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## Columbian.

J. E. SLWELL. JE BITTENBENDER, Proprietors. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1887.

SELECT STORY.

"CORDON!"

the old Venetian manner, and hung

with Cordova leather, old, too, and

real; beyond there was a salon with a

floor so highly polished that I narrow

y escaped a sprained ankle in crossing

it, and a chamber, commonplace enough but for the chintz hangings

coration of a coffin. In spite of this untimely thought and of the super-

fuous antechamber and salle a manger

useless incombrances in bachelor quar-

ers, I took the apartment for a month,

to the evident delight of old Cassimir,

whose feather duster twitched express

The tremulous eagerness of this good

gentleman made me half suspect that

he had not the remotest right to let the rooms at all. But he told a well

varnished tale of an old proprietor who

hated women and who passed his life

n search of a country so civilized as to

do without them. From this journey

of desperation he returned now and then to restore his tired senses in the

coffined chamber and to gather cour-

age for a new departure. It was mid-

summer; I might keep the rooms until

the autumn-not an hour longer, since the patron would then be likely to

pounce down upon his possessions un-

nnounced at any moment. Just now

Just then the door did open, but

only Cassimir came in, bringing fire-wood; for the sun had already left the

little court in shadow, and there was an unseasonable chill in the waning summer day. The old man wore a black skull cap over his thin, gray

bair and a green baize apron that

swathed him nearly to the ankles. He

hattered about the fire as he built and

lighted it, all the time holding under his arm the eternal feather duster,

which seemed to be his badge of office.

I had lately seen, at the Comedie

Francaise, Regnier's masterpiece, the

sly old servant in "La joie fait peur,"

"The patron has his treasures."

levant that enshrined a numbered re-

"Yes, but not there," he answered.

said, stroking tenderly the crushed

the picture of amiable senility.

print of Andre Chenier.

quietly put up the book.

a gold mine at our feet ?"

of a French man of all work.

He chuckled and nodded.

than that, monsieur. See!"

ed a door of burnished steel.

keep there?"

their safety.

"A safe?"
"Yes, monsieur, in the wall."

I laid my hand gently upon

me; I felt in a measure responsible for

"Oh, yes, monsieur; only the patron

has the key." He brushed the door lightly with his feather tips, as though

monsieur knew!"
"Knew what!" I asked. "Have we

Then he pushed saide one of the

e was believed to be in Lapland.

vely in his palsied hand,

The Appetite May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are "It is a bargain, monsicur—a bargain! The rent is a mere nothing; puisquily a du confort ici," said the old conpurely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any cierge, as he threw open one of the shutters and flooded the room with other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

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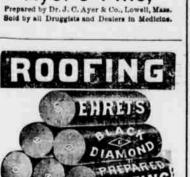
I was a great sufferer from Dyapepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite IMPROVED my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disap-peared, and I became strong and well.— Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

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three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself. I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—P. Lockwood, Topeka, Kans. Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

Lwas cured of the Piles he the was of I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pilis. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but give me in-creased vigor, and restored my health.— John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

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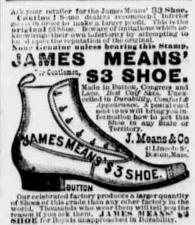
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doubted him instinctively. "What is Monsieur Morizot like?"

I asked. "A lamb, monsieur; amiable, as one cannot be more so. Monsieur, then, read the trial of Ravaillae :

"The prisoner is sworn; and

The pictures were chiefly modern, and were none too well lighted; I had barely glanced at them. Cassimir led dusty sunshine.

The apartment was an premier, at the back of a small court numbered 59 of the Rue Neuve St Augustine. No. 59—I give it fearlessly, since even its sharp featured and sallow, with the torn away. Then I must have fallen prevailing mustache and imperial of into a doze—a mere cat may be a start mable. on dation stones have long been its foundation stones have long been Haussmanized away.

