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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Belgrave Mystery.

BY A. CURTIS YORKE.

CHAPTER III.

In Confidence.

It was two days later and it was one of Mrs. Vere Chappleton's "Wednesdays." Here—as every drawing-room in London—the mysterious murder in Belgrave square was the prevailing topic of conversation. Nothing further had come to light regarding the affair, save that the name of the murdered man was Edgar Yerschoyle, and that he had taken rooms in a private hotel in Dover street three days before his death.

Near one of the windows a group of well-dressed matrons were eagerly discussing the latest particulars.

"I know, I know," pretty Lady Caroline Drayton was saying in a mysterious whisper, "I heard—but you mustn't breathe it, for I swore to George that I wouldn't mention it to a creature—well, I have heard that suspicious points have been—"

"Of whom?" was the breathless query, as the speaker paused.

"Well, remember this—in confidence—to Sir Keith Denham!"

"Oh, Carrie—impossible!" exclaimed one of her hearers. "Why, Sir Keith is a charming man and waltzes like an angel," she added pensively.

"Don't be a goose, my dear," said a piquante-looking young woman whose accent, though slight, betrayed her transatlantic origin. "I've got the first speaker. "I don't believe a word of it. What possible motive could he have had?"

"My dear Mrs. Dallas," said Lady Caroline, speaking impressively and confidentially, "George says it's all over the clubs and that all sorts of revelations are expected at the inquest to-morrow. And another thing—I have heard in a roundabout way that the murdered man was an old lover of Lady Denham's and that Sir Keith was madly jealous—and—"

"I declare, Carrie, there's nothing too outrageously romantic for you to believe," interrupted Mrs. Dallas. "This is the nineteenth century, men don't go about murdering their wives' former lovers. I gates they'd have their heads full if they did. Anyhow, I believe something a little more probable, and less like a penny dreadful."

"It is a most frightful affair," positively observed a nervous looking little woman in a black satin dress. "Really, you know, if one isn't safe from assassination in private houses, I don't know where one is safe."

"No, one would assassinate you, Chrissy, dear," said Lady Caroline with a consoling little smile. "You're too small, they couldn't see you!" Then she went on: "It seems so very strange that no one knew anything about this poor Mr. Yerschoyle. I haven't met a single creature who knew him."

"Who was Lady Denham before she married Sir Keith?" suddenly inquired the fair American, adjusting her gold folders coquettishly and addressing a tall young man (very tall and very young) with unobtrusive features who had just joined the little group. "You always know all about everybody, don't you, Mr. Challoner?"

"Oh, no not quite," was the modest answer. "Who was Lady Denham?" he continued. "Don't ask me, please, Mrs. Dallas. I only know that Denham met her somewhere on the continent about six years ago and married her at one of the foreign embassies. She was an acquaintanceship of a few weeks. They've lived a good deal abroad until this year. Awfully pretty woman, don't you think so? She looked Denham over in less than no time. I've heard, and Charlie Coringham too."

"Bewied him over," repeated Mrs. Dallas, knitting her pretty brows. "How do you bewil people, pray? Is it difficult?"

"Ask the no more," he quoted with a sentimental sigh. "You ought to know!"

"Go away, Dick," said Lady Caroline (they were cousins), "and keep your slang expressions for your clubs. But, by the way, before you go, tell us like a dear boy, have you heard this terrible rumor about Sir Keith Denham?"

"What terrible rumor" asked her cousin.

"Well—but don't hint that I mentioned it—that he is thought to be guilty of this murder!"

Challoner looked at her for a moment, then he said severely:

"Now, look here, Carrie, you take my advice and don't talk of what you don't know anything about. Naturally, of course I haven't heard any such rumor, and if I had I shouldn't repeat it. That little tongue of yours will get you into mischief one of these days, see if it doesn't."

And so saying, Mr. Challoner opened his shoulders with an expression of virtuous indignation and crossed the room to speak to a very pretty girl who had just entered, and at whose shrine he had been offering vain incense for some weeks.

"Talking of the Denhams," said a malicious-looking woman in blue spectacles, who had not spoken before, "is it true that they don't get on at all well?"

Lady Caroline laughed a little.

