By M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "LADY AUDIEY'S SECRET," "WYLLARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.-DANGER.

Lady Belfield consented to fulfil the en gagement vnich her son had made for her, but she owned that her dear Adrian had

been somewhat precipitate. "To call two days running seems rather too eager," she said," and if we find by and bye that Col. Deverill has degenerated, and that the girls are not nice, it will be difficult to draw back. To go to them twice in a week implies such an ardour of friendship."

Adrian blushed. "I think you will like them," he said,

with a troubled air. "You have told me so little about them after being with them so long. What did

they talk about all the time ?" "The places where they had lived, mostly. You see we had no common friends to pull to pieces. Mrs. Baddeley seemed horrified when I told her what a limited amount of gaiety she is likely to get in this part of

the country." "Then she is evidently fond of pleasure. "I'm afraid she is. However, her husband is expected home next month, and no doubt be will keep her in the right path.' "And the unmarried sister, what is she

like ?" " Verylike Mrs. Baddeley, only prettier." "My dear Adrian, you talk of nothing but their beauty. I'm afraid they must be

empty headed girls." "They are not blue stockings. They did not quote Huxley or Sir John Lubbock, did not make a single enquiry about the geology staff. of the neighbourhood, or our antiquarian remains. I believe they are the kind of women who think that ruined abbeys were invented for pic-nics, and who only consider a geological stratum in its adaptability to if her husband can contrive to stay in Engthe growth of roses or strawberries. They are very handsome, and I think they are very nice. But you will be able to judge for yourself in ten minutes." This dialogue had occurred in Lady Belfield's barouche, on the way to Morcomb.

They were approaching Mr. Pollack's demesne, and a little flock of Mr. Pollack's sheep had just passed them in a cloud of dust on their way to the slaughter-house, a sight that always afflicted Lady Belfield, so tender was her love of all four-footed beasts, from the petted fox terrier in her drawingroom to the hair starved horse on the

The carriage drove up to the Corinthian Colonel Deverill was out upon the steps to attack from his mother. welcome his old love. He handed her out of her carriage, and escorted her into the He was a fine handsome-looking man, with gray hair and black moustache and eyebrows, a man whom strangers generally spoke of as "striking."

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am for this early visit, Lady Belfield," he said. "I was so anxious for my girls to know you. They have had such a wandering life, poor children. I have so few friends, except in ean my life was an ecstacy." that miserable country of mine where, of course, everybody knows them. And this is your son Sir Adrian," shaking hands with him as he spoke, "my girls told me how well they got on with you yesterday. Brazen-faced husseys, I'm afraid you found

Again Adrian blushed, so strangely did the paternal phrase jar upon his ear.

of young ladies," said Deverill. "I have musical, of course." brought them up in the true spirit of crmaraderie, and I always think of them as jolly or accompany a song." good fellows."

Lady Belfield looked horrified. She accompanied her host through an ante-room to the long drawing room, speechless with wonder that any father should so speak of his daughters.

Two fair and graceful forms rose from befreely. No flowing tresses to day, and a far when it's done? or to a hedge sparrow's less liberal display of ankles. Mrs. Bad- nest and a bunch of primroses? No, fection.

talling collar of old lace, and long tight please, Sir Adrian, since we are to be friends sleeves, which set off the beautiful arms and as well as neighbors. What are your pecuslender white hands. She was still æsthetic, liar vanities—tennis, shooting, fishing—I but she was tidy, and her little bronze slip- hear you don't hunt?" Lady Belfield.

Her beauty was indisputable; her smile would have fascinated an anchorite. She man, Miss Deverill. Books and music are recived Lady Belfield with caressing sweetness, almost ignoring Adrian, to whom she only gave the tips of her taper fingers. She seated herself on a low sofa by her guest, and asked leave to loosen her heavy mantle with its deep fur border.

"You will take it off, wont you? You see. are not going to pay us a flying visit. Father, will be suffocated in this warm room.'

Between them they removed her ladyship's cloak, and made her comfortable upon the sofa, with a hassock fer her feet, and a little table for her teacup.

said Helen, seating herself on a still lower and heaps of money. ottoman, so as to be in a manner at the visitor's feet. Colonel Deverill looked on with a pleased

"I hope you won't object to our being very fond of you," pleaded Helen. "You are not in the least like a stranger to us, Lady, Belfield. Father has talked so much | she said to Mrs. Baddeley, of your girlish days and his young mannish days, when all the world was so much better than it is now, and when even an Irish estate was worth something. How hard it is for us young people to be born into such a bad, used up world, isn't it? To be created at the fag end of everything?"

