

# The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. III., No. 15.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 6, 1875

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20.

## CARDS.

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PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
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**EAGLE HOTEL,**  
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Best of accommodations. Excellent restaurant underneath. Good stabling attached. Terms moderate.

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Will furnish Plans, Specifications and Estimates giving exact cost of public and private buildings from the plan to the most elaborate; also Drawings for Stairs, Hand-Rails, &c. Jell

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FAST TROTTING HOISES,  
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And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.

Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings.  
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**THOMAS A. WILLIAMS,**  
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S Fashionable  
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Nearly opposite the Post-office  
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Having commenced business, as above, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Lehigh and vicinity that I am prepared to do all work in my line in the neatest and most substantial manner, at prices fully as low as the same work can be obtained in Philadelphia. A splendid assortment of CHILDREN'S and MISSES' WEAR of the best make always on hand. A trial is solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.  
At lowest prices. July 4, 1874.

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AND  
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The following Companies are Represented:  
Lebanon Mutual Fire,  
Reading Mutual Fire,  
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Travelers' Accident Insurance,  
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.  
March 29, 1873.

**FOR Chapped Hands, Face or Lips,**  
call at Lentz's Drug Store.

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AGENTS WANTED! (Male or Female,) to take orders. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

**BEATTY** Piano!  
Send stamp for full information, Price List, &c., &c. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

## Railroad Guide.

**NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.**  
Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Lehighon as follows:  
5.00 a. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila. at 9.00 a. m.  
7.30 a. m. via L. & S. " " 11.10 a. m.  
7.30 p. m. via L. V. " " 11.10 p. m.  
11.07 p. m. via L. & S. " " 2.15 p. m.  
11.02 p. m. via L. V. " " 2.15 p. m.  
2.27 p. m. via L. & S. " " 4.25 p. m.  
4.47 p. m. via L. & S. " " 8.20 p. m.  
4.44 p. m. via L. V. " " 8.20 p. m.  
7.28 p. m. via L. V. " " 10.80 p. m.  
Returning, leave depot at Berks and American Street, Phila., at 7.00, 8.30 and 9.45 a. m.; 2.10, 3.30 and 5.15 p. m.  
Fare from Lehighon to Philadelphia, \$2.55.  
Feb. 1, 1874. ELLIS CALEK, Agent

**CENTRAL R. R. OF N. J.**  
LEHIGH & SUDBURGH DIVISION.  
Time Table of Dec. 7, 1874.  
Trains leave Lehighon as follows:  
For New York, Philadelphia, Easton, &c., a, 7.37, 11.07 a. m., 2.27, 4.47 p. m.  
For Mauch Chunk at 10.15 a. m., 1.14, 5.38, and 9.03 p. m.  
For White Horse and Scranton at 10.15 a. m., 1.14, 5.38 p. m.  
Returning—Leave New York, from station Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty Street, North River, at 5.15, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 4.09 p. m.  
Leave Philadelphia, from Depot North Penn'a. R. R., at 7.00, 9.45 a. m., 2.10, 5.15 p. m.  
Leave Easton at 8.30, 11.45 a. m., 3.20 and 6.45 p. m.  
Leave Mauch Chunk at 7.30, 11.00 a. m., 2.20 and 4.40 p. m.  
For further particulars, see Time Tables at the Stations.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.**  
PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RR. DIVISION.  
Summer Time Table.  
On and after SUNDAY, JUNE 28th, 1874, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division will run as follows:  
WESTWARD.  
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia 12.25 p. m.  
" " Harrisburg 3.09 p. m.  
" " Sunbury 6.25 p. m.  
" " Williamsport 8.50 p. m.  
" " Lock Haven 10.00 p. m.  
ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia 11.55 p. m.  
" " Harrisburg 4.25 a. m.  
" " Sunbury 6.29 a. m.  
" " Williamsport 8.35 a. m.  
" " Lock Haven 9.45 a. m.  
" " Renova 11.10 a. m.  
" " arr. at Erie 8.45 a. m.  
EMERALD MAIL leaves Philadelphia 8.00 a. m.  
" " Harrisburg 1.20 p. m.  
" " Sunbury 4.29 p. m.  
" " Williamsport 6.29 p. m.  
" " Lock Haven 7.30 p. m.  
" " Renova 9.40 p. m.  
" " arr. at Erie 9.20 a. m.  
EASTWARD.  
PHILA. EXPRESS leaves Lock Haven 6.40 a. m.  
" " Sunbury 9.31 p. m.  
" " Williamsport 11.45 p. m.  
" " arr. at Harrisburg 11.43 p. m.  
" " Philadelphia 3.25 p. m.  
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie 11.20 a. m.  
" " Renova 9.20 p. m.  
" " Lock Haven 10.55 p. m.  
" " Williamsport 12.40 p. m.  
" " Sunbury 1.43 p. m.  
" " arr. at Harrisburg 2.40 p. m.  
" " Philadelphia 4.43 p. m.  
EMERALD MAIL leaves Lock Haven 11.00 a. m.  
" " Sunbury 1.20 p. m.  
" " Williamsport 3.25 p. m.  
" " Philadelphia 6.25 p. m.  
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Erie 9.00 a. m.  
" " Renova 9.05 p. m.  
" " Lock Haven 10.25 p. m.  
" " Williamsport 12.00 p. m.  
" " Sunbury 1.40 p. m.  
" " arr. at Harrisburg 2.40 p. m.  
" " Philadelphia 4.43 p. m.

