

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

The song of the sea was an ancient song
In the days when the earth was young;
The waves were gossiping loud and long
Ere mortals had found a tongue;
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed to a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive isles among,
Or slept in the open main.
Such was the song and its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
In the days of the coming of man;
A mournful meaning swelled her moan,
And fiercer her voice ran;
Because that her steady voice began
To speak of our human woes;
With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes.
Such was the song as it grew to be,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
As the hungry sea was moaning;
For the notes were hoarse with the doomed
And drowned,
Or choked with a shipwreck's gold;
Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
So sorry a story said,
As the midnight cry of the waters old.
Such is the song and its melody,
Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life;
It is grave and great as the Judgment Day,
It is born with the thought of strife;
Yet with the song it is smooth and rife
With love-light everywhere,
When the sky had taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the song of the sea.

LADY KILDARE;
Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

The young lord laughed, in his relief and joy, and tossed back the tawny locks from his fair brow as he answered, with a glance down at his simple garments:—
"I am not afraid, mother, though thank you all the same for your friendly warning. And there's a trifle to fill your pipe," he added, tossing her a half-crown.
The old woman muttered a benediction on him as he rode swiftly away.
The remaining mile was quickly traversed. A light was gleaming from the small window of the long cabin of the *Fogarty*, as the traveler drew near. There was no person on the rocky point, and no sail could be seen outside. But for the light, the premises would have seemed deserted.
At a little distance, about a quarter of a mile from the cabin, was a thick growth of stunted trees—a mere patch by the roadside—and here Lord O'Neill dismounted and secured his horse among the thick shadows. Here also he took occasion to examine the pistol with which he had provided himself in Dublin.
He then hurried on on foot, and approached the cabin. Here, moving cautiously and almost silently, he circled the cabin several times, keeping both sight and hearing on the alert.
The lonely and isolated position of the dwelling confirmed his convictions that the *Lady Nora* had been brought to this spot, and was now detained here a prisoner.
Some instinct assured him that she was near him, and his eyes glowed and his cheeks burned with the longing to free her and clasp her in his arms.
"She is here! she is here!" he said to himself. "I know that she is here! But which is her window? In what room is she imprisoned?"
Again and again he looked at the tiny square aperture in the wall, which served as window to the room in which the *Lady Nora* was actually confined, but he had no idea that this belonged to her room, and he dared not make closer investigations, for fear of alarming the household.
"There are but two in the family," he thought, "the sons being away. Surely I can deal with the old couple. But how?"
He looked keenly around him. The night was dark, thick shadows falling heavily upon land and sea. The waves beat with ceaseless swell on the rocks of the point, their mournful roar pulsing heavily on the air.
As an idea came to the young lord suddenly, might they not be expected home at any moment! The thought was suggestive of a plan of action.
He crept on through jagged point, over drifts of algaey seaweeds and coarse-matted nets spread out to dry, falling against a rowboat bottom up, and finally gained a spot on the extreme end of the reef of rocks, where the furious swell threatened to carry him off his feet with its swift lunges.
Then again he turned his eyes seaward. All was gloom and intense darkness under the heavy clouds veiling the sky. Not a star was visible. The eye could trace the white caps of the waves and catch the phosphorescent gleams of light on the waters for a little distance, but beyond that all was shadow.
Raising his voice, Lord O'Neill shouted in husky tones:
"Ahoy, there! Cabin, ahoy!"
And then as quick as the words were uttered, he crept back over the rocks of the point, crossed the nets, and crouched near the cabin, behind a pile of seaweed.
As he had calculated, his hoarse challenge had been heard by the inmates of the cabin, and been mistaken for the call of the fisher men on their return from their cruise.
Lord O'Neill had scarcely unconsciously himself behind the seaweed, when the cabin door flew open and old Rough Fogarty came rushing out upon the rocks, barefooted, and all excitement.
The cabin door was left open behind him, and the young lord could see the old woman sitting in the glow of the sea-weed fire.
"Ahoy, there!" shouted the old Rough, running out to the end of the point, and straining his eyes through the dense gloom. "Ahoy, it is! Is it there ye are, Mike and Tom?"
He waited a moment, but of course no answer came.
"Sure ye'll go on the rocks, if this is the way ye keep on!" cried old Rough, fairly dancing on the slippery rocks, in his anxiety and excitement. "The smoke is going to please, don't ye hear her? Oh, the spalpeen! Mike and Tom, spake, will ye? At ye die, I don't care, as this is the way ye act, ye murtherin' creatures! Oh, bad luck! The lantern, Ann! The lantern!"
The old woman sprang up and lighted a great horn lantern, with which she ran out to the assistance of her husband.
"Bad luck the day!" cried old Rough, seeing the lantern rudely and waving it above his head. "The smoke is going down! Don't ye hear her grating on the rocks? It's enough to make a man curse his grand-mother: oh, bad luck till it! Mike! Tom! At ye don't answer, ye'll be sorry the day! At ye're dying, ye are! At ye're drowned, say so! Do ye hear, Mike and Tom?"
While he and the old woman were waiting for some response to this adjuration, Lord

