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BY "THE DUCHESS"

It is eight o'clock on the ensuing morning when Lucy, Millicent's maid, rushed sobbing into Mrs. Brand's bedroom. "Oh, ma'm! Oh, my young lady! Oh, ma'm! Oh! poor Miss Millicent!"
"What! What is it! Speak, girl!"
commands Mrs. Brand, her face growcommands Mrs. Brand, her face growing pale with nervous expectation.

"Oh, ma'm! that I should live to see this day! Oh, poor, dear Miss Grey! Her as I was fond of. Her as never said a word unkind to mortal soul. To see her now, and to think that only yesterday!—

"What do you mean, girl?" cries Mrs. Brand, ringing the bell frantically. "Good heavens! What has happened to Miss Grey!"

"Oh, to only look at her, ma'm—I

"Oh, to only look at her, ma'm—I thought I'd have dropped at her feet when I pushed the door back, never knowing why it was so hard to open and she lying against it, with her poor head".

"The woman will drive me mad!" cries Mrs. Brand in a choked tone, and, hurrying past her, made her way to Millicent's bedroom. Already two or three servants have

gathered there. The door is open, and they are stooping over something lying on the floor almost immediately beyond the threshold. Mrs. Brand, with a little cry, and pale and trembling, rushes forward, the servants part involuntarily, and there lying upon the ground, to all appearance lifeless, lies Millicent. Her head is thrown backward, and one hand is tightly

"She is fainting. It is only a faint!" cried Mrs. Brand, with an anguish in her tone that belies the meaning of her words, "What are you all standing idle there

"What are you all standing idle there for?" turning upon the terrified women. "Has no one thought of sending for a doctor?"

She is down on her knees now beside the pale still form, and has raised the cold head on her arm.

"Yes, ma'm; James has gone for a doctor," sobs the housemaid nervously.

"Help me to lift her. So! Oh! be gentle, girl! There—on her bed. Pull up the blinds—what are they down for at this hour!—one would think she was dead!"

She says this vehemently, with a sort of defiance. But the awful word is too much for her—it has hardly passed her lips when her fictitious anger gives way, she bursts into tears, and, falling on her knees beside the bed, she stretches out her arms to the weep selected. her arms to the unconscious body.
"Oh! my child! My pretty girl! What is it? What has happened to you? Oh! Millicent, speak to me!"

Millicent, speak to me!"

The doctor entering at this moment, she calms herself by a supreme effort, for in truth the poor woman is terribly unnerved—no smallest suspicion of tragedy having ever come near her before, in all her calm, easy, luxurious life.

"H'm! ha!" says Dr. Thesby, sniffing about him suspiciously as he walks lightly to the bedside and stoops over Mil-

licent. "Young lady been playing pranks with chloroform?" "Oh, no! Impossible," exclaims Mrs. Brand. "Indeed, I hardly think there is any in the house. Certainly none that is "Nevertheless, there is chloroform here, or has been," says the doctor, sniffing again. He has been examining Milli-cent while speaking, and now calls for certain things to be brought him by the attending servants. Seeing Mrs. Brand's quite make it out yet, but pray compose yourself, my dear madame. Your niece

is by no means beyond the power of man an hour or so Millicent is so far recov ered as to be able to smile upon them and whisper a word or two to her aunt.

"No whispering, I think—no confidences just yet," says Dr. Thesby, rubbing his hands. "Though I agree with you, my dear lady, that no time should be lost about seeing into this—er—truly extraordinary affair. What d'ye say, my od woman," turning sharply to one of

"A handkerchief, ch? Picked up by you? Lying on Miss Grey's face—or partly so? ch? think what you are saying now, my good girl, as I dare say you will have to repeat it pretty often later on."

Yes. The girl had picked it up when first she stooped over Miss Grey It first she stooped over Miss Grey. It was not exactly on her face, but looked

as if it had slipped off it.

The doctor, folding it neatly, puts it in his breast pocket. "Important evidence, madame! If you will permit me, I will take charge of it. Heavily saturated with chloroform, I should say, from the strength of the aroma that still clings to

"Let me see it," says Millicent suddenly, in a voice so much stronger and with such excitement on her pale face that the doctor thinks it better to accede to her request, while still entreating her to "Be calm!—be calm! and above all things to be calm! "As if," said Millicent afterward to

Nadine, "any one could be expected to be calm who had just escaped being mur-dered, and had had the finest sapphires in Enlgand stolen from her!"

The handkerchief is a large, common one, white in color, and of such a texture as might be used by a respect-able artisan on a holiday making. "It is a clew," says the doctor trium-phantly; but Millicent, though she could

not have put her conviction into words, feels that it will never help to bring the real offender to justice. "But what brought the man here that is what I want to know?" demands Mrs. Brand, with a little spreading of her hands, when the doctor has called

some hours later to find his patient has been sleeping quietly during his absence, and has only roused to consciousness again upon his entrance.

