

request of his kindness to render the first service to me...

"Give another servant a duty intended for me, mademoiselle!" cried Lehardy, his voice trembling with emotion.

"You have no confidence in my devotion or honesty! Mademoiselle, this is not right of you to treat me so!

"You have mistaken the sense of what I said, Lehardy," she remarked, kindly. "I would not for the world wound you in your just pride, as a servant who has been attached to me from the hour of my birth, and has never failed in his attachment."

"You vex me, mademoiselle!" cried the old servant with emotion; "is that possible? I was in the wrong, mademoiselle. Every one has his faults; forgive my ill-temper."

"I am glad of that," replied the old servant with a sign of relief. "I was thinking that to cross the drawbridge in the open daylight would be anything but prudent."

"What is it, my friend?" asked Raoul. "Well, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I want to know is, whether you are of this country—whether your family belongs to Auvergne?"

"A matter of pure curiosity, I assure you, Monsieur le Chevalier. I fancied that your face was not unknown to me; your features recall some confused remembrance to my mind—but so indistinctly that I cannot fix them."

"These words produced an extraordinary impression on Raoul. He turned pale, his head drooped upon his chest, and a cloud of deep sadness overshadowed his brow."

"By degrees he recovered himself, raised his head, and a glance of pride shot from his bright blue eyes, as with a firm though sad voice he addressed Diane."

"Mademoiselle," he said, "the time I have spent in the Chateau de Tauve will probably leave no trace on your existence, no remembrance in your mind. It may appear to you presumptuous and indiscreet, that I should address you upon matters that must be totally indifferent to you."

"Speak, Chevalier," cried Diane, with more warmth than was warranted, perhaps, by the strictures of maidenly propriety. "After the devotion that you have shown for my mother, nothing that concerns you can be indifferent to me."

"She made a sign to two of her women who had been seated by her side, employed with their embroidery frames, to leave her, and then turned to Raoul."

"You will permit Lehardy to remain, I think, Chevalier Sforzi?" she said. "You anticipate my wish, mademoiselle; I was about to make the same request to you."

"That seated himself by Diane's side, and, after reflecting for a moment, continued: "The recollections which I have preserved of my earliest years are so confused that, even at this moment, I ask myself whether reality has not mixed itself up with fiction in my mind."

"My existence began with an odious crime—a horrible mystery. At the age of three or four years, as I suppose, a company of free-lance on their way through Auvergne to a voyage, found me in a forest, stabbed with a piquant, and giving no sign of life."

"I am unjust, mademoiselle! But for the infancy of the Marquis de la Tremblaine I should not have had the happiness of seeing and knowing you; and, I know not why, but a presentiment tells me that this meeting will bring me good fortune."

"During Raoul's recital, Lehardy had never ceased to look at him with the keenest attention. Several times the old servant had appeared about to interrupt the narrative; but after a brief hesitation, had continued to maintain silence."

"Yes," he muttered to himself, "he would now be about the chevalier's age! I remember the passage of the free lance; I was then eighteen. After all, the murder was never affirmed by any one; sinister suppositions were built on the disappearance of the infant, certainly; but nothing more. Bah! it is, perhaps, only a fancy of mine. I'll keep my opinion to myself, resting as it does on so solid foundation. He would take it for an insult if I were to state it to him, and he would be quite justified in doing so."

"I have waited till you were become a man," he continued, "before entering upon a question which interests you in the highest degree. By the exercise of great pains and expense, Raoul, I have succeeded in learning the secret of your birth. Control your excitement, my son," he went on in a tone of sadness. "Has my adoption weighed so heavily upon you? Will you know that I never speak falsely; well, then, on my honor, it is solely for your good that I hide from you the name of your father, for it is your father—hurry to say—who ordered you to be murdered in your infancy. At some future time, when heaven has called away the guilty—when I have no longer to fear for your life, I will tell you your true name; but I may now tell you, Raoul, you belong to a noble and illustrious family!"

gifted with great scientific wisdom as well as boundless goodness of heart. He watched every and tended me with all the affectionate care of a mother, and next him I passed the years of a happy and unclouded youth. When I had attained the age of twenty the Chevalier Sforzi recalled me from the University of Florence, where he had sent me to complete my studies."

