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## Columbian.

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## RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUTCHESS."

CHAPTER XIX.

Time, in so far as it brings them to the next evening, has not told. The secret still lies within its ancient breast. It has

still lies within its ancient breast. It has not yet disburdened itself, nor declared aught that might heal the anxiety that rages in the flighty, but kindly, heart of Millicent Grey.

Twenty times during the day she had approached Nadine with a determination to fire off all sorts of point blank batteries—meant to take the girl by storm—and twenty times she had been driven back, routed with great slaughter by the innocence of Nadine's lovely cyes. No; she could not ask a question that would make her friend unhappy, uneasy, distrustful of the man whom, if she did not love, she had at least elected to marry. So the day wore on, and eventide came So the day wore on, and eventide came and died, and now night is on them, and once again Nadine is standing before her glass—a mirror that reaches from ceiling

to floor—regarding with anxious gaze
the lovely form that gazes back at her.
Once more she would be beautiful!
Once more she would be pleasant in his
eyes. His! In comparison with whom all
the world is poor.
To-night her gown is blue. A pale elec-

tric blue, that throws into purer promin-ence the startling fairness of her neck and arms. She is lingering now, touching there dess here, and moving a flower there, debating all the while what orna-ment shall have the honor of lying on her pretty bosom.

Some vague sense of evil had warned

Some vague sense of evil and warned her against the cross. No, she would not wear that. It had distressed dear Lady Valworth, had whitened her face and made her kind lips storn; some old memory, sad and angry, had been brought to mind by it. Not only that first time when she had given way to an exclamation. 

wear it—but—

There is the sapphire pendant. That lovely, sparkling thing that Paul, too, had given her, and that as yet has never graced her neck. True, he had warned her not to wear either it or the cross in common! He had got them through his business in some strange way he had business in some strange way he had failed to explain. They were valuable; too valuable to be worn publicly as yet, until he had made his fortune and hers. Too valuable to be worn at Mrs. Brand's, for example. He had, indeed, made her give her promise not to wear them at Mrs. Brand's, and she had faithfully kept

that promise.

But there! He had not surely calcu-But there! He had not surely calculated on the fact that she would ever be here—in such a house as this. If he had known, he would have been the first to tell her to make herself look as charming as was possible to her. He would have had her no whit behind the rest. The very fact that she does not love him has made her the more particular in the matter of obeying him, and now a little pang shoots across her heart as she wonmatter of obeying him, and now a little pang shoots across her heart as she wonders whether she had been deaf to his desires, when she hung that diamond cross last night around her neck. Certainly it had brought her no delightno luck. It had hurt Lady Valworth, her kind friend. It had hurt Duran, too, in some odd way. She could not tell how exactly, but he had asked her one or two questions about it, and had refrained from praise of it, even when she laid it in his paim for inspection.

his palm for inspection.

No; not the cross. The sapphire pend-ant, rather. She lifts it from its case, and raises her arms above her head and clasps it round her neck. As she sees it glittering upon her lovely skin, she smiles softly to herself, and bends forward full of girlish delight at the beauty of it, and tells herself that Lady Val-worth will be pleased to see her thus bedecked out to do honor to the homecoming of her son, Capt. Boyle—this dearly loved son, who, to Nadine, is as yet unknown, but of whom she has heard so

much.

With a last lingering glance at the mirror, that gives her back her charms so truly, she leaves the room. As yet it is early for the arrival of guests, and as she enters the huge ball room she finds it al-most deserted. The fiddlers are tuning their instruments in a monotonous lugutheir instruments in a monotonous lighterious way, and one or two people are laughing at the lower end of the room. The lights as yet are dim, and Nadine can scacely see them. She walks quickly in their direction, her heart beating gladly with a sense of youth and joy, that no misery in the future has power to kill. As she draws nearer the laughter she can

see that her two or three have developed into a group. Duran is here, and Gerald Massarcene; Mrs. Brand and Millicent. As Nadine comes up to them some of the servants turn up the lights to the fullest, and quite a glow of brightness is flung upon the room. Duran steps forward to greet Nadine. He says nothing to her, but only holds out his hand as if in welcome. In reality, the soft sweet beauty of her has entered into him and stricken him dumb. The lamps are shining upon her starry eyes, her red parted lips, her face so like a flower. The dainty, shy glance, that half bespeaks the praise and half decries it; the lovely the praise and hair decrees it, the lovely kissable mouth, that would fain say, "Am I not good to look at, dear, my love?" yet dreads to say it; the bent, yet proud little head, the tender, longing smile, all appeal to him. His hand closes upon hers. She is his at this moment, whatever other forlorn times the years may hold for him and her, and with the search and class he leads her forward to

