### Her Friend.

Twas in the Boston test express a little maiden sat;
She occupied the seat alone; beside her lay her hat.
She clutched her dolly to her breast in childish mother play,
As if she feared some dreadful giant would snatch it right away.
"Are you all alone, my little girl?" I asked as I stooped down.
"My mamma told me Dod was here," she said with half a frown.
"She tissed me an' my dolly, an' I dess I don't know you."
"But, dear," I answered, smiling, "tell me where you are going to."
She twisted in her seat, and then she tossed her tangled hair.
"I'm doin' on to Boston, an' my pop'll meet me there."
"But, dear," I questioned gently, "if the choo choo cars should stop,
And you should walk and walk, and walk and then not find your pop,
What would you do?" The little maiden shook her head and frowned,
"My mamma says when pop is gone that Dod is somewhere round."

The train rolled into Boston town. I waited there awhile
And watched my little blue eyes, with her half expectant smile.
"Dese waitin' for my pop," she said, "with dolly fast asleep."
And then a man came rushing in. I know him by his leap.
He snatched his little daughter up with frantic, feverish glee;
And then, with father's instinct, quick his eye was turned on me.
"Well, Bess," he asked, "who is your friend?" with quaint, expressive nod
The maid replied: "I don't know. I fink it mus' be Dod."

*—Tom Mason in Brooklyn Life.*

# A BARITONE'S DEVOTION;

## OR A TALE OF SUNNY ITALY.

tell you," urged the old man, "that Italian opera is dying—dying for want of fit exponents. There is scarcely a man whom one cares to listen to, and it will never be kept alive by two or three *prime donne*. You might revive it, and yet you hesitate. *Corpo di Bacco!* Is it that you are unaware of your gifts? Is it that your very modesty is to prove the bane of your life and the destruction of my hopes? Listen to me—it is the plain truth I am telling you, and you well know I never flatter. For years upon years Italy has produced no great tenor, or baritone, or bass; now she has produced you; and, if you work well, you will be the first singer in Europe. Italy has produced you, and then you persist in hiding your light under a bushel! *Diavolo!* tis enough to try the patience of a saint!"

"Dear maestro," said Carlo, with a faint smile, "what can I do more than promise to consider this offer? How can you expect me to decide all in a moment? Ah?"—a quick sigh escaped him—"Do you not see what it will involve?"

"*Hein!* What it will involve? Why, yes; I understand that it might postpone your marriage for a time. Art demands some sacrifices."

"And what right have I to sacrifice Francesca's happiness? To a duty perhaps even that might be right, but to a dream of fame—never!" He laughed; the idea, when put into words, seemed to him so preposterous.

"Happiness be damned!" cried Piale, with righteous indignation. "I have yet to learn that Italy produced you, and England produced Miss Britton, that you might be happy. And do I not know Miss Britton? Carlo! for one moment dream that she would wish to hold you back? Why, by all saints, no! My dear boy, you are young—young. Believe me, a girl is always willing to wait when the good of her lover is in question. As to Captain Britton, he can't have lived all these years in Italy, and yet retain his Puritan notions in all their strictness. He may object at first, but, hearing all the circumstances of the case, he will soon give way. Courage, Carlo *mio!* For a great gain, a momentary sacrifice?"

Perhaps it was the word "momentary" which showed Carlo plainly what he had before felt dimly, that Piale knew nothing whatever about the sacrifice in question.

Much as he loved the old man, he could bear his presence no longer, but hastily took leave with a few incoherent words about "time," and "thinking it over." He fled from the old singing master as those in trouble or perplexity always do flee from glib talk. It is the one intolerable thing, as exasperating to the nineteenth-century man as the glib talk of Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar was to poor Job.

"Momentary, indeed! A momentary sacrifice?" The idea made him indignant and yet pitiful. Had Piale lost his manhood in his art-life? Had he so little conception of what it was to love that he could speak thus? And then he tried to imagine to himself the fulfillment of the maestro's wish; he had a vision of himself, old and gray-headed, enjoying the sense of his fame and his world-wide reputation, and calmly advising some other in the heyday of youth to renounce love and happiness.

It was not till he was confronted by a huge poster, in which the name of Madame Merlino and Comerio shone out conspicuously, that he once more perceived the true facts of the case. This was no question between the merits of marriage and of art-life; it was the question whether he should choose happiness for Francesca and himself, or choose the possibility of saving his sister. Life is made up of such decisions—some of them petty, some of them overwhelmingly great, but all of them momentous. We hate the thought of the choice, long to gain without losing, hope to triumph without sacrifice, strive and struggle and fret in the vain effort to break through the inexorable law that those who find their life must first lose it. Truly, "men are not more willing to live the life of the crucified."

