THE WORKING GIRL. She is a working girl blithe and fair, With light blue eyes and flaxen hair, And a brave young heart that mowsmuch of care

Every morn, when the clock strikes eight, She cheerily enters the factory gate, And fai healty toils till the hour grows late.

Black to ugh her hands with clinking dust, And not ked with the stains of iron rust, They are white with the virtue of hope and trust.

Walled to toil, she does not complain
Of the wary hours and the constant strain,
And a feeling within which is sometimes pain.

An i often at morning her song is heard Assweet as the notes of a wild-wood bird, For her nature with hope is ever stirred.

And e'en at her task she sometimes sings; Then peace to her soul its comfort brings,

And the hour goes by on fleeter winge. Some day some responsive heart shall take This patient worker, for sweet love s sake, And of her a life companion make.

For while she toils, with her cares beset She unwittingly weaves love's wonderful net, In which she will catch a sweetheart yet.

VENDETTA;

The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued. She broke off abruptly, her alarm increasing at my utter silence. She gazed up at me with wild wet eves.

"Ces re! Cesare! speak! What ails you? Why have you brought me here? Touch mekiss me! say something—anything—only speak!"

And her bosom heaved convulsively; she sobbed with terror.

1 put her from me with a firm hand. I spoke in measured accents, tinged with some

"Hush, I pray you! This is no place for an hysterical scena. Consider where you are! You have guessed aright—this is a vault,—your own mausoleum, fair lady! . . . if I misake not—the burial-place of the Romani amily." contempt.

At these words her sobs ceased, as though they had been frozen in her throat; she stared at me in speechless fear and wonder.
"Here," I went on with methodical delibera-

"here lie all the great ancestors of your husband's family, heroes and martyrs in their day. Here will your own fair flesh moulder. Here," and my voice grew deeper and more resolute, "here, six months ago, your husband himself, Fabio Romani, was buried." She uttered no cound, but still gazed at me

She attered no sound, but still gazed at me like some brautiful pagan goddess turned to stone by the Furiss. Having spoken thus far I was silent, watching the effect of what I had said, for I sought to torture the very nerves of her base soul. At last her dry lips parted, her voice was hoarse and indistinct.

"You must be mad!" she said with smothered anger and horror in her tone.

Then, seeing me still immovable, she advanced and caught my hand half commandingly,

half coaxingly. I did not resist her.
"Come," she implored, "come away at once!" and she glanced about her with a shudder. "Let us leave this horrible place; as for the jewels, if you keep them here, they may stay here; I would not wear them for the world! Come." would not wear them for the world: Come."

I interrupted her, holding her hand in a fierce grasp; I turned her abruptly towards a dark object lying on the ground near us—my own collin broken asunder. I draw her close to it "Look!" I said in a thrilling whisper, "what is this? Examine it well: it is a coffin of direct world a challer soffin. What says of flimsiest wood, a cholera coffin. What says the painted inscription? Nay, do not start. It

bears your husband's name; he was buried in it. Then how comes it to be open? Where is I felt her sway under me; a new and over whelming terror had taken instant possession of her, her limbs refused to support her, she sank on her knees. Mechanically and feebly

she repeated the words after me.
"Where is he? Where is he?" "Aye!" and my voice rang out through the hollow vault, its passion restrained no more. "Where is he?—the poor fool, the miserable. credulous dupe, whose treatherous wife played the courtesan under his very roof, while he loved and blindly trusted her! Where is he! Here, here !" and I seized her hands and forced he up from her kneeling posture. "I promised you should see me as 1 am. I swore to grow young to night for your sake. Now I keep my word. Look at me, Nina. Look at me, my twicewedded wife. Look at me. Do you know your

And, throwing my dark habilaments from me, I stood before her, undisguised. As though some defacing disease had swept over her at my words and look, so her beauty suddenly van-ished. Her face became drawn and pinched and almost old; her lips turned blue, her eyes grew glazed, and strained themselves from their sockets to stare at me; her very their sockets to stare at me; her very hands looked thin and ghost-like as she raised them upwards with a frantic, speaking gesture; there was a sort of gasping rattle in her throat as she drew herself away from me

terrified eyes wandered to mine again with a reluctant and awful wonder. She attempted to rise from her crouching posi-tion; I approached, and assisted her to do so with ceremonious politeness. She trembled violently at my touch, and slowly staggering to her feet she pushed back her hair from her forehead and resarded me fixedly, with a searching, anguished look, first of doubt, then of dread, and lastly of convinced and hopeless certainty, for she suddenly covered her eyes with her hands as though to shut out some repulsive object, and broke into a low wailing sound like that of one in bitter physical pain. I laughed scornfully.
"Well, do you know me at last?" I cried

Tis true I have somewhat altered. This of mine was black, if you remember, it is whit e enough now, blanched by the horrors of a living death such as you cannot imagine, but which, "and I spoke more slowly and im-pressively, "'you may possibly experience ere long. Yet in prite of this change I think you know me! That is well. I am glad your memory serves you thus far."