eager hand clasp he leads her forward to where the lamps shine clearest—to where all may see how fair his love can be. He turns to make some gay remark to Millicent, still holding Nadine's hand, but a glance at Miss Grey's face checks him. She has grown positively livid. She was full of laughter just a minute ago, but now mirth has died from her and her lips are all set and stern, her color

ghastly.
"Take her away—anywhere! Into the next room," she says in a tone of sup-pressed but passionate command to Du-ran. There is no need for him to ask to whom she alludes—her eyes are riveted upon Nadine's neck, where the sapphire pendant is resting calmily. Duran, who is a man quick to understand, scenting danger in the air for her he loves draws Nadine aside and presently takes her out of the room. A little too late, however.

Mrs. Brand too had seen and recognized

the sapphires!

The guests have all arrived, the ball is at its height. Yet still the hero of it is absent. There is, however, a midnight train that will in all probability bring "It must. He has never failed me yet," says Lady Valworth, with a rather wan

smile, who is feeling hurt and disappointed.
Millicent, who has been going about with a nervous distressed air all the night has been regarded as a model fiancee by all her world. Plainly, she is fretting for her recreant lover. She has more feeling than they had given her credit for. She is not the heartless, soulless creature they had imagined. Yet her thoughts have never wandered to Granit, they have been centered on the pretty, happy creature, who, with the stolen sapphires lying on her bosom, has been blissfully unconscious of the gathering storm that has some to break them her.

inconscious of the gardering storm that its so soon to break upon her.

Duran had made it a first care to learn the cause of Miss Grey's desire to get rid of Nadine as soon as her glance fell upon her in the ball room. What he had been told since by Millicent had led him at once to a knowledge of the truth. He was already aware of the suspicion about the ready aware of the suspicton about the diamond cross worn by Nadine the night before. It is now impossible to him to diabelieve but that this lover of Nadine's —this Paul Annerley—had something to do with the robberies both of the dia-monds from Valworth, and the famous sapphires from Park lane. If this be

true! If this be proved! He is angry with himself for the wild thrill of joy that rushes through every pulse, as this thought suggests itself and takes root within his breast. If it prove true! Why then Nadine will be free! This man, Annerley, will be compelled to fly from the face of the law, and she will be left behind for him—Duran—and for love!

But then the shame to her! The But then the shame to her! The awakening to the sorrow of her lover's infamy. Sooner or later it must be told to her, but should the task be left to rude tongues who had no love for her? A thousand times no. Be the man falsely suspected, or be he in reality the one who has stolen the jewels, it is impossible that Nadine should be left to learn of the swelcion section uses him from

ble that Nadine should be left to learn of
the auspicion resting upon him from
strangers. He—will tell her.

He has led her into a small conservatory leading off the tea room, which,
being rather public, has been deserted
by those desirons of uttering or hearing
tender passages. The upper end of it,
overlooking in daytime a garden beneath, is quite removed from the gaze of
those in the room outside, and Duran, as
Nadine sinks upon a low couch, seats
himself beside her.

Adding large upon a low couch, seats himself beside her.

A dim lamp, shaded to a subdued pink, sheds a warm but indistinct light around. The perfume of the dying roses fills the air. From far away the music comes to them—rising, falling, swelling, fainting, until all the right seems full of it.

of it. Nadine, stooping toward him, lays her hand on his.
"You are troubled?" she says, softly 'I can see it in your eyes. Something is

Her eyes, deep and brilliant as stars, are looking mournfully into his. He possesses himself of the hand she has held out to him, believing him in trouble, and held it for:

held out to him, believing him in trouble, and holds it fast.

"It is true. There is perplexity in my heart, and a suspicion of coming sorrow, but it is for you," he answers, gently.

"For me!" A little startled look creeps into her lovely face.

"Tall me, tell me executy says Duran. "Tell me-tell me exactly, says Duran

leaning forward so that he can see her face more clearly; "tell me, for your own sake, how you became the possessor of that sapphire heart that lies upon your

that sapphire heart that lies upon your neck.

"What a strange question," cries she, paling. "It was given me—it was a present from Paul Annerley.

"And the diamond cross you wore last night—he gave you that also?

"Yes; he gave me both. She has grown very white, and her large eyes are filled with a painful uncertainty. "Why do you question me about them?" she says.

"Is it strange that I should have such pretty things? I did not want them—I do not care for them. But why is it strange?"

range!"
"The strangeness does not lie in your strange?" having them," returns Duran, still hold-ing her hand fast, though she had tried to take it from him. "It lies in the fact that this Paul Annerley gave them to

"Where did he get them?" "Ah! explain yourself!" implores she, rising to her feet and drawing back from nim. "Your face, your voice, betray

be said. Say it?"

