ACT THE FOURTH.

welcome than they. ed between them in these peaceful days,

My daughter is very young yet—a mere | turn her hair grey. did, in fact, and you too have not seen many summers of your life," he | that when she rose from her chair, her limbs said, gravely. Hasty love matches | refused to support her, and she stumbled do not, as a rule, turn out, well. I heavily against the wall which partitioned have no desire to thwart Myrtle's inclina- | the study from the billiard room. ations; I like you, and have no doubt you would make her an excellent husband."

Erle answered, eagerly. gained, that the marriage does not take there. place till Myrtle is twenty-two years of age (she is twenty now), and not even; then, if | Taking up the candle, and closing the secret certain matters in my past life are not satis- | door, she hastened up to the drawing room, factorily cleared up.">

My:tle said something to me about my | Drinking some wine to steady her nerves, Erle asked sadly suoview , Hank il our No; it is clear that you are not re "I refer to some great wrong done to my self-an injustice it is impossible I can explain at the present moment.

"I am glad to hear you say, that, sir. As regards my father, we expect him home shortly, when I am sure of gaining his consent; the has only to see Myrtle to love her as a daughter. "I trust the love you profess for my child

will stand the test of time," Dene said, gently : "strange"and startling changes some times happen in this life." "Nothing could change my deep affection Myrtle; it would kill me if I lost her," he

protested, warmly. "I'am content," Dene said, with a sigh. May Heaven shield and protect you both, CAP A OF WHICH OCH PL is my earnest prayer."

Erle Payton was satisfied, and hastened to | wore a crape mask. tell the good news to Myrtle, and henceforth

nal poem; something fresh and new was . inscribed on its pages daily-nay hourly. sullied; no dark places were there-no spot | night's work for me; couldn't find a better

gaze of the other. Lawy Child State Co. rode on a calm sea in unbroken sunlight.

Twas a something to think of, to look two hearts, with only one absorbing thought | might spot us, or the family come back atop between them; it was an earthly Heaven, of you. such as Paradise must have been before the

Fall. It brought a secret joy to Mr. Dene's I'll escape by the road." heart to see the tranquil content of the one being earth held for nim. He was solaced do you want here ?" said Erle Peyton, who, for years of misery, of cruel punishment and with his mother, had just returned in Dane's torture ; it seemed as if his evil genius was | carriage. tired of persecuting him, and fled before

Those dark, brooding thoughts of ven The arm fell helplessly at his side; but geance, which had haunted him-been his before he could repeat the blow, Mr. Dene constant companions for years-were slowly | had him by the throat in a grip of iron, from fading from his mind, to be replaced by which he could not shake himself free. others, better, holler. of 7

thwarted, and she had serious thoughts of to whom Mr. Dine handed over the halfretiring from the contest by leaving his strangled burglar. service, when something happened to give | Poor Erle Peyton was assisted to the

party, leaving her at home, as she pleaded Miss Booky Pride was found in an insen. "Papa, you appear vexed—grieved. Is indisposition. An unusual thing for him, sible condition, and lying at her feet was the there anything compromising in that book?" he wleft whis a keys oon the indrawing. room table, being rather hurried in geting away. She pounced upon them with secret joy and triumph; she could now penetrate to Blue Beard's chamber, and discover something of importance. She was sure he kept all his important correspondence there; and she hoped to discover its hiding-

'Armed with a candle and matches, she stole out, and having tried the door, till she found the right key, unlooked it, and entered.

Lighting the candle, she looked around, and was rather disappointed to find it all commonplace. She saw the glass jars, but wisely resolved not to meddle with them, and was right, for they contained

deadly poisons. The curtain next attracted her attention and drawing it soitly saide, she started on seeing that waxen face. Its resemblance to Erle Peyton struck her instantly, as did also the peculiar V-shape mark on the left

cheek. way neoh naoh eil youldo den This, then, is his enemy, the Dake of Brietany," she said to herself. "I would know him if I saw him among a thousand. Strange that Mr. Dene should keep such a memento here. I am sure here is some dark secret connected with his life. "If I can

only find the hiding-place of his letters may learn what that secret is" She espied an escritoire, which she was not long in unlocking ov as med w as on il