**\$1000 REWARD** for an incurable case of Catarrh. After having suffered, deluged, gargled, hawked, spit and gagged to your entire satisfaction in your useless endeavors to get relief from catarrh, the Relief Alleviator according to directions. The filthy mass of mucus will be immediately expelled, and the inflamed surface soothed, the eyes freed from pain, the head feels natural again; he who suffers for a cure is sure to follow the use of this agreeable, scientific and reliable remedy.  
**Coughs!** MUCH has been said and written, and many remedies have been offered for the relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, but nothing has been so eminently successful, or obtained such a wide celebrity, as Briggs' Throat and Lung Remedy.  
**Corns!** THE excruciating pain produced by corns, the unnecessary twinging from Bunions, the piercing, distressing pain from Ingrowing Nails, which thousands suffer, not knowing there is a cure. Briggs' corn and Bunion Remedies are no acid or potash compounds, but are reliable, soothing, and effectual, and justify the most sanguine expectations of the afflicted. The Curative is a healing ointment; immediate relief is obtained by its application, and it will positively cure the worst cases of corns, ingrowing nails, inflamed and ulcerated bunions, the most extensive callousities on the soles or heels of the feet; unequalled in the cure of chilblains or frost-bites. The Alleviator for ordinary corns and preventing their formation is equally successful by anything ever known. Ask for Briggs' Remedies. Take no other.  
**Piles!** IT'S ALL VERY WELL, those not troubled in think it nothing to have Piles. For this reason, the unfortunate sufferer gets every little aggravating the agony of Tophet to not or cannot be much worse than the torture endured by millions who are troubled with internal bleeding, external and itching piles. Glad tidings for sufferers. Briggs' Pile Remedies are mild, safe and sure.

**Corns!** ARE THE MOST PLEASANT kind of grain in the market. Every one has a supply, from the three year old child to the grand old man, and it is the most valuable and most profitable business in the world. It is a simple, safe and sure remedy for all kinds of corns, bunions, and other blemishes of the feet, all of which are banished and cured by the use of Briggs' Corn and Bunion Remedies, Alleviator and Curative. Sold by A. J. DURLING, Druggist, Lehighon, Pa. May 9.—1874 ly.

**THE** People of Lehighon and vicinity all unite in testifying that at A. J. DURLING'S Drug and Family Medicine Store, PURE, FRESH and UNADULTERATED MEDICINES can always be obtained.  
may 9

## THE PHANTOM BRIDE.

BY H. JAMES.

Will you love me beyond the tomb?  
That question came from the vermilion lips of a young girl at a fancy ball in Paris during the reign of Louis XIV. She was a brilliant brunette, with abundant raven hair, and wore the Spanish veil and mantilla which she had assumed for the occasion with all the grace of a daughter of Andalusia. Her companion, a noble Scotch earl of some two or three and thirty, arrayed as a warrior of Mary Stuart's, in Scotch plaid and Highland bonnet and feather, had been pursuing the fair unknown all the evening with protestations of love and eternal fidelity. His answer was prompt and unhesitating.  
"Yes, I swear it. If I die I will dream of you in the sepulchre, and a thrill of joy will welcome you, if your foot but press the grass over my head."  
"And if I should die?" inquired the young girl in a sad tone.