"I don't think that's any secret," she said.

"Gladys Kennard told me they were a most devoted couple," observed Mrs. Dallas abruptly.

"Oh—we!" said Lady Caroline, with significant emphasis. "Of course Gladys Kennard believes Olive Denham to be an angel, and vice versa. Then, after a pause, she added:

"If anything is proved against Sir Keith it will be a terrible thing for his poor little son. What in the world they have made of that child, to be sure!"

And Lady Caroline, who was childless, shook her head pensively.

"I'm so glad I didn't go that night," said the nervous-looking little woman before alluded to.

"Oh, it was a dreadful sight," said Lady Caroline, with a smiling, "I shall never forget it—never. I'm sure I hope Sir Keith had nothing to do with it. But certainly his behavior was very strange!"

"How?" asked Mrs. Dallas bluntly.

"Oh, I don't know," was the somewhat vague answer. "Everybody said he looked pale when he came in the door of the fernery when he went in and saw—the body! (Here Lady Caroline shuddered again.) He showed no emotion whatever—none. All his eyes were for his wife, who had plainly fainted away in Charlie Coringham's arms no less. I don't mind telling you that I can't bear Olive Denham," added the speaker, quite what venomously. "I suppose she is pretty—in a way, but for my part, I don't admire that half-foreign, half-babyish style of beauty. And she flirts abominably."

"Olive Denham is one of the prettiest women in London," said Mrs. Dallas quietly. "And she doesn't flirt a bit worse than the rest of us. As for Sir Keith's behavior on the night of the murder, there was nothing strange about it that I saw. I should be sorry to take away people's characters in that way, Lady Caroline." And with rather a scornful look inher gray eyes she rose and sailed away to take leave of her hostess.

"Dear Mrs. Dallas is so peculiar, you know," murmured Lady Caroline, confidentially.

"I daresay she was right. To defend the absent is certainly a peculiarity nowadays, more's the pity. Nothing further had come to light regarding the affair, save that the name of the murdered man was Edgar Yerschoyle, and that he had taken rooms in a private hotel in Dover street three days before his death.

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CHAPTER IV.

Revelations.

On the day of the inquest the courtroom was crowded as might have been expected, for the affair had created an almost unprecedented stir in the fashionable world.

Sir Henry Drummond was the first witness examined. He deposed to having made a brief examination of the body shortly before twelve o'clock on Monday night June 24. Life was then quite extinct. He had also assisted at a post-mortem examination of the person described the following day. Death had plainly resulted from a deep wound in the left breast, piercing the heart. The wound seemed to have been inflicted by some sharp three-cornered instrument, which death must have been almost instantaneous. He should judge that life had been extinct perhaps half an hour when he first viewed the body. This, and further, medical evidence was corroborated by Dr. James Werton and the divisional surgeon of police.

The next witness was Lady Denham, who it will be remembered, was the first to discover the body.

She looked exceedingly ill, and her evidence was given in low, broken tones, at times almost inaudible. After answering a few preliminary questions she said that on the night of Monday, June 24, she entered the fernery from the library, with the intention of passing through into the conservatory. The fernery had two doors, one opening into the conservatory and one into the library. It was unlit when she went in, and the door leading to the conservatory was locked. She unlocked it and threw it open. As she did so she saw to her surprise and horror the figure of a man lying on the floor, his face was half hidden, one arm was doubled under him and his shirt-front was covered with blood. She also saw that there was blood upon the floor, and that her dress had become stained with it. It was then she screamed. She remembered nothing after that until she found herself in her own room.

The Coroner then said:

"Did you at once recognize the deceased as Edgar Yerschoyle?"

"Not just at first. When I stooped down and saw his face more distinctly, I recognized him."

"Was he well known to you or was he merely a casual acquaintance?"

"I had not seen him for many years until that night."

"You know him well some years ago?"

"Yes." Here Lady Denham appeared much discussed, and became very pale.

By the jury: "Did you notice any weapon of any kind near the deceased?"

"No!" with a shudder.

"You are certain there was no weapon?"

"I could not be certain, but I did not see any."

Lady Denham here became so hysterical that the coroner deferred the rest of her evidence until later.

