THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VENDETTA;

The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER XXXIV.-Continued.

Our marriage customs are not as course as those of some countries; a bridegroom in Italy thinks it scarcely decent to persecute his bride with either his presence or his caresses as soon as the Church has made her his. On the con trary, if ardent, he restrains his ardour, he forbears to intrude, he strives to keep up the illu sion, the rose-colored light, or rather mist, of love as long as possible, and he has a wise, instinctive dread of becoming over-familiar; well knowing that nothing kills romance so swiftly and surely as the bare blunt prose of close and constant proximity. And I, like other gentlemen of my rank and class, gave my twice-wedded wife her liberty, the last hours of liberty she would ever know. I left her to busy herself with the triffes she best loved trifles of dress and personal adornment, for which many women barter away their soul's peace and honor, and divest themselves of the last shred of right and honest principle, merely to outshine others of their own sex, and broad-cast heart-burnings, petty envies, mean hatreds, and contemptible spites, where, if they did but choose, there might be a widely differ ent havvest.

It is easy to understand the feelings of Marie Stuart, when she arrayed herself in her best garments for her execution : it was simply the heroism of suprems vanity, the desire to fas-cinate if possible the very headsman. One can understand any beautiful woman being as brave as she. Harder than death itself would it hav seemed to her had she been compelled to appear on the scaffold looking h deous. She was re-solved to make the most of her charms so long as life lasted.

Istrolled into one of the broad loggic of the hotel, from whence I could see a portion of the Piazza del Popolo, and lighting a cigar, I leisurely watched the frolics of crowd. The customary fooling proper the to the day was going on, and no detail of it seemed to pall on the good-natured, easilyamused folk who must have seen it all so ofte before. Much laughter was being excited by the remarks of a vendor of quack medicines, who was talking with extreme volubility to a number of gaily-dressed girls and fishermen. I could not distinguish his words, but I judged he was selling the " slixir of love," from his absurd smatory gestures-au elixir compounded. no doubt, of a little harmless cau suore

Flags tossed on the breeze, trumpets brayed, runs beat; improvisators twanged their guitars and mandolines londly to attract attention, and failing in their efforts, swore at each other with the utmost joviality and heartiness flower-girls and lemonade sellers made the air ring with their conflicting cries; now and then a shower chalky confetti flew out from adjacent windows, dusing with white powder the coats of the passers by; clusters of flowers tied with favors of gay-colored ribbon tied with favors of gay-colored ribbon were lavishly flung at the feet of brighteyed peasant girls, who rejected or accepted them at pleasure, with light words of badinage cr playful repartee; clowns danced and tumbled, dogs barked, church bells clauged, rumbled, dogs barked, church bells clauged, and through all the waving width of color and movement crept the miserable, shrinking forms of diseased and loathly beggars whining for a soldo, and clad in rags that barely covered their

halting, withered limbs. It was a scene to bewilder the brain and dazzle the eyes, and I was just turning away from it out of sheer fatigue, when a sudden ces sation of movement in the swaying, whirling crowd, and a slight husb, caused me to look out once more. I perceived the cause of the momen tary stillness-a funeral cortege appeared, moving at a slow and solemn pace; as it passed across the square, heads were uncovered, and women crossed themselves devoutly. Like a black, shadowy suake it coiled through the mass of shifting color and brilliance another moment, and it was gone. The depressing moment, and effect of its appearance was soon effaced-the merry crowds required their thousand and one freaks of folly, their shrieking, laughing, and dancing, and all was as before. Why not?

The dead are soon forgotten ; none knew that better than I ! Leaning my arms lazily on the on the edge of the balcony, I finished smoking my cigar. That glimpse of death in the midst my cigar. That glimpse of death in the midst of life had filled me with a certain satisfaction.

on her round white throat and in her tiny shelllike ears, while the masses of her gold hair were coiled to the top of her small head and there caught by a priceless circlet of rose-brilliants, brilliants that I well remembered,-they had belonged to my mother. Yet more lustrous than the light of the gems she wore was the deep, ardent glory of her eyes, dark as night and luminous as stars : more declicate than the

filmy robes that draped her was the pure, pearllike whiteness of her neck, which wa s iust sufficiently displayed to be graceful without suggesting immodesty. For Italian women do not uncover their

bosoms for the casual inspection of strangers, as is the custom of their English and German is the custom of their English and German sisters; they know well enough that any lady venturing to wear a *decollotic* dress would find it impossible to obtain admittance to a Court Ball at the Palazzo Quirinale. She would be looked upon as one of a questionable class, and no matter how high her rank and station, would must the visit of custom from the deam of the run the risk of ejection from the doors, as on one occasion did unfortunately happen to an English peeress, who, ignorant of Italian customs, went to an evening reception in Rome arrayed in a very low bolice with straps instead of sleeves. Her remonstrances were vain; she sleeves. was policily but firmly refused admittance, though told she might gain her point by changing her costume, which I believe she wisely did.

