

...marriage, and all the evening in her armchair close to the fire, and never sees any one but her own people, her complexion matters very little.

"She has the handsomest suite of rooms in the hotel. My bedroom is inside hers, the sweetest room—all blue satin and white lace—white enameled furniture, looking glasses on every wall, till I know my pert little profile as I never knew it before. The room was really meant for Lady Ducayne's dressing room, but she ordered one of the blue satin couches to be arranged as a bed for me—the prettiest little bed—which I can wheel near the windows on sunny mornings, as it is on castors and easily moved about. I feel as if Lady Ducayne was a funny old grandmother, who had suddenly appeared in my life, very, very rich, and very, very kind.

"She is not at all exacting. I read aloud to her a good deal, and she dozes and nods as I read. Sometimes I hear her moaning in her sleep—as if she had troublesome dreams. When she is tired of my reading she orders Francine, her maid, to read a French novel to her, and I hear her chuckle and moan now and then, as if she were more interested in those works than in Dickens or Scott. My French is not good enough to follow Francine, who reads very quickly. Lady Ducayne often tells me to run away and amuse myself. I roam about the hills for hours. Everything is so lovely. I lose myself in olive woods, always climbing up and up towards the pine woods above, and above the pines there are the snow mountains that just disclose their white peaks above the dark hills.

"Oh, you poor dear, how can I ever make you understand what this place is like—you, whose poor, tired eyes have only the opposite side of Beresford Street! Sometimes I go no farther than the terrace in front of the hotel, which is a favorite lounging place with everybody. The gardens lie below, and the tennis courts where I sometimes play with a very nice girl, the only person in the hotel with whom I have made friends. She is a year older than I, and has come to Cap Ferrino with her brother, a doctor—or a medical student, who is going to be a doctor. He passed his M.B. exam. at Edinburgh just before they left home. Lotta told me. He came to Italy entirely on his sister's account. She had a troublesome chest attack last summer, and was ordered to winter abroad; quite alone in the world, and so fond of each other. It is very nice for me to have such a friend as Lotta. She is thoroughly respectable. I can't help using that word, for some of the girls in this hotel go on in a way that I know you would shudder at. Lotta was brought up by an aunt, leap down in the country, and knows hardly anything about life. Her brother won't allow her to read a novel, French or English, that he has not read and approved.

"He treats me like a child," she told me, "but I don't mind, for it's nice to know somebody loves me, and cares about what I do, and even about my thoughts."

"Perhaps this is what makes some girls so eager to marry—the want of some one strong and brave and honest and true to care for them and order them about. I want no one, mother darling, for I have you, and you are all the world to me. No husband could ever come between us two. If I ever were to marry he would have only the

who had gone with her brother for a little tour to Genoa and Spazza, and as far as Pisa. They were to return before February; but in the meantime Bella might naturally feel very solitary among all those strangers, whose manners and doings she described so well.

CHAPTER IV.

The mother's instinct had been true. Bella was not so happy as she had been in that first flush of wonder and delight which followed the change from Walworth to the Riviera. Somehow, she knew not how, lassitude had crept upon her. She no longer loved to climb the hills, no longer flourished her orange stick in sheer gladness of heart as her light feet skipped over the rough ground and the coarse grass on the mountain side. The odor of rosemary and thyme, the fresh breath of the sea, no longer filled her with rapture. She thought of Beresford Street and her mother's face with a sick longing. They were so far—so far away! And then she thought of Lady Ducayne, sitting by the heaped up olive logs in the overheated salon—thought of that weakened, nut-cracker profile, and those gleaming eyes, with an invincible horror.

Visitors at the hotel had told her that the air of Cape Ferrino was relaxing—better suited to age than to youth, to sickness than to health. No doubt it was so. She was not so well as she had been at Walworth; but she told herself that she was suffering only from the pain of separation from the dear companion of her girlhood, the mother who had been nurse, sister, friend, flatterer, all things in this world to her. She had shed many tears over the parting, had spent many a melancholy hour on the marble terrace with yearning eyes looking westward, and with her heart's desire a thousand miles away.