"Not a word have I let her speak—not a word," says Mrs. Brand, with very parlonable pride, considering the extent o

her curiosity.
"Well, I must speak now," murmurs
Millicent, still very feebly, but with a
decided increase of strength that the doctor finds very satisfactory.

"Why, we shall have her downstairs in no time," declares he jovially.

Then Millicent launches into a description of the man who had thrown a hand-kerchief over her face and left her to live or die, as chance dictated, while he made good his escape. It is this infor-mation that calls forth from Mrs. Brand the question as to what brought him into

her house at all that unseemly midnight hour.
"Ah! auntie!" says the girl, looking "Ah! auntie!" says the girl, looking at her out of her cushioned arm chair, with great pathetic eyes that have grown greater because of the regretful tears that are filling them. "Do you not know! Do you not guess! When you opened my hand, and the sapphire locket dropped out, did you guess nothing then?" "No, child—no."
"That locket is a rift to me."

"That locket is a gift to me. "A gift! I know that," impatiently.
"A gift from your Ucule Timothy, with all the rest of those very beautiful stones. A magnificent gift, truly. "No!—a gift from the man who has stolen all those unrivaled stones!" "Stolen!" Mrs. Frand falls back in her chair, and gazes at Millicent with hor

chair, and gazes at Millicent with horror stricken eyes.

"What! Gone! Those priceless sapphires!" ries Dr. Thesby, who is an old
friend of Mrs. Brand's, and had been
shown the sunptuous gift of Timothy
Boyle when first presented to Miss Grey.

"Ah" says Millicent, laughing hysterically, "the burglar evidently did not
think them, as you do, priceless. No
doubt he is already pricing them—is arranging how to break them up and sell
them—breaking up—my—lovely—necklet—my beautiful"— Here, being still
very weak, she gives up her mournful decription, and subsides into a storm of

"There, there, darling! Oh, don't cry

what an audacious thing! Bless me, what will your uncle say! Now, my dearest love, I implore you to control yourself. Remember how that unmitigated villain nearly deprived you of your life only a few short hours ago. In this very chamber, Dr. Thesby, Old to think of it! It must have almost happened on this very spot!" Here she grows tragic, and speaks in a deep bass tone that she believes befits the occasion. "Oh! Millibelieves belits the occasion. "Oh! Milli-cent, darling, you will break my heart -your old auntic's heart-if you keep on sobbing like that. Dear! dear! dear! to sobbing like that. Dear! dear! dear! to think that those sapphires—heirlooms, acctor—and the finest in England—indeed, in Europe, I might safely say—are now being melted down—that is, broken up, or whatever it is those terrible men do to them—while we are sitting inactive here! Can nothing be done! Oh! doctor—Dr. Thesby! What is the matter with her now!—has that wretch succeeded in killing her after ail!"

Millicent, in fact, driven to despair by this prolonged lament, has gone into violent hysteries.

lent hysterics.
"No, ma'm, he hasn't," says the doctor, with severe meaning, who had tried to stem the flow of Mrs. Brand's eloquence, engerly but ineffectually, during the past five minutes.

CHAPTER X It is about five in the afternoon when Nadhe rushes up the stairs, horrified by what she has just heard in the hall, and flings herself into her friend's arms. "Such a thing to happen to you!" she cries, in her little rapid fashion. "The miscreant!—the assassin! Oh, Millicent, when Brown" (the butler) "stopped me in the hall to tell me the dreadful news I nearly fainted. Only the idea of seeing you face to face to make sure of your esyou face to make sure or your escape sustained me, and gave me strength to get here."

Indeed, she is as pale as a ghost, and her eyes are full of tears. Sweet eyes, as

full of love as tears. "Well, now you have seen me," with a

laugh, and a gentle shake administered to the trembling Nadine, "cheer up a bit, and let the blood flow into those wan cheeks. Talking about blood flowing. I'm glad mine was not let loose last

"Oh! don't—don't!" says Nadine, shuddering violently.
"Well, there, there. I have unnerved you, and I ought to be ashamed of my-self. But the fact is, I am unnerved myself. But the fact is, I am unnerved my-self, only my nervousness has the effect of raising a sense of ridicule within me. I cannot keep from jesting on last night's adven.ure, though I dare say to-morrow I shall be prostrated. It is a strange excitement, better not indulged. Well: it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. You cannot compel me, tyrant that you are! to stammer over my Ger-man to-day."

An arrangement had been entered into

An arrangement had seen cherred into between them some weeks ago, when Millicent had been brought out, and was supposed to have left her chidhood and the schoolroom behind her. Nadine, for many reusons, would not consent to be her companion. One was because she could not well leave her mother; another because of her engagement to Paul Anperley, another twas it as very import. nerley; another (was it so very important?) because she could not give up the tuition of Mr. Duran's little daughter. So Millicent had squared matters by de-claring to her auntie that though she considered she knew as much music as would carry her on through life, her knowledge of German was still singularly deficient, and auntic, delighted at this trait of intellectual diligence in her niece, had at once requested Miss Rocho to continue her three visits a week to Park lane as heretofore.

