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OUTCAST OF MILAN.

"It is feared so, my lord. Her jewels are gone; and moreover, her bed was not pressed during the night."

"It cannot be!" cried Manfred. "She could not have escaped from the palace. If she is not in her own apartments, she must be concealed somewhere in the adjacent passes. Oho—she cannot escape so easily. She is lurking in some dark corner. Ha—here comes the prince."

"Aye," exclaimed Ludovico, quivering from head to foot, as he strode in and stood before his father, "it is the prince, in a cloud! Let your page withdraw."

The boy left the apartment, and the duke then turned towards his son, with an explanatory gesture.

"I know what you mean, Ludovico; but it will not avail. I have heard of her absence."

"Of her absence! Of whom do you speak?"

"Why—of the princess, to be sure."

"Is she gone?"

"She is missing from her chamber."

"O, holy angels guard us!" ejaculated the prince, wringing his hands as though he knew not what else to do. "I spoke not of the princess—I had heard nothing of her. I have been to the deep, dark dungeon, where our old enemies died, and where we left Orlando Vendorme."

"And did you find him dead?"

"Dead? No! I found him not at all! The place was empty. Not even a rat was there to show me signs of life!"

"Holy Saints! No, no, Ludovico. You trifle with me!"

"Trifle with you! I am not in a mood for trifling! Vendorme is gone!"

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the duke, "and Rosabel is gone, too! Are we both crazy! Are we blind! Do our senses play us false! No, no,—Vendorme could not have escaped. He could not force those ponderous doors."

"Not a door had been forced," returned the prince, "nor had a lock been harmed. I found every bolt in its place, and every door fast."

"Then some evil spirit is in arms against us! Ha—here comes my captain. How now, de Castro! You look troubled. What have you found amiss?"

"Only this, my lord," replied de Castro, closing the door behind him, and advancing into the room—"I think my fair minion, she who conveyed Vendorme to the dungeon, hath taken a sudden leave of me."

"What—was it Hippolita?"

"Yes."

"And is she gone?"

"I think so."

"When? When?"

"Sometime in the night."

"Then," cried the duke, "I think we begin to have light. Were the keys of the passage leading to our dungeon where she could get them?"

"How, my lord? Has—"

"Don't stop to question me, but answer. Were those keys where she could get them?"

"Yes."

"Then, de Castro, your wench hath done more mischief than an army could have done. Our prisoner is gone from the dungeon, and Rosabel of Bergamo hath gone with him!"

De Castro stood like one upon whom had burst a thunderbolt."

"Gone!" he repeated, trembling when he spoke. "The outcast gone!"

"Aye—and the princess, too," returned the duke, his tones mingling with the grating of his teeth. "De Castro, if you do not find the runaways, I'll hold you accountable! I thought you could trust your wench.'

"So I thought, my lord. Indeed, I did the best I could. Hippolita never deceived me before. But—but—"

"Well—but what?"

"But, my lord, this work must have been too much for her. Her weak, foolish heart was not proof against sympathy for the gallant knight."

"I think," said Ludovico, coming forward as he spoke, "that we had better cease our arguments, and start in pursuit. I am well convinced that de Castro hath done us no wrong willingly. If he has erred, let him make it good to us by finding that which is lost."

"I meant no accusation against our captain," said the duke; "and yet I have reason for offence. However, let us find the fugitives first, and then we may look into the other matters if we please. And de Castro, I shall not abate from my proposition. You must bring them back."

"I will do my best, my lord—be assured of that."

"The first look shall be made at the house of the armorer," said Ludovico. "We must have Michael Totilla, upon the rack; for I am sure that Vendorme would not have left the city without communicating with him."

De Castro shook his head.

"We must not trouble the armorer at present. We cannot approach him without committing ourselves; and we are not prepared to do that. If we seek him and make inquiries touching Vendorme, we but expose our part against the knight."

"The captain is right," said Manfred. "For our own safety we must move cautiously. Master Totilla, if I know him at all, is not the man to give up his friend; so we should gain nothing from him. We'll leave him until another time, and make our first inquiries of the palace guard, and then question the sentinels at the city gates."

Ludovico saw the force of the reasoning, and he urged his point no further. If, upon thorough search, the fugitives were not to be found in the palace, he was willing that de Castro should continue the work as he pleased.

As it was very evident that the three missing ones had gone together, inquiry was only made for the princess and Hippolita; and very soon it was decided that they were not within the palace walls.

Where next? De Castro knew, if Hippolita had led the way with his keys, that she must have gone out by his own private passage; so he called upon the sentinels who had been posted in the side court during the night. One of those men trembled, and his tongue faltered, when he met the gaze of his chief. The captain believed he had found the delinquent, so he sent the others away, for the purpose of questioning this fellow alone.