The girl almost took Constance Belfield's breath away. She was so easy, so spontaneso much of the stables. And I want to see ous, and her pretty caressing had such an air of reality. Adrian's mother had come in fear and doubt, rather inclined to dislike Colonel Deverill's daughters, who were only beautiful; and this one was wheedling her-

self into the warm motherly heart already. "And so you have not forgotten the old days in Eton Square, when your father and ingly. my father were such friends," she said to the Colonel at last, feeling that she must say

I you have made your daughter like me in

"I have not forgotten a single detail of that time," replied Deverill. It was just the one golden period of my life before I had found out what care means. So long as I was a pensioner on my father everything went well with me; if I got into difficulties the dear old boy always got me out of them. There was a growl, perhaps, and then was forgiven. But when he died and I was my own master, with a rich wife, too, as people told me, the floodgates of extravagance were opened and the stream was too strong for me. I thought there must be a lot of spending in our two fortunes, and I took things easily. When I pulled up at last, there was deuced little left, only just enough for us to get along with in a very humble way. We have had to cut and contrive, I can tell you, Lady Belfield. This girl of mine doesn't know what it is to have a gown from a fashionable milliner, and have left off cigars for the last six years. only keep a box or two on the premises for my friends."

"A case of real distress, sighed Mrs. Baddeley, with a tragi-comical air, "we contrive to be very happy in spite of the wolf at the door, don't we, father? It is an Irish gentleman's normal state to be ruined. Now, Helen, go and pour out the tea, and let me sit by Lady Belfield."

Helen went to the tea table which Dono van had just set out. There was no other servant in attendance. This slow and faithful Hibernian seemed to comprise the indoor

"And are these all your family?" asked Constance, looking at the sisters.

"These are all I have in the world, and one of these will be deserting me, I suppose, land," answered Colonel Deverill.

"Which I hope he may be able to do, poor fellow," said Mrs. Baddeley, with a more careless air than Lady Belfield quite approved in a wife's mention of an absent husband.

Adrian handed the tea cups and muffins, and when those duties were performed slipped into a seat beside Helen, and they two talked confidentially, while Mrs. Baddeley and her father and Lady Belfield carried on an animated conversation chiefly about the neighbourhood and its little ways.

Sir Adrian was questioning the young lady for the most part, trying to find out what manner of girl she was, so that he portice, and before the horses drew up, might be the better able to meet a second

Did she hunt? Yes, and she adored hunting; it was just the one thing in life worth living for. "But I think you are fond of yachting

too," suggested Adrian. "You talked of yachting yesterday." "I revel in a yacht. Yes, when theres no hunting yachting is just the one thing . live for. When father had a two hundred

ton yacht travelling about the Mediterran-"Then you are a good sailor." "If that means never being ill I am a very

good sailor. But I go a little further than that, for I know something about navigating a yacht. I should not be in the least afraid of finding myself at sea without a skipper." "These are out of door accomplishments,

said Adrian, "no doubt you have equal "They are not at all like the ordinary run gifts for winter and wet weather. You are "Comme ci comme ca. I can play a valse,

"Your own songs, for instance."

"My own, or yours, if you sing." "Alas! No, I am not vocal. But you

-I like to know all your talents. You paint, perhaps—flowers.'

"Heaven ferbid! Do I look the kind of girl to devote a week to the study of a carfore the hearth, and Adrian breathed more nation in a glass of water, not a bit like deley wore a fashionable tailor gown and a never have used a brush; but I sometimes high collar, and her hair was dressed to per- indulge in a little caricaturing with a quill pen and an inkpot. But how very egotisti-Helen was in soft, grey cashmere, with a cally I am prosing. Tell me about yourself,

pers only played at bopeep under the long "No, I don't hunt; I do a little fly fishlimp skirt, as she came forward to welcome ing in the season, and I shoot a few pheasants every October, just to keep pace with the neighborhood. I am not a sportsmy only vanities."