Some of the grandes dames present at the ball that night wore dresses the like of which are seldom or never seen out of Italy-robes sown with jewels, and thick with wondrous embroidery, such as have been handed down from generation to generation through hundreds of ears. As an example of this, the Duchess of Marina s cloth of goid train, stitched with small rubies and seed pearls, had formerly belonged Such gar. to the family of Lorenzo de Medici. ments as these, when they are part of the prop-erty of a great house, are worn only on particular occasions, perhaps once in a year : and then they are laid carefully by and sedulously pro-tected from dust and moths and damp, receiving as much attention as the priceless pictures and books of a famous historical munsion. Nothing ever designed by any great mod-ern tailor or milliner can hope to compete with the magnificent workmanship and durable material of the *fcsta* dresses that are locked preciously away in the old caken coffars of the greatest Irish families-dresses that are beyond valuation, because of the romances and tragedies attached to them, and which, when worn, make all the costliest fripperies of to-day look firmsy and paltry beside them, like the attempts of a servant to dress as tastefully as her mistress. Such glitter of gold and silver, such scintilla

tions from the burning eyes of jewels, such cloud-like wreaths of floating laces, such subile odours of rare and exquisite perfame, all things hat most keenly prick and stimulate the sense were round me in fullest force this night-this one dazzling, supreme and terrible night that was destined to burn into my brain like a seal of scorching fre. Yes; till I die, that night will remain with me as though it were a breathing, sentient thing; and after death, who knows whether it may not uplift itself in some tan gible, awful shape, and confront me with its ilashing mock-lustre, and the black heart of its true meaning in its menacing eyes, to take its drear place by the side of my abandoned soul through all eternity ! I remember now how I shivered and started out of the bitter reverse into which I had fallen at the sound of my wife's

into which I had fallen at the sound of my wife's low, laughing voice. "You must dance, Cesare," she said with a mischievous smile. "You are forgetting your duties. You should open the ball with me !" I rose at once mechanically. "What dance is it?" I asked, forcing a smile. "I fear you will find me but a clumsy partner."

She ponted. "Oh, surely not! You are not going to disgrace me?--you really must try and dance pro-perly just this once. It will look so stupid if you make any mistake. The band was going to play a quadrille; I would not have it, and told them to strike up the Hungarian waitz instead. But I assure you I shall never forgive you if you waltz badly-nothing looks so awk. ward and absurd."

I made no answer, but placed my arm round her waist and stood ready to begin. I avoided looking at her as much as possible, for it was growing more and more difficult with each moment that passed to hold the mastary over myself. I was consumed be-tween hate and love. Yes, love !--of an evil kind, I own, and in which there was no shred of reverence-filled me with a sort of foolish or life had hiled me with a certain satisfaction. Strangely enough, my thoughts began to busy the nselves with the old modes of torture that used to be legal, and that, after all, were not so unjust when practised upon persons pro-fessedly vile. For instance, the iron coffin of Lisas—that ingeniously contrived box in which shamed in the dust of scorn, despised and aban-the wind with the dust of scorn, despised and aban-base the mail of the dust of scorn, despised and aban-base the shamed in the dust of scorn, despised and aban-base the score the dust of scorn, despised and aban-base the score the dust of scorn, despised and aban-base the score the dust of scorn, despised and aban-base the score shamed in the dust of scorn, despised and aban-doned. Yet I knew well that were I to speak out-to declare my history and hers before that brilliant crowd-I should be accounted mad, and that for a woman such as she there existed no shame. The swinging measure of the slow Hungarian waltz, that most witching dances, danced per-fectly only by those of the warm-blooded Southern temperament, now commenced. It was played *pianissinio*, and slole through the room like the fluttering breath of a soft sea wind. I had always been an excellent waltzer, and my step had fitted in with that of Nina as harmoniously as the two notes of a per-fect chord. She found it so on this occasion, and **planced** up with a look of gratified surprise as I bore her lightly with languorous, dreamlike ease of movement through the glittering ranks of our guests, who watched us admiringly as we circled the room two or three times. Then,-all present followed our lead, and in a couple of minutes the bll room was like a moving flower-garden in full bloom, rich with sway ing colors and rainbow-like asdiance ; while the music, growing stronger, and swelling out in marked and even time, echoed forth like the sound of clear-toned bells broken through by the inging of birds. My heart beau furiously, my isinging of birds. My heart beas furiously, my brain reeled, my swam as I felt my wife's warm breath on my check; I clasped her waist more closely, I held her little gloved hand more firmly. She felt the double pressure, and, lifting her white eyelids fringed with those long dark lashes that gave such a sleepy witchery to her eyes, her lips parted in a little smile. "At last you love me i" she whispered. "At last, at last," I muttered, scarce know-ing what I said. "Had I not loved you at first, bellissing, I should not have been to you what I am to-night."

and resigned her to the care of a distinguished Roman prince, who was her next partner. Then, unobserved, I slipped out to make inquiries concerning Vicenzo. He had gone ; one of the waters at the hotel, a friend of his, had accompanied him and seen him into the train for Avellino. He had looked in at the ball-room before leaving, and had watched me stand up to dance with my wife, then "with tears in his eyes,"-so said the vivacious little waiter who had just returned from the station, --- he had started without dar-ing to wish me good-bye.