"Hark ye, Bernardo," said de Castro, "I know what has transpired; and now if you will answer me truly, you shall be safe; but if you attempt to deceive me, your head must fall. Did not some persons pass your post last night?"

The man trembled violently, but he could not escape the answer.

"Yes, sir," he replied, sinking upon his knees, "but I could not help it."

"Could not help! What a thing of wood are you to be a soldier! Up, and answer me. Stand up,—I have promised you your life if you answer truely. How was it?"

"Thus it was," said the guardsman; "Sir Orlando Vendorme made his appearance from the palace; and as he came out so honestly, and was so famed a gentleman, I did not oppose him with force. By a wicked manœuver he got my spear away from me; and, with his dreadful sword at my bosom, dictated his own terms. He had two companions with him—two women—and he had the key to the wicket—and I let them pass out."

"Did you see the faces of those women?"

"No, sir. They were covered with their mantles."

"Bernardo, you should have died at your post rather than allow such a thing.

"I thought of that, sir; but my life was sweet, and the knight would have passed all the same."

"Well, well,—I have not time to upbraid you further, but I have an offer to make. These persons must be found, and you are to help in the work. Your success will decide what more shall be done for you. Not a word of this to any living soul; but hold yourself in readiness in answer to my call."

The poor soldier was glad enough to get off upon any terms, and he promised that he would do all he could towards capturing the fugitive knight.

It was near noon when de Castro came to make his report to the duke.

"My lord," he said, "I have gained the clue; and I find another party mixed up in the matter. At the gate of the Saveso, some two hours past midnight, Gaspard of Saxony passed out, accompanied by one man and two females. Of course these must have been our fugitives."

"Gaspard of Saxony!" muttered the duke, with a nervous quiver of the lip. "I had my doubts of that fellow when he was here. What is he? Who is he?"

"He professes to be a servant of that young Count of Hartburg," replied de Castro.

"Yes—I know that; but O, I wish I knew what is now hidden from me. Who, who is Theodore of Hartburg?"

"Ah, my lord, you puzzle me beyond my power. But this is not the time for solving that question. It is very certain that Gaspard has gone off with our fugitives, and he must be found if possible. If we find his course, we shall find the course of the others."

"Right, de Castro. Into your hands I give the work. Bring back Rosabel of Bergamo; bring back Orlando Vendorme;—or, if you have the opportunity, kill him as you find him; and as for your girl, you may do as you please."

"I shall be quickly on the road, my lord, with half a score of my best men; and if I do not fall behind my expectations, I shall bring the missing one back to you."

* * * * * * *

As the sun arose Gaspard and his party arrived within sight of a small village on the river Adda, distant some ten leagues from Milan. They had stopped upon the brow of a gentle eminence, where a soft breeze, laden with the balm of flower and shrub, gave them sweet salute. Before them, and stretching away to the left, lay a billowy succession of fields and small vineyards, tilled and cultivated by the inhabitants of the village; while upon the right flowed the river, beyond which a spur of the Rhetian Alps reared aloft their rocky peaks.

"How is it?" asked Gaspard, turning to our hero.

"If there is safe shelter here," replied Orlando, "I cannot go further now. I am very weak, and must have rest. Still, there must be no danger. Rather than run a serious risk, I would keep on till noon."

"No, no," said Rosabel, who had been watching the knight for some time, "you cannot keep on. It would be madness to think of it. It is a miracle that you have held your saddle so long."

"There is no need of going further," rejoined the Saxon. "I am acquainted in this hamlet, and if there is shelter to be found, they will find it for me. But we will not all enter at present. I have no doubt that our enemies will come this way; and if they do, they must not find our tracks. Do you remain here while I go forward and make enquiries. I will not be gone long."

Thus speaking, Gaspard rode away; and when he was gone Orlando slid from his saddle and lay down upon the grass. He was very weak, and he felt much pain in his head and limbs. He had endured much for one in his situation. Only a few short hours before he had been at the very gate of death from starvation, and all this labor he had endured upon the resuscitating power of a little bread and wine. Rosabel was quickly by his side, and as she brushed back his hair with her hand, she asked him if she could help him. He gazed up into her face, and, forgetful of his pain, he replied:

"I am helped already. Thy sympathy, is a cordial that makes my soul strong. But you need not fear. I am only weak. Rest will cure me."

When Gaspard came back he was accompanied by a man whom he introduced as his friend Marco Pazzoli. The newcomer was of middle age; of a light, active frame; dressed in the garb of a mountaineer; with a bow and quiver upon his back, and a short javelin in his hand.

