

THE WEDDING BELLS;

OR,
TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

The day passed slowly and heavily; a sense of mystery and oppression hung over Fetherstone Hall and its inmates. Mr. Graves, the superintendent, arrived promptly, and he was closeted for some time with Mr. Fetherstone and his brother. Then a strict search over the entire house was instituted, the ladies and gentlemen submitting willingly to allow their wardrobes and trunks to be searched, in order to prevent the household feeling hurt at the investigation. But nothing was found, and the police-officer's stolid face bore an expression of perplexity which rather amused Ted.

Clara kept her room, suffering, Sylvia said, from a nervous headache which had completely prostrated her. Lady Ellison, anxious about Clara, and perplexed about her loss, tried vainly to recover her usual serenity, and sat with Lady Mary in her boudoir, talking about everything but the robbery of which their thoughts were so full.

Late in the afternoon Mr. John Fetherstone and Mr. Burke drove off to the station, accompanied by Ted; and just as the dog cart which was to take them to the station was driven round from the stables Clara awoke from a troubled doze into which she had fallen, and lifted her head from her pillows.

Sylvia was sitting by her reading, and at Clara's movement she started up.

"Is your head better, dear?"

"A little," the girl answered, languidly. "Is any one going away, Sylvia?"

"Only Mr. Burke," Sylvia said, hesitatingly.

"Mr. Burke!" repeated Clara, sinking back, her face as white as the pillows against which she lay. "Why—why—why?"

The pale, parched lips refused to finish the sentence. Sylvia bent down anxiously.

"He is only going away for a day or two on business," she said, hastily; and Clara caught her hand.

"You are sure—you are sure?" she said, faintly.

"Quite, dearest."

"Is it not sudden?"

"Yes, I think so. Uncle John is going also."

"O, Sylvia—Sylvia?" Clara cried, suddenly; and clasping her friend closely to her, she burst into a cruel passion of tears.

Two or three days passed in the same dreary, oppressive manner. The wedding guests departed. Letters came from the happy pair in Paris, which brightened up Lady Mary immensely. Clara Frith had come down-stairs again, looking very white and fragile, and showing a strange reserve of manner unusual to her, also carefully avoiding the mention of the lost jewels. If the theft were spoken of before her, she would flush and grow pale alternately, and such a fit of shivering would seize her, that by tacit consent they were silent in her presence on the subject.

As yet nothing had transpired; the theft remained surrounded by perfect mystery. All investigation had been of no avail—the strict search had been fruitless; and when Mr. Burke returned alone on the third day after his departure, they were as far as ever from discovering the truth.

Ted's friend, as he was still very generally called by the Fetherstones, drove up, looking very handsome and far brighter than he had ever seemed before. Whatever business had taken him away, it had evidently had a satisfactory termination. Ted, who went out on the wide stone steps to meet him, put his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"How is she?" were Mr. Burke's first words.

"Who?—Clara, or your—"

But Mr. Burke's hasty movement prevented him completing the sentence.

"Clara, of course! Ted, be careful!" said Mr. Burke, with a quick glance around.

"Clara is better; she is down-stairs again. Why there's no one to hear us, old fellow. Dick, was it all right down there?"

"Yes; thank Heaven, there was no mistake!" And standing on the stone steps, Mr. Burke drew a long breath of relief; then arm-in-arm they entered the house together.

"Uncle John has come up to town, then?" said Ted, as they crossed the outer hall.

"Yes; he was anxious to settle some business there," replied Dick; and they entered the inner hall, where Sylvia was presiding over five o'clock tea; and when the home party were gathered, Sylvia, very bright and pretty, with Charlie Dashwood in attendance, looked up and smiled a welcome to her brother's friend, who crossed the hall to greet Lady Mary, who was standing on a great fur rug which was thrown down before the old-fashioned hearth. Beside her stood Clara, tea cup in hand, and Lady Mary saw that though the girl's face had been white as death, as the young man entered a bright red spot appeared on each cheek, and a sudden flash came into her soft brown eyes.

