VENDETTA;

The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER VIII.-Continued.

But still, wealth was mine—the hidden stores of the brigands were sufficient to make any man more than rich for the term of his natural man more tuan rich for the term of his natural life. As I considered this, a sort of dull pleasure throbbed in my veins. Money! Anything could be done for money—gold would purchase even vengeance. But what sort of vengeance? Such an one as I stught must be unique—refined, relentless and complete. I produced dearly. The avening wind blaw pondered deeply. The evening wind blew freshly up from the sea; the leaves of the awaywhispered mysteriously together; the nightingales warbled on with untired sweetness; and the moon, like the round shield of an angel warrior, shone brightly against the dense blue background of the sky. Heedless of the passing of hours, I sat still, lost in a bewildered reverie. "There was always a false note somewhere when he sang!" So she had said; laughing that little laugh of hers as cold and sharp sat the clash of steel. True, true; by all the smajesty of Heaven, most true! There was indeed a false note—jarring, not so much the voice as the music of life itself. There is stuff in all of us that will weave, an we desire it. innightingales warbled on with untired sweetness; in all of us that will weave, an we desire it, into a web of stately or simple harmony; but let the meteor-like brilliancy of a woman's smile a woman's touch—a woman's lic—interminate itself with the strain, and lo! the false note is parture that very day. Before leaving the vanit struck, discord declares itself, and God Himself, the great Composer, can do nothing in this self, the great Composer, can do nothing in this self, the great Composer, can do nothing in this Should I mend that and nail it up as though life to restore the old calm tune of peaceful, until days! So I have found; so all of you as it was, roughly broken open; it would serve

"A schile-haired fisherman I" The words of the King repeated themselves over and over again in my tortured brain. Yes.... I was greatly changed, I looked worn and old.... no one would recognize me for my former self. All at once, with this thought, an idea occurred to me-a plan of vengeance, so bold, so new, and withal so terrible, that I started from my seat as though stung by an adder. I paced up and down restlessly, with this lurid light of fearful revenge pouring in on every nook and cranny

revenge pouring in on every nook and cranny of my darkened mind. From whence had come this daring scheme? What devil, or rather what angel of retribution, had whispered it to my soul? Dimly I wondered but amid all my wonder I began practically to arrange all the details of my plot. I calculated every small circumstance that was likely to occur in the process of carry-ing it out. My stupefied senses became aroused from the lethargy of despair, and stood up like soldiers on the alert, armed to the teeth. Past love, pity, pardon, patience—pooh! what were all these resources of the world's weakness to me? Strength and resolution returned to me. Let common sailors and rag-pickers resort to murder and suicide as fit outlets for their unreasoning brute wrath when wronged but as for me, why should I blot my family scutcheon with a merely vulgar crime Nay, the vengeauce of a Romani must be taken with assured calmuous and easy deliberation, -- no haste, no effeminate fues, no excite ment. I walked up and down slowly, meditating on every point of the bitter drama in which I had resolved to enact the chief part, from the rive to the fall of the black curtain. The mists cleared from my brain,... I breathed more easily, -my nerves steaded themselves by degress,.... the prospect of what I purposed doing satisfied me and calmed the fever in my bland. These my refactly coal, and called the blood. I became perfectly cool and collected I indulged in no more futile regrets for the past ---why should I mourn the loss of a love I never possessed? It was not as if they had waited till my supposed sudden death no! within three months of my marriage they had fooled me; for months of my marriage they had fooled me; for three whole years they had indulged in their criminal amour, while I, blind dreamer, had suspected nothing. Now I they the extent of my injury; I was a man bitterly wronged, vilely duped. Justice, reason, and self-respect demanded that I should punish to the utmust the miserable tricksters who had played me false. The passionate tenderness I had felt for my wife was gone.—I plucked it from my heart

