The Story of the Wedding Ring

By Bertha M. Clay. Continued from 1st Page.

took from my mother's finger for me; I shall have those buried with me." The last letter but one said she was about to start from Chester, and would valk to the town of Ashburnham, where the would wait and rest for a few days. The last letter of all came from Ashburnham, and was dated July the ninth. Surely there was never a mcre pitiful petition presented; there was an appeal that would have touched the bardest heart, and Lord Carlswood covered his face with his hands as he listened. Katrine wrote from a small stationer's shop, and the last penny she had in the world was to pay for the postage of the letter. She besought him, for her dead mother's sake, for the love of heaven, to send her

a little money-to save her from starvation and death-"ever so little," or she must take her child in her arms and lie down by the roadside and die. That was the last-there the tragedy "If you had received that letter," asked Mr. Ford, "would you have re-

fused her help?" "May heaven be merciful to me," he said with a deep sigh, "I believe that I should have done so.' "What can have happened?" questioned Mr. Ford musingly. "She never

burnham, I wonder?" Lord Carlswood's face grew white as with the pallor of death. "Die," he said-"die of starvation? Do not even hint at anything so terrible. For heaven's sake, let us see about it at

wrote another letter. Did she die in Ash-

once! Shall we go? I shall never rest "I will go to Ashburnham myself, said Mr. Ford; "I will lose no time. I will go at once; and the moment I dis-

cover anything will send a telegram to Lord Carlswood could hardly control his impatience.

"You think it better," he said. "that I should not go?" "Decidedly," replied Mr. Ford. "I can act more quickly, more promptly, and more energetically if I go alone." He went that same day, and the result

of his journey was more satisfactory than he had ventured to hope it would be. He took up his residence-not at the principal hotel-that was not a likely place to obtain such information as he soughtbut at an old-fashioned inn; and at night, when he had invited the landlord to join him over a glass of wine, he cleverly turned the conversation on the subject of strange and sudden deaths. Then he heard the whole story-how

a certain poor lady that had come to the town had died without telling her name, or saying to whom she belonged, or anything that could throw any light upon "She really died in that strange way?" questioned Mr. Ford, breathlessly; and

the landlord, all unconscious of the great interest at stake, answered, "yes-that was how she died." "And the child," pursued the lawyer, "what became of the child?"

He could hardly bear the moments suspense before the landlord answered "The Hopes adopted her; and she the prettiest girl in the whole country

side. Ismay Hope they called her." The lawyer started as the familiar name fell upon his ear. "Ismay," he repeated - "that is

strange name. "Her mother called her by it before she died, and she has kept it ever since.' "She is beautiful, you say; and what age may she be?"

"That I cannot tell-she was quit young when she married. Mr. Ford interrupted him somewhat rudely. "When she married-whom did

"Paul Waldron, who is the steward of Squire Schofield; but if the matter interests you, sir, you can see Mrs. Hope. She is a great friend of my wife's and she is never tired of telling the story.' It so happened that on this very evening Mrs. Hope came to take tea with the landlord's wife, and Mr. Ford although a bachelor himself, understood the fair sex sufficiently to feel sure that,

time spent over a dish of tea. He asked permission of the landlord to join the little party-a favor which was promise never to see him again, I will most willingly accorded him, although the landlady felt some slight embarrassment. The landlord smiled to himself. as though he would have said, "There is some deeper motive here than appears

on the surface." Mr. Ford was shown into the littl parlor where the tea-drinking was to take place. He could not help thinking of the strange aspects of life. Who would have thought the interests of the noble house of Carlswood would bring him to the quiet, humble village inn? Wh would have dreamed that the fortunes the only daughter of that illustrious rac were to be discussed there? He spent the evening in conversation; and that was how Mr. Ford came to know the history so well.

CHAPTER IX.

It seemed almost incredible to Mr. Ford that such wonderful success should have attended him. True Lord Carlswood's daughter was dead, but his granddaughter was living. The love he would not give to Katrine might, and in all probability would, go to Ismay; he would be willing to do for his grandchild that which pride and anger would not allow him to do for his daughter. Mr. Ford lamented that Ismay was

married-that was the only drawback to his content; yet much of course, would depend on the man she had married. The lawyer sighed as he thought of the great gulf between Squire Schofield's steward and the proud Lord Carlswood -- a gulf that it seemed impossible to bridge. He could form no proper estimate until he had seen Ismay. If she was hopelessly vulgar, if she had contracted such habits as could not be cured, if she was a country-bred peasant, without taste or refinement, then he must leave the matter entirely to Lord Carlswood's discretion-he would not urge him to adopt her.