Stopping for a moment to exchange a cordial hand clasp with Mr. Fetherstone, Dick went up to Lady Mary, while he gave one swift glance—eager, passionate, tender—at the girl's figure by her side.

"I am very glad to see you back, Mr. Burke," her ladyship said, cordially. "We have missed you greatly, have we not, Clara?"

Clara made no answer; it seemed as if she had not heard the question; but Lady Ellison, who occupied a low seat near the high, carved oak mantel, answered for her.

"Greatly," she said, in her low, sweet voice; and going to her side, Richard Burke took her hand in his, and bending, brushed it softly with his lips with the graceful courtesy and chivalry of a former age. Then he went back to the rug, and put out his hand.

"I am glad to see you so much better," he said, in a low tone of unutterable tenderness, with his gray blue eyes fixed on the girl's fair face. "You are better, are you not?"

Clara said nothing, neither did she make any movement to put her hand in his. Suddenly, and still in the same unbroken silence, she lifted her eyes, and looked him full in the face; and while his countenance expressed nothing but the utmost tenderness and the most un-speakable love, hers was full of the cruellest contempt, the bitterest anger.

For a moment she looked at him, surveying him from head to foot as she might have done a stranger who had grossly insulted her; then she turned scornfully and silently away, crossed the hall, and disappeared up the wide oak staircase.

Lady Mary and Mr. Burke looked at each other in surprise, mingled, on Mr. Burke's face, with an expression of keen pain; while Ted's face flushed angrily at this insult to his friend. He started forward impetuously, but Dick's hand on his arm, and a meaning glance at Lady Ellison, who was, of course, unaware of Clara's strange conduct, stayed the angry words on his lips.

Still, it was a very strange! What could such a reception mean?

CHAPTER XV.

"I KNOW WHO STOLE THE JEWELS."

"It is no use, old fellow; I have made a terrible mistake, and must suffer the consequences. I shall give it up and go away."

"Nonsense, Dick; there must be some mystery or other. The girl evidently liked you, and she is not one of those to change her mind."

"Who shall fathom the mystery of a woman's caprice?" said Mr. Burke, with a faint smile. "She thought she liked me for a time, I suppose. But I was a fool to think that I could win the love of a young girl."

"A fool—why?" said Ted Fetherstone, hastily. "Why should you not win her love or she does not know her own mind. At any rate, there is no one else, and not the slightest necessity for you to give it up; and as for going away, that is out of the question."

"Why is it out of the question?" said Mr. Burke, wearily, leaning his head on his hand as he sat by the window and looked out on the grounds, where Sylvia and Charlie, Clara and one of the younger lads, were playing lawn-tennis.

"Because, rather than let you go, I will make a clean breast of everything," said Ted, moodily.

His friend smiled sadly.

"You won't do that, Ted," he said, quietly. "I am not afraid of your betraying me. No man could have a truer friend than you have been to me ever since I saw you first. Do you remember it?"

"I remember it, and how you and Fred Farrell nursed me through that long fever. Don't talk of friendship, Dick—I call you Dick still, you see. I owe my life to you twice over, and it is yours to dispose of as you will."

Their hands met in a strong, close clasp. Dick smiled.

"I think Miss Allen will have something to do with the disposal of your life, old fellow," he said, lightly. "Don't make such a complete surrender of it, Ted."

Ted Fetherstone laughed; then his eyes followed the direction of his friend's, and dwelt upon Clara's graceful figure.

"She is evidently awfully unhappy," he said, meditatively. "I never saw a girl so changed in a few days. She cannot be fretting about the jewels, for I never saw a girl care less about trinkets and gew-gaws. I believe she is unhappy about you, Dick."

The other shook his head sadly.

"No; unless she is sorry to have to cause me pain. She has a tender heart, dear child."

"And yet she treats you so vilely," said Ted, angrily. "Upon my word, Dick, if you would let me, I'd give her a piece of my mind on the subject. Fond as I am of Clara, I cannot justify or excuse her insolence."