Again those words returned to Carlo's mind; they grated upon him even more than when he had first heard them spoken—perhaps because, while at a loss from understanding them, he began vaguely to perceive their drift. He saw a dim, distasteful vision of self-renunciation; he did not see that true self-renunciation implies the peace-giving presence of one in whose service we renounce.

While he was still all confused and agitated by this inward conflict, he was waylaid by Herr Ritter.

"Whither away?" exclaimed the old man, kindly. "You are never thinking of going to Poggio Gaio this heat. Come home with me, it is long since I saw you. You are looking fagged, Carlo."

Recollect my the obligation he was under to Enrico's father, Carlo felt that it would not do to refuse his hospitality, though, truth to tell, he had never felt less inclined for a visit to the kind German household. He, the laughter-loving, felt that he could not endure the sound of laughter; he, the impulsive and unreflecting, had actually come to such a point that he desired nothing so much as quiet and solitude to think out this great question.

He did not get much quiet in the Ritter household, but he met with that hearty, vociferous kindness which Enrico's family knew so well how to bestow. Frau Ritter had never before been so motherly, the daughters of the house never so anxious to do what they could for him. Enrico himself was unusually silent; he watched his friend narrowly, perceiving from his face that matters must be worse rather than better since their last meeting. Possibly, however, the parting with his sister might account for the troubled expression he bore; and when, after dinner, the two friends were left alone, Enrico turned eagerly to the subject which the others had studiously avoided:

"Madame Merlino has left you, I suppose?" he began. "She makes her first appearance to-night, I see."

"She left this morning," said Carlo, "and sings to-night in 'Don Giovanni.'"

"Why should you go back to the empty house? Spend the night here," suggested Enrico.

Carlo hesitated.

"It would be my best chance of seeing Comerio," he said, thoughtfully.

"How do you mean?"

"If I sleep here and went this evening to the Mercadante."

*Gran Dio!* It would scarcely be an enjoyable evening for you, my friend."

Carlo made an expressive gesture with his shoulders.

"Perhaps not, but I should see him and be able to judge better what to be at."

"You have not heard then, of a baritone fit to step into his shoes?"

"I have heard of one, but it is doubtful whether he will accept Merlino's offer."

"What! Has it gone so far as that? Actually an offer? Come, the clouds begin to disperse! Once get that scamp ousted and your troubles are over."

Carlo was silent. In his heart he thought they would be, not over, but just begun. He had not yet told Enrico of Piale's little plot, for he knew that his friend would favor no plan likely to take him unhappy, and felt that he was not yet strong enough to stand arguments for the side on which he was already biased.

"Well, I will stay the night since you ask me," he said at length. "Will you come with me to 'Don Giovanni?'"

"Yes, if you are indeed bent on going. Your presence will be commented on, though. You see it is so soon after——" he broke off in confusion, adding, after a pause, "And you see every one will be there to-night, for Madame Merlino's first appearance has been much talked of. Your going may be misunderstood."

"*Che sara sara,*" said Carlo, with a quick sigh. "Enough, I shall go; let us say no more about it."

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE OLIVE-GARDEN.

"Though one but say, 'Thy will be done,'
He hath not lost his day
At set of sun."
*—Christini Rossetti.*

As Enrico had predicted, the Theatre Mercadante was crowded. Not only was it the opening night, but the Neapolitan world was curious to see the new *prima donna*, this girl of good birth and breeding, who had outraged all the proprieties and eloped with her singing-master. Had it not been for his inward consciousness that there was something much worse than people might ere long say of his sister, Carlo could not have endured all that he was that night fated to overhear. On every side people discussed the Merlino-Donati scandal; but though he winced under it, the dread of the future deadened the recollection of the past, the new danger eclipsed the old shame.

He sat as though in a bad dream, waiting for the curtain to rise and disclose to him the face of this enemy of his peace; so engrossed was he with his thought that he scarcely heard the overture. He wanted to meet his foe face to face, and with a sort of shudder he reflected that in a very short time it was possible that he himself might be standing on that very stage whence Leporello was now descanting upon his master's vices. A moment more and Comerio, the Don Giovanni of the evening, would appear. Carlo breathed hard, drew himself together, and waited through moments which seemed like hours. Curiously enough, the first sight of his foe relieved him; Comerio was not at all the ideal villain; he was a small-made, supple-looking man, with very white taper hands, and a face which at that distance looked refined—much too refined for a Don Giovanni. He sang rather well, but his acting was so execrable that Carlo forgot everything in a longing desire to substitute something lifelike for the ludicrous throwing up of hands which seemed to be Comerio's idea of dramatic art. Never once was it possible to think of him as anything but Comerio, the baritone; he walked through his part and threw about his arms very freely, that was all. And yet his complete failure as an actor was in Carlo's favor. He wanted to study the man, not to enjoy the opera, and since Comerio had no notion of throwing himself into his part, the opera was as good a time to study his own character as any other.

