In The Furnace of Temptation

He put on his hat and coat and stolled vaguely forth, and in an hour or two came by a roundabout course to the gondola station nearest his own ab ent contemplation of the boats, from which the goddollers were clamoring for his custom, he stepped into one and ordered the man to row him to a gate on a small canal opposite. The gate opened, at his ringing, into the garden of the Vervains. Florida was sitting alone on a bench hear the fountain. It was no longer a ruined fountain; the broken hear the land head a party above here.

no.ed nalad held a pipe above her head, and from this rose a willowy spray high enough to catch some coors of the sunset then striking into the garden, and fell again in a mist around her, making her almost modest.

"What does this mean?" asked

"What does this mean?" asked Ferris, carelessly taking the young girl's hand. "I thought this lady's occupation was gone."
"Don Ippolito repaired the fountain for the landlord, and he agreed to pay for filling the tank that feeds it," said Florida. "He seems to think it a hard barrain for he coly. it a hard bargain, for he only lets it play about half an hour a day. But he says it's very ingeniously mended. He didn't believe it could be done.

He didn't believe it could be done. It is pretty."

"It is, indeed," said the painter, with a singular desire, going through him like a pang, likewise to do something for Miss Vervain. "Did you go to Don Ippolito's house the other day, to see his traps?"

"Yes; we were very much interested. I was sorry that I knew so little about inventions. Do you think

little about inventions. Do you think there are many practical felects amongst his things? I hope there are—he seemed so proud and pleased to show them. Shouldn't you think he had some real inventive talent?"

"Ye; I think he has; but I know as ittle about the matter as you do." little about the matter as you do." He sat down beside her, and picking up a twig from the gravel, pulled the bark off in silence. Then, "Miss Vervain," he said, knitting his brows, as he always did when he had some-thing on his conscience, and meant to ease it at any cost, "I'm the dog bone; I talked Don Ippolito over with you the other day, and now I've been talking you over with him. But I've the grace to say that I'm ashamed of myself." that fetches a bone, and carries

"Why need you be ashamed?" asked Florida, "You said no harm of

him. Did you of us?"
"Not exactly; but I don't think it was quite my business to discuss you at all. I think you can't let people alone too much. For my part, if Itty to characterise my friends, I fail to the profest institute of converted. to characterise my friends, I fall to do them perfect justice, of course; and yet the imperfect result remains rep-resentative of them in my mind; it limits them and fixes them, and I can't get them back again into the undefined and the ideal where they really belong. One ought never to sneak of the faults of never to speak of the faults of one's friends: it mutilates them: friends; it mutilates them can never be the same after

wards."

"So you have been talking of my faults?" said Florida, breathing quickly. "Perhaps you could tell me of them to my face."

"I should have to say that unfairness was one of them. But that is common to the whole sex. I never said I was talking of your faults. is common to the whole sex. I never said I was talking of your faults. I declared against doing so, and you immediately infer that my motive is remorse. I don't know that you have any faults. They may be virtues in disguise. There is a charm even in unfairness. Well, I did say that I thought you had a quies temper"—

ic temper"—— Florida colored violently. "But now I see that I was mis-taken," said Ferris with a laugh.
"May I ask what else you said?"
demanded the young giri haughtily.
"Oh, that would be a betrayal of confidence," said Ferris, unaffecte by her hauteur.

Then why have you mentioned matter to me at all?"
wanted to clear my conscience Then why the matter

I suppose, and sin again. I wanted to talk with you about Don Ippo-

Florida looked with perplexity at Ferris' face, while her own slowly cooled and paled.

"What did you want to say of him?" she asked calmly.

"I hardly know how to put it; that he puzzles me, to begin with. You know I feel somewhat responsible for him." for him."