The next witness was Sir Keith's butler James Ferguson. He said he had been in Sir Keith Denham's service for two years. He had never seen the deceased until the opening of the 20th. Deceased had never to his (witness) knowledge been in the house before.

"Did you admit him on that evening?"

"Yes. At least I saw him admitted."

"At what hour?"

"About eight o'clock half an hour before dinner. He was in morning dress and came in a hansom. He asked if Sir Keith was at home. I did not know at first, but I believed he was dressing for dinner. He said he must see him on important business, and was so haughty and peremptory that I showed him into the study and sent his card up to my master. The salne engraved on the card was Mr. E. R. Yerschoyle."

"Did Sir Keith see him?"

"Yes; he came down-stairs about ten minutes later, and went into the study.

"How long were they in the study?"

"I should say about three-quarters of an hour. At the end of half an hour I went into the study to ask Sir Keith if he would have a lamp, for it was a dull, wet evening. He told me to leave the room and I did so. About a quarter of an hour or so later, the study bell rang, and one of the footmen showed the visitor out."

"What time was that?"

"It would be a quarter to nine or more. I should think."

"Did you see him afterward?"

"Yes I saw him later, on in the evening at the end of the inner hall, as I was coming out of the upper hall to go to my evening dress, and I supposed he was one of the invited guests?"

"Was he alone?"

"No he was speaking to Lady Denham's maid, who was coming out of the cloak-room.'.

"Did you hear what he said?"

"No."

"Did you hear what she said?"

"Yes, she was waving her hands about in her queer foreign way, and I heard her say: 'You could see my lady. You have quarreled with master. Let that be enough for one night.'"

"Were you not surprised to hear the maid speak in such a way to one of her mistress' guests"

"Well, yes I was. But maidmodelle has a kind of high and mighty way of speaking to everybody except my lady.

"What reply did the deceased make?"

"I did not hear what he said. He turned away, and I did not see him again—alive, that is to say.

"Now, when you went into the study to ask Sir Keith if he would have the lamp, did it strike you that he and deceased had been quarreling?"

Witness hesitated, but when pressed for an answer replied:

"I should say they were having words."

"What reason have you for thinking so? Were they speaking excitedly?"

"Sir Keith seemed to be excited."

"But did the deceased?"

"Not so much, I think."

"Was Sir Keith speaking when you entered the room?"

"Yes."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Why Are You Sick?"

"I know precisely how you feel; it is that nervous, irritable feeling, your back troubles you, and when you try to read a little, your head aches. Isn't that so? I knew it. Oh, bother the doctor! Get a bottle of *Vegetable Compound*, and take it faithfully, as I have done. I've been through this thing myself, but am never troubled now. I'll tell you, my friend."

Prudent women who best understand the ailments find in the Compound a remedy for all their distressing ills. It removes at once those pains, aches, and weaknesses, brightens the spirits, restores digestion, and invigorates the system.

All Druggists sell it, or send by mail, in form of Pills, or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Send 2c. stamp for pamphlet. Address, "Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass."

Lydia E. Pinkham

CURES RISING BREAST

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest relieved child-bearing woman. I have been a mid-wife for many years, and in each case where "Mother's Friend" had been used it has accomplished wonders and relieved great suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of the breast known, and worth the price for that alone. MRS. M. M. BROWNER, Montgomery, Ala.

I can tell all expectant mothers if they will use a few bottles of Mother's Friend they will go through the ordeal without pain and suffering. MRS. MAE BRANHAM, Lawrenceville, Ill.

Used Mother's Friend before birth of my eighth child. Will never cease its praise. Mrs. J. F. MOORE, Colusa, Cal.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
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Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritating, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver, Impaired digestion, gout, bilious headache, SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney diseases, Liver Complaint, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood, Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility. Experiences of a thousand of our friends, if asked, would be willed to you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, and $1.00 sizes. "Swamp-Root" Pamphlet free. Mention this paper. Address DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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"German Syrup"

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly every thing on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Boschee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble."

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND WEAK AND PLEASANT TO RETIRE.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. It is made in cake from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. Has called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 25c. and $1 a package. If you cannot get it, send to address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. Address

OSCAR G. H. WOODWARD, LEROY, N. Y.