"This man," said Gaspard, "you need not fear to trust. He has spent his life among the mountains, and he can take you to a place where no enemy can find you. What say you, Sir Orlando?"

"I will go with him," replied our hero, "for his face recommendeth him to my love." And as the youth spoke he struggled to his feet, and leaned against the horse; though he required help before he could reach his saddle.

"If you trust me," said the hunter, whose speech was frank and manly, "you will trust one who never knew what it was to betray a friend. I shall take you to the mountains, and give you shelter beneath a roof fashioned by the hand of God himself; and when you are once there you will be safe."

"I have thought this course best," explained Gaspard. "We could find shelter in the village, but we could not enter without being seen by many curious eyes, and if pursuers should happen this way, such a course might lead to trouble."

"The mountain is the safest place," said Rosabel. "Let us not go to the village."

"There is one thing more," pursued Gaspard. "It is the knight who needs rest; and when he is strong enough he will follow me across the Alps into Germany. But you, lady, need not remain here. A few leagues further on we will change horses, and before the setting of this day's sun you may be well into Tyrol."

Rosabel did not hesitate. Turning to the hunter, she asked:

"Is there room in the cavern for me?"

"Yes, lady."

"And for Hippolita?"

"Yes."

"Then I go with Sir Orlando, for he may need a woman's nursing. When he is able to move off, I will move with him."

The Saxon made no objection.

"You have a kind nurse, sir knight," he said to our hero.

But Vendorme made no reply, nor did he show his face. His head was bowed, and he seemed deeply moved. Gaspard saw the emotion, and without waiting for a prolonged silence he turned again to the princess:

"Fair lady, you can go with the hunter, and you may be sure of safety if you are yourself careful. I have only one promise to exact from you, that is, that you will be governed by Marco's advice so far as exposing yourself to danger is concerned."

"I shall be discreet," replied Rosabel.

"And you, Sir Orlando—may I not lay an injunction upon you? I myself am as nothing, but I act for one who hath some influence, and that influence I may safely pledge in your behalf. And so I urge you thus: Go with our good Marco, and remain with him until you see me again. I will come as soon as I can."

Orlando promised that he would do so.

"Only," he added, "I must judge whether accident hath befallen you. I will wait a reasonable time."

"Then all is well. I haste away that I may the sooner return."

With these words Gaspard of Saxony put spurs to his horse, and was soon galloping away over the plain. Upon the edge of a citron copse he turned and waved his hand, and in a moment more he had passed from sight.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAVERN.

"Now, sir knight," said the hunter, "if you and the ladies are ready, we will be moving. We had better get away from here before the people from the village come this way."

Orlando started to an erect posture, and for a moment he seemed like one just awakened from a dream.

"Marco Pazzoli, do you know that man?"

"What man?"

"The one who has just left us."

"Somewhat, sir."

"Do you know his master?"

"I have seen him."

"I mean the boy Theodore."

"Aye—it was of him I spoke. I have seen him, but beyond that I know no more than you do. And now let us be moving. If you have further questions to ask, I will answer them when we have reached our destination."

"You are right," responded Orlando, gathering up his rein. "We are ready to follow."

The hunter led the way down to the river, to a place where the water was shallow across a bed of solid rock, and where the horses forded the stream without difficulty. In a little while he struck into a narrow path, which wound around among rocks and trees, and which no one unacquainted with its abrupt sinuosities could possibly have followed. By and by they began to ascend a steep, rough acclivity, with the same torturous winding of path, until finally the guide stopped in a narrow defile. The way seemed to be straight on, as the road opened wide and clear in that direction, but he had a different route. Turning to the right, he crowded through a mass of shrubbery and tangled vines, and a little further on the mouth of a cavern was presented to view.

"There," he said, as the party drew up before the entrance, "I do not believe that a stranger could find this place. And, what is more, I think that even you, sir knight, were you carried back to the river's bank, could not find your way up here again."

"You are safe in your opinion," replied Orlando. "But I suppose there are others who know of this cavern?"

"For ten years," replied the hunter, "I have found shelter here when passing my nights in the mountains, and three of my brothers share the secret with me; but during that time it has not, to my knowledge, been visited by any one else. Yet, before I found it, it had been used as a human habitation, but I think its former occupants have long since passed from earth. We may leave our horses here in safety, for they cannot wander far away."

