VENDETTA;

The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER XXIX.-Continued.

On the last day of January I returned to Naples, after an absense of more than a month, and was welcomed bank by all my numerous acquaintance with enthusiasm. The Marquis D'Avencourt had informed me rightly—the affair of the duel was a thing of the pest,—an almost forgotten circumstance. The Carnival was in full riot; the streets were scenes of fantastic mirth and revelry; there was music and song, dancing and masquetading, and feasting. But I withdrew from the tumble of mer riment, and absorbed myself, in the necessary. preparations for-my marriage.

CHAPTER XXX. Looking back on the juc dents of those strange feverish weeks that preceded my wedding day, they seem to me like the dreams of a dying man. Shifting colors, confused images, moments of clear light, hours of long darkness—all things gross, refined, manually the state of the state terial, and spiritual were snaken-up in my life like the fragments in a kalei loscope, ever changing into new form, and bewildering patterns. My brain was clear; yet I often questioned myself whether I was not going mad—whether all the careful methodical plans I formed were but the hazy fancies of a hopelessy disordered mind? Yet no; each detail of my scheme was too complete, too consistent, too business-like for that. A madman may have a method of action to a certain extent, but there is always some slight slip, some ourse on some mistake which helps to discover his condition. Now I forgot nothing -I had the combalances his accounts with the most elaborate but then—then I moved, spoke and acted like a hum in machine impelled by stronger forces thin my own-in a'l things precise, in all things

dexible.

Vithin the week of my return from Avelling coming marriage with the Countess Romani seandounced. Two days after it had been and public, while sauntering across the Largo de la Castello, I met the Marquis D'Avencourt. and his presence gave me a sort of nervou He was exceedingly cordial, though I fancied he was also slightly embarrassed. After a few common-place remarks he said abruptly: 'So your marrage will positively take

I forced a laugh.

"Ma / certamente ! Do you doubt it?"
His handsome tace clouded and his manne

"No; but I to ought—I had hoped—"
"Mon cher," I said airly, "I perfectly understand to what you allude. But we men of the world are not fastidious, we know better than to pay any heed to the foolish love fancies of a woman letter her marriage so long as she of a woman before her marriage, so long as she doss not trick us afterwards. The letters you sent me were triff s, mere triffes! In wedding the Contessa Romani I assure you I b-lieve I secure the most virtu us as well as the most lovely woman in Europe!" And I laugued again heartily.

D' veneours looked puzzled; but he was a punctiliou-man, and knew how to steer clear of

a delicate subject. He smilet.

"A la bonne heure," he said—"I wish you joy with al! my reart! You are the best judge of your own happiness; as for me rive la

And with a gay parting salute he left me. No one else in the city appeared to share his fore-boding scruples, if he had any, about my forthcoming marriage. It was everywhere talked of with as much inter st and expectation as though it w re some new amusement invented to heighten the merriment of the Carnival. Among other things, I carned the reputation of being a most impatient lover, for now I would consent to no delays. I hurried all the preparations on with feverish pre-cipitation. I had very little difficulty in per-suading Nina that the conor our wedding took place the better, she was to the full as eager as myself, as ready to cush on her own destruction as Guido had been. Her chief pasion was avarice, and the repeated rumors of my supposed fabulous wealth had aroused her greed from the very moment she had first met me in my assumed character of the Count Oliva. As soon as her engagement own sex who, during the previous autumn, had laid out their store of fascinations to entrap me in vain-and this made her perfectly happy rhaps the supremest satisfaction a woman o this sort can attain to, is the fact of making he less fortunate sisters discontented and miserable! I loaded her, of course with the costliest gifts, and she, being the sole mistress of the fortune left her by her "late husband," as well as of the unfortunate Guido's money, set no I mits to her extravagance. Sho ordered the most expensive and elaborate costumes; the most expensive morning after morning with dressmakers, tailors and milliners, and she was currounded by a certain favor-d "set" of female friends, for whose benefit the dislayed the incoming treasures of her wardrobe tid they were ready to cry for spite and vexation, though they had to smile and hold in their wrath and outraged vanity beneath the social mask of complacent composure. And Nina loved nothing better than to torture the poor women who were stinted of packet-money, with the sight of shimmering satius, soft radiating plushes, rich velvets, embroidery studded with real gams, pieces of costly old lace, priceless goents, and articles of bijouteric; she loved also to dazzle the eyes and bewilder the brains of young girls, whose finest toilette was a garb of simplest white stuff unadorned save by a olisier of natural biossimi, and to send them away sick at heart, pining for they knew not what, dissatisfied with everything, and grumbling at late for not per-

mitting them to deck themselves in such marvellous "arrangements" of costume as those possessed by the happy, the fortunate future Countess Oliva.

