· Py FERGUS HUME.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

Dr. Merrick was delighted to see me again so speedily and assured me that he had thought of nothing else but the lone inn crime. The peculiar circumstances of the case fascinated him greatly. "Decidedly I should be a detective," be said laughingly. "I have been inventing all kinds of theories in connection with this matter. By the way, my idea of searching the shipping list was a good one."

'Excellent. You received my letter?' "I did, with much pleasure. So Francis did not arrive in England until the

6th of June?" "No! Therefore it was Francis whom I met at the Fen inn, who was killed by his brother, and it is Felix who now passes himself off to Olivia Bellin as

"Does she not guess the imposture?" "No. So far as I can see, she firmly believes Felix to be Francis. You were also right about the hiding of the

"You don't say so?" cried Merrick, highly delighted. "Did Felix ride out to the Fen inn and hide the body, as I surmised?"

"He did. I have the evidence of the livery stable keeper to prove that he hired a horse on the 11th and did not return till midnight."

"During which time he disposed of his brother's body?"

"Precisely. I tracked his horse's hoof marks to the pool wherein I am convinced the body lies hidden."

"Egad! You are a wonderful man, Denham. Did you have the pool dragged for the body?"

"Not yet. I wished to tell you all my discoveries before doing so. "Many thanks. I am so interested in

this case that it is a great pleasure for me to follow it step by step.'

"I wish no thanks from you, Merrick," said I heartily. "It is rather the other way, as your reasonings have led me to these important discoveries: First, that Felix was in Paris; second, that Francis did not arrive from Chile till this month, and, third, that Felix himself hid the orpse. By myself I should never have discovered so much. But I have made one most famous discovery."

"Yes? And that is?" "I know how the crime was commit-

ted and by whom." "You don't say so!" exclaimed Merrick in much excitement. "Have you seen Strent?"

"No. It was not Strent who killed Francis Briarfield " "You don't mean to say is was Rose Strent:

"No. It was Felix himself."

Metrick uttered an exclamation of surprise and remained silent for a few minutes.

"But you said yourself that Felix never came to the inn on that night," he objected.

"So I thought, but it appears that I was mistaken. Fundy, the livery stable keeper, told me that Felix hired a horse from him on the 10th and 11th of June. On both occasions he did not return till idnight. Now. Francis was murdered the 10th, and his corpse disappeared the 11th. Felix is therefore responble for both the murder and the concealment of the body."

"That is purely circumstantial evidence."

I laid down the arrowhead on the "This is proof positive," I said triumphantly. 'With that piece of flint

Francis was killed. "Really," said Merrick skeptically, picking up the arrowhead. "With such a clumsy instrument he must have bun-

gled the job considerably." "Not at all. That arrowhead is steeped in viralent poison."

"The deuce!" cried Merrick, dropping it hastily. "Why did you not out myself and gone the same way as

boor Francis Briarfield. How do you pow the murder was so executed?" A"I told you about the discolored bund in the palm of the right hand."

Merrick nodded. "Well," I continued, "that was the cause of death, as there was neither scratch nor violence on any other part of the body. I picked up that arrow-

head in the fireplace of the dining room of the Fen inn, where it had doubtless been thrown by Felix after the committal of the crime." "Where did he get the arrowhead?" "That is just what puzzled me for a

long time. Fortunately I remembered that the entrance to Bellin Hall was decked with a perfect armory of savage weapons. I made an excuse of looking at the picture gallery and so gained admission to the hall.'

C'Did you find anything likely to confit in your suspicious?" 'Yes. I found that an arrow had

been removed from the wall.' "How could you tell that?"

"Because the weapons were arranged in patterns, and one of the patterns was incomplete. Moreover, on comparing that arrowhead with those on the wall I found it was precisely similar in appearance.

"Humph," said Merrick thoughtfully. "There is only one deduction to be taken from all this. Felix stole the arrowhead, and knowing it to be poisoned rode to the Fen inn to kill his brother. He is a clever scoundrel."