my wife was gone, -I plucked it from my heart as I would have torn a thorn from my flesh, -1 flung it from me with disgust at I had flung away the unseen reptile that had fastered on my neck in the vault. The deep warm fri-ndainpof years I had felt tor Guido l'errari froze to its very foundations,—and in its place there rose up, not hate but pitiless, immeasurable contempt. A stern disdain of myself also wells in me, as I remembered the unreasoning joy with which I had hastened—as I thought—home, full of eager anticipation and Romeo-like ardour. of eager anticipation and Romeo-like ardour. An idnot leaping merrily to his death over a mountain chasm was not more fool than I i. But the dream was over,—the delusion of my life was passed. I was atrong to avenge . I would be swift to accomplish. So, darkly musing for an hour or more, I decided on the course I had to pursue, and to make the decision final I drew from my breast the crucifix that the dead monk Cinciana had the crucifix that the dead monk Cipriano had laid with me in my coffin, and kissing it, I raised it aloft, and swore by that sacred symbol never to relent, never to relux, never to rest. till I had brought my vow of just vengeance to its utmost fulfilment. The stars, calm witnesses of my oath, eyed me earnessly from their judgment thrones in the quiet sky;—there was a brief pause in the singing of the nightingsles, as though they too listened;—the wind sighed plaintively, and scattered a shower of jessamine blossoms like snow at my feet. Even so, I thought, fall the last leaves of my white days days of pleasure, days of sweet illusion, days of dear remembrance; even so led them wither and perish utterly for ever! For from henceforth my life must be something other than a mere parland of flowers,—it must be a chain of finely-tempered steel, hard, cold, and unbreakable,—formed into links strong enough to wind round and round two false lives and imprison them so closely as to leave no means of escape. This was what must be done,—and I resolved to do it. With a firm, quiet step I turned to leave the avenue. I opened the lattle private wicket, and passed into the dusty road. A clang-

ing noise caused me to look up as I went by the principal entrance of the Villa Romani. A servant... my own man servant by the by... was barring the great gates for the night. I listened as he elid the bolts into their places, and turned the key. I remembered that those gates had been thoroughly fastened bafore, when I came up the road from Naples,—why then had they been opened since? To let out a visitor? Of course! ... I smiled grimly at my wife's cunning! She evidently knew what she was about. Appearances must be kept up—the Signor Ferrari must be decorously shown out by a servent at the chief entrance of the house. Naturally !—all very unsuspicious-looking and quite in keeping with the proprieties. Guido had just left her then? I walked steadily, without hurrying my pace,

down the hill towards the city, and on the way overtook him. He was strolling lazily along. smoking as usual, and he held a spray of stephanotis in his hand,—well I knew who had given it to him! I passed him . . he glarced up carelessly his handsome face clearly visible in the blight mornlight,—but there was nothing about a common fisherman to attract his attention-his look only rested upon me for a second and was withdrawn immediately. An insane desire possessed me to turn upon him—to spring at his throat—to wrestle with him and throw him in the dust at my feet—to spit and trample

him in the dust at my feet—to spit and trample upon him—but I repressed those fleros and dangerous emotions. I had a better game to play—I had an exquisite former in spite for him, compared to which had then to hand fight was mere vulgar fooling. Vengeance ought to ripen slowly in the strong heat of intense wrath, till of itself, it falls;—h. stily matched before its time it is like unmellowed fruit, sour and ungrateful to the paints. S. I let my dear friend.—my wife's conpalate S. I let my dear friend,—my wite's con-soler,—saunter on his headless way without in-terference,—I passed, leaving him to indulge in amorous musings to his false, heart's content. I en ered Naples, and found a night's lodging at one of the usual resorts for men of my sup menored craft, and strangs to say I slent soundly

and dreamlessly. Recent illness, fatigue, fear and sorrow, all aided to throw me like an ex-hausted child upon the quiet bosom of slumber, but perhaps the most powerfully soothing opiate to my brain was the consciousness I had of a practical plan of retribution—more terrible perhaps than any human creature had yet deviced, so far as I knew.

I rose very early the next morning.-I was more than ever strengthened in my resolutions of the past night,—my projects were entirely formed, and nothing remained now but for me to carry them out. Unobserved of any one I took my way again to the vault. I carried with me a small lantern, a hammer and some strong nails. Arrived at the cemetery I looked carefully everywhere about me, lest some stray mourner or curious stranger might possibly be in the neighborhood. Not a soul was in sight. Making use of the secret passage, I soon found myself on the scene of my recent terrors and sufferings, all of which seemed now so slight in comparison with the mental torture of my present condition. I went straight to the spot where I had left the coffined treasure—I possessed my-self of all the rolls of paper money, and disposed self or all the rolls of paper money, and disposed them in various small packages about my person and in the lining of my clothes till, as I stood, I was worth many thousands of francs. Then, with the help of the tools I had brought, I mended the huge chest in the split places where I had forced it open, and nailed it up fast, so that it looked as if it had never been t uched. I lost not time over my tack for I was in heate. I lost no time over my task, for I was in haste. I was my intention to leave Naples for a fortmy purpose better so.

