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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI NO 7 COLUMBIA DENOCRAT, VOL L, NO 48

Brands

And this secret business—I hope it means no harm to Millicent—Miss Grey!"
"None at all, I assure you." He laughs easily. "I shall not harm Miss Grey. My business, so far as she is concerned, will very soon be at an end."
"Then she is mixed up with it."
"Well, yes."

"Then she is mixed up with it."
"Well, yes."
"Paul," says Nadine, leaning forward and speaking in a low tone, "I think I have guessed it. It—it has something to do with—her sapphires."
An extraordinary gleam flashes across Mr. Annerley's features. It is momentary, but brilliant. Fear, suspicion and something stronger still are blended in it. It may be that he is disconcerted at having his "business" with Mrs. Brand thus publicly put into words. To be discovered, no matter how innocent the offense, is disagreeable to most.
"You are not pleased that I have found it out?" suggests Nadine, timidly. "But do not let it distress you. I shall bury the knowledge in my heart. No one shall be the wiser for it."

"You will do well to do so," says An-nerley, recovering himself with an effort. "You will take care also not to let it be

known by word or glance that you met me to-night at Mrs. Brand's. Much de-pends upon your faithfulness in this matter."

matter."
"Then you have found a clew to the thief? You are on his track?" asks she, breathlessly.
"Yes; there is a clew." He pauses a

moment, looking down into her eyes as though he would read her very soul. "Swear to me you will not mention hav-

ing met me to-night," he says at last, in a

His intensity frightens her. "There is no need for it. I have prom

ised; but if you wish it, yes—I swear not to reveal our having met," she answers, nervously. "Was it this you wished to say to me, Paul?"

But she will not fail him-she shall not!

word fail me. Does not this touch you? Are you insensible, heartless? Well, then; if you cannot from your heart say that you love me, at least tell me that your

heart is empty—that you are indifferent to all the world." He waited breathlessly. But as the

waiting lengthens a dark frown gathers on his brow, and a savage expression curves his lips. Nadine, faint, terrified, and still with that terrible numbness

overpowering her, draws back a step o

overpowering her, draws back a step or two and presses her hand convulsively against her face. Annerley, laying his hands upon her shoulders, gives her a violent shake. A low cry escapes her. This cry releases her from the nervous bondage in which she has been held.

"Speak, girll" cries he roughly. "It is true you never yet told me that you love me. Am I now to learn that you have made that confession to another

from her with a ferver which he places to a wrong account. With a passionate thankfulness she tells herself that she

can at least answer this last question with truth. To no man has she said,

"I love you."
"Ah!" says Annerley, drawing a long

breath of eager relief, "that is well for my rival had he existed."

"Be content," she says, calmly, "you have no rival. There is no one I can

"Except me. That is as it should be."
He sighs heavily, and still regards her
with a lowering brow. "Now for my

news," he says.
"To-morrow. Will not to-morrow do?"
asks she, faintly, feeling tired and over-

done, "To-morrow I shall probably be out of

To-morrow I shall probably be out of town. Yes," answering her glance of surprise. "I shall be abroad for a week or two—on business."

"The same business?" demands she,

"You re a wonderful guesser," re-turns he. There is a vague suggestion of a sneer in his smile. "Before going, however, I want to tell you that a stroke

of luck has at last fallen at my feet. To-day the—my—my chief sent for me and offered me a—a higher stool in the office,

He hesitated a good deal, and seems in

deed singularly ignorant of the proper terms to be used with regard to his rise

in his position.
"I am very glad," says Nadine, in her

clear, cold, girlish voice, so devoid of real

"This rise will enable me to marry,"

tone that Nadine shivers.

There is such subdued ferocity in his

'This-and something else. But

be the wiser for it.

low vehament tone

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My wife ass so afficient with line.

material is bet settlight and in the action of the condition of the condition of the condition of sleep in bod, but had to be bolstered up in a rocking chair. Physicans prescribed, many patient medicines were used, but the pain still got worse. I sent for the Rossian Rhesiantes Care, under a cloud of dunits. I was considered the condition of the second of the condition of the condition of the condition of the second of the condition of the c

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CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Duran's house in Berkeley square is presided over by his aunt—a little, thin, wiry, kindly old 'ady, with corkscrew ringlets and a high peaky hose. Her acquaintances are as old-fashioned as her curis, but it is amazing how many she has of them. They are of the staid, eminently respectable order, all able to count their generations, and all "carriage people." Yet it might be admitted that sometimes Miss Duran pines for the young and frivolous, and would be glad to welcome them inside her nephew's doors—her doors, as they might be called, so little does he interfere with her arrangements, and so seldom does he show himself between 12 a.m. and 11 p. m.