He must see her, and then form his judgment; it would be more prudent to see her as a stranger, and not to give her the least idea of what errand he had come upon. He had taken a cup of tea with Mrs. Hope, who implicitly believed that he was what he represented himself to be, a travelling artist; at the same time she thought him a very curious gentleman, he asked so many questions, and he seemed so deeply interested in what she had to say of that unfortunate

He cleverly drew from her a description of Ismay's home, and then said he should like to make a drawing of it. "Nothing can be easier," she told him. "Mrs. Waldron is very amiable and sweet-tempered; she will be pleased to

give you permission." He went and was more charmed with Ismay than he could have anticipated; her wondrous beauty, her grace, her charming manner, all delighted him. And then, too, she had a son, the lovely laughing boy he had held in his arms, a child of whom even the proud Lord Carlswood might be proud. He was surprised as well as delighted She spoke with some refinement, there

was no vulgarity in her accent; and yet, despite the presence of the beautiful boy, he was tempted to wish again and again that she had not been married.

"What a sensation she would have created! She would have made one of the best matches in England; with that face and figure, she would have created a

Still, though he was so marvelously impressed with her, he could not tell the news of her marriage. He decided

that he would trust to no letter, but would go to Bralyn himself, and then he could tell Lord Carlswood all. There was missing only one link in the evidence; he wanted to see the locket and the ring. There was no course open to him save to tell the Vicar what was his real errand, and he did so under promise of secrecy. Then Mr. Kirdell showed him the locket. Although he was prepared for it, still the sight of Lord

Carlswood's well-known features did startle him-it was the sure confirmation of all the other evidence. Mr. Ford hastened back to Bralyn. Lord Carlswood was greatly agitated. "You say she is beautiful-so like her mother? What were they thinking of to let her marry so young? If that could

but be undone! What is her husband

"He is a true so

some, strong, with a fine face and a manly figure-industrious, and very clever, they say, at all kinds of mechanism. His mania is invention. He is a complete radical in politics, believing in the rights of the workman, and is eloquent after a grand, rugged fashion of his own-for he makes speeches, and is ooked upon as a leader in his own

Lord Carlswood held up his hands with a gesture of horror. "Enough!" he cried. "And what do you say his calling is?"

Mr. Ford looked half puzzled. "I can hardly teil you," he replied. Some people called him the Squire's teward, others his gamekeeper-to me he seemed to hold both offices.' "Does his wife seem warmly attached to him?" was the next question. The lawyer smiled.

"I am a better judge, my lord, of the merits of a law case than of a lady's affection. I suppose she loves him. All wives love their husbands-do they not?" "By no means," was the cynical reply. You say the boy is healthy and likely "I am no judge of children either;

but I never saw a more beautiful child. He looked strong and well." Then there was a silence for some minutes; the all lord seemed engrossed in thought. His brows were knit, his lips

firmly closed and his hands tightly clasped. Once a deep sigh came from him, and then he was silent again. He raised his eyes at last, and looked in the lawyer's face. By the strangeness of the glance Mr. Ford felt sure that some difficult proposition was coming. Lord Carlswood rose from his seat. He went over to the mantelpiece, above

which the portrait of Jocelyn, Lord Carlswood, who had fought so bravely for the Stuart King, Charles the Second. He looked long and earnestly at the pictured face-a dark face, full of noble resolve, full of fire and valor-and then he turned slowly and looked at Mr. Ford

again. "The Carlswoods have fallen very low during my lifetime," he said; "their name is sullied, their honor tarnished. But I have not failen so low as to allow a man of that kind to make his home

"A man of what kind?" asked Mr. Ford in surprise. "That low-born, ill-bred radical. should expect all the dead and gone Carlswoods to rise up in wrath against me if I even thought of such a thing." "Then what do you propose?" asked

the lawyer.

