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LISTOWEL STANDARD
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EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
in time for the early mails, at the office,
MARTIN'S BLOCK, MAIN ST., LISTOWEL,
—by—
A. ST. GEORGE HAWKINS.

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W. MITCHELL. R. T. KEMP.

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Listowel Standard.

VOL. V.—NO. 35. LISTOWEL, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1882. A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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RESERVE FUND, - - $100,000.
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HON. D. MCINNES, Esq., E. GURNEY, Esq., D. MOORE, Esq., GEORGE ROACH, Esq., JOHN PROCTOR, Esq.
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Interest allowed on deposit.
H. H. O'REILLY, AGENT.
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LISTOWEL, ONTARIO.
ESTABLISHED 1873
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Special attention given to collections at a moderate charge. Interest allowed on deposit at the rate of
FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM
on balances in any time.
Money advanced in small or large amount at all times, on good endorsed notes or collateral security.
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—OF—
A. McDONALD & CO.,
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL, ONT.
MONEY TO LOAN
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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Money received on deposit in large or small sums; interest allowed at the rate of
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Money remitted by draft to any part of Canada or the United States.
Collections attended to promptly; terms reasonable.
REFERENCE—Merchants Bank of Canada.
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A. McDONALD & D. ROY, Proprietors.
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A LARGE AMOUNT OF
PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN.
—AT—
LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST.
The best privileges given for paying off loans.
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AT 6½ PER CENT.
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Apply to
R. MARTIN.

For sale, lot 15 in the 10th con. of Wallace, 100 acres, about 70 acres cleared. Bank barn, 36 x 60, and frame house, 32 x 24. Two good wells and a good bearing orchard. This farm joins the corporation of the town of Palmerston, affording all the advantages of that growing town.
Apply to R. MARTIN.

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MONEY TO LOAN.
AT 6 PER CENT
—o—
Farm & Town Property.
THE BEST OF
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT
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Office—Montreal Telegraph Office, Main St., Listowel.
S. M. SMITH.

GOLD, Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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WM. McKEEVER,
Has pleasure in announcing that he has fitted up a
First-Class Butcher Stall
in his new Brick Block on west side of Wallace street, opposite the old stand, where the
Choicest Meats of the Season
can be had at all times, and at moderate rates.
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!
to Hotels and Boarding Houses.
Will not be Undersold.
WM. McKEEVER.
Listowel, 1881 46.

THE BEST VALUE IN
STAPLE GROCERIES!
—AT—
JAS. ARMSTRONG'S
next to McDonald's Bank, Main St.
SPECIAL VALUE IN TEAS.
Large stock of
CROCKERY, CUTLERY & GLASSWARE
will be sold very cheap for one month.
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Buckwheat Flour, &c., constantly on hand.
Farmers, bring your Butter and Eggs, and dried meat this way. Highest market price allowed in exchange for goods. 5.

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AT COST!
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The balance of his large stock will positively be run off at cost, so
GREAT BARGAINS
MAY BE LOOKED FOR.
Also a large stock of
WINDOW BLINDS
at big reductions.
WILLOW and PALM BASKETS, WALKING STICKS, RUBBER BALLS, &C.
VERY CHEAP.
Large stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, School Books and Stationery always on hand.
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Main Street, Listowel. 14.

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STEWART PATERSON
Takes pleasure in informing the public that he keeps in stock a full assortment of
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which he will sell at lowest prices. Also
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
DULCIMERS, ACCORDEONS, CONCERTINAS, VIOLINS, VIOLIN STRINGS, FITTINGS, MUSIC, &C.
PICTURE FRAMING
a specialty. Large stock of mouldings kept in stock.
SHOW ROOM—Under the Osborne Hall, Main street. 15

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BUILDER & CONTRACTOR,
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Contracts taken for all classes of buildings. Plans and specifications prepared, and estimates furnished.
SHOP—Part of Milne's Factory. 14.