"It is not her insolence," Mr. Burke said, sadly. "It is not Clara Frith who is at fault. It is some unaccountable prejudice and dislike which have actuated her during the last day or two. She may hate me for my presumption, but I think, if she knew the pain she causes, she would not act thus."

"She's a little idiot!" said Ted, savagely.

"Don't let your friendship for me make you unjust, old fellow," said Mr. Burke, quietly. "She is one of the sweetest, truest, noblest creatures I ever knew. Nay, it will not make me a worse man for having loved her, even if it make me a sadder one. Did I tell you how, the other evening—your sister's wedding day it was—she told me how she had tried to find out Grand Eison—how she had,

unknown to his mother, employed a lawyer to make every inquiry? And great tears ran down her cheeks as she told me how vain the search had been. If you could guess, Ted, what a restraint I had to put on myself not to take her in my arms and kiss those tears away," he continued, with a slight laugh, "you would think me a greater stupid than ever, unless a fellow-feeling makes you wondrous kind."

"Will you let me speak to her, Dick?" "Not for worlds."

"Why?" "Old fellow, surely you can see that this is a matter in which no third person can meddle!"

"Then will you speak to her yourself?" Ted said, eagerly.

"How can I? She avoids me in every way. If I address her she makes no answer," Mr. Burke answered, wearily; then rising impetuously, he added, "I wish it was over. Let me go away, Ted—I only sink deeper and deeper into the mire here. I love her madly and hopelessly. While I remain here, while I am upon her sweet face, where I can dwell upon her sweetness, I shall never cure myself of such a mad passion. Let me go away, and perhaps—"

He broke off abruptly, and sitting down by the table, covered his face with his hands.

Ted Fetherstone went softly to his side, and put his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"O'ld friend, dear old friend," he said, hoarsely.

In a few minutes Mr. Burke removed his hands from his face and looked up with a slight bitter laugh.

"You see what I shall come to if I stay here much longer," he said, unsteadily. "I had let myself dwell upon the hope more than I thought. I had pictured our happiness, hers and mine, and—Lady Ellison's; but it is all a folly—all a mad, foolish dream. Let me get away from it all—let me go back to the old life. It all I am fit for—all I can hope for now."

"And your mother?" said Ted, very quietly.

Richard Burke's face flushed, and he turned away. There was a moment's silence, then Ted spoke again, in the same quiet, earnest voice.

"Listen to me, Dick," he said. "You are older and wiser than I am, and no doubt you know your own affairs the best; but if you will take my advice in this, I think you will not repent it."

"What do you advise me to do?" Dick asked, calmly.

"This: see Clara alone, and insist on receiving an explanation of her conduct to you. You have every right to demand it. She had shown a preference for your society; she had given you permission to love her; she has no right to withdraw it and to insult you without reason."

"How can I see her? She shuns me like a pestilence."

"I will manage that. Will you let me?"

"If you will; but, Ted," and Mr. Burke smiled faintly, "I may as well tell you beforehand that I shall be as wax in her hands."

"Not you," said Ted, laughing. "Tomorrow, when the party for Arundel goes, make some excuse and remain behind. Clara is not going. Lady Ellison thought it would be too fatiguing for her. I am going to stay at home, and between us we shall bring this refractory young lady to a sense of her iniquities."

This conversation took place some three days after Mr. Burke's return, and during that time Miss Frith had treated him with the same uncompromising coldness and insolence. She never spoke to him, she never looked at him; she avoided him in every possible manner, and a slight bow morning and evening was the only notice she ever took of his presence. Had Mr. Fetherstone and his wife been less preoccupied they might have commented upon this conduct; but the host was concerned in trying to make some discovery about the jewel robbery, and Lady Mary was anxious about one of her children who was laid up with a sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs; while Sylvia was too much occupied, between her new duties as Miss Fetherstone and her engagement to her cousin, who had at last won his uncle's consent, to heed anything else.

Thus it happened that Clara's strange conduct remained unnoticed except by Ted, who was quick to see anything that concerned his friend, who was equally with him at a loss to understand it; while the girl herself was strange and irritable in her manner, and more than once her maid had surprised her in her room weeping passionately.

