

His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER III.

"Anita, this is my nephew, Frank de Walden."
A slender figure rose from the pile of cushions in the center of the great flower-filled room, a shapely hand was extended, with a sort of timid gracefulness, and Frank found himself confronting the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Yes—even with Esther Verner's lovely face freshly present to his lover's fancy, he owned that at once as he gazed with a thrill of admiring wonder upon the girl who had raised all his hopes and perhaps blighted his life. His first sensation was one of intense surprise, for, when his uncle spoke of his wife as an Italian, he had promptly imagined a handsome girl of the dusky, flashing-eyed, and raven-haired type; but here he gazed upon a radiant fairness that almost dazzled him, on a face that was almost angelic in its gentle purity.

She was above the ordinary height of women, and looked taller still in her long straight dress of creamy white, with features delicately straight and large serious eyes of a real violet hue. She had twisted closely about her small noble head a mass of golden hair that waved and glittered and seemed from every silken tendril to reflect the light; her mouth was small and beautifully curved, with the downward droop that gave it in repose a rather sorrowful look; but when, as now, she smiled, its expression was wonderfully sweet.

"My nephew then, is it not?" she said, with her pretty foreign intonation and an appealing upward glance; and, though the smarting sting of his cruel disappointment of course remained, Frank felt all bitterness die then and there out of his thoughts.

"Your nephew, certainly," he said heartily, "and, I hope, always your true and faithful friend."
"Thank you, my boy!" Sir George's voice was a little husky, and the hand that rested on Frank's shoulder was hardly so steady as it might have been, but the glance his uncle gave him almost repaid the young man for the effort he had made.

Fortunately the summons to dinner put an end to the embarrassing interview, and, despite his troubles and perplexities, Frank found himself enjoying a really agreeable meal. Both Sir George and his young wife felt that they owed something to the young man who had borne his ill-fortune with so gallant a grace, and both exerted themselves to the utmost to do him honor, and make him, for a time at least, forget.

So things went on pleasantly enough until, just as the desert was placed upon the table and the servants were preparing to withdraw, Sir George met his wife's eyes, and turned to the young man with rather a nervous smile.

"Another introduction for you, Frank. We always have Master George in at this time."
"I am glad to hear it, for I am anxious to make my young cousin's acquaintance," Frank answered promptly; and, as he spoke, the door opened, and the "young cousin" came into the room.

"Come here, George," said his father; the child ran over to Lady de Walden's side, and, resting his fair curly head against her shoulder, stood watching the stranger with big blue eyes that were not once shy and bold.

"George is not used to seeing people," Anita said apologetically, and Frank smiled and held out both hands as he answered, in a tone of easy confidence.
"But George will come to me."
The child looked doubtfully from under his soft fair curls, but the doubt lasted for a second only; then he ran over frankly to the stranger's side, lifted his cherub face for the stranger's kiss, and a minute or so later, had climbed upon the stranger's knee, and, with a plate of fruit before him, was chattering away in his broken baby fashion as though to an old friend.

Sir George looked radiantly across at the pair, and, returning his smile, Frank really forgot that he had any trouble on his mind. He was not surprised as the others were; he had a real love for and sympathy with children, and knew that in turn he possessed a magnetic attraction for them; but this last conquest pleased him in a special fashion.

"He is a noble little fellow," Frank said cordially, and almost without an effort, when, leading her small son by the hand, Lady de Walden had left the room, and the two men were alone. "A true De Walden, though he has all his mother's beauty."
"You think her beautiful then?"

Frank smiled.
"As to that there can be no two opinions. Her face is perfect, and she is as charming in manner as in face."
Sir George was more than pleased with the words; but he made no immediate comment upon them, only nodded his gray head once or twice, and sipped his claret in a meditative fashion, while Frank stared out into the moonlit splendor of the night with eyes that were full of troubled thought, and saw nothing of what they gazed upon so intently.