Poor maidens! had they but known all they

would not have envied her. Women are too fond of measuring happiness by the amount of elothes they obta n, and I truly believe dre s i the one thing that never fails to console them. How often a fit of bysterics can be cut short by

the opportune arrival of a new gown. wife, in consideration of her approaching second auptuals, had thrown off her widow's orape, and now appeared clad in those soft sub-dued half-tints of color that suited her fragile, fairy-like beauty of pertection. All her old witcheries and her graceful tricks of manner and speech were put forth again for my benefit, I knew them all so well. I understood the value of her light careases and guishing looks so thoroughly. She She was very auxious to attain the full dignity of her position as the wife of so rich a nobleman as I was reputed to be, therefore she raised no objection when I fixed the day of our marriage for Giovedo Grasso. Then the forling and mumming, the dancing, shricking and screaming would be at its height; it pleased my whim to have this other piece of excellent masquerading take place at the same time.

The wedding was to be as private as possible,

owing to my wife's "recent and bereavements," as she herself said with a pretty sigh and tearful, pleading glance. It would take place in the chapel of San Gonnaro, adjoining the cathedral. We were married there before! During the time time intervened, Nina's manner was somewhat singular. To me she was often timid, and sometimes half-conciliatory. Now and then I caught her large dark eyes fixed on me with a startled aaxious look, but this expression soon passes away. She was subject, too, to wild fits of merriment, and snon to mocks of absorbed and gloomy silence. I could plainly see that she was strong up to an extreme pitch of nervous excitement and irritable ity, but I asked her no questions. If,—I thought,—if she tortured her-self with memories, all the better,—if she saw, or fancied she saw the resemblar ce telescen me and her "dear dead Fabio," it suited me that she should be so, racked and bewildered.

T came and went to and from the Villa as I

pleased. I were my dark glasses as usual, and not even Giacome could follow me with his peering, inquisitive gaze; for since the night he had been hurled so fiercely to the ground by Luke Fildes might love to depict on his canvas Cristi, and she is a swift sailer. I know her Guido's reckless and impatient hand the norm not even Giacome could follow me with his peering, inquisitive gaze; for since the night he had been hurled so fiercely to the ground by Guido's reckless and impatient hand, the poor Guido's reckless and impatient hand, the poor old man had been paralyzed, and had spoken no word. He lay in an upper chamber, tended by Assunta, and my wife had already written to his relatives in Lombardy, asking them to send for him home. send for him bome.

'Of what use to keep him?" she had asked

True! Of what use to give even roof-shelter to a poor old human creature, maimed, broken and uspless for evermore? After long years of faithful service, turn him out, cast him forth! If he die of neglect, starvation and illusage what matter !- he is a worn-out tool. nis day is done-let him perish. I would and variety of tone, fr not plead for him-why should I? I had made pleading to patheticmy own plans for his comfort-plans shortly to be carried out; and in the meantime Assunta ntited him tenderly as he lay speechless, with no more strength than a year-old baby, and only a bewildered pain in his upturned, lack lustre eyes. One incident occurred during these last days of vengeane that struck a sharp pain to my heart, together with a sense of bitterest anger. I had gone up to the Villa somewhat early in the morning, and on crossing the lawn I saw a dark form stretched motion-less on one side of the paths that led directly up to the house. I went to examine it, and started back in horror—it was my dog Wyvis shot dead. His silky black be d and forepaws were dabbled in bloot, his honest brown eyes ere glazed with the film of his dying agenies. Sickened and infuriated at the right. I called to

Sickened and inturiated at the right, I called to a gardener who was trimming the shrubbery. "Who has done this?" I demanded.

The man looked pityingly at the poor bleeding remains, and said in a low voice, "It was Madama's order, signo. The dog

busher yesterday; we shot him at daybreak. I stooped to cares, the faithful animal's botv. and as I stroked the silky coat my eyes were

d.m with terrs.
"How did it happen?" I asked in smothered "Was your lady hurt?" accents. The gardener shrugged his shoulder and ighed.

"Ma /-no! But he tora the lace on fer dress with his breth and grazed her hand. It was little, but enough. He will bite no morepovera hestra l'

I gave the fellow five france.

"I liked the dog," I said briefly, "he was a faithful creature. Bury him decently under that tree," and I pointed to the giant cypres on the lawn, "and take this money for your trouble.'

He looked surprised but grateful, and promised to do my bidding. Once more surrow-fully caressing the fallen head of perhaps the truest friend I ever possessed, I strode hastily into the house, and met Nina coming out of her morning room, clad in one of her graceful trailing garments, in which soft lavender bues were blended like the shaded colors of late and early violets.

"So Wyvis has been shot?" I said abruptly.
She gave a slight shu ider.
"Oh, yes; is it not sad? But I was compelled to have it done. Yesterd y I went past within reach of his chain, and he sprang furi-usly at me for no reason at all. See!" And holding up her soft small hand she showed me three trifling marks in the delicate flesh. "I felt that you would be so unhappy if you thought I k pta dog that was at all dangerous, o I determined to get rid of him. It is always painful to have a favorite animal killed : but really Wyvis b-longed to my poor busband, and

I think he has never been quite safe since his master's death, and now Giacomo is all "" "I see!" I said curtly, cutting her explana-Within myself I th ught how much more sweet and valuable was the dog's life than hers. Brave Wyng-good Wyvis! He bar done his best-he had tried to te ar her dainty flesh ; his honest instincts had led him to attempt rough vengeauce on the woman he had felt was his master's fie. And he had met his fate, and died in the performance of duty. But I said no more on the subject. The dog's death was not alluded to again by

The dog's death was not alluded to again by either Nina or myself. He lay in his mossy grave under the cypress bughs—his memory untainted by any lie, and his fidelify en-brined in my heart as a thing good and gracious, far exceeding the self-interested friendship of so-called Christian humanity.

