NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Shadowed for Life,

A SOLDIER'S STORY,

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Rose of Allandale," "For Money or For Love," "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer,' " "Our Friend the Dog," etc., etc.,

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for his reason.

ing his hands before his face and burst into

CHAPTER XXI.- 'I HAVE SOWN THE TEMP-

EST, AND NOW I REAP THE WHIRWIND.

from the discovery of his wite's guilt was

In my own mind, however, I was con-

vinced that she had been led on by an ac-

complice, and in this conjecture, as sub-

sequent events proved, I was not mistaken.

I tried to soothe and comfort poor

Jocelyn all I could. I even tried to make

his name to the cheque, thinking that she

He never answered a word, he only sat

there, looking the very image of blank and

black despair.
'Come,' I said at last, 'you shall not go

home. I can see you have not been in

bed all night long. You shall rest in my

guest's room till eventide, then we will

wandered round the room. It was evident

he did not know where he was. But he

suffered himsel; to be led away and helped

to hed. Then I composed a draught for

him, and in ten minutes' time he was

I now gave orders that the house should

be kept quiet, and that no one should go

near to the guest's room door. Then I

which way I was riding, so deeply plunged

in thought was I, in half an hours's time I

found myself not far from the Raven's Nest

conduct was slowly doing to death the

his poor old favorite Cynthia dying. This

to many may seem but a small matter, but

many, on the other hand, who for long

warm bed in the snuggest corner of the

kitchen, but when she perceived she was

'We cannot have a dog die in the house !'

And so when Jocelyn arrived he found

And her master whose voice she still

knew, for she wagged her tail and licked

his hand with her hot and feverish tongue,

let her want for nothing now. Nor did he

leave her for one moment until she sighed

out her last sigh with her head upon his

Byron said his heart lay 'buried in a

I found my way into the drawing-room

'You better lock the door,' I said, 'and

make sure no servants are near. I have that

to say, you might not care for for anyone

She did what she was told in a kind of a

Then she advanced with gleaming and

Her attitude was almost threatening. I

'I mean, Ella Lloyd,' I said firmly but

slowly, as if weighing every word, 'I mean

that you are a thief and a forger. Ay,

cringe, and I tell you that you are all but

your husband's murderer. The deed you

have done has almost unseated his reason.'

She recovered her composure now, and

'How can you tell me that I lie,' she ex-

claimed, 'when for years past his life has

been one of deception and lies, and you

have been his accomplice. Do not deceive

yourself, I know all. It was you who put

that lying paragraph in the paper concerning the alleged death of his old flame Lily

Andrew or Foster that he, my husband, might keep up his connection with her, un

'Lily Andrews is as pure as the saints in

'No judge in England would believe it

By your pretty triends, Miss Smith and

after hearing the evidence that can be

Mr. Jones, private tecs; who have black-

mailed and ruined scores of tamilies in

England, who are lower than the vampires

who live by sucking human blood at mid-

'No matter, sir, my evidence is there,

and I will have a divorce if there be law in

heaven,' I said, as calmly as I could

warped around him.'

the land.'

'You lie woman, and you know it.'

determined, therefore, to fire my biggest

at the Raven's Nest, and presently Mrs.

I determined I should not spare her.

dog's grave,' and more than he have

dearest friend I had on earth.

the grass.

shivering beneath a tree.

thought the same.

else to listen to.

mechanical way.

defiant eyes towards me.

'He is a drunkard!'

'What mean you?' she said.

Lloyd came gliding in.

Should I enter? Should I beard the lion-

mounted my mare, and hardly knowing

slumbering as peacefully as a little child.

dine together and forget our sorrows.'

was doing but little harm.

The shock received by Major Lloyd

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

That evening Joss and I rode slowle home in the moonlight, but before wy struck the Raven's Nest Jocelyn had arranged to run down to Sevenoaks and see his adopted sister and Gowan at their little cottage home. She was far too independent to accept pecuniary aid, but assistance

in the form of work she would be glad of.
At first I felt a little doubtful about the wisdom of such a visit just at this time, when I knew that the villain Jack, and the spies Smith and Jones, were moving heaven and earth to rake together sufficient evidence against him to secure a divorce.