"There is this," says Duran, rising also.
"The diamond cross you wore last night
was stolen from Lady Valworth; the sapphires you wear to-night are part of the
sepphire set that was taken from Miss
Grey in Park lane!" Grey in Park lane!"

CHAPTER XX. A silence, intense, horror stricken, follows on his words. Miss Roche has fallen back from him, and is now leaning against the wall, with her hands clasped pon her bosom, and her eyes, large and

righted, fixed on his.
'Stolen!'' she says, the words coming with difficulty through her white lips. "Do they think I stole them?" She shrinks backward against the wall as though she would fain sink through it,

though she would fain sink through it, and so disappear forever.

"Oh, no! Good heavens! No!" replies he, shocked. "But this man Annerley. It is essential that he should be found and compelled to say where he got them. You say you don't know his advass, but surely it may be discovered." dress, but surely it may be discovered. "Have they been thinking that!" says Nadine, heedless of his last words.
"And you, have you, too"— She
breaks off as though the power to go on
is lost to her. Her blanched face terri-

"My darling! Don't look at me like that. Nadine! Who is accusing you! Who suspects you? Be reasonable."
"Lady Valworth suspects me. I see it all now, though I did not understand be-

all now, though I did not understand before why she was so cold to me all to-day.
She thinks most cruelly, most unjustly
of me. Oh! what shall I do?'
"Nothing now. To-morrow you must
give us any help you can toward finding
Mr. Annerley. No doubt," with a quick
contraction of the brows," he will be
able to explain to us in a satisfactory
manner how these jewels came into his manner how these jewels came into his "What a terrible situation," says Na-

dine, faintly. She covers her eyes with her hands. "If I had only obeyed him. If I had followed his injunctions not to wear these fatal ornaments." wear these fatal ornaments."

"He advised you not to wear them?"
Duran's voice is sharp and keen.

"Yes. But only because he believed them too handsome for me, just now, when we were both poor. Afterward, he said, when he had made his fortune, they would suit me well."

"Did it not strike you that it was

strange for a man calling himself poor to be able to purchase such sostly things?" "I did not think. I seldom thought of Her tone is low and self repronch him." Her tone is low and self reproach-ful. "How strong is fate," she says presently. "To drive me here—to com-pel me to wear what I had never worn before. But I am not regretful," cries she, suddenly, with a touch of vehe-mence. "He will be able to explain, of course. And now Lady Valworth and Millicont will get book the town." Millicent will get back their own."

She tears off the sapphire ornament and throws it into Duran's palm with a

"I must see Lady Valworth. I must speak with her," exclaims Nadine, sagerly. Her cheeks are burning, her hands tremulous. Wait until to-morrow."

"I shall not wait another moment. I cannot live with this weight upon my heart." She presses her hands convulsively against her breast. "Take me to her," she implores, faintly.

Seeing the exciterent that is betraying itself in glance and gesture, Duran draws her hand through his arm and leads her her hand through his arm and leads her from the conservatory. The tea room is now deserted, and they pass into the hall without encountering anybody. Mid-night chimes from some distant tower, the solemn sound breaking even through the light sparkling dance music that comes from the ball room on their left and that swells and rings through the

"The last train is in. I am afraid Lady Valworth will be taken up with her son. He has surely arrived, or is on the point of arriving," says Duran to his compan of arriving," says Duran to his compan-ion in a low tone. "Nevertheless, we will try if it be possible to see her alone for even a few minutes."

A servant gives them the information

A servant gives them the information that her ladyship has just passed into the library in momentary expectation of Capt. Boyle's arrival. There they find her with Millicent, whom she has entreated to stay with her, and Sir Thomas, As Nadine and Duran enter Sir Thomas is expostulating a little on his wife's describen of her viests. lesertion of her guests. descrition of her guests.

"It will be but for a little while, a few moments," returns she eagerly. "He must he will come by this train; and Clarissa" (Mrs. Brand) "has taken my place. I shall not be missed for half an hour, and he is sure to come straight bere."

She looks up rather impatiently as Na-dine comes into the room. The girl is white as death and trembling with agitatien. Going up to Lady Valworth, she lays the sapphire pendant upon the table

near her. "Lady Valworth," she says gently, her voice low and earnest, "it is only just now that I have heard from Mr. Duran about this," pointing to the sapphires.

"And your diamond cross—it is upstairs—you shall have it in a few moments. But what I want to say is—is."— She falters. It is evident in her excitement she has forgotten what it was she had arranged to say, "I knew nothing of it," she breaks out at last pitifully, her large eyes lixed with mouraful entreaty upon Lady Valworth.

That kind woman is touched to the

Lady Valworth.