A novice in the art of ransacking drawers would have left traces of his or, her handiwork behind. Not so she; each packet was looked over, and put back exactly as before. A book of MS, proved a rich prize; it was headed "My Diary." At first she thought of reading it there; but the spot was too gruesome for one possessed of .uch. delicate, sensitive nerves as hers. Concealing the precious treasure in her p'oret, she

tried to open the door, but failed and dell's Mr. Dene alone, knew the secret of the lock from the inside; sho was fairly trapped, caught, " hoist with her own petard."; He would return, miss her, and all be

discovered; then disurace, with one tell swoop, would overwhelm her. Sho grew as his own. slok , at Theart, and idizzy, at the will prospect at the being found out In unearthing the family skeleton, she had bocome clasped in its bony arms, and leaw will find the money. Where can I meet those sightless sockets glaring at her, o'll thought that perhaps days might elapes be fore the door - a massive one could, be

Her state of terror was pitiable, and the broken through, added poignancy to it. Summoning up courage, she (cace more essayed to discover the secret of the lock,

It occurred to her that her immunity Mrs. Peyton and her son were frequent from diegrace would consist in mastering the vistors at Fairlawn, and none were more contents of the diary, which, if it contained any accrets, would enable her to defy him. Myrtle was a great favourite with her, But the effort to read was fruitless; the

and a close bond of union was being cement | words swam before her eyes like phantoms, and she closed the book with a little cry of which might stand the strain of dark ones. despair. What was she to do-how to act Etle had a long conversation with Mr. If she shouted ever so for help, her cries Dene when he pleaded for Myrtle's hand in | would not be heard. To pass a whole night alone in this room would drive her mad-

Such a mortal terror had seized upon her

Something seemed to fly open suddenly, and when she recovered consciousness, she Then you permit our engagement?" found herself lying in an open doorway. She had fallen against the spring of a secret Yes, under certain conditions; that door, which Mr. Done, for some purpose you obtain your father's consent ;-that | best known to bimself, had had made

'All her courage came back to her now. eager to begin perusing the diary.

bearing a close resemblance to an enemy of she seated hereelf in a coay armchair, and yours. Do your conditions refer to that ?" after adjusting the reading-lamp, began to read.

So absorbed was she that the hours sped lated to that man," Dene answered, readily! by, and still found her engaged in the task. The ormolu clock on the marble mantle-shelf chimed the hour of midnight. "It will be three before they are home."

she murmured. "I think I shall be mistress of Fairlawn House after all." Another hour passed, and still her absorption continued; what she read had a terrible faccination for her. About this time she thought she detected a stealthy

footstep in the room, but put it down to nervousness, and read on. "At last I" she murmured, as she closed the book. "I know all, and mean to use

my power skilfully." The next moment she was held down in her chair, and a handkerchief placed over her nose and mouth until she became insensible. 'Iwas the work of a burglar, who

"Cleverly done," he muttered, and therethey looked on each other as affianced man upon commenced to clear the room of everything valuable and portable, not At their period of life love was one contin- forgetting Miss-Backy's portmonnaie, which he took from her pocket, also her watch and chain. "She's safe enough for another The thoughts of each heart were pure, un- hour," he chuckled. "This will be a good which need be hidden from the searching | crib to crack from here to John O'Groat's. Here's another sack-load of swag, matey," The struggles, trials and difficulties of life | he said, handing it through the gate abutthad not touched them as yet; love's bark | ing on the river, "and here's some prime

stud to swig. 1'm off for another lot." "Batter be satisfied, Jack," said a woman's back upon in after life-this perfect union of voice from the boat; "them river police

> "I'll chance it," was the gruff reply. "If you hear a disturbance, row away like mad

"Hilloa, my man, who are you, and what

The burglar's answer was to aim a terrific the guileless, unselfish love of parent and blow at his head with a life-preserver, which child.

Myrtle and Mrs. Peyton screemed in Miss Becky Pride saw all this, and was | chorus, as well they might, and a posse of not too pleased; her ambitious schemes were alarmed servants were quickly on the spot,

her fresh hope. The facility of the desired drawing room, and a doctor sent for in Myrtle and her father had gone to a haste. purloined diary. (7010) Myrtle picked it up mechanically.; but on

recognizing her father's handwriting, placed in heatily in her pocket, Meanwhile, the burglar had been placed in roomi to await the coming of the police.

