PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. E. WALLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa
Office over 1st. National Bank.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Exc'l's Building.

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office over Moyer Bros. Drug Store.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1
Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office corner of Centre and Ale Streets. Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL
—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,—
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on First floor, front room of Columbian Building, Main street, below Exchange Hotel.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in Columbian Building, Room No. 2, second floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Browers' Building, 2nd floor.
may 1-tf

S. ENORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN.
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa.
Pensions and Bounties Collected.

J. H. MAIZE,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW
Office in Maize's building over Billmeyer's grocery.

F. P. BILLMEYER,
(DISTRICT ATTORNEY.)
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Dentler's shoe store, Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-30.86.

JOHN C. YOCUM. C. E. GEYER.
YOCUM & GEYER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
CATAWISSA, PA.
(Office front suit of rooms on second floor of News Item building.)
CAN BE CONSULTED IN GERMAN.
Members of Sharp and Alleman's Lawyers and Banker's Directory and the American Mercantile and Collection Association. Will give prompt and careful attention to collection of claims in any part of the United States or Canada, as well as to all other professional business entrusted to them

W. H. RHAWN.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Catawisa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

MICHAEL F. EYERLY,
Conveyancer, Collector of Claims.
—AND—
LEGAL ADVICE IN THE SETTLEMENT OF ESTATES, &c.
Office in Dentler's building with F. P. Billmeyer, attorney-at-law, front rooms, 2nd floor
Bloomsburg, Pa. (apr-9-86.

W. E. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Berwick, Pa.

DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS.
Office and residence, West First street, Bloomsburg, Pa. nov26 86 1y.

DR. J. H. MOORE.
EYE, EAR AND THROAT, A SPECIALTY.
PITTSTON, PA.
Will be at Exchange Hotel, in Bloomsburg, every two weeks, on Saturday, from 8:30 p. m. to 2 p.m Dec, 4 and 18, Jan. 1 and 15 and 29, Feb. 12 and 26 March 12 and 26. nov26 86 1y.

DR. J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician. Office and residence, on Third Street.

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market

A. L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office Front room over Post Office,

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Bloomsburg, Pa

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office corner of Rock and Market street.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath room

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES
North American of Philadelphia.
Franklin, " "
Pennsylvania, " "
York, of Pennsylvania.
Hanover, of N. Y.
Queens, of London.
North British, of London.
Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg.
oct. 24, 1

FIRE INSURANCE
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
HOME, OF N. Y.
MERCHANTS', OF NEWARK, N. J.
CLINTON, N. Y.
PEOPLES' N. Y.
READING, PA.
These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TESTED and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES are liable to the hazard of FIRE only.
Losses PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER BLOOMSBURG, Pa.
The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
PROMPTNESS. EQUITY, FAIR DEALING.

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY. Moyer's new building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Assets
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn	$1,078,220
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,710
Phœnix, of London	5,266,370
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,050
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,082,580

As the agencies are direct, policies are written or the insured without delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 28, '81.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, ETC., ETC.
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Sts.
Orders will receive prompt attention.

W. H. HOUSE,
—DENTIST,—
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA
All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
Office in Barton's building, Main street, below Market, five doors below Klein's drug store, first floor.
To be open at all hours during the day
Nov 25-1y

The Columbian.

J. E. ELWELL, J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 10
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. I, NO 51

M. C. SLOAN & BRO.,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturers of
CARRIAGES BUGGIES, PHAETONS
SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS &C.
First-class work always on hand.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Prices reduced to suit the times.

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL
The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad Street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.
FRAMES, SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS, MOULDINGS,
FLOORING, Etc.
furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed.
ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS
furnished on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman
CHARLES KRUG,
Bloomsburg, Pa

CLOTHING! CLOTHING
G. W. BERTSCH,
THE MERCHANT TAILOR.
Suits made to order at short notice and a fit always guaranteed or no sale. Call and examine the largest and best selected stock of goods ever shown in Columbia county.
Store—next door to First National Bank,
MAIN STREET,
Bloomsburg Pa.

