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## OSTH SI THE HURON SIGNAL, FRIDAY. MARCH 19, 1886.

Earl laid his white hand gently on Ber- him. The young fellow 'lowered his did not Lord Morven take you with hand and held it out to her with a some- him ?" tie's arm. "My dear fellow," he said, "I am very what unsteady laugh. Think not too sorty for you. But there is no use in harshly of him if, in that hour of weak- ed him if he wanted to use main force. sentiment. You can do nothing ; I can had loved ulenbervie ; he had dreamt of could get me home !" AUTHOR OF "JACONT'S WHEE," "UNDER do nothing. It would be better to re-FALSE PREFENCES," &c. It would be better to re-tire."

come back only to find the old home "You can retire if you like," answer- wrapped in flames. ed Bertie, with a cold smile. "But I "Thanks, Bestrice, for the sugges must stay-I must stay and see the lion," he said, clasping her hand warm-

ly. "I will remember it by and bye ; you shall see what Lilias and I will do. "N body can save the place," remon-

Had the Earl heard the remark ? His with fever tomorrow-1 am sure of it. face, as he approached, was dark and I'll join you at the inn by-and by. They say there is a good inn near the nothing that bore upon the subject. The carriage was/waiting, and if Douglas was

"An inn !" interposed Lord Morven. well enough to go, he said, they would as any man ! with a touch of state'y surprise. "I trust start at once. hat you will not insult my hospitality "I'll come with you, shall I?" Anthe-

by going to an inn at such a moment. ny said in his friend's car, as he moved You and your friend Douglas-I beg parwith him to the carriage.

lias, I would not go."

Bertie's face had been growing whiter and whiter during the last few words ; he reeled now, and would have fallen to and the flames leaped up from time to the ground but for Anthony's quickly time and threw a lurid light of the spec-"Good heavens !" sid Lost Morven, putting on his eye-glass, and surveying poor Bertie's pallid lips and half-closed eyes with a kind of insuited alarm, "is he often like this?

"Only when he has had a dangerous

and tolt for his own flask. "That's lives or limbs by venturing near the time was to meet Miss Essilmont, busy sa blazing building. The absence of firs-inen and fire engines had been severely strong. He could not refuse her a tri-

ing to save the small West wing were "He wants air," said the Earl som

people; pray do not press round Mr. 'Kill ge back and do what I can, now Deuglas. Ah, here is Beatrice !' There that you are better. Lord Morven is

"Is Bertie ill ?" said Miss Escilmont

'Poor fellow ! it has been too great a "Any property is worth saving," an-swered Anthopy succinctly. And then

"You forget," said Authony, giving and, on turning, he saw something which

Well, Bertie, it's very plain that you ought not to be here.

up. His face was still pale, but his old to say with a look of unaccustomed gen- fire first of all, and the work of destruc- her appearance from that which she had lost." tleness upon his face. And yet Bea- tion made more progress than was at first presented to his eyes that afternoon. "What is lost I' said Beatrice, bending in did "I might answer you in Sh trice's words were commonplace enough

"A man !" exclaimed Antony, in see now-he is wearing a wig ! Do you maze, as he leaped into the room, mean to tell me these are not suspicious "Because I would not let him. I askwhich a man's figure lying on the floor risking your health for the sake of a ness, his eyes were wet with tears. He There was no other way by which he could barely be discorned. "I must get himself when he recovers consciousyou down first," he said to Bestrice. ness. "In his place, then, I should have

used it," said Anthony, as he turned "Go then," said Anthony, peremp away from her.