Of course, I never should hav ught of him, if it hadn't been your mother's talk that morning ng back from San Lazzaro." know," said Florida, with a

"And yet, don't you see, it was as much a fancy of mine a weakness much a fancy of mine, a weakness for the man himself, as the desire to serve your mother, that prompted me to bring him to you."
"Yes, I see," answered the young

I acted in the teeth of a bitter

deap to conclusions! I never intimated that Don Ippolito was a spy. On the contrary, it was his difference from other priests that made he think of thim for a moment. He seems to be as much cut off from the church as from the world. And yet he is a priest, with a priest's education. What if I should have been altogether mistaken? He is either one of the openest souls in the world, as you have insisted or he is one of the closest.".

"I should not be afraid of him in any case," said Florida; "that I can't believe any wrong of him."

Ferris frowned in annoyance. "I don't want you to; I don't, myself. I've bungled the matter, as I might have known!" would! was trying to put into word; an undefined easiness

**** of mine, a quite formless desire to have

of mine, a qu'te formiess desire to havo you possessed of the whole case as it had come up in my mind. I've made a mess of it," sa'd Ferris, rising with a rueful a'r. "Besides, I ought to have spoken to Mrs. Vervain."

"Oh, no," cried Florida, eagerly springing to her feet beside him. "Don't! Little things wear upon my mother, so. I'm glad you didn't speak to her. I don't misunderstand you, I think; I expressed myself badly," she added, with an anxious face. "I thank you very much. What d you want

you very much. What do you want me to do?"

By Ferris' impulse they both began to move down the garden path toward the water-gate. The sunset had faded out of the fountain, but it still lit the whole heaven in whole water want blee. out of the fountain, but it still lit the whole heaven, in whose vast blue depths hung light whiffs of plakish cloud, as ethereal as the draperies that floated after Miss Vervain as she walked with a splend'd grace beside him—no awkwardness now, or self-constraint in her. As she turned to Ferris, and asked in her deep tones, to which some latent feeling imparted a slight tremor, "What do you want me to do?" the sense of her willingness to be bidden by him gave him a delicious thrill. He looked at the superboreature, so proud, so helpless: so much a woman, so much a child; and he caught his breath before he anmuch a woman, so much a child; and he caught his breath before he answered. Her gauzes blew about his feet in the light breeze that lifted the foliage; she was a little nearsighted, and in her eagerness she drew closer to him, fixing her eyes full upon his with a bold innocence. "Good heavens! Miss Vervaln," he cried, with a sudden blush, "it isn't a serious matter. I'm a fool to have spoken to you. Don't do anything. Let things go on as before. It isn't for me to histruct you."

"I should have been very glad of your advice," she said, with a disappointed, almost wounded manner, keeping her eyes upon him. "It seems to me we are always going

wrong"— She stopped short, with a flush and then a pallor.

Ferris returned her look with one Ferris returned her look with one of comical dismay. This apparent readiness of Miss Vervain's to be taken command of daunted him, on second thoughts. "I wish you'd dismiss all my stupid talk from gour mind," he said. "I feel as if I'd heen miltily trying to set you mend, he said. I feel as if I'd been guittly trying to set you against a man whom I like very much, and have no reason not to trust, and who thinks me so much his friend, that he couldn't dream of my making any sort of trouble for him. It would break his heart, I'm afraid, if you treated him in a different way from that in which you've treated him till now. It's really touching to listen to his creating to the source of gratitude to you and your mother. It's only conceivable on the ground that he has never had friends before in the world. He seems like another man, or the same man come to life. And it isn't his fault that he's a priest priest. I suppose," he added, with a sort of final three, "that a Vene-tian family wouldn't use him with the frank hospitality you've shown, priest. not because they distrusted him at all, perhaps, but because they would be afraid of other Venetian tongues.

This ultimate drop of venom, help-lessly distilled, did not seem to rankle in Miss Vervain's mind. She walked now with her face turned from his, and she answered coldly, "We shall not be troubled. We don't care for Venetian tongues."

They were at the gate. "Goodbye," said Ferris, abruptly, "I'm going."

going."
"Won't you wait and see my mo won't you want and see my mo-ther?" asked Florida, with her awk-ward self-constraint again upon her. "No, thanks," said Ferris, gloom-ily. "I haven't time. I just drop-ped in for a moment, to blast an ped in for a moment, to blast an innocent man's reputation, and destroy a young lady's peace of mind."
"Then you needn't go yet," answered, Florida, co.dly, "for you haven't succeeded."

