### GOOD LADY DUCAYNE

BY MISS BRADDON. CHAPTER VI.

"You ask me so earnestly if I am quite well that I fear my letters must have been very dull lately. Yes, dear, I am well—but I am not quite so strong as I was when I used to trudge to the West-end to buy half a pound of teajust for a constitutional walk-or to Dulwich to look at the pictures. Italy is relaxing; and I feel what the people here call 'slack.' But I fancy I can see your dear face looking worried as you read this, Indeed, and indeed, I am not ill. I am only a little tired of this lovely scene—as I suppose one might get tired of looking at one of Turner's pictures if it hung on a wall that was always opposite one. I think of you every hour in every day-think of you and our homely little room-our dear little shabby parlor, with the arm-chairs from the wreck of your old home, and Dick singing in his cage over the sewing machine. Dear, shrill, maddening Dick, who, we flattered ourselves, was so passionately fond of us. Do tell me in your next that he is well.

My friend Lotta and her brother never came back after all. They went from Pisa to Rome. Happy mortals! And they are to be on the Italian lakes in May; which lake was not decided when Lotta last wrote to me. She has been a charming correspondent, and has confided all her little flirtations to me. We are all to go to Bellaggio next week-by Genoa and Milan. Isn't that lovely? Lady Ducayne travels by the easiest stages-except when she is bottled up in the train de luxe. We shall stop two days at Genoa and one at Milan. What a bore I shall be to you with my talk about Italy when I come

"Love and love-and ever more love from your adoring, BELLA.

Herbert Stafford and his sister had often talked of the pretty English girl with her fresh complexion, which made such a pleasant touch of rosy color among all those sallow faces at the Grand Hotel. The young doctor thought of her with a compassionate tenderness—her utter loneliness in that great hotel where there were so many people, her bondage to that old, old woman, where everybody else was free to think of nothing but enjoying life. It was a hard fate; and the poor child was evidently devoted to her mother, and felt the pain of separation-"only two of them, and very poor, and all the world to each other," he thought.

Lotta told him one morning that they were to meet again at Bellagio. "The old thing and her court are to be there before we are," she said. "I shall be charmed to have Bella again. She is so bright and gay—in spite of an occasional touch of home-sickness. I never took to a girl on a short acquaintance as I did to her.'

"I like her best when she is home-sick," said Herbert; "for then I am sure she has a heart."

"What have you to do with hearts, except for dissection? Don't forget that Bella is an absolute pauper. She told me in confidence that her mother makes mantles for a West-end shop. You can hardly have a lower depth than that." "I shouldn't think any less of her if

her mother made match-boxes." "Not in the abstract-of course not. Match-boxes are honest labor. But you couldn't marry a girl whose mother

makes mantles." "We haven't come to the consideration of that question yet," answered

Herbert, who liked to provoke his

In two years' hospital practice he had seen too much of the grim realities of life to retain any prejudices about rank. Cancer, phthisis, gangrene, leave a man with little respect for the outward differences which vary the husk of humanity. The kernel is always the same -fearfully and wonderfully made-a subject for pity and terror.

Mr. Stafford and his sister arrived at Bellaggio in a fair May evening. The sun was going down as the steamer approached the pier; and all that glory of purple bloom which curtains every wall at this season of the year flushed and deepened in the glowing light. A group of ladies were standing on the pier watching the arrivals, and among them Herbert saw a pale face that startled him out of his wonted composure.

'There she is," murmured Lotta, at his elbow, "but how dreadfully changed. She looks a wreck."

They were shaking hands with her a few minutes later, and a flush had lighted up her poor pinched face in the pleasure of meeting.

'I thought you might come this evening," she said. "We have been here a

She did not add that she had been there every evening to watch the boat in, and a good many times during the day. The Grand Bretagne was close by, and it had been easy for her to creep to the pier when the boat bell rang. She felt a joy in meeting these people again; a sense of being with friends; a confidence which Lady Ducayne's good-

ness had never inspired in her. "Oh, you poor darling, how awfully ill you must have been," exclaimed Lotta, as the two girls embraced.