The court was flooded with sunshine that was not dusty, and a great plane tree grew in one corner, close against plane tree grew in one corner, close against plane tree grew in one corner, close against plane that was not dusty, and a great plane tree grew in one corner, close against plane that sandy, with the long amount that the long amount of the way. Then I must have fatten into a doze—a mere cat nap of a moment only. I woke with a start, unable, at first, to recognize the surroundings.

The lamp had run down, after the provoking manner of French modera-

tree grew in one corner, close against an ivy covered wall. The yellow clacard, "A Louer," hanging at the "And yet he hates women. Was be never married?"

The bear of the present it is enough to say that the room was comfortably furnished after the old Venetian. think again of that. At his age one no longer makes such plats."

His hand shock more than ever, and the melted wax of the candle ran over, one drop falling upon the floor. "He there the reflection of a man's face, so

a tear from his own failing eyes.

When the old retainer had left me I able to describe it; in that uncertain with which its walls and ceiling were draped oppressively, in wide plaits that met overhead in a central resette, somehow suggesting the interior decoration of a coffin. In spite of this supposing one to be necessary. But sight, as I do now at the thought, like he would not come. I doubted Cassia frightened animal.

mir no longer. I found in the library an arm chair My moscles refused to act; I could not covered with stamped leather like that even turn my head to look behind me. of the walls: the arms supported by Thus, with all senses gone but one, I hard featured goddesses—wood nymphs,
perhaps—reducdant in the matter of
bust, tapering off like terminal figures

grew more distinct, a strange mark into the chair legs below. Wheeling came out upon the cheek, as if this up to the table, I sat down for a the skin there had contracted. Then, while to do nothing and devour my with an effort that seemed like a trial brain, as the inhuman proverb puts it. of strength with some force unseen, I In the gathering twilight the room was almost dark, but I saw it all, or nearly all, over the mantel in a narrow, oball, over the mantel in a narrow, ob-long mirror, there reflected by Cassi-mir's cheerful blaze. The first fire of draught of cold air that chilled me to the season invites contemplation, and the bone. my thoughts wandered as fitfully as the mellow light that played about the rarnished gilding of the leather.

When I am alone I am apt to grow inconsequent to a degree that would dis-tress one who makes a labor of think damp like a dead man's, still clasped

tress one who makes a labor of thinking.

Hunger is a sharp reminder, and before long I realized that I was hungry. So I hastily pulled myself together, and shutting the door upon my golden walls, strolled up the boulevard to the Passage des Princes. I dined well at Peter's, opposite the window of innumerable meerschaums, and after dinary went out by the side grate of the away the drops with my handkerchief. When I moved in that very after-noon, a guilty feeling of intrusion overcame me. The place was so luxurious, so well ordered, so unlike the four walls of lodging for which one pays. In the library of the leather hangings the patron's books were upon the shelves; his portfolio, his paper knife upon the table; the ink in the minature helmet of blue steel was dry ner went out by the side gate of the away the drops with my handkerchief, and rare editions. Upon one fly leaf his name was written—Marius Morizot—the hand clear and fine, like a woman's. Cassimir had said tnat he was days when all Paris adored you? Or great surprise, I discovered in the old. Bibliophile and traveler, with the means to follow his fantastic bert, this patron would certainly be an agreeexit into Pere-la-Chaise or Montpar never seen-one of those blind doors able man to meet on his own ground -that is, if one came properly intro-duced. All here was as if he had left it yesterday. What if the door were to open and admit him at the next ience can never reconcile him: that a though forced open by some mischiev

pretty woman may not hold her own ous gust of the night wind, that had forever.