"If you should die, I will be as faithful to you dead as living; and if you should be permitted to visit me, I will kiss your cold hand with as much love as at this moment," and he pressed to his lips the little, white hand of the beautiful Spaniard.  
"Ah, well! I permit you, then, to love me. We shall see if you will be constant. Farewell—we shall meet again."  
"But where?—when?" demanded the earl, anxiously.  
"I cannot tell. Perhaps here—perhaps elsewhere—but you will see me."  
And with a gesture which forbade him to follow her, she disappeared in the crowd.

Two years passed, during which Earl Ralph Morton sought vainly at Marly, at Versailles—in every place of public resort—for his beautiful unknown. He was a Scotchman by birth, and, like many of his countrymen, had entered the service of the King of France. But a court life did not comport very well with his slender fortune, and he became, ere long, almost hopelessly involved in debt.  
"You must find some rich heiress," said his sympathizing friends—it was the usual resource of embarrassed gentlemen in that day. But the earl had not forgotten the bewitching Andalusian, and was in no mood for the search. He was spared the trouble, however. His uncle, who was archbishop of an Assyrian city destroyed by the Romans, informed him, one day, that it was time for him to marry, and that he had found a wife for him.  
"Is she rich?" inquired Ralph. "I do not ask if she is pretty—it is all the same to me."  
"Very rich and very pretty."

The earl thought of his unknown, and sighed; then thought of his creditors, and consented. The uncle arranged everything, and when all was settled, he gave the nephew his benediction and two hundred pistoles, and sent him off to Burgundy to pay his respects to Mademoiselle de Roche Noire, whom he was to marry in a fortnight.  
A gloomy journey of several days' duration, brought him at length to the ancient feudal manor house of Roche Noire, situated in the heart of a forest, on a lofty rock, from which it derived its name. He was expected. The grand door of the mansion was open, and an aged servant met him at the threshold, and conducted him to a large hall, at the extremity of which sat an old man and a young girl. The former, whom he divined at once to be the Baron de Roche Noire, rose at his entrance, and saluting him in the somewhat formal fashion of the day, presented him to his daughter, Hermine.

The latter had the voluptuous beauty of the flower which has unfolded under a southern sun. She was pale, with fair hair, and eyes of the deep blue of an Italian sky. Her figure was rich but graceful, her hands exquisitely shaped, and transparent as alabaster. So much the earl saw, as he bent low before his betrothed, and, in spite of his professed indifference, he inwardly congratulated himself on his good fortune.  
The Earl and Baron exchanged the usual reciprocal compliments and inquiries. Ralph was accustomed to society, and understood how to make himself agreeable; the baron, in spite of his seventy winters, had not forgotten how to be a courtier; and Hermine

had the simple grace, the dignity, the modesty without the prudery, of a young girl of high birth, religiously educated, but without any rigidity. The conversation soon became animated and sparkling, while Ralph watched Hermine, and now and then murmured to himself:  
"She is charming! Blessings on my uncle for finding me a wife at once so pretty and so rich!"

When supper was announced, he offered his arm to the young girl, who accepted it with a blush, while the baron led the way to the dining room. It was a lofty apartment, furnished in the massive style of Louis XIV., and upon the walls were suspended numerous family portraits. As Ralph's eye glanced over these, it was attracted by one whose freshness formed a striking contrast to the smoky canvases of the defunct barons of Roche-Noire. It represented a young girl of dazzling but foreign beauty, such as is found only under southern skies. A more brilliant daughter of Spain never danced the bolero in the perfumed gardens of the Alhambra. The eyes of Ralph were fixed immovably upon the canvas; the first glance had told him that it was his long lost unknown of the fancy ball.

"Come my dear earl," said the baron, "let us be seated."  
Ralph started and obeyed; then turned his eyes from the portrait to Hermine. In contrast with its glowing beauty, she appeared to him utterly insipid. He made some remark about the picture. The baron did not reply, but a cloud passed over his face, and Hermine turned pale, and sat silent, with downcast eyes. A chill seemed to be thrown over these three persons, just now talking so joyously. Brief remarks were made occasionally, in a constrained tone, and the supper ended almost in silence. At its close, the earl made the fatigue of his journey an excuse for retiring.

As the servant was conducting him to his apartment, they passed again through the dining-hall.  
"Whose portrait is this?" he asked, pointing to the picture of the lady.  
The servant hesitated.  
"Speak!" said the earl, imperiously.  
"It is the portrait of Mademoiselle Fulmen," said the old man, trembling.  
"And who is she?"  
"The elder sister of Mademoiselle Hermine."  
"But she is dressed in Spanish costume."  
"Yes, her mother was a Spanish lady."  
"And Fulmen, where is she now?"  
"She is dead," said the old man, solemnly. "She lies at the left of the altar in the chapel of the castle."