The music was poisoned to him that night and he could hardly endure the repetition of "La ci darem," which roused the audience to enthusiasm. He never spoke once to Enrico, who for his part could only speculate as to his friend's feelings, for Carlo showed no other sign of agitation than a slightly heightened color, sat out the opera, and greeted two or three friends whom they encountered afterward quite in his usual manner. Only one thing seemed ominous, because it was unnatural, and that was his silence. It grew so burdensome as they walked home that at last Enrico broke the ice with an outspoken question, "Well, what do you think of him?"

"I don't know—I can hardly tell—my head aches too much," said Carlo, in a voice which betrayed so much suffering that his friend ventured no more inquiries, and was glad enough when they reached home. "I shall think things out better to-morrow," were his last words that night. But when the morning came he was incapable of thinking at all, and could only lie still and endure the worst headache he had ever had in his life; while, as though to torture him yet more, "La ci darem" sang perpetually in his ears.

On the Saturday he woke to the consciousness that the pain was over, that his brain was clear once more, and that he must no longer postpone the decision upon which so much depended. But Frau Ritter absolutely refused to allow him to go home till the heat of the day was over; and it was not until late that he managed to escape from the kindly nurses, and, taking a boat at the Piliero, made his way home. He felt much shaken by all that he had been through, and would fain have given himself up to the refreshment of the sweet June evening, turning his back on the threatening future, and getting what pleasure he could from the beautiful bay which was so familiar and so dear to him. But something warned him that now was his time, that he was not likely again to have such uninterrupted quiet.

For a while all went well. The pretty scene in which Zerlina made her first appearance amid the crowd of merry peasants could not have been better chosen for Anita's debut. She looked so charming and sang so well that she won all hearts; and even Carlo felt a thrill of pride and pleasure as he listened to her sweet, bird-like notes in the duet with Masetto, a part which was well filled by Merlino himself.

But his pleasure was of short duration. All his miserable apprehension returned the instant Comerio was on the stage again. To see him make love to Anita was more than he could endure.

Next day the newspapers were warm in their praise as to the acting in the scenes between Don Giovanni and Zerlina; but Carlo knew that this was just the one part of the opera in which there had been no attempt at acting.

Resolutely he went over in his mind all that there was to be said on either side of the question. What course would Captain Britten take? Would he not justly complain of an arrangement which must indefinitely postpone his daughter's marriage? Would he not be wrathful at his choice of such a profession? And how was he to explain to him that choice without altogether betraying Nita's story? Again, there was the profession itself. Piale thought only of the reputation he would some day gain, but Carlo, not unnaturally, thought of the reputation he would lose. He knew quite well how his friends would regard his choice; he could imagine the expression of Uncle Guido's face as he exclaimed: "What! a Donati turn actor?"

And then there was Francesca. His breast heaved, his eyes grew dim; had it not been for the presence of the boatman he would have given way and sobbed aloud. And yet Piale was right as far as that went. Once convinced that he might really say, Nita, Francesca would be the first to bid him go; once sure that he was doing what he thought right, she would bid him godspeed and bear the pain like a little heorine.

With him rested the real difficulty, the terrible decision. Was he to give her this pain to bear?

"There will be stormy weather to-night, signor," said the boatman, turning round in his seat to glance out seaward as they rounded Posilipo.

This remark diverted Carlo's thoughts for a moment. The sea was like glass; far away in the distance he could see a yacht lying becalmed, her beautiful white sails flapping idly as she rolled.

The sunset was just over, and already the brief twilight was fading away, the summer night beginning, and after the sultry, almost breathless day, a cool wind was springing up; on the horizon could be seen the dark line which showed that a change was coming, and that the time of calm inaction was over.

Was it not like his life? He had had his days of ease, his smooth, uneventful days, with nothing to mar the tranquil happiness. Then there had arisen the dark foreboding of coming trouble, and now the storm had broken. Was he to choose this life of perpetual storm? Or might he not seek the tranquil haven where he longed to be? Must he indeed go forth into a world so uncongenial—into a strife so distasteful?

He was not indolent by nature, he was not selfish; but he had, in a marked degree, that Italian hatred of storm and struggle which to a northern nature is so incomprehensible. To go out into a life of perpetual temptation—a life likely to be full of provocations to the temper—this was harder to him than to most men, for he dreaded nothing so much as losing his self-control. What if he should accept this offer, go forth as Nita's preserver, and then fail himself? In that case, indeed, all would have been lost, honor included. He could not risk all this for a mere hope—a mere chance. It could not surely be expected of a man that he should give up his home, his prospects of marriage, his profession, everything that he cared for, all for the sake of saving one woman? No, it certainly could not be expected! Why, the world would laugh at such a notion. Had any other man put such a case to him, he, too, would have smiled at it, and called the propounder of such folly a mere Quixote. How foolish the old boatman would think him if he steered this frail little boat out into the troubled waters yonder instead of making all speed to guide it to the shore.