"Tell me about it," says Nadine breathlessly, her big blue eyes cularged with elf on a dainty prie dieu, and is lea forward with clasped hands in an attitude highly suggestive of prayer and there-fore highly suited to the chair. Millicent, nothing loath, makes her a

resent of the entire scene from begin ning to end,
"He might have been a much worse burglar, all things considered, and there was quite a touch of chivalry—a suspicion of Claude Duval—in the fact of his making me a present of my own locket, she says, still unable to refrain from turning the whole thing into ridicule, "To go to the very root of the matter, it possessor of his heart. He left me that at least."

"The coward!" says Nadine, clasping her pretty hands, "to attack alone one poor woman! But, Millicent, from what you tell me, I—I don't think the burglar could have been quite a common man. Was he tall—handsome?"

"Handsome! Why, I couldn't see a feature in his face. You don't suppose that that sort of person comes around with an open, ingenuous countenance, ready for all men's inspection? If so, you are mistaken. My burglar came with a mask that prevented me from seeing the chiseled features that I feel convinced lay beneath it. Altogether, he was not of the common, every day lot that one meets. He was a departure from the regular He was strange to me! Strange

Suddenly the half mocking, wholly gay air she has used hitherto drops from her, and she turns upon Nadine a startled glance. She leans toward her, and laying her hand upon her shoulders, subjects her to an exhaustive scrutiny.

her to an exhaustive scrutiny.

"I must speak. I must tell you," she says at last. "It has weighed upon me ever since, and—and—the others would consider it in the light of a nightmare, or else say the idea arose from a feeling of nervous horror; but it did not." of nervous horror; but it did not "What is it, Millicent? You forget I

do not understand," says Nadine, a little awed by the solemnity of the other's "Just this: that that terrible burglar from the time he entered my room to the time he left it, seemed strangely famil-

iar. I cannot account for it. His voice I never heard before. He was dressed in the clothes of a common workman, and I know no workman. His face, indeed, was hidden"-

She stops abruptly as though oppressed by some hidden thought. "Yes, it was hidden," she says at last. "Yet I am pursued by a hideous fear that if I could have removed that mask the features would have been familiar to

She sinks back in her chair, looking She sinks back in her chair, looking pale and exhausted.

"It is mere nervousness," says Nadine tenderly. "A chimera arising from an overwrought sensibility. Do not think of him again, darling. Rest, and time will cure you of that foolish phantasy. "Nothing will cure me of the certainty that a face well known to me lay behind that humble mask," returns Millicent

with a shudder.

She rallies a little after a while, and a swift smile curves her lips.

"We are a doomed family," she says
gayly. "A prey to burglars. First my
aunt, Lady Valworth's, diamonds disappear, not to be restored by all the detective power in England, and now, my sapphires! Poor Uncle Timothy! he gave much of his life to a contemplation of those stones, and now a vulgar crimi-nal is the possessor of them. It is very cruel of me to laugh, is it not? Especially as I am the only one that can see a comical side of the affair. Yes, I am sorre

their disappearance."
"Has Mr. Boyle yet heard of their being stolen?"
"Not yet. He was to have been here "He was here this morning, darling," says Mrs. Brand, who has just entered the room and heard the drift of the con-

versation, "but you were then so weak that of course I could not see him. He heard nothing, as I told Brown to be siheard nothing, as I told Brown to be si-lent about our sensation to any caller— so he merely left word that he hoped your headache would be better soon (I suggested headache to Brown as a gen-eral and safe sort of not at home), and that he would call again to-morrow

Millicent, smoothing down the laces of her loose gown.
"Dear fellow! He is always all he ought to be! So like his good father,"

says Mrs. Brand emusively.

"Inspector Dunn has just been here."
goes on Mrs. Brand presently. "He
seems a clever man, and holds out great
hopes of being able to capture the rob-I really could not form an opinion. You forget I have not had the pleasure of an introduction to Miss Roche. There is a slight return of his sneering tone here—the tone that had driven her to passionate anger during that interber and restore to you your sapphires. I ran up at once to tell you. He seems to think it will be difficult to get rid of the sapphires, even should the robber go view at the last dance she had attended. She has seen fit to forget that scene, and so has he; but just now she is strongly re-minded of it. Mrs. Brand, scenting misto Antwerp or some of those foreign places. All the shipping ports are being closely watched. He really gave megreat hope. Your uncle Timothy has been here on and off all day, but I would

sava midcent coldly

chief in the air, comes to the rescue.
"Tut," says she, "what an absurd
question to arise! Let Miss Roche's name

done. I must say, Millicent, you show

but questionable taste when you drag your little friend's name into such an affair. I could tell you something more to the purpose, but mum, mum, mum is the word."

"Oh, auntie, you have heard some-thing!" cries Millicent, pouncing down upon her. "You have had news, and,

your duplicity. Come, speak, I say. One, two-three will be your death sig-

around her, so cannot see Granit's face, but she can hear his laugh.