Thus speaking Marco dismounted, and when he had assisted the others from their saddles, he led the way into the cave. For a short distance they proceeded in a stooping posture, but soon the way grew higher and broader, until at length they emerged into a spacious vaulted apartment, which was lighted from an aperture in the roof. Leading from this were several smaller apartments, where beds were set upon frames of wood, and where were various other articles of furniture. It was a comfortable habitation, and the fugitives seemed to breathe more freely as they found themselves within the ample protection of its massive walls.

"I think," said Orlando, resting his hand upon the hunter's arm, "that I must betake myself to one of the couches." He trembled as he spoke, and seemed ready to sink from weakness, and he might have sank had not Pazzoli supported him.

"Upon my life, sir knight, you are well nigh exhausted. You could not have ridden much further. But you shall have rest and nourishment, and if that can help you, all may yet be well." He led the youth into one of the smaller apartments, where a comfortable bed was already prepared, and having helped him to remove his outer garments, he brought wine and a few dried dates, after which Orlando lay down, and was very soon asleep.

When the hunter returned to the main cave, he announced to the females that he was to be their cook and their servant.

"I promised Gaspard," said he, "that I would make you as comfortable as possible."

"First," interrupted Rosabel, with a show of anxiety, "tell me how is it with Sir Orlando?"

"You need not fear for him," replied Marco. "He is sleeping soundly, and when he wakes he will be much improved. And for you, ladies, I have some bread and meat in my pannier, and there is wine and water in the cave. As soon as I have prepared your breakfast, I will return to the town and procure milk and fruit, and also bring some other little articles of comfort."

It was a grateful meal which the hunter provided, and as soon as the girls had eaten they retired to places of rest which had been pointed out to them. And so, at the hour of noon, when Marco Pazzoli started down the mountain upon his errand to the village, he left his charges all fast asleep.

Just as the last rays of daylight were fading in the distant horizon, the hunter entered the cavern upon his return, and the sound of his footfall arrused Rosabel and Hippolita, who had slept soundly until now, but Vendorme did not awake.

"He may be ill," said the princess.

"I think not," returned Marco. "He is sleeping off a prostrating fatigue."

"But—he should have awakened by thi time, sir."

"Nay, lady," said the hunter, shaking his head, and yet allowing a light smile to creep around the corners of his mouth, "I fancy you would not have been yet awake had not my entrance aroused you."

"But the knight slept before I did, sir."

"Not long, lady; and moreover, you must remember that he was more in need of sleep than you were."

As the princess made no reply to this, Marco proceeded to make preparations for supper. But Rosabel was not easy. She sat awhile and watched the movements of her cavern host, and then arose and took one of the candles which he had lighted. With a noiseless tread she approached the apartments where the knight lay, and as noiselessly did she enter. She was careful to make no sound which might disturb the sleeper, but she forgot her candle, and as its rays fell upon the knight's face, he awoke.

"Help! help!" he groaned, struggling to free himself from the clothing.

Impulsively the maiden started to his side, and tenderly brushed the raven locks from his brow.

"You are safe," she said. "Do you not know where you are?"

He raised his head, and as he gazed upon the beautiful face that bent over him, he seemed to recover his senses.

"Lady Rosabel! Ah—I remember. We are in the cave. Gaspard of Saxony brought us hither."

As he spoke he raised himself to a sitting posture, and presently he stood erect.

"Are you better, sir?"

"Much better, lady. My head is more steady. I think food would help me now."

"It was for that I came," returned Rosabel. "It is now evening, and our host is preparing supper. Will you join us?"

"Aye, most willingly."

And he walked out with her, leaning upon her arm.

The meal was a nourishing one, and when Orlando arose from the board he felt very much like his old self. His head ached no more, and he could stand without difficulty.

But he was not strong. He walked a few times up and down the large cave, and then shook his head as he sank upon a seat.

"I need more rest," he said with a smile, "but there is nothing beyond that. A few days will restore to me my strength."

"Let that be your only care," returned the hunter. "If you will look to your health, I will attend to the other wants."

At any early hour the knight again sought his couch, and shortly afterwards Rosabel and Hippolita followed his example. It was on this evening, after they had retired, that Hippolita begged of the princess that she would never tell Vendorme how she had worked against him.

"I did not realize what I was doing," she urged. "I knew not how to disobey my master, and I followed his directions with fear and trembling. And yet—O, yet, lady, had I known what was intended—had I known the fate to which the young hero had been doomed—I could not, I would not, have done as I did. O, I hope and pray that he may never know all. Let the last act make recompense for the first."

"Rest easy, Hippolita," replied the princess, placing her hand kindly upon the girl's head. "Sir Orlando shall not know that you were ever led to work knowingly against him. If you are true and faithful henceforth, he shall only bless you for the service you have rendered him. And, furthermore, in promising this I am not departing from my own choice; for, truly, I think both the knight and myself owe you much. And so, we will be friends."