His lordship paused before he replied. "Perhaps my plans may not meet with your approbation," he said, "but I may about that. This is my fixed resolve, and neither heaven or earth shall move me from it. I will adopt my daughter's child-this bright, beautiful Ismay. I will make her a wealthy heiress. She shall have the large fortune that was to have been divided between my two younger boys. I will adopt her son. He shall be my heir. He shall be Lord Carlswood of Bralyn after me. But-listen to me, Ford-I do all this solely on condition that she give up this low-bred husband of hers and consents never to see him again. If she will not agree, the whole matter must end-she may remain where she is, and I will find another heir." There was another long silence. during which the singing of the birds and the whispering of the winds amongst the trees could be plainly heard; and then Mr. Ford's voice broke the silence. "It is not right, my lord," he said, abruptly. "Such a separation as that is against all law human and divine-it is against the customs of men and the

"Nevertheless it must take place. will never receive the husband here" "Yet you would receive his child." "He is of my own race, but his father is alien to it. He has noble blood in his

veins. His father has none. He has no

claim on me; nor will I ever acknowledge

"My lord," said the lawyer, "I will go still farther. I will speak even more strongly. What you propose to do is wicked. Pardon the word; it is simply wicked, and I will have nothing to do

with it." "That is at your own option," returned Lord Carlswood, haughtily. "If you decline to manage my affairs, there if a woman was more communicative at | are plenty who will gladly undertake one time than another, it was during the the office. My resolve is made, and l shall not depart from it. If my grand daughter will give up her husband, and receive her here; if not, we continue strangers. Nothing will induce me to

change my resolve. The two gentlemen were now standing facing each other, each one excited and

"What has the man done, my lord, that you should seek to tempt from him a wife he loves? It is not his fault that she is a Carlswood. He gave her all h had-his love, his heart, his name; he has been proud to work for her: he loves her. Why should you part them

What has he done? Why should he suffer?' "I have suffered myself," said the old lord, tremulously-"every one suffers." "How would you have felt, my lord if any one had sought to tempt Lady Carlswood from you?'

The Master of Bralyn held up his fin white hand with a warning gesture. "You have the privilege of speaking plainly," he said; "do not abuse it. Do not institute comparisons; there can be none between such a man and myself It is absurd to suppose that he would have sensitive or refined feelings. I have

will make ample amends to him for the loss of his wife. What did you say, Mr. Ford?" "I said, may heaven pardon you my "Thank you," was the sarcastic return. "The honor of my name is dearer

to me than anything on earth, besideshow dear, even you could not tell. should sully it if I offered that man a "You sully it far more by seeking to part those whom God has joined. My lord," continued the lawyer, with passionate eloquence, "I no longer wonder

at the French Revolution-I shall wonder no more at the revolt of the poor against the rich-if these be the ways in which the great men of the world treat the humbler ones. If you had two dovestwo tender birds—you would hesitate before you parted them; but this man, with a man's soul, keen to suffer, with a man's heart, full of deep affections, you will torture, and not even own that the torture is pain."

Lord Carlswood smiled and no great anger darkened his face. "I like you none the less, Ford, for your frank speaking; there are few who dare say so much to me. My opinion is still unchanged. I shall receive my grandchild Ismay and her son only on those conditions. I will leave you to consider the matter. If you decline the further management of my affairs, so be it -if not, I will authorize you to make

Left by himself, the lawyer thought the matter over. "If I refuse, some one else will do it," he said-"some one who has no influence over him, and who never can do anything for their good; I have some little influence, and I will use it for their benefit. Let him have Ismay and her son; his heart will soften in time, and

then I shall be able to persuade him to receive the husband too. When, afterwards, Lord Carlswood came for his answer, Mr. Ford said-"1 will undertake the affair, my lord; but let me tell you first that I do so under

protest. In my opinion the whole thing is cruel and wicked." That same day he returned to Ashburnham. He tried to comfort himsel by saying that it would all come right in time; but his heart was heavy within "I must see Mrs. Waldron alone," he

thought; "it will not be fair to her if I tell her before her husband. She must have time to think it over alone." Once more at Ashburnham he watched Paul Waldron leave his home, and then he went to the cottage and asked for his wife. She was looking more beautiful than ever, he thought. She had been out in the garden tying up the roses; the to linger about her, her face was exquisite in its dainty bloom. She smiled graciously when she saw her visitor.

