THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VENDETTA; --OR--

The Story of One Fergotten.

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OHAPTER X .-- Continued.

The next thing to alter was my voice. I had, naturally, a peculiarly soft voice and a rapid, yet clear, enunciation, and it was my habit, as it is the habit of almost every Italian, to accompany my words with the expressive pantomime of ges.ure. I took myself in train-ing as an actor studies for a particular part. I cultivated a harsh accent, asd spoke with de-liberation and coldness occasionally with a sort of sarcastic brusgueric, carefully avoiding the least movement of hands or head during converse. This was exceedingly difficult of at-tainment to me, and took me an infinite deal of time and trouble; but I had for my models middle-sged Euglishman who was slaying in the sam- hotel as myself, and whole starched stolidicy never relaxed for a single instant. He was a human iceberg-perfectly respectable, with that air of decent gloon about him which is generally worn by all the sons of Britain while sejourning in a foreign clime. I copied his manners as closely as possible; -I kept my This manners as closely as possible ;—I kept my mouth thut with the same pieces air of not-to-be-enlightened obstinary,—I walked with the same upright crili-demannor, and succeyed the comparently the same upright crili-demannor, and succeyed the comparently the same upright crili-demannor, and succeyed the do you want with me, rascal?" scenery with the same superior contempt. I knew I had succeeded at last, for I overheard

one white bear !" One offer thing I did. I wrote a courteous note to the editor of the principal newspaper published in Naples—a newspaper that I knew always found its way to the Villa Romani— and enclosing fitty france, I requested him to insert a paragraph formation as insert a parsgraph for me in Lis next issue. This paragraph was worded somewhat as fol-

man who has been for many yours absent from his native country, has, we understand, just rehis native country, has, we unattend to the turned, possessed of almost fabulous wealth, and is about to arrive in Naples, where he porposes making his home for the future. The leaders of society here will no doubt welcome with enthusiasm so distinguished an additon to the builliant circles commanded by their influence.

The editor obeyed my wishes, and inserted what I sent him, word for word as it was written. He sent us the paper containing it "with a million compliments," but was dis-though I am certain he pocketed them with un-affected joy. Had I sent him double the mony, he might have been induced to announce meas the king ar emperor in diaguise. Editors of The editor obeyed my wishes, and inserted he might have been induced to announce mease the king or emperor in discuise. Editors of newspapers lay claim to be honorable men:-they in ty be so in England, but in Italy most of them would do anything for money. Poor devilst who can blame them, considering how of them would do anything for money. Poor devils twho can blame them, considering how listle they get by their limited dealings in pen and ink! In fact, have more all certain but that a few English new-paper editors might be found cipable of accepting a bribe, if large enough, and if offered with dus delicacy. There are surely one or two magazines, for instance, in London, that would not altogether refuse to insert an in tifferently, even badly written article, if paid a thousand pounds down for doing it !

On the last day but one of my sojourn in Palermo I was reclining in an easy chair at the window of the hotel smoking-room, looking out on the shimmering waters of the Gulf. It was nearly eight o'co'ck, and though the gorreous colou s of the sunset still lingered in the sky, the breaze blew in from the sea some what coldly, giving warning of an appreaching chilly night. The character I had adopted, namely that of a some-what harsh and cynical man who had seen life and did not like is, had by constant hourly and did not like is, had by constant hourly practice become with me almost second nature, —iadeed, I should have had some difficulty in returning to the easy and thoughtless abandon of my former self. I had gradied the art of be-ing charlash till really tax churlish;—I had to ect the chief character in a drame, and I knew my part thoroughly well I sat quietly pulling at my cigar and distance in particular-for as for as the by of no hing in particular-for, as far as energies were strung up to action-when

clash. The brigand laughed hoarsely. "Corpodi Cristo / "he muttered —"think you a man tied hand and foot can run like a deer? I am trapped, -I know it! But tell him," and he indicated some person in the throng by a nod of his bead, "tell bim to come hither,--I have a message for him." The gendarmes locked at one another, and

then at the swaying crowd about them in perplexity, they did not understand. Carmelo, without wasting more words upon them, raised himself as uprightly as he could

in his strained and bound position, and called aloud : "Luigi Biscardi ! Capitano ! Oh he-you

chattering multitude. There was a sud-den atir as the people made way for a young man to pass through their ranks-a slight, tall, rather handsome fellow, with a pale face and cold sneer-ing eyes. He was dressed with fastidious care and nearpass in the uniform of the Revenuline an I neatness in the uniform of the Bersagliere, -and h elbawes h s way along with the easy autacity of a privil ged dandy. He came closs up to the brigand at : spoke carelessly, with a slightly macking sm 1, playing round the cor-