She was sitting in her favorite spot, an angle at the eastern end of the terrace, a quiet little nook sheltered by orange trees when she heard a couple of Riviera habitués talking in the garden below. They were sitting on a bench against the wall.

She had no idea of listening to their talk, till the sound of Lady Ducayne's name attracted her, and then she listened without any thought of wrong doing. They were talking no secrets—just casually discussing an hotel acquaintance.

They were two elderly people whom Bella only knew by sight. An English clergyman who had wintered abroad for half his lifetime; a stout, comfortable well-to-do spinster, whose chronic bronchitis obliged her to migrate annually.

"I have met her about Italy for the last ten years," said the lady; "but have never found out her real age."

"I put her down at a hundred—not a year less," replied the parson. "Her reminiscences all go back to the Regency. She was evidently then in her zenith; and I have heard her say things that showed she was in Parisian society when the First Empire was at its best—before Josephine was divorced."

"She doesn't talk much now?" does she.

"No; there's not much life left in her. She is wise in keeping herself secluded. I only wonder that old quack, her Italian doctor, didn't finish her off years ago."

"I should think it must be the other way, and that he keeps her alive."

"My dear Miss Manders, do you think foreign quackery ever kept anybody alive?"

"Well, there she is—and she never goes anywhere without him. He must certainly have an unpleasant countenance."

"Unpleasant," echoed the parson, "I don't believe the foul fiend himself can beat him in ugliness. I pity that poor young woman who has to live between old Lady Ducayne and that Dr. Parravicini."

"But the old lady is good to her companions."

"No doubt. She is very free with her cash; the servants call her good Lady Ducayne. She is a withered old female Cosmus, and knows she will never get through her money, and doesn't relish the idea of other people enjoying it when she's in her coffin. People who live to be as old as she is become slavishly attached to life. I dare say she's generous to those poor girls—but she can't make them happy. They die in her service."

"Don't say that. Mr. Carton; I know that one poor girl died at Mentone last spring."

"Yes, and another poor girl died in Rome three years ago. I was there at the time. Good Lady Ducayne left her there in an English family. The girl had every comfort. The old woman was very liberal to her—but she died. I tell you, Miss Manders, it is not good for any young woman to live with two such horrors as Lady Ducayne and Parravicini."

They talked of other things—but Bella hardly heard them. She sat motionless, and a cold wind seemed to come down upon her from the mountains and to creep up to her from the sea, till she shivered as she sat there in the sunshine, in the shelter of the orange trees in the midst of all that beauty and sunshine.

Yes, they were uncanny, certainly, the pair of them—she so like an aristocratic witch in her withered old age; he of no particular age, with a face that was more like a waxen mask than any human countenance Bella had ever seen. What did it mean? Old age is venerable, and worthy of reverence; and Lady Ducayne had been very kind to her. Dr. Parravicini was a harmless, inoffensive student, who seldom looked up from the book that he was reading. He had his private sitting room, where he made experiments in chemistry and natural science—perhaps in alchemy. What could it matter to Bella? He had always been polite to her, in his far off way. She could not be more happily placed than she was—in this palatial hotel with this rich old lady.

No doubt she missed the young English girl who had been so friendly, and it might be that she missed the girl's brother, for Mr. Stafford had talked to her a great deal—had interested himself in the books she was reading, and her manner of amusing herself when she was not on duty.

"You must come to our little salon when you are 'off,' as the hospital nurses call it, and we can have some music. No doubt you play and sing?" upon which Bella had to own with a blush of shame that she had forgotten how to play the piano ages ago.

"Mother and I used to sing duets sometimes between the lights, without accompaniment," she said, and the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the humble room, the half hour's respite from work, the sewing machine standing where a piano ought to have been, and her mother's plaintive voice, so sweet, so true, so dear.

Sometimes she found herself wonder-



"WITH YEARNING EYES LOOKING WESTWARD,"

ing whether she would see that beloved mother again. Strange forebodings came into her mind. She was angry with herself for giving way to melancholy thoughts.