I went in, stayed the performance made a frantic effort to get out again. forever. out and left the theatre somewhat Rejoiced to account so easily for one dashed in spirits; the echo of Gounod's disturbing element, at least, I pushed solemn music seemed to follow me like a ghostly footfall under the flaring lights, by the painted kiosk windows. The sky was overcast; a drop or two of rain fell. The great doors of 59 for the house had no entresol. By were closed and locked, of course; at the dim light I held I could distinthat hour I could have expected noth- guish three steps leading down into ing else. But Ca-imir slept soundly; awful blackness, like an murderous it was long before I could make him oubliette of the middle ages. I strain-hear, though I pulled the bell till the ed my eyes and listened. There was wnole place resounded. The rain came nothing more to be seen, but my ears on in earnest, and I was at the de caught a faint sound, startling at that spairing point, when the door gave a welcome click and swung back an inch or two. I stumbled in through the ning water, gently falling as if from darkness, passed the lodge where I a pipe, upon the pavement below. I could hear Casimir swearing to him- went on cautiously to the stair rail, self drowsily, without a thought of challenging me: and guided myself by the hand rail of the staircase straight to my own door. I struck a match,

Cassimir looked at the shelves with a certain respect and then shrugged found the key and went in. The outer rooms were black and un-friendly; through the I saw a thread of light from the library door, to which the light toward the dark corner, but Thinking that he referred to the glittering objects of the salon, I treat-I groped my way. The light came in vain. from a stately moderateur lamp that stood upon the table, and I blessed other an ed myself to a complacent smile, as I "Not there," he repeated, shuffling toward me in his loose slippers, and Casimir for his forethought. But for the lamp, the room, at the first glance, seemed to be as I had left it. The letting his voice die away into the important whisper that is the emphasis carved chair was drawn up before the came a blast of the night air, strong fire, which still burned brightly. That I found a fire and not a heap of ashes not drawn back, shielding the flame might have struck me as a curious circumstance, but I set this down to Casimir's forethought, too; all the more readily that my clothes were met and the door. It was securely bolted; the hangings, and showed me that it coverthat I needed it to dry them, as I pro- bolts were rusted; I tried one, and could seeded to do.

Standing thus before the chimney, with the crackling fagots at my heels, rang back along the walls: "Cordon!"

I observed a book upon the table. It the familiar call to the sleeping con-"And of such size!" I continued, for lay close to the arm of the great chair cierge. "Cordon!" the same rough —so close, in fact, that one sitting voice repeated. The heavy street door the doorway, though narrow, was higher than my head. "What can he there could hardly fail to see it even fell into place with a dull, jarring at twilight. Yet it had escaped my sound. The presence, whatever it was, notice until now. What book! The had escaped scot free into the world of "Jewels, monsieur," said Cassimir, enjoying my surprise. "Jewels from the end of the earth, laid away in little moment my unapokea question was Paris. arswered I felt absolutely sure that it drawers, lined with velvet as soft as the down of a bird. It is a passion had never before been in my hands. with him; the collection is a property Its vellum covers were worn and worm eaten; its musty leaves were yellow with age. I read the title, "The Trial of Francois Ravaillac for the Murder shining metal; it might have been the door of a tomb. I drew back shiver of King Henry IV-1610." I could the house forever. In less time than it hardly have forgotten that book had 1 takes to tell it I had rushed through ing. The thought of these untold riches, hardly out of reach, disturbed

the rooms overhead and down again taken it down. Immediately a strange terror seized by the main staircase; out into the me; vague, unreasoning it was, like a court, and on through the falling rain,
"The door is locked, of course," said child's in the dark. I dropped the book, shouting to Casimir as I went: "Corshouting to Casimir as I went : caught up a candle and peered in the don-cordon-cordon!" I woke echoes chamber; then searched the other that drove me half mad; I beat caught up a candle and peered in the rooms throughout. I saw no one, upon the door. At last the cord was heard no sound. I was alone. Yet drawn, and I found myself in the this knowledge failed to reassure me. be were dealing with some fragile work this knowledge failed to reassure me. of art, and then dropped the curtain I spoke and was startled at my own sufficiently to put on my hat and coat, voice. I tried to sing, but the walls soutched up in my flight, mechani-gave back a mecking echo that was cally, from the table in the antecham-

where, however, I found nothing more terrible than Casimir, watering his his name, age, rank and place of abode. He said that his name was Francois Ravaillac, born and dwelling at flowers and talking to a gray cat that rubbed itself aff-ctionately against his shins. The old man started when he saw me, and looked from me to the window, behind which he supposed I garcon, in one of those houses of the Angouleme, between 31 and 32 years of age."
I can see those lines now, in all their had been sleeping. quaintness of type, as one makes a sun picture by a sudden closing of the