"Yes; let us know what kind of a fellow he is," he says.
"Nonsense! Of course it has not come to that yet, but there is a clew—a strong clew! And oddly enough, the detective tells me they believe our burglar is the very one who had a hand in abstracting

very one who had a hand in abstracting your mother's diamonds"—she is speaking now to Boyle; "that struck me as being very remarkable."

"Looks as if it was some one connected with the family. You will bear me out that I have all along directed attention to the servants," says Granit. "It is a thousand pittes this clever detective of yours was not called in at the Valworth affair. I blame myself very much for recommending Simpson, who really did

recommending Simpson, who really did nothing, so far as I can hear."

"They are attaching a good deal of im-portance to the handkerchief Dr. Thesby

"Indeed. It was a common handker chief, I think you told me."

"Quite coarse,"
"Well, you could hardly expect a burg-lar to have a cambric one."

"My burglar was not a common man, whatever your mother's may have been," interposes Millicent. His voice I cannot

describe, because it was distinctly feigued;

but something in his whole air forbade the thought that he was of the lower classes. I cannot explain; I must only

ask you to try to understand and follow

The miscreant!" ejaculates Mrs. Brand,

indignantly.

"In spite of all I really confess to a feeling of sentimental regard for him," says Millicent, gayly. He might have murdered me, but he refrained; and he was so

far removed from any suspicion of mean-ness that he actually forced a gift upon me cre he left. Consider that, auntie,

"I dare say you will persuade yourself by degreess that he fell in love with you," says Mrs. Brand, who is a little offended at any jesting on so solemn a

presence sufficiently noble to enthrall this modern Turpin'. Miss Grey de-mands this saucily of her aunt. "Look

mands this saucily of her aunt. "Look out for your laurels, Granit; there is a

"I know it, if you allude to Massa;

eene," replies he in a whisper, too low for Mrs. Brand to hear.

ous," returns he, easily. "Of that you may be positively certain." He is still regarding her with a gleam

of sarcastic amusement in his eyes, that puzzles her and baffles her to read, when

the door is thrown open and Mr. Massar

CHAPTER XII.

The young man hurries forward—for-getful of Mrs. Brand, etiquette, common politeness, everything—to where Milli-cent is standing. His face is pale, his eyes brilliant. He is evidently suffering

"Miss Grey! what terrible thing is this have heard! But you are well—safe!" He is holding her hand tightly clasped

He is notding her hand tightly chasped in both his, and is gazing into her rather pink face with an eager love and solici-tude not to be misunderstood. He is as oblivious to Capt. Boyle's sneering laugh as to Mrs. Brand's glance of surprised displeasure, and is, indeed, deaf and blind to everything but Millicent herself.

She has been in such sore danger; but now she is here, before him, well, beau-

now she is here, before him, well, beauiful as ever.

"Quite safe, as you see," says Millicent, in a low, soft tone—the softest she
has ever used to him. She cannot but
contrast the tender vehemence of his ad-

dress with the cool, unimpassioned greet-

ing accorded to her by Granit an hour be-fore. "You must not think of me any longer as deserving of your pity. And—

have you forgotten auntie?"

Is there the faintest pressure of her cool little hand as she brings him thus

"How d'ye do, Mr. Massareene" says Mrs. Brand, a slight touch of asperity in

her tone.

There is something about this big,

ugly young Irishman, with his musical brogue, and his wonderful eyes, and his impetuosity, that labels him dangerous.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaims now, stiding across the room and clasping Mrs. Brand's jeweled hand in a grasp warm as though he considered himself her

prime favorite, rather than a bete nois

The grasp, however, as she does not fail to remark, though warm, is gentle in the extreme, and does not force the rings

against the delicate skin. After all-y

have been unpardonably rude," goes on the ugly detrimental. "But you will forgive me, Mrs. Brand, when I assure you that I didn't know whether I was

standing on my head or my heels when I entered the room. I never got such a shock in my life as Brandon gave me in the Junior a quarter of an hour ago."

"You were on your heels. That I can prove to you," says Mrs. Brand, smiling; she is too good natured not to be half amused, half touched by the young man's

evident concern.
"I am witness," puts in Granit, showing all his teeth again. "You were quite

This laugh is replete with insolence. In fact, the remark just made has reference to a subject that has grown sore from rough handling. It has reference to a little scene in the early town life of Gerald Massarcene, who one evening, going a little off his head after the termination of attempts and the scene of the second state of a state of the second state.

mination of a triumphant Derby day, took perhaps a little more champague than was good for him. Some—his friends— said it was only his usual excellent spirits raised to an excited pitch because of his having made a good thing off the winner. Others—his acquaintances the

winner. Others—his acquaintances (he had no enemies, good lad that he was)—said it was the excellent spirits of the club cellar. However it was, Massarcene

club cellar. However it was, Massareene went considerably beyond bounds, and was in the morning thoroughly ashamed of himself. Then came his introduction to Millicent Grey—almost a little girl at that time, but old enough to inthrail and hold him with her budding beauty. And with his growing love for her grew his fear that this one episode (vulgar episode, he called it) should be made known to her. It was an absurd fear, of course, and arose more from an apprehension

and arose more from an apprehension that she would regard him with disgust than from any very moral regret for his misconduct; but, be that as it may, Granit

Boyle knew of his nervous horror of its being known—and, for the matter of that, so did Millicent, who had heard of the

in proper trim, my dear fellow! suspicion of intoxication about you.