"Very clever indeed," I answered dry-"But for you, Merrick, he would have baffled me altogether." I'I tilink you have him this time," said

trick, laughing. "Now, what do you

end to do next?" "Have the pool dragged for the body

"Before doing so it would be advisable to find Rose Strent or her father." "Why so?"

"Because they only can give positive evidence as to the committal of the crime. Failing them, Felix may slip through your fingers." "They won't show up or give evi-

dence for their own sake. "In that case they must be found and forced into confession," said the doctor quickly. "And what about Felix and Miss Bellin?"

"They are now in town-Mrs. and Miss Bellin in Swansea square and Felix at his chambers in Jermyn street."

"I wonder if Felix is still in communication with Rose Strent," queried Merrick half to himself.

"It's not impossible. Whatever Rose Strent was or is, she is not a waiting maid. I believe some guilty bond unites the pair, and Rose assisted Felix in his scoundrelly schemes out of pure love."

"Hardly," responded Merrick. "If Rose loved Felix, she would not assist him to marry Olivia, and by removing Francis she certainly did so." "How would it do to see Felix at his

chambers and bully him into confes-

"You won't manage that. Your man is too clever." "He can't do much against the proofs

in my possession." "He'll deny anything."

"At all events, I'll try, Merrick. This that I am going to have him arrested for the murder of his brother. That will bring him to his knees.'

"'It might, and it might not. Better look for Rose Strent."

"If any one knows where she is to be found, it is Felix. I can't do better than see him."

"Try it by all means," said the doctor doubtfully, "but I'm afraid you won't get much satisfaction out of him. First find Rose Strent, have the pool dragged and the body found. Then, what with the evidence of Fundy and that arrowhead, you will have no difficulty in getting a warrant for his arrest. At present Felix will simply order you out of his rooms."

"I'll run the risk of that," I answered and shortly afterward took my departure.

I could not now complain of lack of interest in my life. It took me all my time to keep the many details of this case in mind. There was no doubt that I had already solved the mystery, and that Felix was guilty of his brother's death. Yet, as Merrick said, it would be necessary to find the body and thus establish conclusive proof of the crime before the murderer could be convicted. When this was done, the evidence in hand would be sufficient to insure his condemnation. For my part, I believed that he would be driven into a corner and forced to confess his complicity in the crime.

Firmly convinced of this man's guilt, I was determined he should not marry Olivia. The crime had been committed for her sake, and seeing that he had behaved in so cowardly a fashion it was a fit retribution that he should not achieve his purpose. It was no use to warn Olivia as to the true character of Felix, as she firmly believed him to be Francis and would decline to believe my story. Under these circumstances I judged it advisable to see Felix at his chambers and warn him that I knew all. Terrified by the predicament in

which he found himself, he might leave England, and thus Olivia would be saved from lifelong misery. His punishment for the crime would occur later on, as, notwithstanding his flight, he could be arrested on the continent while extradition treaties were in force.

After dinner I therefore went to call on Felix. His rooms were in Jermyn street, and as mine were just around the corner in Duke street I had not far to go. My visit was paid on the chance of finding him in, as I did not wish to put him on his guard by notifying him of my wish for an interview. As the twins, in

spite of constant disagreement, occupied the same rooms, I could not but wonder at the nerve of Felix in coming back to the apartments where every familiar object would remind him of his fratricidal act.

warn me of its danger? I might have, ed the door of the chambers. At the foot It was just at 8 o'clock when I reachof the stairs I found the caretaker ensconced in a glass box like an insect. To him I addressed myself. He was an old friend of mine and rather an oddity

'Is Mr. Briarfield within?" "Mr. Francis Briarfield is in his

rooms," said the caretaker, "but Mr. Felix is in Paris." Of course I guessed that this would

be the answer and secretly admired the dexterity with which Felix had carried out his plans. Doubtless in the end, when his brother did not return, or rather when his pretended self did not reappear, he would account for it by an accident in the eastern deserts. However, my business was with Felix, alias Francis, so I made no comment on the caretaker's remark.

"Pray take up my card to Mr. Briar-field," I said. "I want to see him at once.

"I can't take it up now," said the caretaker civilly. "Mr. Briarfield is engaged and gave particular orders that he was not to be disturbed.'

