

Literature.

GORDON CARYLL'S
WIFE.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(CONTINUED.)

The moments fly—the last hour of the old year is fast drawing to its close. "Ten minutes to twelve," cries Lord Dynely. "Here's to the jolly New Year. Let us drink his health in the good old German way, to the one we love best."

"He filled his glass, looked at Crystal, and touched his to hers."

"The happiest of all happy New Years to you," he says, "and I am the first to wish it."

And then a chorus of voices arises. "Happy New Year!" and each turns to somebody else. Lady Dynely stretches forth her hand to her son with a look of fondest love. Terry Dennison leans over to her with the old wistful light in his eyes. The vicar and his wife exchange affectionate glances. France turns to no one; her thoughts are over the sea, with one absent.

Then they all rise, and as by one accord throng to the windows to see the New Year dawn. White and clear the stars look down on the snow-white earth; it is still, calm, beautiful. From the village, the joy-bells clash forth; the old year is dead—the new begun.

"Le roi est mort!—vive le roi!" exclaims Lord Dynely. "May all good wishes go with him."

The piano stands by his side. He strikes the keys with a bold, skilled touch, and his rich tenor voice rings spiritedly out—

"He frothed his bumper to the brim—
A jollier year we shall not see;
And though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his face speaks ill of him,
He was a friend to me!"

Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend;
And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

"My pale, my pensive France," he says, "why that mournful look! The old year has been a good friend to you also, has he not? As Tenyson says, 'He brought you a friend and a true, true love.'"

"And the New Year will take them away," finishes Lady Dynely, with a smile. "An ominous quotation, Eric. Let us hope for better things. And now, my little bride elect, as you are to be up betimes to-morrow, I propose that you go to bed at once, else that pretty peach face of yours will be yellow as any orange at the altar to-morrow."

So it is over, and the New Year is with them. The guests not stopping at the vicarage say good-night and go, the others disperse to their rooms.

There is a farewell which no one sees between the happy pair, then Eric saunters out into the white starry night to smoke one last bachelor cigar, and Crystal is kissed by mamma and Lady Dynely and France, and takes her candle and goes off to her room, singing softly to herself as she goes—

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For to-morrow will be the happiest day of all the glad New Year."

The morning comes, sparkling and glimmering with frosty sunlight, and the vicarage is all bustle and gay confusion, a very Babel of tongues. Nine—coffee; ten—dressing; eleven—carriages at the door, everybody down stairs, and the supreme hour has come.

Up in her "maiden bower" the bride stands robed for the altar. The hot, red roses of last night have died out; she is paler than the white silk she wears. The chilly nuptial flowers are on her head, the filmy veil shrouds her like a mist. Silent, lovely, she stands in the midst of her maids, not crying, not speaking, with a great awe of the new life that is beginning overlying all else.

She is led down, she enters the carriage, and is whirled away through the jubilant New Year's morning to the church. There the bridegroom awaits her. The church is full, villagers, friends, guests, charity children, all assembled to see the year's prettiest daughter married.

There is a mighty rustling of silks and moires as the ladies of the family flock in, a flutter of pink and snowy gauze as the six bridesmaids take their places. France is at their head, and divides the admiration of the hour with the bride herself. As usual, the bridegroom dwindles into insignificance—the one epoch in the life of man when he sinks his lordly supremacy, and is, comparatively speaking, of no account. Terry Dennison is there, looking pale, and miserable, but who thinks of noticing him? Only France's compassionate eyes look at him once as he stands, silent and unlike himself, with an infinite pity in their dark depths.

It begins—dead silence falls. The low murmured responses sound strangely audible in that hush. It is over, all draw one long breath of relief, and a flutter and a murmur go through the silent congregation.

"They enter the vestry, the registry is signed, they are back in the carriages, starting away to the wedding breakfast, and bridegroom and bride are

together, and the Right Honorable Lord Viscount Dynely is "Benedict, the Married Man."

After that the hours fly like minutes. They are back at the vicarage. They are seated at breakfast, champagne corks fly, toasts are drunk, speeches made and responded to. The bridegroom's handsome face is flushed, his blue eyes glitter, all his feigned languor and affected boredom, for the time being, entirely at an end.

By his side his bride sits, smiling, blushing, dimpling, most divinely fair. Opposite is Terry Dennison, trying heroically at light talk and laughter, that he may not be the one death's head at the feast, but his face keeping all the time its mute, cold misery.

The breakfast is over. The newly-made Viscountess hurries away to change her dress. They will travel by the afternoon express to London, thence to Folkestone. The honeymoon will be spent in Brittany; the first week of February will find them in Paris, there to remain until the London season is fairly at its height.

White satin splendour, nuptial blossoms, virginal veil, are changed to a travelling suit of pearl gray, that fits the trim little figure to a charm. From beneath the coquettish round hat and gossamer veil the sweet childish face looks sweeter and more childlike than ever. In the hall below the impatient bridegroom stands—at the door the carriage waits.

