THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, MAY 13, 1907.

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A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY. BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

"We hold Vercelli—and Magenta."

Visconti placed a silver goblet to keep the parchment down, and traced the route with the point of his dagger.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

"How many, de Lana-how many?"

"Five—six or seven—"
"Hundreds!"
"Thousands, my lord!"

hot—"
"As you should know da Ribera,"
aughed the officer next him, "seeing you
kried to ride over it."
"Yes, my lord; him, or the Estes."
"You will put them to the sword."
"All?"

MILBURN'S HEART-NERVE PILLS

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



AN EVENING USE OF THE FASHIONABLE SCARF.

Among the povelties of the season, enough body to keep it from becoming which are but revivals of modes of a past century, is the shoulder scarf, exceedingly companies to the summar's wards of the season, chould be summary to the season of the se

ps and pushed it over, crashing own the foliage that half over the marble.

"To Turin—to Cumeo—as near as we ingly ornamental to the summer's ward the stepped to the parapet and over.

"And these same Genoese?"

them and so we go closer—"

"And hold the Empire in check," said
de Lana, with excited eyes. "Ah, my lord,
it was almost worth it—"

"Abendal"

gold and silver vessels before them, showed in a garish contrast with the soft

and the trampling of crowding feet.

"Another company is joining us," remarked Visconti.

"Another company is joining us," remarked Visconti.

"The soldiers from Novara," said della Torre, and put his goblet down, and de Lana turned expectantly to the door. Visconti, facing it, rose in his seat as it was flung wide and a couple of scorched and bleeding soldiers entered, folowed by a trampling guard.

"From Novara!" asked the Duke.

"They would have burned the library!" cried Visconti, "sooner than it should enrich Milan—the jealous fools!"

"Now, hark you"—he added to the soldiers—"every man bringing a book or agem or a picture, I reward; every man destroying one, I hang. Now, which is he who saved the library."

An officer pushed forward.

"Take this from me," and Visconti, "and the prisoner, my lord?"

"What care I for the prisoners?—you will give no quarter, I say!"

The officer bowed, and drew a little book from his doublet, laying it on the table.

"A monk gave me this for his life," he

The friencs of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur "What do you say, de Lana?"
There was a second's pause. This was the first, even vague, reference to what had happened earlier that same night; it seemed weeks since, and yet the sun had

"Seneca," said Visconti, turning over the volume the soldier had brought.

"Where is that knave Giannotto? Seneca, aged four months. The cause of death spoiled by interlining, but still Seneca.

"Giannotto—I say!"

"Woodley, 12 Geels with them in the death of their son, Gerald F., a bright little child saged four months. The cause of death seemed weeks since, and yet the sun had

"Thousands, my lord!"

Thousands, my lord!"

Thousands, my lord!"

Thousands, my lord!"

Thousands is excitement.

Thousands:

"You will put them to the sword."

"You will put them to the sword."

"All?"

"We all inherit a disposition to disease.

"All?"

We all inherit a disposition to disease.

With one it's consumption, another heart disease or perhaps nervousness.

We all one it's consumption, another heart disease or perhaps nervousness.

At first you are languid, but as the doctor he was progressing favorable to the select of the progress your lose appetite and ably and was to have had an operation "Any own should know da Ribers, anuled the officer next him, "seeing voil put them to the sword."
"And saved himself!" shouted da Ribera. "Illow for a reward for that, "all!" shouted Visconti, half rising. "I will have no rebellious slaves to groan bound." "Shall not be forgotten!" laughed visconti, expensive put them to the sword. My triumph will need no prisoners to prove it—and see the sword. My triumph will need no prisoners to prove it—and see. "They make me or certain great Frenchman Sound at Rouen, and several great great will have no rebellious slaves to the ground, and the succession of the sword. My triumph will need no prisoners to prove it—and see."
"When they lay along the ramparts like flies, I have heard my grandfather pay, striving to loot in the midst of it," said alone. My the short of it, said alone. The went of it, said alone. The weight of the weight have been in Milan Bachaross him of the short of it, said alone. "He will need no returned into the midst of it," said alone. "He will need no returned into the midst of it," said alone. "He will need no returned into the midst of it," said alone. "He will need no returned into the midst of it," said alone. "He will need no returned into the midst of it," said alone there, Milan would not have burned in the midst of it," said alone. "He will need no returned into the midst of it," said alone. "He will need no returned into the midst of it," said will need no returned into the midst of it," said will need no returned into the midst of it, said alone. "He will need no returned into the will need no returned into the midst of it," said will need no returned into the will need no returned into the midst of it," said will need no returned into the midst of it," said will need no returned into the midst of it," said will need no returned into the midst of it," said will need no returned into the midst of it," said will need no returned into the midst of it," said will need no returned into the midst of it," said will need no returned into the midst o