"Is the man a pefect brute ?" said ily. "You can get down while I am lift-Miss Essilmont, indignantly. She was so seldom thwarted that his, implied' cept by going at once."

blame made her wince. But his words Beatrice made no answer. She saw acted on her as a spur to extertion. She that he spoke the truth. She gathered "If he connot explain his presence satiswould show this insolent stranger what stern, as if from displeasure ; but he said she could do ! A woman was not always a weak, useless creature ; she had some- scend the ladder, while he lifted the

times as strong a head, as steady a nerve, The west wing was comparatively, un-

admired. In his opinion Beatrice Heallby the strongest and bravest men, for testar, without chaperer, her escerne him as decidedly contrary to all ideas of

was he doing up there ?" grudgingly enough-that her services

moment in the rooms of the West wing

which was already full of smoke, through circumstances, Miss Essilmont ? This man will have to give an account of "No. I can get down myself. He "He will give an account of himself, must be carried-if you can do it." no doubt," said Beatrice haughtily. "I

know him. He is a gentleman. "Gentleman or no gentleman, I want

ing him. Do ; you cannot help me-ex- to know what he is doing in my cousin's house-evidently trying to take away my cousin's goods," said Anthony doggedly.

up two or three articles which were factorily I shall give him in charge of ecattered on the floor, and began to de- the police."

"You are detestable !" Miss Essilmont man-who had fortunately a light, spare broke out passionately.

She had a fiery temper and a strong figure-and followed her to the window. She decended safely, and a shout of will, and she was not accustomed to injured. If the fire-engines had been joy came from the watching crowd. mince her words. Her exclamation was present, it might have been saved. But Then Anthony - followed-slowly and scompanied by a scornful flash of her as the flames were still spreading, carefully making his way down the rungs dark eyes, and an impatient movement less furiously, the only thing that could with his burden, but never for one mom I do what I withed ! . You-you only-" as, I would not go." be done was to save the turniture; and ent losing his presence of mind in face of "I am very much obliged to you," said "You had better go." Anthony look- the men from the village were busily en- the danger which threatened him. For Anthony, with a jeering smile on his ed back at the dark, smouldering pile of gaged in tearing down pictures from the none knew better than he the peril in lips, as he knelt down to examine into wails, throwing curtains and cushions, which he stood. The flames darted up the state of the man whom he had saved carpets and bedding and books, out of ward as if they wanted to seize upon him He did, not call, however, for further asthe windows. A very well furnished like fiery serpents of destruction-the sistence. Beatrice was too angry to no-suite of rooms that had been occupied by walls seemed to shake as if they would tice the fact, but she remembered it

old Mr. Lockhart in former days was situated in this wing; and his library and collection of curiosities were well and culy just in time. Through the characters of these two, this man and

And indeed the work of destruction had been so speedy and so complete that threw himself into the work. A good there was little hope of saving much from the interior of the house; and fow persons had been willing so import their lives or limbs by venturing near the blazing building. The absence of firs-time and fire-engines had been severally three destruction in the local could yet be done, and his great in and difference to be done and fow persons had been willing so import their time at the work of destruction three was little hope of saving much three was little hope of saving much three was little hope of saving much three was little hope of the house; and fow persons had been willing so import their time at the work of the bound the strength, his untiring energy, were the blazing building. The absence of firs-innen and fire-engines had been severally the could not refuse her a triin, and all hope of further rescue of pro- al to her: "Please keep away for a few perty or human life-if any were in dan- minutes," she said in her clear haughty resting at an end. The whole house tones. "The man needs air he is not seemed to be wrapped in finnes. In succi hurt."

"Are you so sure of that ?" asked An-Anthony waved away the little crowd

that presed forward to appland and con gratulate ; he carried the rescued man to some distance from the fire and laid they in an undertone. To mayor At this point the man opened his eyes and gazed wildly about him, Anthony him on the green sward, then he turned took the opportunity of looking at him attentively. Now that the brown tint "Is a doctor here is and the said. "This was removed from his features and the roung fellow seems to be injured. Do black wig from his head it could be seen that he was a young and handsome man "Yes-yes, I know him," said Beatrice, -fair, light-haired, blue-eyed. In spite of coarse and shabby garments, in spite Anthony was forced to admit that the