"I adore books, said Helen, smiling at him. "they furnish a room so sweetly. If I were rich enough I would have mine all in vellum, with different colored labels." "You are a connoisseur of bindings, I

"Oh, I like everything to look pretty. It take Lady Belfield's mantle directly, or she is the torment of my life that I am not surrounded with beautiful things. In our nomadic life it is impossible to have one's own atmosphere. Two or three Liberty chairs and a little Venetian glass won't make a home in a wilderness. I hope some "Now, you look homelike and friendly," day I shall have a lovely house of my own

> She expressed her longings with perfect trankness, as one unaccustomed to think before she spoke.

> Lady Belfield rose. The visit had lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, not as long as Adrian's yesterday. "You will come and see me soon, I hope,"

> "I am dying to see the Abbey. I am told it is too lovely." "It is a dear, good old place, and we are

> all fond of it. I heard you talking of books, Miss Deverill. I know Adrian will be pleased to show you his library." "I shall be delighted to see it-and the stables," answered Helen. "I have heard

> Mr. Belfield's hunters." "I am sorry he is not at home to show them to you. He is very proud of them." "Oh, but it will be fun to get acquainted with them in his absence, and when he comes back it will seem as if I had gone half way

towards knowing him " said Helen laugh-She and her sister went with Lady Belfield to the portico, and hung about her as something. "It is very pleasant to find she got into her carriage. These caressing

Irish ways were new to Constance Belfield, but she yielded to the fascination of two fair faces and two fresh young voices, full of

"I don't know that they are altogether good style, Adrian," she said, as they drove home, "but they are very sweet."

not as to their deficiency in style. fast rules for a woman's manners," he said, cause she lived in the country eleven months rather irritably. "I don't recognise that in every twelve. God ferbid that she should conventional standard by which every wo- ever get intimate with such girls. Irish man must speak and look and move in ex- too! I believe that after five and twenty actly the same fashion. I think Mrs. Bad- they generally drink." deley and her sister are simply charming in their unstudied frankness and warm-hearted see them before you condemn them?" said enthusiasm. How really pleased they were Adrian, who was used to Mrs. Freemantle's to see you."

"They seemed very pleased, yet as I was her speech. quite a stranger to them -

had talked of you and thought of you, and elevated you into a kind of ideal friend. Their hearts went out to you at once."

"They are very charming, but when I meet with girls of that kind I am always reminded of Tot, the fox terrier." "As how, mother ?"

"She is such a darling thing, and if she sees me in the garden or the stable yard she rushes to me and leaps up at me in a kind of ecstatic affection, but I have seen her behave just the same five minutes afterwards to the butcher. It seems an exuberance of love that runs over anyhow."

compare her with a fox terrier !" said Adri are a very disreputable set, and your eager

the sound of her name to him already. makeme your catspan. I am to be the thin Helen Deverill ! and he had known her only | end of the wedge ' four and twenty hours.

"You'll ask them over soon, I suppose mother ?" "If you like, dear."

"To dinner?"

"That means a party."

"Oh, no, pray don't have a party. The Vicar, perhaps, and the Freemantles-just three or four friendly people. Une sees so little of one's friends at a set dinner. They would like to meet Freemantle and his wife, I dare say."

there are girls." "Yes, I suppose we must have Jack. He

is an oaf, but the kind of oaf who always

gets on with girls." " He sings, Adrian." "Did I not say that he was an oaf. mother. In my estimation, a man who sings ranks almost as low as a man who

plays the flute." "And yet I thought you were fond of troublesome handful with her younger son. "Music, yes, but not amateur singing of his mother."

that I hate the young man who carries a | -a dutiful son, no. Well, Adrian, every roll of songs when he goes out to dinner, back has to carry its burden; may your and the young woman who can sit down in mother's rest lightly. You are the person cold blood to murder Beethoven." The mother smiled and then sighed. Her | one devoted son. There, there, you look

The invitation to a friendly dinner, at married lady's name?' three days' notice, was sent next morning. Adrian reminded his mother of the letter at

always a hunter to be exercised. Sir Adrian walked across the fields to From Chirwell, Adrian walked to the Chirwell Grange, and invited Mr. and Mrs. Vicarage, and in the dusty old library, Freemantle, whose house was just three | where the worthy Vicar had taught him his quarters of a mile from the Abby, as the rudiments twelve years ago, discovered that crow flies. Mrs. Freemantle was his luminary nodding over his Jeremy Taylor, mother's most intimate friend in the parish, exactly in the same attitude, and as it a sturdy, practical woman, who affected seemed to his old pupil, in the same suit of fully carried a railroad over the sands d

