[FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE O' GRASS," "BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "KING OF NO-LAND," "THE BELLS OF PENRAVEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MARGARET AND MAUVAIN.

A month had passed since the trial, and during that period no person but Bertha had seen or conversed with Ranf. It is understood throughout the Silver Isle, although the details of the trial have not been made public, that a grave charge had been brought against the hunchback, of which he had completely cleared himself, and his Judges had been generous enough to declare that in his answer to the charge Ranf had shown himself in an unexpectedly noble light. The character of these Judges stands so high in the isle that implicit faith is placed in this declaration, the acceptance of which does much to clear away the prejudice which had existed against Ranf, and many of the islanders are anxious to make personal acknowledgment of their error. The hunchback, however, has not afforded them an opportunity; with his usual disregard of their opinion, in his favor or to his hurt, he has kept aloof from them.

The one person most anxious to see and speak with him is Margaret Sylvester. The trial has torn open the old wound in her heart, and she feels that she can never again know peace until she has learned all that it is in the power of the hunchback to impart of the history and fate of her beloved sister. In fulfillment of his promise Matthew has related to her some portions of the conversation concerning Clarice which took place years ago between Ranf and himself; in mercy to her he has omitted what it would most grieve her to hear, and all that she knows is that Clarice was living when they supposed her to be dead. Bitterly does she reproach herself for what in her agony she declares was an act of desertion on her part. It was her duty to stop in the old land, and never to give up her search for her dear Clarice until she had found her or had been furnished with undoubted proof of her unhappy end. Matthew in vain attempts to console her, and is grateful to think that he has concealed from her all knowledge of her dear sister's shame. But Margaret, in the midst of her self-torturing, detects, with her shrewd woman's wit, that something is being hidden from her, and she sends Bertha to Ranf, with an imploring appeal that he will see her, and tell her all he knows of Clarice. She receives this message back:

"Not yet. I must choose my time. It will soon come, and then we will speak together. Be silent and patient, and trust in me."

It was possible to be silent, but not to be patient; and Margaret is now passing through the most unhappy days of her life. She feels that strange events are impending, and that Ranf, her friend and the friend of Evangeline, holds the thread in his hands; she can trust him, it is true, but what can he know of the love, the torture, that fills her heart? She wants to tell him her story; then he would pity her and conceal nothing from her. It is an exquisite misery to her to know that she is powerless; that she can do nothing but wait. Night after night she dreams of Clarice, and in her dreams Harold, the handsome stranger who now lives with Mauvain, almost invariably finds a place. If no one else can satisfy her, why should she not go to him and ascertain whether the strange idea which passed through her mind when he and she met lately in the narrow lane has any foundation in fact, or whether the likeness she saw in his face to the face of one who is connected with the saddest episode in her life is merely accidental? Engrossed in the cares and duties of her new home, she and hers have been so occupied that she has had no opportunity of meeting him again; neither has she seen his friend Mauvain, in whose house she has lived since her arrival on the Silver Isle. She meditates upon this, and broods upon her misery until it is almost too great for her to bear.

In the meantime Mauvain and Harold are settled in the isle. They also have been so much engaged that they have had no time to go about; there was so much to do in the house and grounds, so much to alter, to suit Mauvain's fastidious tastes, that they have had as yet no time to "cultivate the islanders," as they express it. Mauvain has brought with him a great number of cases containing such heirlooms, pictures and other belongings as he has been able to save from the wreck of his fortune; the difficulty of arranging and placing these about the house and grounds has been increased by the circumstance that when he asked for the assistance of laborers on the isle he was informed that the islanders could not spare time for any but their own affairs. He has but three servants with him, and it takes a month to do what might have been done in a week. Harold and he resolve not to show themselves to the islanders until the house is in order.

The weeks have not passed without adventure or discovery. Harold one night is awakened by a tapping at his window; he rises and opens the window, and a white pigeon flies into the room. It is perfectly tame, and allows him to handle it.

"A carrier dove," says Harold, "fit messenger for Cupid. Is it by these means that my twisted friend carries on his love affairs?"

An idea seizes him; he writes a message, and tying it under the wing of the pigeon, releases it. He stands at the window, watching its flight.

"To the mountain of snow," he says, as he follows with his eyes the direction of the bird. "Ranf will get my message if he be there."

The words he writes are these:

"Harold to Ranf: In what spirit shall we meet—if we meet again? In the spirit of friendship or enmity?"

The following night the winged messenger returns, with the message:

"Ranf to Harold: We shall meet again. I am your enemy till death."

Harold laughs in the solitude of his chamber.

"Ranf is a bold man. Certainly he cannot be accused of lack of courage. He reckons, perhaps, on the sympathies of the islanders, which assuredly are not with us. They lack courtesy, I am afraid, these simple folk. I noticed how, when Ranf's trial came to an end, they allowed me to depart without offering me food or drink; and I was thirsting for wine. Hitherto, Harold, your chief enemy has been yourself. You have other enemies now. Well, it will give a zest to life. Pretty bird," he says to the dove, which he holds in his hand, "there is blood upon your wing. Have I been too rough with you? It has never yet been my way with beauty or innocence." His eyes light here on the group of Ranf and Evangeline he had sculptured for Mauvain, and which Mauvain, despite his request, had set up in the grounds. "A fine piece of work, Harold. Tolerably faithful as regards the hunchback, though one would infer, from its contemplation, that Ranf had no soul. That is not true; the hunchback is something more than flesh and blood; I will do him that justice. Mauvain, I owe you what I may never be able to repay for this insult—aye, and for others which my too careless spirit allowed to pass by unheeded. We are equal, you and I, for we are gentlemen, with our own code of honor. Strange that I have not yet met Evangeline! To-morrow I shall go in search of my fairy; to-night I will dream of her. Good night, Ranf's messenger of hate." He releases his fluttering prisoner, and it gladly wings its way through the sweet air to the mountain huts. "I have heard," says Harold as he prepares to retire to rest, "that none but Ranf has had the courage to tread those heights. I know one who will dare them. The mountain is free."

The next morning, over breakfast, Harold and Mauvain speak of their plans. "It will be an act of courtesy," says Mauvain, "now that the house is in order, to let the islanders know that we shall be willing to exchange civilities with them. We are tolerably good society for each other, but we should die of weariness if left to ourselves."

"We are of one mind upon that," replies Harold. "Doubtless the islanders will rejoice at the opportunity of paying court to one so high in station as yourself. Does it not strike you, however, as singular that up to this day we have not been troubled with visitors?"

"They would scarcely come uninvited, Harold."

"Being possessed of really delicate instincts. You may be right. It is not I who am in question. It is to you, Mauvain, that certain things are due. Your rank, your station, your character, are entitled to consideration. Yet these islanders may require to be taught."

"We will teach them, Harold," says Mauvain, with a smile; "it is only necessary that we shall be seen."

"Let us be seen, then, by all means. The sun is out; shall we walk?"

But, although they show themselves in their best attire and with the polish of their fine manners upon them, Mauvain does not receive the attention he believes to be his due. Those of the islanders with whom they come in contact show no disposition to form an acquaintanceship with them. They look once upon the gentlemen and do not seem to care to look again. To the questions graciously put to them by Mauvain and Harold, answers are received in monosyllables; the spirit in which they are met is the spirit of avoidance. The young are attracted to them; but it invariably happens that men or women of maturer age step between them and the children, or between them and the young women with whom they would converse. This uniform coldness of reception acts in an opposite way upon the two friends; Harold is amused at it; Mauvain is irritated.

"You regard it too seriously, Mauvain," says Harold, as they walk homewards; "the people require education. It is not to be endured that they should show themselves blind to our merits. For myself I care not. Nature is a companion in whom I am ever able to take delight; she is sufficient for me. But it is different with you. The society of fair women is a necessity of your being; you have never been able to live without them. I trust the stern morality of the islanders will not stand in the way of your pleasures."

"Harold?"

"Yes, Mauvain?"

"I am tolerably familiar with your light manner. Do not push it too far."

Harold gazes at his friend in astonishment. "Do you believe me insincere, then? Since when have you found me backward in friendship? Take heart, Mauvain. We shall not lack adventure in this isle. Trust me for that. What is not willingly given must be taken by force. Is not that idea sufficient to stir your blood? It stirs mine. I, for one, do not intend to die of stagnation. See—who comes this way? One of the fair maids of the isle—and alone! Fortune has not deserted us!"

What more he would have said remains unspoken; his words are frozen on his tongue. The girl who now stands before them is the living presentment of one whom he loved in secret in the years that are gone. He had spoken falsely when he said that love had never come to him. There was one to whom in the bygone time his tenderest thought had been given, and for whose sake he would have sacrificed all that was dearest to him in life. And this maiden resembles her in a manner so startling that for a few moments he is deprived of the power of speech. But it soon returns to him, and he laughs almost in scorn of himself.

"It is incredible," he says aloud, "that such a materialist as I should believe in apparitions. Do not be alarmed, fair maid; we are mortals like yourself. But in truth you remind me of a friend; and we are strangers on the isle."

"I have heard of you," said the girl, with a frankness common to all the younger residents in the Silver Isle; "you live in our house."

"The voice is not hers," says Harold, gaily, "and the spell is broken. We live in your old house. Then your name is——?"

"Gabrielle."

"You have another."

"Sylvester."

"And your mother's name is Margaret."

"Yes."

"Pardon my abruptness," says Harold, gently, moving aside so that she might pass.

"There is nothing to pardon," says Gabrielle, walking past them.

"Still another question, if you will not think me rude. Were you born upon this isle?"

"Yes, replies Gabrielle, in surprise."

"That is well. The dream has vanished. I hope we shall meet again."

He bows with the grace that is nature to him, and presently Gabrielle is no longer in sight. Then Harold glances at Mauvain.

"My questions were pertinent, Mauvain? Confess, now, that they were not entirely out of place!"

Mauvain takes a jewelled snuff-box from his pocket and regales himself with a pinch; and then offers it to Harold. Harold accepts the courtesy laughingly, but says inly:

"Has Mauvain a heart, or what is called a heart?"

"You are thinking of something, Harold, in which I am interested," says Mauvain.

"I confess it, Mauvain. I was asking myself in what you believed."

"And unable to answer yourself? That betrays a lack of perception. I gave you credit for knowing me better. Shall I supply the answer!"

"Yes."

"Love."

"In its spiritual aspect?"

"I am mortal, Harold."

"Mauvain, I am beginning to envy you. You are a gentleman, as the saying is. You are not only brave but rash where your self-love or honor is concerned, and I doubt not would give up your life in support of a conviction. And you value life, I know."

"It is the highest gift, Harold."

"Yet we are told that there is something higher, to which most men cling."

"So do not I. The present is my anchor. I leave theology to the priests."

"Long live to-day! I shall consider seriously whether it would not be more profitable to myself to turn epicure."

"It would add to your enjoyment of life, Harold."

"Indeed, I believe so—or it would if one were born to the inheritance. For these things are not always matters of choice. Selfish men suffer least. Those who have no faith have all the world open to them. I would I were a fatalist: I would pluck the ripest fruit, without thought to whom it belonged. Reproached for taking what is not my own, I should answer, 'It is fate.' A convenient creed."

"Harold, you wander from your theme."

"And my theme is——?"

Mauvain faces his friend with some disposition of seriousness, which lasts for a moment only. With a gay laugh he offers his snuff-box again.

"Mauvain," says Harold, harking back, "I asked you in what you believed. You supplied me with an answer which I decline to accept. It is impossible that a man shall live to your years without thought of the past, without dread of the future. If you had the realization of a wish, what would it be?"

"That I might be young again and live a hundred years. Speaking in earnest, Harold, you are growing somber; it was not always so. There was a time when you accepted pleasure without question."

"Say that I seemed to do so, Mauvain."

"And did not betray the seeming. One must judge from the outside. If you choose to conceal your feelings, you must take the consequences. You smile through all the days, and suddenly you come to your friend and say, 'The smile was on my lips, but not in my heart.' How is your friend to judge you! He may say with fair reason, 'You have deceived me through all the days; you are deceiving me now.' Then at once is introduced into the friendly bond a sentiment which feeds like a worm upon the heart of friendship, and robs it of its pleasant aspect. From that moment it becomes a burden. I do believe," says Mauvin, abruptly breaking off, "that I have allowed myself to be betrayed into a lecture. The effect of bad example, Harold. Reflect upon what I have said, and extract a lesson from it; else you will soon cease to be amusing. As for myself, take me as I am and for what I am, and be content—and grateful. You have wit enough to read me better than you profess to be able to do; have the wit to understand that I can read you better than you suppose. What there is in life that affects me closely belongs only to myself. Not to any living being do I choose to lay bare my heart. If I have opened a window in it through which you have hitherto not seen, I close it now, forever. A pinch of snuff? So—now we are as we were; it will be your fault if things do not go on smoothly between us. I do not wish you to alter. Be yourself, as I have known you; but be careful not to go beyond the line of safety."

By the time they have arrived at this point in their conversation they have reached home, and the last words are spoken as they stand at a window overlooking the garden.

"A visitor, Mauvain," says Harold. "Our stroll has borne fruit. A woman, too, so the interview is likely to be pleasant."

He has already detected who the woman is who is now walking toward the house; but Mauvain's sight is not as keen as his.

"Young, Harold?"

"I am afraid not; she has a matronly walk. Shall we receive her?"

"Certainly, if she desires it. Play the host for me; my lecture has wearied me."

"You, also, are an actor, Mauvain," is Harold's thought, as he watches the progress of the woman; "but if you think you have deceived me, you yourself are grievously deceived. A fire is smoldering which any chance spark may kindle into a blaze. Not much is required to make me your deadly enemy."

To a servant who announces that a woman desires an audience, he gives instructions to admit her, and Margaret Sylvester enters the room. Her face is as white as death, but she has come in pursuance of a purpose which can no longer be delayed; the agony of her mind is so great that she cannot continue to endure it without an effort to satisfy the doubts which are racking her soul. She looks around the old familiar room with dim eyes; the action is mechanical, and means nothing. She sees the form but not the face of Mauvain, for he has moved into the shadow; the only face she sees and recognizes is that of Harold, with whom the purport of her visit is immediately connected.

He steps forward as she enters, and with a courteous motion of his hand invites her to be seated. She scarcely notices the courtesy, and for a few moments her agitation deprives her of the power of speech. Meanwhile Harold waits in patience.

"Do you know me?" she asks, when her strength returns to her.

"We have met twice" replies Harold, gently; "the first time, you charmed me with your voice, the second, with your womanly kindness to an unfortunate."

"May I speak to you freely?"

"Freely."

"You have seen me twice, you say, within this isle. Look well into my face, and tell me if you have any remembrance of it in the past?"

Harold, obeying her, looks steadily at her. "It is not for me to say," he replies, with a thoughtful glance at Mauvain, who, having seated himself, appears to be paying but indolent attention to the dialogue. "The past stretches so far back, and my memory plays me treacherous tricks."

She feels that his answer is not honest; that it lacks sincerity. "Would you wantonly inflict torture upon an innocent woman, or upon any person who never by thought or deed did harm to you?"

"No; it is not in my nature."

"And yet you do not answer me. To what can I appeal? To your chivalry? To your humanity? If you knew my sufferings you would pity me. I scarcely know how to approach the subject which brings me here to-day, to the house in which my children were born, and in which I have spent so many happy years. I beg you, by your sense of honor, by your sense of right and mercy and justice, to help me if you can. You are a gentleman; I am but a weak and most unhappy woman."

Harold turns suddenly to Mauvain. "Mauvain," he says, "this is the mother of the girl we met this morning. This is Margaret Sylvester."

Margaret looks towards Mauvain, whose face is still averted from her, and who acknowledges the introduction by a nod.

"You saw my daughter Gabrielle?"

"Yes, and spoke with her," says Harold. "It is seldom I have seen a fairer face. You appeal to my chivalry; I thank you for the compliment; and to my humanity—not often, I am sorry to say, brought into play. If I speak lightly, find some excuse for me; it is my manner. Your appeal places me at a disadvantage. A woman's strength is in her weakness, and a man is no match for her. Now, you have men in your household—a father, a husband, a son. Had any one of these come in your place, it would have been easy to answer him."

"They do not know of my visit. I am here of my own prompting."

"Is no one acquainted with your presence here to-day?"

"No person."

"You have friends outside your family who do not regard us with too much favor?"

"I do not understand to whom you refer."

"To Ranf, the hunchback, for one."

"He is not aware that I have come to you."

At the mention of Ranf's name, Mauvain exhibits a closer interest.

"May I proceed?" asks Margaret.

"It would be churlish to refuse."

"I will speak more plainly. I am not a native of the Silver Isle. My girlhood's days were passed in your own land, where at the saddest crisis of my life I met my husband, then a stranger to me, and his father. I was worse than alone; I was in the power of a man who betrayed me, and who tore from me the being most dear to me. Even now, although I have children whom I love and a husband whose tender regard for me is as great as any woman could hope for—even now, in this peaceful isle, where want and wordly care are unknown, where we live honored and respected, with almost a certain prospect of a happy ending to our days—even now, I feel that this being to whom I refer is more closely knit to my heart than those who call me wife and mother. She was my sister, and between us existed a love which made us one. I was older, wiser, stronger than she, and when our father died, it was I who took the place of parent and protector to one whose innocence should have been as a shield against the treacherous arts of villains who live to betray and who bring shame to those who are weaker than themselves and children in the experience of the world. It was our unhappy lot, through our father's misplaced faith and confidence, to find ourselves at his death in the power of an unscrupulous master, who used what little talents we possessed to his own selfish advantage. I could have borne that; I did bear it; looking forward to the day when we should be of age and out of his power. This villain made love to my sister, and I taught him a lesson which prevented him from ever again insulting her. He was an ignorant, ill-bred man, with no pretensions to the title of gentleman. It happened that fatal fortune took us to the town in which our master hoped to enrich himself; he was a gambler, and there were gaming-houses in the town. We became a favorite with the people, and he made money by the exhibition of our talents. We were called upon to perform before a company of gentlemen in a theater, which seems to me even at this distance of time the most beautiful on earth. I have not told you—we were traveling actresses, with no stain upon our name. Our lives were as pure as those of the highest ladies in the land; and in most places we met with respect. Our success was so complete in this beautiful theater that it led to a most base and shameful betrayal. In the middle of the night my sister and I were awakened to dance and sing before two gentlemen with whom our master was gambling. At first I rebelled, but I was compelled to obey. My God! Can I never forget that night? Is it possible that I, loving my sister more dearly than ever woman was loved by man, can lose the remembrance of the smallest incident in that fatal night which tore my darling forever from my side? The room to which we were conducted was but dimly lighted; our master was there, flushed with wine and excitement, and with him two gentlemen whose features are as familiar to me at the present moment as though my meeting with them occurred but yesterday in the sun's full light."

Margaret pauses, and looks straight at Harold with a meaning he cannot mistake. Harold meets her look without an attempt at avoidance, and says gently, "Go on."

"Only one of the gentlemen was playing with our master; the other came toward us with a candelabra in his hand, and spoke in a tone so courteous that it was almost sufficient, if anything could have satisfied me, to allay my fears. Before he addressed us, this gentleman said a few words which in my after experience afforded a clue to his character. I do not remember to what they were an answer. His words were these: 'She can dance in shadow;' he was referring to my sister, who was almost asleep in my arms; 'let her dance in shadow,' he said; 'it will form a finer picture.' None but an artist could have given expression to the words, and I judged afterwards that this gentleman was probably a painter or a sculptor.'

"A shrewd guess," says Harold, observing that she pauses in the expectation of hearing him speak. "Your story is more than interesting; it almost recalls a dream of the past."

Margaret looks at him gratefully "Is it necessary that I shall proceed?"

"What say you, Mauvain?" asks Harold. "Do you wish to hear what follows?"

"I leave it to you, Harold," replies Mauvain; "I know that I can rely upon your discretion."

"Proceed, then," says Harold to Margaret.

"To put a shameful construction upon what I afterwards heard," says Margaret, in a lower tone than that she has hitherto used, "almost seems as if I was casting dishonor upon my sister. The words that passed between our master and the gentleman with whom he was playing bore no meaning to my mind at the time. If I had rightly understood them, no power on earth could have prevented me from guarding and protecting my sister until death stepped in. But I forget! I forget! When vile unworthy means are used to accomplish a base purpose, love's armor is powerless for defense!"

(To be continued.)

THREE WOMEN.

ADELAIDE NEILSON'S SUDDEN DEATH AND ITS DETAILS.

A Horrible Story of a Husband's Perfidy and a Wife's Vengeance—A Wealthy Woman's Generosity.

PARIS, August 23, 1880.

Californians have certainly not forgotten the charming actress, Miss Neilson, who some years ago delighted them with her passionate personation of Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," and they undoubtedly regretted to learn of her untimely and almost tragical death. Entire Paris has been very much exercised over the circumstance, which has served as another proof that the monster death often makes his appearance at untimely hours. Miss Neilson was extremely fond of Paris, and whenever her engagements permitted she crossed the Channel to enjoy drives to the Bois de Boulogne and the many beautiful monuments with which the French capital abounds. It is said she had already signed an engagement with an American manager for the ensuing winter, but had intended before leaving England to give some representations in London at the request of her numerous friends and admirers—"*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose.*" During this visit to Paris Miss Neilson was accompanied by a *dame de compagnie*, a *femme de chambre* and a secretary. One day very recently, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon,

SHE DROVE TO THE BOIS

In her landau, as was her custom each day; she was dressed all in white, with a large white straw hat trimmed in white lace, and presented a very pretty picture. She was accompanied on this occasion by her *dame de compagnie* and a gentleman acquaintance who boarded at the same hotel—the Continental—the newest and handsomest hotel of the capital. In the *bois* is a *vacherie*, where are to be seen fat and well-fed cows, whose milk is much appreciated by children and women in their drives. Miss Neilson stopped to take a bowl of milk and then continued her promenade. She soon felt ill, and drove to one of the chalets surrounding the restaurants and asked for a room in which she could repose for a while. She was shown to a room where were a table, some chairs and a lounge. A bed was made of the lounge and Miss Neilson placed upon it. She was soon taken with fearful pains of the stomach, and was so ill that a doctor was called, who prescribed hot tea with cognac, which relieved her for a time. Soon after another crisis came on and the sufferings were so great that a physician at the Continental Hotel with whom Miss Neilson was acquainted was sent for. He had poultices applied, and gave the patient besides some powders. She was again relieved for a short time, but she was too ill to be moved, and arrangements were made for her to pass the night at the chalet. At 3 o'clock in the morning she was taken with such fearful pains and convulsions that her hands tore the covering of the lounge on which she lay. The doctor was immediately sent for, but the distance from the *bois* to the Continental Hotel is long, and it required some time to awaken the physician, for him to dress and drive out, so that when he reached the chalet he found that Miss Neilson had breathed her last. She had died amidst most terrible sufferings. The authorities had to be informed before the body could be removed, but the officer on beholding the corpse and learning all the particulars, came to the conclusion that the death

WAS NOT NATURAL

And ordered an autopsy of the body. There was nothing for the friends of the actress to do but to obey and submit to the body being carried to the Morgue. The following day at 3 o'clock, instead of Miss Neilsen, in her lovely toilet, seated in her landau, the admired of all the passers-by, the body of the actress was rolled in a cloth and rattled over the stones in a common wooden box for carriage to that little house on the Seine on whose walls are traced in invisible letters the histories of many tragedies. The physicians who examined the body were obliged to pronounce the death natural. They stated that milk, although not iced, was sufficient on a warm day to chill the blood, produce convulsions and even death. It seems that Miss Neilson comes of a distinguished family. Her relatives were telegraphed to, and the body sent to London. It is also stated that as she spoke French very fluently, she was negotiating to play the role of "Nana," which is soon to be represented in one of the Parisian theaters. Miss Neilson was but 29 years old, and had time to make further progress in her art. She was one of the handsomest actresses of the present day, and her sudden death and the sad circumstances connected with it have excited much commiseration and melancholy.

THE LAWS IN FRANCE CONCERNING WOMEN

Are so abominably barbarous that women, in order to obtain justice, which civilization teaches them is their due, are obliged to resort to violent measures in defiance of the laws. Such was the case at the city of Saintes, where a married woman, the mother four children, threw vitriol in the face of her husband's mistress. Mlle. Girard du Demaine was born at Rochefort. She lost her father and mother when very young, and was raised by her grandmother. At the age of five she went to Saintes, which city she never after left. She was rich, and was besides very beautiful. When but seventeen years of age she fell desperately in love with Legardeur de Tilly, who was a modest employer in a railroad office. She was so much in love with him that she had her family propose to him. Mr. de Tilly hastened to accept a wife, young, beautiful and rich. Madame de Tilly adored her husband and was a most exemplary wife and mother, but she began to perceive an unaccountable coolness and indifference on the part of her husband. She suspected him of irregular conduct, and one day, finding a number of bank notes hidden away by her husband, she wrote to her notary, who informed her that Mr. de Tilly had extracted about 90,000 francs from her fortune. Such is the law in France that when a woman marries and brings with her the dot so strictly exacted, she has no control whatever over her fortune, and if he sees fit her husband can spend it all, and even give it away to another without her being able to prevent it. This information confirmed Madame de Tilly in her suppositions; besides, she received about this time anonymous letters, stating that when she went during the summer to the sea shore her husband's mistress

ENTERED HER HOUSE,

Donned her robes, and called herself Mme. de Tilly. She had in fact often noticed a very pretty young girl, a brunette and a *ouvriere*, who never passed her in the street without laughing in her face in an insolent manner. On asking an explanation of her husband with regard to the bank notes, he cynically answered her that the young girl was his mistress, that he loved her, and she was to become his wife, since she had but a few months to live; that she it was who would raise his children. It was then Mme. de Tilly in a moment of supreme jealousy thought of revenge, and a terrible revenge. She went to an apothecary and asked for vitrol, with which to clean some brass kettles; she asked if by accident one received a few drops on the face it would leave any trace. Frightful marks, he answered her. A half hour later Mme. de Tilly was stationed at a small entrance of her dwelling, by which the young *ouvriere* was to pass at that hour, on her way to her work. When she appeared Mme. de Tilly called: "Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle." The young girl turned and Mme. de Tilly threw in her face the contents of the bottle, then returned in the house without uttering another word. The first person who responded to the cries of the young girl was Mr. de Tilly, who wiped her face, weeping and pitying her, while he cursed his wife. The repeated

CRIES OF THE VICTIM

Brought the neighbors and soon a thousand persons were collected in the street. Informed of the event, the commissaire de police hastened to arrest Mme. de Tilly, who, on seeing him enter ran to the window to throw herself out, when the officer grasped her, for her body was half way through the window. As Mme. de Tilly entered the carriage which was to conduct her to prison, while weeping, she addressed the crowd: "Do you despise me for what I have done? Am I not rather in your eyes an honest woman?" And in spite of the terrible act which she had committed, all hands were stretched towards her, and all, men, women and children wept. Her delicate state of health, aggravated by the event, rendered her too feeble to be taken to prison, and she was therefore conducted to the hospital to await her trial. All the sympathy of the public was with the wife and mother, yet many at the same time pitied the misled and unfortunate young girl, while anger and indignation were expressed against the husband. It seems that so long as the grandmother lived, she insisted on Mr. de Tilly's retaining his position of employe of the railroad company, since she considered that every man should have some occupation. At her death he abandoned his position to lead

A LIFE OF PLEASURE

And idleness. He could find nothing better to do than to make love to an honest little work girl. He followed her everywhere; stationed himself on the road where she had to pass; sent her kisses across the street from his own house, and when she brought work to his wife, thrust notes into her hand. The young girl courageously resisted for a long time, but at length fell. They had known each other for five years when the event occurred which has attracted the attention of all France. From the beginning, Mr. de Tilly became harsh and unjust towards his wife, and many terrible scenes occurred between them. At the trial it was proved that he was nothing less than a monster of cruelty. One day their little boy remarked to his mother at table that they had met the little *ouvriere* in the street, he and his father, that she became very red in the face and his father appeared very singular; the mother remonstrated with her husband on his conduct, which had attracted even the attention of his children. Mr. de Tilly took the little boy into an adjoining room and beat him unmercifully. The mother was obliged to interfere, and there ensued

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

Mme. de Tilly was noted for her devotion to her children, and at the trial she certified that God was witness she never had any intention of blinding the young girl; that for five years she had suffered more than she would ever be able to explain, and that she would have continued to so suffer in silence until her death, had it not been that the thought maddened her that that creature should ever raise her children and bring shame and dishonor to a family so long known for their respectability and virtue; it was the love and affection for her children only which excited her to the deed. Mme. de Tilly is exceedingly beautiful, refined and aristocratic, and as she related the history of her sufferings, both the audience and jury were excited to pity. The most distinguished citizens of Saintes, both ladies and gentlemen, were present at the trial as an expression of their sympathy for the unfortunate woman, whose entire existence had passed before their eyes, and had been an example of

GOODNESS AND VIRTUE.

The *ouvriere* was called as a witness, and ordered to show her face to the jury; her left eye was gone and the upper part of one side of her face entirely disfigured. The physician stated that the right eye was saved, and that the disfigurement of the face would almost entirely disappear by applying skin taken from another body. Mme. de Tilly had her husband give the girl 20,000 francs. As was predicted by all persons, Mme. de Tilly was acquitted. Poor woman! Her days they say are numbered, for she is dying with consumption, yet those days will be more gloomy to her than to the ordinary invalid. The husband did not appear at the trial, but left for Paris to escape the indignation and perhaps violence of the inhabitants of Saintes. Although one cannot help feeling commiseration for the unfortunate young *ouvriere*, the women of France are indebted to Madame de Tilly for more than they realize. This sad event has caused much discussion throughout the country, and those even who reflect but little cry out that there is something wrong with the law else such misfortunes would not occur. In fact there are

TWO CULPRITS—

The man and the law—the law which gives so little protection to the woman. Did divorce exist in France Mme. de Tilly could have spared herself years of suffering and insured the future independence of her children. The man is perhaps less to blame than society, which howsoever severe in regard to his actions with man, closes its eyes to his conduct towards woman.

On a high eminence in the very center of the Bois de Meudon may be seen an immense building on a near road to completion. It has required some years to pile these great cut stones one upon another, for solidity has been the chief object in view. There are two buildings almost adjoining; one is intended for aged priests, the other for orphan boys, both erected by

THE DUCHESS OF GALLIERA,

Who is one of the rich women of France, and employs her wealth in this generous manner. The buildings are magnificent, and all the comforts invented up to the present day are to be brought into requisition for the aged priests, as well as all advantages to be furnished to the orphan boys. The good that wealth may perform when the owner is dictated by generous and noble sentiments! Each year a greater number of Americans come to Paris for a considerable length of time; not the rich, as was only the case in times gone by, but artists and students whom poverty and illness sometimes overtake. There are hospitals erected at Paris by the representatives of different nations, but there exists no hospital for Americans. What an excellent opportunity to do good and earn the lasting gratitude of her countrymen for a rich American woman (the richest in the world) to construct at Paris, where she resides, a hospital for her suffering compatriots!

An anecdote is told of the Duchess of Galliera which proves the magnificence of her manner of giving. Some time ago, when on a visit to the building being erected through her generosity, she perceived the architect mounting the hill in his buggy, drawn by a horse which seemed scarcely equal to the task. "You find some difficulty in reaching this high eminence with that conveyance?' she said to him. "Still it will have to do," he answered, "as it is the best and only one I own." The next day he received as a gift from the Duchess a handsome carriage and two magnificent horses.

The Cathedral of Cologne, the first stone of which was laid on the 11th of August, 1248, has just been completed the 14th of August, 1880. This time no work was put off, and it received its last ornament 632 years after it had been commenced.

VAL.

FRIEND & TERRY LUMBER COMPANY.

MANUFACTURERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in every kind and variety of BUILDING and FINISHING TIMBER and

LUMBER.

Cargoes, Car-loads and Special Orders promptly filled, and shipped direct from the OREGON, REDWOOD and SUGAR PINE MILLS of the Company.

GENERAL OFFICE, No. 1310 SECOND STREET, NEAR M. BRANCH YARD, CORNER TWELFTH AND J STREETS. au13-2plm

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS.

A. HEYMAN, SOLE AGENT, J street, bet. Sixth and Seventh, opposite Court-house. PIANOS TO LET. Pianos sold on installments. s9-2plm

—OFFICE OF—

JAMES I. FELTER & CO.,

Orleans Building, No. 1016 and 1018 Second street, between J and K,

SACRAMENTO,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE (STATE FAIR, 1880):

WE INVITE OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS, WHO ANTICIPATE VISITING SACRAMENTO during FAIR WEEK to notify us at once, and we will find ROOMS for them.

PRESIDENT HAYES and Party will arrive here on the 21st September, and remain until the 23d.

FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES!

ROCK & RYE (CHESLEY'S GENUINE)....CHESLEY'S
PEACH AND HONEY....CHESLEY'S
PURE OLD RYE WHISKY....CHESLEY'S
PURE OLD BOURBON WHISKY....CHESLEY'S
FRENCH BRANDY....CHESLEY'S
BLACKBERRY BRANDY....CHESLEY'S
PURE AND OLD PORT WINE....CHESLEY'S

The Medical Faculty are daily prescribing for the above goods from my well-selected stock.

GEORGE W. CHESLEY, No. 51 Front street, Sacramento

H. WACHHORST,

Gold and Silver Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry.

THE LEADING JEWELER OF SACRAMENTO.

LARGEST STOCK! GREATEST VARIETY! FINEST GOODS! LOWEST PRICES

In daily receipt of New Goods, direct from the factories, hence all my customers receive the benefit of buying from first hands.

Sign of the Town Clock,

NO. 315 J STREET, BET. THIRD AND FOURTH, SACRAMENTO.

o28 3ptf

Bargains! Bargains!

CLEARANCE SALE

—AT THE—

IXL STORE!

IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL GOODS, WE ARE NOW OFFERING OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

SUMMER CLOTHING

—AND—

STRAW HATS AT COST!

TO SECURE BARGAINS, CALL EARLY. THIS IS NO HUMBUG.

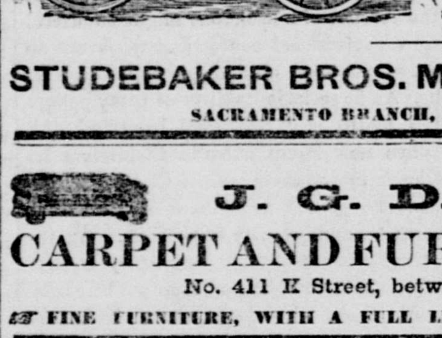
A Full Line of SWIMMING TRUNKS on hand, cheaper than any other house in the city.

ONE PRICE TO ALL!

S. NATHAN & CO., IXL STORE,

NOS. 519 AND 519½ J STREET, BETWEEN FIFTH AND SIXTH, SACRAMENTO

----BUY THE----



STUDEBAKER WAGON,

The Best Wagon in the Market.

A Large Assortment of FARM, FREIGHT and SPRING WAGONS constantly on hand

STUDEBAKER BROS. MANUFACTURING CO.,

SACRAMENTO BRANCH, 217 and 219 J STREET. ju5-1mswlm8

J. G. DAVIS,

CARPET AND FURNITURE HOUSE

No. 411 K Street, between Fourth and Fifth.

FINE FURNITURE, WITH A FULL LINE OF CARPETS, ETC. au18 3p1

214 214

J STREET, BETWEEN SECOND AND THIRD.

HAVING ENLARGED AND THOROUGHLY REFITTED MY STORE, I AM NOW PREPARED TO wait on my old customers and any others that may favor me with a call. I never misrepresent my goods, nor deal in any imitation goods. I would call particular attention to my stock of

Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder Braces and Elastic Stockings,

PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, AND PURE LIQUORS FOR MEDICINAL USE.

S. B. RIDGWAY, APOTHECARY AND PHARMACIST.

BOSTON DRUG STORE.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.

TRY MY FEVER AND AGUE CURE,

—SOLD ONLY BY—

ADOLPH WALTHER, Northeast cor. Third and J streets.

CALIFORNIA DRUG STORE,

Southeast corner K and Sixth streets.

A Full Assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Wines, BRANDY, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

Prescriptions Carefully Prepared at any hour, day or night. [s9-3plm] A. E. TRAFTON.

S. GOLDMAN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCER,

Northwest cor. Second and J streets.

IN ORDER TO FACILITATE TRADE, I WILL send, on application,

PRINTED PRICE LISTS,

Subject to the Daily Changes in the Price of Goods.

—THE BEST OF—

NEW JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS.

The Finest Selection of Costa Rica and Java Coffees, and all other Goods belonging to a First-class Grocery House.

S. GOLDMAN,

Corner Second and J streets, Sacramento. s15-3plm

The Best 6-Hole Range IN THE WORLD IS THE GARLAND! FOR SALE BY L. L. LEWIS & CO., 132 & 134 J Street. au21-3ptf

SWEETSER & ALSIP,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS

Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds.

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission.

Houses rented and rents collected.

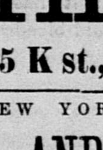
Agents for the following Insurance Companies:

IMPERIAL....of London
LONDON....of London
NORTHERN....of London
QUEEN....of Liverpool
NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE....London and Edinburgh
ÆTNA....of Hartford, Conn.

Aggregate Capital, $54,716,893.

No. 47 Fourth street, between J and K, Sacramento corner of the alley. au23-1ptf

Mammoth Importations!



JUST UNPACKED

By the Leading Clothiers,

S. J. NATHAN & CO.

Nos. 301, 303 and 305 K st., Northeast cor. Third.

LATEST NEW YORK STYLES IN

MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING!

All made expressly for us in our manufactory, No. 78 Reade street, New York, under the personal superintendence of our MR. JACK NATHAN, who has had 25 years' experience in the Retail Clothing Trade in this city. We have not enumerated our Stock, but invite inspection.

FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, ETC.,

ALL SELECTED WITH CARE, AND PURCHASED FROM FIRST HANDS, ALL OF WHICH ARE OFFERED AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES BY THE

OLD RELIABLE HOUSE

—OF—

S. J. NATHAN & CO.,

Nos. 301, 303 and 305 K street, Northeast Corner Third.

New York Factory: No. 78 Reade street. San Francisco Wholesale House: No. 29 Battery st.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT THE STATE FAIR! s17-3ptf