CHAPTER V.

One day Bella questioned Lady Ducayne's French maid about those two companions who had died within three years.

"They were poor, feeble creatures," Francine told her. "They looked fresh and bright enough when they came to Miladi; but they ate too much, and they were lazy. They died of luxury and idleness. They had nothing to do, and so they took to fancying things; fancying the air didn't suit them, and they couldn't sleep."

"I sleep well enough, but I have had a strange dream several times since I have been in Italy."

"Ah, you had better not begin to think about dreams, or you will be like those other girls. They were dreamers—and they dreamt themselves into the cemetery."

The dream troubled her a little, not because it was a ghastly or frightening dream, but on account of sensations which she had never felt before in sleep—a whirling of wheels that went round in her brain, a great noise like a whirlwind, but rhythmic like the ticking of a gigantic clock; and then in the midst of this uproar as of winds and waves she seemed to sink into a gulf of unconsciousness, out of sleep into far deeper sleep—total extinction. And then, after that blank interval, there had come the sound of voices, and then again the whirr of wheels, louder and louder—and once more the blank—and then she awoke, feeling languid and oppressed.

She told Dr. Parravicini of her dream one day, on the only occasion when she wanted his professional advice. She had suffered rather severely from the mosquitoes before Christmas—and had been almost frightened at finding a wound upon her arm which she could only attribute to the venomous sting of one of those torturers. He put on his glasses and scrutinized the angry mark on the round, white arm, as Bella stood before him and Lady Ducayne, with her sleeve rolled up to her elbow.

"Yes, that's rather more than a joke," he said; "he has caught you on the top of a vein. What a vampire! But there's no harm done, signorina, nothing that a little dressing of mine won't heal. You must always show me any bite of this nature. It might be dangerous if neglected. These creatures feed on poison and disseminate it."

"And to think that such tiny creatures can bite like this," said Bella; "my arm looks as if it had been cut by a knife."

"If I were to show you a mosquito's sting under my microscope you wouldn't be surprised at that," replied Parravicini.

Bella had to put up with the mosquito bites, even when they came on the top of a vein, and produced that ugly wound. The wound recurred now and then at longish intervals, and Bella found Dr. Parravicini's dressing a speedy cure. If he were the quack his enemies called him, he had at least a light hand and a delicate touch in performing this small operation.

"Bella Rolleston to Mrs. Rolleston.—April 14th.

"EVER DEAREST,—Behold the check for my second quarter's salary—five and twenty pounds. There is no pinch off a whole tenor for a year's commission as there was last time, so it is all for you, mother, dear. I have plenty of pocket money in hand from the cash I brought away with me, when you insisted on my keeping more than I wanted. It isn't possible to spend money here—except on occasional tips to servants, or sons to beggars and children—unless one had lots to spend, for everything one would like to buy—tortoise shell, coral, lace—is so ridiculously dear that only a millionaire ought to look at it. Italy is a dream of beauty; but for shopping, give me Newington Causeway.

CHEAP CONSERVATORIES.

Winter Window Transformed Into a Veritable Fairyland.

There is No Reason Why Every Home Should Not Have Flowers—How to Make an Invalid's Room Cheery and Attractive.

Her house, she says, is no bigger than a minute, with a dining-room window opening on a series of clean but ugly backyards, where neighbors will hang out their Monday wash, so she consulted a nice florist around the corner. The suggestion was to put off the disagreeable view by an arrangement of plants, and the bill must needs be extremely modest.

This is what the florist did for the small consideration of \$8: He took out the lower sash of the window entirely and fastened outside the sill a deep zinc box, measuring 2 1/2 feet on all sides. It was supported by iron brackets on the outside wall beneath the window and then with four squares of skylight glass, the sort that is near an inch thick and a cloudy pale green in tint, he put a slanting roof and sides over the zinc box, reaching from its outer edges to the bottom of the window's upper sash. This done, the box was filled with earth and planted with cheap hardy ferns, bedded down with lycopodium and given color and fragrance by adding a few mignonette and cyclamen plants.

