The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not--Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's"

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.]

SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1888.

New Series--Vol. VII. No. 36.

The Watchman and Southron.

Published every Wednesday,

BY

N. G. OSTEEN,

SUMTER, S. C.

TERMS:

Two Dollars per annum—in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

One Square, first insertion..................$1 00

Every subsequent insertion....................50

Contracts for three months, or longer will be made at reduced rates.

All communications which subserve private interests will be charged for as advertisements.

Obituaries and tributes of respect will be charged for.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N Y

ELY'S

Cream Balm

CATARRH

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and INFLAMMATION Heals the Sores. Restores the SENSES OF TASTE and Smell

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

CATARRH

is a disease of the mucous membrane, generally originating in the nasal passages and maintaining its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus into the stomach and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich Street, New York.

After Forty years' experience in the preparation of more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and Foreign countries, the publishers of the Scientific American continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries. Their experience is unequaled and their facilities are unsurpassed.

Drawings and specifications prepared and filed in the Patent Office on short notice. Terms very reasonable. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at $3.00 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. It contains the names of all patentees and title of every invention patented each week. Try it four months for one dollar. Sold by all newsdealers.

If you have an invention to patent write to Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 361 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

SEALY'S EMULSION

—OF—

COD LIVER OIL

AND

Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

This preparation contains seventy-five per cent. of Pure Cod Liver Oil, and one drachm each of the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, making it one of the most agreeable preparations of the kind known to the medical faculty.

A tablespoonful contains two grains each of the Hypophosphites.

Prepared only by

GILBERT S. SEALY,

Pharmaceutical Chemist,

SUMTER, C. S.

Dec. 7

ALL ABOARD!

FOR THE CELESTIAL CITY?

ALL RIGHT! NOW! We would be glad to help *you* on the way rejoicing, by supplying you with a choice Family Bible, any style and price: twenty-two dollars, down to a complete, substantial, and beautiful Bible for only three dollars and fifty cents. My address, Mayesville, S. C.

Yours faithfully,

HARVEY W. BAKER.

Dec 21

BE COMFORTABLE.

GO TO THE SUMTER COTTON FACTORY,

AND BUY FOR CASH,

Cotton Batting Matresses,

from $3.50 to $10.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Sample and full information at store of Treasurer, A. Moses.

D. JAMES WINN, President.

March 21

For 1888 is better than ever, and should be in the hands of every person contemplating buying SEEDS, BULBS or PLANTS. It contains 3 Colored Plates, thousands of Illustrations, and nearly 150 pages, telling what to buy, and where to get it, and naming lowest prices for honest goods. Price of GUIDE only 10 cents, including a Certificate good for 10 cents worth of Seeds.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester N. Y.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH

NOW ACCOMPLISHED. Every lady should know. Send stamp. BAKER REM. CO., Box 104 Buffalo, N.Y.

PERSIAN BLOOM, Best Complexion Beautifier. Skin Cure and Blemish Eradicator known. Send stamp for trial package. Address as above.

THE PASSING OF MAY.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

The spring-time dream must pass away,
The summer comes so soon;
And now the languid, lovely May
Leans on the heart of June.

Half-buried in her sunny head
In that broad, teeming breast;
As one who dies yet is not dead
She smiles in conscious rest.

Long-lingering in the fields to glean
The souls of faded flowers,
And whispering in each woodland green
The memories of past hours—

Slow-stealing on soft rustling wings,
With many a tender sigh,
The West-wind spirit comes, and brings
Her summons from the sky.

The color fades not from her cheek
Which feels his fragrant breath,
Nor does she weep to hear him speak
The words that tell of death.

That wavering song!—ah, well she knows
The robin's trembling note!
She turns to kiss the full-blown rose
That June wears at her throat.

She smiles farewell to slope and dell
And river's dimpled sheen,
And from the fields that loved her well
She wanders forth unseen.

The mountain pinks begin to pine,
And, where her footsteps wound,
The sweet blossoms of the eglantine
Fell showering to the ground.

And yet—the babbling Wind, since then,
Hath oft been heard to say,
'Twas love, not death, he whispered when
He won the soul of May.

Judge Schofield, now on the bench of the Supreme Court of Illinois, is said to be the coming man for Chief Justice, in the place of the late Marrison R White.

It is estimated that within a week Edgefield will have not less than fifty candidates. The county Democratic convention will be held on the first Monday in May

James H. Tillman, the oldest son of Congressman Tillman, has been appointed to thousand dollar positon in the navy pay office, Washington.

The State agricultural department estimates that of the cotton crop of 1887, five per cent., or about 30,000 bales, was in the hands of farmers on the 1st of April.

Commissioner Butler has been notified that carp are being caught in the Pee Dee river in Darlington county Some of the fish weigh eight pounds Carp were planted in the Pee Dee four years ago by the department.

Senator Chandler has introduced a bill to compel the immediate payment of the war taxes levied upon the Southern States in 1861, and to add thereto 5 per cent. per annum from the date on which taxes become due.