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E. GABEL,
LATE CUTTER FOR MR. JOHN RIGGS,
Takes pleasure in intimating to the citizens of Listowel and neighborhood that he has commenced business for himself, and has opened a
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
OVER J. C. BURT'S STORE,
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL,
and all who wish to
SAVE MONEY,
at at the same time get their clothes made in
FIRST-CLASS STYLE,
and guaranteed to fit, are invited to leave their orders with him.
Special attention given to cutting suits. A call is respectfully solicited.
For stylish fit and low prices we will be found to be second to none.
16 E. GABEL.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER
when well put together, by
J. P. NEWMAN.
To be convinced of that, call and see J. P. Newman's
SPLENDID STOCK
—of—
BOOTS & SHOES.
Part of which has just arrived, and more coming.
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
He would direct special attention to his
CUSTOM WORK.
SEWED WORK A SPECIALTY.
Having just received sets of latest styles of American Lasts, he can guarantee a new Boot as easy as an old Shoe, and fit like an old stocking.
REPAIRING Promptly attended to. Liberal discount for Cash.
J. P. NEWMAN.

SALESMEN WANTED.
To begin work at once on Sales for Fall of 1882, for the
FONTHILL NURSERIES.
THE LARGEST IN CANADA.
Head Office—Toronto, Ontario.
Branch Offices—Montreal, P. Q., & St. Paul, Minn.
NURSERIES—FONTHILL, ONTARIO.
We can start in addition to our already large force,
100 Additional Canvassers,
and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply to STONE & WELLINGTON, Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

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FOR SALE!
ON
MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS
Terms to suit buyers.
10. GEORGE DRAPER

PITCHERY-DITCHERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DE MOULIN.

Beatrice faltered and fell back, but it was not at the roar of applause. It was that face—the one face among three thousand before her, the one, the only one that she saw. Ah, how in that moment all the past came rushing before her—the Indian Ocean, the Malay piracy, where that face first appeared, the Atlantic, the shipwreck, the long sail over the seas in the boat, the African Isle!

She stood so long in silence that the spectators wondered.

Suddenly the face which had so transfixed her sank down. He was gone, or had he hid himself. Was it because he knew he was the cause of her silence?

The face disappeared and the spell was broken. Langhetti stood at the side scenes, watching with deep agitation the silence of Beatrice. He was on the point of taking the desperate step of going forward when he saw that she had regained her composure.

She regained it, and moved a step forward with such calm serenity that no one could have suspected her of having lost it. She began to sing. In an opera words are nothing—music is all in all. It is sufficient if the words express, even in a feeble and general way, the ideas which breathe and burn in the music. Thus it was with the words in the opening song of Beatrice.

But the music! What language can describe it?

Upon this all the richest stores of Langhetti's genius had been lavished. Into this all the soul of Beatrice was thrown with sublime self-forgetfulness. She ceased to be herself. Before the audience she was Athene.

Her voice, always marvellously rich and full, was now grander and more capacious than ever. It poured forth a full stream of matchless harmony that carried all the audience captive. Strong, soaring, penetrating, it rose easily to the highest notes, and flung them forth with a lavish, and at the same time far reaching power that penetrated every heart, and thrilled all who heard it. Roused to the highest enthusiasm by the sight of that vast assemblage, Beatrice gave herself up to the intoxication of the hour. She threw herself into the spirit of the piece; she took deep into her heart the thought of Langhetti, and uttered it forth to the listeners, with harmonies that were almost divine—such harmonies that they had never before heard.

There was the silence of death as she sang. Her voice stilled all other sounds. Each listener seemed almost afraid to breathe. Some looked at one another in amazement, but most of them sat motionless, with their heads stretched forward, unconscious of anything except that one voice.

At last it ceased. For a moment there was a pause. Then there arose a deep, low thunder of applause that deepened and intensified itself every moment till at last it rose on high in one sublime outburst, a frenzy of acclamation, such as is heard but seldom, but, once heard, is never forgotten.