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 16 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. II. NO 5

"Monsieur rises early," said he. "Yes. I am called away. You will be kind enough to pack my trunk and

"Monsieur gives up the rooms?"
"Unavoidably. It does not matter
they are paid for, all the same." Surprise made him speechless for moment. The cat came slowly toward me, purring. I stooped and stroked it

provoking manner of French modera-teurs. I knew that it only needed winding, and leaning over the table, I he lives upon raw meat, but he is very gave the key a turn or two, but I was kind and gentle. I regret that monsieur goes away.

"Thank you. Casimir, what strange man was in the house last night?" "Monsieur, I do not understand. There was no one." "You let no one out, then !"

"Oh, that of course. The house ha many apartments, many lodgers. I do is good, the patron," he murmured, so bideous in its expression that, even in tenderly that the drop might have been a crowd, one would have turned from a tear from his own failing eyes.

is good, the patron," he murmured, so bideous in its expression that, even in or count them in my sleep.

"Nevertheless," I said, with some it with loathing. I have never been warmth, "there was a stranger in my warmth, "there was a stranger in my rooms last night. I saw him." "Monsieur was dreaming. It is im-

"But I can describe him to you." And I tried to do so, making only s stammering failure of it.

Cassimir shrugged his shoulders. Then I remembered the curious mark upon the man's cheek, and put in that For a few seconds I was helpless evidence, triumphantly.

The dull eyes opened a little wider;
but he smiled and shook his head.

Sapristi! Now I know that monsieur was surely dreaming. That is the Brazilian, Cornelio, the good pa tron's valet de chambre. "Wall, then, I tell you he has come

"But, monsieur"-"I swear it to you."
"Impossible. Mousieur Morizot keeps him always at his side. They are both in Lapland.

I argued with him to no purpose He grew angry, and, in his excitement, tipped over his watering pot upon Chambord, who turned tail and disap-Darkness, there was nothing else. peared. I could convince him of

among his flowers.

One rarely fails to recall a startling it happened that this adventure was had dropped leisurely down the overquil' beside it. The room reveals the man, says Diderot; granting this, the patron was a man of taste and well informed. I took down some of the books; here were superb bindings, old and rare editions. Upon one fix lock.

The room reveals the man, says Diderot; granting this, the passage into the rue Favart. The doors of the Opera Comique stood instance of the opera Comique stood in the Avenue de l'Opera I am grateful cannot answer. But now when I walk tions way through larger and smaller craft, in and out among tow boats and barges, and awkward little luggers with red sails and spankers, past the play: "L'Ombre," of Flotow; Gounod's But again the current of cold air, as of Gallia." In the first, Mrs. Priole if from the face of the earth.—T. R. hospital with its white haired veterans whose reckoning leaves off where ours begins, by Tilbury fort and Gravesend, where the great river, broadened to ar estuary, stretches out its arms to meet have you made, in truth, your final darkest corner a small door that I had the Medway, and the two go wander ing off here and there in a tangle of nasse, to sleep out there a longer night than any other you have known? To one cruelty of life all a man's experting the wall. It stood ajar, moreover, as out into yellower and wider water; the clouds; the white cliffs and glimmering lights of Margate were already low on

the horizon, and the long twilight crept down upon us slowly, imperceptibly I had seen but few passengers, all of the heaviest and most uninteresting modern Flemish pattern. But a chance remark of one of the stewards led me to think that there were others of consequence holding themselves aloof in their cabins. One by one, those who were about me on the after deck had gone below as the night breeze strengthened. I knew that the stars were coming out, that under the pale green streak of western sky the En-glish coast was fast receding. But my thoughts were hundreds of miles away. With them I was really strolling through the pas-age des Princes and back along the boulevard, hum-ming, as I walked, the doctor's air in "L'Ombre:

Midi-minuit-Le jour-la nuit! Midi, c'est la vie, Minuit, la mort-oui!

visible hands-washing them, perhaps. And so on through all the details that troubled night. I lived again in M. Morizot's apartment; I saw his chair at the fire, his book upon the table; nay, even the old letter-press danced before my eyes, "Who is there?" I repeated, in a "The prisoner is sworn and asked

The water stopped. There was

with my hand. A door below me

quietty closed, and all was still again.

I rushed down the stairs, and found

Then, out in the court, a harsh cry

Drip, drip, behind me I heard the

gave one searching look at the dis

mal little corner, and then fled from

oice that was not mine.

other answer.

not stir it.

his name, age, rank and place of I heard a shuffling step, and there "He said that his name was Francois Ravaillac, born and dwelling at Angou-

The sound of my voice brought me back to the deck of the Baron Osy. I had spoken the words aloud. I turned and saw that they must have been overheard by a passenger who stood at the rail, not ten feet away. He wore a close fitting, pointed cap and a long, dark coat, buttoned tightly under his chin, and these garments had a suggestive richness in them. A splendid jewel, too, shone upon his hand. But his eyes were fixed on me with a look in which fear and wonder mingled strangely; his face seemed white as death, and it was the face of the valet, Cornelio. water, falling now, drop by drop upon the stones. There was nothing else to show that I had not been dreaming.

I realized an unknown power in the words which I had spoken; and without moving from my place, I finished the broken sentence from the trial of Ravailiac, then repeated it word for word from the beginning. With that, the mark upon his cheek quivered convulsively; he gave a wild cry, like some brute brought to bay, and with one appealing look, as if toward imaginary pursuers closing in upon him, he flung himself over the rail into the soa. I rushed to the ship's side, as one of

the hands, who had seen him jump, tore a life preserver from the guards, and threw it after him. We caught sight of an arm tossed up in the foaming wake far behind. A wave swept over it. The engines were stopped, of the house the corpse of an old wom-and a boat was lowered. After a long an lay, covered with sheet and blank-

quay at Antwerp. When I left the city they still remained there un-

Three years later, in one of the continental reading rooms, I took up the Figare to divert myself with its faits divers and echos de Paris. Between the last mot of Mme. X. and the announcement of a fete at Asnieres I found a line of reference to a matter familiar enough, as it seemed, to all bu, casual readers, viz., the division among the heirs at law of a handsome property, that of one M. Morizot. The name and the mysterious importance given it rouse I my curiosity, and I wrote at once to a Parisian crony for fuller information. This was his answer:

"Have you retired from the world

that you cease to read the news of it?

We are worn out with details of the

life and death of M. Morizot. Pardon me, then, if I recite them to you very garcon, in one of those houses of the rae Neuve St. Augustin already con-demned to make way for the new svenue, which will be a marvel. Like you, he was a traveler, and he often remained for years an absentee, staying away, at least, longer than the code allows. He became to all intents and purposes a dead man, and his heirs demanded to share his estate, and to break up his collection of jewels, known to be of great value. Man pro-poses! The safe was opened; but it had been rifled, mon ami. They found there instead the owner's body, stabbed through and through. The good soul had made a hard fight of it. His hand still clutched a bit of a watch chain, identified as the property of a certain Brazilian ape of a servant who never left him. Our haute police is enor-mously cunning. Bit by bit, the case has been worked up, and this is what happened. The two arrived lats one night at the northern railway station, where, to save time, at the servant's suggestion, their trunks were left to be claimed in the morning. Thus they installed themselves at home without stir and unannounced. Then the man got the better of his master, and became in his turn an absentee. No one ever dreamed of the arrival or the departure, yet now it is all clear as hough we saw it in a glass-the very date proved by the fragment of a journal found in the pocket of what was once M. Morizot. Heed the warning and travel no more, but marry, and let madame watch over you. Get thee a wife, mon amour! Et voild tout!"