He shivered slightly, threw his cloak across his chest, and, for the sake of a change of thought, began to abuse old Frau Ritter for having delayed his return so long, and in her dread of sunshine brought him in for the risk of malaria. But above it all floated the perverse voice which would not leave him unmolested, "Men are not more willing to live the life of the Crucified." He left off abusing Frau Ritter, and began to hum a song, but naturally enough chanced to begin with an air from "Don Giovanni." The voice he longed to drown spoke more and more clearly. Well, "Don Giovanni" was poisoned for him; he must eschew it in future. And forthwith he strove to drive the unpleasant thoughts connected with it from his mind with the first snatch of song which came to his head. Out into the summer night rang the noble, impassioned address of Valentino to Mephistopheles:

"La croce dai demoni tuoi ci guarda!"

The scene in the opera rose vividly before him; the soldier, with his cross-handled sword uplifted, boldly confronting the devil who so lately had worsted him, but who now shrank back helpless and trembling. Good, heavens! and he had sought to drown the voice of God in his heart by those very words, had sought to drive back the good and to give place to the evil.

A horror of great darkness fell upon him. It was the crisis of his whole life. Afterward, when he recalled the past anguish he recalled with it those sombre surroundings; the purple waters, the great dark cloud drawing nearer and nearer, the hopeless gloom of the night broken only by the light on Cape Miseno and the red light on the side of the yacht. Not a sound was to be heard save the splashing of the oars, and now and then a sort of hoarse shout in the distance, probably the yacht's captain giving orders to his crew, but to Carlo the silence was tumult. He was sailor enough to know that in a few minutes the storm would be upon them. That mattered little, for they were close to the shore; it was the tumult in his own heart which absorbed him.

Vaguely, and as if from a great distance, he heard the boatman giving thanks to San Gennaro that they were safely in before the squall; he had indistinct recollections of paying the man a double fare and bidding him seek shelter for the night at Florestano's hut, then plunging wildly on through the darkness, across the beach, up the hill among the dusky vines, his pain increased by a consciousness, that when he had last trodden that path it had been with Francesca. Was it to be thus with his life? Must he content himself with a memory of the briefest snatch of happiness ever given to man, and toil on through long solitary years over the rough and stony paths of publicity? It was impossible—impossible! He rushed on yet faster, as though by rapid motion he could escape from the tyranny of an idea.

Just as he reached the olive-garden the storm suddenly broke. The wind raged over the land, tossing the trees wildly to and fro; the rain came down in torrents, the lightning cast its angry gleam across the heaving sea, and the swaying boughs, and the wet, shining shore. Carlo threw himself down on the ground, beneath the thickest of the olive-trees, seeking at once shelter from the outward storm and help in the inward struggle. He would no longer flee from the voice that had haunted him; he would listen to it—would try to understand it. What was the life of the Crucified?

All his soul went into the question, and the confusion within him seemed to lessen as he waited for the answer, which framed itself to him amid the raging of the wind and the dull roar of the thunder, something after this fashion:

The life of the Crucified was lived by One who delighted to do God's will. He did not exclude pleasure, or morbidly delight in pain; it was just that He did not think about pleasing Himself at all. He took the bitter and the sweet as they were sent, and delighted in them because He knew the Sender, who sought only the good of all men. This is the life of the Crucified. You think happiness is to please yourself; it is not that at all, it is to delight in doing His will.

"Lord," he sobbed, "I am not willling—it is true—I am not willing to live Thy life. Save me from my selfishness! 'By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver me.'"

He repeated the familiar words again and again, hardly conscious of their meaning, yet in his anguish finding them a sort of relief. And presently, either the words or his own surroundings brought to his mind what the greatest of modern chiefs once termed, with an involuntary softening of the voice, "That terrible gardening scene." There had been a struggle—an agony—for the Son of God Himself. He, too, knew what it cost deliberately to take the course which must bring bitter grief to those who loved Him. He, too, knew how human nature shrank from isolation, from misconception. Every temptation now assailing him had also assailed the Son who learned obedience by the things which He suffered.

And just as a child will for very awe forget its little griefs when brought face to face with the great grief of its parents, so Carlo lost sight for a time of his own pain, that past scene becoming far more real to him than the bitter present. The tears wrung from him first by his own anguish fell now for another.

"Lord," he sobbed, "it cannot be that I am willing that Thou shouldst be crucified afresh—put to open shame—while I live here in this paradise! Anything rather than that! Lord, choose for me what Thou will. My spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak. 'By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver me.'"

An hour later the brief Mediterranean storm was over, the stars were shining, the yacht was on her course once more, the white sails spread to catch the softened breeze.

Then Carlo rose to his feet and went on his way.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE PILGRIM.

Joy, so true and tender,
Dare not rob of pain;
Will you spread your pinions?
Must you leave our side?
Nay! an angel with your grace
Waits to fill your place!