She is trembling with nervous excitement from head to foot; she is but a frail, sensitive little creature at best. Her mother is weeping audibly—her father coughs, takes off his glasses, and wipes them incessantly. France Forrester stands with dark, tender eyes, and in her heart a vague feeling of pity, which she cannot define, for this fragile-looking child-wife.

"Oh, Eric!" she says, laying her hand on his shoulder and looking up at him with those dim, dusk eyes, 'be good to her! take care of her, love her always. You hold that child's very life in your hands; if you ever neglect her, if you ever grow cold to her, as surely as we both stand here, she will break her heart!'

He laughs—nothing irritates him this thrice happy day, and this is really a most stupendous joke.

"I neglect her! I cold to her! When I am either I pray to heaven I may die!"

She shrank back; something in his words, something in his look frightened her.

He will neglect her, he will turn cold, some inward, prophetic voice whispered, "and the doom he has evoked may fall!"

One other heard these impassioned words—Dennison. He paused a moment, caught Eric's hand, and wrung it hard.

"Look to yourself, Dynely," he said, in a hoarse, hurried voice, "if you ever forget that vow!"

Then he ran rapidly up the stairs and disappeared.

Lord Dynely looked after him, shrugged his shoulders slightly, and laughed again.

"Poor old Terry!" he said, "the ruling passion strong in death." As much in love with Lady Dynely as he ever was with Crystal Higgins. Ah, well! time blunts these things. Let us hope he will have lived down his ill-starred madness before we meet again."

The bride's door opens, a flock of pink and white and sky blue nymphs flutter out. The bride for an instant remains alone. Indifferent to what may be thought, may be said, Dennison enters, goes up to the new-made peeress, takes both her hands in his, with a clasp whose cruelty is unconscious, and looks down with gloomy eyes into the startled, milk-white loveliness of her face.

"Crystal," he says, his voice hoarse and hurried still, "I must say one word to you before we part. If, in the time that is coming, you are ever in trouble, if you are ever in need of a friend, will you send for me? All our lives we have been as brother and sister—by the memory of that bond between us let me be the one to come to you if you ever need a friend."

She looked up at him. To the day of his death that look haunted him—so radiantly, so unutterably happy.

"I in trouble! I in need of a friend?" she repeated in a low, rapturous sort of whisper. "I, Eric's wife! Ah, Terry! dear old fellow, dear old brother, that can never be. I am the happiest, happiest creature on all God's earth!"

"Yet, promise," he reiterates, in the same gloomy tone. "Who can foresee the future? If trouble ever comes—mind, I don't say that it ever will—I pray it never may—but if it comes, and you need help, will you send for me? Promise me this!"

"It is treason to Eric to admit any such supposition," she laughs; "I don't admit it, but if it will please you, Terry, the radiant brilliance of her eyes softens to pity as she looks at him, 'I promise. It is a promise you will never be called upon to redeem—remember that. No trouble can ever touch me. Eric loves me and has made me his wife. Let me go, Terry—he is calling!'

He releases her hands, she holds out

one again, with that tender, compassionate glance.

"Good-bye, Terry," she says softly. "If I have ever given you pain I am sorry. Forgive me before I go."

"There is nothing to forgive," he answers huskily. "No man on earth could help loving you, and all women seem to love him. Good-bye, little Crystal, and God in Heaven bless you!"

It is their parting. She flies down the stairs to where her impatient possessor stands.

"I—I was saying good-night to Terry," she falters, trembling already, even at that shadow of a frown on his god-like brow. But at sight of her the shadow changes to brightest sunshine.

"Good-bye! good-bye! good-bye!" echoes and echoes on every hand.

The bride is kissed, and passed round to be kissed again, and there is crying and confusion generally, and in the midst of it Miss Forrester's wicked black eyes are laughing at Eric, who stands inwardly fuming at all this "confounded scene," mortally jealous, and longing to tear his bride from them all and make an end of the howling.

It does end at last; he hands her into the carriage, springs after, slams the door, the driver cracks his whip, and they whirl off from the door. A shower of slippers are hurled after them—then the carriage turns an angle and disappears, and all is over.

The guests begin to disperse, some at once, some not until next day. A gloomy misery falls over the lately noisy, merry house—it is almost as though there had been a death. Reaction after so much excitement sets in; everybody, more or less, looks miserable. Terry Dennison is the first to go—he rejoins his regiment.

Lady Dynely, dowager, and Miss Forrester are the next—they return for the winter to Rome; and Miss Forrester makes no secret of her eagerness to be off.

