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## MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ. CHAPTER XV.

WEEKS BEGINS TO DEVELOP HIMSELF .-THE HARDWRINKLE'S-ROBERT HARD-WINKLE'S ULTIMATE DESIGNS ON MARY LFE .--- VI. .T FROM CONSTABUL-ARY OFFICER.

" Come in," said Weeks, glancing over his shoulder at the tall, dark form of his cousin, Robert Hardwrinkle, standing in the doorway. "Come in; I'm not engaged." "Thank you," said his host, creep-

ing softly in, and closing the door noiselessly behind him. "I thank you; I merely called, at my good mother request, to inquire for your health. She always fears, poor creature, you're not well when you don't come down to join us in family prayer." "Well, can't say I'm sick, exactly,"

responded Weeks, throwing up his feet on the back of a chair, and offering his companion a cigar, which the latter modestly declined. "Can't say I'm sick, though I hain't got quite clear of that confounded wedding scrape yet. But the fact is, my dear fellow, I dread these almighty long prayers of yours-1

do, really." "Is it possible ?"

"A fact ; I feel a sorter out of place like, sitting down there in the family circle-well, kinder green, you know. Why, it's just like this-I an't accustomed to it exactly; business men in the States hain't got time to pray, as

you do here in the country." "Ah, but, my dear Ephraim, you should make time, for prayer is indispensable to salvation. please God without it." You cannot

please God without it. "O, prayer is a very good thing, I allow," said Weeks, slowly puffing his cigar, and beating off the smoke with his hand. "It's an excellent thing for those who can attend to it ; but it do suit men in trade to spend whole hours at prayer, and neglect their business." Ah, but you can attend to both, if

you only try." "Why, we do try. We read the Bible, and go to meeting three times on the Sabbath ; that's about as much, I reckon, as could reasonably be ex-

"Perhaps so. The people of New England, I'm informed, have acquired a great reputation for sanctity." "Certain, and deserve it too, take pec

the hull of them on an average. There's the women, for instance, and the farm-ers, and the country folk all roundre all church-going people, and do of the praying, while the mermost of the praying, while the mer-chants and traders are busy at their commercial pursuits. Well, it's just commercial pursuits. Well, it's like this : one class of our people the praying, and the other does the trading-kind of makes it easy, you know, on both ; so that, take them on hull, they're a very religious people.

Ah, but, my dear Ephraim, that thing of halving the worship of God is forbidden by the rules of the holy gospel. Every creature is bound to orship God, and pray to Him alwaysin season and out of season."

"What ! and have their notes pro-tested at the bank? My dear fellow business is a sacred thing, and must be attended to

"Ah, but you forget, my good cousin, that the great, and, indeed, the only business of life, is salvation."

"Well, supposing it is, (I always thought, myself, salvation was a pretty good kinder doctrine in a general way, and I rather guess, too, the world should hardly get along so well without it.) still you know it won't cancel a note, Cousin Robert." "Ephraim ! Ephraim !" said Hard-

wrinkle, his cold, stern, sallow counten-ance exhibiting an expression of saintly sorrow as he spoke—Ephraim, where did you learn to speak of religion with

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

little reflection, " will you permit me to ask you one question ?" " Certainly, my dear fellow ; why not ? Ask as many as you pleaso. Ain't you my cousin ?"

Ain't you my cousin ?" "I hope you won't be offended, or think me impertinent, Ephraim. You're my mother's sister's child, you know, and it's but natural I should feel a lively interest in your welfare, spiritual and temporal.' " Of course, I'm your mother's sis-ter's child-well !"

"Well, it's merely this. Do you really believe in the existence of God ? Now, answer me candidly. It's rather a strange question, but no matter. Do

a strange question, but no matter. Do you believe in that dogma?" "Yes, sir," replied Weeks, thrust-ing his hands into his pockets and shak-ing up the silver. "Yes, sir, I believe that—no mistake about it."

"The Lord be praised !" exclaimed his pious cousin, turning up his eyes. "I'm thankful you have not fallen yet into the lowest depth of the abyss. I really feared, Ephraim, from your manaer oi " No, speaking, you were an atheist." o, sir; I believe in two things firmly, and no living man can make me change that belief. I believe in the existence of a first cause, and the perfectibility of man."

"And is that all ?" "That's all, sir-that's the length and breadth of my creed." "And how, think you, is man to be

perfected ?

