so perfect, is destined to be my very own, whilst Rose de Berfour—the first madness of my manhood's love—has drifted away from me for ever, and, by now, has forgotten me!"

He opened his door, and there, upon the round table in the middle of his room, right under the radiance of the lamp, lay a square parcel, in brown paper.

It was a beautifully bound edition of the works of the poet Congreve.

Rose de Brefour, then, thought of him still!

CHAPTER XVI.

In the deepening twilight of a still, grey evening, two women stood outside a high brick wall that fenced in a small, cottage-like looking residence, about ten miles to the north of London.

There was no village, no other house even, within three or four miles, save the railway station, a small and unimportant one, from which the women had walked, and even that was over two miles away down a narrow winding lane, along which they had not met a single living soul as they came. Both were wrapped up in long cloaks, and were thickly veiled. One woman was shorter and stouter than the other, and carried a large basket upon her arm; the taller wore a large brown silk bonnet, she clung on to her companion, and trembled violently in every limb as they stood before the high painted wooden door in the wall.

"Ring again, Martine," she said with chattering teeth.

And Martine rang again, and the small melancholy tinkle of a loosely-strung bell echoed in a ghostly fashion behind the closed door.

"For the love of all the Saints, Madame," murmured Martine, pressing her mistress' arm closer to her side, "be not so much afraid! Am I not with you, as I was last time? Can any harm come to you? Is it not an errand of love, and of charity, that we have come upon?"

"Alas, Martine," answered Rose, "if it were, indeed, love that brought me to this house, how much easier would it not be! But the loathing and the abhorrence which fills me every time grows greater and more intense, so that it amounts to a crime so deep that God himself can never pardon my wickedness." A stifled sob cut short her words, and then the door was slowly unbarred from within, and a man admitted them into a small stone-flagged yard.

"Courage, my beautiful one," murmured the old servant. "Am I not with thee?"

A long, low, shivering sigh was the only answer. And then Madame de Brefour drew herself up, and threw back her head with a resolute action, which told old Martine that the momentary weakness was subdued.

The man who admitted them seemed to expect their visit. He led the way in silence into a small dingy house, whose windows were closely barred up with thick iron bars. A lunatic had once been confined in this melancholy house—a raving madman, who had been kept here for years. There was a prisoner here now, but he was not mad.

The two women were ushered into a small room on the ground floor, where an elderly woman rose civilly at their entrance, and set chairs for them by the table. This was the wife of the man who had admitted them; and they were Madame de Brefour's servants, paid by her twice a year for the work they did for her; paid to look after the poor gentleman, who was not mad, but who was weak in mind, who, had delusions—to whom absolute seclusion was necessary. That was how it had been explained to them.

Every six months Madame de Brefour came to see her brother—that was what they believed him to be; and she paid the couple who took care of him for her. Paid them for the house-rent and the taxes, for the coals and the firing, for the food and for the medicines, down to the very clothes that they had got for him to wear. It was a long business; for, though she paid liberally, she went scrupulously into every item, and examined every bill. The man went through all the accounts with her, whilst his wife took from Martine's basket the delicacies they had brought for the recluse. These people had looked after the madman who had died in a raving fit in the house. They had been trained to that sort of thing; and it was an easy, restful business for them, now that they were growing old, to have this quiet, harmless foreign gentleman to look after; who was only "a bit soft," as they put it, and whose worst mania was that he would never go out of the house, even into the little melancholy yard, with its fringe of laurel shrubs, until after it was dark.

When the business was over, Madame de Brefour asked a question or two, to which the woman replied.

"How is my brother?"

"Much the same, Madam."

"Is his appetite good?"

"Excellent. He has not had a day's illness since you were here last, and he sleeps perfectly."

"He still takes his little airing in the evening?"

"Regularly. Generally in the yard, but occasionally he will go a little way along the lane, if we are both with him and the night is dark."

"You are careful, of course, to humour him in his strange fancies?"

"Oh, most careful, Madam. Poor gentleman, it would be cruel to thwart him, he is so harmless and so quiet."

"That is well. Now I will go and see him." And she rose, with a certain determination, from the table.

Anyone who knew her face well would not have failed to notice the odd, strained lines of her mouth, as she asked those questions, and the dark rings round her eyes, that told of some inward terror at her soul. Martine watched her with bated breath. The faithful woman's heart ached for these signs of suppressed agony, of which she knew how to read every word. But the caretaker and his wife saw nothing.