nothing better than common sense, but ex- clothes which had marked him in those Kara Kum the idea of desert railroad build Meadville and presented celled in the exercise of that admirable qual earlier days. It was a tradition in Chadity. Her well-to-do neighours, for the most worth that the Vicar never read any other part, disliked her. She was too keen and book than those ancient mottled-calf-bound outspoken for them; but the poor and the volumes of the great divine, and that he had sick adored her. She had known the brothers | never been known in his sermons to quote from their cradles, and treated them as any other authority, yet produced his name cavalierly as she treated her own Jack, ever with an air of novelty, as one who in future Squire of Chirwell, or her daughter troduced a new light to his congregation. Lucy, a tall slip of a girl who scarcely seemed to have a mind of her own, so overshadow-

ed was she by her strongminded mother. "You must all come," said Adrian, to this stalwart matron, who stood bareheaded in the cold, clipping the dead leaves off a favorite shrub in a thicket that bounded her lawn. "I am sure you will like them."

"Them," echoed Mrs. Freemantle. "Then there are more than Colonel Deverill? You only spoke of him just now." "There are his daughters-two daugh-

"Oh, there are daughters, are they? Is that the reason you are so eager to launch this new man? I thought you generally held yourself aloof from girls, Adrian. I know you have been very tiresome when-

"I am not particularly inclined to girlish society in a general way, perhaps. But these ladies are-well, a little out of the common." Mrs. Free Lantle gave a sotte voco whistle.

"I see," she said. "They are the new style of girls, fast and furious, just the kind of girls I should not like my Lucy to know. Adrian agreed as to their sweetness, but They would corrupt her in a week. She would begin to think of nothing but her "I have never agreed to any hard and frocks, and consider herself a martyr be-

"Don't you think it would be as well to little ways, and not prone to take offence at "I am not condemning them. I am only

"Oh, but you were not a stranger. They preparing myself for the worst. Yes, of course we will come, if Lady Belfield wants us. We are free for Saturday, I know."

"You'll all come." Mrs. Freemantle pursed up her lips in an other suppressed whistle.

"Four would be too many. Jack and the father and I will come. That will be more than enough of us." "You are afraid to trust Lucy among my

Hibernians. I don't think the ladies have taken to the cratur yet. One of them is married, by the bye, her husband is expected home from Bombay, shortly." "A grass wilow," exclaimed Mrs. Free-

"Rather hard upon He'en Deverill to mantle, "worse and worse. I feel sure they ness to insinuate them into society is a mis-Helen Deverill! How familiar seemed mistaken benevolence. And you would "I don't believe Colonel Deverill or his

daughters care a straw about your stuck-up rural society, only they are bright, clever people, and I want to see something of them myself." ed up, and raged more fiercely than ever. "Take care, Adrian. What if this Irish

Colonel want's to be your stepfather?" "He will never realize his wish. I can trust my mother's discretion, and her love

for her sons." "My dear Adrian, nine people out of ten would say your mother acted wisely in "And we could ask Jack Freemantle, as marrying again, if she were to make a suit-

able match. Your brother Valentine is not the easiest young man to manage-"Do you think a step-father would make him more manageable, Mrs. Freemantle? wonder you can talk such nonsense," ex-

claimed Adrian, getting angry. "My dear boy, I don't know what to think about step-fathers and second marriages; but I think your mother has a "He is a good fellow, and he is very fond

and playing. It is because I love music "Fond of her, after his own fashion, yes who can lighten it for her. She has at least son was all that was dear to her, but she angry and you look distressed. My foolish had the feeling that a good many mothers tongue has been running on too fast. and fathers must needs experience now-a promise to be in my most agreeable mood days, that the young men and women of on Saturday evening, and I'll try to admire this present generation are trained too fine. | Colonel Deverill's daughters. What is the

"Baddeley." "What? We have some Baddeleys least three times before it was written and among our family connexions. I daresay we despatched by a mounted messenger. Posts shall find out that Mrs. Baddeley's husband in the country are so slow, and there was is a kind of cousin. The world is so absurd-

ly small.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Big a Family.

Flossie-Mamma. can I give one of my dolls to Cicely Waffles ? Mother-Certainly not, Flossie. Why do you want to? Flossie-I find that twins are too greats

A Doubting Thomas. Applicant (to postmaster)—Is it a letter yez have for Misthress Mary O'Tooliban?