A low sound that was half a sob and half a

A low sound that was half a sop and half a cry broke from her.

'Oh, no, no "she mubbered again incoherent-ly—"it cannot be! It must be false—it is some vile plot—it cannot be true! True! Oh, heaven! it would be too crue!, too horrible!"

I strode up to her. I drew her hands away from her eyes and grasped them bightly in my

own.

"Hear me I" I said, in clear decisive tones.
"I have kept silence, God knows, with a long atience, but now—now I can speak. Wes you thought me dead,—you had say reason to think so, you had every pooder the sen! What a relief it was to you! Wh Parisouried alive! She uttered a faint oterror, and looking wildly be to wrench her hands it held them more close. I held them more close think of it, wife of mine?—you to me has be second nature, think of ody strength held in a helpless swoon. I messed the younger coffin and in the complete of the month of the still lingered the nough to split as under the coed me, and leave them shatten now."

and glanced with av rsion

towards the broken coffin, and again tried to loosen her hands from mine. She looked at me with burning anger in her face.

"Let me go!" she panted. "Madman liar!—let me go!" she panted. "Madman liar!—let me go!" the panted. "Yadman liar!—let me go!" the panted leave the poor frail heart pierced by a gaping wound!" the panted leave with burning anger in her face.
"Let me go!" she panted. "Madman liar!—let me go!"

garding her fixedly.
"I am no madman," I said composedly;
"and you know as well as I do, that I speak
the truth. When I escaped from that coffin I
found myself a prisoner in this very vault—this this very vault—this house of my perished ancestry, where, if old legends could be believed, the very bones that are stored up here would start and recoil srom your presence as pollution to the dead, whose creed was honour."

The sound of her sobbing breath ceased sud-

denly; she fixed her eyes on mine; they glittered defiantly.

"For one long awful night," I resumed, "I suffered here. I might have starved,—or perished of thirst. I thought no agony could surpass what I endured! But I was mistaken: there was a sharper torment in store for me. I discovered a way to escape; with grateful tears I thanked God for my rescue, for liberty, for life! Oh, what a fool was I! How could I dream that my death was so desired !—how could I know that I had better far have died than have returned to such a home !"

Her lips moved, but she uttered no word; she shivered as though with intense cold. 1 drew nearer to her.

Perhaps you doubt my story? She made no auswer. A rapid impulse of fury possessed me.

"Speak!" I cried fiercely, "or by the God above us I will make you! Speak!" and I drew the dagger I carried from my vest "Speak the truth for once,—'twill be difficult to you who love lies, but this time I rough he appeared! Tell me do you time I must be answered! Tell me, do you know me? Do you or do you not believe that I am indeed your husband—your living husband,

She gasped for breath. The sight of my in-furiated figure, the glitter of the naked steel he-fora her eyes, the suddenness of my action, the horror of her position, all terrified her into speech. She flung herself down before me in an attitude of abject entreaty. She found her oice at last.

death; I am too young to die! Yes, yes; I know you are Fabio-Fabio, my husband-Fabio, whom I thought dead-Fabio-Oh!" and she sobbed convulsively.

"You said you loved me to-day.
when you married me! Why did you marry me? I was your wife already—wby—wby?
Oh, horrible, horrible! I see,—I understand it all now! But do not, do not kill me, Fabiom afraid to die!

And she hid her face at my feet grovelled there. As quickly calmed as I had been suddenly furious, I put back the dagger. smothered my voice and spoke with mocking courtesv.

"Pray do not alarm yourself," I said coolly. "I have not the slightest intention of killing you. I am no vulgar murderer, yielding to mere brute instincts. You forget: a Neapolitan has hot passions, but he also has finesse, especially in matters of vengeance. I brought you here to tell you of my existence, and to confront you with the proofs of it. Rise, I beg of you, we have plenty of time to talk; with a little patience I shall make things clear to you,

She obeyed me, lifting herself up reluctantly with a long, shuddering sigh. As she stood up

ight I laughed contemptuously.
What! no love words for me;" I cried. "not one kiss, not one smile, not one word of welcome? You say you know me-well! are you not glad to see your husband?—you, who were such an inconsolable widow?"

A strange quiver passed over her face—she wrung her hands together hard, but she said no

Listen !" I said, there is more to tell. When I broke loose from the grasp, when I came home.