A candle was lighted and they went up the narrow stairs.

In an upper room, a small, shrunken figure sat, crouched up in an armchair by the table.

He turned his head quickly as the door opened.

Madame de Brefour, with a fixed, white face that might have been that of a martyr led to the stake, advanced to the middle of the room. Martine stood by the door, in the shadow. The man and his wife withdrew.

An evil-looking man. A low, flat head, with a great gash across the forehead, from which the rough, black hair was tossed back; narrow eyes, of a reddish hue, set close together; a sensuous mouth, with a pendulous under-lip, in which weakness and vice were strangely blended; a shrunken form, shapeless and devoid of symmetry, grief, coarse-looking hands, and a narrow, incurving chest.

Such was the man to whom once, long ago, in the absolute ignorance of her early girlhood, Rose had given away her glorious maiden beauty. She had been loved by him! That was the crowning shame and horror of it! He had loved her, this poor, shrivelled wretch—had kissed her on the lips—pillowed his head upon her bosom—drawn her white arms, in tender love, about his neck That was the abyss of disgust and disgrace into which she had fallen! That was why, every time she looked upon the escaped felon, the man who had been a swindler and a thief—whose base nature had been revealed to her in all his atrocity—that was why the hideous past arose out of its tomb, and glared and gibed at her, like a demon out of a living hell. For this cause it was that she shuddered at the sight of him, with a loathing that was stronger than duty, more infinite than all her Christian compassion.

"I allowed that thing to love me once!" That was what she said to herself now, as she went across the room to him, and the very shame of it made her humble and gentle to him.

"How are you, Leon?"

"I am still alive," he answered, with an evil grin. "That grieves you, no doubt?"

"My friend, it is God's will," she answered gently, too truthful to deny what his words implied.

He answered nothing.

She glanced at the open book at his elbow. It was a low type of French novel. She turned from it in disgust.

"Why do you not read the books I brought you? They, at least, would elevate, and not lower, your nature."

"I have not your passion for improving my mind,'" he said, with a sneer. Then, suddenly, his whole face changed; and he half-raised himself in his chair, so that she recoiled from him, whilst Martine made a swift step forward, and stood by her lady's side. "Look here," he cried, angrily, "have you done as you said, have you been to old Dane?"

"I have seen him, and it is hopeless. I went against my own judgment, in defiance of my strong misgivings. I went, not for your sake, but for your father's. But it was unless. Nothing that I can say or do will wipe out the past, and he holds in his hands, as we knew, the proofs of your Crime——"

"Which he would give up to you, if you were to persevere."

"Never. You do not know him. I have made a supreme effort, and it has failed. By your death, he considers himself to have been cheated of his just vengeance. If I pleaded again, he would suspect the truth; and it would be a positive joy to him to know that you were alive, and to hunt you down——"

Then the wretched man laid his head on the table, and burst into weak, miserable tears.

"Well, better so — better far, than this life of a dog. I will give myself up to justice, and end it——"

"Not whilst I live to prevent it!" she cried, a terror worse than death blanching her face to a livid pallor. "What I have suffered for all these long years shall not be thrown away by an action which would be a fresh crime. You sinned, and it is just that you should suffer, but your father's name shall not be dragged in the mud; he, at least, shall go down to his grave, not happy—that can never be—but, at least, he shall not die dishonoured. I have sworn it. It is for that I live—for that alone I have striven. As long as he lives the secret of your existence shall be kept, and you shall not, by a selfish impatience, crush the old man, who has endured such anguish on your account, and whose sole remaining hope is that he may carry to his grave the unsullied name which he has inherited from a long line of honourable men. After the is dead you may do as you like."

He was cowed by her energy, and whimpered miserably behind his hand:

"And so you condemn me to this living death just to gratify an old dotard's empty pride? How could any prison be worse than this? A nice wife you are! And yet you used to say you loved me, Rose."

"I did love you, Leon," she answered quietly, though a hot blush leapt in a flame into her face, "but love can be worn away and destroyed. Love is no more everlasting than any other human passion, or than any other earthly thing. My love is absolutely dead, as my esteem, which your sin destroyed. I do not pretend either to care for you or to respect you. As a husband you were untrue to me, as a man you have covered me with the shame of your crime. I do not even pity you. If it were not for your father I would not have sheltered you from justice for all these years. Leon de Brefour, I owe you neither love not duty, and you know it; all that I have done, all that I am prepared to do, is not because you are my husband, for you have broken every link between us, and in the sight of Heaven you are nothing to me; but for your father, who is as my father, and whose failing years I desire to protect with all a daughter's love and a daughter's devotion."