Fatigue had no power that night to bring sleep to Ralph's eyelids. It was in vain that he extinguished the candles, and buried his head under the blankets; the image of Fulmen still pursued him. Now, it was Fulmen radiant with beauty, as she was represented in the picture, and as he had seen her at the fancy ball; again, it was Fulmen, pale and cold, extended in her coffin under the pavement of the chapel. Then he remembered his oath, to love her as well dead as living, and a cold sweat bathed his brow. At that moment a light at the opposite extremity of the room attracted his attention; a door, whose existence he had not even suspected, turned noiselessly on its hinges; the candles lighted themselves spontaneously, and a finger draped in a winding-sheet, entered the room, and approached his bed. It advanced slowly; the most acute ear could have detected no sound of footsteps. Brave as he was, the earl trembled at the apparition. When the figure was within a few feet of the bed, the winding-sheet was thrown back and revealed a young girl, dressed in Spanish costume.  
"Fulmen!" he murmured; "the picture has descended from its frame!"

It was indeed Fulmen, just as she was painted, save that the lips were pale, the eye mournful, the whole expression unpeppably sad.  
"Fulmen!" repeated the earl, in a tone of terror, in which was mingled a sort of feverish joy.  
"It is I," she said. "Do you remember your oath? They have told you that I am dead."  
The teeth of Ralph chattered; but the voice was so pure, so melodious, that it aided him to shake off the stupor which was creeping over him.

"No, you are not dead!" he exclaimed, with an effort.  
"I have been dead a year," replied Fulmen, sadly. They buried me in the chapel. You can read my epitaph on the marble slab, the third from the high altar."

Ralph could not detach his eyes from this singular creature, whose marvellous beauty counteracted in some degree the terror which the apparition would otherwise have caused.  
"Alas!" resumed the spectre—draping the shroud about her form with all the coquetry with which a living belle might wrap an opera cloak around her—"I am dead, really dead, at seventeen; when life was full of light and perfume and music; when fears, even, were so sweet that they resembled smiles; when the present was so happy that the future was quite forgotten. And then I loved you. I trusted in your oath; but you did not care for me. You have come here to marry my sister."

"Fulmen!" murmured Ralph, who felt a pang of remorse at his heart. "I have loved you; I love you still."  
She shook her head.  
"The dead are never loved," she said, in sad tones.  
Ralph trembled. He felt his blood curdle in his veins. He remembered his oath. Yet Fulmen did not complain. She did not overwhelm him with reproaches. She seemed resigned. He saw her lean her head upon her hand; a fear shone in her eye, and a shiver passed through her frame.

"I am cold," she said, and rising from the chair in which she had seated herself, she approached the fire-place, and bent as if to warm herself by the half extinguished brands. "The dead are always cold," she murmured.  
"Heaven!" exclaimed Ralph; "you are not dead; but, dead or living, you are beautiful, more beautiful than any living woman, and I love you as on the first day I saw you!"  
"The dead are never loved," she repeated mournfully.

"But you are not dead. The limbs of the dead are rigid; the flesh corrupt; they are insensible; they cannot walk; they cannot speak; you are not dead—it is impossible."  
"I am dead," repeated Fulmen in a tone of authority which admitted of no question—"dead, and yet I suffer."  
"You suffer!" the earl exclaimed.  
"Yes. Because I died with a guilty thought in my heart. I remembered the ball where I met you. It was earthly love, not penitence that engrossed my last hours. Yet, if you, who are alive can love me still, God will perhaps pardon me, and I shall suffer no longer."  
"I do love you!" cried Ralph, gazing at the young girl, so beautiful in her sadness. Yet a secret voice said within him, "Ah! if she were only alive!"  
A pale smile passed over the face of the phantom. It rose, advanced toward him. Ralph involuntarily shrunk back at its approach.

"You see," she said, mournfully, "it is always so. The living fear the dead."  
"No, no!" said he, eagerly, ashamed of the momentary terror; "no Fulmen, my beloved come."  
She extended her hand, and took that of the young man. Ralph uttered a cry. His hand was pressed by the cold, clammy fingers of a corpse. She let his hand fall.