Having entered into the little conspiracy which was to explain Miss Frith's conduct and bring her to a sense of her iniquities, the two young men rose to leave the library. The lawn-tennis contest was over, and the players had re-entered the house, for the courts were deserted. As the two friends passed into the hall the door of Mr. Fetherstone's study opened, and he put his head out.

"Is that you, Ted? Come here, will you? You also, Mr. Burke, if you please," he said, hastily; and obeying the summons, they went into his study.

They found Mr. Fetherstone not alone. Lady Ellison was there and Clara, who knelt beside her with a look of forced composure on her face. Sylvia and Charlie were there, and Superintendent Graves from the police station was standing with his face set and impenetrable as usual.

"We seem no nearer the end of this mystery," Mr. Fetherstone said, in a nervous, fidgety manner, "and I am exceedingly anxious to solve it. Superintendent Graves, after having given the case due consideration, thinks that the thief must be in the house. We can discover no way by which the house could have been entered."

"At the same time," Lady Ellison, interposed, gently, "we have full confidence in the servants. They are all of

them tried and faithful, and their feelings have already been sufficiently outraged by the strict search over the house."

"But your ladyship would remember that the ladies and gentlemen in the house were quite willing to let their wardrobes and trunks be searched," said the police-officer, respectfully.

"Yes; but in their position they were above suspicion," said Lady Ellison, in her soft voice. "The household were not, and I would rather never recover my jewels the cause such unpleasantness in the house."

"My dear Lady Ellison," Mr. Fetherstone said gently, "there must be no question of unpleasantness. We have a duty to perform, which must be done in spite of pain; and I will go on until the thief is discovered and the suspicion which has fallen on all the members of the household shall be cleared."

Lady Ellison held Clara's hand in hers, and as she listened she felt it grow cold as marble. She turned her sightless eyes on her face in alarm.

"What is it, my child?" she said, in a low tone. "Are you faint? Would you like to go?"

"No, mother," the girl answered, calmly; "there is nothing the matter with me."

But as she spoke she released her hand from Lady Ellison's with a little pressure, and moved across to the window. Mr. Burke's eyes following her, saw that she was white as death. The grave, tender gray eyes which watched her so anxiously came back slowly from their scrutiny clouded with pain.

"Would you not think it advisable to send for further assistance from London?" Mr. Burke said; and as he spoke Clara turned from the window and flashed her brown eyes upon him with her long look of supreme contempt and indignation.

"I do not question Superintendent Graves' ability," he hastened to add; "but a second opinion might be desirable."

"Indeed I think so," Mr. Fetherstone said, quickly, like a man who saw a way out of his perplexities. "I have some slight acquaintances with the Chief Commissioner of Police, and I will send him a note by to-night's post."

There is no doubt that he will send us some one to help us out of the difficulty," said Ted, in a relieved tone. "Clara," he added, going to her side, "is not the air cold for you?"

"No," she answered, shortly; then she came quietly forward, but just as she was about to speak Mr. Burke looked up eagerly.

"Do you know," he said, quickly, "that I almost think I know something of this?"

"You, Dick!" cried Ted. "What do you mean?"

Clara was standing beside Ted, and almost involuntarily she caught at his arm. She was white and trembling, and the young man saw that she was incapable of standing alone. He put her into a chair, and holding her hand in his, waited for Mr. Burke's explanation.

REAWAKENED MEMORY.

How Often a Very Simple Thing May Restore the Connection.

Two years ago a young man living in a Vermont village, having finished his academic education was ready to enter college. But just before the day appointed for his examination he was taken ill. After several weeks of suffering he slowly recovered his health, but discovered that his mind had lost the knowledge acquired by six years of hard study. Latin, Greek and mathematics, all were gone, and his mind was a blank in respect to his preparatory studies. His doctor prescribed that he should rest his mind, and familiarize himself with the few simple details of light work.

He obeyed the advice, and found, in his old habit of doing things carefully, the echo of a master that brought back his old knowledge.

