

GOOD LADY DUCAYNE

BY MISS BRADDOCK.

CHAPTER VII.

"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 tea—just 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.

"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 medicines."

"No, dear, I have taken nothing. I have never complained of being ill."

"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.



"WHAT A VAMPIRE!"

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 beauties before her.

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 whirling 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 wife."

"Do you think her so very ill?"

He sighed, and left the question unanswered.

CHAPTER VIII.

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 thing."

And then she described her sensations; how in the midst of sleep there came a sudden sense of suffocation; and then those whirling 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."

"Then she is very different from the average old lady. I am usually a slave-driver," said Lotta. "I wonder why she carries a compass about with her, if she has so little need of society."

"Oh, I am only part of her state. She is immoderately rich—and the salary 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 now."

"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 scrutinized 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 way, remember. How very foolish of you."

"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 happiness—as 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, even?"

"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 breaking 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?"

"Like the other two companions? 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 companions?"

"They both died. It was very unlucky 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 Ducayne. 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 arrangement, and my sisters would protest: 'Why, father, you mustn't use that in Punch. Nobody wears those things now; they are dreadfully old-fashioned,' and he would give in immediately to what he recognized as his superior judgment."

This will be a blow to the hundreds of people who modeled their dress upon that of Du Maurier's men and women. His fashions, however, were correct, for his family saw to it that they should be.

A Fortunate Escape

A BURLINGTON YOUNG LADY TELLS THE STORY OF HER RESCUE.

From the Clipper, Burlington, Vt.

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 lady is a musician and a pianist 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 city, and she strains upon the strength and nervous energy of the pianist can be easily imagined.

Miss Warner further said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had helped her a great deal, and after I had taken six boxes I felt so well that I left off the medicine entirely and have not taken any now for some weeks. I am able to attend to all my duties and feel as well as can be, while my eyes continue to improve right along. I do not even mind the long walk from my home to the business part of the city.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

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Social Laws for Girls. You think the laws of society are severe. You do not believe that conventionalities are 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 people 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 begrimed and disfigured; and the judge, not being able to see the virtue which is underneath, decided against the victim, and all because she did not care what the world said.

NIAGARA FALLS. \$10 Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad. The last two ten-day excursions of the present season to Niagara Falls via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington on September 16 and October 12. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each excursion.

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 conventionalities. 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.

Excursion tickets, good for return passage on any regular train, exclusive of limited express trains, within ten days, will be sold at \$10 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and all points on the Delaware Division; \$9.70 from Lancaster; \$8.60 from Altoona and Harrisburg; \$8.25 from Wilkesbarre; \$5.80 from Williamsport; and at proportionate rates from other points. A stop-over will be allowed at Buffalo, Rochester, and Watkins returning.

Conventionalities protect us as does the best mother frowning at and forbidding, not only that which is wrong, but also that which looks wrong.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A special train of Pullman parlor cars and day coaches will be run with each excursion. For further information apply to nearest ticket agent, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. 9-9-5t.

OLD SOLDIERS MEET. The surviving members of the 143d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, held their annual reunion at Luzerne borough on Friday last, Captain De Lacey, of Scranton, presided, and District Attorney Jones of Lackawanna County delivered the oration.

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