"Why, by reason, science, and ex-rience. That's about all he needsperience. ain't it ?" "And what of religion ?-shall it

take no part in his perfection ?" "Well — yes, guess it might help some ; that is, if he'd only keep clear of these darned isms, and adopt some sensible kind of religion for himself. The worst thing in the world, cousin for a business man, is to have any thing to do with the details of religion. They sorter cramp him, you know. Let him lay down a broad platform like mine, and stand upon it flat-footedthat's the way to get along in trade. "And you're quite serious, Ephraim, in avowing those shocking senti-

"Shocking or not, they're mine good friend; I have seen too much of your hair splitting religions in New England not to know what they are by this time. These descons, they are by this time. These deacons, and class leaders, and old maids, and methodistical-looking crowds we see going to church every Sabbath, with their Bibles under their arms, are, in my humble opinion, a darned set of dupes and impostors, the whole con-cern of them. There's neither honor or honesty amongst them. By crackie, they'd cut your throat with one hand and carry the Bible in the other. No, sir, a first cause, and the perfectibility man, or, in other words, the irristi bility of human progress, is about much as any business man can profess to believe with safety to himself or the

interests of trade. "But is that belief sufficient to save your soul?"

"Save my soul? O, that's quite another affair. If there be such things as souls, (which is now rather a disputed point,) why, the Creator, Who made them, knows best how to take Who care of them. I presume.'

Hardwrinkle had never such language before on the subject of religion. in the country, and little acquainted with the world, he supposed that how-ever abandoned men might be, or what-

ever abandoned men might be, or what ever infidel sentiments they might really entertain, the respect in which religion was held by the great majority of mankind would naturally repress their inclination to avow them. Brought up, as he was, a strict Presbyterian, and accustomed from his childhood to hear religion spoken of with the utmost reverence, he now appeared both astonished and hurt to hear his cousin talk of it with such cold, reckless contempt. For himself, he was the very

called by he

at all, it was as callous as a stone. When the stranger beggar came to his door (for those of the parish knew him too well to enter his gates) he neither ordered him from his presence nor hunted his dogs on him. No, he kindly admonished the sufferer to guard against the many dangers and temptations that beset him in his mode of life, counselled him gently to beware of evil company, and then gave the shivering supplicant a religious tract to teach him resignation to the will of to teach him resignation to the will of Heaven, or a Dispensary ticket to pro-cure ointment for his sores. Money was his god, and he adored it. To part with a shilling, save in usury, was like rending his heart - strings. He loved it, not for the use he could make of it in giving employment to others of it in giving employment to others, or in serving the interests of the par-

ish, without loss to himself, but for the mere pleasure of seeing and feeling it with his hands. In this respect his cousin Ephraim was an entirely different man. He, like a true Yankee, was fond of money too; nay, ready to go through fire and water to obtain it; but yet he was just as ready, on the other hand, to lend it to a neighbor in a pinch, and think it no great obliga-tion either. He valued money only as a circulating medium—as an agent to carry on trade, or acquire a position for himself in society. He was forever talking, to be sure, of dollars and cents; but still it was evident to those who happened to be at all acquainted with his disposition and habits of life, that he was by no means a mercenary man. Nor was he, like most lovers of money, envious of his neighbors' prosperity-not he; on the contrary, was pleased to see every one thrive and do well, and ready to bid them God speed into the bargain. There was one peculiarity in him, however, which at first sight looked rather damaging to the character of an honorable man. He never scrupled taking advantage of his neighbor in speculations; because every man, he contended, should have his "eye peeled," and deserved to suffer if he hadn't. It was by sharp bargains men were made smart, and by smart men trade was made to flourish and if it happened now and then that a few fell short of their expectations why, the country at large eventually became the gainer. On the other hand, if his neighbor happened to "come the Yankee over him," to use a favorite expression, it was all fair in war-he neither grudged nor grumbled, but "peeled his own eye" a little closer, and went off to speculate on something else. Such were the two cousins. Both were fond of money—the one to gloat over and adore it, the other to use it as an agent to attain the objects of his pride or his ambition. But to proceed with our story.