If the truth had been known at this time, however, Miss Smith was getting tired of the case. She had blackmailed the now unhappy Mrs. Lloyd until she could squeeze no more money out of her. It came to my knowledge afterward that Ella had even raised money on her jewels or semeone had done so for her, in order to satisfy the extortionate demands of the harpy Smith. This vile woman and private 'tec had even sent an ultimatum to her which had well nigh driven Ella out of her mind. 'You still owe me £100,' ran this extraordinary document, 'and unless that money be paid in one week's time I shall throw the whole case up or communicate with your husband, who, when he knows all that I know, may be a more punctual paymaster than you have been.'

This ultimatum was doubtless accountable for the crime I shall have presently to speak of.

'Joss,' I said, 'remember you may be shadowed by that man Jones, whose photo I have showed you.'

I never saw my friend in so violent a passion before.

He reined his horse so suddenly up that he brought him almost on his haunches. His very eyes seemed to flash ffre, as he raised his hand and arm against the moonlit sky. 'Gordon !' he cried, 'let him dare ! By the heavens above us, if that scoundrel from town two days before, only to find have sown the tempest and now I reap the

rouses the lion in my heart I will tear him from his hansom, and strangle him in the

'Jocelyn,' I said, 'promise me to do nothing so wild or foolish. My whole object is to save you from the disgrace of the divorce court. You have you know, good expectations from your uncle, but this, re- him for ever. member, would damn them forever, and he would alter his will.

'Forgive me,' said Joss. 'I will keep my temper-it I can.' 3.T.8

Next morning my triend telegraphed to Lily, saying she might expect him that afternoon. Then he started.

Was he shadowed? He soon saw that he was. He drove up one street and down another in his hansom, stopping here and there, to make sure. Then in a terrace near Hyde Park all his pent up anger seemed to find vent. He hastily stopped his hansom. The shadow was pulled up at the same time. Joss ran back towards it. It was just one by the clock, and though this street was a quiet one, it was well filled with workmen and shopkeepers hurrying home to dinner.

Arrived at the shadow bansom, he lifted up his hand and voice at the same time, and in two or three seconds he had a thoroughly representative English crowd around him. He explained who he was. told them the scoundrel crouching in that hansom was a private 'tec, a sby, and a shadow, who had ruined his happiness, and

all but broken up his family.

Cries of 'Shame! Shame!' 'Duck the 'tec in the Serpentine!' 'Capsize the han-

'Englishmen,' cried Lloyd, 'I too am an Englishman, and I'm going to thrash that scoundrel in good old British tashion.' 'A ring! A ring!'

Policeman are never at hand when wanted, and none came now.

The man Jones was half dragged out by the crowd, and being forced to fight, made a miserable show of resistance.

But Lloyd showered his blows like wintry rain, and in less than a minute he had the

'tec's head in chancery. Lloyd was at heart a humane man, but feared he showed but little mercy now.

Jones was never a beauty, but when our simple soldier dropped him at last on the ground, I question it his own mother would have known him. He lay there doubled up and groaning with no more strength or go in him than there is in a bath towel, and the verdict of that English crowd was-'Serve him right; down with that private 'tecs and

Major Lloyd's hansom had driven for him, and he now leapt nimbly into it, and was driven away, waving his cap to the cheering mob.

About seventy yards round the corner, just at this minute, one policeman met an-'I think,' said one, 'there's a bit of a

squabble in R- Terrace.' 'Ah, well,' replied the other, 'we'll just

go round and see.' So they did, but by the time they reached the scene of the recent conflict Lloyd

was far enough away, so they boldly raised the prostrate Jones and forthwith ran him in for breach of the peace. My friend heard no more of it, but he

was never shadowed by Jones again.

One word about the crime I mentioned. Three days after my friend's return from | night.' Kent he called upon me very early in the

He seemed much excited, and I could see at once that something had happened.
Without saying a word he handed me a paid-up cheque for £150.

But I had one more big shot to fire, and I fired it 'Law, Mrs. Lloyd; pardon me, madam, but thieves and convicted forgers

paid-up cheque for £150.

'This is a torgery,' I exclaimed, as soon

'This is a torgery,' I exclaimed, as soon as I looked at it.
'Yes,' he gasped, 'but, Merciful Father, Gordon, the handwriting, though it is meant to look like mine it is that of my

'You had an accomplice,' I said, 'nay, deny it not! The same man, Jack, whose He threw himself into a chair, and clasp-

first interview with you I witnessed in this very room-

'You witnessed that interview?' 'I did. I was behind that curtain—a position I was heartly ashamed of, but I vas working in my friend's interest.'
'And Major Lloyd knows this?