"Wants to see me, Manvers ?" said Mr. Dene, when the butler delivered the burgler's

"Yes, sir ; says it's important. It will be too late when the police arrives." "Perhaps he wants to give up what he has stolen," Dene remarked. "I will see "Now, my man, what is it?" he asked,

steraly, on entering the room. " Is anyone listening, sir ? said the fel-

"No I you can speak out ; but be quick." "I'm Jack" Skinner, sir. My miceas brought up your daughter, Miss Myrtle," ho said, with a whine. "But it isn't for that Lasked you to come. When you took her away from us a gent came to ask about her ; he had three moles on his check, like the letter V. "Good Heavens !" Mr. Dane exclaimed, thrown off his guard for the moment. We met him again, sir, only to day-Beaven's truth, we did, sir; and he wanted to know where you were, very bad .- We wouldn't tell him, sir, no fear ! without first seeing you. I took a drop too much to drink, sir, and forgot myself. Don't look me up-please don't, for Miss Myrtle's sake! We was as kind as poor folk could

be to her, sir, all those years." "I am afraid I can't help you; you have been gullty of violence, as well as robbery, he returned, severely.

"It was only, a tap on, the arm, sie; the yourg gent will soon get over that. If you just out these cords, 1 can get out through the windows, and no one can say you helped me. If I'm had up, before the beak, I must tell everything." CU; Ci U U 13 14 Bertram D.ne winced at this veiled threat. Publicity was what he most dreaded at this crisis in his affairs, for divrtle's sake as well

In a few minutes he had freed the wreach rom the cords, saying :

"You must leave England to-morrowr. "lab the Falham side of Patney Briden.

"At what hour ?" "Twelve o'clock in the day." "I'll be there l'it officials and At the door Mr. Dene turned, and said, in

"I regret your position, my man; but

He locked the door, and put the key in his

pocket. When the police arrived their prisoner had flown, and though a strict search was made of the grounds, no trace of him was found.

The trible - More To Cook Minte The police investigated the affair of the burglary next morning, and traced heavy footateps in the direction of the river; but

here the clue failed. whatever about the affair, except that she was attacked suddenly, and quickly rendered Naturally the matter made a great stir,

especially when it became known that the

burglar had assaulted young Mr. Peyton. Mr. Dene took the affair very quietly, and made light of the loss the robbery had entailed upon him. He knew that the criminal was safely away, and trusted he would never meet him sgain in life. Publicity had been avoided, and to him that fact was of incal-

culable zervice. But he was soon to be confronted by another danger from an unexpected quarter. He missed his keys, which Becky had kept in her pocket, thinking that she would be able to put back the diary before he returned. But Skinner's unexpected attack has rendered that impossible.

"Have you seen mg keys, Myrtle?" he asked, anxiously, the second morning following the burglary. "No, papa, have you lost them?"

"Yes! I wouldn't care so much if the bunch did not contain the keys of my study. I must ask the servants about them." Poor Myrtle had been so upset by recent events that she had quite forgotton the fact

of picking up the diary in the drawing-room at Miss Pride's feet. Her lover's state, though not critical, was sufficiently grave, tco, to cause her anxiety. She had to receive visitors, anxious and ourlous about the recent events, and to answer numerous letters of condolance and inquiry. But the keys brought the circumstance to her recollection, and she said :

"Have you missed any of your private papers or books, paps ?" "I cannot tell what is missing until I find

my keys," he said, fretfully. "These constant upsets are really too bad."

"Wait a minute !" she replied, with a strange expression, as a light began to dawn upon her. "I think I know where your keys are." Going straight to Becky's room, she said, quietly : " Did you find a bunch of keys !- pap a has missed his." A guilty flush came into her face, as she

answered: "Yes, I put them in my pocket; they were on the drawing-room table, dear," "Thanks," said Myrtle, somewhat coldly and returned to her father, to whom she gave the keys, saying, "Miss Pride found

them, papa. "I am very much obliged to her, I'm sure, he remarked, greatly relieved, and would have dismissed the incident from his mind if Myrtle had not said, as she placed the diary in his hand, " That is yours, papa-is

He flushed, and then turned as white at marble, on recongizing the book. I found is in the arawing room, Ising at Miss Pride's feet on the night of the burg-

lary," she continued, speaking very gravely. " She mus; have been reading it." He nodded, for his rage was too great to find vent in worls : every secret of his life was laid bare to a designing woman-a traitoress-who, by this time knew that he

was an escaped convict. The same relentless fate that had sent him to Siberia still pursued him implacably-

rutblessly. Was he never to find rest or peace? Was he to be hunted like a wild beast, and find no haven where he could hide until his innocence was made clear?