On this particular Wednesday quite a stir and bustle of the thick silken skirts take place, as Gerald Massarcene, smiling and gay, enters Miss Duran's drawing room. There is, in spite of the debonair manner that distinguishes him, and induces all these old young men to look askance at him, and grow green with envy, and that causes the quite old men to wink and nudge each other, and call him "a sad dog"—a suspicion of anxiety that renders his kind eyes melancholy, and makes him a favorite at once with all the gentle, elderly women.

He is a fashionable looking young BEST Wenkness, Lassitude, Lack of Burray, etc., it HAN NO EQUAL, and is the only from medicine that is not injuriests. It Einfeles the Houst to Ald Higheston 19 thought to Ald Higheston 19 thought to Ald Higheston 19 thought to Ald Higheston 20 the Section 19 t

RETRIBUTION.

with all the gentle, elderly women.

He is a fashionable looking young man, exquisitely dressed, and is, in fact, such a departure from Miss Duran's drawing room, that he creates an immense sensation, that is only to be surpassed by the entrance of a lovely young passed by the entrance of a lovely young woman ten minutes afterward, who sweeps up to Miss Duran with the most charming smile in the world on her beau

tiful face.
"Dear Miss Duran," she says, slippin her little gray clad hand into that of the astonished spinster, "we have been wanting to come and see you for such a time—auntie and I—but there have been so many other tiresome engagements. And, after all, it is better, is it not, to leave the best to the last? this with a swift glance at Massarcene that sets his heart a-beating. "Even now, we could not come together; there was some absurd crush somewhere, and we had promised to go, so I told auntie I wanted to see you even more than she did, so I recked her off to more than she did; so I packed her off to

her afternoon and I came to mine."

Her low trainante voice, her pretty
smile, the gentle pressure of the little
hand, all won Miss Duran's heart at once. hand, all won Miss Duran's heart at once.
She had met Millicent two or three
times, but now she persuades herself that
they have been good friends for many
years. What a lovely creature! How
nice of her to come to this dull old
house just to see a stupid old maid! Dear,
dear me, there were not many who would
do that!

do that!

Meantime the "lovely creature" is taking her tea from Gerald Massareene's hands. Tea of an exquisite flavor and rich with country cream, sent up specially from the heart of Hampshire for Miss Duran's Wednesdays. Teaserved in priceless old Crown Derby, before which the modern imitations might hold down their heads.

at all is so much more than I dared hope for that I would now entreat you to let my joy continue by being kind to me for the short hour we may be together." His tone is very sad, in spite of the joy he mentions. Old Miss Duran, looking

consin-is breaking his heart for love of

ful realms of love. Cupid's darts have ful realms of love. Cupid's darts have found a lodging in their tender breasts!"
Sometimes Miss Buran, in spite of the ringlets, indulged in flights of poetic fancy. "How romantie! How full of pathos! That dear boy!—why, I can see him dwindling away before my eyes. Quite a wreck he is becoming, though art and his tailor may try to delide me.

ing tone.

beyond his control, Mr. Massareene be-haves himself wonderfully until the hall is crossed and the library gained. Then,

"Darling of my heart!" whispers he, with a sigh of passionate gladness.

she, standing back from him with palm extended to keep him off. "Are you to-tally without grace!" "On the contrary, I am filled with it!

I have gained—you.
"Gained?" "Millicent, will you tell me now that I

ing!"
"It is not good for a woman to have

"Why here?" says she, laughing. And

"Why here?" says she, laughing. And then all at on her gayety comes to an end, and her face clouds. "Alas!" cries she, "what is to be the end of it all?" "St. George's, Hanover square," re-turns he, with undiminished courage. "Yes; with Granit as bridegroom." "With me, you mean. Sweetheart, why can you not break all these chains that bind you, and give yourself as your heart directs?" Miss Grey has subsided into tears, and Miss Grey has subsided into tears, and

her handkerchief. At this half admission Mr. Massar-eene's hope rises fortyfold. "If you dared—what then?" he asks,

"With me, you mean?"
"Oh, Gerald!" whispers she; and then it is all over, and she is caught to his breast, and for a little while the world is forgotten by both.

Being the woman, she is the first to awake from the happy dream.

"Not if you will trust to me. Not if you are sure of that you honestly love me. Speak to me, Millicent! Why do you turn your head away? You do love me?"

At this she lets her gaze return to his.
"I wish I had never seen you," she says with trembling lips.

"That is a hard speech, my darling."