E. B. BROWER
PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING & STEAM HEATING
DEALER IN
STOVES & TINWARE.
All kinds of work in Sheet Iron, Roofing and Spouting promptly attended to.
Strict attention given to heating by steam.
Corner of Main & East Sts.,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCES
OF CAST OR WROUGHT IRON.
Suitable for
Yards,
Cemetery Lots
and
Public Grounds
The following shows the Picket Gothic, one of the several beautiful styles of Fence manufactured by the undersigned.

For Beauty and Durability they are unsurpassed. Set up by experienced hands and warranted to give satisfaction.
Prices and specimens of other designs sent to any address.
Address
S. M. HESS,
BLOOMSBURG PA.
May 4-tf

CHAMPION

POSITIVELY Non-Explosive
Will not BREAK the CHIMNEY.
Patent Safety EXTINGUISHER
Cleanly. NO DRIPPING of OIL.
Gives a LIGHT equal in Brilliancy to 50 Candles, or 2½ Gas Burners. This is the most Powerful and Perfect LIGHT ever made FROM OIL.
THE CHAMPION is the Best, Cheapest and Safest Lamp for Churches, Halls, or Family Use.
THE FOUNTS Can be used on your old Gas or Oil Chandeliers or brackets, and will increase your light THREE-FOLD.
Send for Illustrated Circular.
A. J. WEIDENER,
36 S. 2d St.,
PHILA.
Sole Owner of Patent.
AGENTS WANTED
8 sms

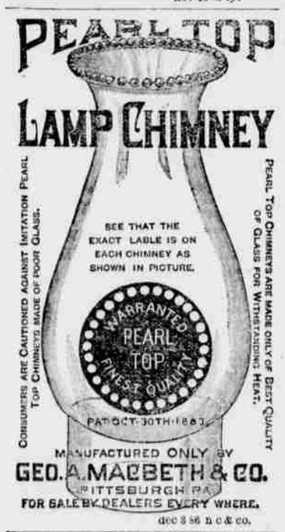
SUBSCRIBE FOR
THE COLUMBIAN,

Dr. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP
Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. 25 Cents. Genuine Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold only in white wrappers, and bears our registered trade mark, to wit: A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red Strip Crossing Label, and the signatures of Jos. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co., Sole Props., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
TRADE MARK
SALVATION OIL,
"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain,"
Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sores, Frostbites, Backache, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, &c. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

SCOTT'S
EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda
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 stomachs.
AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.
Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
oct-22-1y

You Can't BEAT THEM! For General Family use they are Vastly Superior to ALL other kinds.
THE FAMOUS HOP
PLASTERS
Clean, fragrant, curative and highly medicinal, prepared from Fresh Hops, Balsams, Extracts and Gums, *spread on white muslin.*
They restore and vitalize weak parts, subdue inflammation and instantly banish pain whether in the Back, Side, Hip, Leg, Kidneys, Joints, Shoulder, Chest, Breast, Stomach or Muscles. Powerfully soothing, pain allaying and strengthening. *The best plaster on earth* is the verdict of thousands. Mailed for price by proprietors,
Hop Plaster Company, Boston, Mass.
Swindlers abroad! This plaster is spread on white muslin, ready for instant use. HOP PLASTER CO., signature on every plaster.
nov 26 86 1y.

PEARL TOP
LAMP CHIMNEY

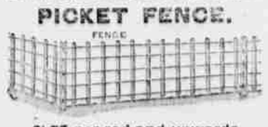


MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.
PITTSBURGH PA.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERY WHERE.
dec 3 86 n c & co.

ROOFING

FOR STEEP OR FLAT ROOFS
CAN BE PUT ON BY ANY PERSON.
THOUSANDS OF ROLLS SOLD ANNUALLY FOR BUILDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
SEND FOR NEW CIRCULAR, CONTAINING PRICE LIST AND REFERENCES.
AGENTS WANTED.
M. EHRET, JR. & CO.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
423 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA
mar14-4sms.

Adams' Patent Metallic
PICKET FENCE.



$1.75 per rod and upwards.
SPECIAL QUOTATIONS.
All kinds of Iron Fences, Gates, Fire Escapes &c.