Myrtle read all this in the workings of his face, and if she ever hated a woman it was Pe ky Pride. Laying her hand geatly on his arm, she

sail; in accents of tender, solicitude : ... convict l" he mouned, a piteous look in his

eyes that cut her to the heart. Dafy her-charge her with her treachery with thefe! Your name is not to it, surely; and even if it is, you can tell her that it was only the outline of a plot you had written for a novel. If you will permit me, will dismiss her on the instant."

"She has suspected something for some time past; the story she told us, as related by Lady Rose, i proves that much. If I dis. miss her, I cannot muzz'e her tongue, child. The Dake would hear of it, and frustrate all the plans I have weaved to establish my

Why should you fear that man, papa Tis he who ought to tremble, to think that you have escaped that you are alive to track him down-to exact a terrible vengoance for all the wrongs he has inflicted upon your innocent head. On, that I were a man, instead of a weak woman! I would soon force him to do you justice. As for this woman, she must and shall be crushed !" "Ldo not fear bim because of any further injury he could inflict upon mo. My liberty is not in joopardy. In England I am, and can remain; a free man-there is no extradition treaty for such a case as mine ; but I do tremble lest he should learn of your existence. Already he has been trying to

discover you." "Who told you that ?" she asked, eagerly "Skinner-the man who committed the burglary," he answered ; "he said that only the previous day the Dake recognized him and wanted your address and mine. Twas to provent him gaining the information that I lot the burglar escape, and gave him a large sum of money next day to frank him

and his wife to America. The duke, black hearted and unsoru palous as he is, dare not molest me, papa The whole of England-all, the civilized world-would hound him down if he dared to hurt even a bair of my head, she said; with ringing defiance in her voice.

He in too cunning to attempt anything openly, my child, and I am too wary to invite attack. I am rich enough to bribe Miss Pride to keep silent. . Patience gained me my liberty : thrice I attempted to escape. was caught, flogged, chained-almost starved; but my goalers could not break my spirit or orush my resolution, and to day I stand ro, a free man. 11, 19111131 1 100 1/11 | seigneur. 1 tell you truths." Offit is cruel to have to sabmit tamely," she sighed, her proud nature rebelling at the more thought of that wo nan having the

power to lojare them. 12 51-11 (12) "Bitterly cruel, I acmit; but our turn will come, child-endurance now leads; to future victory,"he said, kissing berforehead benderly

her noble courage. "May I speak to her on the matter ? I of past misdee to support you." promise to be prudent, not to let one angry word- a single reproach-escape me. Permotive, and prepare you to come to some

arrangement." " Yes; I will trust you, Myrtle, with this delicate negotiation. You have shown a zelf-pozzession-a tact-far bayond your years. Make her no offer-do not even hint Miss Backy could give no information at such a thing : merely probe her purpose, if possible."

Myrtle nodded, and hastened to fight out this battle, woman to woman. The fair fame of her noble father was at stake, and he cried, revengefully. for it she would fight like a tigress robbed | "As you please, I give you an opportun-

ly, as a friend-not a dependant; yet she ness of manner and speech, and keeping his thought not of the treachery she had been eyes fixed on his face. guilty of.

tear. She expected a visit from him; but | dying. instead Myrtle came, her face showing ne index of the passion that was consuming her. "Papa thanks you for taking such care of his keys," she said, with a smile; "he has a lot of valuables in his study. What a

blessing the burglar did not find them !" woman to woman-cunning opposed to a clean platter with the cut side nearest , the craft. "I am so pleased I have been of carver and garnished with parsley, will pretimes one hides away things they would not the carver as when first served.

to the face in the corner; did you, Miss will not become hard. Should there be Pride ?"

guilty of such conduct, Miss Dene ?" santly. .. "He is not a bit angry, only amuse | the bones on to boil for soup or gravy. ed at your curiosity. You found it a Blue | Otten from a seemingly bare carcass enough Beard's chamber, perhaps ?" "I tell you, I did not-"

"Come, dear, there's no occasion to fence with the matter. I found a book lying at your feet, entitled "My Diary." I hope you found it amusing reading?"