That kind woman is touched to the quick. Indeed, she had never suspected Nadiae of being anything but a victim in the matter, although her perplexity during the day had led her into a coldness of manner that the girl had misconstrued.

"My dear child, what a miscrable idea for you to get him your head." she for you to get into your head,?" she cries, kindly. "Come, now, I will have only happy faces round me to-light, when my son is expected. It is his birth

when my son is expected. It is his birth
night, as you know; we must give him
only smiles. As for our lost jewels, tomorrow you will give me any information
you can, and probably you will be the
one to restore them to me."

She pressed Nadine's hand kindly.
"You should not have told her tonight!" exclaims sfillicent, looking represschfully at Duran. proachfully at Duran. "Oh, it is better so—much better," says Nadine. "It would have been hor-rible to wear that stolen ornament a mo-

and the sound that stolen ornament a moment longer."

At this moment the door is thrown wide open, and a tall man enters the room. Lady Valworth, with a little cry, rushes forward to greet him. She has forgotten everything, except that this is her son, and that he has returned to her. But a movement on Nadine's part checks her. The girl, too, after an in-stant's stunned surprise, has taken a few steps forward and thrown out her arms

n the direction of the new comer.
"Why! There he is! There he is him why: there he is! There he is almostlf!" she cries in a clear voice, touched by excitement. "Now he is come, he will explain all!"

"He! What should he have to explain!" demands Lady Valworth, stopping short and fixing a stern glance upon her.

Canada."
Nadine recoils from him.

says Boyle, with a dark glance. "In a distant land, under different circum-stances, you will readily forget it." "Forget this night:"

"Not for such cause as this."

Phis glance fortunately Boyle fails to see.

other has gained it. Come! what is there

call your lightest wish a dear command

ime-with gentlest care; and the girl, as

though in a dream, suffers herself to be led toward the door. A step or two she goes, then stops confusedly, and raising

one little pink palm presses it convulsive

"You hesitate, my love! But why, why!" whispers he, still with his glowing eyes on hers, his grasp growing warmer. "Nay, consider! Would you send me out into the cold, the dark, forlorn, lost, with-

out the one sweet thing I crave, whose presence will restore to me light and hope and joy! Oh! have pity, love! And re-member, too, you are mine! Mine only! If I have sinned it was to gain means to

I have smiled it was to gain means to make a home for you elsewhere. For you I have resigned fortune, home in my own country, honor—all! Now, when every man's hand is against me, you, at least,

A shiver runs through Nadine; this lying speech, false in all but the wild

love that speaks through it, stirs her mane and holds her against her will. All power of volition seems gone from her. She suffers her hand to be passively in his; like sobs her breath rushes from her breast. As though conquered by a superior power, she lets herself be led slowly but surely toward the door, here

slowly but surely toward the door, be-yond which lies captivity. She feels numbed, senseless. She would fain cry

aloud; but some strange inward force strikes her dumb. Already the threshold

reached.
She pauses mechanically. The anguish

very soul is yours to make or mar! Your promise to me! You shall think of that

promise to me! You shall it made you too! It gave you to me; it made you mine! Mine for all eternity! Come! To-

gether we must be forever!"

Again he endeavors to draw her across

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Significance of Tattooing.

In a recent issue of the The Vienna Authropological Society Dr. M. Halber-landt discusses the origin, extent and sig-

uificance of tattooing. He does not be-lieve that it was at first meant merely as ornament. He attributes it to a religious

significance, the figures described on the skin having some reference to the totemic or ancestral god of the clan, and serving

as a protection to the wearer. In latter days, when this meaning had faded the figure became a mere style of personal decoration. Dr. Halberlandt draws a dis-

tinction between tattooing, in which the figures are delineated by inserting a fine pointed instrument repeatedly into the akin, and what he calls, from an Aus-

the threshold.

"Never!"

will not draw back!"

"And all, and every one belonging to

"He will tell you how he got the dia-

monds, the sapphires, that he gave me'' returns Nadine eagerly, her eyes brilliant, her lips apart.

Some color has risen to her face.

"What farce is this you would play, girl!" exclaims Lady Valworth, in a low

but terrible tone.
"That"—pointing to where the tall
figure stands in the doorway—"is my son Granit Boyle!"
"Madame! that is—Paul Annerley!"