" Merciful Heavens !" exclaimed Hardwrinkle, after a long pause, during which he seemed to have lost his speech, for he uttered not a syllable, but kept looking intently at his cousin; "merciful Heavens! such an expression from the mouth of a Christian man—'if there be such things as souls.' Ephraim, Ephraim, be such things as souls. Ephraim, Ephraim! I fear you're irretrievably lost. O, let me entreat you to pray for light and grace to dispel this darkness of unbelief. O, if you only read the word of God, join our family prayer every night and morning, and come with me thrice on the Sabbath to hear the outpourings of that faithful servant of the Lord, our dear and reverend brother, Mr. Rattletext, be assured your eyes would be opened to the light of glory shining through at a distance

"Say," interrupted Weeks.

"The light of glory shining out to-" "Say, hold on; I've heard all that before—could repeat it myself as slick as a deacon. There's no use in think-ing to come it over me with that kinder talk. What I believe, I believe, and I ain't agoin to believe nothing else, no how you can fix it. A first cause, and the perfectibility of man, is my platform.

church in Ducksville, for nearly ten years in my own time, and a real out and out Christian of the first brand. Well, he was cracked up so for his sanctity, that he went by the name of Pious Zeb, of Scrabble Hollows. Now Zeb never was known to be absent from meetin, morning, noon or night—he was punctual as the town clock. Every Sabbath morning, as the bell rang, there was Zeb crossing the Commons with his old faded crape on his hat, and his Bible under his arm. He was president of all the charitable societies, too, in the district, attended all the praye meetings, carried his contributions of eggs and chickens every year to the minister, distributed religious tracts to

the poor-"" exclaimed Hardwrinkle unconsciously, interrupt-ing the panegyric. "Whata treasure!" "Treasure! What, Zeb Pratt! By

gracious, he was the darndest old vil lain in all creation-he a treasure ! the old cheat; he'd swindle you out of your eye teeth. Why, the old hypo-

crite cleared out one morning with all the funds of the Christian Benevomorning with all lent "Letters for Mr. Weeks," said

servant, Eknocking at the door. "Hand them here," cried the latter, promptly, throwing the stump of his

cigar into the grate, and snatching his feet off the back of the chair. "Ha, just what I've been expecting this whole week past-they're from that lawyer of yours, Robert."

Of mine ?'

"Of mine ?" "Why, yes, of your choosing. Rather slow though for my money." "And, please, sir, Miss Rebecca wishes to know," said the servant, what tracts to distribute this morn-

ing, sir?" "Tell her it don't matter a great

deal which; but she might as well, perhaps, try that last package from the Home Missionary Society."

"Yes, sir." "And, William—"

"Yes, sir."

"She had better take Deborah with

her, and leave Judith, Miriam, and Rachael to meet Mr. Sweetsoul, the solporteur, and make arrangements with him about that Sabbath school at Ballymagahey." "Yes, sir; and please your honor,

sir, that woman is here with the three rphans from Ballymastocker." What woman?

"McGluinchy's wife, sir. Her husband died, if you remember, sir, last winter, of the black fever."

'And what does she want with me?" TO BE CONTINUED.

STORY OF THE MORTE INNOCENTE

Every visitor to Venice who has come down to the Grand Canal disem-barks in the Piazzeta, and halts at the foot of the column bearing the winged ion; before you stretch the opalescent waters of the lagoons, with a faint girdle of green islands far away; to your left rises the Ducal palace, to your right the loggie of Sansovino. Mem-ories of all those historic stones have witnessed hold you spell-bound, while your eyes feast on the scene which stands alone in its peculiar style. When the sun has gone down in a flood of purple and gold, and the twilight fall, look towards the south-west side of the church of St. Mark, and just in front of the Madonna in mosiac you will see two little lights suddenly flash out These lamps are lit at sunset every evening, and burn throughout the night with a steady radiance, like two stars seen from afar, and only go out when darkness is lost in the full light of day. Any Venetian, high or low, will tell Any venetial, high of low, while tell sad but true story of the "Morte Iano-cente," or the "Boun anima del For-naetto," as he is variously termed, in whose memory they burn; a story of love and death, an example of the fal-

danger of hasty judgment.

exclaimed Pietro ; " do you suppose I would carry about such a weapon for the world? I found this lying on the ground as I came along, and picked it up. See, it is silver and richly chased."