The first keen pang was past; there was very little bitterness in his heart now; but a growing terror had taken its place. That the cruel change in his prospects would make any change in Essie he never for a moment thought. But what would Mr. Verner say? Frank shivered as he imagined the man's cold gray eyes and resolute lips when he should hear that his future son-in-law was a poor and prospected man.

"Frank"—Sir George cleared his throat with a nervous effort, and drew his chair a little nearer to the table—"you have behaved very generously, my dear boy; and, though I cannot thank you now, I shall not forget this day's work. I wish to Heaven I had found the courage to tell you two or three years ago!"

How fervently Frank echoed that wish! How much pain that courage would have spared him! But he only smiled, and his uncle went on, in the same embarrassed fashion—
"Of course, you think me an old fool—don't take the trouble to deny that, my good fellow; but you don't yet know what Anita is, or how our marriage came about. Have you patience to hear the story?"

Frank was too kind-hearted to say what was the truth, that his head was still confused and dizzy, and that he could but imperfectly follow the details of any story told to him that night; so he merely murmured a vague assent, and Sir George, who held his head in the palm of his hand and meditatively stroked the pendant ends of his long gray

mustache, was quite content with this encouragement.
"Her father was a doctor, a dreamy, bookish old fellow, who lived in a little fishing-village where I had the good fortune to be laid up with a smart attack of the local fever and ague. I do not think I was ever in any real danger, or that Mr. Salvati had any special skill; but I do know that his daughter nursed me with the most absolute devotion and tender care, and that, when I was that sweet serious face, with the look of angelic pity, through the forest of mist that hung about me, I thought the Madonna in the old village church had stepped down from her century-old frame to soothe and comfort and heal me."

"Well, the delicious fancy passed on the fever-abated, and my reason came back. I knew that Anita Salvati was neither saint nor angel, only a good and beautiful girl to whom even more than to her father I owed perhaps my life. But I knew much more than this, and the knowledge filled me with such scorn for myself as I am sure you cannot feel for me, Frank. I knew that I, who had cared nothing for women in the spring-time of my life, who had shunned them in my maturity, and had as little thought of ever marrying as of ever being haaged, had now in my sober age fallen head over ears in love with this beautiful Italian child."

"Why do you not laugh, Frank? I laughed myself, I can tell you, and, calling my pride and sense of the ridiculous to my aid, strenuously combated the idea of yielding to such an infatuated fancy. And I really think I should have conquered, and left the place with my secret still untold—left Anita to think of me only as an old gentleman deeply grateful for her care, but that fate itself declared against me and forced me to yield."

"One evening I found Anita sobbing wildly in the little hillside garden, and, though I entreated her to tell me the cause of her grief, she refused with a vehemence very foreign to her gentle nature, and darted into the house. As she did so, I chanced to look back and saw a fine-looking young man descending the precipitous path between the olive-trees with reckless haste. As he reached the curve of the road, he turned to glare venomously back at the house, and I saw that his handsome Southern face was distorted with rage."

"The sight impressed me disagreeably. I knew the child's excitability of the people among whom I dwelt, knew how slight a cause might send such a man as this into a foaming frenzy of indignation that might as quickly pass away; but there had been something murderous in that threatening look. I could not shake off the remembrance, try as I would."
"Moreover, who could that familiar, if unfriendly, visitor be? Had I interrupted a lovers' quarrel? If so, then Anita had a lover—was perhaps betrothed; the thought stung me as sharply as the cut of a whip I resolved to know the worst, and laid the whole puzzle and perplexity of my thoughts before Doctor Salvati that night."

"He listened anxiously and with a darkening brow to my story of the evening's scene, and interrupted me once or twice with an angry exclamation; but he sighed wearily when my tale was done, and paced the narrow little room with a pitifully helpless look."
"It was her cousin Giuseppe, without doubt," he muttered uneasily. "And my poor Anita will never complain!"

"Because her cousin is also her lover?" I asked, with a coolness that surprised myself; and I am sure Salvati never guessed how wildly my heart was beating."
"No, indeed!" he said angrily. "The lad is hard and cruel and wicked, and in her gentle heart my child detests and fears him; but he is her only relative, her mother's sister's child, and she cannot bear to break with him wholly."
"They are not betrothed then?"