Finding further prevarication useless, Becky Pride said, significantly: "It was the story of a life."

amanuensis?"

"I have a perfect right to put my own as suits his convenience. construction on the matter," she said, shifting her eyes uneasily under Myrtle's keen condition of the knife. It should be made

But why should you not accept my definition, dear Miss Pride?" Myrtle asked, halfmockingly. "Surely, you can have no carved and to the person using it. Be as parulterior motive in view ?

now, Miss Dene," she said, snappishly. "If | out bread or for any other than its legitimate Mr. Dene will favour me with a private purpose. There should be a crook or guard interview, I will gratify him with my on the end of the handle to enable the carver opinions. I think he will, in his own inter- to grasp it more securely and use all-the

tell him of your wish," said Myrtle, with about an inch above the wrist, rests against playful irony, as she left the apartment. that we have warmed in our bosom, how I not by turning the hand, but by turning detest, scorn; you! You are too contemp. the knife with the fingers. In this way the

-you or I t' The most magnificent house in Paris was require. that of Charles, Duke of Brittany. It was | The fork should have two slender, curving a palatial and elegant mansion in the Ras times about three-eights of an inch apart and de Lille, with a noble garden, groves of two and one-half inches long, and should forest trees, and a wide expanse of lawn in have a guard.

its rear. Furnished regardless of expense, it stood out premier among the many luxurious homes of that period. The ducal arms crest was emblazoned on everything, bespeaking pride of ancestry as well as lavish

Theduke was well known in political as well as fashionable circles, and as well disliked. He was a creature of intrigue, of unbridled passion and stubborn pride, pos-

ver, bowing low and obsequiously, as if approsching a delty.

scribed on the card. sponse, accompanied by a dignified wave of a | ting just what she wants. hand on which rare gems glistened. Enter Pierre Verlon in rusty black; a

stooping figure, bristling grey eyebrows surmounting eyes of pieroing blackness not by any means a person in keeping with the refined surroundings of the apartment, but a man of parts for all that.

"Monsieur, your pleasure ?" said the duke, hardly deigning to look up from his paper. "It is important enough for you to put down your paper and attend to it, monseigneur," was the calm reply.

"You are uncouth," was the diedainful "Bnt a lover of truth; one who holds

the bold reply. "My lacqueys shall show you the door," was the angry retort. "What matters?" came cool reply, accompanied by a shrug. "All Paris shall ring with the perfidy of the noble Dake of Bris-

"You dare this?" "Yes-your victim, the husband of your aister, has escaped from Siberia, and his child lives and is with him."

"Tis false !" hisses the duke. "You only believe what suits you, "mon-?"Woll, what of that !-- he is still a crim! young man?"

"Not so a martyr, and you know it store is two doors down the street. Don's knit your brows; I care naught for your anger, A Frenchman is not fallen . so

cannot help you. The law must take its with deep admiration shining in his eyes a to me, and have confessed. You see I am armed with tes; you have only the memory

"Did he Le you here?" "I wanted no sending. I am his friend. haps she will give me some insight into her I protected his child, and I, noble duke. mean to stand by him to the end."

"He wants money," the duke sneered. "Pish I he is almost as rich as you, and will be wealthier when he wrings from you his wife's fortune. If you are wise you will conciliate him, not defy." "What is it you want?" he asked, grind-

ing his teeth with impotent rage. "A written confession of his innocence." "That he shall never receive from me,"

ity of hushing this grave scandal up. It Miss Pride lay on the couch in her room, may transpire that you not only employed a prey, not to remorse, but fear. / false witnesses to swear away his life, but She had eaten the bread and salt of these kidnapped his wife, murdered her perhaps," people, had been treated loyally, generous said the notary, with imperturbable calm-

Every drop of blood left the duke's face, She was self-all self-and wanted to which became the colour of marble, and for make Mr. Dene wed her, not from love, but the moment the notary thought he was

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Carving the Christmas Turkey.