The days passed slowly on. To the revellers who chased the flying steps of Carnival with shouting and laughter, no doubt the hours were brief, baing to brimful of periment; but to me to me became known in Naples, she bring and languager, no doubt the hours were was an object of envy to all those of her who heard nothing save the necessared ticking of my own time-piece of Revenge, and who saw naught save its hands, that every second frew nearer to the last and futal figure of the dial, the very moments seemed long and laden w th weariness. I roamed the streets of the city aimlessly, feeling more like a deserted stranger than a well-known and envied noble-man, whose wealth made him the cynceure of all eyes. The riptous glee, the music, the col our that whirled and reeled through the great street of Toledo at this season bewildered and pained me. Though I knew

and was accustomed to the wild vagaries of carnivals, yet this year this seemed to be out of place, distracting, senseless, and all untamiliar.

Sometimes I escaped from the city tumult and wandered out to the cemetery. There I would stand, dreamly looking at the freshly turned to is above Guido Ferrari's grave. No stone marked the spot as yet, but it was close to the Roumani vault - not more than a couple of yards away from the iron grating that barred the entrance to that dim and fata' charn 1-touse. I had a drear faccing tion for the place, and more than once I went to the opening of that secret passage made by the brigands to ascertain if all was safe and undis turbed. Everything was as I had left it. Lav that the tingle of brushwood had become thicker, and weeds and brambles had spring up, making it less visible than before, and probibly rendering it more impassable. rtunate accident I had secured the key of the vault. I knew that for family burial-places of this kind there are always two keys-one left in charge of the ke-per of the cemetery, the other possessed by the person or persons to whom the mausoleum belongs and this other I managed to obtain.

On one oc asion, being left for some time alone in my own library at the Villa, I re-membered that in an upper drawer of an old oaken escritoire that stood there, had always been a few keys belonging to the doors of cellars and rooms in the house. I looke t. and found them lying there as usual; they all had labels attached to them, signifying their use, and I turned them over impatiently, not find ing what I sought. I was about to give up the search, when I perceived a large, rusty key that had slipped to the back of the drawer; I pulled it out, and to my satisfaction it was labelled "Mausoleum." I immediately took possession of it, glad to have obtained so useful and necessary an im plement; I knew that I should soon need it. The cemetery was quite deserted at this festive season; no one visited it to lay wreaths of flowers or sacred mementoes on the last restingplaces of their friends. In the joys of the Car-nival who thinks of the dead? In my frequent walks there I was always alone; I might have opened my own vault and gone down into it without being observed, but I did not; I con-tented myself with occasionally trying the key n the lock and assuring myself that it worked without difficulty.

Returning from one of these excursions late on a mild afternoon towards the end of the week preceding my marriage, I bent my steps towards the Moio, where I saw a picturesque group of sailors and girls dancing one of those fantastic, graceful dances of the country, in which impassioned movement and expressive gesticulations are everything! Their steps were guided and accompanied by the sonorous twanging of a full toned-guitar and the tinkling beat of a tambourine. Their handsome, animated faces, their flashing eyes and laughing lips, their gay, many-colored costumes, the glitter of, beads on the brown necks of the maidens, the red caps, jauntily perched not," he said at last, laying his hand confident to the think b'sok curls of the fishermen, all tially on my, arm, "but there is a stout brig made up a picture full of light and life, thrown leaving here for Givita Veschia on Friday morning into strong relief against the pale grey, and amber tints of the February, sky and see; while "The day after Giovedi Grasso?" I queried,

Italian color. I watched the dance with a faint sense of pleasure—it was full of so much har-mony and delicacy of rhythm. The lad who mony and delicacy of rhythm. The lad who expect thrummed the guitar broke out new and then mise ye into song.—a song in dialect that fitted into the This music of the dance as accurately as a rossbud plans i into its calyx. I could not distinguish all the excepti words he sang, but the refrain was always the same, and he gave it in every possible inflection, and variety of tone, from grave to gay, from all the direct that the same is the same in the same is the same in the same in the same is the same in the same is the same in the same in the same is the same is

' Che bella cosa è de morire acciso, Nnance a la porta de la nnamorata l' meaning literally-"How beautiful a thing to die, suddenly, slain at the door of one's be-