The officer bowed, and drew a little book from his doublet, laying it on the table.

"A monk gave me this for his life," he said. "And all Lombardy knows your taste in books, my lord,"

"And all Lombardy knows your taste in books, my lord,"

"Remember we league with the Pope," said Visconti, taking it up. "The monk should have had his life without a briber over three years I suffered with pains my loft breast and my nerves were two yourselfs and before I had the faines be out; 'tis daylight."

The curtains were drawn away from the window, and the early light, fained of the much between and new in smight, and the fresh morning air, filled the feated chamber.

The lamps flared pale, the golgeous dresses and flushed, bager faces of the men round the table, the glimms of the laber of the men round the table, the glimms of the laber of the men round the table, the glimms of the laber of the men round the table, the glimms of the laber of the men round the table, the glimms of the laber of the men round the table, the glimms of the laber of the lab



One Exception

At the post office in an Alabama town they pointed out the colored janitor as a man who had had fifty-six wives. As he did not seem to be over sixty years old I refused to credit the story. Along in the afternoon I found him idling at the door

"Sam, I don't want to be impertinent, but I'd like to ask you about a story I heard this morning."

"Yes, sah—yes, sah—go right ahead and ask all about it," he replied.

"I was told that you had been married."

fifty-six times."
"Yes, sah, fifty-six."
"How old were you when you were first married?"
"Jist twenty, sah."

"And what's your age now?"
"Sixty-two, sah." "Then, in the space of forty-two years

and looked around in a perplexed way for a moment, and then sinking his voice to a confidential tone, he said:

"Stranger, I reckon I orter say fifty-five instead of fifty-six, fur dar was one woman who simply lingered around de

'I was told that you had been married

All Run Down

thousands whose systems have not thrown off the impurities accumulated during the winter - blood humors that are now causing pimples, boils and other eruptions, loss of appetite, bilious turns, indigestion, and other stomach troubles, dull headaches and weak, tired, languid feelings.

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There was an exceptionally fine programme of music at the sacred concert in the Every Day Club hall last evening. The numbers were as follows: Quartette, Mrs. C. E. Vail, the Misses Worden and Miss Edwards; solo, Miss Irvine; duet, Mrs. Tufts and E. W. Appleby; the quartette, in second number; solos, Mrs. Tufts, Mr. Appleby, Miss Edwards, Miss Colwell and Fred. A. Dixon. The accompaniments for Mrs. Tufts and Mr. Appleby were played by Miss Cochrane, for Miss Irvine by Mrs. R. H. Cother, for Miss Edwards by Miss Worden, and for Miss Colwell by Mrs. Colwell. Mr. Sandaford played the organ while the audience were assembling. The hall was crowded beyond its seating capacity.

Thos. McMullen was arrested early Sat-Thos. McMullen was arrested early Sat-urday evening on a warrant charging as-sault. His mother was the complainant and after arrest Judge Ritchie held a special session of court at 8.15 o'clock on request of McMullen's parents. He was let go on promising not to drink liquor for a year



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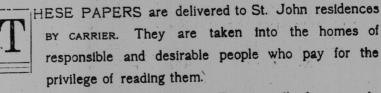
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