Iron Work in all styles.
Coal Screens a specialty.
Iron Ladders, Wheels & Cresting.
Blacksmithing in all branches. Estimates furnished.
EAGLE IRON WORKS,
Cor. Union & Canal Sts.
WILKES-BARRE, PA
march 12-86-1y.

Catarrh SAMPLE TREATMENT We mail enough to convince. E. S. LAUDERBACH & Co., 178 Broad street, Newark, N. J. Free March4d4t.

RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUTCHESS."

CHAPTER XXII.

Duran is at her side in an instant. He has encircled her with his arms. Her head has fallen upon her breast. He looks at Boyle as though prepared to dispute him for her to the death; but there is no occasion for him to be on the defensive. When that cry, when the word "Maurice" has rushed from her lips, Granit, as though he had received a mortal wound, had loosed his hold of her, and now stands apart from them, staring vacantly at the half unconscious girl. This he had never suspected. That her heart was not his, he knew; that it was in the keeping of another bursts upon him now for the first time, without a moment's warning, and crushes out of him his last hope.

There is something terrible in the glance he has bent upon her. He has apparently given no thought to Duran, though in him he finds his rival; all his thoughts are centered on Nadine. As if she feels the terrible concentration of his regard, she shivers in Duran's arms, and slowly lifts her head. Her eyes met Boyle's.

"So!" he says, and no more.

There is such a cruel meaning in the one word he has uttered that Nadine, freeing herself from Duran's restraining grasp, goes forward as if to refute in person whatsoever he may dare to insist upon. Yet, as she draws near to him, the extreme agony of his expression touches, and forbids her to say anything that may hurt or wound.

"Stand back!" says Boyle in a low tone. "Do not come near me. If you touch me I will not answer for myself. Probably I shall kill you."

"Paul!"

She has forgotten everything save the despair that she has brought to him, and that stands marked upon his pallid face.

"I warn you to keep away," repeats he in the same dull, methodical tone as before. "If you spoke forever you could not tell me more than I know now. It is too late to cajole or deceive me further. You must be satisfied with the old victory."

"If you would but listen"——

"To believe again—to be again undone? Be warned!" cries he with a sudden access of violent passion.

"If you approach me one step nearer, if your treacherous voice sounds once more upon my ear, I will dash your false brains against that wall opposite!" He draws his breath fiercely, and his hands work together in a convulsive frenzy. "Traitress!" he whispers, a cold fury in his tone; "how has it been between us? I gave you all—my love, my life, my hopes. You gave me a serpent's smile and glances false as hell! With desire in your heart for another, you held out a hand to me, and swore you knew not the meaning of the strange word love! Stand back, I tell you, if life is still of value to you! Nay, not a word! Treacherous devil that you are, I would still spare you!"

"If you would only let me tell you how"——

She has placed her hand appealingly upon his. With a sudden cry, wild as though coming from a beast hurt unto death, he seizes her, and flinging her far from him, sends her with a crash against the furthest wall.

She drops like a stone to the ground. Duran, holding her to his heart, looks round. Boyle is no longer to be seen. Without waiting to learn the consequences of his fury, he had rushed from the room.

* * * * * * *

"Well, at last my duty is at an end; my final guest has departed. I can now rest my weary limbs," says Miss Grey some hours later, sinking into a chair as she speaks.

"You look awfully done," returns Massareene with deep solicitude.

"I am tired. I confess it. With all this anxiety upon my mind, to be obliged to go about among the guests and apologize to them for poor Lady Valworth's absence, was more trying than I knew. Auntie was of no help at all. She was thoroughly upset herself, and for the first hour unpresentable. Then she rallied a little, but to hardly any purpose. Oh, Gerald! what a terrible evening this has been!"

"It has had its good side, however. You are free."

"Free—yes."

"To let me love you."

"I have had no time to think of that." She regards him earnestly for a moment. "You will compel me to believe you selfish," she says slowly.

"Is it selfish to consider above everything the welfare of the one best beloved? If so, I plead guilty. I tell you I have thought of nothing since—since Boyle's expose—but the fact that you have been delivered out of the hands of such a man."

"One must think of Nadine."