There was no sense in the thing, I thought half angrily,—it was a stupid sentiment alto-gether. Yet I could not help smiling at the ragged, bare-footed rascal who sang it; he seemed to feel such a gratification in repeating it, and he rolled his black eyes with love-loru intensity, and breathed forth sighs that s unded through his music with quite a touch as earnestness. Of course he was only following the tho manner of all Nepolitans, namely, acting his song; they all do it, and cannot help themselves. But this boyhad a peculiarly rogush way of pausing and crying forth a plaintive "Ah b fore he added "the hella cosa," etc., which gave; oint and piquincy to his absurd ditty. He was evidently brimful of mischief, -his expression betokened it; no doubt he was one of the most thorough little scamps that ever played at 'morra." but here was a charm about his handsome dirty face and unkempt hair, and I watched him amusedly glad to be distracted for a new minutes from the tired inner workings of my own unhappy thoughts. In time to come, so I mused, this very boy might learn to set his sing about the "beloved" to a sterner key, and might find it meet, not to be slain himself, but to slay her! Such a thing—in Naples—was more than probable. By and by the dance ceased, and I recognized in one of the breathceased, and I recognized in one of the breath-less, laughing sailors my old acquaintance Andrea Luzivna, with whom I had sailed to Palermo. The sight of him relieved me from a difficulty which had puzzled me for some days, and as soon as the little groups of men and women had partially dispered. I waked up to him and touched him on the shoulder. He started, looked round surprised, and did not appear to recognize me. I remembered that when he had seen me I had not crown a heard, reither had I s en me I had not grown a beard, reither had I

worn dark spectacles. I recalled my name to him; his face cleared and he smiled.

"Ah! buon giorno, Eccellenza!" he cred.

"A thousand pardons that I did not at first know you! Often have I thought of you! often have I heard your name—ah! what a name. Biok great generous—ah! what a name! Rich, great, generous!—ah! what a g'ad life! And on the point of marrying—ah, Dio! lave makes all the troubles go—in!" and taking his cigar from his mouth, he pulled and taking his cirnt from his mouth, he puffed Scandal herself sat meekly with closed a ring of pule smoke into the air and brighed lips in the presence of this stately and angust

I smiled and thanked him. I noticed he looked at me curiously.

'You think I have changed in appearance,

The Sicilian looked embarrassed.

The Sicilian looked embarrassed.

The hour we must all change," he answered lightly, evading my glance, "The days pass on,—each day takes a little bit of youth away with it. One grows old without knowing it!' I laughed.
"I see," I observed. "You think I have aged somewhat since you saw me."

A little, Eccellenza," he frankly confessed. "I nave suffered severe illness," I said quietly, "and my eyes are still weak, as you perceive," and I touched my glasses. "But I shall get stronger in time. Can you come with shall get stronger in time. Can you come with me for a few moments? I want your help in a matter of importance."

He nodded a ready ascent and followed me

CHAPTER XXXI.

We left the Molo, and paused at a retired street corner leading from the Chiaja.
"You remember Carnelo Neri?" I asked. Andrea shrugged his shoulders with an air

infinite commiseration,
"Ah, povero diavolo! Well do I remembe him. A bol I fellow and brave, with a heart in hun, too, if one did but know where to find it. And now he drage the chain. Well, well, no doubt it is what he deserves; bu: I say, and always will maintain, there are many worse men than Carmelo. I briefly related how I had seen the captured

brigand in the square at Palermo and had noken with him. "I mentioned you," I added, "and he bade me tell you Teresa had killed

Ah! that I well know, 'said the little captain, who had listened to me intently, and over whose mobile face flitted a shadow of tender pity, as he sighed. "Poverinetta! So fragile and small! To think she had the force to plungs the knife in her breast! As well ma-gue a little bird flying down to pierce itself on an uplified bryonet. Aye, aye! women will do strange things—and it is certain she loved

"You wou'd help hun to escape again if you could, no doubt?" I inquired with a half amile.

The ready wit of the Sicilian instantly as earted itself. "Not I, Eccellenza," he replied, with an a

of dignity and most virtuous honesty. "No, no, no, now. The law is the law, and I, Andrea Luziani, am not one to break it. No, Carmelo must take his punishment; it is for life they sny—and as it seems, it is but just.
When the little Theresa was in the question, look you, what could I do? but now—let the saints that choose help Carmelo, for I will

not."
I laughed as I met the audacious fla-h of his eves; I knew, despite his protestations, that il Cormelo Neri ever did get clear of the galleys, would be an excellent thing for him Luizani's vessel chanced to be within reach. 'You have your brig the Laura still?"

asked him. Yes, Eccellenza, the Madonna be praised And she has been newly rigged and painted and she is as trig and trim a craft as you can meet with in all the wide blue waters of the

Mediterranean "
"Now, see you," I said, impressively, "I have a friend, a relative, who is in trouble; he wishes to get away from Naples quietly and in secret. Will you help him? You shall be paid whatever you think proper to demand."

The Sigilian looked puzzled. He puffed

meditatively at his organ and remained silent. "He is not pursued by the law," I continued noting his hesitation. "He is simply involved in a cruel difficulty brought upon him by his owa family-he seeks to escape from unjust

Andrea's brow cleared. "Oh, if that is the case, Eccellenza, I am a your service. But where does your friend do

I paused for a moment and considered.