O'Neill quietly rose up from his concealment, glided to the cabin, entered it, and closed the door.

Then he looked around him, in the light of the sea-weed fire, and called softly:
"Nora! Nora!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

OLD ROUGH MEETS HIS MASTER.

There came no answer to Lord O'Neill's low cry—no answer, although he called on Nora's name yet more loudly.
"Not here!" he whispered to himself, his fair, bronzed face paling. "Not here! Is all lost after all? My poor Nora!"

He glanced around the room swiftly and keenly. And then his eyes fell upon the wooden bar of the inner door—the door of the young *Lady Nora*'s prison, into which she had been thrust on the preceding day.

With one wild bound he gained the barred door, and beat upon it with his hands. Then he cried out in a passionate voice, clear as a bugle call, and rich and deep:
"Nora, Nora, darling! Are you here?"

There was a moment of breathless suspense then a swift rush was heard within the little room, a low, passionate, eager cry sounded on the other side of the door, and Nora answered, in her high sweet voice, broken now and panting:
"Larry! It's not Larry!"

In the wild joy and excitement of that moment, the young Lord O'Neill forgot his prudence and the proximity of the young girl's enemies.

With a joyful exclamation he wrenched the wooden bar that guarded the door from its sockets, and pulled the door open.

And then a slight, girlish figure came flitting out into the fire-lit room—a figure with floating dusky hair and a white, eager face lit up by a pair of dusky, passionate eyes. And this figure flew to his arms as if to a rightful home.

"Nora! Nora!" cried O'Neill his soul in his voice.

The girl answered with hysterical laughter and tears.

"On, Larry, I've been longing for you to come to me," she said, her voice quivering. "You don't know what I've suffered since I left Point Kildare! Take me away please, where are the *Fogarty*'s?"

His Lordship started as they were recalled to his mind.

"They are out on the rocks, looking for the wreck of their smack," he said, smiling. "But how pale and thin you are, Nora, my own Nora. You have been starved and ill-treated, it's easy to see; but that's all over. We'll be going now."

He put his arm around her slender waist, and drew her toward the door.

"One moment," said Nora. "Wait one moment, Larry."

She broke from his clasp and ran into the inner room, returning immediately with her hat and cloak on. Then she put her arm in his, signifying her readiness for departure.

Too late. They had not taken a step toward the threshold when the door was burst open and old Fogarty and his wife, bringing with them the wreck of the broken lantern, which had fallen on the rocks, rushed into the room.

"The other lantern," cried old Rough. "Av the halloo was given, we must look for the byes. Av it were the cry of some murtherin' ghost, we ought to know it. Oh, begorra. What's this?"

His glances had rested upon the young pair in their terror and astonishment, he leaped back several paces, uttering a shrill yell. This yell echoed by Mrs. Fogarty, who followed her retreating spouse with such impetus as to knock the remnant of the lantern from his hand.

"A—ghost!" ejaculated old Rough. "A spalpeen of a man who wants to rob us of our five young ones, cried Mrs. Fogarty, more sensible than her husband. "Bate him off, Rough! Way with ye, ye miserable thafe!"

"You are not very choice in your terms of address, madam," observed Lord O'Neill, coolly. "But I am willing to overlook your discourtesy, in consideration of your excitement."

"Ann!" exclaimed the utterly bewildered Mrs. Fogarty. "Spake English, will ye, ye blackguard!"