Bella tried to answer, but her voice was choked with tears.

What has been the matter, dear?

That horrid influenza, I suppose?" "No, no, I have not been ill-I have only felt a little weaker than I used to be. I don't think the air of Cap Fer-

"It must have disagreed with you abominably. I never saw such a change in anyone. Do let Herbert doctor you. He is fully qualified, you know. He prescribed for ever so many influenza patients at the Londres. They were glad to get advice from an English doc-

tor in a triendly way." "I am sure he must be very clever!" faltered Bella, "but there is really nothing the matter. I am not ill, and if I a ill. Lady Ducayne's physician-

"That dreadful man with the yellow face! I would as soon one of the Borgias prescribed for me. I hope you haven't been taking any of his medi-

"No, dear, I have taken nothing. I have never complained of being ill." This was said while they were all three walking to the hotel. The Staffords' rooms had been secured in advance, pretty ground floor rooms, opening into the garden. Lady Ducayne's statelier apartments were on the floor

"I believe these rooms are just under ours," said Bella.

"Then it will be all the easier for you to run down to us," replied Lotta, which was not really the case, as the grand staircase was in the centre of the hotel.

"Oh, I shall find it easy enough," said Bella. "I'm afraid you'll have too much of my society. Lady Ducayne sleeps away half the day in this warm weather, so I have a good deal of idle time; and I get awfully moped thinking of mother and home.

Her voice broke upon the last word. She could not have thought of that poor lodging which went by the name of home more tenderly had it been the most beautiful that art and wealth ever created. She moped and pined in this lovely garden, with the sunlit lake and romantic hills spreading out their beau-



ty before her. She was homesick and she had dreams; or rather an occasional recurrence of that one bad dream with all its strange sensations-it was more like a hallucination than dreaming-the whirring of wheels, the sinking into an abyss; the struggling back to consciousness. She had the dream shortly after she left Cap Ferrino, but not since she had come to Bellaggio, and she began to hope the air in this lake district suited her better, and that those strange sensations would never return.

Mr. Stafford wrote a prescription and had it made up at the chemist's near the hotel. It was a powerful tonic, and after two bottles, and a row or two on the lake, and some rambling over the hills and in the meadows where the spring flowers made earth seem Paradise, Bella's spirits and looks improved as if by magic.

"It is a wonderful tonic," she said. but perhaps in heart of hearts she knew that the doctor's kind voice, and the friendly hand that helped her in and out of the boat, and the watchful care that went with her by land and lake, had something to do with her cure.

"I hope you don't forget that her mother makes mantles," Lotta said,

warningly.
"Or match-boxes; it is just the same thing, so far as I am concerned."

"You mean that in no circumstances

could you think of marrying her?" "I mean that if ever I love a woman well enough to think of marrying her, riches or rank will count for nothing with me. But I fear-I fear your poor friend may not live to be any man's

"Do you think her so very ill?" He sighed, and left the question un

CHAPTER VIL

One day, while they were gathering hyacinths in an upland meadow, Bella told Mr. Stafford about her unpleasant

dream.
"It is curious only because it is hardly like a dream," she said. "I dare say you could find some common sense reason for it. The position of my head on my pillow, or the atmosphere, or some

And then she described her sensations; how in the midst of sleep there came a sudden sense of suffocation; and then those whirring wheels, so loud, so terrible; and then a blank, and then a coming back to waking consciousness.

"Have you ever had chloroform given you-by a dentist, for instance?" "Never. Dr. Parravicini asked me that question one day."

"No; long ago, when we were in the train de luxe.

"Has Dr. Parravicini prescribed for you since you began to feel weak and

'Oh, he has given me a tonic from time to time, but I hate medicine and took very little of the stuff. And then I am not ill, only weaker than I used to be. I was ridiculously strong and well when I lived at Walworth, and used to take long walks every day. Mother made me take those tramps to Duiwich or Norwood, for fear I should suffer from too much sewing-machine; sometimes-but very seldom-she went with me. She was generally toiling at home while I was enjoying fresh air and exercise. And she was very careful about our food-that, however plain it was, it should be always nourishing and ample. I owe it to her care that I grew up such a great, strong

"You don't look great or strong now, you poor dear," said Lotta. "I'm afraid Italy doesn't agree with

"Perhaps it is not Italy, but being cooped up with Lady Ducayne that has

made you ill." "But I am never cooped up. Lady Ducayne is absurdly kind, and lets me roam about or sit in the balcony all day it I like. I have read more novels since I have been with her than in all the I rest of my life."