*—A. A. Procter.*

"Very odd of Carlo not to come in today," remarked Captain Britton from the depths of his easy chair. "I suppose the heat was too much for him. Have you heard from him, Fran?"

"Had a little note from him yesterday, father, only to say that he wasn't well, and that the Ritters insisted on keeping him, but that he would be sure to be at home again on Saturday. I dare say Fran Ritter made him stay; it was so sultry, you know, and since Herr Ritter's illness she is always in terror of sunstrokes."

"Well, one thing is, this thunderstorm will clear the air," said the captain, rubbing his large hands together contentedly. "If I could be sure your uncle was safely in port, I should feel more comfortable, though. What did I do with his letter? Ah, here it is! 'The yacht is to leave Leghorn on Wednesday,' he says. They certainly ought to be at Naples by this time."

"I looked out for the Pilgrim yesterday," said Francesca, "but to-day I forgot all about it. How I wish Clare and the girls were coming too; it was very benighted of them to like a stupid visit to the North Cape better than a cruise in the Mediterranean."

"No accounting for tastes," said the captain, smiling. "If it were not for this engagement of yours, I should feel sorely tempted to get your uncle to give me a berth. There is nothing, after all, like the sea. You smile, Fran. Why, bless your dear little heart! I wasn't wishing things otherwise with you and Carlo. On the contrary, I think the sooner you are married and settled the better for both of you. He has looked sadly worn and out of spirits lately, poor fellow."

"There has been so much to trouble him," aid Francesca, with a sigh.

"Ay, and he is unfit to be left alone in that dreary house. Really, I don't see why there should be any more delay. Now that he has got rid of that sister of his, why shouldn't you be married quietly and have done with it? No disrespect to the mother in that, poor soul. Why, it is the thing of all others she would have wished. I tell you what, Fran, here is such a chance as is never likely to come again. Your uncle is unexpectedly coming out here; he is sure to give at least a week to Naples—why should we not have your wedding while he is here? Upon my word"—he rubbed his hands with greater satisfaction than before—"that's the happiest notion that has come to me for a long time, Fran. You and Carlo shall be packed off on your honeymoon, Sibyl and I will console ourselves with a cruise in the Pilgrim, and we'll all forget that provoking Madame Merlino, who has made such a storm in a teacup."

Francesca blushed vividly.

"If you really think—if Carlo——" she broke off, in confusion.

Captain Britton patted her head caressingly. "Why, of course, my love, of course I would take good care that Carlo thought the suggestion his own. To prolong the engagement would be bad for both of you. Nothing in the world more trying than long engagements. Not that you are to think I am in any hurry to get rid of you; but, after all, we shall scarcely be separated, and an engagement is somehow neither one thing nor the other. I should like to see you married, my dear; this sad affair of poor Carlo's has been an annoyance to me—such things are unsettling; they interrupt the steady routine of daily life. I confess I shall be glad to go away for a time with your uncle, and then, later on, to come back and begin our ordinary life once more."

Francesca felt like a cat rubbed the wrong way, but knowing that the rubber meant it all very kindly she bore it with composure.

"A cruise in the Pilgrim would be the best possible change for you, she said," laughing lightly, though not altogether without an effort. "I shall go and see if she is anywhere to be seen; and really, since you are in such a hurry to be off, I shall have to think about my wedding-dress."

Glad to put an end to the conversation, she crossed the room, threw open the window, and stepped out into the loggia. The night was deliciously fresh after the storm; she felt an inexpressible sense of freedom and relief as she closed the window behind her, and drank in deep draughts of the cool, moist air. Though her father's words had grated upon her, there was, nevertheless, a certain amount of truth in them which she could not but recognize. She, too, had that longing to go away, to escape from the scene of all the trouble and sorrow which had lately invaded their home. It would be like escaping from the hot, lamp-lit drawing-room into this cool out-of-doors. And then, perhaps Carlo would begin to be himself again. Surely, though she had not liked the way in which the idea was expressed, the idea itself was a good one. They would go away—right away from Naples—away from the region of theaters—away from all that could recall Carlo's loss, and she would comfort him. Then, later on, they would induce Merlino to let Anita come to them; she should stay with them at the Villa Bruno, should be made perfectly happy, should have all kinds of little English comforts which would be new and delightful to her after her wandering life. And so her troubles should somehow conveniently disappear, and she should find that their home was her home. If her trouble was connected with money as Francesca fancied, why then Carlo would somehow manage to clear off her debts, and she, too, should start life afresh, and they would all live happily ever after. So she dreamed in her girlish fashion, knowing nothing of the real state of the case, only fully convinced that this dreary state of things could not last forever, that somehow it would all come right in the end like the books. And in that belief no doubt she was right; wrong only in this, that "coming right in the end" meant to her coming right in these three score years and ten.