I broke loose from the grasp, when I came home.

I found my vacant post already occupied. I —I found my vacant post already occupied. I atrived in time to witness a very pretty pastoral play. The scene was the ilex avenue—the actors, you, my wife, and Guido, my friend?"

She raised her head and uttered a low exclamation of fear. I advanced a step or two and spoke more rapidly.

"You hear? There was moonlight, and the

song of nightingales, —yes; the stage effects were perfect! I watched the progress of the comedy,—with what emotions you may imagine. I learned much that was news to me. I became aware that for a lady of your large heart and sensitive feelip cient,"-here I laid my hand on her shoulder and gazed into her face, while her eyes, dilated with terror, stared hopelessly up to mine,— "and that within three little months of your marriage to me you provided yourself with another. Nay, no denial can serve you. Guido Ferrari was husband to you in all things but the name. I mastered the situation,—I rose to the emergency. Trick for trick, comedy for "Fabio! Fabio! Table me out to the light—the air—let the light the comedy! You know the rest. As the Count Oliva you cannot deny that I acted well. For the second time I courted you, but not half so eagerly as you courted mc! For the second time I have married you! Who shall

second time I have married you! Who shall dony that you are most thoroughly mine—mine, body and soul, till death do us part!"

And I loosened my grasp of her; she writhed from me like some glittering wounded serpent. The tears had dried on her cheeks, her features were rigid and wax like as the features of a granter. corpse; only her dark eyes shone, and these seemed preternaturally large, and gleamed with an etil lustre. I moved a little away, and turning my own coffin on its side, I sat down upon it as indifferently as though it were an easy-chair in a drawing-room. Glancing at her then, I saw a wavering light upon her face. Some idea had entered into her mind. She moved gradually from the wall where she leaned, watching me fearfully as she did_so. I made no attempt to stir from the seat I occu-

Slowly, slowly, still keeping her eyes on me, she glided step by step onward and passed me;—then with a sudden rush she reached the stairway, and bounded up ic with the startled haste of a hunted deer. smiled to myself. I heard her shaking the I smiled to inyself. I neard ner shaking the iron gateway to and fro with all her feeble trength; she called aloud for help several times. Only the sullen schoes of the vault answered her, and the wild whistle of the wind as it surged through the trees in the cametery. At last she acreamed furiously, as a savage cat might acream,—the rustle of her silken robes came swiftly sweeping down the steps, and with a spring like that of a young tigress she confronted me, the blood now burning wrathfully in her face, and transforming it back to something of its old beauty.

"Unlock that door!" she cried, with a furious stamp of her foot. "Assazsin! traitor! I hate you! I always hated you! Unlock that door. I tell you! You dare not display me! silken robes came swiftly sweeping down the

door, I tell you! You dare not disobey me!
You have no right to murder me!"
I looked at her coldly; the torrent of her
words was suddenly checked, something in my

expression daunted her; she trembled and

shrank back.
"No right!" I said mockingly. "I differ from you! A man once married has some right trom you! A man once married has some right over his wife, but a man twice married to the same woman has surely gained a double au-thority. And as for 'dare not!' there is noth-ing I dare not do to night."

And with that I rose and approached her. A torrent of passionate indignation boiled in my veins; I seized her two white arms and held

her fast.
"You talk of murder!" I muttered fiercely. You—you who have remorsely murdered two hen! Their blood be on your head! For though I live, I am but the moving corpse of the flyn I was—hope, faith, happiness, peace, the man live, lam out the moving corpse of all third good and great in me have been claim by you. Ind as tor Guido "".

She inter upted me with a wild sobbing the contract of the contract of

She inter upted me with a wild sobbing cry.

'He loved we! Guido loved me!"

'Aye, he lovel you, oh, devil in the shape of a woman! he wed you! Oome here, here!"

and in a fury! could not restrain! dragged her, almost lift, here along to one corner of the and in a rury could not restrain I dragged her, almost lift'd her along to one corner of the vault, where the light of the torches scarcely illumined the darkness, and there I pointed upyrids. "Above our very heads." to the left of where we stand, the brave strong body of your lover lies, festering slowly in the wes mould, thanks to you!

she mouned restlessly, striving to turn her face

away from me. I killed him? No, no, not I, but you. He died when he learned your treachery,—when he knew you were false to him for the sake of wedknew you were false to him for the sake of wedding a supposed wealthy stranger—my pistolshot but put him out of torment. You! you were glad of his death—as glad as when you thought of mine. You talk of murder! Oh, vilest among women! if I could murder you twenty times over, what then? Your sins outweigh all pusishment!"

weigh all punishment!"