"My dear boy," he said to me, "you have now reached the age of manhood, and must think of determining on a career. My fortune is a very modest one. I live very much out of the world, and possess no influence at Court. You must not greatly count upon me, therefore. The only thing I can offer you is my name—a name pure and stainless; it is true, but which will bring you neither honors, dignities, nor riches. I should have been glad to see you devote yourself to science; but after a close and careful examination of your character, I have arrived at the conviction that your fiery temperament would never bend to the duties of a calm and studious life. Your impetuosity requires the ardor of the struggle—the fatigues of battle."

"Yes, father," I cried, "to follow the career of arms is the fixed idea of my days—the dream of my nights."

"So be it, Raoul," he replied; "obey your vocation. The career of arms presents a generous and chivalrous side, to a certain extent, enabling violence itself. Only never forget that the sword in your hands becomes the dagger of an assassin when, carried away by ambition, or blinded by interest, you place it at the service of a lord in revolt against his legitimate sovereign. The royal power, my son, is a barrier raised between the tyranny of the great and the welfare of the people. He who serves the king defends liberty, and liberty is the holiest of all things human!"

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"The day after our conversation I took leave of the excellent Chevalier Sforzi, and entered into the service of the Low Countries. My commencement was lamentable. I took part in the surprise and sack of the city of Antwerp by the Spanish. After the death of Count Egmont, I fled from the Low Countries and took refuge in Savoy. Duke Philibert-Emmanuel received me with the highest distinction and kindness, and I received a company. I was living happy and respected when, about fifteen months ago, a terrible misfortune came to change my existence. I learned that the Chevalier Sforzi had been assassinated. The crime was imputed to a man of high rank, but vile and cruel, whom my adoptive father had had the boldness to libel. I hastened back to Italy, where I had hardly arrived before I was arrested and thrown into prison. The assassin dreaded my vengeance. It required the intervention of the Duke of Savoy to get me out of this dangerous position; further—for the influence enjoyed by the murderer of the Chevalier Sforzi was extreme—my liberty was only granted me on condition that I quitted Italy."

"I ascertained that the papers of my unfortunate adoptive father had been seized, and I was informed that no portion of his inheritance would belong to me. By a happy and singular chance, I met a noble Venetian who had raised the noble Chevalier after he had been mortally wounded, and had attended on him in his last moments. The last thoughts of the generous and unfortunate Chevalier Sforzi were of me and my future."

"Promise me to go and find my adopted son, now in the service of the Duke of Savoy," he had murmured in the ear of the Venetian. "Tell him that his birthplace is Auvergne—and that his name is—"

"At the moment of pronouncing the name of my family, my adoptive father was seized with a nervous spasm which did not leave him during the few minutes that he still lived."

Raoul paused at this point of his story, his emotion being too great to allow him to proceed. Diane, not less moved than himself, with difficulty restrained her tears. After a long silence he went on:

"I am tempted to believe, mademoiselle, that I am pursued by fatality. Hardly had I returned to Savoy, in the month of August, last year, than Duke Philibert-Emmanuel sank under an attack of low fever. For a short time I remained in Savoy, till I could put my affairs in order, and then, free of all engagement, took the road to France, resolved to search Auvergne until I had found my family and recovered my rank. Will heaven watch over me and speed me in my efforts? I dare hardly hope so much! My commencement here is a fit augury. Ah, I am unjust, mademoiselle! But for the infancy of the Marquis de la Tremblaine I should not have had the happiness of seeing and knowing you; and, I know not why, but a presentiment tells me that this meeting will bring me good fortune."

