

His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER IV.

It was long before Frank de Walden fell asleep that night, for his thoughts were all confused, and his nerves jarred with the shock they had received; but, much to his surprise, when he did doze off at last, his sleep was deep and dreamless, and when he awoke in the morning it was in a much calmer and more hopeful frame of mind. The sun shone brightly into the pretty room, and the dewy sweetness of the summer dawn seemed to breathe fresh hope. His naturally elastic spirits rose, his disposition to make the best of everything served him in good stead now. He recalled the discussion of the previous night, Sir George's proposal to make him for the present a generous allowance, Sir George's practical suggestion that he himself should see Mr. Verner and lay before him the true state of affairs.

"What can it matter to him whether Essie is Lady de Walden or not? Nay, she shall be Lady de Walden too before she dies. They knight merely successful lawyers, and I will mout the woolsack for her sake, and put a coronet upon her pretty head if she cares to wear it. Oh, I will fear nothing, regret nothing! Mr. Verner must listen to reason, and Essie will be true."

Buoyed up with this conviction, and honestly sharing the poet's fancy that whatever is best, Frank appeared at the breakfast table with quite a radiant face, and laughed and chatted so pleasantly that a heavy weight was lifted from Sir George de Walden's mind, and Anita's large liquid eyes turned to him more than once with a serenely grateful look.

She was even more beautiful in the full morning light, in her pretty cotton gown, with its delicate crisp puffs and frillings, than she had been in the silken sheen of her full dress and in the softened lustre of the lamps. Frank looked with half dazed eyes at the bright hair, the pure perfect face, the warm white skin, and serious shining eyes, and, as he looked, he murmured beneath his breath the line in which Tennyson has summarized all female beauty—

"A sight to make an old man young!"

"What is that, Frank?" Sir George asked looking sharply up from his paper; and Frank laughed guiltily, remembering how little complimentary to one side of the house his involuntary quotation had been.

"Where is the son and heir? Does he not pay a morning and evening visit?" he asked, half at random, to cover his confusion, and half because he really wished to renew his acquaintance with the pretty child.

Lady de Walden smiled, and Sir George said dully—

"Don't be impatient, Frank: you will have rather too much of that young man before your visit is over. Anita rarely lets him out of her sight."

"I am so strange here," Anita explained, resting her large eyes on the young man's face. "When we are at home, and George has his governess and his lessons, it will not be so; but now I am afraid."

"A'raid of what?" her husband asked, with a little amused contempt, though Frank thought the young stranger's nervous terrors very natural and pretty. "Of the servants, or the De Walden tenantry? There are no brigands in the Westshire hills, and nothing worse than smugglers along the Westshire coast; so you may make your mind easy, though I do mean to run away and leave you."

"To leave me!" the girl cried, with widening eyes.

"Yes, but for the day only. I shall be back by the last train, and I shall leave Frank in charge."

Frank saw that the girl made a strong effort not to show the dismay she felt at this proposal; and, anxious to spare her pain, he put in eagerly—

"There is really no reason why you should take this journey, sir. I can explain all to Mr. Verner, or, for that matter, you could write."

"I have already written, asking Mr. Verner to receive me between one and two o'clock; so the only thing that is to be said on the subject is that I must start by the next train," Sir George answered decisively. "Frank, you must act as cicerone in my absence, for Anita is still a stranger in her home."

"Perhaps Lady de Walden would rather I went with you," Frank persisted, thinking the girl might shrink with shy distaste from the task of entertaining or being entertained by a stranger; but Sir George, who had no wish that his nephew should assist at the coming interview with Mr. Verner, waved the proposal peremptorily aside, and Anita said, with evident sincerity—

"Oh, no; I would much rather have you stay!"

So he gave up the point as cheerfully as he could, saw his uncle off, and made up his mind for a long day's suspense.

"I shall be back before ten, Frank," Sir George cried as they parted at the little rustic station; "and I hope to bring news that will make amends for all. Who knows? Mr. Verner may let us have your Essie here upon a visit. Anita will be charmed to make an English friend."