Postmaster-No, ma'am. Applicant-Gwan now; it's not Mary O'Toolihan who wud believe yez looked ever I have wanted you here to play tennis." | through all thim boxes that quick !



Nothing accelerates the nervous man's pace so much as hearing a ton of coal being discharged on the sidewalk just behind him.

Bravery. Many deeds of reckless daring are percent but they the great but they the great but they be the they be the they be th

EUROPEAN SITUA less a man than the great Dake of Walls ton. He was once asked who, in his chin. ion, was the bravest man at Waterloo, up ent of Russian Troops-Wi can't tell you that," he said; "but I tell you of one than whom I am sure then was no braver. He was only a private in the Artillery, but, had he survived the day. MDON, Jan. 31.—A well-inform he would have been an officer. A furn. house, with an orchard surrounded by a prespondent gives a new expla novement of Russian troops w thick hedge, formed a most important point in the British position, and was order. ter apparent foundation than ed to be held against the enemy at any hazard or sacrifice. The hottest of the y of reports. He asserts that battle raged round this point, but the English behaved well, and beat back the French, though they attacked the place again and again with great fury. At he the powder and ball were found to be run. ning short; at the same time the timber in the hedges took fire, and the orchard was some fire through the flames which surrounded which exploded in an instant, sending wagon, horses and rider in fragments into Bulgaria. But no action in the the air. For one instant the driver of the be taken without some con second wagon paused, appalled by his conchance, he sent his horses at the smoulder. ing breach, and, amid the deafening cheen of the garrison, landed his terrible cara safely within. Behind him the flames cla

Russian Railroads to China.

It was announced some time ago that the Russian Government had selected the much as it adds one more routes for railroads which it hopes to built of arguments submitted to to China, and now the routes are described to prove how uncomfort by the Russian press. These reports come and be made for him should from sources that are entitled to credit, and there is no reason to doubt that Russia's vast schemes for the development of her catral Asian territories include the building to the belief of ninety-nine railroads to China, to be the feeders of the ne hundred, and that belief great line that is slowly advancing across t statesmen and newspapers Siberia to the Pacific Ocean.

Among the most important points on this ter to be prepared to make Trans Siberian railroad are the cities de sive and glorious for the fat Omsk, Irkutsk, and Tchits, and these place are named as the Siberian termini of the proposed Chinese railroads. The most re markable of these projects is the proposi to extend the road which is to be built from Omsk to Semipalatinsk through the passe in the Altai Mountains to the thriving in tle town of Chamil in Chinese Turkesta which Mr. Barey has recently described and thence through China proper to Ha kew, the big treaty port on the Yangte Kiang, 700 miles from its mouth. A decided change in the sentiment of the Chinese people with regard to railroads will ben essential preleminary to the carrying outd this scheme.

The other projects do not involve any estensive road building through very populous regions of China. The proposal is to connect Pekin by one route with Kiachta, the present gateway for Russo-Chinese trade, and Irkutsk, and by another route with Tchita, the centre of the rich and beautiful region of southeastern Siberia. Both them routes cross the wastes of the Gobi desert, but since Russian engineers have successing can no longer be considered chimerical

Western brains and energy are now push ing forward some wonderful enterprises is Asia. These big Russian projects are m more visionary than the railrord to Samar. cand appeared ten years ago. All the great nations are seeking larger intercourse with China, and the ultimate introduction of railroads into that country is inevitable.

Romanism in England.

published by Messers. Barns & Oates, of London, regarding the progress of Catholic arts, and they paid for the ism in England. While the number of bishops remains the same, that of priests ha been increased by 49. and reaches a total of 2,648. The number of churches and chapels All the returns to the is 1,631; showing an increase of 21 during meries as to the views of p the year now ending. Of the Secular clergy en on boxing, as well as ordained priests for England and Wales during the past twelve months the number was 47. The "Directory" contains much in the information concerning Catholicism in the lews to the Globe are : P British Empire, within which there are now 25 Archiepiscopal and 96 Episcopal sees, Symnasium; General Fra 19 Vicariates-Apostolic, and 10 Prefectures on. Abram S. Hewitt, 1 Apostolic-in all 150 sees, seven of which are vacant. The Catholic population of England is estimated at 1,354,000; of Scotland, at 326,000; of Ireland, at 3,961,000; total, 5,641,000. In the Colonies there are 175,000; in Asia 980,000; in America, 2, 183,000; in Australasia 568,000 Catholic British subjects. As Queen and Empress her Majesty reigns over 9,682,000 Catholics. They are represented in the Imperial Parliament by 32 peers, and by 5 English and 75 Irish members. There are 9 Catholics in the Privy Council and there are 40 Catholic peers, 51 baronets and 20 lords with courtesy titles.