"How is she now?" "Well, but still terrified. His violence did her no bodily harm, but she is oppressed by nervous horror, and will not consent to remain alone for even a moment.

She is now in the morning room with Mr. Duran and auntie."

"You were surprised about Duran?"

"Weren't you? When she called out to him that time, and when he caught her in his arms, I could hardly believe my senses. Well, it is a good exchange for her. Maurice Duran is handsome, and rich, and—her heart's chosen. She is a lucky girl!"

"Are you unlucky?" He asks the question wistfully, looking down at her with his plain, kindly face rather disturbed. "I am ugly and poor, and not altogether sure that I am the chosen of her who is all the world to me."

"Oh! you are you!" returns she sententiously. "And as for Maurice Duran, I would not marry him, even if he had the grace to ask me."

"And you will marry me?" eagerly.

"Time will prove that."

She laughs at him a little saucily from under her long lashes, and holds out to him a hand with such dainty sweetness as brings him to her feet at once.

"My darling girl!"

"A darling girl, no doubt; but not yours yet, however."

"And why not, since you are free?"

"I was quite free all along, it seems!" exclaims she with a quick flash of wounded pride that brings the hot blood to her cheeks. She springs from her seat and paces rapidly up and down the room. Presently she stops short before him, and lifts her dark, angry eyes to his. "I wonder you have not too much pride to care for the woman who was despised by that thief!" she says, with angry excitement.

"I care for Millicent Grey. It is absurd to dwell upon such a thing," returns he strongly.

"Shall I ever forget it, I wonder—to be rejected by such as him! To learn from his own lips that I was merely used as a blind; that while paying attention to me his whole heart and soul was devoted to another!"

"But what a soul and heart! you should consider that."

"The meaner they are, the more I resent his conduct. And to say it before them all!—my aunt, Lady Valworth, Sir Thomas, you! When he thus scorned me publicly, with that evil smile upon his lips, I had only one wish left."

"And that?"

"That I were a man, to thrust the words back in his throat and kill him."

"And yet you held me from him at the moment. He is still in the house, however. I will compel him to apologize—to"— begins the hot Irishman, making for the door.

"No, it would be useless," interposes she, quickly "It is done it cannot be undone, and surely his mother has suffered enough. There must be no further disturbance."

"I can follow him, however."

"I tell you, you could never undo what is done. Let him go; he is not worth notice. I should be ashamed to confess that his sting hurt me. And we are bound to remember his mother."

"Ah! poor Lady Valworth! She indeed is the one to be pitied."

"So you would say, could you see her now."

"Where is she?"

"In her own room. Sir Thomas was with her. His grief for her was very touching, but she seemed, I thought, impatient under it. She looked old, crushed, broken!"

Millicent turns aside, but not before he can see that the hot tears are running down her cheeks.

"Poor woman!" says he softly. And then: "My darling, you are worn out. You have been thinking for every one. Let me now think for you. You want rest. Let me persuade you to lie down for a little while."

"It would be useless. I could not sleep. The very air is heavy with trouble. As long as that man remains in the house I hardly know how any of us can breathe.

"That difficulty will be conquered in a few hours. He will leave, of course, by the early train.

"I suppose so. His poor mother!"

"Millicent! Try to forget it all for awhile at least. Think of something else"— he pauses and looks at her entreatingly. "Could you not think of me?"

"If I hadn't you to think of I should go mad," returns she, with sudden soft vehemence. She holds out her hands to him. "You are my one comfort," she whispers brokenly.

They do not hear the door open, and indeed she is still in his arms when Mrs. Brand's voice falls on their ears.

"Is this what you call 'taking a little rest'?" she asks, with deep reproach. There is, however, no anger in her tones—he looks too sad, too depressed for any open demonstrations of annoyance.

"Mrs. Brand," says Massareene, advancing eagerly toward her, "you know how it is with me and Millicent. You must have known for a long time. Now that this unhappy affair has left her once again her own mistress, do not refuse to let me plead my cause."

Mrs. Brand has sunk into a chair.

"You are very persistent," she says, tapping her fingers upon the table near.

"Because I am very much in love."

"And Millicent?"