sketch," she said; but there was no answering smile on his face. "I have returned," he replied, "because I want to speak to you, Mrs. Waldron. I have something most important to say to you. Can you spare me a little time, now, at once?" Her beautiful face grew pale with ap-

prehension. "It is nothing that need frighten you,"

he said. "Some people would perhaps call it good news; I shall leave you to think of it as you will. I should like to see you alone,," he contiued and Ismay led the way to the pretty seat under the

"This is my drawing-room," she said

with a bright smile; "but I do not know

that I have received a visitor here be-She had gathered some roses as they had walked down the path, and while with an intensity of longing for wealth, he talked to her she pulled the fragrant | the rank, the position, the grandeur that leaves from the stems. Long years afterwards the perfume of a rose vividly recalled the scene to her-so vividly that she could not endure the flowers. Nor did she ever forget it-the garden with its fragrant blossoms, the tall elm-tree, the cool spreading shade, the bright lovely face framed in the bright brown hair, the white hands playing with the

Mr. Ford looked on in admiration too great for words. He was silent for some little time, his heart troubled within him at what he had to say. He looked at Mrs. Waldron, and while he owned to himself that he had never seen any woman one-half so fair, he thought how much better and happier she would be living here in the midst of beauty and peace than tossed about on the waves of the great world. Ismay wondered what he was thinking of, why he looked so grave, what anxious thoughts brought so stern an expression to his face, and why he was glancing at her with so strange a mingling of wonder, fear, regret, and admiration. Her face grew crimson under hiz lingering

"I have no need to fear him." she thought to herself, with some little impatience "He must have something important to say, or he never would have asked me to come out here.

"What have you to tell me?" she asked, at length, with a coquettish smile. And then the grave look returned to his face, and he sighed deeply. "I do not like my mission," he said. 'You must always remember that I

undertook it sorely against my will, but that my motive for acting as I do is that I may be of use to you in time to come.' His grave voice, his earnest manner, surprised her. She raised her lovely face to him, and on it was the simple wonder of a startled child.

"Only heaven knows," continued the grave voice, "whether what I have to say to you is for your good, or whether evil will come of it. Listen, Mrs. Waldron, and decide as you will."

Slowly, gravely, deliberately, weighing each word, Mr. Ford told her the whole story, omitting no single grain of evidence, dwelling on her mother's folly as lightly as possible yet making it qui apparent. As she listened, the dainty wild-rose bloom faded from her face, her eyes dilated with wonder that was almost fear. Her whole figure trembled as a leaf sways in the wind. He finished, and his last words sounded to her as though they came from the clouds. A red mist swam before her eyes, and then she recovered herself with a great gasping sigh. "You must be brave," he said; "you have worse to hear.'

"And I," she said, "am really the great lord's grandchild?' "There is not a legal doubt of it," he replied. "Listen yet, Mrs. Waldron. You are undoubtedly the daughter of Katrine Ismay Carlswood, who ran away from home with Thornton Cameron. You are the grandchild of Lord Carlswood, the Master of Bralyn and its rich dependencies. The child playing there may one day be Lionel, Lord Carlswood; you yourself may be a wealthy heiress. But there is one condition attaching to all this-a condition I am ashamed to lay before you, and one that I cannot advise you to accept. The option rests entirely

with yourself.' "A condition!" she repeated, her face recovering its color, her eyes flashing with light. "You do not know how I believe that my longing is gratifled; there will be no condition too difficult

for me to accept.' "I am not so sure of that," said the man of law. "Lord Carlswood is a very proud man-I should say no man living is prouder; he has the greatest reverence for what he calls the honor of his house: he would, I believe, rather die any death than tarnish it. Think how he values it when he treated his only daughter as one dead because she married beneath her. I will be brief, for the subject pains me. Lord Carlswood will receive you as his grandchild—will give you a large fortune—will make your little son his heir-all upon condition that you leave your husband, whom he considers lowborn, and promise never to see him

It was wonderful to see the light that flashed into her face, the indignant gleam of her eyes, the scorn of the proud

"Leave my husband-promise never to see him again! I would not do it to be a queen! Paul loves me-I will not "You have answered just as I thought you would. I shall not attempt to influ-

ence you. I am bound to tell you that if you refuse, Lord Carlswood will fine another heir, and you will hear no more of the matter. Perhaps you had bette take time before you decide."