"Rather ! worth many a sculo, I

"Rather ! worth many a scule. I should say," agreed Bartolo, who had approached. "That's what I guessed," replied Pietro, slipping the sheath into his breast pocket: "and as no one ever claims such an article I shall take it to one of the Jews on the Rialto, and exchange it for a trinket for my exchange it for a trinket for my Teresa." Nodding to his friends, he shouldered his basket and left the tavern, his merry whistle dying away in the distance.

"What a good fellow he is !" said the workman, looking after him. "There is not a better in Venice," affirmed Giovanna; "old Marco is in-deed fortunate to have such a son !" "And such a daughter-in-law as Pietro

s bringing him !" added Vincenzo. While those remarks were being exchanged a man, whose face was covered black velvet mask, entered, and by a sat down at an empty table. "Cy-prus," was the order, uttered in a short

vords," remarked Vincezo in an under-tone to his companions. "What an hour of the morning to go about "Perhaps be

"Perhaps he is returning from a ball," whispered Giovanni; "he's a patrician, I'm sure, judging by his He of the mask moved uneasily. "What are you staring at me for, you fellows ?" he suddenly asked in an

angry tone. "No offense meant, signore," replied Giovanya. At this moment the host set down the wine before him. "What's the news?" asked the

stranger ; "were there many guests at the ball at the Palazzo Pisani last night ?" "How should I know, Illustrissimo ?"

"What ! you live two steps from the Palazzo Pisano, and pretend not to know what goes on ?"

"I am too busy to interest myself in what does not concern me." "You are an exceptional host then,"

was the ironical reply. "Have you heard, at least, whether a street braw took place in this neighborhood last night?"

tolo. "Why, they say a man was mur-

Hearing these words, Giovanni in-voluntarily exclaimed, "Perhaps the sheath Pietro found..." "What sheath ?" inquired the strang-

"A silver sheath picked up by

"And who is this Pietro ?"

"An excellent youth, surnamed the Fornarceto, son of Marco Tasca, the baker. You must know that—" baker. You must know that—" But the stranger had risen, paid his score, and saying "Such matters do not interest me," hastily departed. "A rude hound! If I had been in

your place, Bartolo, I would have set him down," exclaimed Giovanni, shak-ing his fist at the back of the retreat-ing stranger. "I have a presentiment that he is one of those birds of ill

"Hold your tongue, Glovanni," re-plied Bartola hastily ; " remember that sometimes even the signori of the council of ten go about masked, and one cannot be too careful. In Venice the very walls speak ; everywhere ears are listening, eyes watching, hands ready to seize their prey. One can scarcely open one month before the ten know of it; a lion's mouth is ready in one corner to hold secret denunciations, a box in the wall in another received anonymous communications. does not require much to be dragged before tribunal ; laughter may be turned

lible nature of human evidence, and the into tears in one moment, and what happens to the humblest of us happens On a brilliantly clear March morn-ing of the year 1507, though 6 o'clock the nobles-for instance, the had not yet struck, there were already Doge Marino Faliero.' several customers in the Ostoria of the Cappa d Oro, situated in the Campiello "You're right, but anyhow, thank God, there is justice in Venice; no one is taken up or condemned without good reason, remarked Vincenzo. Rather harsh justice at times, you must allow," put in the workman, and his friends laughed. Once more the door opened, and ad-

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vengeance as he lay there," and Maria sank trembling into a chair, while all passed round her. "And who was it ?" they asked.

"None other than Messer Luigi Guoco, Secretary to the Illustrissimo Lorenzo Loredano." On hearing this On hearing this Lorenzo Lorenzo. On hearing this name Marco Tasca turned pale and started. "God have mercy upon his started. "God have mercy upon his soul, and grant him peace!" he mur-mured, crossing himself, for the mur-dered man was well known to have led an evil life.

" A good riddance, too !" exclaimed Vincenzo.

Vincenzo. "For God's sake, do not speak so loud !" urged Bartolo. "Oh, let me be !" returned Vincen-zo. "Messer Luigi, though a patri-cian, was none the less a secundrel, and Laborald not hesiticate to say so own in I should not he itate to say so even in the presence of the council of ten." At this moment the door was thrown

open by a boy of fourteen, whose hands, face and clothes were white with flour, and who ran up to Marco crying "For the love of God, paderone, come home at once; the sbirri are looking for your son Pietro." "For my son Pietro !" exclaimed old man, turning as pale as death, and

starting to his feet. "Yes, I do not know how I managed

to get here, for there are two men post-ed at the door, while the others are

"Impossible ! There is some mis-take ! My son, who is the soul of honor, to be supposed capable of com-mitting any evil action ! You all know it is impossible," and Marco, a prey to deadly fear, hurried out and ran todeadly fear, hurried out and ran wards his shop, followed by the boy.

