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Disease of Caisson Workers.

The Illinois shore caisson of the Illinois Central bridge is down to contract depth, seventy-five feet below the surface of the water, and the work of filling the shoe or air chamber with concrete has begun. As the men are working in an air pressure of thirty-seven pounds to the square inch, and their movements are rapid in order that the concrete may be spread before it becomes set or hard, the labor is excessive and trying on the men. One day seven of the laborers were taken out of the caisson afflicted with what is known in caisson parlance as the "bends," which is simply paralysis of the body. The disease begins with a severe pain in the breast, then goes to the stomach, and latterly to the lower limbs, the whole lower portion of the body becoming paralyzed. The cause given is that the men go through the air locks too rapidly, not giving the circulation a chance to gradually adapt itself to the change in the atmospheric pressure.

The caisson company has hot baths and hot coffee ready for emergencies of this character, but the men do not take advantage of such facilities until too late. Three of the seven men kicked off the disease and recovered quickly. Three were taken to the hospital in bad shape, one being afflicted with apoplexy and will probably die. The other two will recover in time, a slow process under any circumstances. One other, a colored man, was taken to his home on the levee suffering greatly. A white man taken from the caisson to the hospital sometime ago is paralyzed from the hips down, but is recovering slowly. This patient, while awaiting transportation to the hospital, sat too near to a hot stove and burned one of his legs terribly without being aware of the fact. The malady is peculiar in its effects; a man may emerge from the caisson in apparent good condition, a few moments later he becomes weak, trembles and shudders, finally falling to the ground helpless. Often the instant submerging of the patient in a hot bath with copious potations of hot coffee will instantly remove the tremble; at other times the remedy is useless.—Cairo (Ills.) Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The Jubilee Medal.

Queen Victoria has decreed that the jubilee medal, of which about 1,000 have been given away, is to rank above all war medals, and is to be always worn on full dress occasions.

ROGER LAROQUE.

Adapted and Translated from the French of Jules Mary.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

(Continued.)

She knew now she was lost. She had even no strength left to frame new lies, and she abandoned herself and threw herself upon the floor, where she writhed in sobs and gasping groans, but no tears came to relieve her. She crawled to his knees, and gasped: "My son, my son, do not curse me. Pardon me. You are on the threshold of life and know nothing of its passions. I avow you were not deceived. You know the truth, but oh! do not curse me for it. It would be horrible from you, whom I have so loved. Oh, Raymond, my son, see how I supplicate you. I have repented so bitterly. If I could have undone the past; but I am only a woman, and I could not deliver myself up to justice, on account of my children. One must not demand of mothers more than they can do. As soon as the crime was done I would willingly have died, but I loved you so well that I hushed my conscience and hoped that by an austere and devoted mother's life I might buy my pardon. But chastisement has overtaken me, and alas, by the hand of my dearest child.

"What would you have me do?" she continued. "Raymond, soon—very soon—I shall be no longer with you, for I feel my death approaching."

"And I only wish to die," said Raymond.

"And your marriage?"

"How can you speak of it now? How can the daughter of Roger the Shameful mate with the son of her who condemned him to that unmerited shame?"

"Another victim; another one's life upon my conscience. Oh, God, how many! Laroustte, Henriette, Lucien, Suzanne; Roger, too, for he will die of grief for his child!" cried she, wringing her hands.

"Add my name, too, mother, for without her I have no life."

"Oh, Raymond, kill me! Crush me like some venemous reptile. Kill me, kill me!"

"Oh, Raymond, kill me! Crush me!"

And with these last words she lay prone upon the floor as if dead. Raymond placed her in a chair and sprinkled water in her face, and then when she began to revive he rushed to the woods to wrestle with his misery alone. All this while that he was with his mother, and going through this painful scene, there had been an unseen auditor, who heard every word, and that was Pierre, who crouched dazed and stricken behind the portiere. Without wishing to he had surprised these terrible secrets, and here too, for the first time, he heard of Raymond's love for Suzanne. He rose feebly and crept to his own room, and threw himself on the couch with a groan, and tried to range in his mind the things he had heard. But all was a confused mass of sound and sense. After awhile his mother came to his room. She had never done so before. Was it that her woman's heart cried out for some one to love her, to believe in her?