Frank smiled and shook his head, feeling that it did not do to challenge Fate by hoping too much, and yet nearly as sanguine as the other in his heart.

He went back then to the Court, and conscientiously devoted himself to the task of amusing Lady de Walden and her son. It was a task that should not have been difficult, for the house was old, filled with curious legendary treasures, with historic tapestries, and ancestral portraits; and Frank, who was a thorough master of his subject, had very pretty natural gifts as a raconteur. But somehow he felt himself a failure to-day. Anita made a gallant effort to seem interested in all he told her; but her nerves had been overwrought, and she was suffering from a terrible depression now. She felt a stranger among strangers, as she wandered through the great gloomy galleries, listening abstractedly to an unfamiliar tongue. They were all friends and kin to her companion, these dead and gone De Waldens who lined the walls in ruff and farthingale, in armour and buff coat; but it seemed to her that, one and all alike, the large-eyed ladies, the solemn cavaliers, even her husband's mother, in a short-waisted, low-necked dress, with mittens on her plump arms and a straw hat tied down over her cherry cheeks and bright brown curls, seemed to frown darkly at her as an intruder and an alien in that sacred place.

"You are not well, Lady de Walden," Frank cried at last, struck by her long

silence; and then, turning to look at her, he saw that she had grown very pale, and that the violet eyes were painfully dilated—they looked almost black in her white face.

"Yes, I am well," the girl answered, with a little shiver. "But I am not welcome here. How should I be? I think I will go from among these people who look so coldly at me."

Frank stared, a little surprised; but the surprise soon turned to sympathy. The girl's eyes were rather wild and the soft contralto voice had a tragic ring; but her emotion was perfectly genuine. There was nothing in the least theatrical or affected about her, and he was quite imaginative enough to understand the effect such a scene might have upon a sensitive nature.

"I was very wrong to breathe you, and keep you in that dull old place so long," he said, with honest compunction; "but my tongue runs away with me when I get among these old fellows and begin to tell their stories. I forget that I am boring people to death."

"You did not bore me," Anita said seriously; "and I am not tired. I am frightened, that is all."

"Frightened of your husband's, of George's, ancestors?"

"Of them and of something else!" The girl paused with a strong shiver, and turned her golden head away—then, as though changing her purpose, looked round again and up at the kind troubled face above her with pitifully shining eyes. "Mr. de Walden, do you believe in presiments?" she asked below her breath. "Because I have one to-day—I have had it all the way home. There is a shadow, a terror all around me; it comes nearer and nearer. I know it means harm to those I love—or to me."

Frank was not superstitious; but, as has been said before, he was highly imaginative. There was a terrible reality of conviction in her tone, and the fixed, frightened eyes which seemed to gaze on something hidden from his view impressed the young man disagreeably. He made a vigorous effort to shake off the uncomfortable feeling and answer in a practical common-sense tone; but the effort was not attended with any marked success. Anita soon conquered her nervous fears, and thanked him with her gentle graceful smile; but it was evident still that the haunting spectre was not exorcised, though she resolutely thrust it out of sight.

"I was wrong in one thing, at least," she said, as she was leaving him. "Sir George told me that he had used you badly, and I thought you were to be our foe."

"I hope all your fears and troubles too may prove just such scarecrow phantoms," Frank said cordially. "Take a little rest, Lady de Walden, and, believe me, all your fears will vanish in thin air."

She left him then, whether to follow his advice or not he did not of course know; and, though he had so decidedly pooh-poohed her terrors, he found himself considering them with grave attention as soon as her back was turned.

There is some oppressive influence in the atmosphere," he thought, as he twisted and stroked his blonde moustache, and stared thoughtfully down the long avenue in which little Georgie, with his fair hair floating on the soft breeze, was playing with a gentle colley puppy, while his nurse sat and worked sedately under a shadow of a big beech-tree. "Who knows? She may be warned by some strange instinct of calamity at hand."

A child's laugh, fresh ringing, and silver sweet, elicited by some more than usually eccentric gambol upon the puppy's part, fell upon the young man's ear, and cut his morbid musings short. His face brightened, and he drew himself up with a vigorous shake, as though ridding himself of some incubation.