It was when finished an ideal little conservatory, that she framed in by drawing the shade down to a level with the lower end of the top sash and looping back her white lace curtains. Through the heavy glass the autumn sun shines with just sufficient energy to keep the plants in good health and the proper temperature. Its proud owner satisfies her horticultural tastes by spraying the leaves once every 24 hours from a florist's bulb. All day the cool green nook and the heavy glass shut off the back yards effectually and at night the drawn shade shelters the sensitive plants from artificial light.

There is no reason on the whole why every city or country house in winter, she thinks, should not have one such window box to every living room. The chief expense is their building, for the zinc box and glass are the costly items, but a clever brother or husband can put them together in the proper shape, and



FOR AN INVALID'S ROOM.

the hardy ferns, lycopodium, etc., cost very little at any florist's; a dollar and a half well laid out will plant the box fully, not to reckon on the inestimable value such a corner of growing flowers is to any room in the winter. It changes the whole aspect of things, and so widely has she recommended her plan that the little florist round the corner has more orders for winter boxes than he can fill.

The prettiest little conservatory built in a long time was made for a semi-invalid who is very fond of flowers and tried to experiment with orchids and palms. One long window of her bedroom she had cleared of sash and blinds and a circular shelf or bow window built out from the sill on brackets about three feet long and three wide. Then in a wooden frame she had the open window inclosed like a bay, glazed with regular window glass.

The materials and carpenter's work cost her \$15, and when it was finished she began to buy any orchids, large or small, that could thrive indoors. Her purchases ran chiefly to cattleyas and the yellow butterfly variety, that as healthy plants in boxes cost her from 75 cents to twice that sum. "These she hung by cords of varying length from the roof of her conservatory, and for \$2 apiece she bought a half dozen small rubber plants and thriving little palms. You can scarcely picture the brilliant beauty of that recess when the orchids began to bloom. There hung a cloud of the loveliest lavender and yellow over the greenery below like a glimpse into fairyland through the lace curtains.

This conservatory is large enough for one person to stand in. It cost, the plants included, about \$25, and is a sight like Katschaw's elbow—a lovely sight that her friends came miles to see. She wisely chose the orchids because, when healthy plants, they require less care than any others, bloom more readily, their flowers last longer, and if their boxes are wisely enriched at intervals will last without other notice from season to season.

"On the whole," said the little florist convincingly, "I see no reason why every woman should not have at least a window box in her home for the winter, for if she is not lucky at flowers, any florist will send a skillful man to put her plants in order every four weeks, charging her 50 cents for the professional visit, not a big price to pay for something more ornamental in the long run than the costliest bric-a-brac."—St. Louis Republic.

Onions as a Perfume.

In Tartary onions, leeks and garlic are regarded as perfumes. A Tartary lady will make herself agreeable by rubbing a piece of fresh-cut onion on her hands and over her countenance.

REASONS FOR USING Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. 1. Because it is absolutely pure. 2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used. 3. Because beans of the finest quality are used. 4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans. 5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup. Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1870.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO. DEALERS IN Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts. SOLE AGENTS FOR Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week. PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY. SOLE AGENTS FOR F. F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco. Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars: Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Ash. Bloomsburg Pa.

Prices Low and Good Work. For the finest and best stoves, tinware, roofing, spouting and general job work, go to W. W. Watts, on Iron street. Buildings heated by steam, hot air or hot water in a satisfactory manner. Sanitary Plumbing a specialty. I have the exclusive control of the Thatcher steam, hot water and hot air heaters for this territory, which is acknowledged to be the best heater on the market. All work guaranteed. W. W. WATTS, Bloomsburg, Pa. IRON STREET.

SHOES SHOES We buy right and sell right. OUR SUCCESS IS BASED ON THIS FACT. Honest trading has won us hosts of customers but we want more. We are selling good shoes, so good you ought to see them. Drop in and we will make it pay you. W. H. Moore. CORNER IRON AND MAIN STS.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH, YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT W. H. BROWER'S 2nd Door above Court House. A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

HOW TO QUIET THE BABY.