"My son, I have come to say good night. I hope, Pierre, that I have always been a good mother to you."

"You have always been kind and indulgent and full of affection."

"You are a good son, Pierre; but I feel to-night as if I had not loved you as tenderly as you have always deserved. And if I have ever made you feel that I have loved your brother better than you, I pray you pardon me for it, above all, to-night."

"And why to-night more than any other time?"

"Because I feel very tired and very ill, and feel that I have not long to live, and I do not wish, after I am gone, that you think I did not love you."

"If you are not well, mother, we will go away somewhere. A change perhaps would do you good. I will see the doctor to-morrow."

"No, dear, I do not wish to leave here. Now I shall go to bed; but, Pierre, before I go I want to hear you say, 'I pardon you.'"

"I have nothing to pardon."

"Say the words, my son; say them."

"But, mother"——

"Ah, you refuse; you are jealous still of the affection I have for Raymond. Oh, my son, I feel to-night that you are even dearer to me than he, and it is for that that I beg your pardon."

But Pierre had lowered his eyes and stood cold and rigid, making no sign, and she left him, scarcely able to drag herself along, and his heart melted at the sight of her feebleness and he went and sustained her to her room. When they were there she said, again trying so hard to smile:

"So, then, my son will not pardon his mother?"

"I cannot!" cried he; "I cannot. I heard all. I know all."

"Ah!" said she, simply; then she burst into a laugh so harsh and strange that he started and cried:

"Mother! Mother!"

"Mother, mother; oh, yes, mother," said she, shaking her head, but still laughing with that awful strident sound. Suddenly she stopped, and her head fell forward and her arms hung limply down each side the chair.

"Great God!"

Even to his inexperienced eyes this was death, and he rang and in haste sent for Raymond and a doctor, and then returned and with the aid of the servants got her into bed, where she lay dying. When Raymond heard the gun shots he knew at once it was a note of alarm, as that was their method of communication when either was in the forest and was wanted at home. He reached there, and found his mother apparently dead, though she revived and said feebly:

"Raymond, Raymond, my best loved son, will you do me one last favor! Go to Roger and tell him I am dying, and bring him here. I cannot face God without his pardon. Bring him, oh, Raymond, and Pierre will stay with me. Dear, noble Pierre, whom I never half appreciated. Go, my son, in God's name."

Raymond rode as for life to the White House and told Roger, who looked at him coolly and said:

"And Suzanne? Am I to leave this innocent child to die alone while I go to the bedside of that guilty woman?"

"Let me watch beside her. My mother must not die without your pardon; she has mine, God knows. Go to her and let me watch by this dear one whose life is so precious to us all."

Roger clasped his hand warmly, and without another word led him to Suzanne's bedside, saying to the nurse:

"This is her promised husband. I, her father, authorize him to stay here until my return." And he rode away like the wind, leaving Raymond on his knees by Suzanne, holding her burning hands in one of his, while with the other he softly rubbed her forehead, which felt like fire under his touch. She grew calmer and quieter, and after a while the restless tossings ceased and she fell into a gentle slumber, and the tense, drawn look about her brow and mouth relaxed. He did not move or scarcely breathe as he knelt there, his whole soul melting into the love and sorrow he felt for her blighted youth. And whether he infused something of his own young life and strength into her or absorbed by force of will or that occult science which we call magnetism, the fever which had so sapped her youth and strength, we know not, but as the hours went by she grew easier and better, and when morning came at last she opened her eyes in reason again.

In the meantime Roger rode toward the dying woman as fast as his horse could go. Julia listened, listened, but no sound of horses' feet broke the stillness of the night, and she writhed in her agony as she cried:

"He will not come. He will not pardon me. Pierre, I pray you, go to the window. Do you hear them? Go down in the court yard and see if they are coming. Quick, Pierre! I cannot see. They will be too late. Oh, why do they not come, and Raymond? He did not stay for that one little word that might have soothed my dying bed. He did not pardon his unhappy mother."