"Well, I've done my worst," returned Ferris, drawing the bolt.

He went away, hanging his head in imazement and disgust at himself for is clumsiness and bad taste. It seemed his clumsiness and bad taste. It seemed to him a contemptible part, first to embarrass them with Don Ippolito's acquaintance, if it was an embarrassment, and then try to sneak out of his responsibility by these tardy cautions; and if it was not going to be an embarrassment, it was folly to have approached the matter at all.

What had he wanted to do, and with what motive? He hardly knew. As he battled the ground over and over

what motive? He hardly knew. As he battled the ground over and over again, nothing comforted him save the thought that, bad as it was to have spoken to Miss Vervala, it must have been infinitely worse to speak to her mother.

It was late before Ferr's forgot his the mext morning, the sun was making the next morning, the sun was making the solid green blinds at his window odorous of their native pine woods with its heat, and thrusting a golden spear at the heart of Don Ippolito's effigy where he had left it on the easel. Maring brought a left to make the his odorous of their native pine woods with its heat, and thrusting a golden spear at the heart of Don Ippolito's effigy where he had left it on the easel. Marina brought a letter with his cospies the priests. They believe that priests are full of guile and deceit, that they are spies for the Austrians, and altogether evil."

"Don Ippolito is welcome to report our most secret thoughts to the police," sa'd Florida, whese look of rising alarm relaxed into a smile.

"Oli," cried the painter, "how you leap to conclusions! I never intimated that Don Ippolito was a spy. On the contrary, it was his difference from other priests that made he think of him for a moment. He seems to be as much cut off from the church as from the world. And yet he is a priest, with a priest's education, what it is heat, and thrusting a golden with its heat, and thrusting a golden spear at the heart of Don Ippolito's effigy where he had left it on the easel. Marina brought a letter with his coffee. The Jetter was from Mrs. Vervain, and it entreated him to come to lunch at twelve, and then join them on an excursion, of which they had all often talked, up the Canal of the Brenta. "Don Ippolito has got his permission—think of his not being able to go to the mainland without the Patriarch's leave! and can go with us to red. Yet it is sheat, and thrusting a golden with its heat, and thrusting a golden spear at the leart of Don Ippolito's effigy where he had left it on the easel. Marina brought a letter with his coffee. The Jetter was from Mrs. Vervain, and it entreated him to come to lunch at twelve, and the left it on the easel. Marina brought a letter with his coffee. The Jetter was from Mrs. Vervain, and it ent

ness and softness of the back, the roce of the palm and fingertips.

She idly recumed the great Venetian fan which hung from her waist by a chain. "Don Ippolito has been talking about the villegilatura on the Brenta in the old days," she explained. "Oh, yee," said the painter, "they used to have merry times in the villas then, and it was worth while being a priest, or at least an abbate di casa. I think you would, sigh for a return of those good old days, Don Ippolito. Just imagine if you were abbate di casa with some patrician family about the close of the last century, you might be the instructor, companion and spiritual adviser of Illustrissima at the theatres, card parties and masquerades, all winter, and at this season, instead of going up the Brenta for a day's pleasure with us barbarous Yankees, you might be setting out with Illustrissima and all the 'Strissimi and 'Strissime, big and little, for a spring villeggiatura there. You would be going in a gilded barge, with songs and fiddles and dancing, instead of a common gondola, and you would stay a month, walking, going to parties and cafes, drinking chocolate and lemonade, gaming, conneteering and butterflying about generally."