"Ah, but doubtless he is engaged with a friend of mine," I hinted ambiguously.

"Is the lady a friend of yours, sir?" A lady! My thoughts at once reverted to Rose Strent, but then the chances were that it might be Olivia.

"Yes. Miss-Bellin," "That's the young lady, sir, to whom Mr. Briarfield is engaged?" asked the caretaker, who was a confirmed gossip.

"Yes. "It is not her, sir. I know her well by sight, as she has been here with Mrs.

Bellin. It's another lady.' My surmise was right, and I-felt confident that while I stood there Felix was having an interview with his accomplice. I could not disturb them, yet

wished to assure myself of the identity of Rose Strent. When I found out all about her, there might be a possibility

of solving the mystery.
"Well, no matter," I answered carelessly, stuffing the card back into my case. "I'll see Mr. Briarfield another time."

"Will you leave your name, sir?" "No, it doesn't matter. I'll call about 9 on the chance of finding him

Having thus baffled the inquiries of the caretaker, I strolled into the street, and taking up my station at the corner kept my eyes on the door. If Rose Strent was with Felix, she must certainly come out in a short time. Then I intended to follow her up and speak to her if I got a chance. Failing Briarfield, I might possibly extort a confession from the v.eaker vessel.

In about a quarter of an honr the woman came out. She wore no veil, and as it was still fairly light I had no difficulty in seeing her face. She passed hurriedly by me in the direction of the Haymarket without observing me, and I recognized her at a glance. It was, as I thought, Rose Strent and none other. In place of the waiting maid's linen dress, she was arrayed in a smart tailor made costume and looked very fashionable indeed. Her face wore a triumphant expression, as though she had been successful with Felix. I guessed the interview had been for the purpose of extorting blackmail. With her knowlevening I'll call on Felix and swear, edge of his secret Felix was certainly at her mercy.

> Following her up at some little distance, she went down the Haymarket and turned down one of the side streets, turned off there into a dirty alley and



It was Rose Strent and none other. finally disappeared into a swing door over which was a lamp inscribed with some letters. I looked up and saw written thereon, "Stage door."

"An actress," said I and went round to the front of the theater to inspect the play bill. It was the Frivolity theater, and they were playing the burlesque of "As You Don't Like It." Glancing down the list of characters, I saw that Orlando was played by Miss Rose Ger-

"A leading lady," I thought, transfixed with astonishment. "A burlesque actress doubtless, in the receipt of a think of marrying him. good salary. What in heaven's name took her to the Fen inn?"

This question I was of course unable to answer, but I guessed it had something to do with love and Felix Briarfield. Leaving the matter alone for a few moments, I secured a stall and entered the theater. When Orlando came on, I was thoroughly satisfied. Rose Strent was Rose Gernon, and I had seen her play the part of waiting maid at the Fen inn on the 10th of June, that fatal night of the murder.

CHAPTER X When I told Dr. Merrick of my good fortune in finding Rose Strent, or, to use her stage name, Rose Gernon, he was considerably astonished. The case had taken hold of him so completely that he could think of nothing else. He had a large practice and attended fairly well to his patients, but informed me that he did so in a mechanical fashion, more or less, as his brain was busy with the Fen inn mystery. We were now wonderfully familiar, considering the short period of our acquaintance, but this was doubtless due to the interest we both took in the case. "Upon my word, Denham," said Merrick, rubbing his head irritably, "I wish you had not come near me with your hallucinations. Instead of attending to my business, I think of nothing but your mysteries. The sooner we unravel this riddle the better will it be for me. You are an idle bachelor, so it does not matter much to you, but I am a busy medworries me greatly. At this moment I tied to a brute like Felix, as she cerought to be attending to a patient, instead of which I am wasting my time with you." "Shall I go away?"

"No, confound you! I wish to see the end of this affair, or I'll get no peace of mind. It is too late to remedy the matter, so I must have my curiosity allayed by learning all the ins and outs of this enigma. Come, let us begin. You have found Rose Strent?"

"Yes. She is a burlesque actress and name in the programme is set down as stage name. Rose Strent is her real one.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Mershe doubtless took a false name, so as to baffle inquiry."