'I don't know at can't tell-I-oh. fellow looked like a gentleman, not like Mr. Lockhart," said Bestrice, with a s common house-breaker. But what collapse of her proud self-sestraint which was Miss Essilmont's relation to him ? a common house-breaker. But what "What is it? Where am I I' said the was as alarming to Anthony as it was rape to herself, "you saved his life-and young man, trying to raise himself, but

mine. Don't refuse to help him now." falling back dizzily. Then he uttered a "What do you mean ?' said 'Anthony, groan-a groan of despairing anguish awakening to the fact that there was which raug for many a long day in the omething odd in her manner. He lookears of those who heard it. "God help ed at her keenly. Different indeed was me !" he said. "I remember now. All'r

Miss Essilmont's words were received scrated Anthony. "You'll be laid up with incredulity. The other cocupants of the carriage, sitting at a lower level, and behind her, could not see so much as she could of the fire that certainly existbridge-" ed. There was a great smell of burning;

and

clouds of snoke already filled the air ; but Lord Morven maintained his tran-Some of the outbuildings, probably, he said, with his wonted air of calue, "

don, your coasin-are heartily welcome to Morven Towars." is impossible that any great fire should have broken out without our being in-Anthony made a quick movement of refusal, but his answer was out short.

"You forget," said Beatrice, turning her head once more for a moment, "that we have driven down the private way,

JUST IN TIME

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER X.

- SKELETON KEYS.

quility.

formed of it."

and that the townspeople would come in on the other side of the grounds." Lord Morgen was silent, Lookhart felt uneasy, but Bertie, though a shad

paler and graver than usual, showed no sign of discomposure. He even asked a totally irrelevant question.

"Lady Lilias is well, I hope ?" he said to the Karl.

illness, and seen his house burnt down before his cross," said Anthony sharply, as he taid his cousin gently on the grass "Perfectly well, thank you. She is at home," and Lord Morven, with great urbanity, "but she did not like to leave a few friends whom she had been enter taining, and-in fact, the afternoon drive

Lord Morven looked at him doubtfully would have been too cold for her. She as if astonished by the irony which Anwill be no doubt pleased to see you tothony infused into his voice ; but droporrow-or whenever-"

ionaly ill."

He did not finish his sentence. backward a few steps. rush of smoke, a cinder or two struck hum in the face. "Ouf," he murmared, drawing back his head, "this is very un-

Beatrice had brought the bays to was relief audible in his tones.

stand ; they were now within sight of Glenbervie, and there could be no more doubt of the fact. The house was in

fames. The full extent of the mischief could not will be seen from the avanue ; but on the other side of the house a

crowd had already collected, and a phane of men with buckets had been formed

between the building and the pond. In s few short seconds the owner of the house and his friends stood amongst the

Engines ? They're awa

bworo. "Where are the fire engines ?' said Gartie, touching the shou der of a man

he knew Macfarlane, the factor; turned round with a start.

"Glenbervie, himself !" he ciscalated. "Eh, sirs, but this is an awfu' misforsame I Nasbody kous how, it came about, smile rose at once to his lips

strain on him ; he ought to go home at once." She knolt down beside him and bathed his temples, supersiding Anthony completely. "Bertie was never very strong," she said, with a calm glance towards Lord Morven.

her a look of great disfavor, "that he caused him first to start, and then to be was wounded in India and has been ser- seized with a slight inexplicable feeling

for the old place. If it were not for Libuildings ; the night was fast falling, tators, and the scorched evergreen and

tree trunks of the surrounding shrubbe-Fortunately no living person has to be

"I'll go back," Anthony exclaimed rather muddenly, as he perceived that ped his eyeglass immediately and moved the efforts of the men who had been try-

what indistinctly. "Stand back, good plackening in the absence of a leader

going with you, I believe, and Miss Essilmont."