The next day dawns, sleety, rainy, chill, a very winter day. The last guest has left the vicarage by the noon train, and the depression and disapproval is more dismal than ever. The eight remaining Misses Higgins wander, cheerless and miserable of aspect, through the lately-filled rooms, setting to rights and taking up the dull thread of their dull gray lives once more.

When night falls, shrouded in sleety rain, the lark old vicarage stands sombre and forlorn, despite the presence of those eight bright creatures, under the inky, dripping, Lincolnshire sky.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

A raw and rainy February evening—the first week of the month. Over London a murky, smoke-colored sky hung, dripping wet, miserable tears hung from the muddy, smoke-colored city. The famous "pea-soup atmosphere" is at its very pea-soupiest—figures flitted to and fro through the murky, damp streets, shrouded in great coats and umbrellas. The street lamps, that had been lit all day, winked and flickered, yellow and dismal specks in the fog.

The streets of the city were filled with noisy, jostling life—the streets of the West End were silent and deserted. The dearest of all dead seasons had come; the great black houses were hermetically sealed; the denizens of Belgrave and Mayfair had flitted far away; even the brilliant gas-lit emporiums of Regent-street were empty and deserted this foggy February evening.

At the day-window of one of the great club houses of St. James-street, a man stood smoking a cigar and staring moodily out at the dark and dismal twilight. The wet flag-stones glimmered in the pallid flicker of the street lamps, few and far between; drenched and dragged pedestrians went by. Now and then a handsome footman, wearing the livery of a great house, came past, and a handsome footman, wearing the livery of a great house, came past, and a handsome footman, wearing the livery of a great house, came past.

These things were all the man at the day-window had to stare at; but for the last hour he had stood there motionless, his moody eyes fixed upon the rain-beaten glass. The solitary watcher, stranded upon Western London at this most inhospitable season, was Terry Dennison. Terry Dennison, who yesterday obtained a fortnight's leave, and who, this dreary February evening, found himself in the old familiar quarters—why or wherefore, he hardly knew. There were numbers of country houses—bright, hospitable houses, to which he held standing welcome—houses where a "southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaimed it a hunting morning," but he had thrown over all, and was here as utterly alone, it seemed to him, as though he had been wrecked on a deserted island.

The five weeks that had passed since Crystal Higgins' wedding day had made but slight outward alteration in Terry. He was looking baggard and jaded—the honest blue eyes kept the old kindly, genial glance for all things, but they looked out with wistful weariness to-night. Where are they this wretched February

evening, he wonders—where is she, what is she doing?

Are she and Eric doing the honey-moon still in the leafless groves of Brittany, or have they gone to Rome to join the Gordon Caryll party, where Lady Dynely and Miss Forrester also are? An unutterable longing to see Crystal once, more fills him—it is folly, he knows, something worse than folly, perhaps, but before these two weeks of freedom expire he must stand face to face with Viscount Dynely's bride.

The last gleam of the dark daylight is fading entirely out as a handsome whippet to the door and deposits its one passenger. The glare of the lamp falls full upon him, and Dennison recognizes an old acquaintance. As the man enters he turns and he is out his hand.

"What! you, Dennison? My dear fellow, happy to meet you. I saw a face at the window and thought it was Macaulay's New Zealander come before his time to philosophize over the desolation of London. Beastly weather, as usual. How three millions of people, more or less, can drag out existence through it!"

The speaker flings himself into a chair and gives up the problem in weary disgust.

"I thought you were in Greece, Burrard," says Terry, throwing away his cigar, and depositing himself in a second easy chair.

"Was, all January. Gave it up and came to Paris, to have what our transatlantic neighbors call 'a good time'; and just as I was having it (Felicia's here, you know), came a telegram from Somersetshire, summoning me home. Governor—gone to the stomach—thinks he's going to die, and wishes to have all his off-spring around him. It's the fifth time I have been summoned in the same way," says Mr. Burrard, in a disguised tone, "and nothing ever comes of it. It's all hypo on the governor's part, and the family know it; but as he'll cut us off with a shilling if we disobey, there's nothing for it. It was heastly crossing the Channel, and I'm always seasick. It's an awful nuisance, Terry—give me your word, Mr. Burrard gloomily concludes.

"Hard lines, old fellow," laughs Terry. "Let us hope this time that your journey will not be in vain. So Paris is looking lively, is it? No February fogs there, I suppose? I shouldn't mind running over myself for a few days. Many people one knows!"

"Lots," Mr. Burrard sentimentally replies; "and, as I said before, I believe Felicia at the Varieties, younger, and lovelier, and more fatal than ever. Gad! Terry, the divine art of *petites soupers* will never die out while that woman exists. She's a sorceress and enchantress—a witch. She must be five-and-thirty at the least; and last night, as I sat beside her, I could have taken my oath she wasn't a day more than seventeen."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ELEGANT—Little plated screw top on "TEARAWAY" makes it the cheapest, most perfect and most recherche of all toilet requisites. Get a five cent sample.