Hippolita went to sleep with the name of the princess, mingled with blessings, upon her lips.

On the following day, Orlando was strong enough to walk without fatigue; and by the time the shades of night gathered over the mountain again, he felt almost as well as ever.

Another morning came, and when the knight arose from the table, he smote his hand upon his breast until the cavern resounded with the echoes of the blows.

"I am myself once more," he said; "and am ready now for work. When will Gaspard return?"

"In a few days," replied Marco; "and perhaps sooner. He may be here to-morrow. However, you will wait till he returns."

"I don't know about that."

"I think it will be best."

Our hero had no desire to dispute or argue with his kind host, so he walked away to the entrance, and did not come back until the board had been cleared.

During that forenoon Orlando did not once speak with the princess, but walked apart by himself. After dinner, however he approached her, as she sat alone.

"Lady," he said, his voice trembling as he spoke, "I should esteem it a privilege if you would grant me a few moments of your time."

"As many moments as you desire, sir," she replied.

"I would ask you a few questions."

"I will answer them to the best of my ability. But first, sir, will you be seated?"

He sat down by her side, and after a little hesitation proceeded:

"First, lady, I think that Hippolita was deceived by those who sent her to my shop. I know you have already made some explanation of this; but my poor head was in such a whirl at the time that I may not have understood it."

"She was instructed to tell you a falsehood, sir," replied Rosabel. "I had no knowledge of her errand at the time."

"So I thought. And she it was who first conceived the idea of setting me free?"

"Yes, sir; for she alone, of all who were willing to befriend me, knew of your danger."

"And you, lady, knowing that she purposed to open my prison door, took advantage of the occasion for your own escape?"

"You do not put the question fairly, sir. The event resulted in my escape; but my escape was not the prime object. Hippolita, when she found to what a dreadful fate she had been instrumental in leading you, resolved to set you free if she could; but she could not do this without my assistance. She sought me, and I helped her."

Orlando bowed his head, and after a little he resumed:

"And thus, lady, we are both escaped from Milan. As for myself, I am as a wanderer upon the desert. Whither my feet shall turn when I leave this place I do not know. If I can serve you, you may command me. If I can aid you, I am as your slave. You have but to speak."

Rosabel was silent.

"Perhaps," continued the knight, "you have your course marked out—you have friends whom you will seek?"

The princess had been sitting for some time with her eyes bent upon the rock at her feet. She raised her head, and after gazing for a moment into her companion's face, she said, in a low, tremulous tone:

"I was young when my father died, and the duke of Milan was made guardian over me. From that time I have been so completely under the control of the tyrant that I have had no opportunity to make many friends in the outer world. When the dreadful marriage with Ludovico was urged upon me, I began to look about for help. My thoughts turned first to Bergamo, but I knew not whom I could trust there; for those who held stations of authority would not dare to cross the path of the duke. In every direction I turned my attention, but the needed help I could not find. Finally the dark day was close upon me, and my whole future of joy or sorrow hung upon the chances of an hour. It was in that hour I met you. I need not recount what then passed. My scheme of redemption failed, and I was cast back upon the mercy of the tyrant; while you, for having tried to help me, were banished from your native city."

"Aye, lady—I remember all that."

"Again," pursued Rosabel, "was the dreadful fate upon me. On the very evening when Hippolita came to me, the duke had been before her, and informed me that I was to wed with his son on the next day; and, furthermore, he showed to me an edict from the Pope of Rome, ordering the marriage, so that even my power to give up my property to the church, and enter a convent, was taken from me. In an unexpected moment the opportunity presented itself of escape with you. What followed I need not tell. I can only say—we are here, and whither next my feet shall tend I know not."

There was a palpable tremor in the knight's frame, but he had nerved himself for the task, and he was determined to go on to the end.

"Lady," he said, "I remember very well what has transpired, even to the words that have been spoken; but I cannot forget that you have been acting under powerful extraneous influences. You came to me first for help; you came helpless—defenceless; and the words which you then spoke were spoken under circumstances over which you had no control. In short, I dare not presume upon the past. But now, lady, we are free. Ere long the Saxon will return to conduct us away. If it be your wish—"

"Say on, sir."

"I was about to say—if it be your wish that our paths should henceforth diverge, you have but to speak."

"Nay, sir," said Rosabel; "you have no right to put that duty upon me."

"But I must put it upon you."

"Why so?"

"Because, if the choice were left with me, the word would never be spoken. Pardon me if I offend."

"What word would never be spoken?"

"The word of separation between thee and me."