"The saints forbid!" the old man answered, with a shudder. "I would rather see Anita in her grave than in Giuseppe Lani's power, though in his mad fashion he worships her, and he has solemnly sworn, they tell me, that sooner or later she shall be his wife. Heaven help my child when I am no longer here to protect her! There will be but one refuge for her then."
"And that is—"

"The convent. She has but a slender portion to bring with her; but the holy mother and the good nuns have known Anita from her babyhood, and love her well; they will take her, I know."
"I shivered at the sorrowful determination of his tone. There was something terrible in the calmness with which he devoted his beautiful child to the living death of conventual life."

"And can you bear to think of Anita as a nun, a pale ghostly creature gliding like a shadow through the world to which she is united by no human ties?" I cried, trying to keep every sign of indignation down, but with only indifferent success, I suppose, for Salvati eyed me with more attention as he answered gravely—
"Is it not better to give her to Heaven than to Giuseppe Lani? And I have no other choice."

"You have," I said, the truth that I had sworn to hide for ever forced to my lips at last. "You can give her to me."
"To you," he echoed confusedly—"to you! You are jesting, signor, or—"
"I am speaking plain and simple truth. I love your daughter, as well perhaps as any younger man could love her, and can give her at least as much as the convent has to offer. I know every objection you can make; I am old, and so unlikely to win the love of a beautiful young girl that I do not even ask it; I ask only to be allowed to make her happy, to rescue her from her cousin and the living tomb of a nun."

"Well, I may not my story short, Frank. Salvati was not hard to convince. Perhaps my money dazzled him, for he was very, very poor; but he was a simple-hearted affectionate-natured man, broken in health and oppressed with the one great dread that he might be taken away, and his daughter left without a friend or protector in the world. It is no wonder that the safe shelter I offered proved an irresistible temptation, or that he spared no pains to bring Anita to his views."

"He did all the love-making, and I was well content that it should be so. I had no wish to make myself either hateful or ridiculous in the girl's eyes; and, playing the lover's part as my age, I must needs have seemed either one or the other. What were successful; and, when he laid Anita's hand in mine, I saw, with a thrill of pleasure, that there was neither fear nor repugnance in the beautiful girl's face, that the shy

sweet eyes upraised themselves to mine with an innocent childish trust.
"Make her happy, signor," poor old Salvati said below his breath.
"I promised with grateful fervor that I would, and I think, Heaven helping me, that I have kept my word."

Sir George paused and sipped his wine thoughtfully, and Frank watched him with a serious smile, half sympathetic, half amused. It was so strange to think of his old uncle being in love, to listen to the story of those ante-diluvian hopes and fears, that he half forgot how deeply he concerned himself. Then suddenly, with a sharp sting of pain, memory woke, and he asked abruptly—
"But why did you not announce your marriage, sir, having so little reason to hide it?"

"No reason at all," Sir George answered, twisting his gray mustache a little restlessly; "only December's usual craving for looking abroad beside his blooming May; but I can hardly tell you how things drifted on. First I wished Anita to learn to speak English before I brought her to her English home; then came Salvati's illness and death, to say nothing of the birth of our boy."
"That surely should have hastened the declaration," poor Frank said, a little bitterly, recalling with a fresh twinge of pain all that that foolish unnecessary mystery meant to him.

Sir George laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder with a kindly and entreating pressure.
"Be wholly generous, Frank," he said eloquently. "I know I have acted like a fool and a coward; but do not tell me so very plainly that you share that knowledge."
Frank laughed, and answered lightly—
"You twist my words, sir; but finish your story. Signor Salvati is dead, you and Lady de Walden are happy—I want all the characters disposed of. What became of Giuseppe Lani?"