As soon as I had finished all I had to do I

clambered through the private passage, closing it after me with extra care and caution, and then I betook myself directly to the Molo. On making inquiries among the sailors who were gathered there, I heard that a small coasting big was on the point of leaving for Palermo. Palermo would suit me as well as any other place; I sought out the captain of the vessel. he was a brown-faced, merry-eyed mariner; he showed his glittering white teeth in the most am able of emiles when I expressed my desire to take passage with him, and concented to the arrangement at once for a sum which I thought extremely moderate, but which I afterwards discovered to be about treble his rightful due. But the handsome rogue cheated me with such grace and exquisite courtesy that I would scarcely have him act otherwise than be did. I hear a good deal of the "plain blunt honesty of the English; I daresay there is some truth in in it, but for my own part I would rather be cheated by a friendly fellow who gives you a cheery word and a bright look than receive exact value for my money from the "plain blunt" boor who seldom has the common politeness to

wish you good day.

We got under way at about nine o'clock; the morning was bright, and the air, for Naples, was almost cool. The water, rippling against the sides of our little vessel, had a gurging chatty murmur, as though it were talking vivaciously of all the pleasant things it experienced between the rising and the setting of the sun ; of the corals and trailing see weed that grew in its blue depths, of the lithe glittering fish that darted hither and thither between its little waves, of the delicate shells in which dwelt still more delicate inhabitants, fantastic small creatures as fine as firmsy lace, that peoped from the white and pink doors of their transparent habitations, and looked as enjoyingly on the shimmering blue-green of their ever-moving element as we look on the vast dome of our sky, espangled thickly with stars. Of all these things, and many more as strange and sweet, the gossiping water babbled unceasingly; it had even samething to say to me concerning woman and woman's love. It told me gleefully how many fair female bodies it had seen sunk in the co d embrace of the conquering sea, bodies dain'y and soft as the sylphs of a poet's dream, yet which, despite their exquisite beauty, had been flung to and fro in cruel sport by the raging billows, and tossed among pebbles for

hands clenched in the death arony, her laughing lips blue with the piercing chillness of the washing tide—powerless to move or smile again. She would look well so, I thought,—better to my mind than she looked in the arms of her lover last night. I fell into a train of profound meditation,—a touch on my shoulder startled me. I looked up, the Captain of the brig stood beside me. Ho smiled and held out a

cigarette.
"The Signor will smoke?" he said courteously. cepted the little roll of fragrant Havana

has mechanically.
"Why do you call me Signor?" I inquired brusquely. "I am a coral-fisher." brusquely. "I am a coral-tisner.
The little man shrugged his shoulders and bowed differentially, yet with the smile still dancing gaily in his eyes and dimpling his clive

cheeks.

"Oh, certainly? As the Signor pleases . . . ma."... And he ended with another expressive shrug and bow.

I looked at him fixedly, "What do you mean?" I asked with some sternness.

With that bird-like lightness and swiltness which were part of his manner, the Sicilian skipper bent forward and laid a brown finger on my wrist. "Scusa, vi prego! But the hands are not those of a fisher of coral."

smoothness and pliant shape betrayed my dis-guise,—the gay little captain was sharp-witted enough to note the contrast between them and the rough garb I wore, though no one else with whom I had come in contact had been as keen of observation as he. At first I was slightly. embarrassed by his remark, but after a mo ment's pause I met his gaze frankly, and lighting my cigarette I said carolessly:
"Ebbenc! And what theu, my friend?"

He made a deprecatory gesture with his

hands. "Nay, nay, nothing,—but only this. The Signor must understand he is perfectly safe signor must understand he is periectly sale with me. My tongue is discreet—I talk of things only that concern myself. The Signor has good reasons for what he does; of that I am sure. He has suffered; it is enough to look in his face to see that. Ab, Dio! there are so many sorrows in life; there is love," he enumerated rapidly on his fingers, -"there is revenge,—there are quarrels,there is loss of money; any of these will drive a man from place to place at all hours and in all weathers. Yes; it is so, indeed,—I know it! The Signor has trusted himself in my boat,-I desire to assure him of my best ser-

