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THE NEGLECTED LETTER.

Early in the spring of 1776 a young Nespolitan officer named Michael Arizzo, who had entered the military service of the State with high hopes. finding himself far from satisfied with his position, had resolved to seek a better fortune in the service of Austria.

He had not plauned to apply to the emperor, but to the empress queen, Maria Theresa, to whom the armies of Hungary and Bohemia were directly subject, and to whose chief minister he had received several very warm and hattering letters of introduction from men in Naples high in rank and authority.

Michael was in the bloom of early manhood; not more than two or three and twenty; strong and compact in frame; with a face handsome and intelligent; and habited in a garb belitting his rank and profession. And thus he set forth.

The youthful adventurer crossed the borders, and entering the Austrian dominions reached the great forest of Judenburg, through the gloomy maxes of which he made his way in safety, finding, on its northern confines, a very good inn, presided over by an excellent host.

It was close upon evening when Michael reached the inn, and while the host was making ready his suppor three other travellers made their appearance, also wanting supper and accommodation for the night. The publican asked the first-comer if he would wait for his supper and

est with the others, at the same time assuring him that they were gentlemen,

and one of them, at least, he knew to be an officer in the imperial service. Our hero was pleased to wait. He was willing to accommodate the good-natured host, and he was fond of good company, and these men, unless their looks belied them, were all that.

The foremost man of the later arrivals, though clad in a hunting garb, was evidently a soldier and an officer. He was a man of perhaps five and thirty-with a kind, intelligent face, and a disposition to be rollicking with his companions.

Seated at the supportable he opened conversation with the stranger. He had recognized him as a Neapolitan, and felt no hesitation in asking what had brought him so far from home.

Michael, in a communicative mood, told his story. "Why don't you make application to the emparor ?" asked the Austrian. "He wants good soldiers, though not in particular need just now of officers." The young man explained that his sponsors in Naples were warm admirers of the empress queen ; and as his letters were to her minister, he preferred to go on as he had planned. And then he added :

"After all, I do not see that it can make much difference. I understand that Maria Theresa and her son are in accord ; so he who serves the one may in a measure serve the other."

The Austrian nodded a quiet acquiescence, and then drew from the young man the story of his experience in Naples.

The story he told was of an orphan, without father or mother, who had endeavored thus far to live an honorable life, and who was resolved to maintain his honor while life endured. He acknowledged that he was ambilious, and that his highest aim was to merit preferment.

The romainder of the evening was passed pleasantly. The wine-cup circulated, but the youth drank very sparingly, as he hoped he always should.

"Wine is a good thing in its place, but I never allow it to become my master."

On the following morning, while the host was preparing breakfast, the spokesman of the Austrian party sat down with our hero and told him candidly that he should not be too sanguine. Said he:

"At this present time there is not a loud call for officers in the Austrian service, and, moreover, so many of our nobility are unemployed that a foreigner could hardly hope for promotion."

But the youth was determined to persevere. "I can but try," he said, " and I must rely upon my own merits to help me. If I shall be peremptorily refused, why, I can pocket my papers with my disappointment and turn my face once more homeward," "Well," responded the other with a smile, "you had better push on, since your courage is so good. You say your inters of introduction are to

General Lazcy ? "Yes."

"Then I will give you another. I know him well and he knows me. At all events it can do you no harm. I will have it ready for you before you set forth again."

Breakfast eaten, Michael Arizzo received the letter as had been promised. It was an ordinary looking missive, roughly sealed, and directed to the general spoken of, who acted as the Austrian Minister of War.

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"Don't be straid to use it," said the good-natured friend, as he gave it. "I once did the General a favor, and he promised me that, if he could ever benefit me, he would do so. I have a right to ask him to benefit another in my place. However, if nothing comes of it no harm will result."

The youth thanked him kindly, though he had no great faith in the influence of the letter. Yet he was resolved that he would not lose it.

Two days later Michael Arizzo was in Vienna, and his first movement after he had secured an abiding place, might have told a close observer that there existed in that city an attraction for him far more powerful than way ambition Old Count Andrea Mctallo had found a home in Vienna, and with him was a lovely granddaughter, whom Michael had known and loved in childbood.

She was a beautiful girl, just opening into a grand womanhood. Hei father had fallen in one of the bitter Sicilian feuds, and her grandfather,