"Then what about the landlord, who called himself Edward Strent?"

"Oh, we must find out all about him also. No doubt his name is false also. Did he look like her father?" "Well, I can't say that there was

much likeness between them. He looked to me like a valet. "A valet," muttered Merrick reflect-

was a valet-valet to Felix." "In that case he'll be with him now. "It is not impossible. He has Felix likes. It's my opinion he'll stay till he's "I think Rose Gernon is blackmailing

"Quite so. What else can he expect? Or else," added Merrick, looking straight at me, "it's a case of love and marriage.

"What! Do you think Felix promised to marry Rose if she helped him to get rid of his brother?"

"I think he might lead her to believe he would do so,"

"This is absurd, Merrick," said I sharply. "Felix is in love with Olivia. The motive of the crime was to gain possession of Olivia's hand. Rose would not help Felix if she knew that."

"Precisely. If she knew it. But it's my opinion that she does not know it. I believe Felix gulled her into belief that he would marry her if she gave her assistance, but he has not the slightest intention of keeping his promise."

"And what excuse could be make for wishing to murder his brother?" "Ah, there you have me! I don't know that. Of course you and I are Have you anything very terrible to tell aware of the real motive of the crime, but Rose is ignorant of it. She thinks she knows, no doubt, but I'm certain she been put off with a lie."

"But he can't keep the information from her for ever. Even if he keeps quiet, some one is bound to tell her that again about that foolish matter you Felix is engaged to Miss Bellin." "There you are wrong," said Mer-

rick, with grim jocularity. "Every one thinks Francis is engaged to Miss Bellin." "Yes, but Rose Gernon knows well

enough that Francis is dead, and that the engaged man must be Felix posing as Francis." "There's some truth in that," admitted the doctor, looking puzzled. "I sup-

pose he must have kept that fact from her so far, as I don't see what possible explanation he could give her.' "Always assuming she is in love with

him," said I musingly. "Ob, as to that, I am certain it is so. A woman like Rose Gernon drawing a good salary would not mix herself up in such a dangerous business merely for money. There is a stronger motive, and that is love. I'll lay anything," continued Merrick, in sporting phrase, 'I'll lay anything that she is madly in love with the fellow."

"Well, and Olivia, thinking Felix is Francis, loves him madly also. If these two women come together, there will be trouble for Felix."

"Eureka!" cried the doctor, jumping up excitedly, "the very thing. When thieves fall out-you know the adage. Let us bring the two women together and see the upshot."

"There will simply be a row," said "What is the use of that?" "This," retorted Merrick sharply-

"that when Rose finds she has been betrayed she will reveal all the mystery out of revenge and assure Olivia that Felix is not Francis."

"That's not a bad idea, Merrick; also it might occur that Olivia reveals something in her turn."

"Impossible. She can't possibly know "I suppose not, and yet," I added reflectively, "I wouldn't be surprised if

she were cognizant of Felix's movements on the 10th and 11th. She certainly stuck up for him in the most amazing manner at the first interview. "Of course she did, because she believes he is Francis. Depend upon it,

doctor, she knows nothing, and if we bring her and Rose together there will be a revolution and a revelation."

"It's worth trying at all events. But how can it be managed?" "By working on the natural jealousy of the sex. Tell Olivia that Felix re-

ceives a woman in his rooms every evening." "Oh, hang it, Merrick," said I, reddening, "it wouldn't be delicate even to

a married woman, let alone a girl." "Of course I don't mean you to put it to her in that barefaced manner,' said Merrick hastily, "but handle the matter delicately. Wrap it up in sugar. I leave it to your own judgment. In any case you must rouse the jealousy of Miss Olivia Bellin and induce her to come with you to the chambers of Fe-

lix when he is interviewing Rose." "She wouldn't come without her mother.

"Then bring her mother along with you. This is a serious matter, and it doesn't do to be squeamish."

"Then do it yourself," said I angrily. "I!" said he, taken aback. "No. 1 don't know Miss Bellin. You are the proper person. Besides it's better that she should know the truth, even at the ical man, and this infernal business cost of a shock to her delicacy, than be tainly will be."