Sir George smiled, and shook his gray head.
"He was rather a shadowy character, Frank. I never saw him but that once. It seems he went to sea that night, and whether he was drowned or so disgusted with the place that he did not choose to return nobody knows; the only certain thing is that Porto Rico saw him no more. I am sure that for the first few months of our marriage Anita lived in a constant terror that her father fully shared; but of course that died out at last. I do not suppose that any one in the village regretted the young desperado much; I am quite sure I did not. But enough of him. Let us talk of your prospects now."

Frank's face flushed; and he drew his chair back into the shadow, unwilling that his uncle should see all the pain and trouble it revealed.
"I think the best thing, in the circumstances, will be for me to see Mr. Verner and tell him exactly how matters stand," Sir George said hesitatingly. "What do you say, Frank? You know your future father-in-law's peculiarities better than I can guess them."
Frank did not answer immediately; he knew that for him to try to explain matters to Mr. Verner while the latter still smarted under the shock of an immense disappointment would be only to court a rebuff. If Essie's father had never said in so many plain words that he gave his daughter to the future Lord of De Walden Court, he had at least let his feeling be very clearly understood. The young man recoiled, with a painful little flush, the eager interest with which he had studied the De Walden pedigree and computed the De Walden acres, the fancy pictures he had drawn of pretty Essie, installed as Lady Bountiful and mistress of the quaint old Manor House. He never for an instant seemed to think that his son-in-law's life could be in any way influenced by his profession.

It was only the other day, the young man remembered bitterly, that Essie herself had called her father to account for this curious peculiarity of his.
"Why, papa," she cried, opening her big eyes widely, and shaking back the dusky perfumed locks that clustered about her pretty head, "you talk as though we were only to live for and at De Walden! Frank does not reign there yet, you know; and, even when he does, he will still have his profession. How would you like a Lord Chancellor for a son-in-law?"

Mr. Verner laughed at the grotesque suggestion as he looked down at the lovely upturned face and rattled the sovereigns comfortably in his trousers pocket; but he answered it seriously all the same.
"I should not care much about him, Essie; I prefer Frank as he is. Any clever fellow, with luck and working-powers, may mount the woolstack; but it takes some sort of a man to give a man an historic name and such a fine old ivy-grown heritage as De Walden Court."

Frank had laughed carelessly at the pompous words then; but they came back sharply to his memory now, and the pang they cost him wrung a little weary sigh from his lips.
It was echoed by one from Sir George's. The latter pushed his glass away, and said in a disappointed tone—
"I see you do not approve my proposition. You think by interfering I should only make matters worse."
"By no means, sir," Frank answered, rousing himself at once, and speaking with unmistakable earnestness and sincerity. "I think it more than possible that Mr. Verner would listen with something like decent civility to you. To me—in the first flush of his indignation—he certainly would not."

"Very well then, I will try my luck tomorrow."
Frank tugged thoughtfully at his mustache, and tried in a quick fancy sketch to bring the interview before him, and bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. But in this latter attempt at least he utterly failed; even had there been no illusion to destroy, no painful revelation to make, Sir George de Walden and Constantine Verner were men so diametrically opposite that he could not imagine them coalescing.
"I am afraid you will find the task you undertake no easy one," he said, with a faint smile. "Mr. Verner is—"
"A man who, through my instrumentality, has been discovered, whose hopes I have raised in an unjustifiable fashion—therefore a man who has every claim upon my forbearance," Sir George finished grandly. "You need not think my temper will fail me, Frank, even if I do have to listen to a few hard words. I shall let Mr. Verner's indignation exhaust itself, and then, as he calms down, appeal to him, as a sensible

man of the world, to listen to a just and reasonable proposition."
Sir George was so evidently delighted with and confident in the success of his plan that Frank had not the heart to put forward any further objection; besides, it was so easy and pleasant to catch the infection of the old man's hope, to believe and think that, when so much—the happiness of his whole life, brought the poor young lover—was all at stake, all must go well.

"Well, you will do your best. I know, sir; and, when your interview with Mr. Verner is over, provided that it does not end in a quarrel—"
"As I promise you it shall not," Sir George broke in lightly. "Well, when your amicable conference is at an end—what then?"