N ri mutteren a ferocious cu sa between his

if you c'n." Sumethice jeering and withal threatening in the ruffian's look, evidently startled the young

the ruinan's look, evidently variated the young officer, for he exclaimed hastily— "What do you meau, wretch? You have not...my God! you have not killed her?" Currelo broke into a loud savage laugh. "She has killed herself!" he cried exult-ingly. "Ha, ha! I thought you would wince at thost She areatched my kuide and stable! at that! She snatched my knife and stabbed hereelf with it! Yes,-rather than see your lying white face again, --rather than see your your accursed touch ! Find her-she lies dead and smiling up there in the mountains-and

suggestively-suid the brig and resumed his sul-lan attitude of suppless d wrath, and teigned indifference. But the man to whom evidently received an unexpected shock,-a wound that pierced deeply and would be a long time healing. I approached the nearest gendarme and slipped

a fire-franc piece into his hand. "May one speak?" I asked carelessly. The nan hesitated. "For one instant, Signor. But be brief.

I addressed the brigand in a low clear tens. "Have you any message for one Andrea Luziani? I am a frie of of his."

He looked at me and a dark smile crossed his

features. "Andrea is a good soul. Tell him if you wi'l that Terera is a good soul. I am worse than dead. He will know that I did not kill Teress. I could not! She had the knife in her breast be-fore I could prevent her. It is better so."

"She did that rather than become the pro-perty of another man?' I queried. Carmelo Neri nodded in acquiescence. Either my sight deceived me, or else this abundozed villain had tears glittering in the depth of his

wicked eyes. The gendarme made me a sign, and I with-Almost at the same moment the officer drew. in command of the little getachment appeared his spurs clinking with measured metallic music on the hard stones of the pavement, -he splang into his saddle and gave the word-the crowd dispersed to the right and left,-the norses were put to a quick trot, and in a lew moments the whole party with the bulky frowning form of the brigand in their midet had disappeared. The paople broke up into little and scattered here and there, returning to their homes and occupations, and mers swiftly than the not? and was he not a lover of books and in dark scorn the whole, -then recollect ing myself, I sauntered slowly towards him, and perceiving a disengaged table next to his, I drew a chair to it and sat down. He looked at parfait gentilhomme-proud as the devil. wirmhorses were put to a quick trot, and in a few moments the whole party with the bulky I was shariled by a loud and increasing clamour, as of the shruting of a large crowd coming on-yourd like an overflowing tide. I leaved out of and scattered here and there, returning to their one could have imagined possible the great square was left almost empty. I paced up and down for a while thinking deeply; I had be-fore my mind's eye the picture of the slight faur Teresa as described by the Sicilian captain, lying dead in the solitudes of the Montemaggiore with that self-inflicted would in her breast which had set her free of all men's love and persecution. There were some women then who preferred death to infidelity? Strange!-very strange! common women of course they must be, --such as this brigand's mistress; your daintily fed silk-robed duchees would find a daintity-fact sitk-roote duchers would hild a dagger somewhat a vulgar consoler,—she would rather choose a lover, or better still a score of lovers. It is only brute ignorance that selects a g ave instead of dishoner:— modern education instructs us more wisely, and teaches us not to be over-squeamish about such a triffa as breaking a given word or promise, Bleastd age of progress! Age of steady ad-vancement when the apple of vice is so cunningly disguised and so presulty painted, that we can actually set it os a porcelain dish and band it about among our friends as a valuable and choice fruit of virtue, — and no oue finds out the fraud we are practising, nay, we scarcely perceive it ourselves, it is such an excellent

swords in front of his eyes with a warning in carrying cut so elaborate a plan of ven-clash. The brigand laughed hoarsely. "Corpodi Cristo / "hemuttered-"think you before me, -obs acles were taken out of my before me,—obs acles were taken out of my path,—my way was made perfectly clear— each trifling incident was a new finger-post pointing out the direct road that led me to the one desired end. God Himself seemed on my side, as He is surely ever on the side of justice Lat not the unfaithful think that because they say long prayers or go regularly and devoutly to church with meek faces and piously folded hands, that the Eternal Wisdom is deceived thereby. My wife could pray,-she could kneel like a lovely saint in the dim religiouslight of the saced altars, her deep syts up-turated to the blamelets, infinitely reproachful thought I could not see you! Come nearer-I Christ, and look you! each word she uttered have a parting word for you." Was a blasphemy, destined to come back upon herself as a curse. Prayer is dangerous for liars, it is like falling wilfully on an upright chettered to the observe of the second of herself as a curse. Prayer is dangerous for liars, -it is like falling wilfully on an upright naked sword. Usod as an honorable weapon the sword defends, -- soatched up as the last re-source of a coward it kills.

CHAPTER XI.

