

some years ago; but he has come into his dukedom since then."

"He must be a very old man by this time."

"Yes, he is old; but what of that? He is as hale, and bright, and stately as ever. You have seen him before?"

"Yes," I said, turning away; "I have seen him,—years ago."

"You have heard of his marriage?"

I shook my head.

The clerk chuckled, rubbed his hands, and shrugged his shoulders.

"An extraordinary affair," he said. "Made a tremendous esclandre at the time. He married his mistress—quite a common, vulgar girl—a Genoese—very handsome; but not received, of course. Nobody visits her."

"Married her!" I exclaimed. "Impossible."

"True, I assure you."

I put my hand to my head. I felt as if I had had a fall or a blow.

"Does she—does she go to-night?" I faltered.

"O dear, yes—goes everywhere with him—never lets him out of her sight. You'll see her—la bella Duchessa!"

With this my informant laughed, and rubbed his hands again, and went back to his office.

The day went by, I scarcely know how, except that my whole soul was in a tumult of rage and bitterness. I returned from my afternoon's work about 7.25, and at 10.30 I was once again at the station. I had examined the engine; given instructions to the Fochista, or stoker, about the fire; seen to the supply of oil; and got all in readiness, when, just as I was about to compare my watch with the clock in the ticket-office, a hand was laid upon my arm, and a voice in my ear said,—

"Are you the engine-driver who is going on with this special train?"

I had never seen the speaker before. He was a small, dark man, muffled up about the throat, with blue glasses, a large black beard, and his hat drawn down upon his eyes.

"You are a poor man, I suppose," he said, in a quick, eager whisper, "and, like other poor men, would not object to be better off. Would you like to earn a couple of thousand florins?"

"In what way?"

"Hush! You are to stop at Padua, are you not, and to go on again at Ponte di Brenta?"

I nodded.

"Suppose you did nothing of the kind. Suppose instead of turning off the steam, you jump off the engine, and let the train run on?"

"Impossible. There are seventy yards of embankment gone, and—"

"Basta! I know that. It would be nothing but an accident."

I turned hot and cold; I trembled; my heart beat fast, and my breath failed.

"Why do you tempt me?" I faltered.

"For Italy's sake," he whispered; "for liberty's sake. I know you are no Italian; but, for all that, you may be a friend. The Loredano is one of his country's bitterest enemies. Stay, here are two thousand florins."

I thrust his hand back fiercely.

"No—no!" I said. "No blood-money. If I do it, I do it neither for Italy nor for money; but for vengeance."

"For vengeance!" he repeated.

At this moment the signal was given for backing up to the platform. I sprang to my place upon the engine without another word. When I again looked towards the spot where he had been standing, the stranger was gone.

I saw them take their places—duke and duchess, secretary and priest, valet and maid. I saw the station-master bow them into the carriage, and stand, bareheaded, beside the door. I could not distinguish their faces; the platform was too dark, and the glare from the engine-fire too strong; but I recognized her stately figure and the poise of her head. Had I not been told who she was, I should have known her by those traits alone. Then the guard's whistle shrilled out, and the station-master made his last bow; I turned the steam on, and we started.

My blood was on fire. I no longer trembled

or hesitated. I felt as if every nerve was iron, and every pulse instinct with deadly purpose. She was in my power, and I would be revenged. She should die,—she, for whom I had stained my soul with my friend's blood! She should die, in the plenitude of her wealth and beauty, and no power upon earth should save her.

The stations flew past. I put on more steam; I bade the fireman heap in the coke, and stir the blazing mass. I would have outstripped the wind, had it been possible. Faster and faster—hedges and trees, bridges and stations, flashing past—villages no sooner seen than gone—telegraph wires twisting, and dipping, and twining themselves in one, with the awful swiftness of our pace! Faster and faster, till the fireman at my side looks white and scared, and refuses to add more fuel to the furnace. Faster and faster, till the wind rushes in our faces and drives the breath back upon our lips.

I would have scorned to save myself. I meant to die with the rest. Mad as I was,—and I believe from my very soul that I was utterly mad for the time,—I felt a passing pang of pity for the old man and his suite. I would have spared the poor fellow at my side, too, if I could; but the pace at which we were going made escape impossible.

Vicenza was passed—a mere confused vision of lights. Pojana flew by. At Padua, but nine miles distant, our passengers were to alight. I saw the fireman's face turned upon me in remonstrance; I saw his lips move, though I could not hear a word; I saw his expression change suddenly from remonstrance to a deadly terror, and then—merciful Heaven! then, for the first time, I saw that he and I were no longer alone upon the engine.

There was a third man,—a third man standing on my right hand, as the fireman was standing on my left,—a tall, stalwart man, with short curling hair, and a flat Scotch cap upon his head. As I fell back in the first shock of surprise, he stepped nearer, took my place at the engine, and turned the steam off. I opened my lips to speak to him; he turned his head slowly, and looked me in the face.