Marco Tasca had not exaggerated the praises of his son Pietro, who was in-deed a model of youths, as indefatigable worker, honest to a fault, steady, and respected by all who knew him. He was engaged to be married to Teresa, the valued maid of Elena Loredano, wife of the Senator Lorenzo Loredano, who was one of the members of the dread council of ten. Teresa was an orphan, the daughter of old retainers of the family in which she sewed. She was now nineteen, and one of the most beautiful girls in Venice; of that rare and delicate type of beauty pecu-liar to the Venetian daughters of the people, with the red-gold hair Titian loved to paint, and the clear white skin and soft dark eyes which form such a striking contrast, and which turned the heads of many a Venetian gallant of the day. Of a sweet, gentle disposi-tion, she was as good as she was beau-tiful, and between her and Pietro

existed a deep, true love. Her mis-tress, who held her in high esteem, ap-proved of her choice, and had under-taken to provide her with a handsome dowry. When, on festas, the young pair and

old Marco glided in a gondola across the still canals out into the open waters of the lagoons, no happier hearts beat under God's sky; in the translucent atmosphere of a southern spring they moved across the quiet waters, where the great barges with their tawny orange, red or yellow sails crept slowly by like gigantic butterflies with outspread wings, the fresh salt breeze from the sea fanning them like a ca-ress till the domes and campanilli of Venice stood out against the sunset sky resembling the outlines of a dream city, and they came back under the gleaming starlight, hand in hand, wrapped in such unalloyed happiness

as is rarely vouchsafed here below. as is rarely low on the morning in question, now-ever, Pietro, having finished his rounds, lingered awhile at the palazzo Loredano with Teresa, a cloud darken-Luigi dared to offer you any more preshe asked. ents i "He wanted to give a me wedding

gift, but I refused even that," re plied Teresa.

"The hound ! If you knew what that man is ! But there are things not fit for your ears to hear. If I thought you listened to his flattering words and honeyed phrases, I should not hesitate API

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such contemptuous indifferen you so soon forgotten the lessons of your pious mother? She, indeed, was a devoted servant of the Lord. O, she was a holy soul-praying in season and out of

Precisely," interrupted Weeks taking the cigar from his mouth, and knocking the ashes off with his finger, "precisely — that's just it. She was forever running off to contribution parties and prayer meetings, and neg-lecting her business at home. By gracious, when father died he warn worth a five dollar bill in the world tall, thin, and lank, like himself ; not and I had to slink off to the south to earn my bread, 'mong niggers and cot-ton bales. It's all very well to pray, and I don't object to it no how—but I don't see either the darned use in maying all den and the darned use in white spot to be seen about them but their po very the whole world round never was seen so solemn, staid, and church loving a family, from Robert, the heir and praying all day and neglecting the main point. nast

The main point ? and what's that,

What's that? why, it's money, ain't it ?'

of seven and twenty. It happened, however, that religion, by some mis-fortune or other, instead of softening Money !- you call money the main point ?'

"Yes, sir," responded Weeks, em-phatically; "I call it nothing else. Should admire to know what you call an icicle.

"You shock me, Ephraim. Really, you shock me.

ou shock me." "You don't say." "Why, you must be a downright in once seen to light up their features. Like melancholy spectres, dark and stern, they passed through the busy fidel, to speak in that irreverent manner.

sterets, or stole silently away in the shadows of the houses—no one caring to look after them, or bid God bless them for their charity. O thou cold, stern monk of Geneva, thou whose heart never thrilled with a generous them the start broken the start the start of the start start and the start of the start of the start of the start start never thrilled with a generous the start of Don't know about that. But I've got my own notions about religion, and ain't agoin to change them for any man's way of thinking. Guess I'm old enough now to judge for myself. And as for nine-tenths of the religions emotion, whose pulse never throbbed with sympathy for thy kind, this death-like picture of religion is thy handi-work! Thou subtle betrayer of the going, I believe they're danged hum-bugs." "Which of the different Christian

denominations do you belong to, may I ask ?" inquired Hardwinkle. human conscience, thou dark plotter of treason against the sovereignty of the human soul, how could you look up at