"To Civita Vecchia," I said at last; "from that port he can obtain a ship to take him to his further destination." The captain's expressive face fell-he looked

very dubique.
"To Civita Vecchia is a long way, a very long way." he said regretfully; "and it is the bad season, and there are cross currents and contrary winds. With all the wish in the world to please you, Eccellenza, I dare not run the Laura'so far; but there is another means— And interrupting himself he considered awhile in silence: I waited patiently for him

to speak. Whether it would suit your friend I know

Cristi, and she is a swift sailer. I know her captain,—he is a good soul; but," and Andrea laughed lightly, "he is like the rest of us—he loves money. You do not count the francs,—no, they are nothing to you,—but we look

exceptionally munificent sum for the passage required. Andrea's eyes glistened as the required. Andrea's eyes glistened

"It is a little fortune!" he cried enthusiasti-cally. "Would that I could earn as much in twenty voyages! But one should not be churlish,—such luck cannot fall in all men's way "
I smiled.

And do you think, amico, I will suffer you to go unrewarded?" I said. And placing two twenty-franc pieces in his brown palm I added, "As you rightly said, francs are nothing to me. Arrange this little matter without difficulty, and you shall not be forrotten. You can call at my hotel to-morrow or the next day, when you have settled everything—here is the address,' I pencilled iton my card and gave it to him; "but remember, this is a secret matter, and I rely upon you to explain it as such to your friend who commands the brig going to Civita Vecchia. He must ask no questions of his passenger,the more silence the more discretion,—and when once he has landed him at his destination he will do well to straightway forget all about him. You understand?

Andrea nodded briskly. Si, si, signor. He has a bad memory as it

s-it shall grow worse at your command! Be lieve it?" I laughed, shook hands, and parted with the friendly little fellow, he returning to the Melo, and I slowly walking homeward by way of the Villa Reale. An open carriage coming swift'y towards me attracted my attention; as it drew nearer I recognised prancing steeds and the familiar liveries. fair woman clad in o ive velvets and Russian sables looked out smiling, and waved her hand. It was my wife,—my betrothed bride, and beside her sat the Duchess di Marina, the most irreproachable of matrons, famous for her piety not only in Naples but throughout Italy. So immonculate was she, that it was difficult to imagine her husband darin up-right, well-dressed caress that form, or venturing to kiss those prim lips, colder than the carven beads of her jewelled rosary. Yet there was a story about ner too—an old story that came from Padua of how a young and handsome nobleman had been found dead at her palace doors, stabbed to the heart. Perhaps — who knows? — he also might have thought—

"Che bella cosa è de morire accisso

Nnanze a la porta de la nnamorota." Some said the Duke nau annea, nothing could be proved, nothing was certain. The Duke was silent, so was his Duchess; and have less at meekly with closed Some said the Duke had killed him; but gaily. Then suddenly lifting his cap r m his couple, whose bearing towards each other in clustering black hair, he added, "All joy be with you, Eccellenza!" world. What went on behind the scenes no world. What went on behind the scenes no one could tell. I raised my hat with the profoundest deference as the carriage containing the two ladies dashed by; I knew not which was the cleverest hypocrite of the two, therefore I did equal honor to both. I was meditative and retrospective mood, and when I reached the Toledo the distracting noises, the cries of the flower girls, and vendors of chestnuts and confetti, the nasal singing of the atreet-rhymers, the yells of punchinello, and the answering laughter of the populace, were all beyond my endurance. To gratify a sudden whim that seized me, I made my way into the lowers and dirtiest quarters of the city, and roamed through wretched courts and crowded alleys, trying to discover that one miserable street which until now I had always avoided even the thought of, where I had purchased the coral-fisher's clothes on the day of my return from the grave. I went in many wrong directions but at last I found it, and saw at a glance that the old rag-picker's shop was still there, in its former condition of heterogeneous filth and disorder. A man sat at the door smoking, but not the crabbed and bent figure I had before

seen—this was a younger and stouter indi-vidual with a Jewish cast of countenance, and dark ferocious eyes. I approached him, and, seeing by my dress and manner that I was some person of consequence, he rose, drew his pipe from his mouth, and raised his greasy cap with a respectful yet suspicious air.

"Are you the owner of this place?" I asked.

"What has become of the old man who use to live here? He laughed shrugged his shoulders, and draw

his pipe stem across his throat with a significant gesture. 'So, signor !-with a sharp knife! . He had a good deal of blood, too, for so withered a body. To kill himself in that fashion was stupid: he spoils an Indian shawl that was on his bed,

would not have thought he had so much And the fellow put back his pipe in his mouth and smoked complacently. I heard in sickened silence. "He was mad, I suppose?" I said at last.

The long pipe was again withdrawn.
"Mad? Well, the people say so. I for one hink he was very reasonable—all except that matter of the shawl—he should have taken that iff his bed first. But he was wise enough to know that he was of no use to anybody—he did the best he could. Did you know him,

signor?"
"I gave him money once," I replied evasive ly; then taking out a few france I handed them to this evil-eyed, furtive-looking son of Israel, who received the gift with effusive gratitude. "Thank you for your information," I said

coldly. "Good day."