Matthew Price!

I uttered one long wild cry, flung my arms wildly up above my head, and fell as if I had been smitten by an axe.

I am prepared for the objections that may be made to my story. I expect, as a matter of course, to be told that this was an optical illusion, or that I was suffering from pressure on the brain, or even that I laboured under a temporary attack of insanity. I have heard all these arguments before, and, if I may be forgiven for saying so, I have no desire to hear them again. My own mind has been made up on the subject for many a year. All that I can say—all that I know is—that Matthew Price came back from the dead to save my soul and the lives of those whom I, in my guilty rage, would have hurried to destruction. I believe this as I believe in the mercy of Heaven and the forgiveness of repentant sinners.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE PROPER DAY FOR MARRIAGES.—Wedd'ns-day.

HOW TO MAKE A LITTLE GO A GREAT WAY—Send it by rail.

WHY can't the captain of a vessel keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port?

A WESTERN editor, in noticing a new and splendid hearse, says he has no doubt that it will afford much satisfaction to those who use it.

"PLEASE, Mr. Smith, papa wants to know if you won't lend him the model of your hat?" "Certainly, my son, what for?" "He wants to make a scare-crow."

RECKLESS DRIVING.—A cabman has lately driven his own mother out of her mind.

NO MAN generally needs so much money as he who despises it.

SAM, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in de world?—Because dey nose eberyting.

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied, "He had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail."

"THAT man is a thief," said a wag, pointing to a reporter in a court of justice. "Why so?" inquired his friend. "Why," cried he, "do you not see he is taking notes?"

WHEN Lord Eldon resigned the Great Seal, a small barrister said, "To me his loss is irreparable. He always behaved to me like a father." "Yes," remarked Henry Brougham, "I understand he always treated you as a child."

"WELL, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Oh, very well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Why, you see, missus biled three eggs for herself, and gib me de brof."

WHAT is the most sensational periodical of the day?—The Powder Magazine.

In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage? *Be mine, ah!* (B. minor).

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 44

- WHITE.
1. B to Q 4 (dis. ch.)
 2. Q to K 4 (ch.)
 3. B to B 5 (ch.)
 4. Kt to Kt 3 Mate.
- (If Black plays 3, K to B 6. White mates by 4. Kt to Kt sq. or, if 3, K to Q 4, then follows 4. Kt takes P Mate.)
- (a.) 2. _____ Kt to B 5.
3. B to B 5 (dis. ch.) K to Kt 6.
4. Kt to B sq. Mate. (If he play 3, K to Kt 4, White mates by 4. Q to Kt 4.)
- (b.) 2. _____ Kt to Q 7.
3. B to B 3 (ch.) K to Q 8.
4. Kt to Kt 2 Mate.
- (c.) 1. _____ Kt to Q 7 (e.)
2. Q to B sq (ch) K takes Kt or (d.) -
3. Kt to Kt 2. K to B 6.
4. Q to K B sq Mate.
- (If 3 R to R 8, White replies with 4. B to Kt 4 Mate; if 3, R or Kt takes B, then follows 4. Q to Q sq Mate; if 3 Kt to K 6, mate is given by 4. Q takes Kt.)
- (d.) 2. _____ K takes P.
3. R to Kt 3 (ch.) K takes Kt.
4. Kt Mates. (If 3, K to K 5, or 3. Kt interposes, Kt or B mates.)
- (e.) 1. _____ Any other move.
2. White mates in 2 moves.

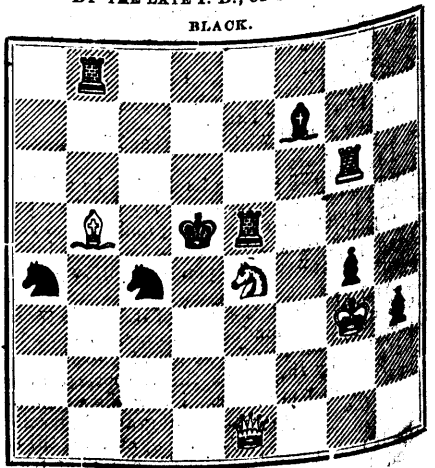
SOLUTION OF SECOND STIPULATION.

1. B to K Kt sq (dis. ch.) K takes P or (a.)
 2. Kt to B sq (ch.) K to Q 7.
 3. Q to B 3 (ch.) K to Q 8.
 4. Kt Mates.
- (a.) 1. _____ K to Q 7.
2. Q to B sq (ch.) K takes Kt (b.)
3. B to Kt 4 (ch.) K takes P.
4. Kt to B 5 Mate.
- (b.) 2. _____ K takes P.
3. Kt to B 5 (ch.) K takes Kt.
4. B Mates.

PROBLEM No. 47.

BY THE LATE I. B., OF BRIDPORT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.