'I have never yet mentioned Jack to him. I never even made him acquainted with my discovery of that tell-tale telegram. I wish now that I had.'

She advanced her face almost close to mine; it was pale and ghastly and foam flecks stood on her blue lips, while her clenched fists were held straight down by

'You devil!' she hissed. 'Jack shall

I drew back a little, and quietly lit a cigar. When I had got it to go I turned once more towards her. 'Better come down off your high horse,

madam,' I said, coolly. 'I don't scare worth sixpence. I Should like to meet your Jack, I should risk the killing; but, believe me, it would be bad for Jack, for so great that for a time I positively feared he was your accomplice; it was he that for his reason. He and your private 'tecs Now confess, it will be better for you.'

She was mollifying. She sank into a chair, and for a few minutes rocked herself to and fro.

'Come,' I said presently, 'will you give me this man, Jack's name in full and his him believe that Mrs. Lloyd had written address ?'

She sprang to her feet again. 'Not to save you from--' she cried. I do not mention the region she named, but it is a much hotter country than Greenland. 'Have it your own way.' I said. 'You have all but killed your husband; and now

have a duty to perform.' I turned as if to walk away. She followed me, trembling violently

He looked at me vacantly, then his eye 'Where would you go ?' she asked in a hoarse whisper.

'I am going to fetch a policeman. You will have time to dress.' 'You would not dare?'

'I shall not only dare, but do.' I never have seen a woman collapse so quickly as Mrs. Lloyd now did. She sunk on her knees on the carpet, the

tears streaming over her face. 'Mercy, mercy, mercy!' she cried. 'Ask me not for Jack's address and I will tell you all. He is innocent. I alone am guilay. I knew not what I was doing. I ess in her den? Why not? I felt very angry have fallen into the hands of fiends. I indeed with Mrs. Lloyd, whose unnatural have been led on by jealousy, which I have nursed and tostered till it has made me mad, mad, mad. I hardly know what I The blow that he had now received was am saying, but I have thrown away a grief added to grief. For he had returned husband's love and respect for nothing. I

whirlwind. She roso quickly now and throwing herself on the sofa went off into as fine a paryears have had as a constant companion oxysm of hysterics as any medical man could wish to witness.

man's best of friends, a faithful dog, will I stood quietly looking on for a time. know how to appreciate Jocelyn's feelings Can this, I thought, be true repentence, when he found his pet was soon to leave and is there a chance of her now proving a good and faithful wife to my friend? The most painful thing about the case Alas! we medical men are sad unbelivers was this. Poor Cynthia had always had a

and I doubted it all. But I unlocked the door and rang the

dying, her mistress ordered two of the 'Call Mrs. Lloyd's maid,' I said to John. servants to carry her out and put her on

The lady is somewhat hysterical.' 'As soon,' I said to the girl when she entered the room, 'as your mistress is sensible and can speak, tell her I have not lett the house, but will see her later on.' his honest old dog on the cold ground I lit a fresh cigar and took a walk in the

O, then his anger knew no bounds. He found his wite out and he spoke the harsh-'What turn will events now take?' I remarked to myselt half aloud, as I pulled a est words to her he had ever uttered in his white rosebnd and stuck it in my buttonlife. Nor did she dare retaliate. Then Cynthia was carried tenderly in once more

and placed on her bed and covered with a CHAPTER XXII .- A VERY EVENTFUL DAY. 'If you please, sir, missus is better now, and would like to see you.

> I followed the girl slowly towards the Mrs. Lloyd I found still lying on the sofa, but cold-looking now, weak, and very subdued I ordered a stimulant. to which added a few drops out of a phial I carried

in a tiny pocket emergency case. Then I told the girl she might leave us. In matters of this kind it is best to make sure of everything, so after waiting a few minutes I re opened the door, and walked a little way along the passage to Then the smile faded from his face.

make certain she really had gone. They say walls have ears, but not half so many ears as a drawing-room door.

'Major Lloyd is ill?' 'Your husband is very ill, madam.'
'Should I—should I go to him?'

'I think not. I have given him a composing draught. He is now asleep, he may be better when he gets up. But he has received a terrible shock, and I know not what after effects it may have. You must know, Mrs. Lloyd, that he may appear perfectly well even to-morrow, but that mischievous brain symptoms might come on day or weeks afterwards.