"It was coubtless' h beautiful life," answered the priest, with simple indifference. "But I never have thought

answered the priest, with simple in-difference. "But I never have thought of it with regret, because I have been proccupied with other ideas than those of social pleasures, though perhaps they were no wiser."
Florida had watched Don Ippolito's

perhaps they were no wiser."
Florida had watched Don Ippolito's face while Ferris was speaking, and she now asked gravely. "But don't you think their life nowadays is more becoming to the clergy?"
"Why, madamigella? What harm was there in those galeties? I suppose the bad features of the old life are exaggerated to us."
"They couldn't have been worse than the amusements of the hard-drinking, hard-riding, hard-swearing, fox-hunting English parsons about the same time," sa'd Ferris, "Besides, the abbate di casa had a charm of his own, the charm of all rococo things, which, whatever you may say of them, are somehow elegant and refined or at least refer to elegance and refinement, I con't say they're ennobling, but they're fascinating. I don't respect them, but I love them. When I think about the past of Venice, I don't care so much to see any of the heroleally historical things; but I should like immensely to have looked in at the Ridotto, when the place was at its gayest with wigs and masks, hoops and small-glothes, fans and ranlers. gayest with wigs and masks, hoops and small-clothes, fans and rapiers, bows and courtesies, whispers and glances. I duresay I should have found bon Ippolito there in some becoming discrete.

d'eguise!'
Fior da looked from the painter to Fig. 3. locked from the painter to the priest and back to the painter, as Ferr's spoke, and then she turned a little anxiously toward the terrace, and a shadow slipped from her face as her mother came rustling down the steps, catching at her drapery, and shaking it into place. The young girl hurr'ed to meet her, lifted her arms for what promised an embrace, and with firm hands set the elder lady's bonnet straight with her forehead. "I'm always getting it on askew," Mrs. Vervain sa'd for greeting to Ferr's. "How do you do, Don Ippolito? But I suppose you think I've kept you long enough to get it on straight for once. So I have, I am a fuss, and I don't deny it. At my time of life, it's much harder to make yourself shipshape than it is when you're younger. I tell Flor da that anybody would take her for the old lady, she does seem to give so little care to getting up an appearance."
"And yet she has the effect of a the priest and back to the

"And yet she has the effect of a stylish young person in the bloom of youth," observed Ferris, with a touch

of caricature.

"We had better lunch with our things on," said Mrs. Vervain, "and then there needn't be any delay in starting. I thought we would have it here," she added, as Nina and the house-servant appeared with trays of dishes and cups, "so that we can start in a real piculeky spirit. I knew you'd think it a womanish lunch, Mr. Ferris—Don Ippolito likes what we do—And so I've provided you with a of car catur -And so I've provided you with a chicken salad; and I'm going to ask you for a taste of it; I'm really hungry."

There was salad for all, in fact; and it was guite one chicken

it was quite one o'clock before

the lunch was ended, and wraps of just the right thickness and thinness were chosen, and the party were comfortably placed under the striped linen canopy of the gondola, which they had from a public station, the nouse-gondola being engaged that day. They rowed through the narrow canal skirting the garden out into the expanse before the Giudecca, and then struck across the lagoon towards lusina, past thesis and church of San Giorgio in Alga, whose beautiful tower has flushed and darkened in so many pictures of Venetian sunsets, and past the Austrian lagoon forts with their coronets of guns threatening every point, and the Croatian sentines pacing to and froon their walls. They stopped long enough at the of the customs barges to declare to the swarthy, amiable officers the innocence of their freight, and at the mouth of the Canal of the Brenta they paused before the station while a policeman came out and scanned them. He bowed to Don Ippolito's cloth, and then they began to push up the sluggish canal, shallow and overrum with weeds and mosses, into the heart of the land.

The spring, which in Venice comes in the softening air and the perpetual azure of this heavens, was renewed to their senses in all its miraculous foveliness. The garden of the Vervains had indeed confessed it in opulence of leaf and bloom, but there it seemed somehow only like a novel effect of the artifice which had been able to create a garden in that city of stone and sea. Here a vermal world suidenly opened before them, with wide-stretching fields of green under a dome of perfect hine; against its walls only the soft curves of far-off hills were traced, and near at hand the tender forms of full-foliaged trees. The long garland of vines that festoons cil Italy seemed to begin in the neighboring orchards; the meadows waved their tail grasses in the sun, and broke in popples as the seawayse break in iridescent spray; the well-grown matze shook its gleaming blades in the light; the poplars marched in stately procession on either side of the stra