"And yet you swore before the altar of God——" he began.

And then a great passion broke from her. Hitherto she had spoken coldly and sternly, in grave measured words, that were cruel only because they were as ice, but now all the pent-up agony of her life burst from her in the wild leap of indignation and anger.

"Ah! do not take God's name upon your lips—you, the vilest of men, unfit for truth either towards God or man! Are such actions as yours, infidelity and theft, not enough to cancel the holiest bond that the Church ever tied? In all my life I own to but one sin—one irreparable shame—the sin of having belonged to you, the shame of having borne your name! To man upon earth I may still be your wife, but if there be a Higher Tribunal than that of man, to that Tribunal I will appeal. There are sins which cancel the holiest vows—blows which leave scars that can never be healed; for these things Leon I will never forgive you — not because you have destroyed my happiness, but because you have ruined my nature, shattered my belief in goodness and in purity, tarnished even my faith in a God; these are offences for which there is no pardon, either in this world or in the next."

To be Continued.

DONE FOR HIM.

Margie, whose father is a great reader, to Edna—Does your father like to read, too?

Edna, innocently,—I dess he don't have to, for he says when he comes home late mamma always speaks volumes to him.

Colonel San Martin, who surrendered Porto Rico to the Americans, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

THE SITUATION IN THE EAST.

China Will Soon be Divided Up Among the Great Powers.

Nearly all persons who have studied the subject agree that the partitioning of China into colonial possessions is only a question of time. Already the European powers have mapped out "spheres of influence," but they have left out of their consideration a new factor—the United States. Japan especially is anxious to secure America's co-operation when the booty is to be divided. The only question which until recently seemed unanswered was, Can China resist? The reply is now pretty generally, No. The Celestial Empire, Shanghai, declares most emphatically that the giant will not be aroused, because he refuses to see the danger. The paper says:

"The so-called 'Christian Science' which would eradicate evil and pain by denying their existence and heal the sick man by telling him he is mistaken, that he is perfectly well, seems to have been anticipated in China where the gravest disorders of the state are removed by the simple plan of willing to believe that they are non-existent."

Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu in an article in the Revue des Deux Mondes, Paris, fears that China is neither able nor willing to adopt Western civilization in preference to her own. Similar opinions are held by M. von Brandt, German ex-Minister to China, who says in the Deutsche Rundschau, Berlin:

"It is often said that the present dynasty is very unpopular. It is worth while to point to Governor Chang-Chih-Tung's book, in which he proves clearly that no dynasty oppressed the people less or did more for them. His remarks about Western nations are not so flattering; during the past fifty years, he thinks, their governments have done little to deserve credit. Western states have become rich and powerful but their inhabitants are unhappy and watch for every chance to murder their rulers. Were the Western people as kindly treated as the Chinese by the emperor, we would not hear so often of the assassination of high-placed persons in Europe and America.

"Now, it is just as well to see ourselves as others see us. Another passage in Chang's book deserves attention. He believes the Chinese are not yet ripe for Parliamentarism; were they to have a legislature, they would use it to obtain the destruction of the hated Christian churches, and this would lead to the conquest of China by the powers!"

That conquest is steadily progressing, though not without squabbles among the conquerors. England has secured valuable concessions in the Yangtse valley. France has extended her settlement at Shanghai, much to the disgust of that section of the British press which is at present predominant. "At one time," says the Saturday Review, London, "it was hoped that the proposed extension of the French settlement at Shangahi would prove a second Fashoda question, and that England would stand firm. But there is a painful probability that the analogy may still hold good, with the difference that the situation of the two powers will be reversed."