"Good day to you, signor," he replied, resuming his seat and watching me curiously as I turned away

I passed out of the wretched street feeling faint and giddy. The end of the miserable rac dealer had been told to me briefly and brutally enough—yet somehow I was moved to a sense of regret and pity. Abjectly proof, half-crazy, and utterly friendless, he had been a brother of mine in the same bitterness and irrevocable sorrow. I wond-red with a half-shudder,—would my end be like his? When my vengeance was completed should I grow shrunken, and old, and mad, and one lurid day draw a sharp knife across my throat as a finish to my life's history? I walked more rapidly to shake off the morbid fancies that thus insidious ly crept in on my brain; and as before, the noise and glitter of the Toledo had been unbearable. so now I found it a relief and a distract ion. Two masquers bedizened in violet and gold whizzed past me like a flash, one of them yelling a stale jest concerning la inamorata—a jest I scarcely heard, and certainly had no hear or wit to reply to. A fair woman I knew eaned out of a gally-draped balcony and dropped a bunch of roses at my feet; out of courtesy I stooped to pick them up, and then raising my hat I saluted the dark-eyed donor. but a few paces on I gave them away to a razged child. Of all the flowers that bloom, they were, and still are, the most insupportable to me. What is it the English peet Swinburne 8:y8?-

"I shall never be friends again with roses!"

My wife wore them always: even on that night when I had seen her clasped in Guido's arms, a red rose on her breast had been crushed in that embrace—a rose whose withered leaves I still possess. In the forest solitude where I now dwell there are no roses: where I now dwell there are no roses; and I am glad! The trees are too high, the tangle of bramble and coarse brushwood too dense, pothing grows here but a few herbs and field flowers—weeds, unfit for wearing by fine ladies, yet to my taste infinitely sweeter than all the tenderly-tinted cups of fragrance, whose golors and olors are spoilt to me for ever. I the preparations were made, withing was left undone that could add to the spleddour of the poem. Well, you see this man Raphael, and if he world comes to ham who knows how to wait, I knew this, and I wants to get one like it up for me he can name his price."

The slow-revolving wheel of Time brought me to the day before my strange wedding, the eve of my re-marriage with my own wife! All the preparations were made, withing was left John; what are you writing? Husband A undone that could add to the spleddour of the

memory, and—I strive always to forget!
I reached my hotel that evening to find that I was an hour late for dinner, an unusual cirdisquietude, as was exident from the re-lieved expression of his face when I entered. For some days the honest fellow had walched me with anxiety; my abstracted moods, the long solitary walks I was in the habit of taking,

to the sold. Now, if it please you I will make him a certain offer of passage money, as large as you shall choose, also I will tell him when to expect his one passenger, and I can almost promise you that he will not say no!"

This proposal fitted in so excellently with my plans that I accepted it, and at once named an 'to observe his usual discretion and tact, and aventically munificent my for the passage. to observe his usual discretion and tact, and refrain from asking questions. On this particular occasion I dined very hastily, for I had promised to join my wile and two of her lady friends at the theatre-that night.

When I arrived there she was already seated in her box, looking radiantly beautiful. She was attired in some soft, sheeny, clinging prim-rose stuff, and the brigand's jewels I had given her through Guido's hands flashed brill antly on her uncovered neck and arms. She greeted me with her usual childlike enthusiasm as I entered, bearing the customary off-ring-a cost ly bouquet, set in a holder of mother-of-pearl studded with turquoise, for her acceptance. I

bowed to her lady friends, both of whom I knew, and then stood beside her watching the stage. The concdictta played there was the airiest triff,—it turned on the old wornwas the airiest till's,—it turned on the old willing out story,—a young wife, an aged, doting husband, and a lover whose principles were, of course, of the "noblest" type. The husband was fooled (naturally), and the chief amusement of the piece appeared to consist in his being shut out of his own house in dressing gown and slippers during a pelting storm of gown and slippers during a pelting storm specified "pure") enjoyed a luxurious supper with her highly moral and virtuous admirer. My wife laughed delightedly at the poor jokes and the stale epigrams, and specially applicated the actress who successfully supported the chief rôle. This actress, by the way, was a saucy, brazen-faced jade, who had a trick of heaving her ample b som tumultuously when-ever she hissed out the words, accursed, vilain-ous o'd monster, at her discomfitted husband, which had an immense effect on the audience an audience which entirely sympathized with her, though she was most indubitably in the wrong. I watched Nina in some derision as she nodded her fair head, and beat time to the music with her painted fan. I bent over he.
"The play pleases you?" I asked in a low

tone.
"Yes, indeed!" she answered, with a laugh ing light in her eyes. "The husband is so droll! It is all very amusing."

"The husband is always droll!" I remarked, niling coldly. "It is not a temptation to smiling coldly. "It is not a temptation to marry, when one knows that as a husband one must always look ridiculous."

She glanced up at me.
"Cesare! You surely are not vexed? Of course it is only in plays that it happens so!'
"Plays, cara mia, are often nothing but the
reflex of real life," I said. "But let us hope there are exceptions, and that all husbands are

She smiled expressively and weetly, toyed with the flowers I had given her, and turned herejes again to the stage. I said no more and was a som-what moody companion for the rest of the evening. As we all left the theatre one of the ladies who had accompanied Nina said

lightly,
"You seem dall and out of spirits, Conte?" I forced a smile.