"There's nothing in the house worth your running any risk for," said Bertie.

he turned to rejoin the group of men with when he had been working until

Bertie's fainting-fit caused him to pause.

of annoyance. Lord Morven's attitude "Oh, no, I don't forget it at all," said to Miss Essilmont was at that moment the girl coolly. "Ah, he is better now. curiously effectionate-a causual obser-

Bertie rallied himself and tried to sit his head as he listened to what she had

"No, don't. Stay, and do all you can though they seemed just now to rage of the ladder, frightfully encumbered of her hand. "Any other man would

bute of admiration ; her courses, her agility, and her spirit were all remarksble, but he disapproved even while he

mont was an unwomanly woman. Her determination to face the difficulty and danger of an enterprise which should have been undertaken only (he thought)

to Beatrice. remaining on the apot at all without proto work with her own hands, even for you know him ?' the saving of Bertie's possessions, struck

feminine propriety: And yet she was so triumphantly, defiantly handgome, and did such astonishingly useful work. that he could not but acknowledge-

were worth those of two or three slowly moving laborers from the village. But the smoke grew thicker every

ver might have said lover-like. He had The floors grew hot, the woodwork be taken her hand in his, and was bending gan to crumble like tinder and burst into the flame. The upper room caught

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canna be here for hoors. Th' auld ] but at my own fireside f" is doomed, sir, I'm thisking " "I think so too," said Bertie, in a los

"No such thing," said Miss Essilmont you not ? Think how anxious Lilias will coming up to him and speaking briskly be about us all.' and cheerfully "There is still hope for Anthony Lockhart wondered whether the west wing at least. Macfarlane don't her seemingly careless words had a purgroak. Mr. Lockhart is getting ap an pose to them. They certainly produced other line of men with buckets-some an effect anon Bartia's mind. and help."

"Will she be anxious ? Will she have "Mr. Lockhart !" exclaimed Macfar eard of the fire ?" he asked as he rose to lane, turning round and starting as his his feet, steadying humself by Anthony's eyes fell upon Authony's dark resolute supporting arm. face and stalwart figure. "Save us a' Lord Morven had moved away to find It's the auld laird himsel

"It's his grandson," said Bestie rapid the carriage, and did not hear his ly. "Don't look scared, Madfarlane, Beatrice laughed a little, It seemed

oume along." "Me scairt ! me croaking !" ejaculated good-humored scorn in the laugh-scorn Manfarlane, as he followed the laird to the scene of immediate action. "What which he resented on his friend's behalf -as she answered encouragingly : next will the lads and lawies say, I won-"You may be sure she will kear every

der ?' thing, and if you are not quick she will The sun had sunk below the horizon even have heard of this fainting fit of and the greyness of evening was stealing over the scene. Flames burst from the yours and be coming to look for you." charred wi dow frames and carled up-A shout from the assembled crowd wards amongst the thick ivy creepers that had clothed the walls for hundreds made them suddenly look round. great jet of flame, a cloud of black smoke, belohed forth from the burning house : of years. Great volumes of smoke rose from the building, blackening the tran- then came a crash, a roar, a thunder of quil evening sky, and driving the rooks falling rafters and stones, as the roof fell away from their homes in the great old in. The main part of the house was gone; elms. The roaring of the flames, the the walls only were left standing ; but cracking of wood, the occasional fall of the west wing was almost untouched. heavy rafters, gave indications that the And still the fire burnt on.

fire was making steady progress. The Bertie Douglas turned away with a means of were so inefficient that smothered groan and put his hand up to any attempt to save the house itself was his eyes. soon abandoned. The only thing that "The old house !" he muttered to him

could now be done was to rescue the self. "The house I have known so long pictures, books, and other valuable arti- That's the last of it."

cles of furniture. It was then that Anthony, already hind him, attered a similar sort of ejecu-grimed and a little scorohed, turned im-lation-but one that nobudy could hear. peratively to Bertie. "The house that ought to have been

"This is no place for you," he said; mine," he said to himself. "The house "you ought to be in your bed. You must that I have longed to enter for so many go to the inn." "Not L. I must see the last of the old than he smilled instead of sighing, as

place." Morven," said Anthony, "Lord "Douglas is staying here at the risk of she heard Bertie's exclamation. She put his life.