Ard I flung her from me with a gesture of contempt and loathing. This time my words had struck home. She covered before me in horror,—her sables were lossened and scarcely protected her, the richness of her ball costume was fully displayed, and the diamonds on her bosom heaved restlessly up and down as she

panted with excitement, rage and fear.
"I do not see," she muttered sullenly, "why
you should blame mc! I am no worse than other women ?"

"No worse! no worse!" I cried. "Shame, shame upon you that thus outrage your sex! Learn for once what men think of unmindful wives—for may be, you are ignorant. The novels you have read in your luxurious, idle hours have perhaps told you that infidelity is no sin,—merely a little social error easily condoned, or set right by the Divorce Court. Yes! . . modern books and modern plays teach you so: in them the world swerves upside down, and vice looks like virtue. But I wil! tell you what will seem to you a strange and wonderful thing! There is no mean animal, no loathsome object, no horrible deformity of nature so utself. terly repulsive to a true man, as a faithless wife! The cowardly murderer who lies in wait for his vict m behind some dark door, and stabs him in the back as he passes by unarmed,—he, I say, is more to be pardoned than the woman who takes a husbard's name, honor, position, and a reputation among his fellows, and sheltering hersaif with these, passes her beauty promiscuously about like some charse article of commerce that voice at last.

"Mercy! mercy!" she cried. "Ob, God! about like same coarse article of confidence of your you will not kill me? Anything—anything but French novels and brooks of their type say what they will-iondelity is a crime, a low, brutal crime, as bad if not worse than murder, and deserves as stern a sentence."

A sudden spirit of defiant insolence possessed her. She drew hereelf erect, and her level

brows knitted in a dark frown.
"Sentence!" she exclaimed imperiously "How dare you judge me! What barm have I done? If I am beautiful, is that my fault! If men are fools, can I help it? You loved me—Guido loved me—could I prevent io? I cared "I know it," I said bitterly. "Love was never part of your nature! Our lives were but cups of wine for your false lips to drain; once

the flavor pleased you, but now-now, think you not the dregs taste somewhat cold She shrank at my glance,—her bead drooped, and drawing near a projecting stone in the wall, she sat down upon it, pressing one hand

to her heart,
"No heart, no conscience, no memory!" I cried. 'Great Heaven! that such a thing should live and call itself woman! The lowest cried. beast of the field has more compassion for its kind! Listen: before Guido died he knew me, even as my child, neglected by you, in her last agony knew her father. She being innocent, passed in peace; but he!—imagine if you can, the wrenching torture in which he perished, knowing all! How his past spirit must curs

you!"
She raised her hands to her head and pushe: away the light curls from her brow. There was a sterving, hunted, almost furious look in her eyes, but she fixed them steadily on me. "See," I went on-"here are more proofs of

the truth of my story. These things were huried with me," and I threw into her lap as she sat before me the locket and chain, the card-case and purse she herself had given me. "You will no doubt recognise them, This,"—and I showed her the monk's crucifx,—"this was laid on my breast in the coffin. It may be useful to you—you can pray to it presently!"

She interrupted me with a gesture of her hand: she spoke as though in a dream. "You escaped from this vault?" she said is a low tone, looking from right to left with searching eagerness. "Tell me how-andwhere?

I laughed cornfully, guessing her thoughts.
"It matters little," I replied. "The passage I discovered is now closed and fast cemented. I have seen to that myself! No other living

me! Take me out to the light—the air—let me live! Drag me th-ough Naples,—let all the crowd see me dishonored, brand me with cast, only let me feel the warm life throbbing in my veins! I will do anything, say anything, be anything,—only let me live! I loathe the cold and darkness—the horrible, horrible ways of death!" She shuddered violently and clung to me afresh. "I am so young! and after all, am I so vile? There are women who count their lovers by the score, and yet they are not blamed; why should I suffer more than they?"

"Why! Why?" I echoed fiercely. "Because for once a busband takes the law into his own hands-for once a wronged man insists on jus-tice-for once he dares to punish the treachery that blackens his honour! Were there more like me there would be fewer like you! A score of lovers! "Tis not your fault that you had but one! I have something else to say which concerns you. Not content with fooling two men, you tried the same amusement! on a supposed third. Aye, you wince at that! While you thought me to be the Count Oliva, -while you were betrothed to me in that character, you wrote to Guido Ferrari in Rome. Very charming letters! here they are," and I flung them down to her. "I have no further flung them down to her. "I have use for them-I have read them all!"