"Leave my husband!" she repeated with a burst of passionate tears. "He must be wicked to think I would do so could not. Paul loves me so. He sat in silence while the burst of passionate tears lasted. Presently she

turned angrily to him. "You should not have presented such in offer to me," she cried. "How dare you tempt me so?" "Madam," he replied, gravely,

have but followed my instructionsneither more or less." "Tell him, this proud lord, from me, cried Mrs. Waldron, "that I will never leave my husband-that I would not break his true, tender, loving heart for all the wealth in the world. Tell him that from me. You have made me ill. My brain seems turning. Go-leave me. Let me forget how you have tempted

me, if I can." Mr. Ford rose. She turned away with a low passionate cry, and then looked at him again, and spoke with a ring of passionate grief in her "I was trying to be happy," she said,

learning to be content; and now you come to spoil it all." She looked so lovely in her pride, her anger, and her tears, that the lawyer wished his employer could have seen her. "Bear witness," he said, "that I have

not tempted you. I have simply done as I was told to do. I will bid you fare-She looked as though inclined to de-

He hesiitated. "Will you take time to think it over?" he asked, "Shall I go away, and return in one month from now?" "Yes," she replied, almost inaudibly. "And will you take my advice?" he

CHAPTER X.

to your husband until I have seen you

There came an evening when Pro Waldron sat in the beautiful flower garden, a prey to most anxious thoughts. The sun was setting, the birds were singing in the green depths of the shady trees. He had returned home early that evening and had found his wife with a sad, pale face, standing listlessly at the cottage window. No tea was prepared for him, and the smile that usually greeted him was absent from her beautiful lips. He loved her too dearly to offer any remonstrance-he went up to her and

"You are not looking well to-day, Ismay," he said gently. He was almost startled when she flung her arms round his neck with a low, passionate cry, and hid her face on his

"You are not well, Ismay," he repeat-

ed, "Never mind tea for me. Come out

and I will try to cheer you. The room is

warm-come into the fresh air, and oh my darling give me one bright look or all the world will be dark to me!" As they walked along he said to her:-"I cannot understand you Ismay. You are so changed, you are so variable, my darling, so unlike your sweet, bright self. One moment you are here, and with your arms clasped round my neck-loving, tender all that my heart desires; the "You have returned to make the next moment you are cool and haughty as though you were a princess and I your slave. At times you seem to love me, and then again you seem to hate me. One day I think you are perfectly happy -you smile and sing and your face is more beautiful than ever in its sweet content; the next you are silent, sad, engrossed with melancholy thoughts. I cannot understand you. Are you with-

holding any secret from me, Ismay?"

She clasped her arms round his neck

and drew his face down to hers. Sh said that he was the truest, the dearest the best of husbands and that she loves him and ended with pa-sienate tears. He sighed deeply as he soothed her. What had come to this levely young wife of his? He little dreamed of the terribl

struggle going on in the heart he believe

It seemed to her that her very

to be all his own.

soul was rent in twain; she longed had heard: there had always been in he mind a kind of intuitive knowledge that her mother was a lady, and that she herself was not in her right place. It seemed so cruel that she should be deprived all the glorious advantages she ha longed for, because she loved her husband crimson buds-a picture so beautiful that and would not leave him.

How happy she would have been, installed at Bralyn, mistress of that grand mansion! How the great people of the great world would have admired her What jewels, what dresses she would have had? No wonder that when she thought of all she had lost she grew sad, silent, and unhappy; the little cottage became unbearable then, the needful economies most hateful, the husband for whom she had sacrificed so much a source of aversion. Then a sudden fit of remorse would

seize her; she would prove her love for him by the most loving words, the most tender caresses; she would laugh and sing all to show him that she was happy; she would utter a thousand extravagances about their little home and her affection for it. And then would follow the reaction, and she would be intensely wretched again. So matters went on for three long weeks, until her health began to fail. A nobler woman, having once made the sacrifice, would have abided by it

She wavered even while she believed herself to be most firm. She looked ill, her face was always either flushed or white, her hands trembled; she was nervous, hysterical, unlike herself. In vain her husband tried everything to please her; he was, if possible, more unhappy than herself. It had been such a glimpse of Paradise to her; now the gates were shut, and she was debarred from entering. She had not said one word to Paul; he was

still in utter ignorance. So the fourth week dawned, and she knew that before it had ended she must be either rich without her husband, or poor with him. In the meantime Mr. Ford had told the old lord all; he had painted the girl's beauty in vivid colors; he had iescribed her anger, her indignation, her resolve never to leave her husband never to break his heart; he had delivered the message word for word. Lord Carlswood smiled grimly.