The third week of September was drawing to Incentra week of September was drawing to its close when I returned to Naples. The wea-ther had grown coller, and favorable reports of the gradual deorcase of the cholers began to gain ground with the suffering and terrified population. Business was resumed as usual, pleasure had again her votaries, and society whited round once more in its giddy waitz as as though it had never left off dancing. I arrived in the c'ty somewhat early in the day, and had time to make some preliminary ar-rangements for my plan of action. I secured the most pleasant suit of apartments in the best hotel, impressing the whole establishment with a vast idea of my wealth and importance. I casually mentioned to the landlord that I desired to purchase a carriage and horses,— that I readed a first-class valet, and a few other trifles of the like sort, and added that 1 relied on his good advice and recommendation as to the places where I should best obtain all that I sought. Needless to say, he became my slave,-never was monarch better served than I,-the very waiters hustled each other in a race to attend upon me, and reports of my princely fortune, generosity, and lavish expenditure, began to flit from mouth to mouth,-which was the result I de-

sired to obtain. And now the evening of my first day in Naples came, and I, the supposed Conte Cesare Oliva, the envied and flattened noble, took the first step towards my vengeance. It was one of the loveliest evenings possible, even in that lovely land, —a soft breeze blew even in that lovely land, —a solt below below in in from the sea,—the sky was pearl-like and pure as an opal, yet bright with delicate shift-ing clouds of crimson and pale manye,—small fleccy flecks of radiance, that looked like a shower of bloseoms failen from some far invisible Flower land. The waters of the bay were slightly ruffl d by the wind, and curled into tender little dark blue waves tipped with light fringes of form. After my dinner I went out and took my way to a well-known and popular café which used to be a favourite haunt of mine in the days when I was known as Fabio Romani. Guido Ferrari was a constant habitud of the place, and I felt that I should find him there. The orillan; rose white and gold saloons were crowded, and owing to the present cool ness of the air there were hun ireds of little tables pushed far out into the street, at which groups of persons were scated, enjoying ices, wind or coffee, and congratu-lating each other on the agreeable news of the ateady degreease of the pestilence that had ravaged the city. I glanced covertly yet quick'y round. Yes! I was not mistaken, -there was my quordam friend, my trailorous for, sitting at his ease, l-aning comfortably buck in one chair, his fees put up on another. He was smoking, and glancing now and then through the columna of the Paris Figuro. He was dressed entirely in block-a hypocritical livery, the combre hus of which suited his fine complexion and perfectly handsome features, to admiration. On the little fugor of the shapely hand that every now and then was raised to adjust his cigar, sparkid a diamond that gave out a myriad scintillations as it flished in the er.n. ing light-it was of exceptional size and bril-liancy, and even at a distance I recognized it as my own property !

So !- a love-gift, Signor, or an in memoriam

have such attachments occasionally. Permit me to introduce myself," and I handed him my visiting-card with a slight formal bow. He accepted it, and as he read the name is bore, he gave me a quick glance of respect mingled with pleased surprise.

"The Conte Cesare Oliva !" he exclaimed, "I esteem myself most fortunate to have met you ! Your arrival has already been notified to us by the avant-courier of the fashionable intelligence, ro that we are well aware, here laughing lightly, "of the distinctive right you have to a hearty welcome in Naples, I am only forry that any distressing news should have darkened the occasion of your return here after so long an absence. Permit me to express the hope that it may at least be the only cloud for you on our southern sunshine !' And he extended his hand with that ready

frankness and bonhomic which are always a part of the Italian temperament, and were especially so of his, A cold shudder ran througa my veins. God ! could I take his hand in mine? I must, --if I would act my part thoroughly, --for should I refuse he would think it strange, -- even rude, -- I should lese the game by one false move. With a forced smile I hesitatingly held out my hand also, it was gloved, yet as he clasped it heartily in his own she warm pressure burnt through the glove like fire. I could have cried out in sgony, so excruciating was the mental torture which I endured at that moment. But it passed, the ordeal was over, and, I keew that from hence-forth I should be able to the head out to be forth I should be able to shake hands with him as ofrep and as indifferently as with any other man. It was only this first time that it galled me to the quick. Ferrari noticed nothing of my emotiou—he was in excellent spirits, and turning to the waiter, who had lingered to watch us make each other's acquaintance, he

explaimed : excianced: "More coffee, garcon, and a couple of glorias." Then looking towards me, "You do not object to a gloria. Conte? No? That is well. And here is my card," taking one from his pocket and laying it on the table. "Guido Ferrari, at your service, an artist and a very poor one. We shall celebrate our meeting by drinking each

other's health !" I bowed. The waiter vanished to execute his orders, and Ferrari drew his chair closer to

"I see you smoke," he slid gaily. "Can I offer you one of my cigars? They are un-usually choice. Permit me," and he proffered me a richly embassed and emb'azoned silver mine. cigar case, with the Romani arms and corone! and my own initials engraved thereon. It was mine, of course, -I took it with a sensation of grim amusement-I had not seen it since the

grim amusement—I had not seen it since the day I died ! "A fine antique," I remarked Sarelessly, turn-iog it over and over in my hand, "cu ious and valuable. A gift or an heirloom ?" "It belonged to my late friend, Count Fabio," he answered, puffing a light cloud of smoke in the air as he drew his cigar from his lips to speak. "It was found in his jocket by the priest who saw him die. That and other trifles which he wore on his person were de-livered to his wife, and . . ."