Before his illness the young man, in order to earn a little money, had taken care of the village church, sweeping it out, cleaning the lamps and doing all the work of a sexton. He now resumed this work, and by the physician's advice tried to keep his mind from puzzling itself about its loss of memory. Several weeks went by without bringing any change in his mental condition.

One Sunday evening a stranger entered the church, and, as the sermon was a dull one, gazed carelessly around until his attention was attracted by the lamps on the wall. He noticed that all the wicks were so carefully trimmed that there was not an irregular flame to be seen. He wondered as to who could be the careful sexton, and, happening to be in the place the following Sunday, he again noticed the same uniform trimming of the wicks.

Passing the church the next day, and seeing the door open, he walked quietly in, and saw the young sexton sweeping out the central aisle. Looking closely at the young man, the stranger asked: "Do you do all the work about the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you trim the lamps?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you trim them in such a peculiar way?"

"I don't know what you mean?"

"Why, the flames are all alike."

"Oh, but they ought to be. You would not have them uneven, would you?"

"No," answered the stranger, with a smile. "But it speaks well for your carefulness. Why, I should think one of the flames would fit all the others exactly if it were superimposed on them."

"Superimposed! I n't that word used in geometry?"

"Certainly. If polygons, having equal sides and angles—"

Before the stranger could finish his sentence the student threw down his broom, rushed frantically out of the church, ran across the street and into his house, where he astonished his mother by exclaiming, in tones of triumph, "Mother, I know that the square of the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides!"

In a moment at his school knowledge had come back to him, flashed into his mind by the mention of superimposed figures.

The "Rogers" Name On Spoons.

As the world-wide celebrity of the Rogers stamp upon silver-plated spoons has stimulated the growth of many imitations, it may be interesting to recall briefly the history of this famous brand. In the year 1847, only seven years after the first application of electricity for silver plating articles of domestic use, the first objects bearing this trade mark were manufactured in Hartford, Conn. The three brothers who originated the manufacture, and who had the surname of Rogers, placed upon the market a class of goods greatly superior to anything previously known. The venture was carried forward for considerable time, until it was found that the high quality of the wares could only be maintained profitably by the employment of greater capital and resources than the brothers had at their command. They were, consequently, obliged to succumb, and the business was sold to the Meriden Britannia Company, of Meriden, Conn., who required thereby not only the established trade-mark, but also, during their lives, the services of the originators. The facilities and able management of the new owners enabled them to maintain and improve the high quality of the wares, and it is due principally to them that the Rogers name has become so famous for superior workmanship.

Naturally, parties who seek to reap some of the harvest of these years of labor are not wanting, and the consumers are compelled, in self protection, to examine particularly the distinguishing marks of this celebrated brand to avoid being deceived.

The integrity and reputation of the manufacturers furnish to the consumer the only guarantee of quality. To enable purchasers to select the genuine and best "Rogers goods," two prefixes were long ago adopted, the presence of either of which in the stamp on the goods may be relied upon as an infallible test of quality. The most prominent is "1847," referring to the date of origination, thus: "1847, Rogers Bros." Too much importance cannot be given in this case as distinguishing the genuine wares. The other prefix referred to is a star, "Rogers & B. Co." All articles bearing either of these prefixes are genuine, are made by the parties who have legally succeeded to the original manufacturers, and are guaranteed by the Meriden Britannia Company to be of the very best quality.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough, suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clear your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathsome disease!

Mrs. Nevada swept in not less than \$9,000 worth of gold dust during her fortnight in Frisco.

"I won't live away." No; but if disease is to make my life a daily burden. But it need not, good friend, and will not if you will be wise in time. How many of our loved ones are mouldering in the dust who might have been spared for years. The slight cough was unheeded, the many symptoms of disease that lurked within were slighted and death came. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cannot recall the dead though it has snatched numbers from the verge of the grave, and will cure consumption in its earliest stages.

"Cannon Farrar," says the Tattler, cleverly, "went away with the best wishes of the American people. About 28,000 of these wishes bore the monogram of this nation—\$."