Beatrice was called out. She came, and retired. Again and again she was called. Flowers were showered down in heaps at her feet. The acclamations went on, and only ceased through the consciousness that more was yet to come. The piece went on. It was one long triumph. At last it ended. Beatrice had been loaded with honors. Langhetti was called out and welcomed with almost equal enthusiasm. His eyes filled with tears of joy as he received this well merited tribute to his genius. He and Beatrice stood on the stage at the same time. Flowers were flung at him. He took them and laid them at the feet of Beatrice.

At this a louder roar of acclamation arose. It increased and deepened, and the two who stood there felt overwhelmed by the tremendous applause.

So ended the first representation of the "Prometheus!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SECRET.

The triumph of Beatrice continued. The daily papers were filled with accounts of the new singer. She had came suddenly before them, and had at one bound reached the highest eminence. She had eclipsed all the popular favorites. Her sublime strains, her glorious enthusiasm, her marvelous voice, her perfect beauty, all kindled the popular heart. The people forgave her for not having an Italian name, since she had one who was so aristocratic. Her whole appearance showed that she was something very different from the common order of artistes, as different, in fact as the Prometheus was from the common order of operas. For here in the Prometheus there were no endless iterations of the one theme of love, no perpetual repetitions of the same rhyme of amore and cuore, or amore and cuor; but rather the effort of the soul after sublimer mysteries. The Prometheus sought to solve the problem of life and of human suffering. Its divine sentiments brought hope and consolation. The great singer rose to the altitude of a sibyl; she uttered inspirations; she herself was inspired.

As she stood with her grand Grecian beauty, her pure classic features she looked as beautiful as a statue, and as ideal and passionless. In one sense she could never be a popular favorite. She had no archness or coquetry like some, no voluptuousness like others, no arts to win applause like others. Still she stood up and sang as one who believed that this was the highest mission of humanity, to utter divine truth to human ears. She sang softly, thrilling, as an angel might sing, and those who saw her revered her while they listened.

And thus it was that the fame of this new singer went quickly through England, and foreign journals spoke of it half-wonderingly, half-cynically, as usual; for Continentals never have any faith in English art, or in the power which any Englishman may have to interpret art. The leading French journals conjectured that the "Prometheus" was of a religious character, and therefore Puritanical; and consequently for that reason was popular. They amused themselves with the idea of a Puritanical opera, declared that the English wished to Protestantize music, and suggested "Calvin" or "The Sabbath," as good subjects for a this new and entirely English class of operas.

But soon the correspondents of some of the Continental papers began to write glowing accounts of the piece, and to put Langhetti in the same class with Handel. He was an Italian, they said, but in this case he united Italian grace and versatility with German solemnity and melancholy. They declared that he was the greatest of living composers, and promised for him a great reputation.

Night after night the representation of the "Prometheus" went on with undiminished success; and with a larger and profounder appreciation of its meaning among the better class of minds. Langhetti began to show a stronger and fuller confidence in the success of his piece than he had yet dared to evince. Yet now its success seemed assured. What more could he wish?

September came on, and every succeeding night only made the success more marked. One day Langhetti was with Beatrice at the theatre, and they were talking of many things. There seemed to be something on his mind, for he spoke in an abstracted manner. Beatrice noticed this at last, and mentioned it.

He was at first very mysterious. "It must be that secret of yours which you will not tell me," said she. "You said once before that it was connected with me, and that you would tell it to me when the time came. Has not the time come yet?"

"Not yet," answered Langhetti.

"When will it come?"

"I don't know."

"And will you keep it secret always?"

"Perhaps not."

"You speak undecidedly."

"I am undecided."

"Why not decide now to tell it?" pleaded Beatrice. "Why should I not know it? Surely I have gone through enough suffering to bear this, even if it bring something additional."

Langhetti looked at her long and doubtfully.

"You hesitate," said she.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"It is of too much importance."

"That is all the more reason why I should know it. Would it crush me if I knew it?"