"I dare to hope that she—has found some room in her heart for me."

"Let her speak for herself," says Mrs. Brand, with a faint touch of impatience. "Well, Millicent, how is it with you?"

"I love him, auntie," says Miss Grey demurely. "I can't help that, can I? And—I wouldn't if I could! He is not rich, of course, but money isn't everything. I have been very dutiful up to this. That you must allow."

She says nothing of the secret passages between her and Massareene, and of the determination lately come to, to defy the world of relations for his sake. "Once you chose for me"——

She pauses. Mrs. Brand sighs.

"That choice was not altogether happy."

Still Mrs. Brand is silent.

"I think perhaps if I were to choose for myself this time, it would be better."

At this her aunt rouses herself.

"I had hoped to see you make a great alliance," she says mournfully. "You, with your fortune, and—and that unfortunate young man, with his prospect of an earldom. All is shattered now. Everything is at an end. But still there would be a brilliant future before you if"——

"I shall not give up Gerald," says Millicent, drawing back from her somewhat coldly. "You and Uncle Timothy can leave your money to whom you will; I shall certainly marry Gerald."

Massareene, coming forward, takes her hand and lifts it to his lips. There is a great warmth and gladness in the gaze he directs at Mrs. Brand.

Perhaps she gives it its value. So true, so unmercenary a love as this is not to be despised in the money worshiping world in which she moves.

"Of course, if you have quite made up your mind," she says with hesitation, looking at Millicent. There is something new and beautiful in the girl's face that attracts her. Love has transfigured it! After all it may be best for her darling to abjure ambition and cleave only to love. "You will be good to her, Gerald!" she says in a low voice.

Massareene, who is looking grave, regards her earnestly.

"I shall always love her," he says, "if that is what you mean!"

"You give your consent, auntie?" asks Millicent, kneeling on the carpet beside her and encompassing her with her arms.

"Yes. My meddling resulted in so dire a failure I dare not try it again. I am glad you have chosen a man who, if poor, is at least one who I believe will make you happy. One, too, whom I like and esteem. Ah! my dear to be able to respect your husband is a great matter. Gerald! see that she can always do that. And as for your uncle Timothy, darling, I think I shall be able to arrange him." She stoops forward and kisses Millicent fondly.

"And now where am I to go?" says the poor woman, in a melancholy tone. "I left the morning room because I felt sure that Duran wanted to come to an understanding with Nadine, and now you two lovers are wishing me—well, any where out of this."

"Nonsense! We shall never wish for your absence," cries Millicent tenderly. "Stay with us always, just as long as ever you like, dear mother mine!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

It is a very pale and fragile Nadine who is looking at Duran in the morning room.

"Now you are safe," says he, smiling. He presses her gently into a huge arm chair, and stirs into a glow the dying embers of the fire. A chill has fallen upon the night. As the warmth comes to her, as she realizes that here, perhaps, Granit will not seek her, as she sees the beloved face of Duran leaning over her, she lets a sense of joy and comfort steal through her being, and as a child, tired and weary, who sees its mother, might do, she stretches out her arms to Duran. In a moment she is lying on his breast.

"Oh, to be here!" she cries faintly. "To be here—in your arms—safe. You will never let me go, will you? You will not let him take me from you?"

"Never, while life is in me! But I do not wish to see you so unnerved, my dearest. Come, take heart! Consider! In these prosaic days a girl cannot be torn from her home by any chance comer. Even if you were alone, you could resist him, because your promise to him has now been canceled; but even if it had not been so, still I am here, your guardian and—your lover."

"My own Maurice!" She slips her arm round his neck. She is yet in her ball gown and it is a soft, bare little arm, rounded as a baby's, that encircles him. He turns his head to kiss it tenderly.

"It is a terrible thought," says Duran, presently, "and I am honestly ashamed of it; but I cannot help feeling that this miserable night's work has been our salvation."

"Yesterday I was the most miserable man alive—you were lost to me! To-night, I am the happiest—you are gained! For the future let us banish from us all thoughts save those that remind us that by a most strange chance we have been given to each other just when hope seemed dead."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Joy there, misery here!