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The poet Browning has bought the famous Manzoni palace in Venice. It is a beautiful building, and was the residence of a famous family.

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto.

A. P. 262

Neuralgia Positively Cured In twenty minutes, without fail. Chapman's Ointment Neuralgia Remedy. Sample mailed, twenty-five cents. Chapman, Chemist, London, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE BEST SELLING Patented Article in Canada today. Send 25 cents for Sample and Agents' Terms. DR. HUGHES & Co., Guelph.

BROCK'S SHORTHAND AND BUSINESS Institute, Toronto, is the oldest, largest, cheapest and best on the continent. Business men supplied with office help on the shortest possible notice. Write for descriptive calendar. THOS. BRADSHAW, President, C. H. BROOKS, Sec'y-Treas.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE, Guelph, Ont. That man only is rightly educated who knows how to use himself, who possesses practical knowledge and such manual skill as will enable him to compete successfully with his fellows in the business of life. To impart such education, to prepare such men for the design and purpose of this institution. For terms, etc., call at the college or address, M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, ARCADE, YONGE ST., TORONTO. Finest rooms in America. Practical in every department. Teachers pushing and energetic, and know what they teach. Endorsed by the leading business men of Ontario, its graduates are filling positions of trust in every city, town and village of Canada. Send for new circular. C. O'DEA, Secretary.

GOOD STOCK AND GRAIN FARM FOR SALE. For full information (which will send you free of charge) about the free lands and cheap homes, apply to JOHN H. HORTLEY, Western Canadian Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. Ry., R. S. HAIR, 9 York St., Toronto, Ont., General Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ills.

FREE LANDS AND CHEAP HOMES FOR THE MILLION.

Along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway in Central Dakota and Northern Nebraska. New sections are being opened up and rapidly settled in these wonderfully productive regions, and the "first comers" will have "first choice" of location.

For full information (which will send you free of charge) about the free lands and cheap homes, apply to JOHN H. HORTLEY, Western Canadian Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. Ry., R. S. HAIR, 9 York St., Toronto, Ont., General Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ills.

FREE LANDS AND CHEAP HOMES FOR THE MILLION.

Along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway in Central Dakota and Northern Nebraska. New sections are being opened up and rapidly settled in these wonderfully productive regions, and the "first comers" will have "first choice" of location.

For full information (which will send you free of charge) about the free lands and cheap homes, apply to JOHN H. HORTLEY, Western Canadian Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. Ry., R. S. HAIR, 9 York St., Toronto, Ont., General Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ills.

FREE LANDS AND CHEAP HOMES FOR THE MILLION.

Along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway in Central Dakota and Northern Nebraska. New sections are being opened up and rapidly settled in these wonderfully productive regions, and the "first comers" will have "first choice" of location.

For full information (which will send you free of charge) about the free lands and cheap homes, apply to JOHN H. HORTLEY, Western Canadian Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. Ry., R. S. HAIR, 9 York St., Toronto, Ont., General Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ills.

FREE LANDS AND CHEAP HOMES FOR THE MILLION.

Along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway in Central Dakota and Northern Nebraska. New sections are being opened up and rapidly settled in these wonderfully productive regions, and the "first comers" will have "first choice" of location.

For full information (which will send you free of charge) about the free lands and cheap homes, apply to JOHN H. HORTLEY, Western Canadian Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. Ry., R. S. HAIR, 9 York St., Toronto, Ont., General Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ills.

FREE LANDS AND CHEAP HOMES FOR THE MILLION.

Along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway in Central Dakota and Northern Nebraska. New sections are being opened up and rapidly settled in these wonderfully productive regions, and the "first comers" will have "first choice" of location.

For full information (which will send you free of charge) about the free lands and cheap homes, apply to JOHN H. HORTLEY, Western Canadian Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. Ry., R. S. HAIR, 9 York St., Toronto, Ont., General Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ills.

FREE LANDS AND CHEAP HOMES FOR THE MILLION.

Along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway in Central Dakota and Northern Nebraska. New sections are being opened up and rapidly settled in these wonderfully productive regions, and the "first comers" will have "first choice" of location.