livered to his wife, and . . . " "She naturally gave you the oigar case as a memento of your friend," I said, interrupting

him. "Just so. You have guessed it exactly. Thanks," and he took the case from me as I returned it to him, with a frank smile. Is the Countess Romani young ?" I forced

myself to isquire. "Young and beautiful as a mid-ummer morn

ing !" replied Ferrari with enthusiasm, "I doubt if sunshine ever fell on a more enchanting woman! If you were a young man, Conte, I should be silent regarding her charms, -but your white hairs inspire one with confidence. I assure you solemnly, though Fabio was my friend, and an excellent fellow in his way, he was never worthy of the woman he married !"

"Indeed !" I said coldly, as this daggerthrust s'ruch home to my heart. "I only knew him when he was quite a boy. He seem d to me then of a warm and loving tempersment, generous to a fault, perhaps over-credulous; yet he promised well. His father thought so; I confess I thought so too. Reports have reached me from time to time of the care with which he managed the immense fortune left to that was so short as to be barely decent. him. He gave large sums away in charity, did

sary, that I should attend his body to its last and preferred his books. Then naturally she resting-place.

By time time I had recovered himself. "I see, -I see !" I muttered histily-" Pray "I see, —I see !" I muttered hashiy—" Pray excuse may any form, and I should have thought the fear of contagion might have weighed with you."

"Nons in the least. To tell you the truth

odd prophecy was made about me when I was born, which, whether it come true or not prevents me from panic in days of plague." "Indeed !" I said, with interest, for this was

news to me. " prophecy is ?" "And may one ask what this "Oh certainly. It is to the effect that I shall

die a violent death by the hand of a once fami-liar friend. It was always an absurd statement, -a: old nurse's tale,-but it is now more absurd than ever, considering that the only friend of the kind I ever had or am Fabio Romani."

And he sighed slightly. I raised my head and looked at him steadily.

CHAPTER XII.

The sheltering darkness of the spectacles I wore prevented him from noticing the searching scrutiny of my fixed gaze. His face was shadowed by a faint tinge of melancholy; his eyes were thoughtful and almost sad. "You loved him well then in spite of his

foolishness?' I said.

He roused himself from the pensive mod into which he had falen, and smiled. "Loved him? No! Certainly not,—noth-ing so strong as that ! I liked him fairly,—like bo ght several pictures of me, - a poor artist has always some sort of regard for the man who buys his work. Yes. I liked him well enough till he married."

till he married." "Ha! I suppose his wife came between you?" He flushed slightly, and drank off the remainder of his cagnaz in haste "Yes," he replied briefly, "she came be-tween us. A man is never quite the same after marriage. Bus we have been sitting a long time here well we make?"

ero-shall we walk?" He was evidently anxious to change the sub

ject. I rose slowly as though my joints were stiff with age, and drew out my watch, a finely j welled one, to see the time. It was past nice

"Perhaps," I said addressing him, "you will accompany me as far as my ho.el. I am com-pelled to retire early as a rule, - f suffer much from a chronic complaint of the eyes as you puccive, "here touching my spectacles, " and I cannot endure much artificial light. We can talk further on our way. Will you give me a chance of seeing your victures? I shall esteem myself happy to be one of your patrops.' "A thousand thacks !" he auswered gaily,...

"I will show you my poor attempts with pleasura,—shond you find anything among them to gratify your taste, I shall of course be honored. But, thank beaven! I am not so greedy of patronage as I used to be—ip fact I intend resigning the profession altogether in about six months or so."

"Indeed ! Are you coming into a foriune? I asked carelessly. "Well-not exactly," he answered lightly-

"I am poing to marry one, - that is almost the same thing, is it not ?'

"Prequely ! I congratulate you ?" I said in a though my heart pulsed fiered with the tor-rent of wrath pent up within it. I understood his meaning woll. In sx months he purposed marrying uy wife. Six months was the shortest possible interval that could be observed according to social eti-quette, between the death of one husband and the wedding of another, and even Six months, -yet in that space of time much might happen,-things undreamt of and undesired,slow tortures carefully measured out, punishment sudden and heavy ! Wrapped in these s more musings I walked beside him in profound silence. The moon shone brilliantly ; groups of

had no love for him !' By this time we had reached my apartments

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yon." "With me/" and he laughed lightly. "I was never ill in my life, and I have no dread whatever of cholera. I suppose I ran some risk, though I never thought about it at the order, --died the very next day." "Shocking !" I murmured over my coffee cur. "Very shocking. And you actually en-tertained no alarm for yourself ?" "Nons in the least. To tell you the tertained no alarm for yourself ?"