I heard this information of course with an ap parent kindly indifference, but in my heart I felt a sudden vacancy, a drear, strange loneli-ness. With my faithful servant near me I had felt conscious of the presence of a friend, for friend he was in his own humble, unobtrusive fashion; but now I was alone-alone in a loneliness beyond all conceivable comparison—alone to do my work, without prevention or detection. I felt, as it were, isolated from humanity set apart with my victim on some dim point of time, from which the rest of the world receded, where the searching eye of the Creator alone could behold me. Oaly she and I and God-these three were all that existed for me in the Universe ; between these three must justice be fulfilled.

Musingly, with downcast eyes, I returned to the ball room. At the door a young girl faced me,-she was the only daughter of a great Neapolitan house. Dressed in pure white, as all such maidens are with a crown of snowdrops on her dusky hair, and her dumpled face alit with laughter, she looked the very embodiment of early spring. She addressed me somewhat timidly, yet with a'l a child's frankness.

Is not this delightful? I feel as if I were in fairyland! Do you know this is my first ball?

I smiled wearily.

"Aye, truly? And you are happy?" "On happiness is not the word—it is ecsta-ay! How I wish it could last forever! And is it not strange-I did not know I was beauti-ful till to-night."

She said this with perfectly simplicity, and a pleased smile radiated her fair features. I glanced at her with cold scrutiny.

Ah ! and some one has told you so."

She blushed and houghed a little consciously. "Yes; the great Prince de Majano. And he is too noble to say what is not true, so I must be 'la più bella donzella,' as he said, must I not?"

I touched the snowdrops that she wore in a white cluster at her breast. "Look at your flowers, child," I said earnest-

"See how they begin to droop in this heated air. The poor things! How glad they would feel could they again grow in the coul wet moss of the woodlands, waving their little bells to the wholesome, fresh wind ! Would they revive now, think you, for your great Prince de Majano if he told them they were fair? So with your life and heart, little one-pass them through the purity scorching fire of flittery, and their must wither even as these fragile blessings. And as for beauty-are you more beautiful than she ?

And I pointed slightly to my wife, who was at that moment curteeying to her partner in the stately formality of the first quadrille. My young companion looked, and her clear

eyes darkened enviously. "Ab, no, no t But if I wore such lace and

satin and pearls, and had such jewels, I might perhaps be more like her!"

I sighed bitterly. The poison had already entered this child's soul. I spoke bruaquely. "Pray that you may never be like her," I

"Fray that you may never be take ner, a said, with sombre sterness, and not heeding her look of astonishment. "You are young; you cannot yet have thrown off religron. Well, when you go home to-night, and kneel beside your little bed, made holy by the cross above it and your mother's blessing, pray, pray with all your strangth that you may never fe with all your strength that you may never re-semble in the smallest degree that exquisite woman yonder! So may you be spared her

I paused, for the girl's eves were dilated in extreme wonder and fear. I looked at her, and laughed abruptly and harshly. "I forgot," I said ; "the lady is my wife-

forgot, should have thought of that! I was speaking of-another whom you do not know. Pardon me ! when I am fatigued my memory wanders Pay no attention to my foolish remarks oy yourself, my child, but do not believe all he pretty speeches of the Prince de Majano, A rivederci .

Prince de Majano whose honeyed compli-ments had partly spoiled the budding sweet nature of the youngest girl in the room. Apolo-gizing for interruption the conversation, I owered my voice to a persuasive tenderness as I addressed her.

"Cara sposina mia l'permit me to remind you of your promise."

What a radiant look she gave me

'I am all impatience to fulfil it ! Tell me "Almost immediately. You know the pri-vate passage through which we entered the hotel this morning on our return from church?"

"Perfectly." "Well, meet me there in twenty minutes We must avoid being observed as we pass out. But," and I touched her delicate dress, "you

will wear somethin warmer than this?" "I have a long sable cloak that will do," she

"We are not going far ?" replied brightly. No, not far. "We shall return in time for supper, of course?"

I bent my head. "Naturally !"

Her eyes davced mirthfu'ly. "How romante it seems? A moonlight stroll with you will be charming ! Who shall say you are not a sentimental bridegroom? Is here a bright moon ?" "I believe so."