"Not I, signora! Surely you do not find me guilty of such urgalian'ry? Were I dull in your company I should prove myself the most ingratefol of my sex."
She sighed somewhat impatiently. She was very young and very lovely, and, as far as I knew, innecent, and of a more thoughtful and

puetical temperament than most women "That is the mere language of complimen"." che said, looking straightly at me with her clear candid eyes. "You are a true courtier! Yet often I think your courtesy is reluctant,"

I looked at her in some surprise.

"Reluctant? Signora, pardon me if I do not

understand!"
"I mean," she continued, still regarding me steadily, though a faint blush warmed the clear pallor of her delicate complexion, "that you do not really like us women; you say pretty things to us, and you try to be amiable in our company, but you are in truth averse to our ways-you are sceptical-you think we are all

hypocrites."
I laughed a little coldly. Really, signors, your words place me in a very awkward position. Were I to tell you my real sentiments-She interrupted me with a touch of her fan

on my arm and suiled gravely.

"You would say, Yes, you are right, signora. I never see one of your sex without supports. I never see one of your sex without suspecting treachery.' Ah, signor Conte, we women are indeed full of faults, but nothing can blind our unsinct!" She paused, and her brilliant eyes softened as she added gently; I pray your marriage may be a very happy

I was silent. I was not even courteous enough to thank her for the wish. I was half angered that this girl should have been able to prove

my thoughts so quickly and unerringly. Was I so bad an actor after all? I glanced down at her as she leaned lightly on my arm.

"Marriage is a mere comedicta," I said abruptly and harally. "We have seen it acted to-night. In a few days I shall play the part of the chief buffrom-in other words. of the chief buffoon-in other words, the hus

And I laughed. My young companion look ed startled, almost fr ghtene 1, and over her fair face there flitted an expression of some thing like aversion. I did not care, -why should 1?—and there was, no tune for more words between us, for we had reached the outer vertibule of the theatre.

My wife's carriage was drawn up at the entrance; -my wife herself was stepping into it. I assisted her, and also her two friends, and then stood with nacovered head at the door wishing them all the "felicussima notte." None put her tiny jewelled hand through the carriage window,—I stooped and kissed it lightly. Drawing it back quickly, she selected a white gordenia troub her housest and selected a white gardenia from her bouquet and gave it to me with a bewitching smile.

Then the glittering equipage dashed away with a whirl and clatter of practing hoofs and rapid wheels, and I stood alone under the wide portico of the theare, —alone, amid the pressing through of the people who were still coming out of the house,—holding the alrongly scented gardenia in my hand as vaguely as a fevered man who finds a strange flower in one of his s ck dreams.

After a minute or two I suddenly recollected myself, and throwing the blossom on the ground, I crushed it savagely beneath my heel, the penetrating odour rose from its slain petals as hough a vessel of incense had been emptied at my feet. There was a nauseating influence in it; where had I inhaled that subtle perfume last? I remembered, Guido Ferrari ba one of those flowers in his coat at my banquet, it had been still in his button-hole when I killed

I strode onward and homeward; the streets vere full of mirth and music, but I headed none of it. I telt, rather than saw, the quiet sky bending above me dotted with its countless bending above me doubte with its countries millions of luminous worlds; I was faintly conscious of the soft plash of murmuring waves mingling with the dulcet chords of deftly played mandolines echoing from somewhere do wn by the shore; but my soul was, as it were, benumbed,—my mind, always on the alert, was for once utterly tired out,—my very limbs sched, and when I at last flung myself on my bed, exhausted, my eyes closed instantly, and I stept the heavy, motionless sleep of a man weary unto death.

"Tout le monde vient à celui qui sait at-

tendre." So wrote the great Napoleon. The virtue of the aphorism consists in the little words qui sait. All the world comes to ham who knows how to wait, I knew this, and I

evil? True enough, but their perfume awakens occasion. For though the nupt all caremony was to be somewhat quiet and private in char acter, and the marriage breakfast was to include only a few of our more intimate acquaint. ance, the proceedings were by no means to ter-minate tamely. The remande of these remark. minate tamely. The romance of these remarkable esponsals was not to find its conclusion in pathos. No; the bloom and aroma of the intresting event were to be enjoyed in the evening, when a grand supper and ball, given by me, the happy and much-to-be-envied bridegroom, was to take place in the hotel which I had made my residence for so long. No expense was spared for this, the last entertainment offered by me in my brilliant career as the successful Count Cesare Oliva. After it, the dark curtain would fall on the played-out drama, never to rizè again.

Everything that art, taste and r yal luxury could suggest was included in the arrangements for this, brilliant ball, to which one hundred and fifty guests had been invited, not one of whom had refused to attend.

whom had refused to attend.