—there are some commendable p about this young, ineligible man.

back to a sense of his duty?

rival in the field.'

eene is announced.

m intense excitement.

Miss Grey colors vividly

and be more lenient in your abuse."

They have

took into his possession. The discovered somethting about that

Granit seems amused.

not let him see you, he was so excited. Of course he feels the loss of the jewels. He thought a great deal of them. That is hardly to be wondered at, my dear Na fline, considering their size and their purity. I assure you, people have been known to go out of their minels for far less cause. Are you going now, my dear? Well, I suppose it is getting late. Such a comfort it has been to me to know you were with Milli ent while I was trying to explain things to those stupid De Laines. They would have it that my poor child had had had her skull crushed in, and that the burglar had been discovered hiding behind the drawing

Be sure you come as early as you can on Thursday; Millicent is always so much better when she has had an hour with Having kissed Nadine, of whom in-deed she is extremely fond, Mrs. Brand ushers her down the staircase and through

room curtains—such nonsense, you know! Well, good night, then, dear child.

CHAPTER XL

"The thing is how to discover him. Those fellows nowadnys are so difficult to unearth, and our detective system is so painfully inefficient."

"I don't want him," says Millicent, who is looking very pretty and fragile in her invalid gown of white cashmere and lace. "I only want my sapphires. I was saying to auntie only this morning what a very remarkable thing it is, that both Lady Valworth—your mother— and I should have been made a prey of

"Odd! The same thought struck me only this morning," says Granit, show-ing all his white teeth as he smiles. ("What a bite he could give," thinks his finneee, watching him.) "Quite a coinci-dence, eh? But it must be acknowledged

one loss is even greater than hers.

Those sapphires were unrivaled, and will fetch a high price anywhere."

"Your loss, too, Granit," says Mrs.

Brand. "Your future wife"—with a smile at Millicent—"will lose a little of her prestige now she has ceased to be the pressure of these famous levels." possessor of these famous fewels."
"My future wife," says Granit gracefully, "will not need the addition of any fewels to make her the most beautiful woman in England."

"Ye gods?" cries Miss Grey, springing suddenly to her feet and rushing across the room to a mirror. "Am I that? The most beautiful woman in England! Am I that now, my good Granit? Or is it the fact of being your wife that will

make me so? "Now, of course. And then, too, I hope."
"Wrong now, at all events, my friend," after an exhaustive examina-tion of her pretty form in the mirror. "I know some one at this very moment who is unspeakably better worth looking

who is unspeakably better worth looking at than I am."

"Lady Landing!"

"No! I prefer myself to her. I was thinking of fly little friend—my youthful instructress—Nadine Roche. By the bye, what a singular thing that you have never seen her." never seen her.' "Quite as singular that she has never

Boyle turns straight round and looks at her. He had been teasing the parrot up to this. Though he does not speak, something in his face compels her to answer him as though he had done so "Yes—once, really; so you are not as unknown to fame as you imagine." "She told you so!

"She confessed as much. But, as you seem modest about it, perhaps it will comfort you to learn that what she did see was only the back of your head, and a bit of your nose. You know, if you will wear your nose so long you cannot expect it to altogether escape observa Granit lauche

no idea then what a good looking fellow I am." he says, with a mischievous shrug.
"Not the slightest. Your persistent refusal to oblige all your admirers by sitting to a photographer has put it out of my power to give Nadine some faint idea of your charms."
"Just as well; she might have been

"Onst as well, she might have been overpowered by them," returns Granit, who has gone back to his task of reducing the parrot to a state of frenzy.
"Not that I believe in photographs," goes on Millicent. "There is Letty Lumsden, she looks like a Venus on cardboard—like a dairymaid in the flesh."
"To say nothing of Mrs. Denby, who "To say nothing of Mrs. Denby, who looks like a saint in the flesh, and like a Bacchante, as portrayed by Des I'm rather glad I'm out of it. to think my face is still my own. Photos -with a curious little laugh-"are dan

"If every one thought that the detec tives would be oftener at fault than they are," says Mrs. Brand. "Photographs are been the means of bringing many "As I have said-they are dangerous,"

criminals to justice.' wretch who has robbed Millicent.