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Four hours later, while the darkness of night enveloped the Chateau de Tauve, two horsemen rode noiselessly over the drawbridge; they were the Chevalier Sforzi and Lehardy, setting forth on their perilous journey."

Diane, kneeling in her chamber, prayed for their safety. (To be continued.)

DUSENBERY'S SERENADE.

BY GEORGE L. ALKIN.

I met Dusenberry in Vigor Garden. He was seated on one of the wooden benches which are placed there for the accommodation of the weary pedestrians. His face was the very picture of despair, and his neglected locks hung around his melancholy visage like "sea-weed round a clam!" as Lord Byron has it.

Knowing the peculiar habits of my fejected friend, I gazed upon him with astonishment. What, I asked myself, could have wrought this wondrous change in one whom I had ever known as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form?" I took a seat by his side and gently asked him "How he found himself?"

He slowly raised his head, regarded me with a heart-rending expression, and languidly shook me by the hand. Then heaving a deep sigh, which seemed to come from the very bottom of his soul, he dropped his chin upon his breast again.

"What's the matter?" I asked, soothingly. "Nothing," he replied, in a tragic voice; "leave—leave me to die alone!" "Die? nonsense! You look hearty enough to live twenty years yet," exclaimed I, laughing; and thinking I might joke him out of this fit of the blues, I indulged in a few pleasantries at his expense.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound," said Dusenberry, in a plaintive voice, while the tears stood in his eyes. I began to think that my poor friend was either mad or in love; but as the symptoms of the two complaints are so much alike, I was obliged to question him.

"You are in love?" asked I. "Deeply, desperately, despairingly!" returned the unhappy Dusenberry. "Never despair, man. Think of the old proverb—'Faint heart never won fair lady,' yet."

"I did think of it. It was my watch-word. What man could do, I did; but it was of no use. Cruel Araminta! she has blighted my warm affections as Jack Frost nips the tender blossoms!" Dustyberry groaned.

"Araminta? You don't mean the daughter of old Simkins, the retired grocer, who lives in Dorchester Street?" "The same—unfading coquette!" "What, did she jilt you?"

"Worse—she—bear with me, my thoughts are wool-gathering. I know it will make me look sheepish, but you shall hear how I have been treated. I'm the victim of a hopeless passion. It will be the death of me, I know it will; and the coroner's verdict will be—'Died of too much Araminta Simkins.'"

"I met her first at a ball. 'Twas through my eyes the shaft employed my heart. I fell in love with her at first sight. I sought for an introduction. I obtained it. I solicited the honor of her hand for the next set; she was engaged. I had the felicity to secure her for the one after that. It was a waltz. Words are vain to paint the delirium of my joy as we swept in giddy circles over the polished floor."

"That night, as I reclined upon my sleepless pillow, I did nothing but think of Araminta Simkins; and when at last sleep closed my eyelids, I dreamed of the bright coquetry of my wailing thought."

"We stood before the altar, Araminta and myself, her hand fast locked in mine. Old Simkins was there, radiant with smiles and a new suit of black cloth. He bestowed his daughter and his blessing—ten thousand dollars—on me, while the tears hung trembling in his venerable eyes. The rove and man commenced the ceremony, when just at that interesting and critical moment a tremendous thunder-clap resounded over my head. I awoke with a start. The quater-maid was pounding away at my door, and informed me in a high pitched octave that it was ten o'clock. The vision was dissipated, but its brightness hung like a sweet perfume around my memory. As I dressed myself, with more than my usual care, I considered the best method of popping the question. I resolved upon a moonlight serenade. What could be more romantic? I took down my guitar and practised for the remainder of the day."

"Night came at last, though I had begun to have some doubts on the subject, my impatience was so great. The moon shone calmly in the heavens; and, placing my guitar carefully under my arm, I sallied forth like a troubadour of the olden time, to woo my mistress with a moving lay. It would be impossible to describe my sensations as I stood beneath her window, which looked on a balcony, and tuned my guitar. Presently I commenced. It was rather chilly, and my fingers got so numb that I could hardly feel the strings; but I poured my whole soul into the words, and went it strong."