CHAPTER XXL Granit Boyle, his face absolutely livid, comes straight into the center of the room. The glaring chandeller betrays the deadly pallor of his face, the cold glean in his eyes. He has had sufficient time during the troubled words that passed betwen his mother and Nadine, to under stand that the game has been played out and lost. He might still deny, give oath on oath, put all to the tone, and defy actual discovery; but to what end? Who would believe him innocent among these with whom he cares to associate, even should the law absolve him? In the fixure the fate of the outcast, the lever, should be hi She would be the chief witness for the prosecutions—she, with her soft voice, her pure eyes! What chance would be have against her, even though judge and jur acquit him? His world would believe in her. And it is this same voice that has betrayed him—the dearest voice on earth

He goes slowly up to the girl who has ruined him and lays his hand upon her shoulder. For the moment it seems he has forgotten that there is any one in the world but her.
"You!—you here!" he says.

There is immeasurable surprise but no anger in his tone; his glance dwell-upon her lingeringly, tenderly as ever. He is ost in one of the old dreams. It is his "Tell them," entreats Nadine eagerly.

"Tell them," entreats Nadine eagerly.
"They have been imagining dreadful
things. I told them you were returning
to England soon, but I did not know it
would be to-night. Paul, let them know
at once—at once—how those stones came into your possession. In her extreme anxiety, she lays her hand upon his arm. Duren makes a move-ment toward her, but Massarcene, by

a gesture, stops him.
"You still believe in me, then?" says
Boyle, in a curious tone. "You have had
faith all through? You have never under-

"I do not understand now," cries the "I do not understand now," cries the girl nervously, "Oh what is this!" She shrinks from him and presses her hand against her heart. "Why do you not speak?" she cries again affrightedly. One word will reassure me. Yet you are silent. How pale you are What hor-rible thing am I to learn? Lady Valworth has called you her son. Oh surely that

"Madness on the part of Lady Val-worth," interruts he, with a short laugh. "To disown me would have been her wiser plan."
"What is this you say?" cries Nadine,
in a low voice, faint, horrified. "You do
not deny that you are Grant Boyle?"

"You are not, then, Paul Annerley?" Nadine staggers back from him, and

presses her hands to her forehead as if in

pain.
"And what of this, sir?" demands Sir Thomas, coming forward.

He has lost all his pompousness, his magisterial air has deserted him. He looks magisteriat air has describe aim. He looks old, distressed, shocked. Every now and then he glances back to where his wife is sitting, with her arms thrown upon the table near her and her head I ying lumbled upon them. He has taken up the

sapphire pendant, and holds it out to Granit Boyle upon a shaking palm. "You—did you give this to Miss "Miss Roche has said so."

"Miss Roche has said so."
The tone is contemptuous; the glance that accompanies it rather more se.
"And—Lady Valworth's diamond cross that this young lady wore last night?" Sir Thomas' voice is even more tremu-lous now. He would gladly have spared "my lady" (as he always foudly calls her) this; but it is better the truth should be at once known, if possible.
"I gave that also to Miss Roche."

There is a pause, startling because of the intensity of the silence that masks it. It is broken at last by Granit. He bursts into laughter-light, reckless, defiant, "The game is up," he says. "Miss toche has forged the first link of the chain of evidence against me; the rest should be easily made. I shall save you all trouble by giving you the exact facts gratis. I took the diamonds. I took also the sapphires. Ha! my pretty cousin!" turning his handsome head to where Mil-licent is standing, and laughing gayly. "As often as you acted with me in private theatricals, you little guessed how well I could sustain a part, even a difficult one, if I threw my whole will into it. I must apologize to you for that handkerchief, by the way. I could have wished it were a finer one: but an actor must be perfect even in the minor details, and a burglar should not be acquainted with cambric Here Massareene makes a dash forward, but is restrained by Duran. "Let us hear him out," entreats the lat-

"Don't waste your superfluous energy on me, Massareene," says Boyle, lightly. "I'm not good enough."
"Keep it And after all I am hardly a rival. My charming cousin cared for me as I cared for her. I had no intention whatsever of devictions you on the "

whatsoever of depriving you of her."
"You are a damned scoundrel" says
Massareene, flinging off Duran, and advancing to Boyle, his face white with rage.
"Beyond doubt" replies the other, with • shrug.
•Stand back, Gerald. Why should you

bandy words with such as him?" says Miss Grey, in a cold, haughty tone. A step places her between the two men. "So, sir!" she says, addressing Granit, "while holding openly to your engagement with me, and declaring it loudly to the

world, you were carrying on an intrigue under a false name—of which this girl was to be the victim!! was to be the victim!! which process the lines are scratched or cu' and the coloring matter rubbed in. This distinction whatsoever of marrying you. I

Worse Than Small Poxbad-I have every intenuou of marrying had—I have—every intension of marrying
Miss Roctie!"
Nadine starts violently.
Quick to see and judge, he notices her
emotion, and turns to her.
"I have your promise," he goes on in a
low tone full of meaning; then again lets
his glance fall upon Sir Thomas. GREAT DANGER WHICH MENACES UNSUSPICIOUS PUBLIC.