Pierre went and looked. He looked several times, but they did not come.

"He will not come!" cried Julia in agony, and already her features took on that awful pallor of the dead, when a horse's hoofs were heard. "One, only one," she whispered. "He will not forgive. Oh, Pierre, Raymond!"

Steps came rapidly up the stairs, but just as the door opened and Roger Laroque stepped in, Julia drew her last breath, and it was before her inanimate corpse that he knelt, and then, when they told him she was dead, he bent over that marble forehead and kissed it with lips almost as white, saying: "God forgive me as I do you, Julia!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Roger returned saddened and horrified from the bedside of Julia, who, he now knew, had willed, probably designed, his ruin, and now all that had been hidden in that poor boy's heart was plain to him. Added to this thought was the fear of losing his only child, and he began to wish he had never left America, where they had been at peace. But what was done was done. He now had to think of her and her happiness only, that was if she lived.

When he reached the house at daybreak he almost feared to enter the room, but he mustered what courage he could and opened the door softly and made two steps forward, when he saw Suzanne lying with her beautiful violet eyes, now preternaturally large, wide open and a sweet smile upon her lips, and she stretched out her hands, saying feebly:

"Oh, father, how happy I am!"

Roger held out his arms to Raymond, who, after one minute of hesitation, threw himself into Roger Laroque's embrace.

Raymond knew from Roger's eyes that his mother was dead, but neither dared say a word before Suzanne, and as her father kissed her tenderly he said:

"I am obliged to send Raymond away from you for a day or two, my child, on business that brooks of no delay; but you will be brave and spare him, will you not? For your father's sake and for Raymond's future, which is now to be passed by your side."

Suzanne, too weak to talk, made an affirmative sign, and Raymond bent over her and pressed his first kiss on her lips—his seal of betrothal.

Raymond knew all; his mother had expiated her crime, and her soul had passed to a higher Judge, and Roger had forgiven her; and if his mother was forgiven, then, at last, he might accept the joy that such forgiveness brought.

The two men went out together and Raymond heard all there was to tell, and he went to Meridon farm to pay the last sad rites to his erring mother's ashes.

Roger loved his child, and he was willing that she should become Raymond's wife; but that did not prevent him from feeling his loss, and as he walked his thoughts went, as, indeed, they always had, back to the days when his beloved wife was with him, before

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Roger had written
come there as early as
acting on his orders, induced M.
M. De Lignerolles to accompany th
latter, though not knowing what they
wanted for, were both on hand at the
hour appointed, and were taken at once
to a room adjoining the one where
Roger intended to receive Luversan and
where Laroustte had been killed. Tristot
took the lead, and somehow managed to make
those two men, usually so positive and opinionated, accept their demand that they should
wait there, and promised they should see
something worth all their pains. They were
duly introduced to Mr. William Forney, and
found him a pleasant gentleman, though a
little mysterious in wishing them to come
here in so peculiar a manner, but they were
sufficiently curious to await the scene prepared for them.

It was about 9 o'clock when Luversan descended from the train and took his way
along the street towards the cottage, and he
looked nervously about him and felt reassured as he saw none but strange faces.
He went slowly along the street until
he came to the cottage, and there, in spite
of all he could do, he slipped to the
darkest side and kept as much as possible under the shadow of those same trees
which had sheltered him before. In spite of
all he could do he was afraid.

But he knew what was at stake and he
went to the door this time, as he had not
done before, and rang the bell. Roger himself opened it, saying carelessly:

"Excuse me. I have no servants yet, except Mother Dondaine, who cooks and manages for me for the present."

Luversan gave his hand to Roger, who
noticed that it was cold and damp, and that
he shivered, though the night was warm.

"Are you ill?" said Roger.

"No. I walked rapidly; that is all."