And now—now, the afternoon of this, the last day of my self imposed probation—t sat alone with my fair wife in the drawing room of the Villa Romani, conversing lightly on various subjects connected with the festivities of the coming morrow. The long windows were open—the warm spring sunlight lay like a filmy veil of woven gold on the tender green of the young grass, birds sarg for joy and flitted from branch to branch, now poising hoveringly above thir nests, now soaring with all the luxury of pernests, now soaring with all the luxury of per-fect liberty into the high heaven of cloudless blue—the great creamy buds of the magnolia looked ready to burst into wide and splendid flower between their larg, darkly. shining leaves, the odour of violets and primroses floated on every delicious late the of air, and round the wide veraudsh the clumbing white china 10ses had already unfurled their bilmy wind. It was spring in Southern Italy spring in the land where, above all other lands, spring is lowly—sudden and brilliant in its beauty as might be the smile of a happy ange'. Gran Dio!-talk of angels! Had I not saucy, brazen-faced jade, who had a trick of flashing her black eyes, to sing her head, and heaving her ample b som tumultuously whenever she hissed out the words, accursed, vilainever she his words are not she with the words are not she those which it was my product privilege of page upon without rebuke—dark eyes, rippling golden hair, a dazzling and perfect face, a form to tempt the virtue of a Galshad, and lips that an emperor might long to touch,—in vain? Well, no !-not altogether in vain; if his Imperial Majesty could offer a bribe large enough, let us say a diamond the size of a pigeon's egg, the might possibly purchase one, may !- perhaps two kisses from that secucive red mouth, sweeterthautheripest strawberry. I glanced at her furtively from time to tune when she was not aware of my gaze; and glad was I of the sheltering protection of the dark glasses I wore, for I knew and felt that there was a terrible look in my eyes-the look of a helf-famished tiger ready to spring on some long-desired piece of prey. She herself was exceptionally bright and cheerful; with her riante fratases and agile movements, she reminded me of some tropical bird of gorgeous plumage swaying to and fro on or to go goods frittings swam ing want from a branch of equally gorgeous bloss m.
"You are like a princein a fairy-t-le, Cesare," she said with a little delighted laugh; "every-

thin, you do is superbly done! How pleasant it is to be so rich,—there is nothing better in all the world."
"Except love!" I returned, with a grim at

tempt to be contimental.

Her large eyes softened like the pleading

eyes of a tam-fawn.

"Ah, yes!" and she smiled with expressive tend-rness, "except love. But when one has both love and wealth, what a paradise life can

"So great a paradise," I assented, "that it is hardly worth while trying to get into heaven at all! Will you make earth a heaven for me, Nina mia? or will you only love me as much, or as little,—as you loved your late husband?"
She shrugged her shoulders and pouted like

a spoil child "Why are you so fond of talking about my late husband, Cesare?" she asked peevishly; "I sm so tired of his name! Besides, one does not always care to be reminded of dead people-and he died so horribly too! I have often told you that I did not love him at all. I liked him a little, and I was quite ill when that dresdful monk, who looked like a ghost himself, came and told me he was dead. Fancy hearing such a piece of news suddenly, while I was actually at uncheon with Gui-Signor Ferrari! We were both shocked, of course, but I did not break my heart over it. Now, I really do love you—"

I drew nearer to her on the couch where she and put one arm round ber. "You really do?" I a ked in a half incredu-lous tone; "you are quite sure?"

She laughed, and nestled her head on my shonder.

I am quite sure How many times have you asked me that a surd questi n? What

can I say, what can I do, -to make you believe e ?"
"Nothing," I answered, and answered truly,
"Nothing and answered truly, for certainly nothing she could say or do would make me believe her for a moment. But how

do you love me for myself or for my wealth " She raised her head with a proud, graceful "For yourself, of course! Do you think mere wealth could ever win my affection ? No, Cesare! I love you for your own take, - your

own merits have made you dear to me."

I smiled bitterly. She did not see the smile.

I slowly caresse her silky hair. " For that sweet answer, carisama mia, you shall have your reward.

ne a fairy prince just now,—perhans merit that title more than you know. You remember the jowels I sent you before we ever met ?" "Remember them !" she exclaimed. "They

are my choicest ornaments. Such a parure is fit for an empress." "And an empress of beauty wears them!" I said lightly. "But they are mere trifles compared to other gens which I possess, and which I intend to offer for your acceptance."

(To be continued)

BOOKS vs. EXPERIENCE. Books are useful to add to our knowledge, but practical experience teaches us that the best remedy for the diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Blood is easily to be had and is called B. P. B.

Wife (who has had her photograph taken): I think the expression about the mouth, John, is too firm." Husband: "A trifle, perhaps, but it was probably an effort for you to keep it shut, my dear."

WELL SPOKEN OF.

"I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil very highly, it cured me of rheumatism 'n my fingers when I could not bend them." Ida Plank, Strathory, Ont. A medicine for external and internal use in all painful complaints.

"Why do you think your mother is a spiritualist?" inquired a Stockton schoolboy of his class-mate in front of the schoolhouse, after an animated theological discussion. Because I have good reasons for thinking so. She gave me a terrible rapping last night."

ANOTHER ITEM.

Mrs. J. Thompson, of Elms. Oct., writes that she suffered from general weakness and was so reduced that at times she became almost unconscious. Three bottles of Burd.ck Blood Bitters completely cured her, and she now recommends B. B. B. to her friends and neighbors. ...

Mr. Porcine (of Chicago)-" That's a fine picture, mister." Picture Daaler-"Yes, sir, it's a Raphael." Mr. Porcine-" How much might it be worth?" Picture Dealer-"It is already sold, sir." Mr. Porcine-"Sold? Well, you see this man Raphael, and if he