Rosabel of Bergamo placed her hand within Orlando's embrace, and looking up into his face she said:

"As I once told thee beneath the roof of thy lowly shop, so now I tell thee again—tell thee when I am free to act as I please."

* * * * * * *

Half an hour afterwards the princess called her attendant.

"Hippolita," she said, holding our hero by the hand as she spoke, "that you may know the full meaning of all you see and hear, and be thus enabled to serve me more understandingly, I have thought it fit that you should be taken fully into my confidence. Know, then, that to this gentleman my heart is given, and my hand is pledged."

CHAPTER XV.

ALONE!

On the third morning Orlando arose, professing to feel as strong as he ever felt in his life.

"Only," he said, "I feel the need of fresh air and exercise. I cannot remain here much longer. If the Saxon does not make his appearance soon, we must make our own way out of Lombardy."

The truth was, our hero had begun to grow restive under restraint. He did not like to wear a yoke. He did not like the idea of holding himself under the control of a man whose purposes were unknown to him. He believed that Gaspard was honest—that Gaspard meant to assist him—but he liked not to thus acknowledge Gaspard's authority. Or, perhaps there was something deeper than this: He may not have been satisfied with the manner in which Gaspard kept his own counsel. It may not have pleased him that the Saxon had concealed from him so much important matter. However, be that as it may, the knight was uneasy; and, but for the earnest appeal of Marco Pazzoli, which had some effect upon the decision of Rosabel, he would have departed on this very morning for the north.

"I don't know," said the hunter, after breakfast had been disposed of, "but that you might take a turn with me further up the mountain. I have thought of taking my bow, and pursuing some game."

"Aye, gladly," interrupted Rosabel, who saw that her lover needed the exercise.

"But there is one thing more," added Marco. "You must not wander away from the cave. Within these walls you are as safe as safe can be; but I cannot answer for the result of your wandering off."

"You need not fear for us," returned the princess. "You will not be gone long?"

"Not more than two or three hours."

"That is not longer than you were gone on the afternoon of the day of our arrival, when Sir Orlando was helpless; and if there was no danger then there can be none now."

"Certainly not," replied the hunter; and then turning to Vendorme, he added, "I think, sir, you need the exercise, and if you will make preparation, we will soon be off. I have an extra bow and plenty of arrows."

Our hero gladly embraced the opportunity, and when he was ready to set forth he took Rosabel's hand and pressed it to his lips.

"You will be very careful," the maiden said, gazing up with anxious fondness into his face.

"Aye, Rosabel; and I was about to lay the same injunction upon you."

"O, be not anxious on my account. It is you who are going into danger. You will find us all safe when you come back."

"And when I do come, sweet love, I hope I may bring some trophy worthy of your acceptance." He pressed her hand to his lips again, and then followed Pazzoli from the cavern.

For half an hour the two girls sat together in the great cave, their conversation running upon a great many different topics; and at the end of that time Rosabel suggested the idea of going to the entrance, and looking out upon the clear sky.

"We will not wander away," she said, "nor will we go from the cave itself."

"Surely," replied Hippolita "there can be no possible harm in that. Why—of course there cannot," she continued, gaining confidence from her own reason. "We are safe because we are in a cavern; we are safe because the cavern is a secret place; and the cavern is a secret place simply because people do not know where the entrance is. So, it is very plain that we should be just as safe at the entrance of the cave as we are in here."

This reasoning was so plain and self-evident that the princess at once arose and led the way to the mouth of the cave. But when they had reached that point they were

A Northwest Miracle.

THE UNIQUE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. GEO. COLLINSON OF PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY.

Physicians Declared She Was in Consumption—A Victim of Deadly Night Sweats and Her Case Pronounced Hopeless—Her Pastor Encouraged Her to Begin the Work of a Medicine that Saved Her Life—The Days of Miracles in Healing Have Not Passed.