"I like that," he said; "it is the true Carlswood spirit. But she will give in. she seemed to waver at the last, you ay? She will give in. I have thought of a plan," he added. "You shall wait a month, so as to give her time to think over all she has lost, and then you shall 30 again, and this time you shall invite her to Bralyn, and escort her here. You shall bring the boy too for a month's visit-not her husband, mind. He cannot cefuse my grandchild permission to visit me; and, if she comes, I will undertake to say that she will never go back. Let her once taste such a life as she will lead here, and she is mine.

Sorely against his will Mr. Ford consented. He went once more to Ashburn. ham, and found his way to the pretty cottage in the wood. Ismay's face flushed deepest crimson when she saw him. She held out her hand, with a gesture almost sublime in its despair. "You must not come to tempt me again!" she cried. "I am not strong.

"I am here only to invite you and have always longed to be rich. I cannot believe that my longing is pretided. "Lord Carlswood will let the question of adoption rest for a time; but he wants to see you and your little Lionel." "Not my husband?" she asked, with whitening lips. "No, he will not receive Mr. Waldron.

You can please yourself of course as to accepting the invitation or not." "I should like to go," she said, eagerly. "I have longed to see a little of the beautiful, great world. Tell me-tell me all about Bralyn. He described the place to her; he hid from her no details of her grandfather's

wealth, positon, and grandeur.

"I must go," she cried again. "Paul will not object to my going there when he knows " "You have not told your husband?" uestioned Mr. Ford. "Not one word," she replied. "Do you think he will be unwilling for me to go? "I cannot tell. You must be the better judge. You will have to ask permission.' She sat for some minutes in thoughtful silence, and then with a grave, pale

face looked at the lawyer. "I should like to go to Bralyn," she said. "I should like to see just once what the grand world is like. Of course I shall come back again. Considering the great sacrifice I have to make, I think I may allow myself this pleasure, but I am afraid, if Paul knew what my grandfather has proposed, he would never let me go. I have been thinking that you might tell him the story-inform him who my mother was, and of Lord Carlswood's invitation without saying any-

thing about his conditions for adopting my boy and myelf." As she spoke her lips grew white. Yes, she was sure to come back, she repeated to herself. She wanted only one glimpse of the great world, and then she would

"You think, if Mr. Waldron knew what Lord Carlswood has proposed, he would not consent for you to pay even this visit?" said Mr. Ford. "I am quite sure of it he would prevent my going."

"Why?" asked the lawyer, briefly. "He would be afraid that I should never come back," she replied. "But you do not intend to returnyou have no idea of accepting Lord "Not in the least," she said; "I told you I would never break my husband's

But it struck him there were no longer the same fire and animation in "You will come this evening," she said, "and tell my husband all." "Paul," said Ismay, as they sat to-

gether watching the sunset, "do you see that stranger at the garden gate? He is coming to tell you the strangest story you ever heard in all your life.' Paul Waldron heard Mr. Ford in stupefied silence, in bewildered dismay.

Once, as he listened, a passionate cry of despair came from his lips, and the lawyer's heart was touched with pity. When the story was finished, Paul forgot the concluded. "Do not say one word of this stranger's presence; he turned to his wife with love and tenderness unutier-

"So, my darling," he said, "my beautiful love, you are a great lady after all." "I am your wife, Paul," she rejoined, her lovely face softening at the sight of "And this lord has invited you-you

and our boy-to visit him-you without

"Perhaps he wants to see me first," she returned. "It may be that he will ask to see you next." "You without me!" he repeated. "Oh, my darling, do not think I feel it because he is rich and great! That would make no difference to me. I value no rank-I value you, my darling. If he should take you from me!" "He cannot," she whispered. "Who can take me from you? Am I not your wife-your own wife?" To be Continued.

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30 Boxes Window Glass. 20 Kegs Horse Shoes, \$3.90 per Keg. 15 Boxes-Horse Nails \$3.00 box. 10 Tons Refined Iron \$2.50 per 100 lbs. Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones rindstone Fixtures.

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