"Certainly I will!" declared his lordship, with a quizzical smile. "I am here to take away this lady, and I'll give you just one minute to get away from that door, so that we can pass out. Dye mind that, now!" he added, with an assumed brusqueness that would have done credit to a native of Kerry.

Mrs. Fogarty understood now, but by the sudden, angry look on her face, one might judge she was no better pleased than before.

Old Rough had by this time recovered from his temporary paralysis, and was now himself again.

He closed the door, bracing his broad back against it, demanding enviously:
"Who are ye now? And what are ye wantin'?"

"I have no objections to telling you who I am," returned the intruder, his bold blue eyes looking from one to the other of the grotesque couple. "I am Lord O'Neill, of County Antrim."

"Wild Larry of the Glen?" asked Fogarty.

"The same. And what I'm wanting is this young lady, the *Lady Nora Kildare*, my promised wife. I've traced her here, and I shall take her hence with me."

"Not while I am to the fore," said old Fogarty grimly. "Whether you're Wild Larry of the Glen, or whether you're some murtherin' blackguard from Dublin or beyond, I don't know. What I do know is, that while the young lady stays here for country board, I'm her natural protector. I'm payed five pound a week for keeping her, and kape her I will!"

"We'll see about that," said Wild Larry, his blue eyes flashing. "You can let the *Lady Nora* go peacefully, or you can let her go after you have had your head broken. Take your choice."

"I'll have a fight for her, anyhow!" said old Fogarty resolutely. "Ann, quit your snivelling and fetch me my shillelagh. The one I had over to Kilkree, mind."

Mrs. Fogarty ran to bring the desired weapon, a great, knotted blackthorn stick on the shelf, over the fire, and handed it to her husband.

He flourished it over his head, cutting the air with it sharply.

"I'm spilling for a fight," he observed, with increasing grimaces. "You won't make two bitches for me, Wild Larry. May be ye ain't heard why they call me Rough. It's the fighting blood in me. It's from Limerick I came in the old times, and down in Limerick they whilk a man over for looking at a woman. Now I give you a chance. Walk out o' that door alone, and ye may go."

"I'll go when I get ready, and not alone," remarked Lord O'Neill quietly. "I generally do as I please, Mister Fogarty. May be ye ain't heard why they call me Wild Larry. Well, I'll show you."

He turned to the young girl clinging to his arm, and put her from him gently and tenderly, smiling into her anxious eyes.

"Sit down a minute, darling," he said, in a low voice. "I must just give the old fellow a lesson. Have no fears."

His confident female reassured *Lady Nora*. She sat down on a bench near the slow-burning fire.

"Come on!" cried Fogarty, waving his big shillelagh, and uttering a cry that would have done credit to the "Ball of Balaun." "Come on, will ye? I want to give you the taste of Limerick timber! Come on!"

"I am coming!" said Wild Larry, smiling. And he went! One swift bound brought him to old Rough's side. Fogarty raised his club to crush or fell the audacious young fellow, but, with a movement as agile as that of a panther, his lordship knocked the weapon out of the old man's hand to the floor.

And before Fogarty could stoop to pick it up, the young lord had caught it up.

"I've come, you see!" he said, still smiling. "Do you want to feel my presence also?"

As he spoke, he gave the old man a playful tapping on either side of the head with the shillelagh.

His rage at this point was fearful to witness. He had long been the bully of the coast, and was noted as a brawler and fighter. To have his laurels torn from him by "a young aristocrat," to be disgraced in the eyes of his own wife, who had the family veneration for muscle and contempt for physical weakness, was not to be borne.

With a yell and a roar, he hurled himself against the young lord.

"Let 'em fight fair!" muttered the old woman, seating herself on a bench and rocking her body to and fro. "Let 'em fight fair. But Rough will beat. He always does!"

The *Lady Nora* could scarcely keep back the cry of fear that trembled on her lips. Yet even at that moment she could not resist a thrill of admiration, as her lover's bright and dauntless face and lithe, active figure flashed again and again across her vision. He did not look like one to be easily beaten. He looked rather, in his bold, spirited attitudes, like one born to be a conqueror in everything he undertakes—like one who knows "no such word as fail."

Presently his lordship flung away the shillelagh, and a vigorous hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The white fire hands of Wild Larry pummeled his adversary with crushing force, now parrying a blow, now striking one home in the bony breast or in the red and puffy face of the old mugger.