She let them lie where they fell; she still crouched at my feet, and her restless move-ments loosened her cloak so far that it hung from her shoulders, showing the jewel that flashed on her white neck and arms like points of living light. I touched the circlet of diamonds in her hair—I snatched it from

her.
"These are mine!" I cried, "as much as this aignet I wear, which was your love gift to Gui-do Ferrari, and which you afterwards returned to me, its rightful owner. These are my mother's gems—how dared you wear them? The stones I gave you are only fitting for ornaments—they are stolen goods; filched by the blood-stained hands of the blackest brigand in Sicily! I promised you more like them; behold them!" hands -and I threw open the coffin-shaped chest containing the remainder of Carmelo Neri's spoils. It occupied a conspicuous position near where I stood, and I had myself arranged its interior so that the gold ornaments and precious stones should be the first things to meet her eyes. You see now," I went on, "where the wealth the supposed Count Oliva came from I found this treasure hidden here on the might of my burial;—little did I think then what dire need I should have for its usage! It has served me well; it is not yet exhausted; the remainder is at your service!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

At these words she rose from her knees and stood upright. Making an effort to fasten her cloak with her trembling hands, she moved hesitatingly towards the brigand's coffin and leaned over it, looking in with a faint light of hope as well as curiosity in her haggard face. It watched her in vague wonderment,—she had grown old so suddenly. The peach-like bloom and delicacy of her flesh had altogether disappaared, —h.r.skin appeared drawn and dry as though parched in tropical heat. Her hair was disordered, and fell about her in clustering the faling treeses of ner own hair she seemed to sepulche! Great Heaven how last the min' showers of gold—that, and her eyes, were the admire—its colour and texture, for she son stream of life trickled! staining the enowy

only signs of youth about her. A sudden wave stroked, it and restroked it and finally broke

only signs of youth about her. A sudden wave of compassion swept ever my sonl.

"O wife!" I exclaimed,—" wife that I so ardently loved,—wife that I would have died for indeed, had you bade me!—why did you betray me? I thought you truthitself—sye! and if you had but waited for one day after you thought me dead, and then chosen Guido for your lover. I tell you so large was not tenderyour lover, I tell you, so large was my tender-ness, I would have pardoned you! Though risen from the grave, I would have gone away risen from the grave, I would have gone away and made no sign—yes; it you had waited—if you had wept for me ever so little! But when your own lips confessed your crime, when I knew that within three months of our marriage-day you had fooled me,—when I learned that my you had fooled me,—when I learned that my love, my name my position, my honour, were used as mere screens to shelter your ratrigue with the man I called friend!—God! what creature of mortal flesh and blood could forgive such treachery? I am no more than others,but I loved you! . . . and in proportion to my love, so is the greatness of my wrong!" She listened—she advanced a little towards

me-a faint smile dawned on her palid lips-she whispered:
"Fabio!" I looked as her, -unconsciously my voice

dropped into a cadence of intense melancholy softened by tenderness.
"Aye, Fabia! What wouldst thou with the ghost of him? Does it not seem strange to thee—that bated name?—thou, Nina, whom I loved as few men love women,—thou who gavest me no love at all,—thou, who hast broken my heart and made me what I am!"

A hard, heavy sob rose in my throat and ch-ked my utterance. I was young; and the cruel waste and destruction of my life seemed at that moment more than I could bear. She heard heard man, and the smile brightened more warmly on her countenance. She came close to me—half timidly yet coaxingly she threw one arm about my neck—her bosom heaved quickly.

"Fabio," she murmured—"Fabio, forgive me! I spoke in haste,—I do not hate thee!

Come! I will make amends for all thy suffering—I will love thee—I will be true to thee, I will be all thine! See! thou knowest I have not lost my beauty !" And she close to me with passion, raising her lips to mine, while with her large inquiring eyes she searched my face for the reply to her

words. I gazed down upon her with sorrowful "Beauty? Mere food for worms-I care not

for it! Of what avail is a fair body tenanted by a fiendish soul? Forgiveness you ask too late! A wrong like mine can never be for-

Then ensued a silence. She still embraced me. but her eyes roved over me as though she searched for some lost thing. The wind tore searched for some lost thing. furiously among the branches of the cypresses outside, and screamed through the small holes and crannies of the stone work, rattling the iron gate at the summit of the starway with a clanking sound, as though the famous brigand chief had escaped with all his claims upon him, and were clamouring for admittance to recover his buried property. Suddenly her face lightened with an expression of cunning intensity, and before I could perceive her intent,—with swift agility "Too late!" she cried, with a wild laugh—
"No; not too late! Die—wretch!"