To be married, perhaps, next week! How calmly her father had suggested the idea, and how her heart throbbed as she recalled his words! She would lay aside her mourning for that one day, would be dressed, spite of the sadness which had heralded her marriage, "as a bride adorned for her husband"; and therewith she began, after the manner of girls, to picture the dress to herself; it should be long and white and shining; and as for orange-blossom, why there was no lack of that in the garden, always supposing this heavy rain had not dashed it. Thinking of the orange-blossom, she turned from those inward visions, and looked down into the dusky mass of trees and shrubs below, starting a little at sight of some one approaching, but quickly recognizing her lover.

"Carlo! why, Carlo! is it really you?" she exclaimed, an ecstasy of happiness in her voice, for she had not in the least expected him.

He looked up. She was leaning on the rail of the *loggia* among the climbing roses, her eyes bright with joy, her sweet face a little flushed, her white neck and arms gleaming through the black lace of her dress. He trembled from head to foot. It was too late now to tell her all—and had he strength to undeceive her? Would it not be better just to kiss that hand resting on the white balustrade, and excuse himself for the evening? But Francesca, who had never since her betrothal been so long parted from her lover, turned and flew down the steps to meet him.

"Oh, I had quite given you up, darling!" she cried. "And are you really well again—quite well?"

A terrible pang rent his heart, but he trembled no more; all the man in him rose up to meet this sore trial.

"Quite well, *carina*; only wet through, and not fit to touch you," he said; and by an impulse which he could hardly have explained he checked the hands which were stealing round his neck, drew them down, and held them there, his while he bent forward and kissed her.

A shade passed over her face. Why did he stop to think about his wet clothes? What lover ever deigned to bestow a thought on such prudent considerations?

He read her thoughts in a glance, and therewith saw a vision of the future—the shadow deepening on that dear face, the eyes dim with tears, the brow contracted with pain. To hide his agony from her he let his head droop forward, resting his burning forehead on her shoulder.

"I have been so dreadfully anxious, Carlino," she said. "And oh, it is so beautiful to have you back again!"

He did not speak, only his cold hands held hers more tightly; his face was hidden on her breast. But though he could hide from her the sight of his anguish, he could not deceive her; she knew intuitively that it was no physical pain which made a man like Carlo bow his head like one overwhelmed. It must surely be that he was thinking of his mother—and it must have been terribly dreary coming back from Naples that stormy evening—coming home for the first time to the empty house.

"My own dear one," she said, all the deep tenderness in her heart stealing into her voice, "you do not shut me out from your sorrow?" What is yours is mine, Carlino. I was so happy when I saw you, I forgot what a sad home-coming it must be. But, darling, it wasn't that I forgot her, for I, too, loved her."

"Pray that I may keep my promise to her," he whispered. "Pray! pray!"

There was a silence. The tears welled up in Francesca's eyes, not because she understood his sorrow, but because the sorrow was his, and because she loved him. She prayed obediently, like a little child. After awhile he raised his head, looked for a moment into her eyes, then pressed his lips to hers in a long, lingering kiss.

"Dear love," he said gently, "we will keep out Whitsuntide together."

He watched her up the marble steps, then turned away, walked home through the wet garden paths. "And even in his great sadness he could not but smile faintly as he reflected what Piale's feelings would be could he now see him, cold and weary, and wet to the skin. "The singer keeps his shop in his throat," he said to himself, with a pathetic little effort to persuade himself that he was now quite accustomed to the idea. "I must not indulge any more in evening storms."

(To be continued.)


### It is a Very Sad Thing

To see young and beautiful people die when they might just as well live and enjoy health and strength. Many who suffer with coughs, colds and lung troubles, leading to consumption, imagine there is no hope for them, when in reality there is every hope if Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is taken regularly. Spread the news everywhere that this great emulsion will make flesh and blood, cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore throats and lung troubles tending to consumption. In big bottles, 50c. and $1. At all druggists.


### Short and Sweet.

Bangs cover a multitude of wrinkles.

We presume that Cork has a large floating population.

The barber, we suppose, gets to heaven by a close shave.

The exercising of horses just before a race is the preamble.

The convict is naturally in a good humor when he's breaking out.

The eagle always feels more or less soareness in its wings when it uses them.

Most revolutions nowadays are caused by the modern printing press.—*Texas Siftings.*

Other sufferers from cold in the head and catarrh have been promptly cured, why not you? Capt. D. H. Lyon, manager and proprietor of the C. P. R. and R., W. & O. car ferry, Prescott, Ont., says: "I used Nasal Balm for a prolonged case of cold in the head. Two applications effected a complete cure in less than 24 hours. I would not take $100 for my bottle of Nasal Balm if I could not replace it."

The first quarrel. She: "Ah me Marriage is surely a lottery." "Yes, you only *hear* of the prizes that are drawn. The people one knows of always draw blanks."