DR. WARNER'S CORALINE CORSETS

Are the Best. Ask your dealer for them. Price $1.00 and upward. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address, CORALINE CORSET CO., Detroit, Mich.

Belgian Hares

Bloomingdale Stock Farm, Bloomingdale, Van Buren Co., Mich.

Bargain No. 1.

Thus is the chance of a one time for plating this village lot. Lots are seldom offered for sale on the west side of Pierce street, owned by Alexander Bloomingdale, Esq., who lives on the lot. Depot and five minutes walk of the business center. Lot 66 x 132 to Cedar street. Level and under a fine state of cultivation. Price only $125.

Bargain No. 17.

Owing to circumstances Mrs. Edwin baldwin now offers her home for sale. Will take reasonable terms for very desirable home on the south side of Pierce street, consisting of one acre of land, good large house, barn with stable for two horses, cow, etc., all in good order in the house, root cellars and all in good repair. Place for sale cheap.

Bargain No. 25.

Can you looking for the best and cheapest farm in this county? If so, this is the place to visit. We can offer you forty acres, 30 acres of which are in a good state of cultivation, 10 acres of timber, 1 mile from Bloomingdale village, 1 mile from Pierce street, comparatively new, 8 rooms, containing all modern improvements, good barn, well and cistern, six ample bearing trees and a good orchard, well fenced, etc. This is the best bargain yet offered in this town.

Bargain No. 26.

Here is a fine chance for a home or a fine Maple avenue, close to the village, 1 acre of land, 8 rooms, well and cistern, good barn and three fruit trees, owned by S. Spencer Woodward, Esq., who lives in Chicago, good well and cistern, good barn and a good well and cistern, good barn and a good orchard, well fenced, etc. Price very reasonable.

Bargain No. 36.

A good farm for sale. I offer for sale my farm in Troy, Oakland co., Mich., consisting of 40 acres of choice farming land, 30 acres well-improved, 10 acres of good timber and the balance in pasture, 1 mile from Troy, 3 miles between the stubding, a number one cellar and good outbuildings, good barn and two good wells, well and cistern, good orchard, good well and cistern, good barn and a good well and cistern, good barn and a good orchard, well fenced, etc. Price very reasonable.

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Bargain No. 42.

We can now offer for sale the H. Tobin homestead, on the corner of Maple avenue and Chestnut and Merrill streets in this village. Contains 8 rooms, well and cistern, 3 bedrooms, large clothes room, good cellar, 2 fireplaces, with tile hearths, 2 parlors, 2 halls, 2 school house and plenty fully supplied with small fruits and grapes. Lot 66 x 132 feet. Lot and this property has been offered for sale and at a bargain. Will take good farm in exchange. For full particulars call at Whitehead & Mitchell's Real Estate Agency.

Bargain No. 43.

A fine residence, comparatively new, with eight good rooms, well and cistern, cheap clothes room, good cellar, 2 fireplaces, 2 halls, 2 parlors, 2 bedrooms, good barn, 1 acre of land, 14th avenue, Detroit, Mich. This is a fine residence portion of the city. This will be cheap for exchange for a good farm in this county.

Bargain No. 48.

A fine farm of 80 acres, 60 acres in a good state of cultivation, 20 acres east of the pleasant and thriving village of Ionia, 1 mile from the flourishing school house village, in miles from the village of Ionia, 1 mile from Grand River & Milwaukee Railroad, good house, good barn, good well and cistern, good orchard, 2 acres of timber, good two story brick house with 8 rooms, well and cistern, all the convenieences, 1 mile from the village, 1 mile from school house village, good outbuildings in fine repair.

To exchange for home in Detroit, Mich., or Chicago, Ill., or for a good farm in this county.

Bargain No. 49.

A big chance for mechanics or laborers in Royal Oak farm property. Fine location, good farming ground can be had very cheap. Forty acres, 20 acres cleared, 10 acres of land and partly improved, good large frame house, 1 barn, 1 well and cistern, good orchard, 1 acre Rowing well, 1 acre Rowing well, 1 acre Rowing well