For one second the bright steel flashed in the

wavering light as she possed it in act to strike, the next, I had caught her murderous hand and forced it down, and was struggling with her for the mastery of the weapon. She held it with a desperate grip—she fought with me breathlessly, chinging to me with all her force,—she reminded me of that ravenous unclean bird with which I had had so fierce a combat on the night of my living burial. For some brief moments she was possessed of super natural strength—she sprang and tore at my clothes, keeping the poniard fast in her clutch. At last I thrust her down panting and exhausted, with fury flashing in her eyes; I wrenched the steel from her hand and brand-

ished it above her.
"Who talks of murder now?" I cried in hitter derision. "Oh, what a joy you have lost! What triumph for you, could you have stabbed me to the heart and left me here dead indeed! What a new career of lies would have been yours! How weetly you would have said your prayers with the strin of my blood upon your soul! Aye you would have fooled the world to the end, and died in the odor of sanctity! And you dared to ask my forviveness!....

I stopped short-a strange, bewildered expression passed over her face, she looked about her in a dazed vague way—then her gaze bene suddenly fixed, and she pointed towards

dark corner and shuddered.

"Huth—hush!" she said in a low terrified whiteper. "Look! how still he stands! how whisper. pale he seems! Do not speak-do not movehash! he must not hear your voice....I will go to him and tell him all—all...." She rose and stretched out her arms with a gesture of en-

treaty. "Guido! Guido!" With a sudden chilled awe at my heart I looked towards the spot that thus rivited her attention—all was shrouded in deep gloom.

She caught my arm.
"Kill him!" she whispered fiercely, "kill him, and then I will love you! Ah!" and with an exclamation of fear she began to retire swiftly backwards as though confronted by some threatening figure.

"He is coming nearer—nearer! No, no,
Guido! You shall not touch me—you d-re not
—Fabio is dead and I am free—free!" She paused, her wild eyes gazed upward, did she see some horror there? She put up both hards as though to shield herself from some impending blow, and uttering a loud cry she fell prone on the stone floor, insensible. Or dead? I on the stone floor, insensible. Or dead? I balanced this question indifferently, as I looked down upon her icanimate form. The flavor of vengeance was het in my mouth, and filled me with delirious satisfaction. True, I had been glad, when my bullet whizzing sharply through one air had carried death to Guido, but my graduess had been mingled with ruthfulness and regret. Now, not one throb of pity stirred me,

not the faintest emotion of tenderness.

Ferrari's sin was great, but she tempted him her crime outweighed his. And now there she lay white and silent, in a swoon that was like death—that might be death for aught I knew— or cared! Had her lover's ghost indeed appeared before the eyes of her guilty conscience? I did not doubt it—I should scarcely have been startled had I seen the poor pale shadow of him by my side, as I musingly gazed upon the fair body of the traitress who had wantonly

wrecked both our lives.

"Aye, Guido, I muttered half aloud—"dost see the work? Thou art avenged, frail spirit—avenged as well as I,—part thou in peace from earth and its inhabitants !—haply thou shalt cleanse in pure fire the sins of thy lower nature, and win a final pardon; but for her—attracts the sine of the sine of the lower nature, and win a final pardon; but for her—attracts the sine of the si is hell itself black enough to match her soul?"
And I slowly moved towards the takeway; it was time, I thought, with a grim resolve,—
to leave her / Possibly she was dead; if not,
why then she soon would be! I paused
irresolute—the wild wind battered ceaselessly at the iron gateway, and wailed as though with a Lundred voices of erial creatures lament ing. The torones were burning low, the dark-ness of the vault deepened. Its gloom con-cerned me little; I had grown familiar with its unsightly things, its crawling spiders, its strange uncouth beetles, the clusters of blue fungion its walls. The scurrying noises made by bats and owls, who, scared by the lit cardles, were hiding themselves in holes and corners of refuge, startled me not at all; I was well accustomed to such sounds. In my then state of mind, an emperor's palace were less fair to me than this brave charnel house—this stonemonthed witness of my struggle back to life and all life's misery. The deep toned bell outside the cemetery struck One! We had been absent nearly two hours from the brilliant assem-blage left at the hotel, No doubt we were being searched for everywhere; it mattered not; they would not come to seek us here. I went on resolutely towards the stair—as I placed my foot on the first step of the ascent, my wife stirred from her recumbent rosition—her swoon had lighted on this and I have a slow stream of passed. She did not perceive me where I stood, blood cozing thickly from, beneath the stone ready to depart—she murmured something to the penderous stone that no man could have herself in a low voice, and, taking in her hand, moved an inch, the stone that scaled her swful from her recumbent roution—her swoon had passed. She did not perceive me where I stood,

stroked, it and re-stroked it and finally broke into a gay laugh, a laugh so out of all keeping, with her surroundings, that it startled me more than her attempt to murder me.