# IF HE WERE A WOMAN

## What He Would Always Do To Keep Peace in the Family.

### Right Rules of Living for the Wife as Laid Down by the Unselfish, Loving Husband—The Pipe and the Slippers.

If you were to ask ten men what they would do if they were all women, nine out of ten would tell you something like the following. Afterward the tenth man would sign his name to it. Agreed to by nine men:

I am a man (fortunately), but if I were a woman, I would institute the following reforms in my feminine career:

1. I would see that my husband's pipe and slippers were to be found at night exactly where he left them in the morning, likewise his blacking-brush and receipts.

2. I would never pose as a martyr because the male members of the family were occasionally late at dinner.

3. I would never look as though I were suffering from indigestion simply because male members of the family stayed out late at night and then make irrelevant observations.

4. I would never utter disagreeable remarks regarding habits of drinking and smoking to make sensitive male members of the family feel uncomfortable.

5. I would never be on unfriendly terms with my servant, thereby encouraging her to take French leave. By dint of discretion, policy and an amiable disposition, a servant should always be in her place to promote general comfort.

6. I would never tell people how much I had to do, and I would not chase around the house doing the thousand useless things which a woman does.

7. I would never take more than a usual amount of pains to hide the button-hook, the clothes brush or the morning paper.

8. I would add to the culinary department various clever inventions I know of, and not evince such a prejudice about every way of doing which was not the way my grandmother did 100 years ago.

9. I would have the house run by such system that I would never lift my finger, and no one would be suspicious of when the work was performed. I would never have sweeping day or washing day or house-cleaning time.

10. I would never cook cabbage, ham, fritters, fish or onions within the sacred home precincts.

11. I would not allow the cook to burn so much fuel, and I would keep the kindling wood under lock and key.

12. I would have the coffee always strong, clear and aromatic, and I would never buy meat which consisted chiefly of bone, muscle, fat or fibre.

13. I would have eggs done to a turn in exactly three minutes by the clock, and not have the shells so hot that no man on earth could open them.

14. I would never take advantage of the grave-yard hours of the night to go through my husband's pockets for small change.

15. I would never ask a clerk to take down every bolt of cloth in the store in order to select two yards of cloth for an apron.

16. I would never allow church societies, missionary enterprises, literary clubs and other foolish feminine organizations to interfere with the domestic diversions of mending, patching, darning and the like.

17. I wouldn't hamper the mind of a busy man with mailing unimportant letters to feminine correspondents in obscure sections of the country, and then create unnecessary family disturbance on finding them a week or so thereafter in his coat pocket hanging safely in the closet.

18. I wouldn't be a dog in the manger and object to a man's going to a theatre because I had to remain at home myself on my baby's account.

19. I would wind my watch. I would get my baby in the habit of sleeping at night, and I wouldn't look sad and red-eyed at every change of season when I couldn't buy a new bonnet.

20. I wouldn't berate a dressmaker whom I had paid $40 to run a new gown.

21. I wouldn't use my lap for a writing desk and criss-cross the lines four times on one sheet so that no one but a woman could read it.

22. I wouldn't put pins in my belt, nor pin the buttons to my shoes.

23. I wouldn't give a man a pair of hand-embroidered velvet slippers four sizes too large for him and then feel offended when he would not wear them.

24. I wouldn't give my husband a smoking cap and a $45 cigar set for a Christmas present and then make inconsistent remarks all the next year about the extravagance of men.

25. I wouldn't buy my husband a Christmas present and then expect him to pay the bill.

26. I wouldn't quarrel with my lady friends in the horse car about who should pay the fare. I would peacefully allow the other woman to pay.

27. I wouldn't trade off my husband's last season's clothing for bric-a-brac and then pretend I didn't know what became of it.

28. I would not put tidies on the chairs nor hang a match receiver on the chandelier.

29. I would cultivate an amiable disposition, never have headaches, take a nap every afternoon, bridle my tongue, and, above all, never desire to have the last word.

30. I would, in short, endeavor always to make the lives of male members of the family as felicitous and free from care as possible.

Signed by the tenth man.—*New York Recorder.*

### Wanted, A Boy.

A jolly boy.
A boy full of vim.
A boy who scorns a lie.
A boy who will never smoke.
A boy with some "stick to it."
A boy who takes to the bathtub.
A boy who is proud of his big sister.
A boy who thinks hard work no disgrace.
A boy who does chores without grumbling.
A boy who believes that an education is worth while.
A boy who plays with all his might—during playing hours.
A boy who listens not to unclean stories from any one.
A boy who thinks his mother above all mothers is the model.
A boy who does not know more than all the rest of the house.
A boy who does not think it inconsistent to mix playing and praying.
A boy who does not wait to be called the second time in the morning.—*Star of Pinta*


### A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists.


### A Wicked Husband.

New York *Herald*: Bond—Why do you call your wife an old hen?