"All that's gone has been play!" said Lord O'Neill, when old Fogarty began to pant for breath. "This is earnest!"

He accompanied the words with a blow so unexpected and so stunning, delivered full upon the fisher's thick skull, that the old man reeled and stumbled to the floor, where he lay for a moment huddled up.

"It was a fair fight—a fair fight!" muttered old Mrs. Fogarty, rocking herself with greater vehemence. "Old Rough has met his match at last—and—and," she added, under her breath, "I'm glad of it!"

The fallen man glared up at his conqueror. The latter looked down upon him, untroubled, unperturbed, and smiling easily.

"Now you know why they call me Wild Larry," said the young lord quietly.

"I know," cried the grunted old Fogarty. "I know my cost. And why didn't they call ye the devil, while they were naming ye?"

"Hearing you praise your Limerick blood," remarked Lord O'Neill, "I thought I'd let you know the quality of Antrim blood! You see, my good man, that Antrim ain't far behind Limerick! Perhaps now," he added, as the burly Fogarty struggled to his feet, "you might like a look at this!"

He drew out his pistol, the one he had purchased in Dublin, and turned it over carefully in his hands.

Old Rough and his wife uttered exclamations of terror. Like many who pride themselves on physical prowess, they had an exaggerated horror of fire-arms.

Old Fogarty, blind and dizzy, staggered to a seat.

"Put up yer fowling-piece, my lord," he said humbly enough. "For the first time in my life I've found my better. Av he lived in County Down, I'd move out of it. I have nothing more to say."

"I presume not," observed the young lord, smiling coolly. "And now we'll leave you to search for Mike and Tom, whom you seem to have temporarily forgotten."

Wild Larry took up the small parcel of the *Lady Nora*'s effects, gave the young girl his arm, and led her to the door. He opened it, and they passed out together into the lonely, dreary night, with its dull, heavy shadows, its chill autumn wind, and the roaring murrain of the sad sea waves.

But to the young *Lady Nora* the night was gloriously beautiful. Had she not been saved from a fearful bondage by the one she loved best on earth, and was not Larry with her now?

The lovers did not speak until they had crossed the garden patch and gained the high-road beyond.

Then Lord O'Neill gathered the young girl to his heart, and she whispered softly, as his kisses fell upon her perfumed hair:
"This moment pays me for all. The future looks dark to me, Larry, but this moment has brightness enough to gild all its gloom."

"There'll be no more trouble for you, darling!" cried the young Lord in his passionate joy. "No one shall ever again dare to harm you. As old Fogarty says, 'I'm to the fore!' I shall never lose sight of you again!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

TAKING THE OFFENSIVE.

Lord O'Neill conducted the young *Lady Nora* along the road to the patch of shrubbery in the shelter of which his horse was waiting. The lovers walked leisurely, having no fears that old Rough Fogarty would again attack them, or willingly encounter the risk of another pummeling from the hands of the young nobleman.

They were right. The old ex-smuggler was too thoroughly humiliated and demoralized to entertain a thought of attempting to recover his late captive. Besides, his head was dizzy, and half of his ordinary strength had deserted him. In short, he was in no condition to go to war with his recent conqueror.

On arriving at the spot where his horse was secured, a new difficulty presented itself. How was the *Lady Nora* to ride without a lady's saddle? The young girl solved the question for herself.

"I can easily manage," she said cheerfully, seeing her lover's look of dismay. "The horse is strong enough and can easily carry double. I will ride behind you, Larry, and cling to you so that to fall off would be impossible! But us try it!"

They did try it, and the young lord thought the arrangement admirable when he felt the slender clinging arm around his waist. He decided in his own mind that he could not have improved upon this plan if he had tried.

Giving rein to his horse, they rode out upon the highway, pursuing the road to Kilkree. And as they rode slowly along, they talked in lovers' fashion.

Presently, when his first transports at their reunion and at *Nora*'s safety began to be suc-

ceeded by a calm reflectiveness, his lordship said:
"Ah, Nora, I never knew how I loved you till these perils overtook you! I shall never dare to let you go from me again. Michael Kildare has proved himself an unworthy guardian, and he must never assume authority over you again. When I went to Dublin, in obedience to Alison Mahon's summons, and went with her to Yew Cottage, and made my way to your lit in dark prison cell, I vowed within myself that this false kinsman of yours should never have you in his charge again. I can hardly believe that that little, soft-voiced, mild-eyed, deprecating man is the villain at heart he has proved himself. I can hardly credit the fact that he shut you up to compel you to marry the new earl!"