The Bromptom Hospital for consumptives, in London, reports that over fifty people out of every hundred "Well, how is it to be?" he asked reck-lessly. "On which count am I to be first arraigned? The diamonds? Is my mother to be the first to cast a stone? It is only just? Seniores priores." Lady Valworth lifts her head from her onsumptives, are victims of constinat-

d or inactive kidneys.

Consumption is one of our national diseases, and the above report goes to pro e what has often beer said in our arms and looks at him. Those who see her face never afterward forget how it columns during the last eight years, was then. The agony, the despair, the deadly cold of it, all burn themselves into that kidney troubles are not only the deadly cold of it, all burn themselves into the memory!

"Oh, Granit! Granit! Granit!"

The mournful cry rises and rings through the room. It is a cry from a broken heart!

Silence follows on it.

The gray head has again fallen forward cause of more than half of the cases of consumption, but of ninety out of every hundred other common diseases. They who have taken this position, make their claims after elaborate investigaupon the outstretched arms.

If the son is moved by this evidence of

If the son is moved by this evidence of the cruelty of his mother's grief, he gives no sign of it. With a face marble indeed, and quite colorless, and therefore impas-sive, he waits to receive an answer to his question from Sir Thomas. we have recently received from them a fresh supply of their wonderful advertising. They have challenged the medical profession and science to question from Sir Thomas.

"It stepfather, now niterly unnerved, motions to him to leave the room.

"Prosecution is impossible," he says hurriedly. "All that is left you is to quit this house and this country with as little delay as possible. This is the only kindness you can show—her."

He points to the motionless figure of his wife. investigate. They have investigated, and those who are frank have admitted the truth of their statements. They claim that ninety per cent of diseases come originally from inactive kidneys; "A kindness that will cost me little," hat these inactive kidneys allow the replies the young man with a callous smile. "Already my plans are arranged to leave England for a foreign soil,

never, I hope, to return to it. On the twenty-fourth Nadine and I sail for There is enough uric acid developed

Nadine recoils from him.
"You must be mad," she says. "Why
do you now link your name with mine?"
"It is premature certainly. But on the
twenty-third it will be linked with mine This being a scientific fact, it requires only ordinary wisdom to see the "Oh, no?"
"This little affair has affrighted you?" ffect inactive kidneys must have upon

he system. If this poison is not removed, it then was the annexation of Texas, and the Liberty party held that experience proved that neither party was know it at once, but other organs help them out. If the kidneys become context of Mr. Clay immediately showed. them out. If the kidneys become con-"You hope too much."
"This hope is my life! It shall not be stipated and dormant, the warning

too much! You shrink now; your woman's heart falls you; but in the time to come there will be no room for regret. Joy shall fill your days. Come, take courfrom the kidneys and those organs are not suspected to be out of order. Organs that are weak and diseased "Not for such cause as this."

"A truce to folly!" cries he, with a flash of passion. "It tell you you are mine, and shall follow me where I go. Have you forgotten your cath, your promise!"

"That promise was given to Paul Annerley," returns she firmly.

"That promise was given to me! To me—do you hear! whether my name be Granit Boyle, or Paul Annerley, or—the devil! Come!" Going nearer to her, he grasps her hand, "I cannot speak to you with all these gaping fools around; come to some other room."

He drags her toward the door, not

he trouble was inactive kidneys. Too many medical men of the present day hold what was a fact twenty years ago, that kidney disease is in-curable, according to the medicines authorized by their code. Hence, they ignore the original cause of disease itself, and give their attention to useless

ion, when in reality the real cause of

He drags her toward the door, not brutally, but with determination. Duran, going quickly up, by a sudden sharp wrench delivers her from him. He would perhaps have done more, but that Nadine's agonized glance of entreaty restrains him. treating of local effects.
They dose the patient with quinine, norphine, or with salts and other phyics, hoping that thus nature may cure the disease, while the kidneys continue "Who are you to dare to interfere?" he to waste away with inflamation, ulceration and decay, and the victim event-

cries savagely, glancing at Duran.
"Keep back! This matter is between
me and Miss Roche."
His gaze returns to Nadine, and again ually perishes. it rests upon her, his crime, his ruin, his he says, and his voice has wa are di "Nadine!" he says, and his voice has grown wonderfully soft.
"Think, my beloved! Would you cast me off now? now, when the world has cast me off? See! I would not plead to you, I would not throw myself so altogether eased, the blood soaks up this disease and takes it all through the system. Hence it is, that the claim is made that Warner's safe cure, the only known on your mercy—even though that mercy means the saving of my soul—but that specific for kidney diseases, cures 90 know no other man is dearer to you than t, and it alone, is able to maintain the I. Your own lips have told me this. Your voice, as you gave me the blessed assurance, still rings in my ears!" natural activity of the kidneys, and to eutralize and remove the uric acid, or Duran, who has been standing near her, with his eyes upon the ground, lifts them slowly now and fixes them upon Nadine. idney poison, as fast as it is formed.