Russian soldiers are said to be in possession of many parts of Mongolia. Germany and England, it is reported, are coming to terms regarding their interests in Shantung. Japan alone has not been able to obtain further material advantages. The Japanese are, therefore, anxious to form a combination in which the strength of their country can be profitably invested. Marquis Ito thinks that in view of the attitude of the powers, Japan must have her armaments ready. In the course of a speech before the members of the Liberal Party he said:

"Unless Japan is ready to meet the case nothing can be done in time of need even though all her people be roused to anxiety after the event has arisen. This point, I believe, must always be borne in mind by all who love their country. There are many facts which prove that the condition of China is dangerous, but it is sufficient to say that she is so generally and that she has no power to subdue her rebels or resist the armed forces of other powers. . . I consider it important for naval and military officers to keep a vigilant watch over the turn of events in the far East at all times. Mind you, unless sufficient preparations are made to meet the emergency, we will lose every opportunity of maintaining the prestige of the country."

Mr. Shimada Saburo, editor of the Mainichi Shimbun, advocates a closer union between England, the United States and Japan, as the countries most interested in the spread of civilization from a purely humanitarian point of view. He says in the Hansei Zasshi, Tokyo:

"In dealing with foreign powers, we rely upon the world's consciousness of humanity. Self-respect invokes the respect of others. Actuated by this principle in all our doings, we can count on the help of another factor which I have thus far left out of consideration. This is America, which occupies an important place in Eastern affairs. That she is not a fighter but the friend of peace and commerce, is admitted on all hands; nevertheless she is not a coward. She makes a firm stand when her interests are at stake. If called upon by a righteous cause, she does not shrink from risking her peaceful existence, as is evidenced by her present war with Spain.

"England comes to China with friendly feelings; so do America and Japan. It is a great mistake, I think, for Japan to form alliances with other powers simply from warlike considerations. Our ambition is to base our policy on the principles of justice and peace. Our attitude toward China shall be to lead her in the way of progress and civilization. Any nation, whether it be England, Russia, or America, which comes to the far East with the same object in view, will be our natural ally."

RUSSIA'S ATTITUDE JUSTLY EN RAGES UNSELFISH JOHN BULL.

BUT HE FINDS A WAY TO RES TORE THE BALANCE OF POWER.
Kladderadatsch, Berlin.

TO SEE A CONVICT WIFE.

Dr. Wolkenstein, of St. Petersburg, Going Around the World to Do This.

There are times, indeed when stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage. The journey across the world of Dr. Vladimir Wolkenstein proves that, for he is now on his way to greet, for the first time in years, the wife that has long waited and watched through the grates of a Russian dungeon for the coming of her husband.

The hand of Romanoff reaches afar. Wolkenstein is now in New York, but so great his fear of the sinister inner forces at St. Petersburg he will not even admit the object of his journey.

The story of this woman is one of many thousands perhaps. Against her arose the suspicion that she plotted against the Government. One day seventeen years ago, the police descended swiftly upon the Wolkensteins; the wife was arrested and lodged in the Schlusselburg fortress.

"You are a Nihilist," they told her. She protested her innocence. The child at her breast was taken from her, and she joined the hundred others waiting for a trial that meant only a step toward Siberia, or worse. The husband was dazed at the shock. After painful effort he got his child from the police, and then sought to save his wife. But all he did was futile.

For two years the mother awaited trial. Then one day, broken in health, but with mind and mother-love still strong and keen, she was brought into court. The testimony was produced; her only defense was denial, and at the end of the usual farce she was sentenced to death.

For some reason the authorities changed their decree. The woman should live and be held for life in solitary confinement at the Schlusselburg fortress. That was fourteen years ago.

Wolkenstein lived on, hoping feebly. Although a prosperous and prominent physician, he could do nothing to help her. A year ago there was a sudden clearing out of the Schlusselburg prison. The woman was hurried from the fortress with her companions and taken under strong guard to Odessa. There lay a Russian warship, upon which they were to sail for Saghlien Island, off the coast of Japan. At the pier stood Dr. Wolkenstein. He looked over the ranks of the dreary, wan and wretched creatures led by, and could not see his wife. Then a guard pointed her out. The next instant the gray-haired, trembling creature was hustled aboard the ship, and he saw her no more.

To-day the husband is on the way to see his wife again. From New York he will go to San Francisco; from thence to Japan.

A man gets the last word in an argument with a woman, but it's because she gives it to him.

HEALTH.

PURE AIR FOR SLEEPERS.

The result of fresh air in the sleeping room will be felt in various subtle ways—quieter nerves, greater amiability, brighter eyes and clearer mind and complexion. And though the subject is often discussed it is worthy of attention when we realize benefits.