"But you see you haven't."
"You take it very easily—yet you must regret the jewels, Granit," says Mrs. Brand, fretfully, who is of opinion that nothing now should be thought of but the irreparable loss her niece has sustained, and who regards the present fivelity as being distinctly in had taste. frivolity as being distinctly in bad taste, considering all things. Indeed, she would have considered it hardly out of place if some one had pulled down the

blinds and put muffling on the knocker.
"I assure you I do not regret them. I have nothing to regret," returns he, laughing lightly. Then he looks at Mil-"How can I find room for regret when I see my cousin safe and well."

Millicent is as touched by his manner as it would be possible for him to move

jewels very well," she says to herself; and he used to be their most extravagant admirer. Sometimes it irritated me to think he looked upon them with a pro prietorial eye, but after all I believe I wronged him. If they were still in my possession or in his he could not be more unconcerned.

She gives him a little kindly glance as a reward for this, which seems to afford him some secret amusement. not in the habit of putting up the chair

"The thing that puzzles me," goes on Mrs. Brand, who cannot keep her mind off the subject, "is how the miscreant got in. Certainly Brown confesses he is at night—a most reprehensible neglect, for which I have severely consured him: but, admitting that, I do not see how the burglar could have had a door key exactly I'ke ours. It is one of a most peculiar pattern; poor Mr. Brand quite prided him "The more peculiar, the easier to take

"The more peculiar, the easier to take an impression of it," says Granit.

"To take an impression?—to get a false key made? But that means you would suspect the servants. I could not do that; they are all old servants—old friends, indeed, I might almost say."

"You are like my nother. She will not "You are like my mother. She will not believe the servants were implicated in the diamond robbery at Valworth; yet if she had taken my advice a recovery might have been effected. Mind, I do not say it would," says Capt. Boyle, who

seems determined to give everyone a chance; 'I only say it might." "But—but surely you would not at-tach suspicion to Brown!" says Mrs. Brand, nervously, who is easily swayed.
"There are other servants in the bons des Brown; and people come and go

"No one comes and goes except Miss Roche; you would not suspect her, I sup-

arrive arrair a tong time ago, and had laughed a good deal at several of the smaller details concerning it. Indeed, it had been a very innecent offense from first to last. At Granit's words Massareene's face flames, and a sudden fire brightens his eyes. At the moment it is easy to see that there is little love lost between the

"You mean?" says Massarcene, a little sharply, taking a step forward.

"Just what I said, dear boy—that you were eminently sober. Could I have borne higher testimony to your character? Miss Grey—as you seem to have some doubts about the accuracy of my statement, will I am sure complorate what

ment—will, I am sure, corroborate what I have just said."
"I refuse to give my countenance to anything you may chance to say," returns Millicent, in a low tone, but with factors are: flashing eyes.

She has understood the drift of her

hidden it from me. Come, out with it!
Your blood will be upon your own head if you delay for another moment."
"But I assure you, my dearest girl!"—"Your dearest girl is disgusted with your duplicity. Come, speak, I say. cousin's remarks, and bitterly resents them. She may not be overkind always to Massareene, but she will permit no one else to be uneivil to him. "What!" cries Boyle, gayly, arching his brows and lifting his shoulders in a foreign fashion that either belongs to him nal. Granit, do you take no interest in the proceedings? Are you not longing to hear of the capture of the capturer of my or has been cultivated to a nicety, "you disagree with me? You really think that our friend's extremely—er—emsapphires?"
She is kneeling beside Mrs. Brand, having thrown her arms coaxingly around her, so cannot see Granit's face,

that our friend's extremely—er—empresse manner, his hurried entrance, etc.,
—meant—the—er—the other thing!
Really, dear Massareene, I would not
stand that if I were you. You look as if
you would like to murder somebody"—
with a light laugh—"that is the standing
condition of your countrymen, eh! Why
not call Miss Grey out?" not call Miss Grey out?"

"Dueling is out of fashion, and one only horsewhips men," replies Massareene, meaningly, with his eyes fixed steadily upon his opponent.

"Oh, but a duel under such conditions

—that cannot be out of fashion, as it has never yet come in. Why not set it? Be a leader of it? And a tete a tete with Miss Grey, even under such equivocal cir-cumstances, might not be altogether without its charm."

He throws out this last taunt quite

airily—making even a slight movement of the hand that somehow adds to the ag-gressive impertinence of it.

Massareene throws up his head, as though scenting battle, and his face pales. Millicent, marking these signs of coming storm, enters the breach hastily.

"I do think Grant!" "shaws glanging." "I do think, Granit," she says, glancing insolently at her cousin from bereath half closed lids, "that when you try to

be amusing you are the most unpardor ably stupid person I ever met. Your jokes always make me feel inclined to weep."
"In this instance?" demands he

quickly, his face darkening and an evil light coming into his eyes.

"And in every other. One yawns enough in all conscience as one goes through life without being compelled to do it by those who would fain believe they stir our laughter. Give it up, my dear Granit; comedy is beyond you—the heavy business suits you better."