"Cosa bellissima /" and she laughed sweetly. "I look forward to the trip ! In twenty min-utes, then, I shall be with you at the place you name, Cesare; in the meanwhile the Marchese Gualdro claims me for this mazarka."

And she turned with her bewitching grace of manner to the Marchese, who at that moment advanced with his courteous bow and fascinat ing smile, and I watched them as they glided forward together in the first figure of the ele-gant Polish dance, in which all lovely women ook their loveliest. Then, checking the curse that rose to my lips,

I burried away. Up to my own room I rushed with feverish hasts, full of unpatience to be rid of the disguise I had worn so long.

Within a few minutes I stood before my mirfor, transformed into my old self nearly as it was possible to be. I could not alter the snowy whiteness of my hair, but a few deft quich strokes of the razor soon divested me of the beard that had given me so elderly an aspect, beard that had given me so elderly an aspect, and nothing remained but the moustache curl-ing slightly up at the corners of the lip, as I had worn it in past days. I threw aside the dark glasses, and my eyes, densely brilliant, and fringed with the long lashes that had al-ways been their distinguishing feature, shone with all the lustre of strong and vigorous youth. I straightened myself up to my full height, I doubled my fist and felt it as hard as iron : 1 laughed aloud in the triumphant power of my strong manhood. I thought of the old rrg-dealug Jew-"You could kill abything easily." Aye, so I could ! . . . even without the aid of the straight swift steel of the Milanese dagger which I now drew from its sheath and re-garded steadfastly, while I carefully felt the edge of the blade from hilt to point. Shou'd I take it with me? I hesitated. Yes! it might be needed. I slipped it safely and secretly into iny vest.

And now the proofs-the proofs! I had them all ready to my hand, and gathered them quickly together; first the things that had been buried with me-the gold chain on which hung the locket containing the portraits of my wife and child, the purse and card-case which Nina herself had given me, the crucifix the monk had laid on my breast in the coffin. The thought of that coffin moved me to a stern smile--that written to Guido Ferrari in Rome.

-I left nothing save furniture and small valu ables. a respectable present enough in their way to the landlord of the notel.

I glanced sgain at myself in the mirror. Yes; I was once more Fabio Romani, in spite of my white hair ;- no one that had even of my white hair;-no one that had ever known me intimately could doubt. I had changed my evening dress for a rough. every-day suit, and now over this I threw my leng Almavia cloak, which draped me from head to foot. I kept its folds well up about my mouth and chin, and pulled on a soft slouched hat, with the brim for down over my avea. There was nothing anid as I assisted my wife to alight, keeping her far down over my eyes. There was nothing unusual in such a costume: it was common cnough to many Neapolitans who have learned to dread the chill night winds that blow down

"Does it? I am sorry, very sorry laugh because because, cara

And I caught her to my heart and kissed

And I caught her to my heart and kissel roughly. "Now," I whispered, "I will carry will the steps are too rough for your little [4, dear, dainty, white little feet! I will dear, dainty, white little feet! I will you, you armful of sweetness 1...years my swels are-suck jewels, and all for you. "And I raised her from the ground as the the were a young, frail child. Whe she tried to resist me or not I can now remember. I bore her down the moli step with the firmness of one long familiar the place. But my brain reeled-rings of lire circled in the darkness before my shourts in bursting; the pent-up sgony and firm live circled in the darkness before my a every artery in my body seemed straind bursting; the pent-up agony and fury d soul were such that I thought I should so or drop down ere I gained the end of my or drop down ere 1 gained the end of my desire. As I descended I felt her clin t: me; her hands were cold and clammy of neck, as though she were chilled to the b with terror. At last I reached the lowert the floor of the work walk. with terror. At institute reached the lowest I touched the floor of the vanit. Iss precious burden down. Releasing my clup her I remained for a moment inactive, be 1: g heavily. She caught my arm-she p .n a hoarse whisper. "What place is the light

spoke of ?"

I made no answer. I moved from her side taking matches from my pocket I lit up ar candles which I had fixed in varia to comthe vault the night previously. Dazzled b the value the highe previously. Diszled by rlare after the intense darkness, she did no once perceive the nature of the place in si she stood. I watched her, myself still wap in the heavy cloak and hat that so effect disguised my features. What a sight was in that abode of corruption ! Lovely, cate, and full of life, with the shue d liamonds gleaming from under the folds of

fur that shrouded her, and the dark hood fa lack as though to display the sparkling w of her gold hair. Suddenly, and with a violent shock, she

Successfully, and when a violent shock, then y and the gloom of her surroundings-the rel are of the waxen torches showed her stone niches, the tattened palls, the deay trophies of of armour, the drear shapes of r eaten coffine, and with a shriek of horrer rushed to me where I stood, as immorable statue clad in coat of mail, and throwing status chao in coas or man, and throway arms about me clung to me in a frenzy di "Take me away, take me away" moaned, biding ber face against myta "Tis a vault-O Sanlissima Madoun

place for the dead ! Quick-quick ! take out to the air-let us go home-home-" (To be Continued.)