'The shock,' I added, 'was so entirely unexpected. Granting even that your jealousy, which, however, has no real cause, made you somewhat cross with bim, nav, even cruel to him, he never could have believed you dishonest.

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This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

MONTREAL, CHICAGO. BOSTON.

why I should spare your feelings in this and how it had led her into the hands and matter. I am a medical man, and given to going straight to the diagnostic points of a case. You torged that cheque, which may or may not subject you to imprisonment, or even to penal servitude.'

She shuddered a little but made no re-

'Well, madam,' I said, rising from the chair I had placed for myself by the sofa pillow, 'well, there is no reason on earth why this interview should be prolonged. Ot one thing I am certain, you had an accomplice. It is he whom I should like to run to earth.

She half rose from the sofa now, and her gaze was fixed on my face, almost calmly, certainly unflinchingly. 'Dr. Gordon,' she said, 'you are my hus-

band's friend if not mine-'Excuse me,' I interrupted, 'as Heaven is my judge, I have over deplored the sad differences between you, and would fain even yet be friendly to both.'

'You give me hope. Well, for my husband's sake let this grief and danger pass. You have power over him. You can order it so.'

On one condition, namely, that you, give me the address of the man Jack. 'Stay, stay,' she cried, 'and listen but to one sentence more. In olden times I have been told forgery was a capital offence. Then if it were so now, and there stood before me the scaffold, black and high that I should have to mount if I divulged not Jack's name, I'd walk to death and die with pleasure knowing that Jack was safe.'

'You must love him very much?' 'Hitherto,' she replied, 'I have let you rest in the presumption that Jack is really a man. How know you it is not a woman?

'I have seen him.' 'And you judged by dress and probably by disguise ?'

'Come, come, Mrs. Lloyd, you are but fooling now. You are taking refuge in subterfuge, which is unworthy of so clever her. woman.

'I shall say no more. Let fate do its work.' 'And I shall say no more-at present-

except good morning. In a few minutes' time I was riding swittly back to The Jungle. I suppose my mare's pace somehow kept time with my thoughts, for she appeared to fly over the

ground. Jocelyn was still asleep, and I did not disturb him. Nor did I go near the room again until within an hour of dinner-time. I was felling his pulse, when he awoke

and looked up with a smile. He was evidently better and calmer. Still I should consider him my patient, and had already made up my mind as to his mental treatment. Briefly stated, this should consist in an endeavour to minimise the actual weight of Mrs. Lloyd's guilt; in doing all I could to keep my frieud's mind as pleasantty occupied as possible, and in keeping up and supporting the strain that griet never fails to bring to bear on a sen-

sitive system like his. 'Ah! awake are you!' I said cheerfully. 'Well, you had a capital rest, and now you shall get up and dress; then by and bye we'll have dinner.'

He pressed his hand for a moment to his brow, as if trying to remember something. 'Ah! that awful cheque!' he cried.

'You are not to think of that till after dinner. Meanwhile, I may tell you that I have been to the Nest, and have seen Mrs. Lloyd.

'Yes, yes. Say on.'
'Well, all I'll say now is that she is not so great a sinner as we imagined.' 'Thank you. Oh, thank you, Gordon, thank you, and I thank God as well.' 'Well now, get up. I shall expect you

down in half an hour. Several times during dinner Jocelyn would fain have led up to the subject next

his heart, but I would not be drawn. When we had retired to my wigwam, however, to enjoy our cigars and coffee. I launched out, and he listened like a delighted schoolboy to all I had to say. Several times, indeed, he exclaimed,

Poor Ella! Poor Ella! Don't, Don't, she pleaded.

There is no reason on earth, Mrs. Lloyd but I traced the history of Ella's jealousy,

Two ways of washing.

One is the same way your grandmother washed

-but there wasn't anything better, in her day.

You rub soap into the clothes—then you rub

wearing out your clothes,

too. The other way /

You put the clothes

eware "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends

is Pearline's.

into Pearline and water—then you wait.