A glance at her cousin convinces he that she has amply revenged herself. His brow is as black as midnight, and his mouth has taken the old expression that mouth has taken the old expression that means mischief. Massareene, too, has added to his discomfiture by breaking into a gay laugh, that rouses Mrs. Brand from her perusal of a review, as scurrilous as it is just, of a book written by a friend of hers, that she finds of engrossing interest—the review, that is, not the book

"What is it;" asks she, looking up in high good humor. Really, the review has quite exceeded her expectations. "If it is anything amusing pray let me hear it. I have been so put out by a very harsh criticism on dear Fanny Ellwood's novel that I require something to cheer Some little jest of yours Granit Come, tell it to me, though I must say, my dear, you look more like an Othello this moment than one born in a merry "You mistake," she says, coldly. "I as alluding to the burglar." "Ah! of him I could never feel jealhour.' Ah, here comes tea at last! Just move my chair a little, will you? Thanks, dear Granit. I am fast becoming an old

Granit is in just such a pleasant mood as urges him to tell her she is already amongst the frosts and snows of life; but prudence—a feeling more powerful with him than most others—restrains him. He is obliged, however, to move her chair into the exact position pointed out, and to perform divers other small ser-vices for her with a smiling face and ap-parently willing air, while grinding under the thought that he is leaving the

other two free to carry on a low conver-sation uninterrupted.

"How angry you were about Granit's innuendo just now," whispers she, drawing her skirts aside that he may drop upon the low lounge beside her. "You need not have been. Did you think I never heard of that one little flasco

She leans toward him and smiles a little. The young man starts and colors hotly. Yet her smile is so sweet, so kind —never has her manner been so replete with gentleness as now.

'You knew-you heard?' -stammers he. "Why, yes. Was it such a mighty se-

cret, such an awful crime? Did you think I could not condone—forgive?"

She is still smiling on him, her beautiful eyes riveted upon his. Massareene's heart is beating passionately. He feels as if he can scarcely breathe—and yet he is breathing more freely than he has done for a long time, now that he knows she knows, and that after all she can tolerate him. Nay, it is surely more than tolera

"You are an angel," murmurs he in turn. Oh! the rapture of this whispered conversation! The knowledge that they are—if not in body, at least in spirit— alone! "But it was my one offense. I pray you to believe that! Afterward met you. And then—then it would have been impossible!"

Her color pales slightly as she looks into the loving eyes bent on hers. He has put out his hand in his carnestness and laid it upon hers—a strong hand, slightly browned, as a man's should be, and very handsome. Somehow the strength of it appeals to her. Is its owner like it—firm, resolute? He has, at all events, been almost obstinately persist-ent in his courtship, clinging to hope when there was none to be seen any where, and steadfastly adhering to the be-lief that "all things come to him who knows how to wait." He is waiting still, though small chance of a reward seems There," she says, rallying with

"There," she says, ranying what the effort, and compelling herself to meet his gaze, "you are pardoned, if pardon is what you want."

"I want more than that," says Mr. Massareene, who, having gained what he had not dared to hope for half an hour ago, now desires more. "I want"— "Of that another day," interrupts she "When will you learn to be

wise, Gerald?"
"When I marry you, my sweet Minerva."
"That will be never, then, I greatly doubt me."
"Still, there is a doubt, you see." "To talk like this to me is waste of

"To talk to you could never be waste "Not if you talk sensibly."
"And sure what can be more sensible than to tell you that I love you?" says the Irishman; "unless it would be your saying that you will take me for your husband?"

That would mean throwing up friends "That would mean throwing up friends and fortune."

"Just so! Then do it," says he.
What is to be done with a man like this? Millicent sighs. He is nearer victory at this moment than he knows himself to be. Miss Grey, gancing involuntarily at Granit, and then back again at him.

him, mentally comes to the conclusion that any hope of happiness for her lies in an immediate surrender of all ties that bind her to the former. But auntie, and Uncle Timothy, and the world in general? "Dear Gerald! I wish you would not speak to me like this," she says softly. "You must know how useless it is." "I never knew I had a nice name until I heard you say it," says the irrepressible Gerald, taking no notice of the substance

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar a year for each line. of her speech. "It sounds like music, I'm awfully glad my mother christened

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me Gerald."
"Why? Do you think I could not pro "Why? Do you think I could not pro-nounce any other name musica'!y?" asks she, laughing in spite of herself.
"That's right. I like to hear you laugh," says he. "They say in my country that when a woman smiles the battle is won. And sometimes I think".—
"I will not listen to you;" declares Miss Grey, beating her foot impatiently upon the carpet. "It is not kind—it is not right. You forget I am engaged to Capt. Boyle."

Capt. Boyle."
"Bah! He doesn't count at all," says Massareene. "You can't marry such a fellow as that."

fellow as that."

"What have you to say against him?"
asks she eagerly. Oh! if only some insurmountable obstacle could be shown.

"Why, nothing:" says Massareene.
"Only he is such a"—he checks himself just in time—"such an uncomfortable sort of a fellow," he concludes rather

"Tell me," says Miss Grey, in a very low tone, "you are a member of his club? And I—have heard—that is, they say— he—gambles a good deal. Is this true?"