time of some peculiarity of the villas that succeeded each other along the canal. Don Ippolito knew a few of them, the gondoliers knew others; but after all, their names were nothing. These haunts of old-time splendor and idleness, weary of themselves, and unable to escape, are sadder than anything in Venice, and they belonged, as far as the Americans were concerned, to a world as strange as any to which they should go in another life—the world of a faded fashion and an alien listory. Some of the villas were kept in a sort of repair; some were even maintained in the state of old; but the most showed marks of greater or less decay, and here and there one was falling to ruin. They had gardens about them, tangled and wild-grown; a population of decrepit statues in the rococo taste strolled in their walks or simpered from their gates. Two or three houses seemed to eir walks or simpered from thei gates. Two or three houses seemed to be occup ed; the rest stool empty, each Close latticed to the brooding heat.
And silent in its dusty vines."

The pleasure party had no fixed plan for the day further than to ascend the canal, and by and by take a carriage at some convenient viliage and drive to the famous Vilia Pisaul at Stra. "These houses are very well," said Don Ippolito, who had visited the vilia once, and with whom it had remain a memory almost as signal as that night in Padua when he wore civil dress, "but it is at Stra that you see something really worthy of the dress, "but it is at Stra that you see something really worthy of the royal splendor of the patricians of Venice. Royal! The villa is now one of the Royal! The villa is now one of the palaces of the ex-Emperor of Austria, who does not find it less imperial than h's other palaces." Don Ippolito had celebrated the villa at Stra in this strain ever since they had spoken of going up the Brenta; now it was the magnificent conservatories and orangeries that he sang, now the vast garden with its statued, walks between rows of clipt cedars and firs, now the stables with their stalls for now the stables with their stalls for numberless horses, now the palace itself with its frescoed halls and treasures of art and virtu. His enthusiasm for the villa at Stra had become an amiable jest for the Americans. Ferris laughed at his fresh outburst; he declared himself thred of the gondola, and he asked Florida to disembark with him and walk under the trees of a pleasant street running on one side between the villas and the canal. "We are going to find something much grander than the Villa Pisani," he boasted, with a look at Don Ippolito. ow the stables with their stalls for

the Villa Pisani," he boasted, with a look at Don Ippolito.

As they sauntered along the path together, they came now and then to a stately palace like that of the Contarini, where the lions, that give their name to one branch of the family, crouch in stone before the grand portal; but most of the houses were

portal; but most of the houses were interesting only from their unstoried possibilities to the imagination. They were generally of stucce, and glared with fresh whitewash through the foliage of their gardens. When a peasant's cottage broke their line, it gave, with its barns and strawstacks and its beds of potherbs, a homely relief from the decaying gentility of the villas. "What a pity, Miss Vervain," said the painter, "that the blessings of this i world should be so unequally divided! Why should all this sketchable adversity be lavished upon the fneighborhood of a city that is so rich as Venice in picturesque dilapidation? It's pretty hard on us Americans, and forces people of sensibility into exile. What wouldn't cultivated persons give for a stretch of this street in the suburbs of Boston, or of your own Providence? I of this street in the suburbs of Boston, or of your own Providence? I suppose the New Yorkers will be setting up something of the kind one of these days, and giving it a French name—they'll call it Aux bords de Brenta. There was one of them carried back a gondola the other day to put on a pond in their new park. But the worst of it is, you can't take home the sentiment of these things."

"I thought it was the business of pointers to send home the sentiment

"I thought it was the business of painters to send home the sentiment of them in pictures," said Florida.