The Best Way is to Gently Shut Off an Infant's Breath.

An infallible method for quieting a crying baby probably will never be discovered.

Some entirely new methods have recently been introduced in some of the New York hospitals which prove successful in a larger percentage of cases than the old-fashioned ways.

The new scientific method for quieting crying babies proceeds, upon an entirely new principle. It disregards the cause or source of irritation, but on the other hand tries to train the baby to practise self-control.

The scientific method is based upon the theory that the average baby is strong enough to control itself in all but cases of very severe illness. It is, incidentally, very much more dignified and entails far less effort than the attempts most people make to quiet their children. The old plans of trying to catch the baby's attention by standing on one's head and by similar violent methods are quite discarded.

Instead, as soon as the child cries the nurse catches it up, and, holding it gently, places her hand over its mouth and nose so that it cannot breathe. The crying will obviously soon come to a stop. The hand need not be held very tightly over the face, since the object is merely to produce a slight smothering. As soon as the crying ceases the hand is removed. If the crying recommences, as it is very likely to do, the same operation is instantly repeated. This is continued until the baby imagines that the more or less painful stoppages of the breath are caused by its own efforts to scream. As soon as it grasps this idea it is careful to keep quiet. It is claimed that the plan works like a charm, and that wonderful self-control is exhibited by infants treated in this way, even when less than three months old.—New York World.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. toc. 4-1-17

Humor of Thieves.

After Robbing a Man They Made Him Dance a Jig.

Max Mai, a New York jeweler, was waiting the other night at Elizabeth, N. J., for a New York train, and, having plenty of time on his hands, purchased a cigar and started for a little walk toward Newark. Mai had walked to the outskirts of the city and turned to retrace his steps when two men hailed him and asked for a match.

The jeweler handed out a match-sate, and, seeing the men had nothing to smoke, asked what they wanted matches for.

"Oh, you'll furnish the smoke," said one of the men, and an instant later Mai felt his arms gripped, and he was in the clutches of a strong man.

While one robber held him the other inspected his pockets and took all he could find; then he made Mai take off his coat and hat and hold up his hands.

Some one in a house near by began to play a dance tune, and one of the men suggested to Mai to dance a little. The New Yorker complied, and while he danced an old fashioned breakdown the robbers applauded.

Finally Mai got tired, and, looking around, found he was alone. The highwaymen had made good their escape. Mai hurried to the city and gave the police a description of the two men, but it is not likely they will be captured.—New York Journal.

The confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to its unequalled record of wonderful cures. Send for a copy of Tasker's Beautiful Song "Gone Forever". The very latest. Pronounced by critics to be the prettiest song ever written. Price 20 cts. At music stores, or sent upon receipt of price by David J. Tasker, Bloomsburg, Pa.



"LADY DUCAYNE."

second place in my heart. But I don't suppose I shall ever marry, or even know what it is like to have an offer of marriage. No young man can afford to marry a penniless girl nowadays. Life is too expensive.

"Mr. Stafford, Lotta's brother, is very clever, and very kind. He thinks it is rather hard for me to have to live with such an old woman as Lady Ducayne, but then he does not know how poor we are—you and I—and what a wonderful life this seems to me in this lovely place. I feel a selfish wretch or enjoying all my luxuries, while you, who want them so much more than I, have none of them—hardly know what they are like—do you, dearest?—for my camp of a fatter began to go to the dogs soon after you were married, and since then life has been all trouble and care and struggle for you."

This letter was written when Bella had been less than a month at Cap Ferrino, before the novelty had worn off the landscape, and before the pleasure of luxurious surroundings had begun to wane. She wrote to her mother every week, such long letters as girls who have lived in closest companionship with a mother alone can write; letters that are like a diary of heart and mind. She wrote gaily always, but when the new year began Mrs. Rolleston thought she detected a note of melancholy under those lively details about the place and the people.

"My poor girl is getting homesick," she thought. "Her heart is in Beresford Street."

It might be that she missed her new friend and companion, Lotta Stafford,