Gallon—Because she always cackles when she lays for me.

A new lead-headed nail for use on corrugated roofs has appeared in London. The head flattens under the blow of the hammer and prevents leaking.

Alice Jane Campbell, a London lady, has just patented an improved measuring attachment for shears and scissors, that promises to make her famous.

Beards were at various times taxed in England and the sheriff of Canterbury paid three shillings and four pence for wearing a beard. In the first year of Elizabeth's reign every beard above a fortnight's growth was taxed three shillings and sixpence, but the law was too absurd to be enforced. Peter the Great imposed a tax of a rouble upon beards, but it was roon cancelled.

*Siftings*: A man out in Kentucky has just found a heavy pot of gold. It is likely that he lifted it with three jacks.

Husband—What on earth did you get that new gown for? Wife—I expect a new servant girl to-day, and of course, my dear, I must receive her properly.

A pretty female child and a fine bonne are very much alike, in that either becomes a handsome woman.

The Sultan of Turkey has won a suit against an Italian newspaper that had printed a caricature of him. It cost the editor $75 and three days "time."

There is a tide in the affairs of men which if not skilfully dodged at the proper time drowns them.

There seems to be a demand for shoe ventilation. Various plans with this end in view have been formulated, but none seem to be practical.


# "August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used **Relieved In Two Days.** your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system. **Constipation** While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken **Life of Misery** with judgment." A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind."


### A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT

#### Between a French Frigate and an English Man-of-War.

[From "A Master Mariner." Being the Life and Adventures of Captain Robert William Eastwick.]

The historic encounter between the French frigate La Forte, 50 guns, and La Sybille, 44 guns, flying the white ensign, took place in the Bay of Bengal, the British vessel being commanded by Captain Cooke, son of the famous navigator and one of the best officers in His Majesty's service. Captain Eastwick and Captain Cooke, with the crews of their respective vessels, watched the encounter from the decks of the Frenchman, by whom they had just previously been captured.

It was a brilliant moonlight night, with light winds and calm sea. Captain Cooke and I, having retired to a corner of the quarter-deck, were sitting talking, when our attention was suddenly drawn to a strange sail making toward us, and distinctly visible in the moonlight. She was a large vessel, and there was a curious fact about her, that she did not display a single light, but sailed serenely on with all her canvas spread, and yet without any signs of life on board. The French officers actually mistook her for a merchantman "with the crew all asleep," and about to be delivered into their hands. They had enjoyed such a career of good fortune during the last month that they were ready to accept the new ship as only a further instalment of the luck that seemed to be theirs.

Nearer and nearer came the strange sail, as calm and stately as if she had the entire ocean to herself, and no other vessel in sight. Such confidence amounted to audacity, for the display of lights from the French frigate marked her as a man-of-war. As the approaching ship continued her course and came within range, the captain of the La Forte began to exhibit some doubts about her, and ordered a few shots to be fired at her. But these eliciting no response, he commanded the firing to cease, observing in my hearing, "She will prove another *Bon Prix!*" Still, as a matter of precaution, every man was kept at his quarters, though in a careless way, and the guns were all loaded and pointed at the stranger.

We prisoners were now ordered to retire below, and were shown into the officers' berth-place, the door of which was locked upon us. This did not, however, altogether prevent us from obtaining a view of what was going on, for there was a small porthole, through which we peered in turn, and tried to conjecture who or what this vessel might be that came on in such a masterly manner and appeared to anticipate no danger, although she was sailing into the very teeth of one of the strongest frigates afloat, and one which had proved herself to be a terror in those waters.

Suddenly, having got into a proper position, and as the moment of action arrived, the tarpaulins which had covered the lanterns and hidden the lights on board of the La Sybille were removed as if by magic, and an illuminated large English ship exposed to view. She was now within two cables' length, and luffed to the wind on the port tack, and the next instant the whole broadside of a well-directed fire was poured into La Forte. Then edging down, after the discharge, before the wind, the La Sybille came fairly alongside.

And now occurred such a scene on board the French frigate as I can find no words to describe. Her decks had been raked with the small grape-shot that came alike hail from the 24-pounders of her opponent, and in a moment all was shouting and noise and confusion. Whistles were piped, orders were cried out, and the crew were hurried up to serve the guns, urged on by their officers. The admiral was killed early in the action, and the captain fell next, as gallant a man as could be desired. He was cut in half by a chain-shot whilst trying to rally his crew, who, having been fairly caught a-napping, were all in alarm and confusion. The execution wrought amongst their ranks by the sudden broadside was dreadful, and the whole ship resounded with the shrieks and groans of the wounded, making a noise that was sickening to hear. Still a gallant fight was kept up, despite the demoralizing effects of that deadly fire. The musketry rattled, and between the thunder of the guns, as broadside after broadside was returned, there came the less frequent but constant discharges of the brass swivels mounted on the quar