Ferris talked to her in this way, because it was his way of talking; it always surprised him a little that she entered into the spirit of it; he was not quite sure that she did; he sometimes thought she waited till she could seize noon a point to them. sometimes thought she waited till she could seize upon a point to turn against him, and so give herself the air of having comprehended the whole. He laughed: "Oh yes, a poor little fragmentary, faded-out reproduction of their sentiment—which s 'as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine.' when compared water unto wine, when tompared with the real thing. Suppose I made a picture of this very bit, ourselves in the foreground, looking at the garden over there where that amust bur Vardel of a covere that garden over there where that amusing Vandal of an owner has just
had his statues painted white; would
our friends at home understand it?
A whole history must be left
inexpressed. I could only hint at an
entire situation. Of course, people
with a taste for olives would get
the flavor; but even they would
wonder that I chose such an unsuggestive bit. Why, it is just the
most maddeningly suggestive thing suggestive bit. Why, it is just the most maddeningly suggestive thing to be found here! And if I may put it modestly, for my share in it, I think we two young Americans looking on at this supreme excess looking on at this supreme excess of the roccoo, are the very essence of the sectiment of the scene; but what would the honored connoisseurs—the good folks who get themselves up on Ruskin and try so honestly hard to have some little ideas about art—make of us? To be sure, they might justifiably praise the grace of your pose, if I were so lucky as to catch it, and your way of putting your hand under the elbow of the arm that holds your parasol,"—Florida seemed disdainfully to keep her attitude, and the painter smiled "but they wouldn't know what it all meant, and couldn't imagine that we were inspired by this rascally we were inspired by this rascally little villa to sigh longingly over the wicked past "——

the wicked past"—
"Excuse me," interrupted Florida,
with a touch of trouble in her proud
manner, "I'm not sighing over it,
for one and I don't want it back.
I'm glad that I'm an American and
that there is no past for me. I
can't understand how you and Don
Ippolito can speak so tolerantly of
what no one can respect " she add

Ippolito can speak so tolerantly of what no one can respect," she added, in almost an aggrieved tone.

If Miss Vervain wanted to turn the talk upon Don Ippolito, Ferris by no means did; he had had enough of that subject yesterday; he got as lightly away from it as he could.

"Oh, Don Ippolito's a pagan, I tell you; and I'm a painter, and the roccoo is my weakness. I wish I could paint it, but I can't; I'm a hundred years too late. I couldn't even paint myself in the act of senhundred years too late. I couldn't even paint myself in the act of sentimentalizing it."

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While he talked he had been making a few lines in a small sketch-book, with a furtive glance or two at Florida. When they returned to the boat, he busied himself again

with the book, and presently he handed it to Mrs. Vervain.

"Why, it's Florida!" cried the lady. "How very nicely you do sketch, Mr. Ferris!"

"Thanks, Mrs. Vervain; you're always flottening mrs.

"Thanks, Mrs. Vervain; you're always flattering me."
"No, but seriously. I wish that I had paid more attention to my drawing when I was a girl. And now, Florida—she won't touch a pencil. I wish you'd talk to her, Mr. Ferris." Mr. Ferris."

"Oll, people who are pictures needn't trouble themselves to be painters," said Ferris, with a little burlesque, Mrs. Vervaln began to look at the sketch through her tubed hand; the painter made a grimace. "But you've made her too proud, Mr. Ferris, She doesn't look like that."

made her too proud Mr. Ferrandosen it took like that."

"Yes, she does—to those unworthy of her kindness. I have taken Miss Vertain is the act of scorning the roccoo, and its humble admirer, me, with it."

"I'm sure I don't know what you have I don't know what you with the strength of the strength with the strength with and its lumble admirer, me, with it."
"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Mr. Ferris; but I can't think that this proud look is habitual with Florda; and I've heard people say-very good judges—that an artist oughta't to perpetuate a temporary expression. Something like thut."
"It can't be helped now, Mrs. Vervala; the sketch is irretrievably immortal. I'm serry, but it's too late."
"Oh, stuff! As if you couldn't turn up the corners of the mouth a little. Or something."

Vervain.

The painter fancied that Florida quelied in herself a movement of impationce; he looked at her with an amused smile.

"Not always, no," answered non Ippolito. "Sometimes her face expresses the greatest meekness in the world."

"But not at the present noment," thought Ferris, fascinate by the stare of angry present the girl bent upon the uter priest.