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRE. Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the passages, discharges from the head falling the throat; sometimes profuse, water, acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucou, lent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are lent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are watery and inflaned; there is ringing is ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to dea throat, expectoration of offensive mann gether with scabs from ulcers; the vis changed and has a nasal twang, the best offensive, smell and taste are impaired; is a sensation of dizziness, with mental de sion, a hacking cough and general debility you have all or any considerable number of you have all or any considerable numbered av mptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Ca The more complicated your disease has be the greater the number and diversity of toms. Thousands of cases annually, wi manifesting half of the above symptom, in consumption and end in the grave. ease is so common, more deceptive and do ous, or less understood or more unsucces treated, by physicians. Five hundred d reward is offered by the manufacturers d Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of e which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by gists, at only 50 cents.

Young ladies of New Haven cut al who has had his bair shingled. Theyp Yale locks.

Jack and Jill each took a pill, Old-fashioned kind-full grown; Jack's went dowr-but wi h a from-

Jill died from "cause unknown." Diailes will supersede many frowns, and discomtors will be unknown, when Dr. Fo Pleasant Pursative Pellets entirely super as they bid fair to do, the large and less effi pill of our forefathers. Every day they new laurels. Most popular when most

we rattled away over the rough uneven stones

of the back streets of the city, "La Villa Guarda !" exclaimed Nina. "Where is that ?"

"It is an old house," I replied, "situated near the place I spoke to you of, where the jewels are.' " Oh !"

And apparently contented, she nestled back And apparently contented, she nestled back in the carriage, permitting her head to rest lightly on my shoulder. I drew her closer to n.e, my heart beating with a fierce, terrible joy. "Mine-mine at last!" I whispered in her

BAT. "Mine for ever !" She turned her face upwards and smiled vic

toriously; her cool fragrant lips met my burn-ing, eager ones in a close, passionate kiss. Yee, I kissed her now-why should I not? She was as much mine as any purchased slave, and merited less respect than a sultan's occasional female toy. And as she chose to caress me, I let her do so :- I sllowed her to think me uterly vanquished by the battery of her charms. Yet whenever I caught an occasional glimpse of her face as we drove along in the semi-darkness, I could not help wondering at the supreme vanity of the woman! Her self-satisfaction was so complete.

man: Her sett-satisfaction was so complete, and, considering her approaching fate, so trazically absurd! She was entirely delighted with herself, her dress, and her conquest—as she thought—of me. Who could measure the height of the dazzling visions she indulged in; who could fathom the depths of her utter sel-fishmas 1

fiahness ! Seeing one like her, beautiful, wealthy, and above all-society knows I speak the truth !-well dressed, for by the latter virtue alone is a her sex feel somewhat envicus? Ah, yes ; they would and they do ; but believe me, the sel-

tish feminine thing, whose only sincere worship is offered at the shripes of Fashion and Folly, is of all creatures the one whose life is to be despised and never desired, and whose death makes no black even in the circles of her socalled best friends. I knew well enough that there was not a soul

in Naples who was really attached to my wifenot one who would miss her, no, not even a servant, -- though she, in her superb self-conceit, imagined herself to be the adored beauty of the city. Those who had indeed loved her she had despised, neglected, and betrayed. Musingly I looked down upon her as she rested back in the carriage, encucled by my arm, while now and then a little sigh of absolute delight in herself broke from her lips, —but we spoke scarcely at all. Hate has almost as little to say as love !

all. Hate has almost as little to say as love ! The night was persistently stormy, though no rain fell,--the gale had increased in strength, and the white moon only occasionally glared out from the masses of white and grey clouds that rushed like flying armies across the sky, and her fitful light shone dimly, as though she were a spectral torch glimmering through a forest of shadow. Now and and again bursts of music, or the blare of discordant trumpets, tesched our ears from the more distant thorough fares where the people were still celebrating the feast of Giovedi Grasso, or the tinkle of passing mandolines chimed in with the rolling wheel

of our carriage; but in a few moments we wer out of reach of even such sounds as these. We passed the outer suburbs of the city and were soon on the open road. The man I had hired drove fast; he knew nothing of us, he

was probably anxious to get back quickly to the crowded squares and illuminated quarters where the principri merriment of the evening was going on, and no doubt thought I showed but a poor taste in requiring to be driven away splintered, damp, and mouldering wood must even for a short distance, out of Naples on such speak for itself by and bye. Lastly I took the letters sent me by the Marquis D'Avencourt-the beautiful, passionate love epistles she had jumped down from his box and came to us. "Shall I drive up to the house?" he asked.