"It is true, though. If I had never seen you, I might have been willing to conclude this contract with Granit. If I had never seen you, I could never have."

"Go on."
"Loved you!"

She bows her head upon her bands and bursts into fresh tears. Mr. Massareene draws her head down upon his shoulder. upon his shoulder.

"Don't cry like that, Millicent," says he. "It will all come right in the end. Something tells me so." Something tells him quite the reverse; but he would not be the true lover he is if he could not strain a point to please his beloved. "What we have got to do now is to think what is the first, best step to be taken." "The first, best step will mean ruin." There is a touch of impatience in her

There is a touch of impatience in her tone. Although she loves him, it is hard for her to give up the gilded loaves and fishes of fashionable life.

"It will not," retorts he stoutly: "it will mean emancipation—if you have the pluck to go through with it." "Oh! emancipation!" says she disdainfully, though she is glad of his resoluteness. "All you Irishmen are mad about freedom! One would think you were a land leaguer the way you speak! I won-der you are not afraid to love one of the

hated Sassenachs."
"I am not afraid of anything except your strength of mind. You are mine now, but will you be mine an bour

nence?"
"If I were a man," says Miss Grey reflectively, "I should not choose to fall in
love with a woman upon whom I could
place no dependence."

"If I were a woman," responds he promptly, "I should know better than to marry one man when I loved another." "Well, but you are not a woman," says she triumphantly.

"Neither are you a man," replies he.
"That squares our accounts. Sweetheart," regarding her very gravely, "tell me at least that you will think seriously of my proposal."

"I am always thinking of it," returns the stellars."

she, sighing. Granit." "Oh! why are not you Granit."
"The gods forbid!" says he piously.
"I am a better man as I stand, though no doubt a poorer one. Well, however the wind blows, I am a happier fellow to-day than I ever expected to be. I have heard

from your own lips that you love me."
"Do not place too much confidence in "You will not deny the truth of it,

"No. It is true. You are more to me, Gerald, than any man I ever have met—than any man I ever shall meet." Her eyes grow large and dim with ears. She holds out her hand to him. "Strengthened by such an assurance, I will believe in nothing less than victory," replies he, in a clear, resonant voice, his face bright with a hope that at this monent has grown into a certainty. Millicent, watching him, feels her heart grow sad. "Will not the weight of cir-cumstances, of custom, prove too strong for him?

mently.
She flushes crimson. Massarcene's arms tighten round her, and an expres-sion of unspeakable relief alters his face. "I cannot tell you how often I have hought of that, how it has preyed upon ne," he exclaims eagerly. "And after me," he exclaims eagerly. "And after all, the terment I endured had no foundation." He looks tenderly down upon her. "My love, you seem more mine now than ever!" Then his tone changes, now than ever? Then as and an accent of scorn unmitigated runs through it. Evidently his thoughts are through it, some one absent. "What wandering to some one absent. "What sort of a fellow was he at all?" says he,

with a curl of his lips.

A faint smile breaks through the sadness of Millicent's face.

"Would you have had him different then?" she asks, with a slight return of

her usual gayety,
"Different! Do you know," says he
presently, "that I don't think I dislike
him now half as much as I did five minutes ago?" Then pressing his check to hers, and speaking in a much lower tone, and rather shyly, "Millicent, will you be kinder to me than you are to him

"But kinder-kinder still?" She lifts her face to his

CHAPTER XIV. Lady Valworth sighs profoundly as she drops into a chair, and receives with a thankful smile her late but ever welcome

cup of tea.
"Such a crush! Such an abnormal "Such a crush! Such an abnormal temperature! Talk of India!"
She sighs mildly, as all fat women sigh. The concert had indeed been over-crowded, as the diva was to sing.
"I hate the ultra fashionable concerts!"

says her sister-in-law, Mrs. Brand, ho is feeling slightly fractions. The others are nearly, if not quite, as good, and there is the advantage of finding one's self alive after them; but this afternoon! To look at the Duchess of Downshire was to guess the rest. Poor woman! she grew so flushed, so heavy, toward the end, that I wonder the chair didn't give way under her."
"Where is Millicent" asks Lady Valworth, rather inconsequently.
"In her boudoir with Miss Roche."

Mrs. Brand's tone is slightly sharp. "I asked Brown as I came in, and he told "How did she spend her day?"

"How did she spend her day?"
"With some people rather out of my
set, though in a specially good one—if a
rather dull one—of their own. You remember the Durans—old Fanny Duran
more particularly? She is keeping house for her nephew now."