Mr. Massareene grows crimson.
"Oh! by Jove, you know! You can't "Oh! by Jove, you know! You can't expect me to answer questions about another man, and that man my rival," he says. "I—I didn't expect you would do that, you know."

"You won't tell me, then!" says she.
"I know nothing of his gambling. I know nothing at all to his discredit," says Massarcene, slowly, his eyes on the

"Then you would let me marry him— to be made miscrable—rather than sacri-fice a certain sense of honor!" asks she "You shouldn't tempt me like this!"
exclaims he, with a sudden touch of passion. "The very knowledge that he is sion. "The very knowledge that he is your accepted lover—at least, your future husband"—he makes his correction because of a little deprecatory gesture on her part—"and that I—even apart from that fact—hate him, compels me to silence. And—and even suppose he does gamble a bit heavily now and then, why he way give that up when, when he is -he may give that up when-when he is

married," says Massareene, stumbling over the hateful sentence, and trying to be as just to his rival as nature will permit him.
"I see," says Millicent. She is silent for quite two minutes—a long time when one is wniting anxiously for the next word. "I have heard," she says, now very seriously, "that he plays for such high stakes that he is often at his wita," end to know how to meet his debts of end to know how to meet his debts of honor—so called. Hearing this has led me to the belief that he is marrying me more as a means of gaining money to carry on his play than from any higher mo-

on his play than from any higher motive."

"There you wrong him," says Massareene eagerly. "He is no defaulter, whatever else he may be. He lost a tremendous sum to Black, of the Blues, about two months ago; but he paid up far sooner than Black ever expected. And he has given an I O U to Burnaby to pay him next mouth, and"— He stops short. "Lots of fellows play pretty high before they settle down." he says, a great generosity compelling him to say an exculpatory word for the man who is, perhaps, the only living thing he detests.

"I quite understand," returns Milli-"I quite understand," returns Millicent slowly. "It is very good of you; but only what I expected. There is, however, one thing that puzzles me—where my cousin got the money to pay that tremendous sum to Col. Black."

"You probably know more of his private concerns than I do," says Massarcene carelessly. "He always appears to me to have plenty of money. Enough of him, however. There is something that concerns me that I would tell you. You know my uncle Lord Ballymore! Well, last night he said he would allow me income, which is five, you know, if-if you would have me. He admires you

very much.' "And hates Granit a good deal more! I know all about that old story, and do not blame Lord Ballymore for his dislike of my excellent cousin." "You don't think you could do it on

Miss Grey's ears are well trained, and "One never thinks nowndays-there is no time," she says, in a clear, distinct tone. "Tea, Granit? Thanks. No; nothing else, thank you; unless, indeed,

seems so meanly determined to keep all to herself." Granit hastens to obey her command. "A last word," says Massareene quick-ly. "Do you know Miss Duran?" "Mr. Duran's aunt? Yes."

it be one of those little wafers that nuntie

"Well, and so do I. She receives every Wednesday. If—if I could be only sure that she would receive you next Wednesday!" He has risen, and is gazing down at her, his heart in his eyes "Why-if you are there you will see," returns she, with a light laugh, as Granit

again approaches. [TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Causes of Failures with Incubators

The much curiosity and anxiety is the cause of many failures that occur with incubators. The most difficult part of the operation is to abstain from interference with the egg drawer. just at the time of coming out of the shell, changes of temperature in the incubator are fatal to the young chicks, It is well known that when a hen is on the nest engaged in batching. nothing will induce her to expose the eggs after she is aware that the chicks are coming out. She will leave the eggs at other times, to get food and water, but not when the chicks are batching. The same rule applies to incubators. soon as the eggs begin to batch close the drawer, and keep it closed, till as many of the chicks are out as can be expected, and there will fewer of them die in the shell. Inquisitive neighbors who wish to be gratified, should be told that they cannot be accommodated. Keep the drawer shut and have patience. The result will be much more satisfactory than would be the case if the chicks were exposed to changes occasionally.

A remarkable case is reported from New York, where a judge was called upon to decide the parentage of a newborn baby. A Mrs. Savage gave birth to triplets a few weeks ago, of whom two died. While suffering from an aberation of mind she alleges that she put an advertisement in a paper offering a child for adoption. She told her husband that she did not know what had become of the child, and he instituted a search. Finally he obtained from his wife the name of the woman to whom she had given it. After a prolonged search he found a woman in the village of Fort Hamilton, who had received letters from the postoffice under the name that had been given. She turned out to be a respectable married woman, named Grossmith, and in her arms the husband found a baby which he claimed as his Mrs. Grossmith became highly indignant at the charge, and insisted that the child was her own. On the trial, however, she broke down under the chain of circumstantial evidence, and confessed that, with the aid of a tor, she had arranged a scheme of deception, latending to persuade her hus-band and family that the child was her own. Mrs. Grossmith had been married two years, but was childless.