Pearline gets the dirt all out. A little

Pearline does the work. There

can't be anything so easy, so econom-

ical, or that keeps your clothes so

absolutely safe from harm and wear"

and tear.

rinsing makes them perfectly clean.

them up and down on a washboard till you

get the dirt worn off. This is hard work-

and while you're wearing off the dirt, you're

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

power of those harpies in human form, the private tecs. For they had robbed and blackmailed her, and finally almost driven her distrait, till in an evil moment, to save exposure, and reasoning with herself that her husband's money was also hers, she drew-I did not say forged-that unhappy

'And now,' I said, 'I have made it plain to her concerning not only the folly she has been guilty of, but even the danger she has run herself into. She is deeply penitent, Joss, and I believe that as she is wiser, so she will be a better woman from this date.' 'May God bless you,' cried my friend, holding out his hand. 'You have made

me happy, happier at least, and I do believe you have saved my reason. 'Don't you think, Gordon,' he added 'that although obscured by jealousy, she has loved me all the time, and that she

loves me still? O, reader, had you seen how eagerly, how hungrily I might say, he awaited my reply, you would forgive me for the lie I had to tell. May the recording angel be as lenient as you. But I hold that anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing welleven to telling a lie.

'There is no doubt my dear fellow,' I replied, 'that jealousy has obscured her love all along. Jocelyn, you ask me if she loves you still; had you seen her kneeling by the sofa and weeping. O, such tears; you would not have put the question to me now.'

moment, and I was glad to see them. 'Poor Ella!' he said once again; 'and perhaps I myself have been much to blame. True I could not behave otherwise than I did towards my adopted sister Lily, and the secrecy we maintained was maintained out of kindness to Ella. But there are many evil-minded people who would call it the secrecy of sin.

'Well,' he continued, 'I will go to

'Not to-night, Joes. You do not leave the Jungle to-night. But, happy thought. Joss, write a letter-a long, kind, forgiving letter. I'll send it with all the pleasure in the world.'

'Yes,' he cried, 'it is a thrice happy thought, and I can write many things that I might forget to say. What a long, long head you have, Gord.'

Next day was a very eventful one, and a memorable one as well. Jocelyn and I were lingering over a somewhat late breakfast when a visitor was announced.

The visitor came not to see me, but my friend. As soon as he had read the card :-

'Why,' cried Jocelyn, 'it is old Mr. Maynard himself. I trust nothing has happened. But come with me, Gord. I have no secrets from you.

I got up from the table, and with my friend entered my study, into which Mr. Maynard had been shown.

He shook hands with Joss, and bowed

'I was going to the Raven's Nest,' he said; 'but was told the bird had flown. have found the bird here, however.'

no time for it.' 'Pray be seated, Mr. Maynard,' said The solicitor and army agent sat down, and we took chairs beside him, waiting ex-

'I have,' continued Mr. M. 'an unpleasant duty to perform. I am the bearer of bad bad tidings. Your uncle-I believe you have but one?"

Jocelyn bowed. 'Your uncle is-dead. My triend showed no great evidence of grief, which, considering the fact that he had seen little of the old man in life is not

to be wondered at. 'I have also more pleasing tidings for you. Your uncle has made you his sole heir. The large estates of Knockieburn in

Scotland, with a rental of £5,000 a year, are therefore yours to have and to hold, or to dispose of at your pleasure. The color came and went in my friend's

tace with joy. 'Let me congratulate you, Major Lloyd, and wish you long life and health.' He shook hands as he spoke, and I my-

self made haste to follow his example 'You are, therefore, not only an English squire but a Scottish chief. Come my friend, when you visit your estates you'll no doubt your tenantry will light a fire on uniform motion. A great advantage, Mr. Ben-Balloch that will be seen in every parish within a radius of thirty miles.

I must say there was no one more happy to hear the tidings Maynard brought than I was. It was so opportune. It would, I single very large air-ship. trusted, help materially to counteract the effects of the shock he had received. 'You can't go away today,' said Jocelyn.

You must stop and we shall luncheon with you, Gord, then drive over to the Nest to advancing cyolone should enclose the floatdine and sleep.' So it was agreed.

to Mrs. Lloyd a messenger brought a en, and the long array be tossed and torn letter from that lady.

en, and the long array be tossed and torn apart and the whole thing wrecked? The Jocelyn handed it to me as soon as I read it, 'you were not, I believe, at the

Nest this morning?' 'No. A boy at the station told me the Major was here.' 'And Mrs. Lloyd cannot, by any possibility, have heard of your arrival.'