If the family be small and the turkey is to be served for a second dinner carve only from Miss Becky gave her a searching glance; the side nearest you. Then the turkey will be but she did not flinch under it. It was left with one-half entire, and if placed inservice to him, dear," she purred. "Some | sent nearly as fine an appearance to all but

leb others see for the world." The second or third serving of a turkey "Papa has no secrets from me that I am | depends very much upon the care taken aware of," Myrtle replied, softly. "Even in putting it away. Do not, as is so often if anyone had ventured into his study their | done, leave it on the platter just as it came search would not have availed them much." from the table, but putithe crumbs of stuff-"Perhaps not, dear; he knows best," she | ing back into the body, put the slices of cut said, looking Myrtle straight in the eyes. | meat together and cover them with the "Of course; I have seen everything—even | skin to protect them from the air so they nothing left, apparently, but the bones, do "I Surely you don't think I would be not let them become dry by being exposed to the air, but scrape off every particle of "We don't merely think-we are sure you | the meat and stuffing at once. Cover the entered the room," remarked Myrtle, please meat until you are ready to use it, and put may be obtained to make a savory dish of scalloped meat sufficient for another meat.

An essential aid to easy carving, and one often overlooked, is that the platter be large enough to hold the portions of meat as they are carved, as well as the whole fowl. The persistency with which some housekeepers oling to a small dish for fear the fowl will look lost on a larger one, often makes suc-Exactly ; but not papa's. He is amusing | cessful carving impossible, and inward dishimself by writing a novel which, for thrill- gust abundant. The platter should be placed. ing interest. will astonish the readers of near the carver that he may easily reach fiction; Would you object to acting as his any part of the fowl without turning the fowl around. The carver may stand or sit

A very important matter is the quality and from the best steel, and have a narrow, than, pointed blade, and a handle easy to grasp, and be of a size adapted to the article to be ticular to keep it sharp as to have it bright. "I decline to discuss the matter further | and clean, and never allow it to be used to strength necessary. The handle should be "Certainly there can be no great danger long enough to reach from the tip of the in his granting that, Mass Pride-he is not fore finger to an inch beyond the back side easily captivated or intimidated. I will of the hand, so that the edge of the hand, the handle of the knife. In dividing a diffi-To herself she almost hissed, "Viper cult joint the manipulations should be made, tible for bate even ! We shall see who wins position of the point of the blade can be more easily changed as the joint may

Woman and the Franchise.

New York Star : Miss Kate Field has written an article upon women as politicians, figured above the portico, and the ducal in which she denounces them as unpractical and unfit for the management of affairs. "Hysterical sentimentalists," she calls them. who thus far in our history have exerted a. baleful influence upon politics. This attack, coming in the same week that the graduaates in the normal school protested against the appointment of two women as school comsessed. too, of an inflamble, unyielding | missioners, is, to say the least, startling. These facts do not show much, perhaps, ex-He was scated in the grand salon, filled | cept that the woman suffragists who clamorwith objects of virtu-pictures, vases, price. so loudly for equal rights with mankind only less percelain and innumerable treasures | represent themselves. Womankind is pretty from every clime-reading the Moniterr, in | well satisfied with her sphere as it is now irreproschable dress an Adonis of fifty arranged, and all she asks for is that more avenues of industry shall be opened for such A servant presented a card on a gold sal- of her sisters as are in need. The right to vote, to attend canouses and to hold office are the last boon that the intelligent woman "Pierre Verlon, Notary, Paris," was in wants. Woman will settle the question herself in the quiet but effective way that the "Show him in here," was the haughty re- sex settles everything, and will and by get-

A Finished Artist

Wife-John, you're drunk again !... Hubby-No, mideat, only rehearshin'g I'm goin' on amateur shtage ash drunken man, zhat's all. Wife-Well, John, you don't want to waste your talents on an amateur stage any longer. You want to seek a professional engagement at once.

The Weigh of the Wicked

Coal Dealer-I have investigated your complaint and find you got your full ton of your honour and fame in his hands," was | coal. That's the way it is-Customer—Are you really sure that there are no two weighs about it.

> The Race is Sometimes to the Strong. "That rival of yours seems to be in a fair way to out you out. He's a pretty athletic fellow... Are you not afraid of him? 1? Ou no; but her father is, so he has w better show than I have.

New in the Business. Old Lady-"De you keep balsam of fire inal," was the ancering reply. New Drug Clerk-"No, ma'am, the fur

Purifice the breath, and preserves the low as to fear even a perjured duke. Be toeth Adams' Tatti Frutti Gum. Sold by calm-the witnesses you suborned are known sil druggists and confectioners, 5 cents,