If this acid is not removed, there is nactivity of the kidneys, and there will He has grown very pale. Nadine is standing with white lips and be produced in the system paralysis, apoplexy, dyspepsia, consumption, heart disease, bead-aches, rheumatism, raised head, her glance riveted upon Boyle, as though fascinated.
"That I have not gained your entire heart I know." continues Granit, in the same low but impassioned tone. "But I am satisfied with the knowledge that no other has carbed it. Cover what there oneumonia, impotency, and all the nameless diseases of delicate women. If the poisonous matter is separated from the blood, as fast as it is formed, to wait for in this land? Your heart, if not quite mine, is still your own. If you these diseases, in a majority of cases, not quite mine, is still your own. If you follow me it is to gain a slave who will would not exist.

It only requires a particle of small ox virus to produce that vile disease, and the poisonous matter from the kidneys, passing all through the system and becoming lodged at different weak points, is equally destructive, although

If it were possible for us to see into the kidneys, and how quickly the blood passing through them goes to the heart and lungs and other parts of the system, earrying this deadly virus with it, all would believe without hesitation what has so often been stated in advertisenents in these columns, that the kid eys are the most important organs in

he body. They may regard this article as an advertisement and refuse to believe it, but that is a matter over which we have no control. Careful investigation nd science itself are proving beyond a doubt that this organ is, in fact, more important than any other in the sysem as a health regulator, and as such should be closely watched, for the least sign of disordered action.

Choosing to Be a Slave-

WHITE VAGRANT TO BE PUT UP

She psuses mechanically. The anguish in the eyes always fixed so immovably on Boyle's warns him it is best to humor her for the moment. That she is on the verge of fainting is apparent to him.

"For all this I will repay you with the service of a lifetime," he whispers seagerly. "My beloved, collect your strength. Trust to me wholly. And think—think always of the blessedness of the work before you! I will repent for your sake. I will lead from henceforth a godly life—for your sweet sake. Oh, Nadine! my very soul is yours to make or mar! Your ng sold into a species of slavery is to President led to a careful investigation be witnessed at Augusta, Ky., on of the scope of the bill in the records March 5. What renders the matter of the Pension Office, it was conclumore remarkable is that the selling is sively demonstrated that the immedito be done at his own request and a ate cost of the bill would be not less still more interest ng feature is that the man is white. He takes advantage of gross cost to the nation would be not an old law, now almost a dead letter less than \$800,000,000. in the statute book, by which a man if ne so elects may be sold for a term of service rather than go to the work nonse to serve out a term of vagrancy. Henry E. Dodson is the man. He had been arrested under the Vagrancy act in a little town called Foster, near The word rings out loud and clear and desperate. And then even clearer, and filled with a passionate entreaty: "Maurice!" she cries, in a tone that thrills the hearts of all present.

Augusta, and committed to the county jail. His final trial took place before Judge J. L. Bradford and a jury. Much interest was taken in the case, as that neighborhood for a great many years. The evidence was overwhelmng and Dodson was declared a vagrant and sentenced to a term of sev enty-five days in the workhouse or the same length of time in service. By

length of time. The man in the habit of having his own way soon becomes indifferent to the ways of other people, and makes

him seem impolite.

The resolution of Prohibitionists that if they cannot secure a complete restriction of making and selling ardent spirits, they will join the liquor interest in a policy of "free rum" by defeating a high license policy, is undoubtedly sincere, but it is greatly to be regretted. If the manufacture and sale of strong drink are held to be sins, it is not surprising that those who think so oppose a policy of license. But, with such convictions, however natural their opposition may be, it seems to us a great mistake, because it is better to diminish sip, if you cannot suppress it.

diminish sin, if you cannot suppress it, than to increase it in the hope of forcing its suppression. If a man would promote temperance, he can surely do something toward his end by reducing the number of liquor saloons from nine thousand to six or even to three thous-and. To insist that if they cannot be totally abolished he will multiply them to twenty thousand is to take the responsibility of all the homes and liv-

High License and "Free Rum."

The resolution of Prohibitionists that

that are ruined by the increase.