"Maurice Duran, who lost his wife some years ago! A skily little woman with a tempor, as I remember her. A daughter of Lord Ashborough's."

"Yes. The wife was insupportable to a degree. Well—he lives with his aunt now. And what on earth Millicent could have in Enemy Duran to make her miss.

see in Fanny Duran to make her miss to-day's concert is more than I can con-ceive; sometimes that girl worries me beyond belief."
"Well, I think it was very nice of her,"

"Year, I think it was very nice of ner,"
returns Lady Valworth, pleasantly.
"Few girls nowadays would give even a
thought to an old woman like Fanny.
Yes, it was kind of her."
She tare her soon softly against the

She taps her spoon softly against the edge of her cup, and tells herself that this edge of here-so soon to be her daughter-in-law—is indeed a treasure to be desired. "I dare say you are right," she says. "And as to Nadine Roche, that little friend of hers, I have wanted to say a word to you about her for some time. She is such a sweet girl—so gentle, so theroughly bred—but noor, you know. She is such a sweet girl—so gentle, so thoroughly bred—but poor, you know. Her father, Gen. Roche, died suddenly, and there was no provision for the family—a very usual thing with military men—and so the poor child has to give lessons to eke out the slender income that she and her mother possess."

"A sad story—but hardly an uncompany of the supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed that I could be supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed that I could be supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed to the supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed to the supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed to the supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed to the supposed that I could be supposed to the supposed to the supposed to the supposed to the supposed that I could be suppos

mon one. You suggested that I could help her—that you wished to enlist my sympathies with regard to her, but as yet I hardly see how I can be of use. If

"Oh! no. Nothing at all of that sort.

know it would delight Millicent. "Why, of course—of course," says kindly Lady Valworth. "Anything to please dear Millicent; and, besides, all you have said about Miss Roche quite in-She is so astonished at seeing him here in Mrs. Brand's house, that she finds a difficulty in speaking quickly or freely.

"You are going," interrupts he, shortly,
"so am I. Come."
He opens the hall door as he speaks,
and motions to her to precede him. It is
all done in a moment. If he had meant
to get her out of the house with a speed
that admitted of no delay, he could not
have done it more promptly. Still de-"She is well worth your interest," be "She is well worth your interest, begins Mrs. Brand warmly, when footsteps on the landing outside check her.
"Ah! here she comes, probably. Now you will be able to see for yourself what a remarkably charming creature she is."

The door, opening, admits the two girls. Millicent smilling, and a little mischiescent perhate, as a sort of armor have done it more promptly. Still de-voured with surprise at his presence in Park Lane, Nadine forgets to comment upon this, even in her thoughts, until long afterward. chievous perhaps, as a sort of armor against the scolding impending. Nadina caim and gentle as usual. Lady Valworth, as she takes her hand, holds it kindly, and gazes long into the girl's lovely face. Her blue eyes, innocent as a summer sky, her soft waving hair, the charm of her mobile mouth, all make a deep impression upon the mother of Granit long afterward.

As they leave Mrs. Brand's house behind them Annerley's manner undergoes a change—It loses its briskness, and returns to its usual calm habit.

pression upon the mother of Granit Boyle. Boyle.

"Mrs. Brand tells me you are looking pale, my dear," she begins, drawing the girl down upon the seat near her; "that London smoke has robbed you of all your pretty roses. I cannot speak from my own experience, of course, as this is the first time we have met but it seems to

first time we have met, but it seems to me that a pretty shild like you should not have such sorrowful eyes." Nadine laughs a little but the tears rise as she does so to the "sorrowful eyes."
"Are you strong—are you well?" goes
on Lady Valworth, still keeping posses-

sion of the girl's hand.
"I think so. You are very good. To trouble yourself at all about me is very kind. And indeed there is nothing the

matter with me—except—except that sometimes I feel a little tired." "Tired. Ah! yes, I see. Well, there is a little scheme afloat about you. A tiny conspiracy, let me tell you. Have you ever heard of Valworth Park! Yes! It is a very pretty place, I will allow, and one calculated to bring back the blushes to pale cheeks," touching Nadine's face as she speaks. "Well! What do you think of our scheme? Will you like to come to me to the park for a week or

"To go to the country—to see again the green fields—the trees—the flowers,"

green fields—the trees—the flowers," breathes Nadine faintly.

"And more than that," laughs Lady Valworth gayly. "You shall not be left to the lambs for company. Millicent is coming to me, too, and a good many others. Some freinds of yours. Mr. Duran and his little Clytie, for example."

Where are the pale cheeks now, the langfild lids? Gone. Uplifted are the lids, and from beneath them two great, eager, sparkling eyes gleam forth.