The Bad and Worthless
are never imitated or counterfeited.

This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy imitated is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth many imitations sprang up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

The recent earthquake in Panama proves to have been very much more serious than was at first reported. In the city of Panama the cathedral and a number of buildings were badly damaged, involving a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars; and at Aspinwall several lives were lost. Railway communication between the two coasts is interrupted, a number of bridges having been broken.

Skins Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. \$1.

All our Druggists now heartily endorse the amazing success of WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER, and recommend it for both sexes in all cases of sexual weakness. See advertisement in another column.

The editor of the Huron Record, published at Clinton, is a member of the church and a totaliter, and is consequently in proof. No doubt the public will believe him when he puts this statement on record:—"Only for the fact that the following incident is vouched for as being true by an official of Goerlich tp., a gentleman whose veracity is unimpeachable, we could hardly have given credence to it. He relates that there were two cats in his house that were inseparable companions; they were never thoroughly happy except in each other's company; they eat together, sleep together, took their walks together, and did their nocturnal caterwaulings in company. They were apparently devoted to one another as bride and bridegroom during the honeymoon. A short time ago two kittens were brought into the house from the barn, as playthings for the little girl, and the gentleman thinking there were then too many cats about the house, shot one of the companions. Its mate on finding out the loss it had sustained, went out to the railway track, a short distance from the house, deliberately laid its body across one of the rails, and in that position waited until a passing train severed its body in two. This is one of the most remarkable cases of suicide we ever heard of."

Cancers and other Tumours
are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

It is reported that a contract has been signed to build the South and Rocky Mountain railway from a point on the Canadian Pacific railway 100 miles west of Winnipeg to the Rocky mountains. Mr. Pw has also purchased a controlling interest in the company. Work will commence at once. The first fifty miles are to be completed by the 1st June, 1883, and the whole within the time specified in the charter. The railway will pass through Rapid City, Fort Rice, Battleford, and Edmonton.

James Cullen, Pool's Island, N. F., writes: "I have been washing the progress of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil since its introduction to this place, and with much pleasure state that my anticipations of its success have been fully realized, it having cured me of bronchitis and soreness of nose; and not a few of my 'rheumatic neighbors' (one old lady in particular) pronounce it to be the best article of its kind that has ever been brought before the public. Your medicine does not require any longer a sponsor, but if you wish me to act as such, I shall be only too happy to have my name connected with your prosperous child."

The difficulty between Japan and Corea has been arranged. Corea has agreed to pay \$500,000 as compensation to Japan and \$50,000 to the relatives of the murdered Japanese.

There is a curious diversity of taste among smokers as to the kind of pipe they prefer. Some like the clay pipe best, others prefer the briar root, others again the meerschaum, some must have their pipe well seasoned before they can enjoy it, others again must have a new pipe and throw it away whenever it becomes a little old. But though this diversity of taste among them is curious, it is not all curious that there is substantial unanimity among them that the "Myrtle Navy" brand of Messrs. Tuckett & Son is the genuine article.

The Erie and Huron Railway will be completed from Blenheim to Wallaceburg and rolling stock put up by the first of the year, providing a bonus of about \$50,000 or \$60,000, to be paid at completion of the road. It will cost about \$135,000 to complete the road, over and above the amount in the trustees' hands and Government bonus. The municipalities of Chatham, Blenheim, Dresden and Wallaceburg provide \$60,000, leaving \$75,000 to be raised on bonds. The additional bonus it is proposed to distribute as follows: Chatham, \$25,000; Blenheim, \$10,000; Dresden, \$10,000; and Wallaceburg, \$12,500.

Messrs. Parker & Laird, of Hildale, writes: "Our Mr. Laird having occasion to visit Scotland and know the excellent qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, concluded to take some with him, and the result has been astonishing. We may say that several instances it has effected cure when ailments had been pronounced incurable by eminent practitioners."

In the Recorder's Court at Paterson, N. J., recently, Lieutenant Ludgate, of the Salvation Army, and Captain Inman were tried before a jury for being disorderly on the streets on Sunday, the 20th of August. A good deal of evidence was taken on the matter. The Salvationists in the evidence stated they thought the according to law they had a right to sing religious songs on the streets, and other expressions. The jury failed to agree, one being for acquittal and five for conviction, and were discharged.

NEWSPAPER

Any person or persons who regularly from a post-office box, has subscribed for a newspaper, and who has not received it, is entitled to a refund of the subscription money.

If a person orders his newspaper to be sent to him by mail, and he does not receive it, he is entitled to a refund of the subscription money.

The Courts have decided that newspapers or periodicals sent by mail to a post-office box, are not subject to the same duties as those sent by express or parcel post.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.

Monthly Cattle Market
LONDON.—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month. Cattle—First Friday in each month.