Mrs. George Collinson is a well known and esteemed resident of Prince Albert, N. W. T. This lady has had a remarkable experience, having almost entered the valley of death when the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored her to health and strength, and she now relates her marvellous story for the benefit of suffering humanity. We cannot do better then give Mrs. Collinson's story in her own words. She says,—"We formerly lived in Carberry, Man., where I lay ill for a year and a half. My case was pronounced hopeless by all the doctors there, and they agreed that I had not long to live, and in fact I had but little hope of recovery myself. The doctors stated that my trouble was consumption, and when they stated that they could do nothing for me I determined to go to my old home at Tara, Ont., and see if the doctors there could help me. I remained there for three months, and returned home not any improved. I was so weak I could scarcely walk across a room, and when I reached Carberry I was forced to take my bed and at times was so weak I could not turn myself in bed. For some months I was troubled with chronic diarrhoea and after returning home I called in another doctor who had just located there. He checked the diarrhoea, but held out no hopes of my recovery. This doctor stated that not only were my lungs in a very bad condition, but that abcesses had formed. I suffered from the weakening effects of night sweats, and had alternate chills and fevers. Then my trouble became aggravated by the cords in my legs drawing up to the extent that it was impossible for me to straighten them. I was bandaged from my chest to my ankles, and my feet and hands would swell terribly. I had severe pains about the heart and coughed and spit so much that I thought the end was coming fast. When my minister called one day I told him I would like to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but as other medicines had failed me I feared they might too. He told me to remember that we must do all we could to preserve life, and perhaps God would bless the Pink Pills to the benefit of my health. I then began to take them, very lightly at first for my stomach was very weak. When I had taken the Pink Pills for a time I began to revive somewhat and there was an improvement in my appetite. After using Pink Pills for about a month I could sit up, and in four months from the time I began using them I could do my own work, and I am as strong, and I firmly believe healthier, than I ever was before. After I began the use of the Pink Pills I took no other medicine, but took with them occasionally juice of lemon and crushed sugar. It is a pleasure for me to speak strongly of the medicine which, with God's blessing, saved my life, and you are at liberty to give my experience the widest circulation, as it may be the means of benefitting some other disparing sufferer. My husband joins his grateful thanks with mine, and we both feel justified in saying that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a marvel among medicines."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills furnish in a condensed form the constituents necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, assisting it to absorb oxygen, the great sustainer of organic life. By this means this great remedy strikes at the root of disease, speedily driving it from the system, restoring the patient to full health and strength. Most diseases afflicting mankind have their origin in an impoverished condition of the blood, or a shattered nervous system, and acting directly upon these, Pink Pills are a specific for all such troubles. Thousands of grateful people testify to the benefits they have derived from the use of Pink Pills, and no other medicine has ever published such strong and carefully authenticated evidence of merit. If in need of a medicine do not be persuaded to try something else, but insist upon getting Dr. Williams' Pink Pill. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for $2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Gentlemen of refined taste chew Beaver tobacco, exclusively. For sale by all dealers.

Carriage repairing of all kinds done in first class style at lowest prices—at A. James'.

Itch of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

The Thousand Islands are poorly patronized this season, and it is not expected there will be a great rush of visitors. Owing to troubles, national and financial, the people of the United States do not desire to take their usual summer vacation.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South Amerian Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy." A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

THE INTERCOLONIAL CONFERENCE.

The London Times Discusses the Gathering of Representatives of the Empire.

LONDON, July 9.—The Times says this morning: "We see nothing to fear, but much to arouse hope, in the new spirit shown at Ottawa by the colonies seeking to establish and extend connection among themselves, which it would be very difficult for this country to concede. Therein are possibilities of friction which cannot be contemplated with entire satisfaction, but this is part of the price we pay for our empire and we must be ready to meet it." As to reciprocity it says: "We cordially sympathize with the policy so far as it indicates a desire to strengthen the bonds holding the empire together. Anything of the nature of deferential duties is contrary to our traditions, and we must remember that the colonies can only represent about fifteen per centage of the total trade of the United Kingdom. But, undoubtedly, for good or evil, the steps taken at Ottawa is of immense importance to the future of the empire.

Salisbury's Anti-Anarchist Bill.

LONDON, July 9.—Lord Salisbury has raised a storm by his proposal for an alien bill and his speech on it in the House of Lords. His offences are two. He quoted American legislation against pauper immigration as a good precedent for England. This infuriates the Radicals. He described England as, to a great extent, the anarchist headquarters of Europe. This infuriates the Socialists and their organ, the latter protesting against any further legislation to suppress anarchy or anarchists. Lord Rosebery replied to Lord Salisbury, denying that England harbors or assists alien conspirators more than other countries. Lord Salisbury's bill, however, was read once, and is promised the fullest consideration of the Government.

Gladstone's Letter to Midlothian.

Mr. Gladstone has addressed a letter to the electors of Midlothian, thanking them for the confidence they have reposed in him in the past and adding: "It is not my intention to ask for re-election when Parliament is dissolved."

British Measures Next Session.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, with the assent of his colleagues, has consented to give the whole of the next session to British measures provided the House will reaffirm the principle of home rule by a resolution, thus enabling the Government at the close of the session to go before the country showing that the leading proposals of the Newcastle programme have been dealt with.

Sir William's Resignation.