"I don't know. It might."

"Then let me be crushed."

Langhetti sighed.

"Is it something that you know for certain, or is it only conjecture?"

"Neither," said he, "but half way between the two."

Beatrice looked earnestly at him for some time. Then she put her head nearer to his and spoke in a solemn whisper.

"It is about my mother!"

Langhetti looked at her with a startled expression.

"Is it not?"

He bowed his head.

"It is—it is. And if so, I implore—I conjure you to tell me. Look, I am calm. Think, I am strong. I am not one who can be cast down merely by bad news."

"I may tell you soon."

"Say you will."

"I will," said Langhetti, after a struggle.

"When?"

"Soon."

"Why not to-morrow?"

"That is too soon; you are impatient."

"Of course I am," said Beatrice. "Ought I not to be so? Have you not said that this concerns me? and is not all my imagination aroused in the endeavor to form a conjecture as to what it may be?"

She spoke so earnestly that Langhetti was moved, and looked still more undecided.

"When will you tell me?"

"Soon, perhaps," he replied, with some hesitation.

"Why not now?"

"Oh no, I must assure myself first about some things."

"To-morrow, then."

He hesitated.

"Yes," said she; "it must be to-morrow. If you do not, I shall think that you have little or no confidence in me. I shall expect it to-morrow."

Langhetti was silent.

"I shall expect it to-morrow," repeated Beatrice.

Langhetti still continued silent.

"Oh, very well; silence gives consent!" said she, in a lively tone.

"I have not consented."

"Yes you have, by your silence."

"I was deliberating."

"I asked you twice and you did not refuse; surely that means consent."

"I do not say so," said Langhetti, earnestly.

"But you will do so."

"Do not be so certain."

"Yes, I will be certain; and if you do not tell me you will very deeply disappoint me."

"In telling you I could only give you sorrow."

"Sorrow or joy, whatever it is, I can bear it as long as I know this. You will not suppose that I am actuated by simple feminine curiosity. You know me better. This secret is one which subjects me to the tortures of suspense, and I am anxious to have them removed."

"The removal will be worse than the suspense."

"That is impossible."

"You would not say so if you knew what it was."

"Tell me, then."

"That is what I fear to do."

"Do you fear for me, or for some other person?"

"Only for you."

"Do not fear for me, then, I beseech you; for it is not only my desire, but my prayer, that I may know this."

Langhetti seemed to be in deep perplexity. Whatever this secret was with which he was so troubled he seemed afraid to tell it to Beatrice, either from fear that it might not be anything in itself or result in anything, or, as seemed more probable, least it might too greatly effect her. This last was the motive which appeared to influence him most strongly. In either case, the secret of which he spoke must have been one of a highly important character, affecting most deeply the life and fortunes of Beatrice herself. She had formed her own ideas and her own expectations about it, and this made her all the more urgent, and even peremptory, in her demand. In fact things had come to such a point that Langhetti found himself no longer able to refuse, and now only sought how to postpone his divulgence of his secret.

Yet even this Beatrice combated, and would listen to no later postponement than the morrow.

At length, after long resistance to her demand, Langhetti assented, and promised on the morrow to tell her what it was that he had meant by his secret.

For, as she gathered from his conversation, it was something that he had first discovered in Hong Kong, and had never since forgotten, but had tried to make it certain. His efforts had thus far been useless, and he did not wish to tell her till he could bring proof. That proof, unfortunately, he had not been able to find, and he could only tell his conjectures.

It was for these, then, that Beatrice waited in anxious expectation.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CAB.

THAT evening Beatrice's performances had been greeted with louder applause than usual, and, what was more gratifying to one like her, the effective passages had been listened to with a stillness which spoke more loudly than the loudest applause of the deep interest of the audience.

Langhetti had almost always driven home with her, but on this occasion he had excused himself on account of some business in the theater which required his attention.