Lady Valworth pushes back the portiere, and with a slow and heavy tread advances to where the motionless figure is seated upon a chair, his head buried on the arms that are lying upon the table.

"Granit!" whispers she tremulously.

He starts to his feet with an oath, and turns a stormy face to hers.

"What, cannot I be left alone even now? What brings you here? Is there no rest—no peace?"

"It is only I, my dear—your mother!" Her voice breaks. "Oh, my child! my son! my darling! It is your mother, dear—your own mother! Did you think anything could make any difference to me?" The poor woman flings herself on the ground beside him and encircles him with her arms. "I knew you were alone," she goes on eagerly. "I would have come sooner, but I—I was not very well. The moment I could, however, I came to you. I could not bear to picture you sitting here all by yourself, and perhaps believing your poor mother was holding aloof."

"You had done better had you so held yourself."

"Oh, Granit! do not so speak to me! Do not repulse me!" She is still kneeling beside him, trying do draw his dark, sullen face to look at her; and now she takes his hand and holds it in fondling fashion against her bosom. He is once more her child, her boy, her little one; in trouble and disgrace—in direst grief—and to whom then should he come but to his mother? "My darling, why did you not trust me?" she says in a low, painful whisper. "I would have given them to you. I could have managed in some way. Yes—I would have given them."

"They were not yours to give"—this allusion to the stolen diamonds hardens his heart again, though not toward her—"they belonged to Sir Thomas. However"—breaking off savagely and dragging his hand roughly out of hers—"it is too late to dis uss what is over and done. If you have come here to maunder about my crimes, I warn you I will have none of it."

"No, no, dear; not another word shall be said." Going closer to him she tries to press him into a chair. "Sit down now and let us talk of your plans," she whispers soothingly.

"Plans?" He glances at her vaguely, as though he hardly understands; plainly he has not been listening. Then suddenly his face flushes; the veins swell upon his temples. "Where is she?" he cries in a vehement tone.

"She? Millicent"

"Pshaw! No. She who betrayed me; that fair devil, Nadine."

"She is down stairs. She has been very ill," says the mother trembling.

"Did I hurt her? Did she feel? Did she suffer?" His tone is exultant, yet there is a fierce agony in it. "I hope so. Great heavens! how that girl lied to me, though her lips uttered no falsehood. She gave herself to me; she swore she would marry me, caring for that other all the time. Did you mark how she shrunk and cowered away from me? How she paled, and glanced at me as though perdition lay in the sight of me?"

He is glancing over his mother's shoulder toward the opposite wall. His eyes are dark and wild; he is gazing at something. That past scene in the library is again before him—is again being enacted—brought to light by his disordered fancy.

"Granit, think of something else," implores his mother, in a frightened manner. His voice, his gestures, terrify her.

"From me she shrunk—to turn to him! How her eye lit as she saw him! To him she cried for protection from me! She held out her arms to him! She clung to him!" His breath is coming in painful gasps. "There was adoration in the glance she directed at him! To gain such a glance I would have died. Well!" he stretches out his arms and then he clasps his head, "because of such a glance I have died. She has slain me!"

"Granit, my poor boy, do not talk so wildly. Forget this girl; think now of what is the best thing for you to do."

"I have thought of that—that is all arranged."

His tone is impatient.

"Where are you going, darling?" she asks, faintly.

"Nowhere."

His manner is dull and listless.

"Rouse yourself," entreats she, "you must go for awhile. You say you have arranged all. Tell me, then, where you are going!"

"A long journey."

"Long journeys nowadays can be compassed in a very little while."

"That is true. Mine will be the shortest passage on record," he draws his breath sharply. "What happened to her, when I left?"

"She fainted. Mr. Duran"——

"Keep his name out of it, can't you?" interrupts he, violently. "Go on! She fainted. Well, what then?"

"They had considerable difficulty in recovering her, I have been told. I was not there," says Lady Valworth, nervously. "She was naturally a good deal upset by the whole affair. I suppose you frightened her."

"You say I hurt her."

"You sent her with some force against the wall. You did not mean it," hastily—"but when one is agitated as you were, one hardly knows what one is doing. "You" anxiously—"must not take that so much to heart; you did her no real harm. You must not be uneasy."