"Well, can't say I belong to any in particular. I rather think, though, I like the Unitarians better than most of the bright heavens above, and see the blessed sun gladdening the earth with his beams, or behold the stars dancing in their orbits to the music of the them. Their ministers are pretty smart sorter men, as a general thing, and preach first-rate sermons once in a spheres, and yet be demon enough to curse humanity with such a lifeless rewhile. No, I never seemed to have any choice in that way. The fact is, I ligion as this? But of all the members of the Hardvs calilated to do about right with every man, and I kinder thought that was religion enough for me." while I am lie a most was the most "Cousin," said Hardwrinkle, after a heartless; or if, indeed, he had a heart

hypocrite. Mean ionation of a "Ah, too broad, my dear friend sordid, and cunning as a Jew, he had the bland smile and the saintly look forever at his command, and could play the Christian or the demon, as it suited

'narrow is the way,' you know.' "Broad—that's just precisely what we want. We want a platform broad enough to cover the hull ground. We his purpose, with equal adroitness. are a young nation, sir, strong, active, and ambitious, and must have room to religion was external. It consisted of long prayers, demure looks, pious conversation, black garments, and an stretch our arms east, west, north and south. Our resources are ascetic aspect. At church he was never missing on the Sabbath; hail, inexhaustible, and we want a wide field to develop them—and that field, I take it, sir, is the liberty of conscience." rain, or snow, he was there, sitting up-right in his pew, motionless and im-You mean liberty to cheat and take passible as a statue. And there, too, sat his seven black sisters beside him,

advantage of your neighbor if you hap pen to be clever enough to accomplish it with impunity?

"Why not? That's the life of trade. ket handkerchiefs ; even their my dear fellow—that's what makes smart men. Hence it is the Yankees fans were as black as ebony. In are the smartest business men in all creation. Your evangelical rules would down to Deborah-or, as she ruin us in twelve months."

The laws of God ruin you? Do you was commonly called by her elder sisters, Baby Deb-now a young lady really mean what you say ?" "Well, look here; I speak only of

our merchant and trading classes ; with respect to farmers, laborers, mechanics and expanding their hearts by its divine influence, had withered them up. Its en and all that kinder folks, the can adopt as many rules and regula gladdening and exhilarating touch seemed only to have chilled them like an icicle. The bright look and the tions as they please, in the religious line. It don't make any material diftions a ference, I presume, one way or other since they hain't got no business to pleasant smile, which denote the pres-ence of religion in the soul, were never since they since they main t got no business to transact; but you might as well think of corking up the Atlantic in a cham-pagne bottle, as expect the commerce of the States to thrive under the old, stiff, evangelical rules of our grand

"Ah, Ephraim, Ephraim, speak with "Ah, Ephraim, Ephraim, speak with respect of those holy men," said Hard-wrinkle. "O, I hope and pray," he continued, again raising up his hands and eyes in pious supplication, "I hope and pray we may stand as well before the judgment seat as they did." "Consin Robert," said Weeks, look-ing cidemars for a moment at the

ing sideways for a moment at the up-turned face of his companion, and turned face of his companion, and twirling his watch key as he spoke,— "Cousin Robert, you're a very godly, plous man, I reckon, and an honest man too: no mistake about that. But pions people, let me tell you, ain't al-ways to be trusted; hold on now a minute; hold on; I'll just give you an

minute; hold on; i i just give you an instance in point. I knew a man once in our section of the country, named Pratt-Zeb Pratt, they called him. Zeb was descon of the Methodist

del Pignoli, facing a canal in the Ses-tiere of St. Marco. This tavern was largely frequented by workmen, gon-dollers, and fishermen inhabiting the doliers, and hinermen inhabiting the neighboring narrow calle, for, besides opening its doors so early, its host, Bartolo, kept a large assortment of the home made wines and spirits so popular in those days, in which his customers were wont to indulge before venturing out into the air of the lagoons, keen

enough at that early hour when the sun had not sufficiently warmed the at mosphere. The tavern, too, was a place of resort where friends met and discussed the news of the day.