On going out Beatrice could not find the cabman whom she had employed. After looking around for him a long time she found that he had gone. She was surprised and vexed. At the same time she could not account for this, but thought that perhaps he had been drinking and had forgotten all about her. On making this discovery she was on the point of going back and telling Langhetti, but a cabman followed her persistently promising to take her wherever she wished, and she thought that it would be foolish to trouble Langhetti about so small a matter; so that at length she decided to employ the persevering cabman, thinking that he would take her to lodgings as well as anybody else.

The cabman started off at a rapid pace, and went on though street after street, while Beatrice sat thinking of the evening's performance.

At last it seemed to her that she had been a much longer time than usual, and she began to fear that the cabman had lost his way. She looked out. They were going along the upper part of Oxford street, a great distance from where she lived. She instantly tried to draw down the window so as to attract the cabman's attention, but could not move it. She tried the other, but all was fast and would not stir. She rapped at the glass to make him hear, but he took no notice. Then she tried to open the door, but could not do so from the inside.

She sat down and thought. What could be the meaning of this? They were now going at a much faster rate than is common in the streets of London, but where she was going she could not conjecture.

She was not afraid. Her chief feeling was one of indignation. Either the cabman was drunk—or what? Could he have been hired to carry her off to her enemies? Was she betrayed?

This thought flashed like lightning through her mind.

She was not one who would sink down into inaction at the sudden outset of terror. Her chief feeling now was one of indignation at the audacity of such an attempt. Obeying the first impulse that seized her, she took the solid roll of music which she carried with her and dashed it against the front window, so violently that she broke it in pieces. Then she caught the driver by the sleeve and ordered him to stop.

"All right," said the driver, and turning a corner, he wiped up his horses, and they galloped on faster than ever.

"If you don't stop I'll call for help," cried Beatrice.

The driver's only answer was a fresh application of the whip.

The street up which they turned was narrow, and as it laged only dwelling houses it was not so brightly lighted as Oxford street. There were but few passengers on the sidewalk. As it was now about midnight, most of the lights were out, and the gas-lamps were the chief means of illumination.

Yet there was a chance that the police might save her. With this hope she dashed her music scroll against the windows on each side of the cab, and shivered them to atoms, calling at the top of her voice for help. The swift rush of the cab and the sound of a woman's voice shouting for aid aroused the police. They started forward. But the horses were rushing so swiftly that no one dared to touch them. The driver seemed to them to have lost control. They thought that the horses were running away, and that those within the cab were frightened.

Away they went through street after street, and Beatrice never ceased to call. The excitement which had been caused by the runaway horses did not abate, and at length when the driver stopped a policeman hurried up.

The house before which the cab stopped was a plain two story one, in a quiet looking street. A light shone from the front parlor window. As the cab drew up the door opened and a man came out.

Beatrice saw the policeman.

"Help!" she cried; "I implore help. This wretch is carrying me away."

"What's this?" growled the policeman.

At this the man that had came out of the house hurried forward.

"Have you found her?" exclaimed a well-known voice. "Oh, my child! How could you leave your father's roof?"

It was John Potts.

Beatrice was silent for a moment in utter amazement. Yet she made a violent effort against her despair.

"You have no control over me," said she, bitterly. "I am of age. And you," said she to the policeman, "I demand your help. I put myself under your protection, and order you either to take that man in charge or to let me go to my home."

"Oh, my daughter!" cried Potts. "Will you still be relentless?"

"Help me!" cried Beatrice, and she opened the cab door.

"The police can do nothing," said Potts. "You are not of age. He will not dare to take you from me."

"I implore you," cried Beatrice, "save me from this man. Take me to the Police station—any where, rather than leave me here?"

"You cannot," said Potts to the bewildered policeman. "Listen. She is my daughter and under age. She ran away with a strolling Italian vagabond, with whom she is leading an improper life. I have got her back."

"It's false!" cried Beatrice vehemently. "I fled from this man's house because I feared his violence."

"That is an idle story," said Potts.