There are several points to consider when ventilating sleeping apartments. First, it is important that the air should be pure, and the value of fresh air recognized. Then the physical condition of the sleeper should be thought of. The same amount of outside air and the same temperature cannot be endured alike by everyone. It sometimes happens that the admission of fresh air during the night renders the sleepers uncomfortably cold. When this is the case, the object of the open window or fresh-air current is defeated.

A window raised a very little at top and bottom is better than a wide space. A transom opening upon a ventilated room is excellent for delicate people who cannot bear a direct current in the room.

Study comfort. It is a well-known truth that animals must be warmly housed at night in order to thrive in cold weather. The fact is none the less true of human beings. Thought—that is intelligent thought—should be exercised.

No fixed rule for ventilating at night can be followed on all occasions. Better no outside ventilation than excessive cold where misery attends. Warmth and fresh air combined is the end sought. It pays to study this problem when we remember that fully one-third our life is spent in the sleeping room.

As one lady says: "Sleep is so much deeper and more perfect when there is plenty of fresh air in the room at night." The clothing worn during the day may always be placed at night there fresh air will find it, and the same with that worn at night. During the day fresh air will thoroughly permeate it. If the rule of fresh air for the clothing as well as for the room is followed, there will be even greater gain in the important matters of quieter nerves and brighter faces.

PNEUMONIA.

Pneumonia, or inflammation of the lungs, is one of the scourges of our climate, a disease far more fatal to dwellers in the North than yellow fever is to the inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro or Havana. It claims its victims at all seasons, but prevails especially in winter and spring.

There are several forms of inflammation of the lungs. One, called catarrhal pneumonia, attacks chiefly the very young and the very old, although people of middle age are by no means exempt from it. It often occurs in the course of a severe bronchial cold and is simply an extension of the catarrhal inflammation from the bronchial tubes into their terminations within the substance of the lungs. It is this form which is meant when it is said that one is "threatened with pneumonia."

One is never threatened with the other form, called croupous pneumonia, or simply pneumonia — it strikes like a hammer, without warning.

It is a common belief that the robust and healthy are especially liable to be attacked by this form of pneumonia. But this in only apparently true; pneumonia is one of the very few diseases from which one hitherto in perfect health can die so quickly, and so its attacks are the more noticeable; but the fact is that it is much more liable to attack those who are below par physically; and the previously healthy man has a much better chance of recovery.

It begins suddenly with a hard chill followed by fever, rapid breathing, a sharp pain in the chest, flushed face, and the expectoration of thick mucus usually tinged with blood. In favorable cases the fever falls suddenly from the third to the ninth day —by "crisis," as it is called.

The symptoms of an attack of pneumonia are ordinarily so severe that there is no question of self-treatment, but the physician is called in all haste. Formerly it was the practice to bleed repeatedly and to forbid the patient any food. At the present day the treatment is just the opposite, but unfortunately it is not much more successful.

This form of pneumonia, like typhoid fever, scarlatina, and the like, is what is called a self-limited disease; that is to say, it is a disease for which most physicians believe there is no specific remedy. Acting on that belief, they do not attempt to cure the disease, but try to keep the patient as comfortable as possible and sustain his strength until the disease has spent its force.

EFFECTIVE COUGH REMEDIES.

A most excellent cough medicine is made by putting a heaping tablespoonful of flaxseed in a pint and a half of cold water. Heat slowly and boil for fifteen minutes. Strain, add the juice of one large or two small lemons and sweeten to taste. A tablespoonful every hour or so will soon relieve even a severe cough. If the lungs are sore and the breathing difficult it is well to apply the following ointment: Into a tablespoonful of fresh, soft lard work a teaspoonful of turpentine. Spread on a cloth, sprinkle it with salt and apply directly to the lungs, covering with another cloth to protect the clothing. This acts as quickly, and is fully as effective as any of the high-priced ointments sold in the drug store for such purposes.

Another good ointment: Soften a quantity of fresh lard and add an equal amount of spirits of camphor. Stir constantly, cooling the lard quickly so that as it hardens the camphor will be thoroughly incorporated. Keep in a low, open-mouthed bottle or in a tin salve box. When needed for cold in the head, hoarseness, etc., rub the temples, nostrils, throat, palms of the hands and soles of the feet thoroughly, heating it in. If necessary, apply on a cloth to throat or lungs. This is especially recommended for infants, as it is milder than the first one given.

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