And he raised his red cap with so charming a candour, that in my lonely and morose condition I was touched to the heart. Silently I extended my hand,—he caught is with an air in which respect, sympathy and entire friendliness were mingled. And yet he overcharged me for my passage, you exclaim ! Ay,—but he would not have made me the object of impertinent curiosity for twenty times the money! You cannot understand the existence of such cannot understand the existence of such conflicting elements in the Italian character? No,—I dare say not. The tendency of the calculating Northerner under the same circumstances would have been to make as much out of me as possible by means of various small and contemptible items, and then to go with broadly honest countenance to the nearest police station and describe my susthe nearest police station and describe my sus-spicious appearance land manner, thus exposing has to fresh expense besides personal annoyance. With the rare that that distinguishes the South-ern races, the Captain changed the conversa-tion by a reference to the tobacco we were

both enjoying.
"It is good, is it not?" he asked. "Excellent;" I answered, as indeed it was. His white teeth glittered in a smile of amuse-

ment.
4 It should be of the finest quality,—for it is

gave her some big peaches. I said, 'See, my Carmelo! what use is there in threats? You are a thief, and a bad thief-by all the Saints you are—but I dare say you would not be much worse than the hotel-keepers, if you could only keep your hand off your knife.' (For you know, Signor, if you once enter a hotel, you must pay almost He smiled that dark smile of his, which may

well as for your boat—a woman who loves you and is faithful? is it so?" He answered me directly and simply raising is cap slightly as he did so.

"Yes, Signor . . . my mother." band' I was deeply touched by his naive and unexpected reply—more deeply than I cared to show. A bitter regret stirred in my soul,— neck in the control of the care of why, oh wby, had my mother died so young! in pursuis of social vice. The barriers that Why had I never known the sacred joy that once existed are broken down; "professional seemed to vibrate through the frame, and spark's in the eyes of this common sailor! Why must I be for ever alone, with a curse of a woman's lie on my life, weighing me down to the dust and ashes of a deso ate drspair! Something in my face must have spoken my thoughts, for the captain said gently.
"The Signer has no mother?"

"She died when I was but a child," I answered briefly. The Sicilian puffed his cigarette in shence— the silence of an evident compassion. To re-

ieve him of his friendly embarrassmeat, I said, "You spoke of Teresa! Who is Teresa?" "Ah, you may well ask, Signor! No one knows who she is; she loves Carmelo Neri, and there all is soil. Such a little thing she is,—so delicate! like a foam-bell on the waves; and Carmelo. . . You have seen Carmelo, Signor ?

I shook my head in the negative.

"Ebbene? Carmelo is big and rough and black like a wolf of the forests, all hair and

The captain caught up my words with an

does not know her. There was one cast a glamor about her. France is unvirtuous of Carmelo's own band, as hold and band, chough, God knows, yet there is a sunshiny some a cut-throat as ever lived, -he was mad tried to embrace her—she snatched a knife from his own girdle and stabbed him with it, like a little fury! She did not kill him then, but Carmelo did afterwards. It is her boast that

no man, save Carmelo, has ever touched so much as a ringlet of her hair. Ay, she is true o him—more's the pity." Why-you would not have her false? I

"Nay, nay,—for a false woman deserves death,—but still it is a pity Teresa should have fixed her love on Carmelo. Such a man! One day the gendarmes will have him, then he will be in the galleys for life, and she will die. Yes,
—you may be sure of that! If grief does not
kill her quickly enough, then she will kill herself, that is certain! She is slight and
frail to look at as a flower, but her
soul is strong as iron. She will have her own way in death as well ar in love,—some women are made so, and it is generally the weakest-looking among them who have the

most courage: Our conversation was here interrupted by one of the sailors who came for his master's orders. hose of a fisher of coral."

The talkative skipper, with an apologetic smile and bow, placed his box of cigarettes beside me where I sat, and left me to my own reflections
I was not sorry to be alone. I needed a little

breathing time . . . a rest in which to think, though my thoughts, like a new solar system, revolved round the red planet of one central idea. Vengcance. "A false woman decentral idea. Vengcance. "A false woman deserves death." Even this simple Sicilian mariner said so. "Go and kill ber, go and kill These words reiterated themselves over and over again in my ears till I found myself almost uttering them aloud. My soul sickened at the contemplation of the woman T resa,—the mistress of a wretched brigand whose name was fraught with horror,—whose looks were terrific,—she, even she, could keep her-elf sacred from the profaning touch of other men's caresses,—she was proud of being faithful to her wolf of the mountains, whose temper was uncertain and treacherous,—she could make lawful boast of her fidelity to her blood-stained lover,—while Nina...the wedded wife of a noble whose descent was lefty and unsullied, could tear off the fair grown of honorable mar riage and cast it in the dust,-could take the dignity of an ancient family and trample upon it,—could make herself so low and vile that even this common Teresa, knowing all, might and most probably would, refuse to touch her hand, considering it pollutes. Just God! what had Carmelo done to deserve the