"He did worse than that, Larry."

"Worse, Nora?"

"Yes. He hired Mrs. Fogarty's son to kill me!"

Lord O'Neill uttered an exclamation of horror.

"It is true, Larry," affirmed the *Lady Nora* sorrowfully and gravely. "He hired Tim Fogarty to convey me out to sea and push me overboard, or throw me over, when I should fall asleep. And Fogarty would have obeyed him, to the letter, but that he landed it would be a better speculation to keep me alive. Oh, Larry, you will hardly believe the baseness and treachery of Michael! And I loved him so, Larry! I trusted him so!"

"But there must be some hideous, frightful mistake in all this!" cried Lord O'Neill, with a shudder. "My darling, the plan you attribute to your kinsman is one of a foul and awful murder. And that little, soft, smiling, dapper man—he who has always seemed to love you so—could he deliberately plan to destroy your young life? To kill you because you refused to marry the man he desired? It is incredible! Nora, Nora, darling, you have been deceived. It is impossible!"

"Ah, no, Larry. I would give much to know it impossible. But it is true, as you will acknowledge when you hear my story. Listen, Larry!"

And with flashing eyes, cheeks flushing redly in her just indignation and horror, and in a voice impetuous and passionate with her terrible grief, the young *Lady Nora* told her story. She began her recital by telling how she had returned to her guardian's house from a walk at nightfall, and had gone into the library and the alcove adjoining; how the lawyer and the new earl had come in and talked together privately; how she had openly avowed her presence; how they were rendered thereby desperate and frightened; and she detailed the stirring interview that had followed; and which had ended in her transportation to Yew Cottage and her imprisonment there in a dark cell. Then she related the circumstances attending Michael Kildare's visit to her, and how, in her indignation, she had declared to him her knowledge of his baseness and hypocrisy. She concluded by narrating the incidents, fresh in the memory of the reader, of Tim Fogarty's night visit to her room, his pretended reason of her flight with her to Black Rock, and from that point out upon the channel; detailing also his revelations to her of his employer's baseness, and all that had followed, up to the moment of her lover's opportune appearance at Rough Fogarty's cabin.

Lord O'Neill listened to this narrative breathlessly. And, as the clear utterances fell on his hearing, his doubts of Michael Kildare's intended blood-guiltiness gave place to a conviction of his utter baseness and wickedness.

"My poor Nora!" he said, tenderly and compassionately. "This has been a fearful experience for you, whose life till this new Earl of Kildare came was bright and joyous! And you met all these perils alone! That was hardest of all."

"I did not meet them alone, Larry," replied the girl, in a low, reverent voice. "I never felt alone when I was out with my enemy on the waters! He who guards the helpless and the innocent was with me, and I was not afraid!"

"The young lord took one of the little hands from its close clasp on his coat and raised it gently and reverently to his lips.

"The conversation you overheard in the lawyer's library must have been of great importance," said the O'Neill, after a brief silence, "since it could drive Michael Kildare to plans of murder."

"It was of grave importance. He told the new earl that, Redmond Kildare, was early by Michael's sufferance. He told him that there was a flaw in his claims, which, if it were known, would cast him back into his former obscurity, and give back to me my old wealth and honors."

Lord O'Neill started.

"Can this be possible?" he asked.

"It is. Redmond Kildare has, in truth, no legal claim to Point Kildare nor to the family title."

"Then why does Michael support his claims?"

"Perhaps because he is paid for it. Perhaps for some deeper reason. There is some mystery in Michael's conduct which I cannot fathom. All I know is that he has risked everything on the chances of Redmond's success, and that he would sacrifice me, because he fears I may make his favorite trouble."

"Then Redmond is not really the earl?"

"No; he is not!" the girl answered gravely.

"And you are lawfully the heiress of Kildare, Nora?" questioned the young lord.

"Yes, Larry."