"Why, then you will see Essie," the young fellow answered, with a broken laugh; "and then you will understand."
"How much I have made you suffer in these twenty-four hours of suspense!" Sir George said, resting his hand with an earnest kind pressure on his nephew's arm. "But it will be ever when I see you again, and your happiness will be assured on a firmer and safer basis than it has had yet. I do not, will not doubt of my success, and you must not doubt it either; in fact, my greatest anxiety is now—Miss Essie herself."

"You need not doubt her; she is an angel of unselfishness, sir."
"No doubt; but you have raised my expectations rather high, you must admit; and, if I find her anything short of perfection in female form, I shall not think her worthy of your eulogium, or, indeed, of my nephew Frank."

Frank did not answer; but his smile was eloquent enough. He had no doubt of Essie's perfections, no fear that his uncle would fail to recognise them at first sight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MONEY IN BASE BALL.

Some of the Men who have Grown Rich on the Nation Game.

The salary of the professional base ball player is something often talked about, and the figures are generally placed too high, but for an actual fact the professional player of to-day, providing he possesses ability of the right order, fares better than the ordinary member of any other profession. Al Spalding, the President of the Chicago Club, is perhaps the richest man in the business to-day, and Al Beach, the organizer of the Philadelphia Club, is another who has laid away something for a rainy day. Spalding's wealth is estimated at between \$200,000 and \$300,000, and Beach's possessions are placed at the same figures. Big-hearted Jim Mutrie organized the Metropolitan Club of New York, and cleared nearly \$100,000 the first season, but none of the money went to him, and he is as poor to-day as when he started out. Billy Barnie played in better luck than Mutrie. He and Mauck, a Baltimore bill poster, placed the Baltimore American team in the field last year, and scored a great hit, the club making nearly \$85,000 its first year, with the prospect of nearly doubling that amount this year.

Four years ago Barnie came here with the Atlantic and hadn't \$50 to his name. Today he can draw his check for \$50,000, or something not much less than that amount, and this is doing pretty well for one who started out with the reputation of being a broken-down catcher. Emil Gross, who catches for the Chicago Union in their coming games here, owns \$50,000 worth of real estate in Chicago, but this does not represent his earnings, he having fallen heir to the property. Mike McGeary has made enough money out of base ball to buy several houses in Philadelphia, and Anson of the Chicago has bought a farm with the proceeds of his earnings, and also owns stock in the Chicago Club.

George Wright owns quite an establishment in Boston, and Harry Wright, now managing the Philadelphia Club, is also doing well, but neither have more wealth than they know what to do with. Of the St. Louis players Dunlap of the Union is the most solid man, while Gleason of the American team owns the house he lives in, and is pretty well fixed financially. George Strief owns a neat home in Cleveland, and Latham is another thrifty and well-to-do player. But these men are about all there are of the present and of the old rack and file who are even well-to-do. Of course others have made money in the business, but they did not belong to the old ranks. Lew Simmons, for example, knew but little about base ball until about three years ago, when he, Sharig, and Mason organized the Athletic Club and the trio since that time have cleared between \$200,000 and \$300,000 on the venture. There was the greatest success, financially, ever scored in the base ball world.

The poorest paid club in the American Association to-day is the Louisville. Nearly all were frightened into signing \$1,000 contracts. This gave the players no money to spend for whiskey, or something worse, and as a result they are in first class fix and playing first-class ball. The New York League team of last year, which was called "The \$40,000 Gilt-edge Nine," made the poorest kind of a record for itself, the time of the players being mostly taken up in spending their salaries, instead of training and getting in trim for play. The Chicago nine in this year, perhaps the highest salaried in the league, seems to be following in the rut of last year's New York Club, and the high-salaried nine which represents St. Louis in the American Association is not doing so well this year as it did last, when its salary was not so high.—St. Louis Critic.