"No," she repeated in a half suffocated voice. "You see it cannot be; I am doomed to suffer always."  
And she fled; while Ralph was so overwhelmed that he had no power to speak or move. The candles went out suddenly; silence reigned again in the chamber; the phantom had vanished.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful. The Baron de Roche Noire, who did not appear to notice the paller and abstraction of his guest, proposed a hunt. The day was spent in the open air; and if, amid the excitement of the chase, the earl thought of the occurrences of the last night, they seemed to him only as a bewildering dream. But with the returning darkness, and especially at the sight of the picture, the apparition again seemed to him a reality, and he determined to ascertain the truth. Pleading a headache, he retired to his room, and, extinguishing the candles, he called, softly:  
"Fulmen! Fulmen!"  
There was no answer.  
"Fulmen, I love you, though dead!"  
Immediately the candles were relighted, and Fulmen again appeared. She threw off her winding sheet, and seated

herself in a chair by his side; her face had the cadaverous paleness of the tomb; her eye was sad; her step slow and painful; yet her exquisite beauty exerted the same fascination over Ralph, as when sparkling with life and vivacity.

"Fulmen, I love you!" he repeated, gazing at her with admiration.  
"Yet, if my hand should touch yours," she replied, with a sad smile, "you would utter a cry as you did last night; the dead are always cold."  
"Give me your hand, and you will see," said Ralph, extending resolutely his own.  
She took it, and again there came over him the same sensation as before; but he had self-control enough to conquer it, and again to repeat:  
"I love you!"  
A bright smile illumed the features of Fulmen.  
"My poor friend," she said, "I would gladly believe you; but if your love would end my sufferings; it must be so profound, so ardent, that it can conquer ever the desire to live. A tomb with me must have attractions for you, and you are but twenty-five, Ralph. At your age life is sweet.  
The earl shook his head.  
"To live without you is death; to be united to you, even in the tomb, would be life!"  
"Take care my friend."

"Of what, dear Fulmen?" exclaimed Ralph, over whom the smile of the young girl seemed to exercise an overpowering fascination.  
"Do you know," she said, "that if you utter such a wish God may hear your prayer, and you may die?"  
"Ah! if he would! An eternity by your side would be infinite happiness!"  
"Ralph, my friend," interrupted Fulmen, while a smile of celestial joy shone in her face, "take care what you say: you will die if you love me."  
I wish to die."  
"But you are betrothed to my sister." An exclamation of anger escaped him.  
"I hate her!" he said, vehemently.  
"Why?"  
"Because she is alive, while you are dead. What has she done that she should enjoy the light of the sun, the perfume of flowers, the melody of birds? Was she any younger, or more beautiful?"  
"Ralph, you are unjust. My sister had no control over her destiny or mine."  
"You are right; but I swear to you that I will never marry Hermine. I wish to be yours, and only yours, forever."  
"You are mad, my friend. I cannot accept happiness at such a sacrifice," she rose slowly.  
"Adieu, Ralph," she said. "Marry Hermine, and pray for me."  
"Fulmen! Fulmen!" exclaimed Ralph, falling on his knees at her feet, "do not abandon me—I love you!"  
"But your love is death."  
"It is happiness! It is life!"  
"His tone was so earnest, so touching, that the young girl hesitated.  
"Let me live eternally with you!" he persisted.  
"Listen, my friend," she said at length, as if she could no longer resist his entreaties. "In this casket," pointing to a richly-carved box which stood upon the table, "there is a phial containing a dark liquid?"  
"And this liquid?"  
"Is death!"  
"It is happiness!" exclaimed Ralph, seizing the casket. Fulmen stopped him by a gesture.  
"Not yet," she said; "by-and-by—at midnight." But first—reflect.

Immediately the candles were extinguished, and he found himself in complete darkness.  
If Ralph had been a Frenchman as soon as Fulmen disappeared he would have opened the window, and let the cool night air play upon his brow. Then the fever fit being over, he would have said to himself: "All this is folly. I am twenty-two years old, an officer in the king's service, and am about to marry a girl, blonde as a Malouine, fair as a lily, who will bring me an income of a hundred thousand livres. I have only to keep quiet, and let things take their course." After which he would have slept quietly, and let things take their course.  
But Ralph was a Scotchman, with an imagination as capable of exaltation as most of his countrymen; of the land of mountain and mist. As soon as the phantom vanished, he relighted the candle by the aid of a half-extinguished firebrand, and, opening the casket, took out the phial.

"Fulmen! Fulmen! wait for me—I am coming," he murmured, and swallowed the contents of a draught.  
For a moment he experienced a strange and inexplicable sensation; coldness in the chest, a heat in the head; then his eyes became heavy; his limbs trembled, and extreme languor crept over him, and he sank upon the

CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.