'No. Such a thing would be impossi-I looked at Joss and nodded. He knew | der. - Druggists 25 cents.

what was passing in my thoughts. The letter his wife had written could not have been influenced by his altered, position, of which she was even yet in ignorance. Then Jocelyn wrote his letter.

LUMBAGO CURED.

(To be continued)

Dodd's Kidney Pills Did What Doctors Failed to Do.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM

Gives Way to this Marvellous Remedy, as do all Afflictions arising from Impure Blood and Disordered Kidneys.

Did you ever after weeding in the garden, or working over a low bench or table, in a stooping posture, try to straighten up. and feel a sharp pain as of a knife thrust through your kidneys?

That is lumbago. When it becomes chronic it is one of the most agonizing forms of rheumatism. Sufferers from it have been known to commit

suicide. They would gladly pay any price for surcease of pain. Did you ever have it? Do you know what will cure it? Do you know that the same remedy that has made marvellous and many cures of Kidney Diseases of all

kinds and descriptions acts as magic charm upon this excruciating affliction? The following are copies of letters writen the Dodds Medicine Company, of Toronto, the makers and distributors of this

wonderful proprietary medicine :-"Gentleman,—I have been troubled over two years with the first stages of Bright's Disease. I have used other medicines, but to no avail. I was so bad that I passed blood. Doctors told me I could get no relief. I heard of the wonderful cures Dodd's Kidney Pills had done. I concluded to try them. I have used ten boxes, and I am completely cured. You may publish as you see fit, so as to help others. "THEODORE YOUNG,

"Smith's Falls, Ont."

"Gentlemen,-I have been troubled for over one year with female weakness and urine trouble. I have consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine that seemed to make The tears were in his own eyes at this me worse at times. I would be deaf and short-sighted. I was told of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got one box, and I am completely cured. My urine is natural now. You may publish this if you like, that it may belo others.

"MRS. GEORGE BARNES."

AN AERIAL TRAIN.

Can a Row of Small Ballons be Drawn by a Locomotive?

With some of the foremost men of science now living at work on the problem of aerial navigation, it is certain that this fascinating subject will henceforth more and more occupy the attention of all inventive and progressive minds. It would not be surprising if the first quarter of the coming century should behold at least a partial solution in the affirmative of the great question whether man can practically avail himself of the atmosphere as a boundless thoroughfare for travel and

A very interesting suggestion, is due to Mr. L. David, of Montgomery, Ala.,

It is of an aerial train, not unlike a railroad train in its arrangement, consisting of a number of cars, each suspended from a small balloon which, like the car itself, is convex in form and pointed at the ends. Both the cars and baloons are composed of aluminum. The cars are hung low in order to increase the stability of equilibrium, and the train is regularly coupled together. The 'But, he added, 'a truce to joking. It is baloons are supposed to be filled with hydrogen gas, which is fourteen times lighter than air, At one end of the train is placed a car, or craft, which serves as the locemotive, and the ultimate source of its energy is liquid fuel.

A cording to Mr. David's calculation the locomotive would not need to possess more than halt a horse-power for each car drawn by it, so that if the train consisted of twenty cars, the locomotive would need to be of ten horse power. Supposing each car to have a lifting power of 1,000 pounds half of which could be utilized for freight or passengers, the entire carrying capacity of such a train would be about five tons. The propelling apparatus is so arranged that the paddles stroke the air during only one half of their revolution, so that there would be no backward force resulting from

Having attained the level of equilibrium, which would be determined by the ratio of the lifting force to the weight carried, the aerial train would practically float upon a stratum of air, where, in consequence of the delicate balance of the forces concerned, but slight expenditure of energy would have to don the kilt and tartan, and I've be needed to set it in switt, smooth and David thinks, would result from the distribution of the weight among a large number of comparatively small balloons, which would not suffer from the unwieldiness of a

But suppose a wind should arise, as winds are not unapt to do. Suppose a thunder squall should come careering along the aerial levels, or the great spirals of an ing train in their far-reaching arms-what then? Could the train be successfully steered across, or against, or even with the self at the table to write and tell the news | wind? Would not the couplings be brokatmosphere is more ungovernable than the sea. Yet these and similar difficulties and dangers must be taced and overcome before any scheme of aerial navigation can be

pronounced satisfactory. When making preparation for your trip, don't forget your teeth. This will at once suggest "Odoroma" the perfect tooth pow-