Greenville has about completed arrangements for the erection of an extensive phosphate mill on the banks of the Reedy River. The mill will be capable of turning out $500,000 worth of commercial fertilizers a year

Jay Gould has ordered that his steam yacht, Atlanta, be dismantled and the crew dismissed. His recent Mediterranean trip was not entirely satisfactory, and besides he is tired of paying $100,000 a year for yachting.

Roscoe Conkling refered to Hayes as a fraud, Blaine as a criminal and John Sherman as a thief. He was outspoken always and honest. He sternly refused to assist in the fraudulent ceremonies of seating Hayes in his stolen seat.

Florence has bought a beautiful pair of horses for her famous Hope fire engine. They cost $540 and are Kentucky bred and raised, stand seventeen hands high, and are five and six years old.

The Hon. Samuel S. Cox has introduced in the House of Representatives a bill providing for the census which is to be taken two years from next June The first amount appropriated is $6,000,000.

Miss Hampton, daughter of Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, has joined the ranks of professional nurses in New York. She is said to be unusually capable, and when she finishes her course here will return to the South, where she will not only practice her profession, but instruct others in the art of nursing. *—Harper's Bazar.*

Samuel Fleming, an old blind man representing himself to be a wealthy cattle owner from the West, was married in Atlanta last week to Sallie Aughtman, a pretty girl of seventeen He has also been arrested for bigamy on a telegram from Effingham, Ills., where he is said to have a wife living.

Six cotton factories are in progress of building in Spartanburg county; two big ones are being built at Anderson, just across from the Greenville line, and we have one says the Greenville News, nearly completed in the city. That makes a total of nine new factories being built, in addition to eleven, we believe, already in operation, within forty miles of Greenville city.

The Mormons are getting in their dirty work on the Northeast side of the county. Mrs. Catharine Todd has sold her land to Mrs Barker and together with her four children, two of whom have families, and John and Robert Wilson, left the county for Colorado Valley, a Mormon settlement on Monday last. The two last mentioned persons will return next fall for their families. There were fifteen persons in the crowd.*—Keowee Courier.*

There never was a better time than right now for all Southern towns to make known what advantages they possess or offer for the location of manufacturing enterprises. Spend a little money and get one. Don't confine your representations to platitudes about salubrious climate, mineral wealth, etc., but tell where you are, how you can be gotton at, and what you are willing to do. Every town can't have a cotton factory or smelting furnace, but it can have something.*—Dixie*

Mr. George Allen, of Montmorenci, Aiken County, died on the 1st inst from starvation. For a long time he had been a great sufferer with a complaint of the stomach, and everything that he ate gave him intense pain. He undertook to starve out the disease, and for over five weeks nothing but water entered his mouth. On the thirty-seventh day he become unconscious, and food and stimulants were given him, but he was too far gone and died two days later. He thought that a fast of forty days would cure his disease.

The Catawba Indians.

From the Yorkville Enquirer.

In searching into the history of the Catawba Indians, I can find only one instance mentioned where they fought against the Carolinians, and that was in the great Yamassee war of 1715. With this exception, they have fought bravely for the Carolinians. When Col. John Barnwell marched against the Tuscaroras, in North Carolina, forty-one Catawba warriors accompanied him. When the fierce Cherokees, under the leadership of Occonostota and other kindred spirits, were waging their bloody war with the Carolina settlers, the Catawbas rallied around the standard of the pale faces and helped them fight against the Cherokees. During the dark days of the Revolutionary struggle, the Cherokees, with whetted tomahawks, again rushed down upon the Carolinians, but the Catawbas were their steadfast friends, and it is said that no Indians of this tribe were ever found in a British Camp, nor were any of them tories.

During the Confederate war the remnant of the Catawbas offered to fight with the Carolinians, as their ancestors had done in the Revolution. They did fight; some of them bled and died for the Confederate cause. Thomas Morrison, the present Chieftain of the Catawbas, we are informed, was a scout in the Southern army.

Thus we see that the Catawbas have fought for South Carolina in two Indian wars, in the Revolution and again in the Confederate war, and only in one war did they fight against the Carolinians. I have read extensively about the North American Indians, but I do not remember to have read of another Indian tribe who have been as firm friends to the Americans as the Catawbas have been. If they were of a northern tribe, their almost uniform friendship would be largely dwelt upon in State history, and sketches of their deeds and devotion would appear in the magazines; but being a southern, especially a South Carolina tribe, our State historians have never mentioned them as they deserved, and our people do not appreciate their history. How many people in the State know that they fought with the Carolinians against the Cherokees and the British? Very few, outside of York County, unless it is some Confederate soldier, are aware of the fact that they were soldiers under the 'Stars and Bars' of the Southern Confederacy.

McDONALD FURMAN.

Ramsey, Sumter County, S. C.

South Carolina's First Woman Candidate

Miss Eliza Garner, a Union County school teacher, is a candidate for School Commissioner, and makes the following formal announcement in the Union Times:

I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of School Commissioner.

I propose to give $600 worth of school books to the children of the public schools if I am elected I have the leisure, and shall consider it a conscientious duty to give most of my time and the means which the office affords for the cause of education.

I have been teaching in the district public schools for ten years. I have visited a number of State and County Normals, and I understand the new and superior methods of graded teaching.

I have read the school law of this State many times, and I believe that I am competent in every respect to manage the business of the office.

In behalf of the many children that have no other means for education, I trust the voters will give me the office.

In behalf of the many children growing up in neglect and ignorance, I ask the voters of Union to give me their votes that I may take the school money and educate the children

I ask their prayers that I may be strengthened to do the work. Most sincerely

ELIZA A. GARNER.

The Prohibition Party in South Carolina.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 7.—Leading Prohibitionists in this State are preparing to take steps for effecting an organization in line with the National Prohibition party. The movement is the outgrowth of the correspondence recently conducted by John Lloyd Thomas, Secretary of the National Prohibition Bureau. Hundreds of earnest temperance people in South Carolina have read the letters as printed in the Voice, and the matter has been the subject of more thought than has ever before been given it in this State. Although no call for a convention has been issued yet, it is believed the sentiment exists for the creation of the organization wanted

Among those prominently interested are L B Haynes, of this city, H. F. Chreitzberg head of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, and J. O. A. Moore, and D. F. Witherspoon, of Charleston.*—The Voice, National Prohibition Organ.*

A Washington correspondent says: "There has been a great deal of talk among Senators and Representatives with reference to the proposition of making the 13th of April, a national holiday and a day of general celebration. On this day, in 1818, the present form of the United States flag was adopted by Congress. That day was the first time it was hoisted on the Capitol. It was designed by Commodore C Reid, who fought the memorable battle of Fayl, in Septemper, 1814, as commander of the brig of war General Armstrong, against the forces of a large British squadron. It was the most heroic and the last battle fought on the seas with England." If the goverment is collecting swords, this is a good one to get.

'Dr. J. W. Lee said in a sermon a few Sundays ago that the reason the lions didn't eat Daniel when he was cast into their den was that he was two-thirds backbone and the rest pure grit.' What will we have next?

Our State Contemporaries.

Assessing Property.

Pickens Sentinel.

If Auditor A. W. Jones, of Abbeville, can assess banks at their true money cash value, why can he not put down Abbeville's horses, mules and lands at their true cash value? Why cannot all the auditors do the same? There is no sense or justice in assessing one hundred dollars worth of property at a $100.00 merely because it belongs to a bank, and then putting down a hundred dollars worth of personal property next to it at fifty dollars, because it does not belong to a bank. If they simply do right all the way through, nobody will be hurt. But if bank property is assessed right, and other property is not, right will wrong a great many. Examine your books, brother Jones.

Newberry Herald.

The Georgia papers are discussing the propriety of Georgians erecting a monument to Alexander H. Stephens. Georgians should have erected this monument long ago. A writer in the Augusta Chronicle in urging the erection of this monument hopes thereby to stimulate the youth of our land to a study of his life and character, and hopes they may adopt as the guiding principle of their lives that sentiment expressed by him in a speech delivered by him in August in 1883, when he said: 'I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong. The path of duty I shall endeavor to travel, fearing no evil, and dreading no consequences. I would rather be defeated in a good cause than to triumph in a bad one' Only that more of our young men would adopt these sentiments, and fear to do wrong, and prefer what the world calls defeat in a good cause, rather than to triumph in one that was questionable We need more men who are afraid to do wrong, and who will dare to do right despite the consequences. We sometimes fear there is too much 'policy' amongst good men, a kind of compromise, as it were

Mr. Clemson and His Noble Bequest

Keowee Courier.

The papers furnish additional particulars of the very liberal bequest of Col. Thomas G Clemson, of Fort Hill, in Oconee County for the purpose of founding an Agricultural College. Col. Clemson, who was a native of Pennsylvania, had long been connected with the Southern people by family and other ties. He had for many years been zealously working to accomplish everything in his power for the benefit of the farmers and his countrymen of every avocation in life. He was eminently practical in his efforts to elevate the working men of the country, and the founding of an institution, such as he has done, has been the great work of the last twenty years of his life

Some of the newspapers at a distance seem to take pleasure in heralding forth that Col. Clemson was a recluse, without interest in the affairs of the country. No greater mistake could have been made Col Clemson was a man of great industry and eminently practical in the affairs of life His large accumulation of property ought to close the mouths of these croakers

There is a slight buzz of expectation in the public mind that the will of Col. Clemson will be contested by his only heir and grand-daughter, Miss Lee, of New York. We do not give this rumor much credence, from the fact that her grand-father made liberal provision for her in his will, and that her father is a gentleman of high character and very large means Mr Lee is also identified with our section of the country by marriage and other links of interest, which will, we are sure, stay his hand, and cause him to foster and cherish an institution which will reflect great credit and honor upon his family and benefit and renown upon the country.

Greenville News.

There is no foundation that we can discover for the report that Mr Lee intends to contest the will of the late Thomas G. Clemson, his father-in-law, by which the Fort Hill estate was left for an agricultural college. Mr. Lee is not a needy person and has long known and, we understand, approved of Mr. Clemson's intentions regarding the property.

Pensions.

Abbeville Medium.

The office of the Comptroller General has been flooded with applications for pensions Is is truly astonishing how many men claim to have been incapacitated for making a livelihood by reason of wounds received in the service of the Confederate States. In the County of Spartanburg 206 applicants have already been sent forward. It don't stand to reason that there are so many persons in that county entitled to relief under the act If other counties have the same number of pensioners in proportion to population the law will have to be repealed in order to save the people from actual bankruptcy

The design of the law was to help only such cases as may be in absolute want. This condition must have arisen from wounds and not brought on by laziness or mismanagement. The loss of a limb does not necessarily imply that a man cannot make a living. The one-armed man may belong to the profession of law. The man with one leg may be a shoemaker and able to earn a livelihood. The law did not contemplate a bounty to any such men. The State is not able to meet such demands as are now being made upon her treasury.

If the law is not repealed it certainly must be made more stringent by amendment. We have no doubt the law has already been abused.

Lugubrious.

John Esten Cooke, the author of several interesting novels and historical sketches, used the word 'lugubrious' so often that it became one of the characteristic phrases in his writings. It is a good word and we find it comes in very handy in a great many instances. It is particularly convenient and appropriate when we have anything to say about Charleston. Our metropolis was 'lugubrious' when there was talk of taking a census by which she would only get her equal share of representation. She was 'lugubrious' when the phosphate monopolists failed in getting the State to turn over the phosphate business to five companies. She is more 'lugubrious' when her bankers are called upon to pay an equal share of taxes on their money. The word means 'mournful' and comes in nicely in almost any case where Charleston is concerned. Her '*lugubrious*' experience in the Dudley insurance case is fresh in the minds of the people. But this is not as 'lugubrious' as the condition of her bankers who talk of changing their investments, putting the surplus down as contingent accounts, quitting business, etc., in order to escape a fair and equal share of taxation.

The word is a good one.

Spartanburg Herald

If the dispatch from Columbia to the prohibition Voice stating that leading prohibitionists in this State are taking steps to organize a third party in South Carolina be true, it is a cause for unmixed regret and affords but another example of the extreme to which fanaticism can carry its devotees In the North where it is a matter of mere expediency whether the republicans or the democrats are in power, people may follow a crotchet or amuse themselves with third party projects. But the formation in South Carolina of a third party forces the supremacy of black radicalism or the return to fraud in elections Those who in their frantic zeal for a single good, force this issue on our people, are enemies alike to morality, to civilization and to their State.

In the Hands of Capitalists.

Union Times.

It has been rumored throughout the State that the World, a morning paper published at Charleston, has been purchased by a company of wealthy men and in a few weeks will appear under new auspices, with W. A. Courtenay, formerly Mayor of Charleston, as editor. How will the News and Courier like to see its model Mayor and favorite candidate for Governor posing before it daily to divide journalistic honors and emoluments?

Columbia Register, April 21.

Upon the return of the corporators of the *World-Budget* Company, a certificate of charter was yesterday issued from the office of the Secretary of State. The entire amount of the capital stock, $25,000, has been subscribed and 40 per cent. paid in in cash. Francis S. Rodgers, William A. Courtenay and Wm. E. Huger have been elected Directors. Francis S. Rodgers is the President and Wm K. Pelzer Secretary and Treas.

"Let every man read, ponder and take comfort, for we are all prisoners of hope."

"BILL ARP'S" JOY

UPON READING

MILLENNIAL DAWN,

THE

"PLAN OF THE AGES."

FOOD AND COMFORT FOR ALL THINKERS.

READ HIS COMMENTS.

[From Atlanta Constitution.]

A kind lady has sent me a book of 350 pages called "Millennial Dawn," published by the Tower Publishing Co., in Pittsburg, Pa., which will, I believe, awaken the thinking world. I see that its sale is already over twenty-five thousand. It is impossible to read this book without loving the writer and pondering his wonderful solution of the great mysteries that have troubled us all our lives. There is hardly a family to be found that has not lost some loved one who died outside the church—outside the plan of salvation and if Calvinism be true outside of all hope and inside of eternal torment and despair. We smother our feelings and turn away from the horrible picture. We dare not deny the faith of our fathers, and yet can it be possible that the good mother and her wandering child are forever separated—forever and forever?

I believe it is the rigidity of these teachings that makes atheists and infidels and skeptics—makes Christians unhappy and brings their gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave—a lost child, a lost soul!

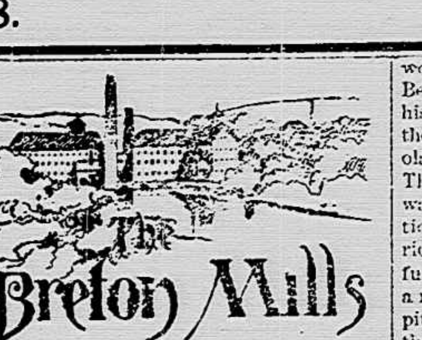
Let us see how many lost souls. The geographers give the world a present population of fourteen hundred million, of whom only one hundred and sixteen million are Christians,—that is, who live in Christian countries. Of these, only sixteen million are adult members of the church; and of these, about one million walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. That is a beautiful picture.—Only one million of truly good, pious Christian people in all the world, and thirteen hundred and ninety nine millions who are elected to be eternally damned. Add to these figures one hundred and forty-two billions, who have already lived and died in the ages past, and if all these are damned, it does look like God's plan of salvation was a miserable failure. He gets one soul to glory while Satan captures thousands.

This wonderful book teaches that trial is yet to come—that all are to rise from the dead when Christ comes, that He will offer His salvation to all people; not only to the living, but to those who rise from the dead. His kingdom will be supported by the saints and by good people everywhere, and the mother will have another chance to reclaim her wandering child and bring him unto the kingdom. This wonderful book makes no assertions that are not well sustained by the Scriptures. It is built up stone by stone, and upon every stone is the text, and it becomes a pyramid of God's love, and mercy, and wisdom. There is nothing in the Bible that the author denies or doubts, but there are many texts that he throws a flood of light upon that seems to uncover its dark and gloomy meaning. I see that editors of leading journals, and many orthodox ministers of different denominations, have indorsed it and have confessed to this new and comforting light that has dawned upon the interpretation of God's book. Then let every man read and ponder and take comfort, for we are all prisoners of hope. This is an age of advanced thought and more thinking is done than ever before,—men dare to think now. Light—more light, is the watchword.

BILL ARP.

The truths set forth in the above described work so benefitted me, so opened my eyes to God's great, just, loving, wise plan, and so opened the Bible before me, that with others who have read and been caused to see, I have concluded to spend such means and strength as I possess in passing this cup of refreshing truth to other thirsty souls. To this end I am *loaning this book*, postage prepaid, to all who will promise a careful reading of it and to pay return postage. The above came voluntarily and unexpectedly from Mr. "Arp's" pen after reading the book, sent him by me, and is well matched by hundreds of letters from people in every station of life. I want every *intelligent*, thinking man and woman to read the book, for as "Arp" truly says, "It is impossible to read this book without loving the author [Doubtless God through the writer was the real *Author* of the plan unfolded,] and pondering his wonderful solution of the great mysteries that have troubled us all our lives."

Address MRS. C. B. LEMUELS, Allegheny, Pa.



BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

Copyrighted by the Author, and published by arrangement with him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ONE SHORT HOUR.

It was a week later that the Breton barouche came over the brow of the hill toward Mr. Ellingsworth's house. The bay span never stepped so proudly, and certainly the gold plated trimmings on their harness never glittered so brightly before. As the carriage had passed through the lower village the factory girls had all rushed to the windows to see the master and his bride, and for the moment the laborers on the foundations of the new mill stopped their work in one accord, and were all eyes till the bridal couple were out of sight. Philip's face was fairly radiant with hope and love, and he could not teach his eyes to look anywhere but at Bertha. She glanced idly on either side, at the white gloved coachman on his high seat or at the prancing horses, anywhere but into the earnest, tender face, which might have been a constant reproach to her calm indifference.

Clearly enough, the clouds that had settled so gloomily about his wedding night had lifted; his love and the sweet reality of his present life and his new sense of duty toward the woman who now called him husband, all helped him to put away her past, even to its most terrible incident, and his healthful mental nature was rapidly building up a new life which should have no taint in it. Philip Breton made a noble lover. Perhaps it was because he was not a great man. He was not so wise but that he believed in the reality of the sunbeams poets make their love songs of. He had many holy aspirations; he caught now and then glimpses of ideal beauty and truth. In some vague way he fancied all these were realized in Bertha. In her he loved all the harmonies. In her he worshiped purity and charity and all the graces.

As for Bertha, she continually found new surprises in his gentleness and in his devotion—surprises partly because she forgot them each time. She really wished he were not so devoted. She wished he did not make her feel as if she were forever posing in tableaux. She thought him inclined to be foolish, because he did not seem keen eyed enough to see her most obvious faults—not magnanimous enough herself to understand that he looked at her through a halo of glory his love had put about her. In spite of herself he could see something beautiful and good in everything she could do or say.

"We are just passing my home," she said, a little petulantly; "can't you see anything but me?"

"This is not your home now, my dear." He corrected her very gently. As he glanced into the windows of the parlor where they had been married, Jane Ellingsworth's dark face looked out at them, cruel and malevolent. Philip started forward in his seat. Why, no, he must have been wrong, the face in the window was wreathed in the most charming smiles. She even kissed her fingers to the bridal pair, and let a sheet of paper she had been holding flutter to the floor in her childlike enthusiasm. Bertha nodded coldly; Philip lifted his silk hat, and the carriage passed out of sight.

Philip was too wise to weary his wife just now by showing her all the changes in his home, which would delight her so much later. He knew by her drooping step, as she walked along the hall, that she was tired and would appreciate rest above all things. So he took her first to her own little sitting room, which he called her boudoir. He had rather expected a little lighting up of her eyes, perhaps some pretty exclamation of pleasure. Possibly he had made an absurd artistic blunder. Could it be he had got the wrong shade of blue after all? She only threw off her bonnet and sat down in the least inviting of the chairs without seeming to care to look about her at all.

"You must be tired, Bertha," said Philip at last, trying to hide the disappointment that made his heart swell so painfully. "Won't you sit in the easy chair? I am sure you will like it, though perhaps you would rather lie down."

"Oh, no, I am not tired," she said, carelessly, without turning her eyes to look at him where he stood, restlessly playing with the window curtains. He pulled roughly at them, he longed that moment to ruin the beauty that had failed to please her. He could not see where the fault was; the carpet was as thick and soft as a bed of violets, the light seemed delicate almost as some perfume, but Bertha did not seem to care for anything he had devised for her. She was going to speak; if she would only criticise, he would change everything again to win a smile of approval from her. She might at least understand how much he had tried to please her.

"Where does that door open?"

"I will show you if you are not tired," yet he dreaded to take her in that room, and see her as cold and indifferent as she was now. He felt it would break his heart.

She rose to her feet and looked in curiosity at him as he took a key from his breast pocket and turned it in the lock. "Is it your treasure chamber?"

"Yes," he whispered, and threw open the door, and stood back for her to enter. The room seemed as pure and white as if a thousand angels brooded over it with their snowy wings. Peace and holy rapture seemed breathing from the very walls, and the young bride felt a new timidity steal over her heart. She was awed indescribably in the temple of love he had made for her. Poor soul! would there be but one true worshiper? "Come," she said, and she smiled more sweetly than he had ever seen her. She held her hand out toward him, as he lingered on the threshold.

He came and took her hand and then put his arm about her as she stood in exquisite pensiveness, struggling to take in the meaning of the place. She had cast her eyes down on the carpet, which seemed like the driven snow, sparkling with hail drops. The solemn beauty of her chamber subdued her like a child.

"You would not dare to kiss me here, Philip," she said at last in a voice so gentle and thrilling, it seemed to his throbbing heart as if a new soul had been born within her. "It is so pure and"——

But he drew her unresisting form into his arms, and kissed her full cool lips again and again, and she did not stir on his shoulder, but her great blue eyes look a startled reproach at his ardor.

"There is no place too pure for the kisses I have for you."

There never will be an hour in Philip Breton's after life, when he shall not look back to this moment as worth all his agony, as the acme of his being, when the cup of his happiness was full. And who should overturn it? Why should he not hold it to his ever thirsty lips forever, the well spring of his love bubbling and sparkling forever within? Might not the world stand still awhile? Must it jostle him from his unwearying rapture, and push him on and on into the barren desert of failure which awaits all mankind at last?

The dinner bell tinkled invitingly, and the master and mistress of the house came down together. At the door of the dining room stood the man servant, salver in hand, and the silk skirts of the lady of the house swept against him as she passed in. Philip frowned fiercely at him, for the usually most well behaved and respectful waiter seemed to forget all his duties in staring with brazen impudence in the beautiful face of his master's wife. Philip grew pale with anger, but Bertha only gave a glance of lofty contempt at the fellow's smooth face and white apron.

"Your servants are not well behaved, my dear Philip."

In a moment more they were alone, and Philip forgot his wrath in the new picture of his wife across his table. His old lonely days were ended. No more solitary feastings. Bertha was always to brighten his house and his table for him. The satyr of bronze on the mantel that had scowled on his desolation, seemed actually smiling now. The portraits around the green tinted walls had seemed to his imagination, as he had sat down so many times to his richly furnished table, like guests at a funeral, or again, as if morosely curious how a man could violate all the principles of hospitality by dining alone. Now, he fancied, they had taken on a more genial, companionable expression. To be sure the sun poured in through the open blinds in unusual brightness, but it was the light in Bertha's blue eyes that changed everything for him. It was the beginning of his own home. This woman, who seemed too lovely to be other than a caller for an hour, had come to stay, to sit with him as she did now, whenever he breakfasted or dined or supped—always. The world might heap wrongs and outrage on him, his factories might burn and his wealth dissolve—she whose presence in itself was a perfect existence to him, had come to him to stay forever.

Bertha's face was bent over the table studying the odd device on her napkin ring. The sunlight flickered in her golden hair as tenderly as if it were giving her kisses of welcome. So she would sit before him always. But the sudden creaking of a man's boot made him look up. The waiter had come in almost noiselessly and stood at the sideboard carving a bird for their second course. Philip was glad he had not said one of the hundred caressing words that had come to his lips. But how slow he was at his carving; was the canvas back so tough, then!

Ugh! There was a glass on the sideboard, and Philip happened to glance into it. The man held the knife and fork in his hands, yet he was not carving at all, but was still staring at Bertha's bent beautiful face in the mirror, with his evil, swinelike eyes. He seemed to be studying her features, as if to recall some association. Oh, he had succeeded. A hideous grin distorted his mouth and whole face. Then Philip rose and pushed back his chair. His servant recognized his master's wife. Apparently she had played some very inharmonious part in some previous scene he had witnessed. And he was but one of the world she had disgraced herself before. What could his evil eyes have seen? Which miserable page in this lovely woman's history that her husband was trying to blot out of memory? If he could forgive her, might not the rest? Must she be subject to insult in her own home? Was he not powerful enough to protect her against the shame of such looks as this fellow gave her?

He stepped to the sideboard and touched his servant on the shoulder and beckoned him to the door. The malicious grin had hardly time to vanish from the frightened face.

"Go!" the words came hissing from his master's lips, "and if I ever see your face again, or if you ever breathe a word against the woman I have made my wife"— The man slunk up stairs like a whipped dog.

"Why, I didn't notice you had been out," said Bertha in mild surprise as Philip re-entered the dining room. "Were you ill? How pale you are."

But she did not rise in her solicitude and come to him. Instead he came to her, and bending very gently over her tried to kiss away the lines of care on her white forehead which he had never caused. He did his best to smile gayly, and succeeded well enough to deceive her.

"I will be your servant to-day," he said, "with no profane eyes to look on."

Then he shook off his unhappiness by sheer force of will, and began to talk lover's nonsense to the cold mistress of his home in more perfect abandon than ever, even in the exuberance of his youth. He must be happy while he could, he dared not stop talking, lest he should think too much. But she only looked at him in far off surprise, with now and then a curious, not quite pleased smile at his absurdities. At last, all too soon, she arose.

"I must go and dress and try and look a little prettier, for today at least." She touched his shoulder kindly as she passed out into the hall, leaving him sitting still at table.

It was only then that he discovered a letter that had been concealed by a plate. What did he care for business today? Still it might serve to pass a little of the time till his wife should return. How the thought of her warmed his heart. In a few moments the door behind him would open, and he would turn to see her graceful form on the threshold. She would be dressed in some new color, or perhaps in the black that gave her the air of a dethroned queen. By this time she must have thought of some kind thing to say to him, but first it would be:

"Go."

"Sitting at table yet?" Then he would rise and draw her jeweled hand through his arm and show her through her whole home. She would be so delighted with the library; he was sure everything there would please her exquisite taste. He had never enjoyed the room, though it was so perfect; there had been something dreary to him in its classic simplicity. But now everything would be changed. Then he would lead her to the drawing room, and would make her sit down again before the long silent piano, which had given out not one tone of music since her white fingers had last caressed its glistening keys. And she would play and sing for him while he dreamed of the new rare life of beauty and peace that was to be his henceforth.

He glanced at the face of the envelope; but it was not for a moment more that the mist of joy cleared from before his eyes enough to read the words stamped on its upper corner.

"John T. Giddings, attorney at law," and beneath in smaller type, "Divorces procured without trouble or publicity for any cause desired." What was he or his business to Philip Breton? He tore open the envelope patiently; probably a begging letter. He unfolded the sheet he found within. At the top in big letters the attorney's name and address; and below the advertisement about divorces again. Philip frowned and began to read what the man had written to him.

"DEAR SIR: I understand you will have just returned from your wedding journey when this reaches you. I am sorry to interrupt your bliss but it will be very important for you to call upon me immediately upon your receipt of this communication. You may wonder how my advertisement about divorces which your observant eyes will have detected at the top of this page can concern you. If you call on me at once I will be able to explain that and several other points of interest to you. Very truly yours,

JOHN T. GIDDINGS.

Philip spread the letter open on the tablecloth before him, and read it again and more carefully. He seemed very slow to take its meaning. Then he folded it very accurately and put it in his pocketbook. He rose to his feet and rang the bell for the maid. How cool he was. He showed no sign of having received a terrible blow, unless it was by passing his hand wearily across his forehead once or twice.

The clearest feeling he was conscious of was a nervous anxiety lest Bertha should come in upon him just now; and when the door opened he started violently. But it was only the maid, who had answered his summons.

"Tell your mistress," his voice was very low, but it sounded firm enough, "tell your mistress I am called away to Lockout. I shall be back by tea time—at 6, I suppose. Can you find my hat for me Jane—I mean Annie. Thank you." He pulled it well over his eyes, and walked along the hall and opened the door. He did not like to glance up the open staircase for fear he might see Bertha. He dreaded to look in her face just now. The maid stood waiting.

"Tell your mistress that I am called—oh, I told you, did I?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LEGAL DISTINCTION.

"Ah, Mr. Breton, yes, yes, I was sure you would come."

The lawyer pulled two chairs together near his office table. John T. Giddings had changed a great deal since the time when he undertook to engineer the corporation scheme. Apparently he was going down hill very fast, without brakes. His eyes wore a glassy look, as if he had just waked from a drunken sleep. The smooth roundness of his cheeks was gone, his lower jaw was strongly marked, and his nose seemed drawn out and sharpened to give the effect of a bird of prey. Philip glanced significantly about the room. The lawyer followed his eyes and laughed.

"Changed some, aren't we—all lack of money. Actually, you have no idea how $10 even would furbish this old table and polish this floor. Times aint as they were, Mr. Breton, in the old days, when I used to get fat fees out of men like your father. Nice man, your father. But," and he leered meaningly at his visitor, "when we do get a chance for a dollar I tell you we jump at it." He tipped back his chair against his half filled book shelves and peered familiarly into Philip's stern face. "Why, look at those dirty fellows back by the door. Time was I wouldn't notice a client unless he wore white collar and cuffs. But now for business. I suppose you were a little astonished to get my letter?"