She presently stood up with her own lily like grace and fair majesty; and smiling at though a she were a pleased child she began to arrangs or her disordereed dress with elaborate care. I paused wonderingly, and watched her of the crucifix of the more than the crucifix of the crucifix of the more than the crucifix of the crucifix she put on, one after the other, till her neck and arms were loaded, and literally blazed with the myriad scintillations of different colored gems. I marvelled at her strange conduct, but did not as yet guess its meaning. I moved away from the staircase and drew imperoptibly nearer to her. Hark! What was that? A strange, low rumbling, like a distant earthquake, followed by a snarp, cracking sund. I stopped to listen attentively. A furions gush of wind rushed round the nausoleum shricking wildly like some devil in anger, and the strong draught flying through the gateway extinguished two of the flaring candles. My wife entirely absorbed in counting over Carmel Neri's treasures, apparently saw and heard nothing. Suddenly she broke into another laugh—a chuckling mirthless laugh such as might come trom the lips of the aged and senile. The sound curdled the blood in my veins—it was the lugh of a madwoman! With an earnest, distinct voice I called to her-

"Nina! Nina!"

She turned towards me still smiling—her eyes were bright, her face had regained its habitual color, and as she stood in the dim light, with her rich treeses falling about her, and the clustering gems massed together in a glittering fire against her white skin, she looked unnaturally, withly beautiful. She nodded to me, half-graciously, half-haughtily, but gave me no answer. Moved with quick pity I called again—

She laughed again—the same terrible laugh. "Si Si 1 Son' bella, son' bellissima /" she murmured. "Etu, Guido? Tu m'ami?"

Then raising one hand as though commandng attention, she cried-Ascolts /" and began to sing clearly though feebly:

"Ti saluto, Resignuolo!" Nel tuo duolo....ti saluto! Sei l'amante della rosa Che merenao si fa sposa !

As the old familiar melody echoed through the dreary vault, my bitter wrath against her partially lessened; with the swiftness of my southern temperament a certain compassion stirred my soul. She was no longer quite the same woman who had wronged and betrayed me, -she had the helpleseness and fearful innocence of madness . . . in that condition I could not have hurt a hair of her head. I stepped hastily forward-1 resolved to take her out of the vault,-after all I

would not leave her thus, . . . but as I approached, she withdrew from me, and with an argry stamp of her foot metiored me back-ward, while a dark frown knitted her far brows, "Who are you?" she cried imperiously, "You are dead, quite dead! How dare you come out of your grave!"
And she stared at me deficatly,—then sud-

denly clapping her hands as though in ecstasy, and seeming to address some invisible being at her side, she said in low, delighted tones— "He is dead, Guido! Are you not glad? She paused, apparently expecting some reply, for she looked about her wonderingly, and cor tinued-"You did not answer me-are you tinued—"You did not answer me—are you afraid? Why are you so pale and stern? Have you just come back from Rome? What have you heard? That I am false?—oh no! I will love you still.... Ah! I forgot! you also are dead, Guido! I remember now—you cannot make you have and more—I am free and quite hurt me any more,-I am free and quite

Smiling, she continued her song-"Ti saluto, Sol di Maggio Col tuo raggio ti saluto! Sei l'Apollo del passato Sei l'amore incoronato!"

Again,-sgain !-that hollow rumbling and cracking sound overhead. What could it be.
"L'amore incorona"o." hummed Nine hummed Nina fitfully, as she plunged her round, jewelled arm down again into the chest of treasure. "Si, si ! Che morendi si fa sposa-che morendi si fa sposa-ah !"

This last was an exclamation of pleasure: she had found some toy that charmed her,—it was the old mirror set in its frame of pearls. The possession of this object seemed to fill her with ex-traordinary joy, and she evidently retained no consciousness of where she war, for she sat down on the upturned coffin which had held down on the upturned come which and neur my living body, with absolute indiffer-ence. Still singing softly to herself, she gazed lovingly at her own reflection, and fingered the jewels she wore, arranging and rearranging them in various patterns with one hand, while in the other she raised the looking glass in the flare of the candles which lit up its quaint setting. A strange and awfu picture she made there, gazing with such linger ing tenderness on the portrait of her own beauty, while surrounded by the mouldering costing that silently announced how little such beauty was worth, playing with jewels, the foolish trinkets of life, in the abode of skeletons, where the password is "Death!" Thinking thus, I gazed at her, as one might gaze at a dead body not loathingly any more, but only mournfully. Myvengeance was satisfied. I could not wage war against this vacantly smiling mad creature, out of whom the spirit of a devilled intelligence and cunning had been torn, and who therefore was no longer the same woman. Her loss of with should compensate for my loss of love determined to try and attract her attention again . . . I opened my lips to speak,— but before the words could form themselves, but before the words could form themselves, that odd rumbling noise again broke on my ears,—this time with a loud reverberation that rolled overhead like the thunder of artillery. Before I could imagine the reason of it,—before I could advance one step towards my wife, who still sat on the upturned coffin smiling at herself in the mirror,—before I could utter a word or move an inch, a tremendous crash resounded through the mail fullowed by a stinging shower of the vault, followed by a stinging shower of stones, dust and pulverized mortar! I stepped backward amazed, bewildered—speechless,—instinctively shutting my eyes, When I opened them again all was darkness—all was silence? Only the wind howled outside more frantically than ever,—a sweeping gust whirled through the vault, blowing some dead leaves against my face, and I heard the boughs of trees