The Commercial Traveler's Story.

Mr. C. W. Woodward, a traveling man hailing from New York, related an interest ing story yesterday of a trip from Buffalo to this city in a storm on Thursday night. He is a guest at the Forest City house, and narrated his rated his experience to a small circle of friends. "After leaving Dunkirk," he said, "the wind was so severe that we proceeded along a snail's pace. At times the force of the hurricane lifted one side of the train and then it several inches from the track, and then it would descend to the rails again with a start. ling thump. We were asked by the conductor to sit on one side of the cars to balance them. A number of Cleveland passengers left the train at Erie, preferring to remaining that city over night rather than to risk riding any further. It was the first time in seventeen years' travelling that I was ever alarmed in a railway train."—Cleveland Leader.

There are \$1,000,000,000 worth of dis-

monds in the world.

it Mean?

reparing for a new movemen tey, which has not yet paid th nity required to be paid upon t of the last war. The prese of troops towards Austria i meant to conceal a very diffe ger had, however, been sent to the The troops assembled in Polar ger had, however, been sent to the rear in and Bessarabia are cantoned a more powder and ball, and in a character in the strategic railw two leaded wagons came galloring. I line of the strategic railw two leaded wagons came galloping down to line of the structure of Poland with the farmhouse, the gallant defends the fortresses of Poland with the farmhouse. The ar which were keeping up a thin and scans dis has slowly mobilized on he fire through the flames which are started as herefore in a position tiers is therefore in a position which surrounded tiers is therefore in a Picolaic with the reckless daring of an English boy, spurred his struggling and terrical boy, ordinary garrison troops to produce the struggling and terrical boy, ordinary garrison. through the burning heap: but the hone term frontier. A fleet is being through the burning heap; but the flame he Black Sea to transport a corose fiercely round, and canche at the flame he Black Sea to transport a corose fiercely round. which exploded in an instant the powder, excross its waters, it may be Bourgas, after a successful in

flames beaten back for a moment by the explosion afforded him and the continent last week pass out war alarms, but the explosion afforded him and the continent last week pass the explosion afforded him and the last big the explosion, afforded him one desperational war and the last big g so merrily seem inclined to r in connection with the ne y bill. Time was when a German War Minister for 700,000 additional men would ope into fits. Now it is ta There has not been a sin and some financiers even demand as a fresh guarante

ceful ways. Nobody doubt chstag will vote money and r ority, for the Reichstag fa war must come sooner he Farmer, His Dog and commissioners of Crawi were called upon recent

liar claim against the cou

ch probably has no precede

other state. The law compe ogs to pay a per capita tax mals. This is a recognition logs, and in consideration of county receives from the ta is liable to sheep owners done to sheep by dogs on been paid, on proof of ntity of the dog. One of mers of this township had a x receipt, making his posse r 1887 a legal one. A night end of the year the farmer motion among his sheep, and the enclosure where they nd seven of them dead and ing, with the teeth of tened in its throat. The ep-killing dog got his gun shot the dog dead. Last anty commissioners for the Board, that having paid t g, and being legally entitle n he was as much entitled n for the loss of his sheep, ald have been had the dog The commissioners rid r's argument and laughed being paid for ownin g dog that slaughtered his Some interesting particulars are given in the "Catholic Directory for 1888," just the commissioners found

> The Value of Ex larvard; Dr. Sargent, oston; Commodore Elb overnor Ames, of Massac urgess, General Charles ayson Weston, John O. farfield, Cyrus W. Field, ames Dwight, R. D. S eabody, jr. In nearly ev one were favorable to at rercise, and some of th re literary gems, but I ontribution is no doubt the professor strongly relopment in any particularises his well-known cry .c., men specially tra branch of attitudes, a owing, boxing. The that if a boy were perm the horizontal and parall would develop the e a Hercules and the leg

Like Light The rapid action of th Polson's Nerviline, in re tense pain, is a matter of have used it. There is in its results for it is me purest and most efficien medicine. Nerviline stantly; cramps in five efter two application cace relieved by its use be said of all kinds of costing only 10 cts. at large bottle only 25 ce line sold by druggists: