

ELLIOTT CITY TIMES.
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Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal Forms, Cards, Tickets, AND ALL KINDS OF Plain & Fancy Job Work Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and at the Lowest Rates.

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Can be found at the Court House in Elliott City, on the FIRST and THIRD TUESDAY OF EVERY MONTH.
Dec. 12, '74 ff.

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OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington, Baltimore.
July 27, '74 ff.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office—Nearly opposite the Court House, ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, 1874.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,
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Nov. 27, 1874.

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[Jan. 29, '75-ly.]

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mar. 6-'75-ly.

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Oct. 7, '76-ff.

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He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.
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May 1, '60 ly.

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,
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and a full line of samples from their immense stock of *VEAUXCHAMPS, CASIMIRE, CASHMERE, ZINGE, SUITING, &c.*, thus enabling parties in any part of the country to order their clothing and shirts direct from them, with the certainty of receiving garments of

The Very Latest Style and Most Perfect Fit Attainable.
Goods ordered will be sent by Express to any part of the country.
As is well known throughout the Southern States, they have for FORTY-THREE YEARS

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Particular attention paid to the Repairing of Watches and the Manufacture of Watch Movements.
April 16, 70 ff.

The Pruth, a river whose historic name finds place in nearly every despatch nowadays from Europe, is a stream of some 950 miles in length, which, for upwards of a century, has figured as prominently as it does to-day in Turco-Russian struggles. In 1771, Peter the Great, with his whole army, barely eluded capture by its banks. It may be traced on the map from its junction with the Danube at Reni, (a Russian market town in the Province of Bessarabia, near the Delta of the Danube, along the boundary of Bessarabia and Romania, through Bukovina, Galicia and Mavoras in Hungary, to its source in the Carpathian mountains.

A VICTIM OF GOOD LUCK.

From the French of Henri Murger.
MISE EN SCENE
Madame, the Countess Celeste de Vauxchamps, who was leaning toward her window, drew back suddenly with the frightened gesture of a woman who perceives a spider then, letting herself fall upon a fauteuil, in which she remained like one rendered motionless by terror, she cried out:
"Ah! Mon Dieu!"
The Count, very busily engaged in buttoning his glove, turned around at his wife's exclamation, and approaching her, said:
"What ails you, Celeste?"
The Countess raised her beautiful eyes towards her husband, and in a feeble voice replied:
"It is going to rain."

The Count ran to the window, and in the sky, ten minutes before of a dazzling serenity, he saw advance large black clouds like air plumes. At the same moment a heavy clap of thunder shook immensity, and large drops of water, spotted the gravelled courtyard of the hotel. The Count closed the window violently, and, returning to the mantel-piece, rang a bell.
A servant presented himself.
"Unhitch the horses," said M. de Vauxchamps, "we shall not go to the country."

Then, again approaching his wife, who had become paler in proportion as the weather had grown gloomier, he said in a snappish voice which seemed to strangle his words:
"You are right, Celeste, it is going to rain!"
And he began to walk the apartment with rapid steps. As he passed before a mirror, his wife saw that his face was greatly disturbed. A strange smile full of irony played upon his pale lips, and, raising his fist towards the sky, he cried out:
"At last!"

"What is the matter with you, Felix?" asked his wife somewhat disquieted.
"Call me no more by that name, it is about to become a satire!" replied the Count.
And, seating himself beside the Countess, he remained, like her, silent and sad, in the attitude of a man suddenly stricken by the thunder-bolts of fate.

II. DISPOSITIONS.
Compared with the trifling cause which had given it birth, the reader will find more strange the scene which with this history commences. In truth, a summer storm which breaks out suddenly and interrupts a country excursion is not sufficient matter for serious alarms, and the syncope of Madame Celeste de Vauxchamps, as well as the anathemas of her husband, may well appear bits of childishness only excusable in conjugal intimacy.

However, we will answer for it that this atmospheric caprice, one which can, when unforeseen, excite a passing disagreement, had for the Count and his wife all the proportions of an event.
For them, those sombre clouds were big with disasters; for them, the lightning which rent the sky were letters of flame, in which they read a prophecy frightful as that of the biblical feast; and in the hollow claps of thunder they heard distinctly the mutterings of the fate that was approaching them.

And nevertheless, at the very moment when the Count and his wife sat terrified by an accident so common, people said of them, in twenty different places, that they were the most completely happy couple in the world.
Evident or of good faith, those who said that were right—at the same time they were wrong; because the best is the enemy of well-being, and because to be too happy is to be no longer! Paradoxical, do you say, sir, or—malin—paradoxes are truths—in carnival costume, which is the reason that they are not immediately recognized. But, if you will follow us, you will see a great many others in the coming chapters.

III. FELIX.
The Count Felix de Vauxchamps had had for god-mothers all the beneficent fairies in whose miracles we had in other days so innocent a faith. For (another digression, from the cradle, as if to habituate him to the destruction of his illusions, the first things that man is made to believe in are falsehoods.
The childhood of Felix had passed altogether under the calm gaze of his mother, who had always said yes to his caprices, and who had never constantly preoccupied with foreseeing his desires, to order that he might not have to express them by tears. Hence he had been ignorant of them; for never had he been compelled to wait for the plaything he had wanted, never had that which he preferred been broken. At eight years of age, he was sent to college. Good luck followed him then, and enabled him to pass through the Greek and Latin classes without abandoning an hour of recreation for their thorny thickets, without once encountering those two enemies of students, the penum and dry bread. In the scholarly contentions, in which children who are preparing themselves to become men have thousands of occasions to develop their evil instincts, and so make essays in envy and hatred, Felix awakened none of those precocious friendships which are for so long remembered. Never was he deceived in his first affections. Hence, at fifteen years of age, he advanced towards youth, with outstretched arms and a heart replete as beautiful as his dreams. All the passions held out to him their enchanted cups, and he drank to the dregs without finding the least bitterness. All his hopes kept their promise to him, and every obstacle stepped aside to let his fantasy pass by.

His first love had been what a first love always is—a trial of the heart—a history at once silly and charming like a German idyll. His sweetheart, who had like him entire ignorance and utter innocence, was not long merely his lady-love; they learned to adore each other, separated

when they found it out, and their parting was as mild as if it had been their meeting. On clearing his mind of his love-idyll, Felix encountered ambition. He shut himself up at home for six months and wrote a book. Eight days after its publication, he was famous: the most ferocious critics praised his work, and cried out to him every morning in their newspapers that he was a great man. He plunged into the literary world, and he received there sincerely and frankly, his success, although spontaneous and obtained without the aid of any coteries, had not excited the least jealousy, and had not hurt any individual pride—hence his friends exclaimed: "A miracle!"

Felix became the hero of Parisian society. The witty and the well-to-do, interested in one salon circulated two hours afterwards in all the others. Whatever he said or whatever he did, he was right in everything and everywhere. Where a hundred others were pricked with ridicule, he encountered a new sympathy; his most foolish eccentricities seemed natural, and had he put on red clothes nobody would have dreamed of laughing at him.

Never had he met a funeral on leaving a ball.
Never had a famished mendicant stretched out his hand to him on the threshold of a rich hotel where a splendid banquet awaited him.
Never had an old and ugly woman jostled him in the street when he had been to see a young and beautiful lady.

In short, during the twenty years that he had been in the world, good luck had never quitted him. All that he touched was gold, all that he saw was beautiful, all that he did was right.

IV. THE HUNT FOR ILL-LUCK.
Meanwhile Felix began to be disturbed by this obstinate felicity which did not give him the time to shape out a desire before realizing it. This eternal azure fatigued him; he searched for a point of shade to rest his sight, he longed for an instance of adversity that could break for an instant the chain of his prosperity. Vain expectation—his sky always remained a fixed blue.

One day, Felix thought that he had hunted down his happy destiny. In the midst of a crowd of friends, he imagined he saw an insult leap out from the shock of two contradictions; he retorted with a pointed insolence, which was heightened by another.

A meeting was decided upon. It was Felix's first duel.
All the dispositions were favorable to him; fate had designated the pistol, and he was armed with that weapon.
At the moment when the signal of combat was given, the sun, unmasked by a cloud rolling away, shone out with full force in the eyes of his adversary, who trembled—and fired at random.
Felix was cool as a cucumber.
He had not time to aim and remorse at the month of his pistol.

Heaven spared him—he missed his opponent.
One morning, one of his friends saw him get into a post-chaise.
"Where are you going?" demanded he.
"My dear boy, I am going to make the tour of the world, and I will let the very devil if I do not find ill-luck on the road!" responded Felix, laughing.

But he found nothing, save some unknown enjoyments and some new pleasures.
"Can it be," said he to himself on returning, "that ill-luck is a contagious disease, and that one must live among the unfortunates to catch it? I will see!"
He assumed a common name, put on wretched clothing, and went to dwell in a quarter the inhabitants of which seemed bent to earth beneath the weight of human ills.

The house that he had chosen was the most leprous of all; it was a dirty shack, in which the sun had never been able to penetrate. But in this humble habitation lived a colony of laborious artisans who sang from morning till evening.
The first night that he passed in this house, Felix was disturbed by the sound of a voice; he listened—and heard his neighbor grinding out golden rhymes in honor of somebody's ideal.

The next morning he placed himself at his window, and saw opposite to him a beautiful young girl, rosy and fresh as one of Greuze's faces. On perceiving her new neighbor, she bestowed on him a smile of astonishment.
The following day, it was Felix who watched for his handsome acquaintance.
She was called Felicie; she had a susceptible heart, and extended her hand to Felix, who had not the courage to refuse it.

He had also scraped up an acquaintance with his neighbor, the rhymer, and had found in him a generous nature and a talent with which he completely sympathized.
After a six months' residence, Felix quitted this hideous house to which he had come to look for ill-luck, and in which he had found a new friend and a new lady-love.

"Is ill-luck to be found in poverty?" said he to himself another day: "I must run myself!"
He threw half his fortune into a speculation more than doubtful, and flew to Baden to risk the other half upon the green cloth.
From the moment he entered luck was on his side.
On his return to Paris, his notary informed him that a vote of the Chambers was about to convert into an excellent affair the doubtful speculation in which he had invested his funds.

"You are very fortunate," said he; "in six months you will double your capital."
"Draw it out quickly then," said Felix: "I am rich enough!"
"Where, in Heaven's name, is ill-luck?" asked he of his friends. "I weary myself running after it and cannot find it."
"Wait a little," they replied; "it will come."
"Let it," replied Felix; "the key is in my door!"

"By Jove!" cried he one day when in a vein of irony "I had only one more chance for finding ill-luck."
"What is that?" asked the poet Raymond, his friend.
"It is to get married! Either I deceive myself greatly, or my happy destiny will leave me on the day my marriage-contract is signed!"
"Whom will you wed?" demanded Raymond, laughing.

"I don't know," replied Felix; "I do not want to choose my wife myself; I am too miserably lucky. I will leave the

choice to chance. I will espouse the first young lady who shall, this evening, enter the salon of my house. Meet me there."
"Decidedly, my friend, is crazy," thought Raymond. Nevertheless, he went, in the evening, to the rendezvous appointed by Felix.

They stationed themselves in a corner of the salon, and directed their eyes towards the door of entrance.
"After my chance will do the business," said Felix.
"After my introductions, a valet announced: "Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Marennes."
"There's my wife!" said Felix. "I'll ask her to dance the first quadrille with me." And he left Raymond in the hands of the whist players.

An hour afterwards, Felix had rejoined his friend. "The marriage will take place in a month," said he; "my aunt will make the matrimonial overtures to-morrow. I have persuaded her that I am desperately in love with Mademoiselle Celeste de Marennes!"
"But," said he to Felix, "you do not know then that Mademoiselle Celeste is the antithesis of her name? She is a devil with blonde locks!"
"Red!" murmured Felix.
"Her tongue is a dart!"
"I know it; she pricked me with it twice!"

"She wears long dresses to hide her cloven feet!"
"And bright red robes to dazzle the eyes," replied Felix; "I know her perfectly. She is a daughter of Eve, pure blood, who seems to me to have an appetite capable of devouring all the apples in the world, the seeds along with them. She is a moment ago, between two parentheses, things to raise the hair on the head of the man who aspires to be her husband! We have directly opposite tastes in everything. She loves Raphael—you know my preference for Rubens! She adores Rossini, and I abhor Italian music! And the devil take me if she don't scold a little. We shall be married in a month!"

"Cease this folly," said Raymond, who could not believe that his friend was talking seriously. "This marriage would bring you ill-luck!"
"Great Jove!" cried Felix, "that's just what I want!"

V. PLAN OF BATTLE.
A month afterwards, Felix had espoused Mademoiselle Celeste de Marennes, who had no other relative in the world than her father, an old soldier, who had yet the air of a vigorous man in his veins, and who, greatly exalted at the prospect of having no longer to bother with his daughter, had not allowed her to be twice asked for.

"What?" said Felix to his wife one day, "you have no relatives—not even a little cousin?"
"None whatever!" responded Celeste, laughing.
"Ah!" thought Felix—"such things happen only to me!"

According to the custom adopted by high society, it had been agreed upon that the bride and groom should quit Paris immediately after the celebration of their marriage; and Celeste had maintained the desire to dwell in a delicious country-seat which her grandmother had bequeathed to her, and which was situated in Provence, a few steps from the fountain of Vaucluse.

"It is an enchanted Eden," the young Countess had said to her husband. "Its beautiful localities are still full of the remains of the ancients, and Petrarch, who has left there a vague perfume of love and poetry. Happiness should await us there. Let us depart at once."
And they departed.

When the first fresh horses were brought, Felix forthwith thought of changing the charming programme drawn up by his wife.
"It is evident," said he to himself, "that I should be the happiest of men if I allow myself to be taken to that Provence paradise. Poetry will mount to my brain, and love to my heart, perhaps!" added Felix, as he looked at Celeste, who had fallen asleep her head resting upon his shoulder, and felt a singular shiver run through him. "But," continued he still to himself, "there must be any of that. I did not marry to grow love-sick or to be happy—just the contrary!"

And, taking a firm resolution, he gave the postillion the order to change the route. Then he rubbed his hands, laughing, and murmured:
"In any event, if I cannot escape the felicity of the honeymoon, mine will begin with a fierce tempest." And he went to sleep to awake the next day, greatly astonished to find his hand in that of his wife.

"Now this is strange," thought he; "I was surely not I who put it there!" And he started at Celeste, who to hide her blushes, looked out at the coach window.
"Oh goodness!" exclaimed the young wife, "where are we? What a frightful spot!"

"Good!" said Felix. "It is beginning!"
In truth, they were then traversing an abominable region, all the localities of this natural Eden loomed up the skeleton of a picture worthy of the rude and savage brush of Salvator.

The coach was struggling slowly along in the midst of a deep gorge, bordered on each side by gigantic rocks, bristling with red bushes which seemed to tear the clouds in their flight. Upon the loftiest peak of this natural Eden loomed up the skeleton of an old dismembered castle which might have been in other times the nest of some fabled vulture, and which seemed since to have become that of owls.

"What a sombre ruin!" said the Countess de Vauxchamps, clasping her hands. And she added, on looking about and seeing herself encircled by the woeful landscape:
"How could anybody live here?"
"Things are getting along finely," thought Felix, listening to his wife; "the storm cannot be away!" Then, addressing the postillion, he said:
"Ho, there! Pierre! Turn to the left, to the manor-house!"

Five minutes afterwards the post-chaise stopped before a walk, bordered with centenarian yew-trees, leading to the ruined manor-house.

VI. OF AN EFFECT OF THE MOON IN CONJUGAL MATTERS.
An old concierge, who appeared to be awaiting the newly-wedded pair, received the Count de Vauxchamps and his wife.

"Where are we?" demanded Celeste, as she entered a kind of salon in which was scattered the furniture of a *hotel garni*.
"My dear child," responded Felix, "we are in a place where more tragedies have been wrought than at all the Boulevard theatres united. Each stone of this ruin bears a stain of blood—the mournful mark of a mournful event—and the inhabitants of the neighborhood assert that every night fearful ghosts—victims or assassins—return to relate the horrible varieties of this chateau, beside which the Chateau of Udolpho may be called a sheep-fold!"

"But still," rejoined Celeste, with a slight movement of impatience, "where are we?"
"Dear soul!" responded Felix, "you are the mistress here; you promised me an Eden, and I offer you a Hades—which ought to be complete now that the devil has arrived!" thought the Count, observing his wife.

Then a seraphic smile lighted up the charming face of the Countess. She raised one of her hands towards the sculptured bas-reliefs of the salon, and, in the midst of a garland of flowers artistically carved in the lasting stone, pointed out to her husband the Cs and the Fs interlaced like loving initials. Then, bending graciously towards the Count, who did not seem to comprehend, she said, giving her voice its most tender sound:
"This was the first time that he had heard himself thus called by his wife; hence the Count was deeply moved and could scarcely hide his emotion.

Nevertheless, he persisted in seeing merely a gently mocking resignation in this thanking business of which he did not suspect the motive; and Celeste hid to show that a second time the essential upon which their initials were sculptured before Felix understood the cause of this conjugal cajolery.
"Poor soul!" said he mentally, "how she deceives herself!"

In truth, these letters in which Celeste had been pleased to see a proof of love were there only by chance; or rather they had been there since the erection of the edifice, and Felix had never seen them, though he had purchased the place two years before to make it a hunting rendezvous.

"For an instant the Count thought of resigning his wife; but the latter was then gazing on him so tenderly that he could not scure up the courage to break the delightful illusion that she had created for herself.
"No," thought he, "that would be an act of savage brutality!"

And as Celeste drew nearer to him, he took her hand, and led her away to visit the ruins of the chateau.
"It's a frightful place," said he; "but reassure yourself, we will not stay here; I merely wished you to see it as we went along."
"Why not stay?" asked Celeste.
"So much the better, we will be more to ourselves."
"But, if you were to pass eight days in this terrible ruin, you would perish of ennui, like Goethe's Mignon regretting her orange-trees."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Countess animatedly, "wherever we may be together, I shall be contented. All that I may see with you will appear beautiful to me. Here, least of all, in the midst of these ruins, we shall be free, more so than at Vaucluse, a spot full of tourists and prying eyes, like all celebrated places; and beside," added she, "this wild region lacks neither grandeur nor poetry; upon this elevated peak we shall be well pleased to see every day the marvellous spectacles spread out by nature. Look," said she, stretching out her hand, "behold those lands flooded with the splendors of the setting sun. How grand! how beautiful!"

"The deuce!" thought Felix, "this is poetical!"
And he looked with inquietude to see if his wife's hands were not stained with ink, and if she did not wear blue stockings. But he only perceived a coquettish and shapely limb, the sight of which confused his ideas.

At that moment, the twilight shadows spread softly over the plain and its surroundings; the great neighboring forests shook out on the passing breezes their brittle and intoctating perfume, and the thousand evening harmonies arose, and united as if to give a serenade to the stars which were showing themselves one by one at their ebony balcony.

It seemed then to Felix that a great noise had broken loose in his heart. He listened and heard the voice of his remembrances which recalled to him that it was on a similar evening and in a place somewhat like this that he had met the first woman he had loved. He looked beside him and saw Celeste, who, having no remembrances as yet, was listening to the melodies of her hopes.

"Ah!" said Felix, drawing close to his wife and taking her hand which he bore to his lips. "You are an angel who has hidden her wings!"
This single phrase of love, the first her husband had ever addressed to her, caused Celeste's heart to flutter wildly. She laid her pretty head upon the Count's shoulder and murmured in his ear:
"We shall be so happy!"

"Alas! I fear so!" thought Felix, as he conducted his wife to the chamber which had been prepared for them.
"We remain here then?" said Celeste.
"Yes," said her husband. "Come and see something."
And, drawing her into the angle of the window, he showed her the moon, which had just drawn aside a curtain of clouds, and was casting its silvered face upon the blackness of the sky.
"Ah!" murmured the young wife, blushing.
"Tis our honeymoon rising!"

VII. LOVE IN MARRIAGE.—FELIX TO RAYMOND.
Alas! my dear friend, I have undergone the common fate—I have been deceived. Since the day after my marriage the wife has belied the betrothed.
The white gloves under which I expected to find sharp claws concealed hands that might put to shame the Greek statuette and the Princess Borghese.

On conducting my wife to the altar, I rejoiced internally in seeing shine through her veil her eyes illuminated with a ruddy light which promised to kindle my conjugal furies.
Bitter deception!
Scarcely had I drawn aside this veil, than, instead of the demon that I expected to see, I found myself facing an angel; and in spite of myself, I was forced to lower

my eyes before the splendor of the golden glory which crowned her forehead.
The beneficent genius which watches over me, warned me of this—and for the first time destroyed my hopes.
No, it is not possible otherwise—no—I have not espoused Mademoiselle de Marennes—my wife was changed under the wedding veil; it is a metamorphosis that I cannot doubt. For that matter I no longer doubt anything now. I believe in the mythology—in the Arabian Nights—and generally in everything that is incredible.

The false is the true!
Celeste is rightly named. She has brought me as her dowry a beauty before which all the artists would break their pencils and all the poets forget their ideals. In exchange for my ring, she has put into my hand a key with which I have unlocked a felicity of which I was ignorant—I who knew them all, and know them so well!

It was written that I should become the Christopher Columbus of this new America, of which so many others before me had vainly attempted the conquest.
Finally, my dear boy, to conclude, the Eden which I have put forth for my couple two such antitheses, water and fire—black and white—dogs and cats—love and marriage—ha! ha!

Don't you believe it? It is true. I am certainly married; the civil registers of the State prove that; and as for being in love, my letter ought to substantiate that I am more so than I have ever been before; but I believe that I have never been so before. My former passions were only elementary studies; then I was learning to love, to-day I know how to do it.

Celeste has taught me.
Yes, my dear fellow, I am in love—with my wife; and, despite the enormous ridicule that it may bring upon me, I will declare my passion aloud. I will brave the stings of raillery—for this time, without doubt, the world will not dare to pronounce in my favor.

But what matters it to me?—I love. Love! Certes, since I have existed, my thoughts have many times made the tour of this world, and never have I understood its intimate and deep meaning. For me, love was a poem written in a foreign language. I read it in the translations.
To-day I read it in the original.

What strange destiny is mine—to find love in marriage—which is to love what the air pump is to the bird—an extinguished light.
You, skeptic, will respond that I am still under the influence of the honeymoon, and that I take sparks for stars. To which I will reply—that you do not know Celeste!

You are aware of my intention in getting married, and you will also recall why I made choice of Mademoiselle de Marennes. But, I repeat it—my wife was changed during the ceremony.
Celeste, in a word, is the incarnation of my ideal.

I have espoused my dream.
And nevertheless, if there ever was a chimera of a poet or of a lover impossible to realize, it was mine.
I had said one day to the good luck which followed me: "Oh, thou unknown Power under whose regis I am, thou who canst do everything for me, thou canst not find for me between the two poles a human creature who shall be the living sister of my ideal—thou canst not do it—I do not believe it!"

But good luck has replied by bringing me Celeste. It must have created her expressly. Again I have triumphed over the impossible.
Hence, since that time, unheeded of audacity has come into my mind—and I ask myself occasionally if I am not an anonymous god whom everything must obey to give the elements of what make a trial of my power by demanding Heaven a crown of stars for Celeste.

I am sure the next day my wife will find the constellation Orion in her jewel-case.
I am living now beneath the most beautiful sky in the world—in a land which is the vestibule of Italy. Around me everything sings and glows; for, with love, I have, as the poet says:
L'universe dans tes yeux,
Et sa musique dans l'oreille.

In a few months I shall return to Paris with Celeste—the Eve, without curiosity, of my beautiful paradise—in which there is no serpent.

"How, if I go there?" said Raymond, as he finished reading the strange ramblings of his friend.

VIII. STILL HAPPY.
Felix had not been able to shun his destiny, which was to be always the happiest of men. His marriage contract, instead of turning out, as he had hoped, a definitive rupture with felicity, had, on the contrary, proved a new lease of it.

Moreover, as we have already seen, Felix was smitten with his wife, and had realized the Utopia of love, marriage. At first, he troubled himself but slightly about this passion, and though each day it assumed a more serious character, Felix said inwardly that this sort of thing could not last, and that his love would die out when his honeymoon was effaced from the conjugal horizon, which, though he cannot fail to happen in a month—or two at the least.

But, at the expiration of that time, Felix still awaited the eclipse of that luminary from the influence of which he had not been able to free himself; and one day he asked Celeste if she would not like to quit their ruin to go breathe the air of Vaucluse.

They had then set out.
Felix thought himself more free when he had lost sight of the tower of the old chateau; he imagined that his love would remain there.
"When we have reached Vaucluse," said he to himself, "my wife will only my wife, and this time I will not allow myself to be bewitched as I have been for six months past. It is true that then it was very difficult to resist; the prologue of marriage has its charms. A fresh and white crown of orange blossoms upon a fresh and white forehead is

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