I answered my foreign correspondent in good American fashion, by asking a question. Upon what date, I prayed nim, was the crime committed ? reply brought me a printed slip, fixing upon the very night of my adventure, but in the year preceding it. And on this point all known records of the af-

fair obstinately agree. That Senor Ramon Quizas and the valet, Cornelio, were one and the same I have no manner of doubt ; but that he ever could have revisited the scene of his double crime is inconceivable. nothing but my own imbecility; and so I left him, muttering strange oaths the mirror? Whose hands were washed in the running water? Who, besides myself, clamored there in the dark for bit of his own experience, the first time its date comes around again. So Did I, by some strange coincidence, dream these things, one after another, in quick succession? Or did the mur-derer leave behind him in his flight a upper-most in my mind one midsummer night of the following year, on board the good steamer Baron Osy, bound from London to Antwerp. We had left the white tower just at noon, and line for line, moment for moment ! I cannot answer. But now when I walk Sullivan in Scribner's Magazine.

Oremation in Alaska.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS THAT FOLLOW DEATH

WITY THE BODIES BURN WELL Having had information the other day of a cremation to take place at the Indian village, I went to the beach to witness it. The defunct siwash was known around Janeau as Frank, and was formerly employed at Martin Bros. store in the capacity of Indian clerk, and the blockman (it being a double cremation of one of each sex) had been called Jennie; both, as it happened, having died of consumption. The morning service consisted of the ancient ceremony known as "potlatch." which is always customary among the Indians of southeastern Alaska on the occasion of a death of one of their number. The potlatch is a division of whatever temporal goods the deceased may have possessed, such as blankets, dry goods, &c , among his or her relations, according as the merits of the

case each individual case may justify. In the services of the mourning, which are very long, and to the Indian mind very impressive, the first in the order of the day is a eulogistic disclosure by one of the old men, which, be ing delivered by him in sections, so to speak, is taken up and sung by the rest in a monotonous sort of chant : the old man is then superseded by another venerable buck, who goes through the same service, and he in turn by another, until all the old men have had their individual say. The chanters keep time by thumping on the floor with sticks and beating on a drum, This performance being gone over for a day or two, the potlatch takes place.

The body of the deceased is first erapped in a matting, woven from split roots, and in appearance resemb-ling coarse straw. They then convey the body to the place of cremation, which is always on the beach at highwater mark. On this occasion they had on hand for the purpose of burning the two bodies, about one cord of rood, some split and some in small logs. First a platform of small logs is laid a foot from the ground, and a space of four inches between each log. On this pyre, which was about seven feet long by five feet wide, the two bodies were placed, about three feet apart, and around them a miniature og hut was built to height of four feet; the enclored space is then carefully filled in with split wood and fine kindling, and now, everything being in readiness, the fire is lighted from the bottom. The native diet being chiefly salmon, an oily substance, the bodies of the Indians seem to contain a considerable amount of oil, as they barn very rapidly. While the corpses were charring, the friends of the deceased continue to poke them with long sticks occasionally raking the fragments of burnt flesh from the fire and wrapping them in skins, blankets, &c. Return-ing from the cremation of the two natives, I heard singing in a native house, and dropped in to see what was going

There was quite an assemblage of natives squatted around a small fire in the centre of the room, and at one end Our office solution Patentian less time than those research of the control of drawing. We advise as to patentially free of charge, and we make no charge meed give himself no uneasiness; it is nothing still oppressing me, like the morning, the sun-free most operation of the control of the co