They went up the few steps leading to the
little sitting room, and though Luversan tri
to smile, it was more of a grimace th
figured his features, and his breath
oppressed as they entered the r and
Luversan made a gesture of r as he
noticed everything as they had been fixed in
his memory for ten years.

"Come in, come in," said Roger. "It is not
very pleasant here, but it is odd, and therefore
pleases me. I took it because I heard there
was a ghost, but there isn't after all. Here is
the very room and there beside that secretary
the spot where the old man they tell us of
was murdered, and they found his body right
there where you stand."

Luversan stepped back quickly and looked
mechanically on the floor, saying hoarsely:
"Is that blood?"

"No, no," replied Roger. "The fools washed
that up. I wish they had left it. But you
appear uneasy. Don't you like the place?"

"It is not that; it is that what you are about
to answer me is of such mighty importance
that I am anxious."

"Oh, yes; well, that is grave, very grave,
and I am very sorry—yes, really sorry"——

"What, you refuse?"

"Well, no; not exactly. I don't exactly refuse, but I am not quite ready to accept,
either. I will tell you. I understand you
need a million. Well, yesterday I went to
Paris to get it, but my bankers who hold my
funds persuaded me to tell why I wanted it,
and they objected so strenuously that I could
not get all I wished; and though I happened
to have disposable some 500,000 or 600,000
francs, I have not all, and that is why I am
perplexed. Of course, as soon as I could send
to New York I could let you have the whole,
but that takes so long."

Luversan began to plead and argue and
try to persuade Roger that he could easily
borrow the rest and let him have it in the
morning, but Roger said he never borrowed
and that was out of the question.

"I don't contradict you," he said; "I might
borrow it, but I won't. I have here somewhere near 600,000, but that is of no use to
you, and so I will keep it." And saying this,
he partly opened the old secretary, letting
Luversan see the rolls and packages of money,
and his eyes glittered as he looked upon them.

"If I had that, I would leave the country,"
he thought, "and go to New York, and in a
few years I could make an enormous fortune."

But Roger would not let him have the
$1,000,000, nor any part of it, and finally
Luversan, pale with rage, left the house, and
Roger closed the door upon him and then
he went back upstairs and opened the window where Luversan had entered before, and
turned the light down a little and then carried something heavy and awkward to the
side of the secretary and placed it there, then
rejoined the four men in the next room.

But an hour later they heard a slight noise
and saw Luversan creeping along toward the
house, always under the shadow of the trees,
from the side nearest the Villa Montalais, and
saw him glide from one shadow to another,
saw him reach the grating, by which he could
climb to the window, and grasp the bars and
softly mount until he reached the sill and
then step over and into the room and creep
softly, slowly toward the secretary, where
William Forney sat with his head bowed
upon his folded arms and fast asleep. He
must have been asleep, as he did not hear, nor
lift his head, and the draft from the open
window flickered the light a little and lifted
a lock of that snow white hair.

Luversan held in his right hand a long and
sharp poignard, and as he advanced he lifted
it high in the air and brought it down with
all his might upon the middle of the back of
the sleeping man, who moved but slightly
under the shock. Luversan drew the knife
out to strike again, and he struck ten, twenty
times in an access of fury, and when he was
tired he coolly drew the horrible knife out
again, as if to wipe off the blood. His face
blanched, and his hair rose, and his eyes literally started from his head—there was no
blood on it!

At this instant he felt a heavy hand fall
upon his shoulder, and instantly he found
himself surrounded by five men, among them
the very man he had supposed dead under his
assassin's knife.

While they stood thus, each man silent, not
knowing just what move to make next, a cry
so piercing, so loud and prolonged, a woman's
scream that ended in a ghostly wail, rang out
through the silence of the night, and the sound
came from the balcony of the house Roger
Laroque had inhabited with his family, and
this cry was only one word:

"Roger!"

Every one shuddered at this ghostly wail,
and Luversan said:

"I am lost, lost!"

"Luversan," said Roger, "the only thing
that will save you is a confession."

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