A haze of intrigue so envelopes the inner life of parliament that it is impossible to say whether or not Sir William Harcourt's threats to resign his seat and the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Commons are genuine, or who is likely to be his successor in the event of his retirement. It is certain, however, that he has sent to his colleagues an intimation that his physicians have advised him to enter upon a season of absolute rest and he therfore desires to retire from parliament at the end of the session. But his adherents in the House of Commons are obtaining signatures to a proposal to entertain him at a banquet at the National Liberal Club. The promoters of the movement profess to urge that if a sufficient number of Liberals sign the invitation it will influence Sir William Harcourt's decision to continue in the paliamentary leadership of the party and nearly 200 Liberal members have already signed.

Britannia Again Beats Vigilant.

GLASGOW, July 9.—The Vigilant and Britannia started on Saturday in the race in the Clyde regatta for the Queen's Cup. The conditions were the same as Thursday. Captain Carter, of the Britannia, had the assistance of O'Neil, who sailed the Irex, Iverna and other crack boats. He knows the Clyde from source to mouth better than any other Scotch steersman. O'Neill loaned the Britannia sixteen picked men from the crew of the Iverna, making the Britannia's total company 46 men. The Britannia finished the first round at 1 35,38 and Vigilant at 1.36.46. On the second round the Britannia reached Ascog at 3.02.19 and the Vigilant at 3.03.20. Vigilant was first to cross the line at 4.17.55. The Britannia finished at 4.18.55, but the Britannia beat the Vigilant by time allowance.

Killed in a Sawmill.

SHELBURNE, N.S., July 9.—The three-year old son of G. W. Lantz, of Centreville, was instantly killed in the sawmill of his father by a revolving shaft which protruded two feet above the floor. It is supposed the child thoughtlessly approached and took hold of the shaft, which was revolving with such velocity as to appear almost motionless, when he was thrown with such violence against an adjoining beam as to cause instant death, his head being literally smashed to pieces.

Action for Illegal Imprisonment.

MONTREAL, July 9.—Mr. Elzear Ronsseau, notary, has entered an action for $50,000 against the community of the Brothers of Charity of St. Vincent de Prul. The Brothers have charge of the Asile St. Jean de Dieu and also of the St. Benoit Joseph Asylum at Longue Pointe. Mr. Rousseau complains that the Brothers, without legal authority, imprisoned him in the latter establishment from May, 1890, to October, 1893.

Peary Auxiliary Expedition.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld., July 9.—The Peary auxiliary expedition by the steamer Falcon has sailed for Greenland. The crew of H.M.S. Cleopatra gave her a capital send off, manning the yards and cheering loudly. The citizens also joined in the God speed.

Watching for European Anarchists.

QUEBEC, July 9.—The American immigration agent here has been supplied with a list of three hundred names of anarchists and with orders to send them back to Europe if they attempt to land.

Prominent Stock Broker Dead.

MONTREAL, July 9.—J. Burnett, president of the Montreal Stock Exchange and one of the leading brokers of this city, died suddenly yesterday. Mr. Burnett was 52 years of age.

Remedy for Damp Walls.

The process consists in using two washes or solutions for covering the surface of the walls—one composed of castile soap and water, and one of alum and water. The proportions are three-quarters of a pound of soap to one gallon of water, and half a pound of alum to four gallons of water, both substances to be perfectly clean and dry, and the temperature of the air not above 25 degrees Fahrenheit when the compositions are applied.

The first, or soap wash, should be laid on when boiling hot with a flat brush, taking care to form a froth on the brickwork. This wash should remain twenty-four hours, so as to become dry and hard before the second or alum wash is applied, which should be done in the same manner as the first. The temperature of this wash when applied may be 60 or 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and this also should remain twenty-four hours before a second coat of soap wash is put on. These coats are to be applied alternately until the walls are made impervious to water. The alum and soap thus combined form an insoluble compound, filling the pores of the masonry and entirely preventing the water from entering the wall.—Architect and Builder.

Artistic Tatooing.

Probably the most artistically tatooed man in the world is William Furness, a son of Dr. Horace Howard Furnesss, the noted Shakespearian scholar. Mr. Furness spent a long term in Japan, and it was there that the figures that adorn his body were executed. A splendid reproduction of the Goddess of Love covers his chest, and the God of Thunder illuminates his back. Snakes and birds by the dozen mark his arms and thighs. A pagoda is designed on one shoulder, and a fearful and wonderful collection of geometrical designs covers the other shoulder. A Chinese boat is tatooed on one leg and a dragoon looks up from the other. The artist who executed these designs was paid $12 an hour for his services, an appalling fee in that country, where 25 cents per diem is a princely salary.—Philadelphia Record

THE
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