"It is true, my dear," chatters on ker ladyship, pleased with the effect her announcement is having on the pretty child beside her, though she entirely misunderstands the pretty child's agitation. "I beside her, though she entirely misunder-stands the pretty child's agitation. "I always have my house full in August, for many reasons. For one, the grouse; for another, because Capt. Boyle's birth-day (my son, my dear) occurs in Au-gust, and I always give my big dance then." She smiles charmingly and pats Nadine's hand as though the mention of her handsome son is sweet to her. "So her handsome son is sweet to her. "So you see you will not be compelled to a prosy tete-a-tete with an old woman.

the evening of his birthday fete—just barely in time for it, in fact." "He is going away?" murmurs Nadine, by way of making conversation, though, in truth, she hears little, and can think of nothing but that Maurice Duran is to be at the park at the time for which she has been invited. Can she accept the invitation? Dare she? But, oh! how good a thing it would be to be near him for a whole week purpage as

near him for a whole week-perhaps a Yes," Lady Valworth is saying apro

res, Lady value of the is going aproal to Switzerland, he tells me, with some bachelor friends of his. Of course he has many friends. When you meet him," with a proud smile, "you will understand that. And so you will come, my dear! Millient, I hear, will be inconsolable if you refuse." "I-I should like it"-begins Nadine

stammering and faltering, afraid to refuse afraid (far more afraid) to accept, that little struggle with her conscience not

"Then that's all right," declares Lady Valworth heartily mistaking her indecis-ion for shyness. "Millicent, darling," ion for shyness. "Millicent, darling," calling to Miss Grey, who has just come herself declaring, very much against her better judgment, that Gerald Massareene, for a pauper, is a wonderfully well regu-lated young man, and that, of course, there was no harm in Miss Grey's meeting him at Miss Duran's afternoons

"So long as you remember you are engaged to your cousin," she winds up, desperately. Miss Grey shrugs her shoulders and nods acquiescence. The time is not yet ripe, she tells herself, for springing the entire truth "upon her already too distressed aunt." As she finishes this remarkable sentence in her own mind she laughs and assures herself that the lessons in German have not been entirely

'Millicent, darling," calls Lady Valworth, and Millicent, starting slightly, turns to her, "your little friend here has promised to come to me on the fifth. That is the lay on which you have decided, is it not?" looking at Mrs. Brand. "Of course, my dear," to Nadine, "it will be nicer and more comfortable for you to travel with Mrs. Brand."

"Of course," says Mrs. Brand, and so the discussion ends. Nadine's conscience, whether satisfied or not, is forbidden further interference. All management in the affair has been taken out of her hands.

She is feeling depressed and rather nervous. Rising, as Millicent comes toward her, she bids a soft but hasty adieu to Lady Valworth.

"So soon, Nadine!" says Mrs. Brand. Why, Lady Valworth has not had time to grow accustomed even to your yet. Could you not stay and dine? so seldom come to us on an off day, one that is separate from your German, that I should like to keep you to-night." "Yes, do stay, Nadine," entreats Milli-"You need not mind your gown,"
"You need not mind your gown,"

"You need not mind your gown," says Mrs. Brand. "There will be nobody but Capt. Boyle."
"Thank you. Not to-night. Mamma would be uneasy if she did not know what had kept me," returns Nadine, gently. She would another time have been delighted to stay, but now she longs only for the moment when she shall find herself alone, that she may think without interruption of this strange joy—this happiness half fear—that has been offered to her.

The entrance of other visitors checks further solicitations from Mrs. Brand and Millicent, and, pressing the latter's hand gently, she slips past her, and runs down the staircase into the hall.

The sound of some one whistling as she reaches it attracts her attention. Look-

The sound of some one whistling as she reaches it attracts her attention. Looking round, she sees a young man, with his back turned to her, bending over a letter under the center lamp. Her footstep, light always, had been unheard upon the carpet of the stairs, but now, as it reaches the marble beneath, a faint click makes itself known. The young man, turning sharply, looks at her. He is standing exactly beneath the lamp, so that his face is distinctly visible. It is Paul Annerley!

Paul Annerley! CHAPTER XV.

If the idea that he looked startled and turned pale on seeing her at first sug-gested itself to Nadine, it is speedily routed. Mr. Annerley, coming up to her, holds out his hand with quite a beaming

smile.
'You! It is not one of your days, "You! It is not one of your days, surely," he says.