looking as though he would rather be spared this trouble. "No," I answered indifferently, "you need not. The distance is short, we will walk,"

And I stepped out into the road and paid him

said as I assisted my wife to alight, keeping her cloak well muffled round her so that this coms com mon fellow should not perceive the glitter of her costly costume ; " I wish I were he !" The pan grinned and nodded emphaticany. He had no suspicion of my identity. He took

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Lissa-that ingeniously contrived box in which the criminal was bound fast hand and foot, and then was forced to watch the huge lid descending slowly, slowly, haif an inch at a time, till at last its punderous weight crushed into a flat and mangled mass the writhing wrotch within, who had for long agonized hours watched death steadily approaching. Suppose that I had such a coffin now! No, no; she whom I sought to punish was so levely, such a softly-colored, witching, gracious body, though tenanted by a wicked soul-she should keep her beauty ! I would not destroy that I would be satisfied with my plan as already devised.

I threw away the end of my smoked-out cigar and entered my own rooms- Calling Vincenzo, who was now resigned and even eager to go to Avellino, I gave him his final instructions, and placed in his charge the iron cash box, which, unknown to him, contained 12,000 francs in notes and gold. This was the last good action I could do; it was a sufficient sum to set him up as a well to do farmer and fruit-grower in Aveilino with Lilla and her little dowry combined. He also carried a sealed letter to Signora Monti, which I told him she was not to open till a week had elapsed; this letter ex-plained the contents of the box and my wishes concerning it; it also asked the good woman to send to the Villa Romani for Assunta and her helpless charge, poor old paralyzed Giacomo, and to tend the latter as well as she could till his death, which I knew could not be far off.

I had thought of everything as far as possible and I could already foresee what a happy, peace-ful home there would be in the little mountain town guarded by the Monte Virgine. Lilla and Vincenzo would wed, I knew; Signora Monti and Assunta would console each other with their past memories, and in the tending of Lilla's children ; for some little time perhaps, they would talk of me and wonder sorrowfully where I had gone then gradually they would forget me, even as I desired to be forgotten.

Yes; I had done all I could for those who had never wronged me. I had acquitted myself of my debt to Vincenzo for his affection and field. ity; the rest of my way was clear. I had no more to do save the one thing, the one deed which had clamored so long for accomplishment. Lavenga, like a beckoning ghost, had led me on sep by step for many weary days and months, which to me had seemed oycles of suffering; bus now it paused—it faced me—and, turning itsplood-red eyes upon my soul, said, "Strike !"

CHAPTER XXXV.

The ball opened brilliantly. The rooms were magnificently decorated, and the soft lustreof a thousand lamps shone on a scene of splender almost befitting the court of a king. Some of the stateliest nobles in all Italy were some of the stateliest nobles in all italy were present their breasts glittering with jewelled orders and ribbons of honor; some of the love-liest women to be seen anywhere in the world flitted atcross the polished floors, like poets' dreams of the gliding sylphs that haunt rivers and fourthers by meanlight

and fountains by moonlight. But fairest where all were fair, peerless in the exuberance of her triumphant vanity, and in the absolute faultlessness of her delicate delicate charms, was my wife, the bride of the day, the heroine of the night. Never had she looked so surpassingly heautiful, and I, even I, felt my so surpressingly Deautiful, and 1, even 1, leit my pulse beat quicker, and the blood course more hotly through my veines, as I beheld her, radiant, victorious and smiling, a verit-able queen of the fairies, as dainty as a drop of dew, as piercing to the eye as a flash of light. Her dress was some wonderful mingling of misty lace, with the sheen of satin and glittered on her bodice like sunlight on white alower, dropping down to a sweet and persua-foam; the brighn's jewels flashed gloriously sive conclusion, I led my wif to her fauteui,

am to-night."

am to-night." A low ripple of laughter was her response. "I knew it," she murmured again, half breath-lessly, as drew her with swifter and more volup-tuous motion into the vortex of the dancers. "You tried to be cold, but I knew I could make you love me-yes, love me passionately-and I was right." Then, with an outburst of triumph-ant vanity, she added, "I believe you would

die for we !" I bent over her more closely. My hot quick breach moved the feathery gold of her hair. "I have died for you," I said ; "I have killed my old self for your sake." Dancing still, encircled by my arms, and gliding along like a sea-nymph on moonlit foam, she sighed restleasly. "Tell me what you mean, amor mio," she saked. in the truderest tone rn the world. die for me l'

asked, in the tenderest tone rn the world. Ah, God ! that tender seductive cadence of

er voice, how well I knew it !- how often had it lured away my strength, as the fabled siren's song had been wont to wreck the listening

mariner. "I mean that you have changed me, sweetest !" I whispered in fierce, hurried ac-"I have seemed old,-for you to-night cents. I will be young again,—for you my chilled slow blood shall again be hot and quick as lava,—for you my long-buried past shall rise in all its pristine vigor; for you I will be a lover, such as perhaps no woman ever had, or ever will have

again !" She heard, and nestled closer to me in the dance. My words pleased her. Next to her worship of wealth her delight was to arouse the passions of men. She was very panther-like in her nature—her first tendency was to devour, her next to gambol with any animal she met, though her sleek, swift playfuluess might mean death. She was by no means exceptional in this; there are many women like her.