tasted the wine with the air of a councis

sour. "Exquisite !" he murmured, sipping it lazily. "Exquisite ! I "You are living en prince here, Conte ! envy fon !" "You need not," I answered. "You have

"You heed not,' I answered. "You have youth and health, and, as you have hinted to me,—love; all these things are better than wealth, so people say. At any rate youth and health are good things,—love I have no belief in. As for me, I am a more luxurious animal, loving comfort and ease beyond anything. I have had many trials.—I now take my rest in

""A very excellent and sensible fashion." "A very excellent and sensible fashion." "Bailed Forrari, leaning his head easily back on the satin cushions of the easy chair into which he had thrown himself.

"Do you know, Conte, new I look at you well, I think you must have head very hand-some when you were young ! You have a tu-perb figure !"

perb figure !" I bowed stiffly. "You flatter, me Signor ! I believe I never was specially bidecus,-but leaks in a man always rank second to strength, never the second to strength. and of strength I have plenty yet remaining." "I do not doubt it." he returned, still regard-

irg me attentively with an expression in which there was the faintest shadow of uneasinces. "It is an odd coincidence, you will say, but I find a most extraordinary resemblance in height and carriage of your figure to that of my late friend Romani."

late friend Romani." I p. ured some wine cut for myself with a steady hand and drank it. "Really?" I answered. "I am glad that I remind you of him,—if the reminder is agree-able! But all tall men are much aike so far as figure g es, providing they are well made." Fer. aris brow was contracted in a musing frown, and he answered not. He still looked at me, and I returde his look without embar-rassment. Finally he roused himself, smiled, and finished dinking his glass of Montepul-ciano. They he rose to go.

ciano Then he rose to go. "You will permit me to mention your name to the Countess Romani, I hope?' he said cor-dially. I am certain she will receive you, dially. I am certai should you desire it."

I feigued a sort of vexation, and made an

I feigued a sort of vexation, and made an abrupt in verment of impatience. "The fact is," I said at has, "I very much dislike talking to women. They are always illogical, and their frivolty wearies me. But you have been so friendly that I will give you a message to the Countess,—if you have no objection to deliver it. I should be sorry to trouble you unnecessatily—and you perhaps will not have an opportunity of seeing her for some days?"

some days?" He colored slightly and moved uneasily. Then with a kind of effort he replied :

"On the contrary, I am going to see her this very evening. I assure you it will be a pleasure to me to convey to her any greeting you may desire to send."

"Oh, it is no greeting," I continued calmly, "On, it is no greeting," I continued calmiy, noting the various signs of embarrassment in his manner with a careful eye. "It is a mere message, which, however, may enable you to understard why I was anxious to see the young man who is dead. In my very early manhood the elder Count Romani did me an inestimable service. I never forgot his kindness,—(iny memory is extra-ordinary tenacious of both benefits and in-jurise),—and I have always desi ed to repay it jurife),—and I have always desi ed to repay it in some suitable manner. I have with me a few jewels of almost priceless value,—I have myself collected them, and I reserved them as a present to the son of my old friend, simply as a trifing souvenir or expression of gratitude for past favors received from his family. His sudden death has deprived me of the pleasure of fulfilling this intentiou, but as the jewels are quite useless to me. I am perfectly quite uscless to me, I am perfectly willing to hand them over to the Counters Romani, should she care to have them. They would have been hers

ward like an overflowing tide. I leaned out of the window, but could see nothing, and I was wondering what the noise could mean, when an excited waiter threw open the door of the smokingroom and cried breathlesly,
"Carmelo Neri, Signor! Carmelo Neri ! They have him, porcrino! they have him at last !"

Though almost as strong y interested in this news as the waiter himself, I did not permit my interest to become manifest. I never forgot for a second the character I had assumed, and drawing the cigar slowly from my lips I merely

said, "Then they have caught a great rascal. I cong atulate the Government! Where is the

"In the great square,' returned the garcon gerly. "If the Signor would walk round be corner he would see Garmelo, bound and esgerly. feltered. The Saints have mercy upon him ! The crowds there are thick as flies round a honeycomb! I must go thither myself, -I would not miss the sight for a thousand francs