"Pshaw—what an idiotic fancy!" he cried, as he stepped out into the sunshine. "If anyone should anticipate evil, it is I—I who may lose my love to-night; but I will not court sorrow; it will be hard enough to endure her crabbed presence when she comes."

The sunlight filtered through the green leaves and fell lovingly on the bright head and frank handsome face. The little lad ran to greet him, and clung to the strong brown hand of his new friend with childish trust, the puppy leaped up about his knees, claiming with large loose paws and an imbecilely open mouth some share of his notice too. The love and trust of the innocent young creatures pleased and touched Frank de Walden; he pulled the dog's ears and patted his little cousin's golden curls, as he turned to the nurse, and said in his pleasant cordial way—

"I will take Master Georgie for a walk, nurse; he must learn to trust me, you know."

The nurse made her prim little courtesy, thinking what a good-hearted and nice spoken young gentleman this was, though not long afterwards she recalled these innocent-sounding words with a horrified thrill; but she at least was troubled with no presentiments, and went back to the house to enjoy her unexpected holiday hour with whole-hearted content.

Meanwhile, with Georgie clinging to his hand and trotting on those sturdy little legs beside him, with the puppy jumping and tripping about his heels, Frank went off to visit the water-fowl in the big lake, to feed the peacocks on the terrace, and the chickens and the ducks in the farm yard. Never had little Georgie in his brief innocent life known so happy a day or a friend so much to his mind. His delight with all he saw was irresistible and infectious. He chatted like a little magpie, and his shrill sweet little laugh rang out perpetually as some fresh miracle of fluffy beauty met his enraptured eyes.

"Come, Georgie must go back now," Frank said, consulting his watch at last, though the child showed no symptom of fatigue; he knew that for a mite like that enough of exercise and excitement had been crowded into one day; and, with a longing look back, the obedient little fellow came at once to Frank's side.

But, as he returned him to the nurse's care, Frank felt the fat little arms clasp themselves about his throat, saw the pretty face, with its flushed cheeks and sparkling blue eyes, uplift itself in his, and heard the soft voice whisper coaxingly—

"To-morrow, cousin Frank—again to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" Frank repeated the word a little dreamily, wondering what for him that morrow would bring forth. "Yes, surely, Georgie, to-morrow shall be as pleasant for you and me as to-day."

Little Georgie was fully content with this promise, and went in the highest spirits to his meal of bread-and-milk; but the rest of

the day hung rather wearily on Frank's hands, and it was with something like rapture that he hailed the approach of his uncle's train. He had driven over to the station to meet him; and when he saw the familiar figure step out upon the platform, he felt his heart stand still. In another moment he should know his fate—nay, he knew it already, for as the flickering light of the oil-lamp fell upon Sir George de Walden's face, he saw that it was full of angry disappointment and pain.

The conviction was an assured one from the first, and Sir George's stern silence strengthened it. It was not until they were bowling smoothly along the moonlit road, between the tall gorse clad hills, that Frank found strength or self-control to speak. Then he said, in an uncertain voice—

"You have seen Mr. Verner?"

"Yes; I have failed in my embassy. Mr. Verner says that he promised his daughter to my heir, that he utterly refuses to give her to a poor and struggling man."

He spoke with hard distinctness, and Frank listened in a stony calm. It seemed to him now that he had known from the very first how it would be, what message his uncle would bring.

"And Essie?" he began, but Sir George cut the question short.

"I did not see Miss Verner; but her father seemed assured of her obedience. Frank my dear, dear boy, I have never felt how much I wronged you until to-day."

"You had a right to consider yourself," Frank said, in the same dull tone; and Sir George finished the sentence with genuine self-reproach.

"To consider myself! Yes; but not to make a dupe of you. I am regretting the long concealment, not the marriage, Frank."

But Frank did not answer; he was absorbed in miserable thoughts.

CHAPTER V.

"Stand still, Master Georgie!" the nurse said, with a despairing sigh, as she vainly tried to settle the smart scarlet cap upon the silky curls that shone like pale gold in the morning sunshine, and keep the little dancing figure still. "You shall have your little stool, and sit on the terrace with Carlo presently; but you must not expect your cousin yet for a long, long time. He has not had breakfast yet."