"Not if Rose can help it."

'She can't help it if she doesn't know. And the only way to spoil the game of Felix is to bring the two women face to face. Their mutual jealous, will do the rest, and instead of going to the altar Felix Briarfield will find himself bound for the scaffold."

"True enough. Well, I'll try, Merrick, but it's a job I don't like.' He laughed at my scruples and tried

plays at the Frivolity theater. Her to show me that I was really doing Olivia a service in being so plain spo-Rose Gernon, but this is doubtless her ken, but in spite of all his arguments 1 departed from his house in low spirits. I did not relish the idea of interviewing Olivia on so delicate a subject, yet I rick sharply. "If she went into that saw it was imperative and therefore true," she muttered, clinching her fist, Fen inn business with her eyes open, made up my mind to carry through the business at whatever cost of personal inconvenience to myself. That is the One's feelings are not under sufficient

control. The next day I called at Swansea square and sent up my card to Olivia. As it so happened, her mother had gone down to Hurlingham with Felix, and she remained at home on the plea of a I suggested. headache. She sent down a message to ively. "Queer! I wonder if he really the effect that she was unwell and asked me to excuse her, but I scribbled a few lines on my card asking particularly to see her. This time the servant in his power and can stay on just as he returned with the information that Miss Bellin would see me for a few minutes, pensioned off. Case of blackmail, I and I was shown into the drawing room. I felt nervous, but, determined to

go through with the matter, managed to row evening, and you shall see for yourscrew up my courage. It was a most unpleasant task, but very necessary if I wanted to attain my object.

When Miss Bellin entered, I could not suppress a start, so changed was she in outward appearance. As I said before, she was a tall, well developed and very beautiful woman, but now she had grown thin, and her face wore an anxious expression. I could not help thinking that she knew something about the tragedy at the lone inn, as I could conjecture no other reason for her ill health and manifest discomposure. She came forward, with a nervous smile, and greeted me in a low voice.

"My mother and Mr. Briarfield have gone to Hurlingham," she said, sitting down on a lounge near which my chair was placed.

'I am not sorry for that," I answered gravely, "as I wish to see you

"What is the matter, Mr. Denham? "I think it is terrible."

"About Francis?" she demanded anxiously. "Yes. About Francis."

"Surely you are not going to begin

spoke of at Marshminster." "No. It is not about that." Olivia passed her handkerchief across her lips and gave a sigh of relief. The expression of her face was so strange

that I was more than ever convinced she suspected the truth. "I am glad you have given over that mad idea about Francis being Felix," she said at length. "I cannot conceive

what made you take up so strange a belief. Felix is in Paris.' "I know that, Miss Bellin. I saw

him there." This I said in the hope of startling her, but she did not move a muscle of her face. Either she was keeping well in hand or was cognizant of the fact that Felix had gone to Paris for the purpose of deceiving me. If so, she must have known he was not Francis, and also that my story of the lone inn tragedy was true. It was on my tongue to ask her if she was aware of the terrible truth, but on reflection I judged it best to let events evolve themselves. Fate could manage these things better than

a mere mortal. "I knew you would see him there," she said coldly, "but I cannot conceive why you should desire to convince yourself that I spoke truly."

"Because, Miss Bellin, I believe that the man who calls himself Francis is really Felix." "The same old story," she said im-

patiently. "You are mad. If you saw

Felix in Paris, you must be convinced that you are making a mistake." "Well, Miss Bellin, we will waive that point for the present. I will call the man to whom you are engaged

Francis." "As he is," she interpolated imperithe man's villainy, else she would not ously. I let the remark pass and went vith my spe think me highly impertinent, but I wish to warn you against the so called Francis Briarfield."

> "Simply this: While at the Fen inn I was waited on by a woman who called herself Rose Strent. That woman is now in town acting at the Frivolity theater under the name of Rose Gernon."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"And what have I to do with such a creature?" she asked in a trembling "Nothing, but your lover has every-

thing to do with her." "Mr. Denham!" We were both on our feet by this time, and she was looking at me with wrathful eyes. The crisis I so dreaded had come, but it was now too late to retreat, and there was no help for it but

to go on. "Be angry with me if you like, Miss Bellin," I said as soon as I was able,

"but it is in your own interest I speak." "My own interest!"