His tone is crisp, abrupt; in another man it might be called flurried. A long, light evercoat covers him from his neck to his boots. Even though she cannot see the clothes beneath, some sudden fancy strikes Nadine that he is slightly on fets. This idea has because the en fete. This idea, too, however, is put to flight before it has time to harden on

interest.

eagerly.

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Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, regular advertisements half rates. Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one foliar a year for each line.

drive them into the country, far from this great London, where one meets every one, and where those known to her in her

present life might sometimes (cruel thought) be seen by her. "Well?" she says. "It will take me out of the country. The fact is," continues he, rushing at the rest of his communication, "I have been offered a post of—of trust that will take

me to America."

"You go there in search of this man who has stolen the sapphires!" says she, quickly. "You are hunting him down. Is this your post of trust? Are you a—a detective?

detective?"
Something like a vague smile flits across his face as he notices how she shrinks from him.
"Not exactly." His tone is full of mystery. "If detectives are abhorrent to you, be happy in the thought that I have nothing in common with them; that, in

turns to its usual calm habit.

"But you—perhaps you did not want to come away so soon," says Nadine, in a low bewildered tone.

What could a city clerk want in Mrs. Brand's house at that hour?

"Yes; I was quite ready. My business was finished," returns he, steadily.

"Your business? Business with Mrs. Brand". fact, I detest them quite as much as you do. No; I am going there in advance of the detectives, as I hope. You'll be ready to come with me?"

"Is it to be soon?" "And very serious business! So serious that it is conducted as secretly as "It may sound soon to you, perhaps. In about a month from to-day." It is now growing toward the end of July. "But I may have to start earlier than that. You

"And very serious business! So serious that it is conducted as secretly as possible."

"It has to do with your—your—firm?" asks she, in an awed tone.

"With—my firm? Yes. I was sorry you met me here. It is of the utmost consequence that my comings and goings at that house should be kept dark."

He glances at her keenly as he speaks.
"You need not be afraid," says Nadine, quietly. "I shall say nothing of it. I shall not mention having met you. You may be at rest about that. But I confess I am amazed—astonished!"

"Come in here. It is a fine evening. A walk will do you good, and—I have something to say to you."

Entering the principal entrance to the park, they stroll together in silence—pass the row, the drive, the last touch of humanity in the shape of lifeguardsmen and nursery maids, until they find themselves in a dull, out of the way spot, and virtually speaking alone.

"Yes; I am more surprised than I can tell you," says Nadine again, pausing to look into his face. "To meet you there!

I may have to start earlier than that. You will be ready?'

He is very pale as he presses the question. If she refuses—if she even bargains for more time, it will cause confusion. But she does not retuse. A profound sigh escapes her, but she says:

"Yes, I shall be ready," in a voice subdued but void of trembling. If she is to marry him, and thus to resign all good the world can give her, it will make little difference whether she lives with him here or in that far country be has

here or in that far country he has named; then a sudden thought occur-ring, she looks at him eagerly: "My mother?" she says.

"Will of course accompany us."
"Will your stay there be long!"
"I hardly know—for some years cer-tainly; after that it is undecided."

"Everything is undecided that lies in the years beyond:" she sighs again. "You are going abroad to-morrow, you "You are going abroad to-morrow, you say?"

"Yes, for a week or two—perhaps three. But I shall be back in time for our wedding."

He attempts to speak lightly, but the sad look on the girl's face checks him. He is, however, too clated by the victory already achieved to know any fear for the future. No doubt shall repairing at the

the future. No doubt she is pining at the thought of leaving her home, but once married to him, the power and persist-ence of his love will conquer all regrets.

So he thinks; so he vainly believes.
"Don't look so grieved, my darling,"
he whispers fondly, pressing her
hand between both his own. "Think hand between both his own. "Think of the long and happy future that lies before you, with me forever as your slave. The time will come, Nadine, when you will not regard any ties but the one that binds me to you. Ties of home and kindred will be as naught beside it. Though now, perhaps, you give the your beart unwillingly. naught beside it. Though now, perhaps, you give me your heart unwillingly, then you will love even as you are beloved. Oh, that that glad hour were blended with this!" He presses his lips ecstatically to the hand he still holds. His whole face grows bright with the affection that glows within him. Then one word that he has used returns to him with nonlessent force. "Unwilling."

with unpleasant force. "Unwilling," he goes on musingly, frawning slightly. "Yes, you are unwilling to give me your heart."