"Take it to heart? I wish I had killed her!" The words come with a hiss through his clinched teeth; his face is white and distorted with passion. "That she should live, and live with him, is the galling thought; that is more than I can bear. How her little white fingers fastened on his arm! Liar that she is! how she deceived and ruined me! Body and soul she has destroyed."

"Oh, not your soul, darling! There is time—repentance."

"There is very little time now and I am unrepentant."

He throws up his head and points to the window. The lamps in the room are waning, and through the closely curtained window the first streaks of coming morn are stealing with a persistency that will not be denied. Day is breaking, and with it his mother's heart. The cruel light will tear him from her, will carry him—whither?

"You have not told me where you are going," she says, pressing her hand against her heart to still its throbbing.

"I can tell no one that."

"What! not your mother? Granit, do not fear, I will betray you; anything you say to me now will be sacred. Tell me where it is you mean to go."

"I cannot."

"But why—why?"

"For the simple reason that I don't know myself." There is a curious gleam in his eyes that disturbs her and makes her forget the flippancy of his tone. "It is to a strange land I will wend my way before the day is very much older. A stranger in a strange land! My reception will be a cold one, or perchance a hot one."

He laughs wildly. His merriment is, however, shortlived, breaking off almost as it began, and ending in a dismal silence.

"You are thinking of Africa," says his mother, trembling, she scarcely knows why. "If you still refuse to let me know exactly where you are going, at least promise you will write to me. Granit, my dear, dear son, promise me that."

"I will promise you anything you like, though I doubt if you would care to keep up the correspondence." There is something terrible in his manner, which has grown frivolous in a ghastly way, and his face is livid. "She will live and prosper," he says inconsequently as it seems to Lady Valworth; "but she will have to remember. I will compel her to do that! And remember you," laying his hand roughly upon his mother's shoulder, "remember well that my last words were that she was responsible for all!"

"I will not believe these are your last words. You will return to me, when all this has blown over you will return, if even for a month or so. Promise me that, too, Granit."

"From where I am going no man returns."

"That is not true. There is no place on earth from which you cannot come back to me, if you only will."

"No place on earth!" He repeats her words slowly. "My place on earth will know me no more." He seems to wander away from the actual meaning of her words to the mere sound of them. "I have no longer any place on earth," he says dreamily.

"You have a place in my heart always," cries she, with a sudden burst of weeping. She throws her arms round him, and clings to him in an embrace that is full of despair. "Alas! my one child! my pretty baby! that it should come to this," she moans, bitterly.

"You will not forget my message to her?"

Though he is supporting her half fainting form, he hardly heeds her; her words bear no meaning to him. His mind is ever with the girl who had unconsciously betrayed him, whom he has loved—whom he still loves, with a terrible intensity.

"I shall forget nothing. When do you start?"

"When you leave me."

"There will be no train, darling, until 7 o'clock."

"I shall require no train."

"But how, then, will you go?"

Again he bursts into that loud discordant laughter that chills the blood in her veins.

"Do not be uneasy about me. I have prepared for myself a mode of transit swifter than any train. Pouf! Steam will be slow to it."

"You do not trust me," she says sorrowfully, still unsuspecting, still dead to the warning that his words, his face, his manner, should have given her.

"I trust you entirely. I trust you with my last message—to her! Now go."

"I shall see you again?" entreats she, lingering.

"I hope not! I hope from my soul not!"

For the first time his composure seems to desert him. He grows ghastly pale, and a fit of shivering seizes upon him.

"You are ill—you are suffering!" cries his mother quickly.

"No. It is nothing. Only go! I must be alone for awhile, and my time is short. Good-by.

Stooping, he presses his lips to her forehead.

"For the moment?" she answers anxiously.

"Good-by."

There is no denial of her question in his manner, and she is fain to be content with it. She clings to him, and embraces him warmly; an embrace he returns in kind. She moves as if to leave him. Almost as she reaches the door, his voice stops her.

"One word," he says huskily. "Do not—do not be unkind to her! When I am gone, do not show or feel resentment toward her!"