Thus appealed to, Lord Morven still ture of sympathy, and laid it softly upon these."

and his eyes were very bright; but there together. was something in his appearance which She had said the right thing. Antho-

and there was no reason why a stranger vords," he said. ""Where should I be like Anthony Lockhart should be an "You would be better at Morven's noyed-even by an exhibition of ten-

derness that he considered very much fireside, I think," said Beatrice somewhat severely. "Take him home, Morven, will out of place at such a moment. "You must not stay," Lord Morvey

had been saying in reply to some remark from Beatrice. "It is not fit for you ; and I cannot allow it." "Then you must pardon it," said

Bestrice, looking up at him with a quick resolute smile, "for I mean to stay."

"Beatrice, be guided by me," be said -and then he put his hand on hers. For my sake ----

"I will be guided by nobody : bat you least of all, Lord Morver,' said Miss Essilmont with considerable spirit ; but she laughed as she said the words.

in an hour. Be kind enough to remove library. your hand. I suppose that you do not

wish to take me home by mam force ?" She looked very handsome as she said the words : her eyes glowed, her cheeks weer burning with excitement Lard Morven withdrew his hand at once. The cold look came back into his fathomles dark eyes ; he lifted his hat formally and

turned to the carriage without another word. Beatrice gave her shoulders a little shrug. She did not like to be coaxed any more than she liked to be coerced,

and she had been stimulated to resistance because she often suspected Lord Morven of trying to coax her. She was quite well aware that she had no businees to stay when her cousin had gone ; and she was distinctly irritated when she saw, on turning round, that Mr.

Lockhart's eves were fixed on her with an expression of cool surprise,

blantly, as the carriage drove off.

to save some of Bertie's things if I can. Come, there is no time to lose," she said. hurrying away from him.

Bertie had sighed before. ed the lawn towards the west wing ; his voice sounded rather sternly in her ear. Bestrice's finely out face softened a "You ought to have gone. Women

forth her hand with a quick, frank gescalm and impassive, though suitably con-carned-looked keenly at his ward. The "Never mind," she said, "you will Lockhart," she answered, flashing a look

Anothony was happily unconscious. --

fully bore out Anthony's assortion. The ny envied her the power of consoling ple will have to look after you. Why insersible."

uspected. La were speedily driven from their work,

and had collected silently at some dis tance from the house to watch its final ness over her shoulders ; her forehead destruction, when a word was spoken was bleeding from a scratch, and her which drove the blood from every cheek. hands were sourched and blackened. Where was Miss Essilmont ?

"Surely she is here," said Anthony, almost angrily. "Miss Essilmont But there was no answer to his call. "Who saw her last ?" There was a confused hubbub of voice

n reply. One had seen her upstairs and raised his elbows. "There's a very tearing down books and pictures an curtains to throw out of the windows one had met her in a corridor, with her What was he doing in the house, I won-

hands full of silver and china ; another. had seen her in the shrubbery outside. But a vague report was current that she had rushed back into the house, saying to Anthony that there was a touch of will have my own way, as I always do. that there was yet time to save some of You can send the carriage back for me the valuable books in old Mr. Lockhart's

"Aud that room was in the west wing," said one, looking up at the windows, past which a storm of smoke and fire was being driven by the rising wind. Anthony made a rush forward-not minute too soon. A window in the upper storey was suddenly thrown open, and a woman's form "appeared in the aperture. Yes, it was Beatrice herself ; Beatrice, who through some rashness or

misadventure, had run into terrible danger from which she was totally unable to extricate herself. She leaned forward a little, her long

"Aren't you going too ?" he

"No ; they will send for me. I want

He caught her up before she had cross

are only in the way at such times as

young man's face, wore a feverish flush, build another some day ; you and Lilias of magnificent seorn upon him, of which

"Tes, you will be, because other peo-

ed ; her hair was loosened from its pins He seemed to become aware and hanging in glorious masses of darkpresence for the first time.

mair ? He could not tell.

gratulate ; he carried the

"You here ?" he said. "You ?" "What is the matter ? Can'aI help

you ?' she asked! Her face, too, was deadly pale, and "No," he said, turning away his head there was a look in her eyes which Anfeebly. "I-I'm a ruined man. Noththony could not understand. Was it ing-nothing-before me-but disgrace. horror ? Was it exultation ? Was it de Why on earth did I ever come ?" And

then he relapsed into insensibility. "May I ask if you call that an explan He glanced at the man on the grass. ation ?" said Anthony, keeping his eyes suspicious look about some of the im fixed rather steruly upon Miss Essilplements that he seemed to carry. ment's face. All serts of wild suspicions were flashing through his mind. occurred to him most vividly was that