"Ah, no:" says she gently, and with a troubled air of uncertainty; "I am not unwilling. You mistake me. I would, with all my soul, that I could love you as you desire, and perhaps, indeed, in time"— she hesitates, as though lost in a labyrinth of painful thought. "No, I am a labyrinth of painful thought." No, I am a labyrinth of painful thought. "No, I am a labyrinth of painful thought." I am not unwilling," she repeats again feeling how good a thing it would be for mind all the too dear past and give her mind all the too dear past and give her-self entirely to this man. "You speak as though I am obstinately withholding something—as if you believed you were robbing me of the heart on which you set such store. But it is not so. What-ever else you may have stolen, it was not my love. You cannot steal that; but your day perhaps I shall give it to you?" He breaks off abruptly, and laying his hands upon her shoulders, turns her so he can see her better. He has been gazing at her intently, and the extreme beauty of her flower like face, enhanced by the touch of timidity his stern voice some day, perhaps, I shall give it to you."

Preoccupied as she is with sad and
hurtful memory, she is roused to present life by the curious glance and start that follows on her speech. Both are subdued as suddenly as they came, and Annerley once more regards her with only the ar-dent look of affection that before was his; by the touch of timidity his stern voice and manner have brought into it, has set on fire the love that already burns brightly in his bosom. She is the one solitary thing on earth that he cares for —the one human creature he adores with a passion, wild, ungovernable, that some-times from the ways strangth of it makes the thought of affection that before was his; but Nadine's acquaintance with him come to his ears? Does he suspect Duran of being the thief who has stolen from him his love's heart! She feels a little cold and sich with any little gold and sich with any little sich with any little

a passion, with target reach of it makes even him tremble. If he should lose her! The very idea makes the blood rush tumultuously to his head. And there is that to be said to her to-night that and sick with anxiety as she waits for his next words. They reassure her.
"You give me fresh life," he says.
"Some day, indeed, the love I crave shall "Nadine!" exclaims he, in a suppressed be mine. And now," glancing at his watch, "I fear our last moment has come. Now I must bid you farewell, until the happy time that will see me home with tone—low, vehement. "Tell me that you love me! I have loved you so well that I will not believe you have given me no return. All my heart—nay, my very you, with our near marriage only a few hours distant. Good-by, my darling, my soul, is yours to save or ruin, as you will. Is such devotion to go unrewarded? See! I am waiting—trembling befere you as the veriest leaf that grows, lest your

best beloved?"

Not a living soul is in sight. Folding her closely in his arms, he holds her to him as though he could never again suffer her to go. She feels the reality, the wild earnestness of his love at this instant as she never before realized it. Softened, subdued by it, she gently re-turns his embrace, and then stands back from him. "You will think of me-kindly, lov-ingly?" breathes he with passionate en-treaty. "Sweetheart! if you could only know how hard it is to part from you for even these few days! Nadine, have pity on me, and try to love main my absence. They say absence makes the heart grow for

say absence makes the heart grow fon-der; prove the saying true. Alas! how fatally honest your sweet eyes can be. There is nothing in them for me—noth-ing but pity! Well, even that is better than a few other things I could name— it is at least akin to love. But have you no sorrow in that we must part! A cait is at least akin to love. But have you no sorrow in that we must part? Are you cold always? Suppose we should never meet again after this hour—never in all our years on earth? would not this move you? Why, no! You look bewildered, but not sad. It is the last moment! I cannot see you again to night—because—because of—Never mind that. Good-by, my pretty girl!"

Once again he folds her in his arms. Once again he passionately presses his lips to hers. lips to hers.

He releases her.

"This fear of mine is folly," he whispers heavily. "It is but for a week or two. We shall meet again, to know no other parting—save death!"

He guides her quickly on her backward way to where again the gates loave here.

way to where again the gates loom large and dark. Into a cab outside he puts her, lars his face for an instant against her palm, and then is lost among the growing mists of the night.

Now, and only now, Nadine remembers how she had forgotten to tell him of the projected visit to Valworth Park!

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT

Fig Pudding: Three-quarters of a pound of grated bread, half a pound of best figs, six ounces of suct, six ounces of moist sugar, a teaspoonful of milk, and a little nutmeg grated. The figs and suct must be chopped very fine. Mix the bread and suct first, then the figs, sugar and nutmeg, one eng beaten well, and lastly the milk. Boil in a mould for four hours. To

be caten with sweet sauce .- Boston Post. Minced Veal: Cut the meat from the bones, and having minced it very fine with a small place of lemon peel, grate over it a little nutmeg, and sprinkle on it some pepper and salt. Put the bones in a sauce-par with a large onion chopped fine and water enough to moisten well; thicken with a lit-tic flour and butter and serve on buttered toast.—The Household.