He makes her a sign with his hand to declare he has said all he had called her to hear, and going out, she closes the door behind her.

The sound of her retreating footsteps has died away. He is alone! He stretches out his arms wearily, as one might who has just flung from him some cruel burden, and drawing back the curtains, opens wide the window and gazes out upon the growing day. Already the sun has mounted the heavens, and from the east soft rosy bars of tremulous light are descending upon the distant hill tops. From among the laurels comes the thrilling music of innumerable birds; from the wood the cooing of the gentle pigeons. A rose that has climbed up the wall, more ambitious than its fellows, thrusts its scented petals into his hand.

Mechanically he accepts the gift, and breaking the flower from its stem, inhales its perfume. It is sweet with dew, and sweet as only a morning rose can be, with all the cool moisture of the dead past night still on it, and buried in its heart. Boyle, still as if without thought, having trifled with the flower, carries it to a table near and puts out his hand toward a vase filled with water. The action rouses him. He checks himself, and a after a brief pause flings the flower upon the ground. He had been about to place it in the water with a view to its preservation when that revulsion of feeling came over him. To save it from instant destruction—why? That he might see it upon the morrow? The morrow? Where will he be then?

He sets his heel upon the flower and crushes it out of all loveliness. Death is rushing toward him on swift black wings—shall that senseless flower be spared? It is a very poor, a very paltry bit of malice, yet it nerves him, and brings him again face to face with his indomitable resolve.

Crossing the room, he opens a case lying upon a bureau and draws from it a revolver. He runs his hand lightly over it, and the cool touch of the steel seems to steady him. Having assured himself that it is loaded, he lays it down again and turns to a writing table.

His hand is firm, the writing bold as ever. A few words, explaining where the famous sapphires (now dismantled and unset) may be found in his rooms in town, are addressed to his mother. Bold words, with no endearing commencement, no affectionate termination. To him the sapphires are of no further use. It is as well that Millicent should have them again.

He flings the pen aside, and, rising to his feet, paces hurriedly up and down the room. He can walk now. But like a flash it bursts upon him that soon movement will be impossible. There upon the carpet he lies like a stick—a stone! The great grand fever of living is tearing through his veins. His pulses throb, his heart beats—there are years of life within the tall, slender, firmly built frame that looks its last through the open window. The early morning air, fresh and fragrant, rushes gayly in. Heavens! how fair the world is! Was it ever so fair as to-day?

He takes up the revolver again and lifts it to his mouth. There is a short hesitation. His mind travels backward. His brain reels. There!—there! she is before him again! A slight form, clothed all in palest blue. A face divine! Her lovely arms! Her eyes—dark—liquid. See, now, they gleam for—Duran! Curse him! To him she holds out her hands. To him she gives herself. She turns——

A groan of agonized remembrance bursts from his lips. Then follows a sharp report! It rings through the house! He sways, and a corpse, disfigured in a horrible manner, falls heavily to the ground. All is over.

Through the window the light breeze enters merrily, and floating downward, lifts the hair, that is still unwet, from the dead man's head, and softly, delicately, plays with it. There is only the breeze. All other motion is gone. So intense is the silence that reigns within the chamber, that a tiny bird, emboldened by it, perches on the sill of the window, and breaks forth into a morning carol, loud and shrill. A carol! A requiem rather!

And now the silence is broken. Through the passages beyond comes the sound of hurrying feet. There is one that runs before the others. Nearer, nearer they come, and still the bird carols, the wind plays—the dead man lies there, careless—unknowing.

A touch upon the handle of the door. The wind still revels in lifeless tresses, but the bird has flown away. The door opens——

Upon the threshold stands—his mother.

THE END.

Saved the Empress' Life.

Many American physicians are among the ablest, but their profession rests on a false hypothesis. It has nothing to do with science, and cannot have until it has vastly advanced. Marked improvement has been made in therapeutics. Our physicians compare very favorably with those of Europe. After the Empress Eugenie had given birth to the prince imperial an important operation was necessary, and all the celebrated doctors of Paris and several American doctors resident there were called in, among them Dr. Johnson, now dead. During her treatment it was found to their consternation that the blood