and foolish chatter of the glittering cluster of society butterflies, all the while despirately counting the tedious minutes, and wondering whether my patience, so long on the rack, would last out its destined time. As I made my way through the brilliant assemblage. Luziano Salustri, the post, greeted me with a grave

smile. • I have had little time to congratulate you Conte," he said in those mellifluous accents of nis which were like his own improvised music, "but I assure you I do so with all my heart. Even in my most fantastic dreams I have never pictured a fairer beroine of a life's romance than the lady who is now the Countess Oliva." I silently bowed my thanks.

"I am of a strange temperament, I suppose," he resumed. "To night this ravishing score of beauty and splendor makes me sad at heart, I know not why. It seems too brilliant, too dazzling. I would as soon go home and com-pose a dirge as anything."

"I laughed satirically. "Why not do it?" I said. "You are not the first person who, being present at a marriage, has, with perverse incongruity, meditated on a funeral !"

A wistful look came into his brilliant, poetic

eyes. "I have thought once or twice," he remarked in a low tone, "of that misguided young man, in a low tone, "of that misguided young man, Ferrari. A pity, was it not, that the quarrel

occurred between you?" "A pity indeed !" I replied brusquely. Then taking him by the arm I turned him round so that he faced my wife, who was standing not far off. "But look at the the angel I have married! Is she not a fair cause for a dispute even unto death? Fie on thee, Luziano !- why think of Ferrari? He is not the first man who has been killed for the sake of a woman, nor will he be the last !"

Salustri shrugged his shoulders, and was silent for a minute or two. Theu he added with his own brightsmile,— "Still, amico, it would have been much bet-ter if it had ended in coffee and cognac. My-

self, I would rather shoot a man with an epigrm than a leaden bullet! By the bye, do you remember of our talking of Cain and Abel that night?"

" Perfectly."

"I have wondered since," he continued half merrily, halt seriously, "whether the real cause of their quarrel has ever been rightly told. I should not be at all surprised if one of these days some savant does not discover a papyrus containing a missing page of Holy Writ, which will ascribe the rea-son of the first bloodshed to a love affair. Perhaps there were wood nymphs in these days, as we are assured there were giants, and some dainty Dryad might have driven the first pair of human brothers to desperation by her charms ! What say you ?"

What say you ?" Mathematical and the probable," I answered lightly. "Make a poem of it, Salustri, people will say you have improved on the Bible !" And I left him with a gay gesture to join other groups, and to take my part in the various dances which were now following quickly on one another. The supper was fixed to take place at midnight. At the first opportunity I had, I looked at the time. Quarter to eleven 1-my heart beat quickly, the blood rushed to my temples and surged noisily in my cars. . . . The hour I had waited for so long and so eagerly had come ! At last ! at last i

into the garden, one that was only used for private purposes, having nothing to do with the ordinary modes of exit and estrance to and from the hotel.

Into this ball I now barried with an eager step; it was deserted; she was not there. Im-patiently I waited; the minutes seemed hours. Sounds of music grated towards me from the distant ball room-the dreamy, swinging meas-ure of a Viennese waltz. I could almost hear the flying fact of the dancers. I was safe from all observation where I stood : th servants were busy preparing the grand marriage supper, and all the inhabitants of the hotel were absorbed in watching the progress of the brilliant and exceptional feativities of the night.

Would she never come. Supp se, after all she should escape me ! I trembi d at the idea then put it from me with a smile at my own folly. No, her punishment was just, and in her case the Fates ware inflexible. So I thought and felt. I raced up and down feverishly; I could count the thick, heavy throps of pv own heart. How long the moments seemed ! Would she never come ? Ah ! at last ! I carght the sound of a rustling robe and a light step—a breath of delicate tragrance was waited on the air like the odour of falling orange blossoms. I turned, and saw her approaching. With swift grace she ran up to me as eagerly as a child, her heavy cloak of rich Russian sable falling back from her shoulders and displaying her glitter-ing dress, the dark fur of the hord heightening by contrast the fairness of her lovely fushed face, so that it looked like the face of one of Corregio's angels framed in ebony and velvet. She laughed, and her eyes flished saucily. "Did I keep you waiting, cara mio?" she

whisnered : and standing on tip-toe she kissed the hand with which I held my closk mutiled about me. "How tal you look in that Alma-viva! I am so sorry I am a little late, but that last waitz was so exquisite I could not reast it: only I wish you had danced it with me." "You honor me by the wish," I said, keep ing one arm about her wait and drawing her

towards the door that opened into the garden. "Tell me, how did you manage to leave the ball room?