And he ran off, as full of the anticipated delight of looking at a brigand, as a child going to its first fair. I put on my hat and strolled leisurely round to the scene of excitement. and restless, gesticulating figures, and the centre of this swaying, muttering crowd was occupied by a compact band of mounted gendarmes, with drawn swords Hashing in the pale evening light-both horses and men nearly as motionless as though cast in brenze. They were Carabinicri, where the chief of the party had dismounted to make his formal report respecting the details of the capture, before proceeding further. Between these armed and watchful guards, with his legs strapped to a sturdy mule. his arms tied fast behind him, and his hands heavily manacled, was the notorious Neri, as dark and fierce as a mountain thunderstorm. His head was uncovered,-his thick hair, long and unkampt, hung in matted locks upon his shoulders, his heavy moustackes and beard were so black and bushy that they almost concealed his coavse and forbidding fratures, -though I could see the tiger-like glitter of his sharp white teeth as he bit and gaawed his under-lip in impotent fury and despair,- and his eyes, like leaping flames, bluzed with a wrathful ferooity from under his shaggy brows. He was a huge, heavy man, broad and muscular; his two great hands clenched, tied and manacled behind him, looked like for-midable hammers capable of striking a man down dead at one below; his whole aspect was repulsive and terrible,-there was no redeemiog point about him,-for even the ap-parent fortitude he assumed was mere bravado. -meretricious courage, -which the first week of the galleys would crush out of him as easily He wore a nondescript costume of vari-colored linen, arranged in folds that would have been the admiration of an artist. It was gathered about him by means of a brilliant scar-let sash negligestly tied. His brawny arms were bare to the shoulder—his voat was open, and displayed his strong brown throat and chest

and displayed his strong brown throat and cheet heaving with the pentup anger and fear that raged within him. His dark, grim figure was set off by a curious effect of c lor in the sky-a long wide band of crimion cloud, as though the sun god had thrown down a gobiet of ruby wine and left it to trickle along the smooth blue fairness of his palace floor-a doen strandly, which burned really on the deep after glow, which burned really on the olive-tinted enger faces of the multitude that were everywhere upturned in wonder and illjudged admiration to the brutal black face of the notoricus murderer and thief, whose name

ounterfeit As I walked to and fro, I found myself continually passing the head office of the Cara-binieri, and, acting on a sudden impulse of curiosity, I a: last entered the building, determined to ask for a few particulars concerning the brigaud's capture. I was received by a handsome and intelligent looking man, who glanced at the card with which I presented myself, and saluted me with courteous affa-

bility. 'Oh yes !" he said in answer to my inquiries, "Neri has given us a great deal of brouble. But we had our suspicions that he had left Gacta. where he was for a time in hid-ing. A f-w stray bits of information gleaned e and there put us on the right track." 'Was he crught easily, or did he show here

fight ?' He gave himself up like a lamb, Signor It happened in this way. One of our men fol-lowed the woman who lived with Neri, one Teresa, and traced her up to a certain point, the corner of a narrow mountain pass, - where she disappeared. He reported this, and there-up m we sent out an armed party. These crept at midnight two by two, till they were formed in a close ring round the place where Neri was judged to be. With the first beam of morn ing they rushed in upon him and took him prisone. It appears that he showed no sur-prise,—he merely said, "I expected you!" He was found sitting by the dead body of his misdoubt he killed her, though he swears the contrary-lies are as easy 10 him as breathing." "But where were l is comrades? I thought

he commanded a large band ?" "So hadid, Signor; and we caught three of the principals only a fortnight ago, but of the others no trace can be found. I suppose Carmelo himself dismissed then and sent them far and wide through the country. At any rate they are disbanded, and with these sort of fellows, where there is no union there is no danger." "And Neri's sentence ?" I asked.

"Oh, the galleys for of course, there is no possible alternative." I I thanked my informant, and left the office

was glad to have learned these few particulare, for the treasure I had discovered in my own family vault was now more mino than ever. There was not the remotest chance of any one of the Neri band venturing the nonoricus murderer and thief, whose name had for years been the terror of Sizily. I pressed through the crowd to obtain a nearer view, and as I did so a sudden savage movement of Neri's bound body caused the crewd rmay to contract the second to the second tothe second to the se as I did so a sudden savage movement of Neri's would most probably have rejoiced to think bound body caused the goud rungs to c o s their that his buried weet h was destined to aid me

me indifferently over the top of his newspaper. -but there was nothing specially attractive in the sight of white haired man wearing smoke-colored spectacles, and he resumed his perusal of the Finare immediately. I rapped the end of my walking cane on the table and summoned a writer from whom I ordered coffee. I then lit a civar, and imitating Ferravit easy posture, smoked also. Some thing in my attitude then appeared to strike him, for he laid down his paper and again looked at me, this time with more interest and some thing of uneasiness. "Ca commence, mon ami!" I thought, but I turned my head slightly aside I thought, but I turned my head slightly aside and feigned to be absorbed in the view. My coffee was brought, -I paid for it and tossed the water an unucually large gratuity, -he naturally found it incumbent upon him to polish my table with extra zeal, and to secure all the newspapers, instantion the secure all the newspapers. pictorial or otherwise, that were lying about, for the purpose of obsequiously decositing them in a heap at my right hand. I addressed this amiable parcon in the harsh and deliberate accents of my carefully disguised voice.