"I have had breakfast," said the child, with an argumentative air; but the nurse shook her head.

"Grown up gentlemen are not like little boys," she said peremptorily.

She was fond of her charge no doubt; but Georgie, in his impatience to renew the delights of yesterday, was exacting and irritable, and her patience had been sorely tried. So she gave the child a little shake and deposited him on his hassock in the verandah, with strict injunctions not to stir until his cousin came, and then went in to add a freshening touch or two to her own toilette for the day.

"That child will wear me into my grave!" she cried pettishly to a housemaid she met in the hall. "I never saw any one worry for anything as he has done for his cousin since yesterday."

"Well, he will be happy now," the girl answered with a laugh, "for Mr. de Walden has just gone out, to get the walk over before breakfast, I suppose."

The nurse supposed so too, and busy with her own affairs, thought no more about the matter. Her window overlooked the verandah in which the child sat, and, as she bustled about, she heard the little voice ring out with the welcoming cry of—"Cousin Frank, cousin Frank!" and the hurrying patter of the little feet as they ran round the side of the house.

"Thank goodness for an hour's peace!" she cried devoutly. "I do think Mr. Frank de Walden is the kindest gentleman and the greatest blessing that ever came into a house."

"It is strange that Frank does not make his appearance," said Sir George de Walden, coming back from the window out of which he had been gazing with absent eyes, and taking his place at the well-spread breakfast-table. "I trust he is not taking this matter too much to heart—not resenting it to us."

He spoke almost querulously, and Anita shook her fair head.

"I do not think so. He is so generous, so kind; and he is not ill, for nurse tells me he has taken Georgie for a walk."

"Taken Georgie!" her husband echoed, opening his eyes widely, as though the information astonished him. "Well, that is good natured I must say!"

"Yes, they had a long walk together yesterday, and nurse says Georgie could talk of nothing but the chickens and swans and his cousin all last night. He exacted the promise of another stroll to-day, and roused her at daybreak to prepare for it."

"Little tyrant!" Sir George said with a proud laugh. "Frank might have kept his promise, and eaten his breakfast too, though." Then, turning to the servant, he added—

"See that the cook keeps something hot for Mr. De Walden, Fletcher."

The man left the room, and, the moment he had gone, Sir George put down his paper and chuckled complacently.

"He cannot be so very broken hearted if he can remember a baby's wish. Perhaps it is a mere flash-in-the-pan fancy, and he is not really in love with Miss Verner at all. I hope so with all my heart, for the father is a hard unyielding man, made harder still by the thought that he has been tricked into a promise."

"But surely he does not accuse Frank of any treachery?" Anita cried, with an emphasis that brought the colour to her husband's face.

"Well, he has been deceived of course," he said reluctantly, smoothing the broad sheet of the Times out with rather a trembling hand. "And though Heaven knows poor Frank was innocent in the matter, the man naturally thought him a much more eligible suitor than he is."

"Can you do nothing for him, George?" "I can and I will," Sir George said emphatically. "I told Mr. Verner very plainly that I felt that I had been to blame, and had incurred a moral responsibility in the matter of my nephew's career; but he absolutely declined to discuss the matter, and hinted pretty plainly that he considered the lad an impostor."

"And the girl?" Anita asked anxiously. Sir George shrugged his shoulders.

"I should say Mr. Verner's domestic discipline was pretty strict. The air of assured authority about him. But do not be distressed, my pet; Frank is made of sterling stuff, and a love-affair will not crush him."

He took up the paper again as the man re-entered the room, this time bearing a note on a small tray.

"It was found in Mr. De Walden's room, sir," he said, with what almost looked like a faint flush of interest in his ordinarily impassive face. Aita pushed back her chair and came quickly over to her husband's side.

"From Frank! What can it be?" she cried, with nervous impatience of the slow fashion in which he turned the massive over.

"Oh, open it, George, and see!"

Sir George obeyed, and read the few lines the letter contained in a very querulous tone.