"Then she is very do rent from the average old lady, - o is usually a slave-driver," said ford. "I wonder why she carries a compe- on about with her, if she has so li-sle need of society.'

"Oh, I am only part of her state. She is inordinately rich—and the sal ary she gives me doesn't count. Apropos of Dr. Parravicini, I know he is a clever doctor, for he cures my horrid mosquito bites."

"A little ammonia would do that, in the early stage of the mischief, but there are no mosquitoes to trouble you

"Oh, yes, there are; I had a bite just before we left Cap Ferrino." She pushed up her loose lawn sleeve and exhibited a scar, which he scruti-nized intently, with a surprised and

puzzled look.

"This is no mosquito bite," he said.

"Oh, yes, it is—unless there are snakes or adders at Cap Ferrino."

"It is not a bite at all. You are trifling with me. Miss Rolleston, you have allowed that wretched Italian quack to bleed you. They killed the greatest man in modern Europe that greatest man in modern Europe that way, remember. How very foolish of

"I was never bled in my life, Mr. Stafford."

"Nonsense! Let me look at your other arm. Are there any more mosquito bites?"

'Yes; Dr. Parravicini says that I have a bad skin for healing, and that the poison acts more virulently with

me than with most people."
Stafford examined both her arms in the broad sunlight, scars new and old. "You have been very badly bitten, Miss Rolleston," he said, "and if ever I find the mosquito I shall make him smart. But now tell me, my dear girl, on your word of honor, tell me as you would tell a friend who is sincerely anxious for your health and happinessas you would tell your mother if she were here to question you-have you no knowledge of any cause for these scars except mosquito bites-no suspicion,

"No, indeed! No, upon my honor! I have never seen a mosquito biting my arm. One never does see the horrid little fiends. But I have heard them trumpeting under the curtains, and I know that I have often had one of the pestilent wretches buzzing about me in the night.'

Later in the day Bella and her friends were sitting at tea in the garden, while Lady Ducayne took her afternoon drive with her doctor.

"How long do you mean to stop with Lady Ducayne, Miss Rolleston?" Herbert Stafford asked, after a thoughtful silence, breaking suddenly upon the trivial talk of the two girls.

"As long as she will go on paying me twenty five pounds a quarter." "Even if you feel your health break

ing down in her service?" "It is not the service that has injured my health. You can see that I have really nothing to do-to read aloud for an hour or so once or twice a week; to write a letter once in a while to a London tradesman. I shall never have such an easy time with anybody else. And nobody else would give me a hundred a year."

"Then you mean to go on till you break down; to die at your post?"

No! If ever I feel seriously ill-really ill-I shall put myself in a train and go back to Walworth without stopping."

"What about the other two com-"They both died. It was very un-

lucky for Lady Ducayne. That's why she engaged me; she chose me because I was ruddy and robust. She must feel rather disgusted at my having grown white and weak. By-the-by, when I told her about the good your tonic had done me, she said she would like to see you and have a little talk with you about her own case."
"And I should like to see Lady Du

cayne. When did she say this?"

"The day before yesterday." "Will you ask her if she will see me

this evening?" "With pleasure! I wonder what you will think of her? She looks rather terrible to a stranger; but Dr. Parravicini says she was once famous for her beauty."

TO BE CONTINUED.

M. du Maurier, his son tells us, had no idea of appropriateness in dress, and did not know one fashion from another. "My sisters," said Mr. du Maurier, "looked to it that he got the right things in his pictures. He would come home sometimes and sketch something which had attracted him in a passer-by on the street. Often it would be some impossibly queer ar- tue which is underneath, decided rangement, and my sisters would protest: 'Why, father, you mustn't use that in Punch. Nobody wears those things now; they are dreadfully oldfashloned,' and he would give in immediately to what he recognized as their superior judgment." This will be a blow to the hundreds of people who modeled their dress upon that Du Maurier's men and women. His fashlons, however, were correct, for his family saw to it that they should be.