"By the way, I suppose you know Naples well?"

well?" "Oh, si, Signor !' "Eblene, can you tell me the way to the heuse of one Count Fabio Romani, a wealthy nobleman of this city?"

Ha! a good hit this time! Though apparently not looking at hum I saw Fercari start as he had been stung, and then compos though himself in his seat with an air of attention. The waiter meanwhile, in answer to my question raised his hands, eyes and shoulders all together with a shrug expressive of resigned melancholy.

"Ah gran Dio, e morto !" "Dead !" 1 exclaimed with a pretended start of shocked surprise. "So young? Impossible !"

"Eh! what will you, Signor? It was la pesta : there was no remedy. In pesta cares nothing for routh or age, and spares neither rich nor poor.

For a moment I leaned my head on my hand. affecting to be overcome by the suddeness of the news. Then looking up. I said regretfully, "Alas! I am too late! I was a friend of his father's. I have been away for many years, and I had a great wish to meet the Romani whom I last saw as a child Are there any relations of his living ?-was he married ?"

The waiter, whose countenance had as umed fitting lugubriousness in accordance with what he imagined were my feelings, brightened up immediately as he replied engerly, "Oh, si, Signor ! The Contessa Roman

lives up at the Villa, though I believe she re-ceives no one since her husband's death. She is young and beautiful as an angel. There is a little child. too.'

A hasty movement on the part of Fer rari caused me to turn my eyes, or rather my spectacles, in his direction. He leaned forward, and raising his hat with the old courteous grace I knew so well, said po-

litely. "Pardon me, Signor, for interrupting you! I knew the late young Count Romani well— perhaps better than any man in Naples. I shall be delighted to afford you any information you

may seek concerning bir." Oh, the old mellow music of his voice !- how it struck on my heart and pierced it like the re-frain of a familiar song loved in the days of our youth. For an instant I could not speak. wrath and sorrow choked my utterance. Fortunately this feeling was but momentary,-slowly I raised my hat in response to his saluta-

tion, and answered stiffly, "I am your servant, Signor. You will oblige me indeed if you can place me in communica-tion with the relatives of this unfortunate young nubleman. The eder Count Romani was dearen to me than a brother . men

cus, ursuspecting, and withal a fool !"

My temper rose dangerously-but I controlled it, and remembering my part in the drama I had constructed, I broke in violent,

"Bravo !" I exclaimed. "One can rasily see what a first-rate young fellow you are? You have no liking for moral men, --ha ha ! excl-lent! I agree with you. I drink your health vith pleasure, Signor Ferrari-you and I must be friends !

For one moment he seemed startled by my audden outburst of mirth,-the next, he langhed heartily himself, and as the waiter appeared with the coffee and cognac, inspired by the occasion, he made an equivocal, elightly indelicate joke concerning the personal charms of a cer tain Antoinetta whom the garcon was supposed to favor with an eye to matrimony. The fellow prinned, --in no wise offended, --and pocketing fresh gratuities from both Perrari and myself. departed on new errands for other customer apparently in high good humor with himself.

Antoinetta, and the world in general. R sum ing the interrupted conversation I sa d, "And this poor, weak-minded Romani-h's death sudden ?"

"Remarkably so," answered Ferrari, leaning back in his chair, and turning his handsome flushed face up to the sky where the stars were "it apbegginning to twinkle out one by one, pears from all accounts that he rose early and went out for a walk on one of those insufferably. hot August mornings, and at the furthest limit of the Vills grounds he came upon a fruit-seller dying of cholera. Of course, with his quixolic ideas, he must needs stay and talk to the boy, and then run like a madman through the heat into Naples, to find a doctor for him. Instead of a physician he met a priest, and he was taking this priest to the assistance of the fruit seller (who by the by died in the meantime and was past all caring for) when he himself was struck down by the plague. He was carried theo and there to a common ion, where in about five hours he died -all the time shricking curses on any one who should dare to take him alive or dead inside his own house. He showed good sense in that at last ;-naturally he was anxious not to bring

the contagion to his wife and chi'd." "Is the child a boy or a girl?" I asked care

lessly. "A girl. A mere baby,-and uninteresting old-fashioned little thing, very like her

father."

My poor little Stella ! Every pulse of my being thrilled with indignation at the indifferently chill way in which he, the man who had fondled her and pretended to love her, now spoke of the child. She was, as far as he knew, fatherless; he, no doubt, had good reason to suspect that her mother cared little for her, and I saw plainly that she was, or soon would be, a slighted and friendless thing in the household. But I made no remark, - I sipped my cognac with an abstracted air for a few seconds, - then

a ked, "How was the Count buried ? Your narra-

tive interests me greatly." "Oh, the priest who was with him saw to his borial, and, I believe, was able to administer the last sacraments. At any rate, he had him laid with all proper respect in his family vault, I started involuntarily, but quickly represed

myself. "You were present-you-you" and my voice almost failed me.