On the morning in question the guests present, consisting of a work man and two gondoliers, were carrying on a friendly talk with the genial host, when the door opened to admit a singu larly handsome young fellow, carrying a large basket full of freshly bake loaves; he was greeted with cries o

"Eviva Fletro : "Good morning, friends," he re plied, putting down his basket. "Bar olo, give me a glass of malvagia before begin my rounds; the cold is piercing this morning.

You're late, Pietro," observed Gio vanni, one of the gondoliers.

"I left home at the usual time," was the answer, "but met a poor old woman carrying such a load of wood that I thought she would be crushed under it so I just took it to her door, while she watched my basket. To your health friends !" and Pietro emptied his glass riends !" 'How goes business?'

asked Gio vanni. "It could not be better ; my father's

bread is acknowledged to be the best in Venice, and we can scarcely ge through the orders. Have you hear the latest distum : Wine from Friuli and bread from Tasca? But now and bread from Tasca? But now I must be off, and hurry to make up for lost time." As he raised his basket the cloth covering the bread was dis placed, and the corner of a beautiful

mitted a strong-looking, thick-set, elderly man, with a jovial countenance and hearty voice. "Good day to company," was his greeting as Good day to the company," was waved his hand.

"Welcome, Marco!" the unanimous response. "A glass of muscat, good Bartolo,"

observed the newcomer. "Your son was here a short while

observed the host as he executed go.' the order. "Was he? Poor boy! he is a good

lad. He works for ten, is always good-tempered, only a bit hot-headed at times. I have indeed much to be thankful for. To think my parent came into Venice barefooted, carrying load on their backs, and now

is the most flourishing bakery in town. and we have our own house, and a tidy bit of money laid by. And in three weeks' time Pietro's marriage will take place, and he will bring home Teresa, who is as dear to me as if she were my own daughter. When my time comes to go, I shall be able to close my eyes in peace, and bless my boy with my last breath, as I have blessed him my last breath, as I have blessed him every moment of his life up to now ;" and Marco paused breathless, his face glowing as he eulogized the son whom he loved so devotedly. "You're worthy one of the other; an exemplary father and a model son," replied Giovanni in a tone of sincere conviction. d hin

conviction. "Quick ; a glass of water for heav

en's sake !" oried a young woman rushing into the room with a distracted conntenance. "What's the matter. Marie ?" in

quired the host.

"Oh, if you only knew !" she ex-claimed, taking the glass with a trem-bling hand. "I have just seen the

to kill him." and Pietro clenched his hands, and walked up and down the room.

"Pietro," pleaded the girl, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up wistfully at him with her beautiful how can you speak like that? eyes, " how can you speak like that? How can you doubt your poor Teresa, whose heart is yours alone ?" and a great burning tear dropped on his hand.

In a moment his arms were around her as, full of remorse, he exclaimed : "Forgive me, forgive me, amore mio; it is only that I love you so passionately; and to know you are under the same room as that man maddens me. I know you are mine, mine alone, and I have never doubted you."

have never doubted you." "And in three weeks," said Teresa shyly, "I shall be with you in our own home, and nothing will part us but death, and death itself cannot divide us, for love such as ours can never

Messer Luigi Guoro was secretary to Lorenzo Loredano ; a man about thirty years of age; handsome in his way, with a fair beard and blue eyes, but a man of low character and notorious reputa-tion. He admired the pretty serving maid, and would like to carry on with her, as was the way with gallants in those days, when "patricians" were Teress, howallowed much license. Teress, how-ever, would have nothing to do with him, repulsed all his advances, refused his gifts, and avoided every encounter with him; in spite of which, Pietro was possessed by flerce jealousy towards Messer Luigi, and the only cloud which marred Teresa's perfect happiness was this hatred which Pietro openly ex-pressed against one whom he regarded ed against one whom he press as a vulture ready to derout his dore. The flame was fanned by the secretary's haughty and contemptuous manner towards Pietro whenever he cross path ; the flery young baker had to put great restraint upon hims express his feelings towards his ad-versary. But after Teress's words this morning he bitterly reproached himmorning he bitterly reproached him-self for ever bringing a shadow over that beloved face; and as he held her placed, and the corner of a beautiful claimed, taking the glass with a tream-sheath appeared. "What's that, Pietro?" inquired dead body of a patrician lying on the Vincenzo, the second gondolier; "have you invested in a dagger ?" Traghett di San Samuele; the dagger "I; a dagger ! Heaven forbid !" face seemed to ery out to heaven for I am frightened by our happiness, and