A Bostonian's Neglected Education. "Browning, dear," said Mrs. Emer-son to her husband, "what is a cutaneous pastime?"

"A cutaneous pastime, love? never heard of such a thing." "Well, I heard two men on street car talking, and one of them spoke of a skin gene."-Brooklyn

Didn't Have to Walk.

Banks-"And because you couldn't find a penny to pay the fare, did the conductor make you get off and walk?"

Jenkins-"No, he only made me get off; I could have sat on the road all day if I'd wanted to."-From the

# A Fortunate Escape

### BURLINGTON YOUNG LADY TELLS THE STORY OF HER RESCUE.

From the Clipper, Burlington, Fl.

A reporter called upon Miss Lillian Warner at her home, 415 St. Paul Street, Burlington, Vt., and begged the favor of an interview.

The young lody is a musician and a pinnist of considerable renown, and has her time fully occupied by engagements to play at concerts and other entertainments that are constantly taking place in the oity, and the strain upon the strength and nervous energy of the pinuits can be saily imagined.

"I never could have stood it once, but I have something now," said Miss Warner enthusiastically, "that braces me for my work. Some little time ago I was utterly unable to attend to my duties, owing to a disarrangement of the nervous system that effected my eyes with all the rest. They became so weak and troubled me so that I finally went away into the country to rest. The benefit obtained from the change of seene and freedom from care was, however, merely temporary, and upon my return to work I rapidly lost all that I had gained and more."

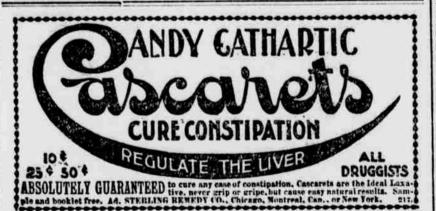
"But did you consult a doctor?"

"O yes, indeed; I put myself under the care of several doctors, and even tried many remedies recommended for cases like minor, but the mediciues had no lasting effect, and it looked as though nervous prostration was to be my portion.

"I was about ready to 'throw physic to the dogs' when I first heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and it looked as though nervous prostration, and the season of the care of several doctors, and even tried many remedies recommended for cases like minor, but the mediciues had no lasting effect, and it looked as though nervous prostration was to be my portion.

"I was about ready to 'throw physic to the dogs' when I first heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and it was with but small faith in any benefit to be derived from them that I st last made up my mind to try them.

"Hardly had I taken the first box before I experienced a great relief from the weak-



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Social Laws for Girls.

You think the laws of society are severe. You do not believe that conventionality is a great sword held up, not to strike you, but to protect you, and you shrug your pretty shoulders and say: "I know I was doing nothing wrong, and I don't care what peo-ple say." Now, my dear, you must care what people say. The world is a great judgment court, and usually the innocent and ignorant are protected by it, though occasionally some one, falling into the mire of scandal and gossip, is brought into court all bedraggled and disfigured; and the judge, not being able to see the viragainst the victim, and all because she did not care what the world said.

Sometimes I fear you think I am a little bit severe ; but I have known so many girls who were so thoughtless, yet so good, and who only found protection in the sword of conventionality. It may hang over your head as did that of Damocles, but it is as a warning. It will protect you from evil speaking, from making of injudicious friends, and it will insure you more pleasure than if all the world ran helter-skelter and became like a wild Irish fair day.

Conventionality protects us as does the best mother frowning at and tor-bidding, not only that which is wrong, but also that which looks wrong. -Ladies' Home Journal.

OLD SOLDIERS MEET.

The surviving members of the 143d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, held their annual reunion at Luzerne borough on Friday last, Captain De NIAGARA FALLS.

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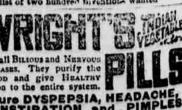
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