His reply is that if those who desir to prevent all the ruin will agree t. aboush the sin altogether, he will glar. ly co-operate with them. But th reply to this, in turn, which shoul satisfy every reasonable man, is that the number of people who believe it to be a sin, and to be treated as he prefers, is too small to secure that treatment; and consequently, while be relaxes no effort to persuade others that tion, and their proof that they have discovered a specific for the terrible and stealthy kidney diseases, which have become so prevalent among us, sequences so far as the present public conviction will permit. In pursuing this course he serves his own ultimate object of complete suppression of the traffic by convincing the opinion with-out which it cannot be restricted in any degree, while he avails himself of the existing opinion to restrict it in some degree. However sincerely a man may believe the making and sale of ardent spirits to be a sin not to be trifled with, he cannot doubt that the blood to become filled with uric acid great mass of the community with oison; that this uric acid poison in equal sincerity regard such making and the blood carries disease through every sale a question solely of expediency, to be regulated by law. In this situation he cannot suppose that a restriction n the system within twenty-four hours which can be secured without prejudice to ultimate complete suppression is not better than the unrestricted

The situation is not that of the Liberty party in 1844. The question But it was that letter, not the general comes later on, and often when it is too late, because the effects are remote from the kidneys and those organs are slavery Whigs in New York, who until then had intended to vote for Mr. organs that are weak and discased are unable to resist the attacks of this poison, and the disease often takes the form of and is treated as a local afflicting ave their votes to Mr. Birney and degree of the stream of the stre feated Clay. If temperance men really believe that the Crosby bill, should it be passed by the New York Republican Legislature, would not be enforced, and therefore regard it as a mere brutum fulmen, they are in the position of the Liberty party of 1844. But there no reason to doubt that the high cense party is not just as sincere and resolute as the prohibition party; and it is therefore extremely unwise, upon the theory that that party is neither honest nor determined, to unite with the liquor party. Wendell Phillips demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation, but he hailed the election of Abraham Lincoln, who was The same quantity of blood that not, in the Phillips sense, an abolitionpasses through the heart, passes through ist, as a signal victory for the good cause. It must be clear to every est advocate of probibition that if public sentiment will not support the enforcement of high license, it would certainly not support prohibition. high license is not prohibition, but the strong and persistent protest against it of the liquor interest is the proof that it would be a great victory for the temperance cause. - Harper's

Weekly. Sober Facts About Pensions.

In 1818 Congress passed a dependent pension bill for the veterans of the revolutionary war. The estimate of those who advocated the measure was that there were about 375 really depenent soldiers who would receive ensions under the law: but there were 28,555 revolutionary veterans who suddenly discovered that they were wholly lependent, and that number of applientions were filed within two years, of which 16.270 were successful.

The annual cost of the revolutionary dependent pension bill of 1818 was estimated by the Congress that passed it at about \$40,800; but it speedily rose to \$2,766,440 per annum. Human nature seems to have been about the same among our revolutionary

fathers as it is now. When the Arr-ars Pension bill was passed by Congress a few years ago, it was positively declared by its supporters that \$25,000,000 was a liberal estimate of the gross cost of the measure to the Treasury. Senator Sherman, then at the head of the Treasury, gave an official estimate of \$100,000,000 as its probable cost, and he was denounced in the Washington lobbies as seeking to defeat the bill. There have been paid already under the pension arrears law \$218,000,000, and it will require nearly \$500,000,000 before its opera-

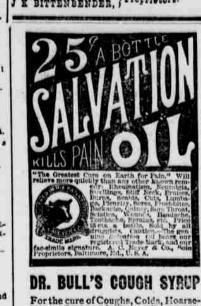
When the lately vetoed Dependent Pension bill was discussed in the House, it was asserted by its champions that it would not increase our pensions over \$5,000,000 a year, and The curious spectacle of a man be- \$80,000,000. When the veto of the

Ten years ago, which was more than ten years after the civil war, the total cost of all pensions was \$29,800,000. This year the total appropriations for pensions amount to over \$82,000,000, being more than the entire cost of administering the government when the war began, and being the interest of

nearly \$3,000,000,000 of national debt. Of the \$218,000,000 already paid under the law giving arrears of penit was the first that has occurred in sions to soldiers, it is now estimated by the friends of our generous pension system that not less than \$30,000,000 have been literally stelen from the government by perjury and fraud; and of the nearly \$1,000,000,000 paid in pensions since the war, more than \$50,his own choice he will be put up at 000,000 have been wasted on perjured auction on March 5, and will be knock-skulkers and a my camp followers. These figures present sober facts which soldiers and citizens well undered down to the highest bidder for that

stand .- Times.

The only time that a man feels ashamed of a kind action is when he is The largest hat in Chicago is worn by Hon. Philip A. Hayne. The size required is 8½ when the owner's hair is observers on either side of the way chasing another man's hat that is blowoffering him facetious advice.



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