A Boston girl who wears glasses says that she admires pugilism, but considers it immodest to fight with bare kauckles,

You shall have youth to make you merry and take that tired look out of your pretty eyes. Though I regret my son will not be with us until the seventeenth, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. "Sugar!" asks Gerald in a society "Sugar?" asks Gerald in a society tone; and then, considerably lower, "my own darling!"

"Eh?" says Miss Grey in return to this impassioned address, with a startling promptitude that is rather dispiriting.

In truth, having got here, no matter how, and so acknowledged to Massareene that she has thought it worth her while to give up for his sake one of the most brilliant concerns of the season, she is a little frightened, a little impatient and yet a good deal glad. in all curatile cases. A single trial con-the most skeptical. Price 50c. and \$1.00 druggist, or by mail. Sample Free for Br. R. SCHIFFMANN, M. Paul, Man. OF PURE COD LIVER OIL "I must go home," she says, starting a And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda "Good by then for the present, darling," whispers he proudly. He draws her to him and looks down anxiously into her face. A question seems hovering on his lips. At last he gives it words. BAUCH'S \$25 PHOSPHATE Columbia county. TRADE MARK Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. CHEAP, RELIABLE, LASTING Almost as Palatable as Milk. The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomerls. AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSEMPTION. Store-next door to First National Bank, BAUGH & SONS, "Do-do you ever kiss him?" asks he in a jerky, vehement way that speaks of yet a good deal glad.
"Millicent," says Gerald, dropping into
the chair near her, "that you have come d agony. Bloomsburg Pa. For Sale by C. W. LOW, 'Never!" returns she almost as vehe-ERAL DEBILITY, COLGAS AND THROAT AF-FECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF

he mentions. Old Miss Duran, looking kindly at the two young people who have descended into her midst and cast such a cloud of sunshine upon the dull, stately drawing room, reads as clearly as though it were all in print before her

that this young man-the son of her dead the pretty, slender girl staring so sol-emnly into her tea cup, and that the pretty girl is not altogether indifferent about it. married to that nephew of Lucy Brand's. Well, to judge by her face, I should say her heart is not in it. Poor young things! Evidently they have entered into the bliss-

Well, I must see what can be done. Gerald, my dear, do you think Miss Grey
would like to see that painting of your
great-grandfather that adorns the west
wall of the library? It is well worth a
visit I assure you my dear Miss Grey. visit, I assure you my dear Miss Grey. Do let Gerald persuade you to look at it. A masterpiece, I assure you. One of Lely's brightest efforts!" "Come!" says Gerald, in a low entreat-

Millicent hesitates for a moment, and then, according to custom, is lost. She rises, gives her cup to him to lay upon a table near, and with a bright smile and glance directed to her hostess follows him out of the room. A.though his spirits have risen almost

I regret to say, he considerably forgets himself. He throws honor to the winds, and taking Granti Boyle's flancee in his arms, strains her to his heart.

At Miss Grey's conduct on this occasion
I am also bound to express regret. Instead of the indignation she should have
shown, she simply pushes him away
from her with a very lenient hand, and
laughs a little.
"Was there ever such a bad boy!" says
the standing back from him with relin-

am nothing to you?"
"Certainly not: you are always, as I hope, my very good friend"
"I am not. I am your lover, or noth-

"Call Boyle a lover? Pshaw!" says Mr. Massarcene with fine contempt. "Compare him with me, and where are

a big chair.
"If I only dare," sobs she from behind

kneeling beside her and possessing him-self of one dainty hand. "I might—learn—what happiness really

"With me, you mean?"

"Oh, Gerald!" whispers she; and then it is all over, and she is caught to his breast, and for a little while the world is forgotten by both.

Being the woman, she is the first to awake from the happy dream.

"It is madness?" she says lifting her head and gazing at him with tearful eyes.

"She is looking pale; and, now that the season is drawing to a close, and Millicent and I see to go to you to the park. I think it would be very good of you if you would ask the poor child there, too, if only to give her a breath of fresh air. She is looking really ill, it strikes me, and if you could gut her up for a bit, I

her brain.
"No. It is not one of my days, but"

"This rise will enable me to marry," continues he, watching her closely. She is evidently aware of his scrutiny, be cause her face remains impassive, even while her fingers interlace each other and grow into a clasp that leaves her knuckles white. She neds her head softly in answer to his remark, not trusting herself to speak.

"But it will take me out of town." He is watching her will negree by the this is watching her will negree by the this is watching her still narrowly. But this time she manages to meet his gaze. If, indeed, her fate is to marry this man, and go with him wheresoever he goes, then it will be only kind of fortune to

A policeman in Prague is named Knock-