He took up one or two articles that his this man was Beatrice's lover, and that quick eyes had seen secreted in the she had persisted in staying because she man's clothes. "That's a crowbar;" he wanted to meet him. It was a degrading asid, showing one of them to Beatrice ; possibility, and yet-it was possible. He "and these are skeleton keys. And was certain that things were not exactly here's a dark lantern. Well, I don't as they ought to be.

wish to be suspicious, but it looks to me The question brought a flood of angry very much as though we had trapped a color to Miss Essilmont's face. burglar. And you are carrying what I "Mr Lockhart," she said with dignity.

suppose he was trying to make off with, " "you are ungenerous. I have appealed Fe added, looking at a tin box which she to you on Bertie's account alone-

still held in her hands. It seemed full "How can it be on Bertie's account ? to overflowing of valuable things-he You have asked me to do a thing for caught the gleam of the fire reflected on which I see no reason. How came this gold and precious stones, "I should not man to be in Bertie's house ! He was wonder," he said reflectively, "if this not saving this property : he was stealwere not the gentleman who set fire to ing it. The village people don't go the establishment." about with skeleton keys, false wigs,

"Impossible," said Beatrice. "Why impossible, Miss Essilmont | nances."

Here, some of you fellows, fetch me black hair, looseened 'from its bands, rome water ? Is there no doctor here ? said Beatrice desperately. "He is above floated round her shoulders as she d d Can any of you identify this man ?--so, her hands blindly outstreched f.r "Mr. Lockhart," interposed Beatrice, help. She called aloud, but they could

not hear what she said for the roaring of in a sharp undertone, "for Heaven's She was amazed by the sudden change sake, be quiet. You don't know what in Anthony's face. It turned almost the fismes, the crackling of burning you are doing. Stand back, men ; give purple, then white a death. For a mo wood. There was no need ; it was only us more air-we don't want you to crowd ment he kept silence. too plain that she must escape by the

window if she was to escape at all ; there was no other way. more about it." To soize a ladder and plant it against

"Say no more about it !" said An- understand. the wall was for Anthony the work of a thony, almost rudely as he watched her noment, but it was a difficult and dan-

bathing the man's forehead and chafing gerous matter after all for a woman to make that descent. Anthony, who had his cold hands ; "but I must say more about his lips as he looked down at the been followed by several other men to about it. 'I am here in Bertie's place, the house, lost ne time in mounting to and I demand to know why this man the windew, but he wondered a little at | was found under such suspicious circum- the world would ever know. Had chance what appeared to be her timidity in not stances."

venturing to move until he came. "Suspicious ! nonsense, They were "Make haste," he said to her as he came no at all suspicious," bogan Beatrice. near. "There's not a moment to lose." But Anthony suddenly intersupted her.

But she drew back. "Wait," she "Do you see what you are doing new mid. "There is some one else. There You are washing a brown substance of is a man here. Save him first. He is his face. The man's disguised, His skin is stained he is wearing -yes, f

"He does not belong to the village." suspicion. It is Gerald Ruthven-Mor. ven's brother. Lilias's brother too.

lanterns, and housebreaker's appurte-

around us. Please, Mr. Lockhart, let

"Gerald Ruthven ? Above suspicion ?" him just be removed quietly, and say no he said at last, with a bitter irony in his tone which Beatrice resented but did not

> "Gerald Ruthven again !" And then he was silent, but a strange smile played prostrate figure of the man who had done him in his boyhood a greater injury than given him his revenge at last? Had

Fortune-that blind and incorruptible goddess -delivered his enemy into An. bony Lockhart's hands ?

The SIGNAL will be given from the Lat. March to the end of the year for \$1.00.

TO BE CONTINUED