"My dear Uncle,—Neither you nor Lady de Walden must think me ungracious or unkind, but the news you gave me last night was a terrible shock, and has upset me more than I quite like to show. I cannot rest till I have heard her father's verdict confirmed by either's own lips, and so I have gone to her. Do not trouble about me; all will end well one way or another. If she will wait for me, I will be the happiest of men; if not—well, 'Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love'—and my wound will cure like the rest. So I am off by the early train."

A shrill scream broke from Lady de Walden's lips, and, but for the desperate strength with which she clutched the tall chair-back, she must have fallen. Sir George looked up his face was merely cross and puzzled; but one glance at that drawn, blanched face, those eyes of utter agony, and he sprang quickly to his feet, flung one arm around his wife's waist, and tried to draw her to a chair; but, ghastly as she looked, she broke from him with desperate strength and hurried towards the door, all the anguish and terror of her heart ending vent in the hoarse cry—

"My boy—Georgie! Oh, let me go!"

But Sir George drew her forcibly back. He too had grown perceptibly paler, and had a very startled look; but he had still calmness enough to feel that her hysterical excitement was misplaced.

"Calm yourself for Heaven's sake, Anita, and I will ring for nurse," he said, more sternly than he had ever spoken to his wife yet. "Georgie is no doubt with her by now; your alarm is childish and absurd."

But, though he spoke so calmly, he was by no means easy in his mind; and, when the nurse at last appeared, with a pale face and tear-reddened frightened eyes, his fears were almost equal to those that tore poor Anita's heart in two.

"Master Georgie is not yet back?" he repeated sternly. "How came you to lose sight of him for so long?"

"Please, sir, it was Mr. De Walden!" the girl cried, with a cutsey and a stifling sob, for the news that Mr. De Walden had taken train to town had spread quickly through the house, and left the little lad's fate involved in mystery to the servants' mind.

"He refused to go with his cousin; and how could I refuse the precious darling that?"

"And you left him in Mr. De Walden's care?"

The girl hesitated for the fraction of a second only, divided between the desire to tell the absolute truth and the necessity of shielding herself from blame; then there came comfortingly to her ears the echo of that gleeful baby cry, "Cousin Frank, cousin Frank!" and she answered promptly—

"Yes, sir; Mr. de Walden made the engagement over night, and came to fetch the darling in the morning."

Sir George drew a long, long breath, and brushed the gray hair back from his forehead.

"Then he is safe," he said decisively; "he must be safe in his cousin's care. Anita my darling!"—taking the death-cold hands in his, and looking entreatingly at the drawn tragic face—"Frank has not gone; he has lost his train. He will bring back our darling!"

But Anita neither heard nor comprehended him. Staring straight before her, with the dull, fixed gaze of a somnambulist, she said, with dry stiff lips—

"Harm to me or thos; I love! I knew—I knew it. I told him that yesterday. Oh, my boy, my little Georgie! Oh that it had been me!"

"This is terrible!" Sir George cried below his breath; and the handsome stately gentleman seemed to grow old, decrepit, and helpless in the sudden stress of strong emotions. "Anita, for Georgie's sake, be calm and strong. If—it—there is any danger, remember there is work to do."

Lady de Walden raised her lovely eyes with a more comprehending look, as her lips closed, and her small hands were clasped covetously, as Sir George went on hurriedly—

"I will drive over to the station. Do you have the grounds thoroughly searched. How we shall laugh at all this fuss and terror when Frank brings our darling back!"

"When!" Anita echoed with dreary bitterness; but she had in a measure regained her self-control, and promised to obey all directions so steadily that her husband left her with one fear the less in his heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Simultaneous Firing of Shots.