"Yes. This woman Rose Gernon is in love with Francis B"growing white. "You are making a mistake!"

"It is true," I said doggedly, "she

day evening at 8 o'clock. She will be there tomorrow evening at the same time. I learned that fact today." "Did you come here to insult me,

was with him at his chambers yester-

sir?" asked Olivia in a voice tremulous with rage. "I came here to do you a service, but if you look upon it in the light of an

insult I may as well take my leave." "Stop, sir!" she said, placing herself before me. "You shall not leave the room till I am convinced of the truth of your statement. Why should Francis

meet Rose Gernon?" "Why should Rose Gernon play the part of a waiting maid at the Fen inn?' I retorted.

"How can I tell?"

see them together."

was flushed with anger.

who is to marry you, Miss Bellin. She loves him, and he loves her." "No! I tell you it is impossible. trust him. I love him. He could not be

"To further the schemes of the man

such a mean villain." "I can prove to you that what I say is true. 'Do so, and I will believe it. If it is

"if it is true, I shall bitterly punish him for the deception." "Come with me tomorrow evening at worst of being an amateur detective. 8 o'clock to Briarfield's rooms in Jermyn street, and I'll engage you shall

> "If I thought so-but, no," she said, breaking off impetuously. "I cannot How can I-now can I?" come. "Ask Mrs. Bellin to come with you,"

> "I cannot do that." She looked at me strangely for a moment, then walked to the other end of the room. When she returned, her face

> "Why do you come here with these infamous tales, sir?" she cried excitedly. "I do not believe you." "Put me to the proof. Come tomor-

"You are the enemy of the man I love. "I am the bitter enemy of the man

who pretends to love you because I believe he killed his brother." "Mr. Denham, I could tell-but, no, no! I must be silent."

"What do you mean?" asked I eagerly, thinking she was about to reveal her suspicions. Olivia thought for a few moments, then put her hand suddenly into mine. "I will be with you at a quarter to 8 tomorrow, and if it is true what you say-oh, if it is true!"

"Here is my card," said I, forcing it into her hand. "Wear a veil and



"I will be with you at a quarter to 8 to-

come to my rooms in Duke street. I will await you at the door, and we will go to the chambers of this villain." "He is no villain."

"I say he is, Miss Bellin, and I'll prove him to be so tomorrow.' "Do it," she said, fixing me with a glance, 'and you shall see how bitterly

I shall punish his treachery. Now go,

Mr. Denham, and meet me tomorrow evening as you have arranged." I bowed and left the room in silence. As I passed through the door I looked back and saw she had thrown herself on the couch, crying bitterly. The sight

perplexed me. "Does she know anything," I thought, "or does she believe Felix is really Francis? Well, when she and Rose Gernon come face to face, the truth will be revealed."

The truth was stranger than even I suspected.

CHAPTER XI. My interview with Olivia passed off better than I expected. If she had ordered me out of the house, I would only have looked on it as the just punishment for what must have appeared my impertinent interference in what did not concern me. The very fact that she listened so quietly proved that she suspected Felix was masquerading as her lover. She could only be assured of this by overhearing his interview with Rose Gernon and therefore accepted my invitation to go to the Jermyn street rooms. If their tenant was Francis, he would resent the intrusion of Rose, but if Felix the two confederates would

doubtless talk of their guilty secret. Thanks to a sovereign judiciously bestowed on the carekeeper, I had discovered that Rose Gernon intended to visit Felix at 8 o'clock. How the carekeeper found out I do not know, but in some mysterious way servants seem to gain all information concerning the doings of their superiors. It sufficed for me that Rose would be in the rooms of Felix on this evening, and that Olivia would catch them in a trap. I had no pity for the guilty pair, but I was genuinely sorry for Olivia. She little knew the torture she was about to undergo. I did and almost regretted that I had interfered in the matter. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that it was better for her to suffer a few hours' pain than lifelong misery.

That she agreed to go to Jermyn

street at that hour without a chaperon

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