"A female form appeared at the window, gazed out for a moment, and then pulled the curtain down. This I took to be an invitation delicately conveyed. Impelled by feelings natural to the romantic situation in which I was placed, without a moment's thought, I commenced singing up the balcony. After several imminent escapes from breaking my neck, I succeeded in gaining the balcony; but not before I had fractured my now doeskins in several places. I raised the window gently, pushed aside the curtain, and stepped into the apartment. I beheld the lovely Araminta; and, rushing forward I threw myself at her feet. She greeted my appearance with a tremendous scream, made a dive for the door, and disappeared. I stood bewildered for a moment; suddenly it struck me that a retreat might save me from cutting a ridiculous figure. I made for the balcony and commenced lowering myself into the street. I landed safely in the arms of two policemen, who, notwithstanding all my protestations, insisted on taking me to the police station as a burglar!"

"I submitted to my fate, and was led like a lamb to the sacrifice. The sergeant in charge proved to be a trump, for, on my explaining matters to him, he protested that it was a 'devilish good joke,' and discharged me forthwith."

"I hastened to my own domicile in a state of mind much easier imagined than described. Dusenberry paused—his tale was terminated. "Have you not seen the fair Araminta since?" I asked.

"No; my nose is out of joint there." "What, have you resigned all hope?" "Yes," said Dusenberry, poetically.

"No star befriends me, To each sad day succeeds a dismal morrow, And all 'tis hopeless love and endless sorrow!"

I bade Dusenberry a good-day, and left him. I did not think his case so desperate as he himself imagined. I called upon Miss Araminta Simkins, and in the course of conversation I discovered that Dusenberry was not entirely indifferent to her. "Upon this hint, I spoke," and recounted the nocturnal adventure of Dusenberry, whom, it is hardly necessary to say, she did not recognize that night, as a proof of his love.

"She loved him for the danger he had passed, and the result of my mediation was that Dusenberry espoused the fair Araminta and verified the truth of the old "saw" that "all's well, that ends well!"

A SHARK'S JAW.

Perhaps one of the most formidable weapons possessed by any fish is the natural and terrible pair of shears formed by the jaws of the shark. The only parallel weapons of offense that can be cited as used by man would perhaps be the spiked portcullis, but the future may present us with steam shears, with blades ten feet long, and embedded to resist density—who knows? There is no telling where the ingenuity of modern inventors in the destructive line may lead us. But there are not many instruments so efficient for their purposes as the tooth of a shark. It is difficult to handle one freely without cutting one's fingers; and when we consider the tremendous leverage of shark's jaws employed against each other like scissars, armed with rows of lancets, it is evident that nothing in the shape of flesh, gristle, or bone, could withstand them. Their capacity, too, is equal to their powers, for a pair of jaws taken from a shark of not more than nine feet long has been known to be passed down over the shoulders and body of a man six feet high without inconvenience. I was thought to be an act of very unusual strength and dexterity on the part of Emperor Commodus to catch a man in two stone blows, but the jaws of the white shark find no difficulty whatever in executing that feat. The vast number of teeth contained in a shark's jaw has been accounted for by some writers on the hypothesis that they are erected when the shark seizes its prey, at all other times lying flat on their sides. It is now, however, more generally admitted that the shark only employs the outer row of teeth, and that the inner ones are a provision of nature against an accident which is, and must be, a very common one when the implements are considered, and the force with which they are employed—namely, the breaking of a tooth. In this case the corresponding tooth on the inside becomes erect, and is by degrees pushed forward into the place of a broken one—a wondrous and very necessary provision to keep so delicate and powerful an apparatus as the shark's jaw-ways in order.

Thought an honest merchant is a plain dealer, a carpenter is a dead plank.