flame was so dim that for an instant I could see nothing. I called loudly:—it with a loud was no answer. There was no answer.

One of the extinguished candles was near me;
I lit it with trembling hands and held it aloft;
then I uttered a wild shriek of horror. "O
God of inexorable justice, surely Thy vengeance was greater than mine." An enormous
block of stone, dislodged by the violence
of the storm, had fallen from the roof of the
vault; fallen sheer down over the vary place
where the had sat a minute cort two before fanwhere she had sat a minute or two before, fan-tastically smiling in Crushed under the huge mass,—crushed into the very splinters of my own empty coffin, she lay—and yet I could see nothing, save one white hand protruding,—the hand on which the marriage-ring glittered on which the marriage-ring glittered mockingly! Even as I looked, that hand quivered violently, beat the ground, and then was still! It was horrible. In dreams I see that quivering white hand now; the jewels on it spark ling with derisive lustre. "It appeals, it calls, it threatens, it prays! and when my time comes tion of her costly dress was visible, my eyes De ascent, my wite shirred ton of her costly dress was visible, my eyes for intended supported to the stone of the stone o

creaking noisily in the fury of the storm.

Hush 1—was that a faint moan? Quivering in every limb, and sick with a nameless dread, I sought in my pooket for matches; I found them.

Then, with an effort, mastering the shuddering revulsion of my nerves, I struck a light. The

terrible calmness froze the excitement of my strained nerves.

"Tis all I can do for thee," I muttered in coherently. "May Christ forgive thee, bhough

coberently. "May Christ torgive thee, bhough I camet,"

And covering my eyes to shut out the sight before me I turned away. I hurried in a sort of frenzy towards the stairway,—on reaching the lowest step I extinguished the torch I carried. Some impulse made me glance back, and I saw what I see now, what I shall always see till I die. An aperture bad been made through the roof of the vault by the fall of the great stone, and through this the fitful moon poured down a long ghostly ray. The green glimmer, like a spectral lamp, deepened the aurrounding darkness, only showing up with fell distinctness one object—that slender protrucing wrist and hand, whiter than of the jewels down there hurt my eyes. . . . the shine of the silver crucifix clasped in those little waxen fingers dazzled my brain! and with a frantic cry of unreasoning terror, I rushed up the steps with a maniac speed,—opened the iron gate through which she would pass no more, and stood at liberty in the free air, face to face with a wind as tempestuous as my own passions. With what furjous haste would pass no more, and stood at morety in the free air, face to face with a wind as tempestuous as may own passions. With what furious haste I shubthe entrance to that vault! with what fierce precaution I locked and double-locked it! Nay, so little did I realize that she was it! Nay, so little did I realize that she was actually dead, that I caught myself saying aloud: "Safe—safe at last! She cannot escape. I have closed the secret passage, no one will hear her cries; she will struggle a little, but it will soon be over. She will never lave have never kiss never lave never augh any more, never kiss, never love, never tell lies for the fooling of men. She is buried as I was—buried alive!"

Muttering thus to myself with a sort of sobbing incoherence, I turned to meet the snarl of he awage blast of the night, with my brain reeling, my limbs weak and trembling,—with the heavens and earth rocking before me like a wild sea,—with the flying mood staring aghast through the driving clouds,—with all the Universe, as it were, in a broken and shapeless chaos about me: even so I went forth to meet my fate and left her.

Unrecognized, untracked; I departed from Naples. Wrapped in my closk, and stretched in a sort of heavy stupor on the deck of the in a sort of neavy stupor on the deck of the "Rondinella," my appearance apparently excited no suspicion in the mind of the skipper, old Antonio Fardi, with whom my friend Andrea had made terms for my voyage, little aware of the real identity of the passenger he recommended.

To be continued.

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