"Oh, easily. I slipped away from my part-ier as the end of the waltz, and told him I should return immediately. Then I ran up-stairs to my room, got my cloak, and here I sm.

And she laughed again. She was evidently in the highest sp.rits. "You are very good to come with me at all, min bella," I murmured as gently as I could; it is kind of you to thus humor my fancy. Did you see your maid? Does she know where you are going ?" "She? Ob, no, she was not in my room at

all. She is a great coquete, you know; I dare say she is a musing herself with the waiters in the kitchen Poor thing ! I hope she enjoys it." I breathed freely; we were so far undis-covered. No one had as yet noticed our depar-ture and one had the least other the

ture, no one had the least clue to my intentions. I opened the door of the passage noiselessly and we passed out. Wrapping my wite's cloak more closely about her with much apparent tenderness, I led her quickly across the garden. There was no one in sight-we were entirely unobserved. On reaching the exterior gate of the enclosure I left her for a moment, while I summoned a carriage, a common

facre. She expressed some surprise on seeing the vehicle. "I thought we were not going far?" she said.

I last 1 Slowly and with a hesitating step I approached my wife. She was resting after her exertions in the dance, and reclined languidly in a low to assist her into the carriage. "I followed her, velvet chair, chatting gaily with that very and calling to the driver, "A la Villa Guarda,"

me in all probability for one of those 4 gallants" to common in Naples, who, on finding at some public entertainment a dama to their taste, burry her off, carefully cloaked and headed, to a mysterious nook known only to themselves, where they can complete the romance of the evening entirely to their own

satisfaction. Bidding me a lively buona notte, head violently round with a voll-y of caths and drove away at a rathing pace. Nina, standing on the road beside me, looked after him with a bewildered ar. "Could he not have waited to take us back ?"

she asked.

"No," I answered brusquely ; "we shall re-

And passing my arm arcund ber, I led her onward. She shivered slightly, and there was a sound of querulous complaint in her voice as ahe said,

"Have we to go much further. Cesare ?"

"Three minutes" walk will bring us to our destination," I replied briefly, adding in a softer tone, "Are you cold ?" "A little," and she gathered her sables more

closely about her and pressed nearer to my side. The capricious moon here suddenly leaped forth like the pale ghost of a frenzied dancer, standing tip-tue on the edge of a precipious chasm of black clouds. Her rays, palidly green and cold, fell full on the drear stretch of land before us, touching up with luminious distinctness those white mysterious milestones of the Campo Santo which mark where the journeys of men, women, and children began and where they left off, but never explain in what direction left off, but never explain in work direction they are now traveling. My wife saw and stopped, trembling violently. "What place is this?" she asked nervously. In all her life she had never visited a ceme-

-she had too great a horror of death. "It is where I keep all my treasurer," I an

swered, and my voice sounded surges and harsh in my own ears, while I tightened my grasp of her full, warm waist. "Come with me, my beloved !" and in spite of my efforts, my tone was one of bitter mockery. "With wered, and my voice sounded strange and

me you need have no fear ! Come !' And I led her on, too powerles: to resist my And I led her on, too poweries: to resist my force, too startled to speak, --on, on, cn, over the rank dewy grass and unmarked ancient gaves, --on, till the low frowning gate of the buse of my dead ancestors faced me, --on, on, on with the strength of ten devils in my arm as held her, -on, on, on, to her just doom

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The noon had retreated behind a dense wall of cloud, and the landscape was enveloped in semi-darkness. Reaching the door of the walt, I unlocked b; it opened instantly and fell back with a sudden clang. She whom I held fast

with in grippehrank back, and subverse lease herself from my grasp. "Where are you going?" she demanded in a faint tone. "I-I am afraid !" "Of what?" I aked, endeavoring to control the passionate vibration of by voice and to sneak unconcernedly. "Because it is dark? we shall have light directly—you will see—you —you," and to my own surprise broke into a loud and violent langh. "You have no cause to be frightened! Come!"

And I lifted her swiftly and easil; over the shone step of the entrance and set her afely in-side. Inside at last, thank heaven ! Thus the areat gate upon us both and loaked it! Again that strange undesired laugh broke from my lips involuntarily, and the cohoes of the chernel house responded to it with uncarthly ind ghastly distinctness. Nina clung to me in the

dense gloom "Wby do you laugh like that?" she oried oudly and impatiently. "It sounds horrible." I checked myself by a strong effort,

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