Ferrari raised his eyebrows with a look of

ziris danced on the shore with their lovers the sound of a flute and mandoline-far off across the bay the sound of sweet and plaintive singing floated, from some boat in the distance. to our cars—the evening breathed of beauty, peace, and love. But I,—my fingers quivered with restrained longing to be at the throat of the graceful liar who saunted so easily and con-fifently beside me. All heaven, if he only linew 1 If he could have realized the truth,

would his face have worn quite so careless smile -- would his manner have been outerse free and dauntless? Stealthily I glanced al him; he was humming a tune softly under his breath, but feeling instinctively, I suppose, that my eyes were upon him, he interrupted the melody and turned to me, with the question,

"You have travelled far and seen much Conte ? "I have."

"And in what country have you found the

most beautiful women ?'

"Pordon me, young s'r." I answered coldly, 'the sugmess of life has separated me almost """ "rom feminine society. I have devoted mysch esclusively to the amassing of wealth, understanding thoroughly that gold is the key to all things, even to woman's love; if I desired that latter commodity, which I do not. fear that I scarcely know a fair face from a plain one,-I never was attracted by women and now at my age, with my settled habits, I am not likely to after my opinions concerning

them-and I frankly contest these opinions concerning the reverse of favorable." Ferrari laughed. "You remind me of Fabio!" he said. "He used to talk in that strain before he was married, -- though he was young and had none of the experiences which altered his ideas very rapidiy-and no won-

der !" "Is his wife so very lovely, then ?" I asked. "Very ! Delicately, daintily beautiful. But no doubt you will see her for yourself ;-as a friend of her late husband's father, you will

call upon her, will you not ?" "Why should 1 ?" I said gruffly—" I have no wish to meet her ! Besides, an inconsolable widow zeldom cares to receive visitors ;—I shall not intrude upon her sorrows !!

Never was there a better move than this show of utter indifference I affected. The less I sp peared to care about seeing the Countest Romani, the more anxious Ferrari was to in-

Komani, the more anxious Ferrari was to in-troduce me-(introduce me!... to my wife!...) and he set to work preparing his own doom with assiduous ardor. "Oh, but you must see her !" he exclaimed eagerly-"She will receive you, I am sure, as a special guest. Your age and your former ac-quaintance with her late husband's family, will win form how the utmost county believes. juaintance with her law massing and the second seco Besides, she is not really inconsolable. Bestoes, she is not really inconsolable...." He paused suddenly. We had arrived at the en-trance of my hotel. I looked at him stendily. "Not really inconsolable?" I repeated in a tone of inquiry. Ferrari broke into a forced

laugh. "Why, no !" he said. "What would you "Why, no !" he said. "What would you She is young and light-hearted, ---perfectly lovely and in the fulness of youth and health One cannot expect her to weep long, especially for a man she did not care for.

I ascended the hotel steps. " Pray come in !" I said, with an inviting movement of my hand, "You must take a glass of wine before you leave. And so . . . she did not care for him, you say ?"

Encouraged by my friendly invitation and manner, Ferrari became more at his case than ever, and hooking his arm through mine as we crossed the broad passage of the hotel together, he replied in a confidential tone,— "My dear. Conte, how can a woman love a

surprised inquiry. ''My dear. Conte, how can a woman love a ''Of course! You are astonished at that? But perhaps yon do not understand. I was the Count's very closest friend, closer that a brother, I may say. Is was natural, even neces. beauty of his wife,—he was cold as a stone,

lived,-they should be hers now, If you, Signor, will report these facts to her, and learn her wishes with respect to the matter, I shall be much indebted to Von

"I shall be delighted to obey you," replied Ferrari courteously, rising at the same time to take his leave. "I am proud to be the bearer of to pleasing an errand. Beautiful women love jewels, and who shall blame them? Bright eyes and diamonds go well together? A rire-derei, Signor Conte! I trust we shall meet often." "I have no doubt we shall," I answered

(To be Continued.)

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A CHARITABLE IRISHMAN.

IE BEQUEATHS \$600,000 TO EDUCATE CATHOLIC BOYS.

CHARLOTTETOWN. P.E.I., Jan. 5 - The people of Prince Edward Island are excited over the provisions of the late Owen Connolly's will. He left his widow \$5,000 and a homestead, some minor bequests to other relatives, cut off his nephews, who were regarded as his heirs, without a dollar, attached such conditions to a bequest of \$40,000 to Bishop McIntyre for the erection of a Cathelic esthedral that the Bishop refused to accept it, and left the balance of the estate, estimated at \$600,000, to the poor of Char lottetownn and toward the education of Catholic boys, children of poor Catholic pirents of Irish birth or descent. Taey are to receive a preliminary education at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, and then go to Ireland to graduate at Trinity College. Governor McDonald, Premier Sullivan and Lawyer Petors are the executors.



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