"Though I come and I should hardly know her contracterize her hardly know added Don Ippo habitual expr lito. "Thanks."

"Thanks,"
ily. "I'm tire
an important
"Oh, yes,
Vervain. "
me, if it i
mother, a
looked dear," said Mrs. tit's important to you; for I'm your ly, if I thought you as a general thing, erver, I should con-lection upon myself." on upon myself.' Ferris gashe continuon Ippoli Florida lo eetly, "I must insist, w did you ever see back, and began to wly to and fro be-

d the priest, with at Florida, who let touch of some-nthority, such as the could dispense penances. "No her devotedness mired from aired from the enderness that qualled. In all idamicella has

my

well meant. "The girl is a brute, as I thought in the ning," the painter said to "How could I have ever the ferently? I shall have to polito that I'm ashamed

polito that I'm ashamed disclaim all responsible Pah! I wish I was out of this."

The pleasure of the day was dead. It could not rally from that stroke. They went on to Str., as they had planned, but the glory of the Villa, Pisani was eclipsed for Don Ippolito. He plainly did not know what to do. He did not address Florida again, whose savagery he would not probably have known how to resent if he had wished to resent it. Mrs. Vervain prattied away to him with unrelenting kindness; Ferris kept near him, and with affectionate zeal tried to make him talk of the villa, but neither of the frescoes, nor villa, but neither of the frescoes, nor the orangeries, nor the green-houses, nor the stables, nor the gardens could rouse him from the listless daze in which he moved, though Ferris found them all as wonderful as he had said. Amidst this heavy embarrassment no one seemed at easa but the author of it. She did not, to be sure, speak to Don Ippolito, but she followed her mother as usual with her assiduous cares, and she appeared tranquilly unconscious of the sarcastic civility with which Ferris rendered her any service.

and he marched visit it is the before him. if "We have nothing left to wish for "We have nothing breaking into an

now, said Ferris, breaking into an ironical laugh.
"What does it all mean?" asked Mrs.

Vervain.
"I think I had better go and see."
"We will go with you," said Mrs. Vervain.

"Pazienza!" replied Ferris.

The ladies rose; but Don Ippolito remained seated. "Aren't you going, too, Don Ippolito?" asked Mrs. Vervain.

Thanks, madama : but I prefer to

stay here."
Lamentable cries and shricks, as if the prisoners had immediately been put to the torture, came from the staput to the torture, came from the station as Ferris opened the door. A lamp of petroleum lighted the scene, and shone upon the figures of two fishermen, who bewalted themselves unintelligibly in the vibrant accents of Chiozza, and from time to time advanced upon the gondoliers, and shook their heads and beat their breasts at them.

their heads and beat their breasts at them. A few pollee-guards reclined upon benches about the room, and surveyed the spectacle with mild impassability.

Ferr's politely asked one of them the cause of the detention.

"Why, you see, s'gnore," answered the guard amiably, "these honest men acuese your gondollers of having stolen a rope out of their boat at Dolo."

"It was my blood, you know!" howled the elder of the fishermen, tossing his arms wildly abroad, "it was my own heart," he cried, letting the last towel die away and rise again in mournful refrain, while he stared tragically into Ferris' face.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Vervain, putting up her glasses, and trying with record of the stared trains with recognifications.

Vervain, putting up her glasses, and trying with graceful futility to focus the melodrama. the melodrama.
"Nothing," said Ferris; "our gondo-liers have had the heart's blood of this respirable Dervish; that is to say, tehy have stolen a rope belonging to

(To be Continued.) Neuralgia's Per Istent Agony.

Neuralgia's Per Istent Agony.
Why wait, if suffering pain? but go
to once to the nearest drug store and
my a bottle of Polson's Nerviline. It
ill cure you. Pain cannot stay where
is used. It is just the thing to hav
the house to meet a sudden attack
liness. Nerviline cures fleuralgia in
minutes; toothache instantly;
herve pain just as quickly. Why
to this? Because it contains
powerful pain subduing subhown to medical science. Try
convinced.