"I should prefer not to have listeners," remarked Philip, coldly.

"Oh, well, I will finish with these fellows first, then. I thought you might be impatient."

"Not at all, sir."

The lawyer's clothes were threadbare and soiled, and the black felt hat that he wore, indoors and out, well slouched over his eyes, was torn in the crown. Philip compared him with his shabby looking callers, and could not see but the clients looked as well as their patron. But at every sign of poverty and degradation his heart sank lower and lower, for the man must be reckless and hungry as a man eating shark. If it lay in his power to rack the life out of a victim—the man could have no restraint of character or decency to hold back his hand. Could there be anything he knew about Bertha's past, that terrible gap Philip had not tried to look into? He dared not think. Impatient! he dreaded the moment when the lawyer should send away his soiled clients. Philip started each time he half turned as if to come back. But when Giddings closed the door after the poor wretches, which was not until a little roll of bills had passed from their hands to his, and came back to his seat, the young mill owner did not seem to observe him until the lawyer said:

"I have filled out a complaint, but have not signed it yet."

Philip looked at him blankly. "What is a complaint?"

"Well, my dear sir, a man of your position might pass a lifetime and never know. Ahem! It is a form of procedure that is generally understood to be applicable only to the poor. When a wretch has committed a burglary, for instance, some friend of justice, as I for example, goes before a magistrate and makes certain charges. Then the poor devil is arrested, dragged before the court and tried."

"Well, sir, what are your complaints to me?"

The lawyer smiled. "Strictly, nothing, unless you identify yourself with a woman calling herself Bertha Breton." He paused to notice the effect of his words.

"My wife," gasped Philip. "Oh, for God's sake, speak quick!"

"You have been lately married?"

"A week ago."

"The woman you have married has a husband already. By remarrying as she has done she has committed a felony by our laws. Some rather inaccurately call her crime bigamy. A state prison offense. I suppose you know—I mean for her. The law of our state does not touch you."

"But she told me she was free to marry." How far off his voice sounded. Was it he, indeed, in a low attorney's office, discussing his wife, whether she were a felon or no. It was like a horrible dream; too horrible to be anything but a dream; but he could not awake from it.

"No doubt she thought so," said the lawyer, charitably; "but let me show you." He opened a drawer in front of him, and took out a long paper. Isn't it odd, women have no notion of folding a legal document correctly. Did you ever notice it?"

"No, I never noticed it," answered Philip, mechanically. He felt as if he were standing still, while the world was flying from under his feet.

"This is the marriage certificate. It is proper in form, you will see."

Yes; it seemed correct. Bertha's name was there, and Curran's. They seemed to leap out of the parchment as he read. And there were two witnesses. He rubbed his eyes. "Thomas Bailes"—that was the name of the servant he had turned away. Yes; it was not an hour ago he turned him away.

"Who is this Thomas Bailes?"

"He was a waiter at the 'Lockout house' where the happy couple were made one."

The paper fluttered to the floor, the walls of the room seemed rushing in upon him, while the grinning face of the lawyer danced in hideous measure before his eyes. Was God, in his mercy, sending him death? When his brain cleared again the lawyer was talking still.

"You will wonder how I happen to possess this paper, but you will recollect my advertisement at the top of my letter head? Well it seemed Mrs. Curran, excuse me, grew tired of her uncongenial husband, quite outside her sphere of course. A fine fellow that Curran was too. But the young lady naturally sighed for her old, more refined associations. Her husband does nothing but shock her. She becomes wretched, her craze is over, the reality is not to her delicate taste at all. What next? She leaves him. Fortune throws my advertisement in her way and I receive a letter from her address, then at Vineboro. Here was a short way out of it all, a divorce without trouble or publicity, for any cause desired. She would be free as air again, free to end her life, as she no doubt intended, in conventual retirement."

Giddings threw his feet upon the table and smiled very slyly. "I undertook her suit. What better cause could there be than incompatibility. Oh, no; she need not come to Lockout, so there was no trouble; and as to publicity, why, will you believe it"— and the lawyer winked horribly at his visitor; "Curran himself was within twenty miles of Lockout during the pendency of the suit, and he never guessed his wife was being divorced from him; and I don't believe he knows it to this day. Ha, ha!" And he laid his head back on his chair and laughed till the tears ran down his face.

"But you procured her a divorce?" It is almost worth pain to have the exquisite delight that comes with relief.

Philip felt ashamed that he had distrusted God so much. How much more joyfully he could cherish his wife than before. There was no blot of shame on her sweet name. There was no page in her life the whole world might not look at then. And this man wanted a reward for what he had done, aye, and he should have it. There was no gift too great for him who had turned this young husband's bitterest memories sweet, who had made his life and his love like that of other men. He reached forward and grasped the lawyer's oily hand in hearty good will.

Gidding's stared at him in silence a moment. Then he moved uneasily in his chair and released his hand.

"I guess you don't understand," he had enough of his manhood left to hesitate. It

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.