"Save me!" cried Beatrice.

"I don't know what to do—I suppose I've got to take you to the station at any rate," said the policeman hesitatingly.

"Well," said Potts to Beatrice, "if you do go to the station house you'll have to be handed back to me. You are under age."

"It's false!" cried Beatrice. "I am twenty."

"No, you are not more than seventeen."

"Langhetti can prove that I am twenty."

"How? I have documents, and a father's word will be believed before a paramour's."

This taunt stung Beatrice to the soul.

"As to your charge about my cruelty I can prove to the world that you lived in splendor in Brandon Hall. Every one of the servants can testify to this. Your morose disposition made you keep by yourself. You always treated your father with indifference, and finally ran away with a man who unfortunately had won your affections in Hong Kong."

"You will know the reason why I left your roof," replied Beatrice, with calm and severe dignity. "Your foul aspersions upon my character are unworthy of notice."

"And what shall I say about your aspersions on my character?" cried Potts in a loud, rude voice, hoping by a sort of vulgar self-assertion to browbeat Beatrice. "Do you remember the names you called me and your threats against me? When all this is brought out in the police court, we will see what kind of a daughter you have been."

"You will be the last one who will dare to let it be brought into a police court."

"And why? Those absurd charges of yours are worthless. Have you any proof?" he continued, with a sneer, "or has your paramour any?"

"Take me away," said Beatrice to the policeman.

"Wait!" exclaimed Potts; "you are going, and I will go to reclaim you. The law will give you back to me; for I will prove that you are under age, and I have never treated you with anything except kindness. Now the law can do nothing since you are mine. But as you are so young and inexperienced I'll tell you what will happen.

"The newspapers," he continued after a pause, "willl be ful of your story. They will print what I shall prove to be true—that you had formed a guilty attachment for a drum-major at Hong Kong—that you ran away with him, lived for a while at Holby, and then went with your paramour to London. If you had only married him you would have been out of my power; but you don't pretend to be married. You don't call yourself Langhetti, but have taken another name, which the sharp newspaper reporters will hint was given you by some other one of your numerous favorites. They will declare that you love every man but your father; and you—you who played the goddess on the stage and sang about Truth and Religion will be known all over England and all over Europe too as the vilest of the vile."

At this tremendous menace Beatrice's resolution was shattered to pieces. That this would be so she well knew. To escape from Potts was to have herself made infamous publicly under the sanction of the law, and then, by that same law to be handed back to him. At least whether it was so or not, she thought so. There was no help—no friend.

"Go," said Potts, "leave me now and you become covered with infamy. Who would believe your story?"

Beatrice was silent, her slender frame was rent by emotion.

"O, God!" she groaned—but in her deep despair she could not find thoughts even for prayers.

"You may go, policeman," said Potts; "my daughter will come with me."

"I—and I'm glad! It's the best thing for her; and the policeman, much relieved, returned to his beat.

"Some of you'll have to pay for them winders," said the cabman.

"All right, answered Potts quietly."

"There is your house for to-night, at any rate," said Potts, pointing to the house. "I don't think you have any chance left. You had better go in."

His tone was one of bitter taunt. Scarce conscious, with her brain reeling, and her limbs trembling, Beatrice entered the house.

CHAPTER XL.

DISCOVERIES.

The next morning after Beatrice's last performance Langhetti determined to fulfil his promise and tell her that secret which she had been so anxious to know. On entering into his parlor he saw a letter lying on the table addressed to him. It bore no postage stamp or post office mark.

He opened it and read the following:

"LONDON, September 5, 1882.

"Signore,—Cigole, the betrayer and untender assassin of your late father, is now in London. You can find out about him by inquiring of Giovanni Cavallo, in Red Lion street. As a traitor to the Carbonari, you will know that it is your duty to punish him, even if your filial piety is not strong enough to avenge a father's wrongs.

"CARBONARO."

Langhetti read this several times. Then he called for his landlord.

"Who left this letter?"