The Thermometer.
Mr. R. H. Scott, President of the Royal Meteorological Society, London, has compiled some interesting notes on the history of the thermometer. The name of the actual inventor of the instrument is unknown, and the earliest mention of it as a scientific appliance, then fifty years old, was in a work by Dr. E. Fladd, published in 1638. As to Hooker suggested the use of the freezing situation of mercury for spirit, and Newton blood heat. Fahrenheit, although a German by birth, was a protégé of James II., and died in England. Reaumur's thermometer in its final form owes its origin to De Linc, and although the centigrade thermometer is almost universally attributed to Celsius, it was really invented by Giovanni van der Brouck, who used the reverse way, the boiling point being 0° and the freezing point 100°.

MORSELS FOR SUNDAY CONFECTION

She neglects her heart who studies glasses.

Time is the old justice that demands offenders.
There is nothing that fra- for hope de- make men believe.
Marriage unites for life two people who scarcely know each other.
Experience is a trophy composed of all the weapons we have been wounded with.
The history of all the world will be unimpaired unless it will ever interrupt peace.

Net will be considered as blameworthy unless the will say so, for by the will the net was dictated.
It is one of the worst of errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty.
We seldom condemn mankind till we have injured us, and when they have seldom do anything but detest them for the injury.
Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of day. Still night is full of moonlight; and, for many, it is more brilliant than the day.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals those who have more of either than they know how to use.
No one loves to tell a tale of scandal but him that loves to hear it. Learn, then, to rebuke and silence the distracting tongue, refusing to hear.
A right mind and generous affections are more beauty and charms than all other ornaments in the world besides, and a gain of honest and native worth is of more value than all the adventitious ornaments, outside preferences, for the sake of which a man the better sort so oft turn knave.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.
Perhaps the most extraordinary success has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular medicine men and other advertised cures never recover at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed, as a cure effected by the presence of the disease in the tissues of the catarrh, once adapted his cure to their condition; this accomplished the cure in practically every case, and the permanency of the cure is attested by the fact that no one who has ever been cured still has any return of the disease. The cure is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 115 King Street East, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—Medical Star.

Usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveller just returned from abroad.
The Great Inflammation Remedy.
Nerviline, the latest discovered remedy, may safely challenge the world as a substitute that will as speedily and promptly check inflammatory action. This highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, headache, lumbago, etc. It possesses marked stimulating and counter-inflammatory properties, and at once subdues the inflammatory action. O-mand & Walsh, druggists, Peterboro, writes: "Our customers speak well of Nerviline." Nerviline may be tested at the small sum of one cent, as you can buy a sample bottle at that sum at any drug store. Large bottles 25 cents. Try Nerviline the great internal and external pain cure. Sold by all druggists and country dealers.

Young Men! Read This.
The Voltaic B-B Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic B-B and other Electro Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kinds of troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Of all the threads of a discourse originality needs less waxing.
Dance Experiences.
Does not conduct a select school, yet he charges for tuition are seldom small. The training imparted has ourrant value every where, and for this reason she can demand arbitrary compliance with her wishes. On of her appreciated maxims is to get the best value for your money you can. Shun the inferior and dangerous, even if cheap. There fore don't buy substitutes for that invaluable article—Putnam's Painless Corn Extract, the always sure, safe and painless corn remedy. Putnam's never fails, is painless, prompt and certain. Beware of substitutes. Sold everywhere by druggists and country dealers.

The horn of plenty will soon empty, unless relieved with economy.
For brilliancy, durability, economy and simplicity of use, the Triangular Dyes stand pre-eminent. Equally reliable in dark and light shades. Try one package and be convinced. 10c.
No man can gain success without the plaudits of the unsuccessfull.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Sore Throat Remedy. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents.

A Swiss doctor, who had lost everything at Monaco and had vainly applied for the means of returning home, has committed suicide. This is said to be the thirty-second case of the kind this season.

FOR SALE.
On the Second Hill, 143 acres, within three minutes walk of the New School at Marlborough. Beautiful situation, well watered, and cheap at \$100. Enquire at Box 33, Perry Street, Weymouth.

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