According to George G. Andre, the system of exploding a number of shots simultaneously in rock blasting is making its way slowly into common use. It is surprising that a system offering so many advantages should need so much advocacy. Some portion of the prejudice against it is no doubt due to the past failures. But the obvious certainty obtained by using powerful currents, and the ease with which such currents may be applied when the works are lighted by electricity, should be sufficient to induce the disappointed to try again. A good example of the application of the lighting current to the ignition of blasts, and, I believe, the first of its kind, has just come under my notice in Germany. The mine is a colliery, and the surface works are lighted by air lamps. Underground, a stone drift is driven, and this drift is lighted by incandescent lamps. In the face, from twenty to twenty-four shots are placed, and an electric fuse in each is joined up in parallel circuit by means of bare iron wire and connected with lighting cables in such a way that the current can be shunted from the lamps into the fuses. The result is in the highest degree satisfactory. Misfires are unknown, and the effect is wonderfully good. It is estimated that from twenty-eight to thirty-two shots would be needed if fired in the usual manner in succession; so that the saving of labor is in this case considerable, exceeding 25 per cent., both for the labor of boring and the quantity of explosive required.

They Compromised.

A man of about 35 years of age had down the stone steps leading to the Western Union Telegraph office yesterday, and rushed at the receiving clerk with the inquiry: "Can I express my feelings in a telegram?"

"Do you mean that you like profane language?"

"I do! I want to use some of the tallest kind of it!"

"We can't send anything of that sort. There are no letters in the Morse alphabet to stand for swear words."

"Well, then, I'll have to let it go, but I wanted to telegraph to my brother that I'd been robbed. I put my satchel down to fight with a hackman, and some one stole it."

"He went away growling and muttering, but in about an hour he returned in still hotter haste, and exclaimed: 'Now I've been robbed of my coat and \$20 in cash, and I've got to swear by telegraph or bust! Hung my coat on a telegraph pole while I was trying to outjump a fellow and some one gobbled it!'"

"As I told you before, we don't transmit any profane language," replied the clerk. "You can notify your brother that you have had bad luck."

"And not express my feelings! Never! He wouldn't believe it was me. Make an exception for me, can't you?"

The clerk couldn't and the man said he would do his swearing by letter, and make it heavy enough for double postage. It wasn't half an hour, however, before he re-appeared, and this time he couldn't stand still till he should out do it:

"I've got to do it! Hadn't been out of here ten minutes when a chap in a shooting gallery mopped me all over the floor! Robbed—locked—mopped! Say, lemme swear by telegraph. I've got a dollar left, and I'll give it to you to send ten words to Bay City!"

"You might get around the rule by sending a cipher despatch," suggested the clerk.

"Bully! I tumble! I'll fix it in just a minute!"

And he wrote and handed in:

—Robbed!
—it!—it! Send me \$20
—Licked!!!
—!!!—

"There she is," he said as he paid for it. "There's robbery, meanness, arson, stealing, pounding, sentiment, profanity, and brotherly love all crowded into the one thing, and you bet your life Ben will catch on. I'll now go out and get in jail and wait for his answer."

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that 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 disease. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cases effected by him four years ago are still in evidence. Sufferers should be tempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy 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, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

These beings only are fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "When I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious Attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents."

Riches have wings, and all grandeur is a dream.

10c. will buy a package of the Triangle Dyes, containing sufficient dye of any color for 1 to 2 pounds of any goods, according to the shade wanted.

To commonplace people the extraordinary appears possible only after it has been executed.

Parting with friends

Is one of the sad necessities of life, and often marks life's milestones as we travel the path from the beginning to the end. Strange to say, Dr. Scott Putnam has discovered a means by which old time friends are separated and that without a single quail. Putnam's Painless Corn Extract or promptly, painlessly, and with certainty separates the oldest and most strongly cemented corn, that can be found. It cannot fail, for Putnam's is sure, safe and painless. Beware of an article offered "just as good," and take only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and I maintain that they are far vaster than those of the most violent passions.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through the Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will, if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify the blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

We should never play with favor; we cannot too closely embrace it when it is real, nor fly too far from it when it is fal e.

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred 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.

When fear rises to a certain height it produces the same effect as temerity. Fear never applies to proper remedy.

The Electric Light

Is a matter of small importance compared with other applications of electricity. By this Agency Poison's NERVINE is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerville is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to take, even by the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work, that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic. Neglect no longer to try Nerville. Buy to-day a ten cent trial bottle and be relieved from all pain. J. Wilson, druggist, Goderich, writes: "Nerville gives good satisfaction." Sold by druggists and country dealers everywhere.