"A young man."

"Do you know his name?"

"No."

"What did he look like?"

"He looked like a counting house clerk more than any thing."

"When was it left?"

"About six o'clock this morning."

Langetti read it over and over. The news that it contained filled his mind. It was not yet ten o'clock. He would not take any breakfast, but went out at once, jumped into a cab, and drove off to Red Lion street.

Giovanni Cavallo's office was in a low dingy building, with a dark narrow doorway. It was one of those numerous establishments conducted and supported by foreigners, whose particular business it is not easy to conjecture. The building was full of offices, but this was on the ground floor.

Langhetti entered, and found the interior as dingy as the exterior. There was a table in the middle of the room. Beyond this was a door which opened into a back room.

Only one person was here—a small bright-eyed man, with thick Vandyke beard and sinewy though small frame. Langhetti took off his hat and bowed.

"I wish to see Signore Cavallo," said he, in Italian.

"I am Signore Cavallo," answered the other, blandly.

Langhetti made a peculiar motion with his left arm. The keen eye of the other noticed it in an instant. He returned a gesture of a similar character. Langhetti and he then exchanged some more secret signs. At last Langhetti made one which caused the other to start, and to bow with deep respect.

"I did not know," said he, in a low voice, "that any of the Interior Council came to London. But come in here," and he led the way into the inner room, the door of which he locked very mysteriously.

A long conference followed, the details of which would only be tedious. At the close Cavallo said,

"There is some life in us yet, and what life we have left shall be spent in traping that miscreant. Italy shall be avenged on one of her traitors, at any rate."

"You will write as I told you, and let me know?"

"Most faithfully."

Langhetti departed, satisfied with the result of this interview. What surprised him most was the letter. The writer must have been one who had been acquainted with his past life. He was amazed to find any one denouncing Cigole to him, but finally concluded that it must be some old Carbonara, exiled through the afflictions which had befallen that famous society, and cherishing in his exile the bitter resentment which only exiles can feel.

Cavallo himself had known Cigole for years, but had no idea whatever of his early career. Cigole had no suspicion that Cavallo had anything to do with the Carbonari. His firm were general agents, who did business of a miscellaneous character, now commission, now banking, and now shipping; and in various ways they had dealings with this man, and kept up an irregular correspondence with him.

This letter had excited afresh within his ardent and impetuous nature all the remembrances of early wrong. Gentle though he was, and pure in heart, and elevated in all his aspirations, he yet was in all respects a true child of the South, and his passionate nature was roused to a storm by this prospect of just retaliation. All the lofty doctrines with which he might console others were of no avail here in giving him calm. He had never voluntarily pursued Cigole; but now, since this villain had been presented to him, he could not turn aside from what he considered the holy duty of avenging a father's wrongs.

He saw that for the present everything would have to give way to this. He determined at once to suspend the representation of the 'Prometheus', even though it was at the height of its popularity and in the full tide of its success. He determined to send Beatrice under his sister's care, and to devote himself now altogether to the pursuit of Cigole, even if he had to follow him to the world's end. The search after him might not be long after all, for Cavallo felt sanguine of speedy success, and assured him that the traitor was in his power, and that the Carbonari in London were sufficiently numerous to seize him and send him to whatever punishment might be deemed most fitting.

With such plans and purposes Langhetti went to visit Beatrice, wondering how she would receive the intelligence of his new purpose.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon before he reached her lodgings. On going up he rapped. A servant came, and on seeing him looked frightened.

"Is Miss Despard in?"

The servant said nothing, but ran off. Langhetti stood waiting in surprise; but in a short time the landlady came. She had a troubled look, and did not even return his salutation.

"Is Miss Despard in?"

"She is not here, sir."

"Not here!"

"No, sir. I'm frightened. There was a man here early this morning, too."

"A man here. What for?"

"Why, to ask after her."

"And did he see her?"

"She wasn't here."

"Wasn't here! What do you mean?"

"She didn