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## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

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CHAPTER LXXVIII.—THE MASQUERADE—(continued)

"Here comes our friend in the fine ruffles, sir," said Paul, as the fashionably-attired young gentleman who had seemed to bestow so much attention on their party approached. "He has set a monk to watch the Romans, and is coming, no doubt, to ask Mistress Christina to dance."

The gentleman approached them, but it was Paul whom he addressed.

"My brave defender," said he, in a remarkably sweet voice, "forgets me, though I remember him so well, in spite of his having aged somewhat since he rescued me from the Mohocks."

And removing his mask, the youth showed to Paul's astonished eyes the handsome face of Clarence Harvey: a face that had for him an inexplicable feeling, composed at once of fascination and repulsion.

Paul bowed, and would have felt more plea-

sure in the meeting if young Harvey's glances at Christina had been a little more respectful.

"I hope," said Paul, "you have quite recovered from the effects of the fright those wretches must have given you?"

Clarence started, and withdrew his eyes from Christina.

"Yes; oh, yes," he answered, confusedly, "thanks to you, who prevented their brutality from going further." Then, sinking his voice to an earnest whisper, that made Paul's cheek burn with anger—he hardly knew why—the young man added—

"Do me a greater charity, dear sir, than you have yet done me, even in saving my life: introduce me to this young lady, that I may ask her to dance."

"Excuse me," said Paul, haughtily, "if I say that my intimacy with this young lady is scarcely such as would warrant my introducing every chance acquaintance of mine to her."

"But, sir, sure ours was scarce a mere chance acquaintance," urged Clarence, with trembling eagerness, laying his hand on Paul's arm, and drawing him on one side. "Consider how strange this is. I have met this lovely girl

before. I have seen her often, with what feelings—"

"I really don't care to know, sir," said Paul, finishing his sentence savagely, and shaking his hand from his arm.

"With what feelings I will not attempt to describe—"

"Pray don't, sir, as they are hardly likely to be interesting to one who not only is a perfect stranger to you, but desires to remain so."

"I leave you to imagine them," went on Clarence, apparently struggling with some lively emotion that almost deprived him of speech.

I certainly shall not take the trouble to do so," said Paul, beginning to hum to the music.

"At last," continued the pertinacious Clarence, "when I had almost yielded to despair, Providence brought you to save me—"

"I take it, 'tis a matter of opinion as to what powers caused the meeting," interrupted Paul.

"To save me not only from the Mohocks, but from a despair worse than death. Oh, sir, be generous! Give me the rapture of holding that exquisite hand in mine—of seeing that form bending to me in the minuet—of having the delicious music of that voice a moment to myself



The swords were all pointed to his heart.