"Since this is the case," said Lord O'Neill, "and these two men have banded together against you, and Michael Kildare has tried to destroy your life, you are not safe Nora. Even in the care of Sir Russel Ryan you would not be safe. These two Kildares are dangerous enemies, and the sturdy old Sir Russel will not be able to defend you from them. He will have no conception of their baseness, their villainies, their intrigues. He is an intimate friend of Michael Kildare, who is his lawyer in Ireland, and one word from Michael will outweigh a hundred from you. My darling, you are in a position of the utmost peril!"

"I know it," said the *Lady Nora* quietly.

"Then what is to be done?" asked the young lord, turning in his saddle so as to partially face her. "You are still a minor, and as such are subject to your guardians. One of these is villainous, and seeks your life. The other is the confiding friend of the first, and would believe nothing against him. Nora, never in your life did you need a friend and protector as you need one now. Let me take you over to the Scottish shore, where we can be married by good old Mr. Cowan. Once my wife, Michael Kildare's authority over you will cease. Once my wife, Nora, my own Nora, you will be safe. I will watch over you day and night. I will defend you with my life. Say yes, Nora—say yes."

(To be continued.)

A Race Track Grand Stand Collapses.

LONDON, April 2.—During the races at Fowey, Cornwall, to-day, the grand stand collapsed. More than 2,000 persons were thrown to the ground, a distance of thirty feet, and many were injured, some, it is feared, fatally.

FATHER KÖNIG'S NERVE TONIC
A NATURAL REMEDY FOR
Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Myopichondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

St. Paulin, Co. Meath, Feb. 10, 1890.
To Mr. Emile Boissvert, General Manager
Koenig Medicine Co., of Chicago, Montreal—

DEAR SIR,—I am happy to give this testimonial as to the excellency of "Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic." Suffering for a long period of nervous debility due to dyspepsia, I ascertained that since I made use of this remedy a radical change was operated on me; not only about the nerves, but even dyspepsia, which disappears promptly. Similar experiences have been made by many of my conferees with this remedy. I consider it entirely efficacious and proper to cure all nervous diseases and other cases depending from the same.

Yours truly,

J. E. LAFLECHE, Priest.

Our PAMPHLET for sufferers of nervous disease will be sent FREE to any address, and POOR patients can also obtain this medicine FREE of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the KOENIG MEDICINE CO., of Chicago.

IN MONTREAL

By E. LEONARD, Druggist, 113 St. Lawrence Street.

Agents:—B. E. McGALE, No. 2123 Notre Dame street; J. N. LYONS, cor. Bleury and Craig streets; Picault & Constant, cor. Notre Dame and Bonsecours streets; J. Lechevalier, St. Catherine street. Price \$1.25, or six bottles for \$6.00. Large bottles \$2.00, or six bottles for \$11.00.

EMILE BOISSVERT, General Manager
Province of Quebec, Drummondville, Que.

THE BEST SEEDS
are those put up by
D. M. FERRY & CO.
Who are the largest Seedmen in the world.
D. M. FERRY & CO.'S
Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced
SEED MANUAL
for 1890 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers.
It is better than ever. Every person
growing, raising, or sowing seeds should send for it. Address
D. M. FERRY & CO.
WINDSOR, ONT.
26-6-cow

HOW CAN THE LONG

line may be a very long one and yet be the shortest between given points.

For instance, for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Casperton, Glynedd, Graton, Fortuna Falls, Wabaston, Devil's Lake, and Butte City. It is the best route to Alaska, China and Japan; and the journey to the Pacific Coast, Vancouver, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, will be remembered as the delight of a lifetime once made through the wonderful scenery of the Montana Pacific Route. To fish and hunt; to view the magnificent scenery of nature; to revive the spirit; to restore the body; to realize the dream of the home-seeker; the gold-seeker, the toiler, or the capitalist, visit the country reached by the Montana Pacific Route. Write to F. I. WHITNEY, G. F. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for maps, books and guides. If you want a free train in a lovely land write for the "Great Reservation," read it and resolve to accept it.

Hand of Fortune!

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Belts of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Bells, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANOUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO.
CINCINNATI, O., sole makers of the "Blymer" Church Bells, Fire Alarms, Bells, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANOUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

No Duty on Church Bells. 60 2600w

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO.
CINCINNATI, O., sole makers of the "Blymer" Church Bells, Fire Alarms, Bells, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANOUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.