"Know him? As well as I know myself, Let me see, it is two months—yes—two months to-day since he was with me on board this very vessel. It happened in this way. . . I was at Gaeta . . . he came to me and told me more gold than I ever had in my life to take him to Termiri, from whence he could get to one of his hiding-places in Montemaggiore. He brought Teresa with him; he found me alone on the brig—my men had gone ashore. He said, "Take us to Termini and I will give you so much; refuse, and I will give you so much; refuse, and I will slit your throat." Ha! ha! That was good. I laughed at him; I put a chair for Teresa on deck, and gave her some big peaches. I said, "See, my deamed like interviewed in the set of the following day. We were soudding along sideways, the edge of our vessel leaning over to kiss the waves that gave her some big peaches. I said, "See, my deamed like silver and gold, flocked here and Carmelo! what use is there in threats? You there with phosphorescent filame. We skimmed almost under the bows of a magnificent yacht:

—the English flag floated frem her mast,—her sails glittered purely white in the moonbeams, and she sprang over the water like a sea gull. A mun, whose tall athletic figure was shown off a ransom before you can get out again!) Yes,—
and I resconed with Carmelo in this manner:—I
told him, 'I do not want a large transfer a girl teside him. We were large to the same thrown round the waist of a ransom before you can get out again!) Yes,—
and I reasoned with Carmelo in this manner:—I
told him, 'I do not want a large fortune for
carrying you and Terera across to Termini,—pay
me the just passage and we shall part friends, if
only for Teresa's sake.' Well, he was surprised.
He smiled that dark smile of his, which may mean gratitude or murder. He looked at Side him must be a perfect pearl of beauty; an Teresa. She sprang up from her seat and let her peaches fall from her lap on the deck. She things! Never? Are you sure? Ah, believe the little heads on wine a the terms with the little heads on wine a the terms with the little heads on wine a the terms with the little heads on wine a the terms will be set the little heads of the little he Teresa. She sprang up from her seas and her peaches fall from her lap on the deck. She put her little hands on mine,—the tears were in her pretty blue eyes. 'You are a good man,' she said. 'Some woman must love you very much!' Yes—she said that. And she was right. . . Our Lady be praised for it!"

And his dark eyes glanced upwards with a devout gesture of thanksgiving. I looked at him with a sort of jealous hunger grawing at him with a sort of jealous hunger grawing at my heart. Here was another self-deluded fool —a fond wretch feasting on the unsubstantial food of a pleasant dream,—a poor dupe who believed in the truth of woman!

"You are a happy man," I said with a forced smile; "you have a guidiog star for your life as smile; "you have a guidiog star for your life as the smile; "you have a guidiog star for your life as the leave her to her own devices with safety? Are there not men, boastful too of their "blue blood," who are perhaps ready to stoop to the thief's trick of entering his house during his absence by means of private keys, and stealing away in the provide here is not much difference nowadaya between with tween wonen of opposite nations. Once there was,—I am willing to admit that possibility. Once, from all accounts received, the English rose was the fitting emblem of the English woman, but now, since the world has grown so wise and made such progress in the artistocratic British peer quite easy in his mind regarding his fair peeres? Can be leave her to her own devices with safety? Are there not men, boastful too of their "blue blood," who are perhaps ready to stoop to the thief's trick of entering his house during his absence by means of private keys, and stealing away by means of private keys, and atealing away his wife's affections?—and is not she, though a mother of three or four children, ready to receive with favor the mean robber of her hus-band's rights and honor! Read the London newspapers any day and you will find that is it not so?" once "moral" England is running a neck and "As if you neck race with other less hypocritical nations in pursuis of social vice. The barriers that beauties" are received in circles where their presence formerly would have been the signal for all respectable women instantly to retire ladies of title are satisfied to caper on the band of the theatrical stage, in costumes that dis-play their shape as undisguisedly as possible to

the eyes of the grinning public, or they sing in concert halls for the pleasure of showing themselves off, and actually accept the vulgar ap-plause of unwashed crowds with a smile and a bow of gratitude! Ye gods! what has be come of the superb pride of the old regime,—the pride which disdained all estentation and clung to nonor more closely than life! What a striking sign of the times too, is this :- let a woman taint her virtue be fore marriage, she is never forgiven,-her is never forgotten; but let her do what she will when she has a husband's name to screen her, and society winks its eyes at her crimes. Couple this fact with the general spirit of mockery that prevails in fashionable circles,-mackery of mockery of sentiment, mockery of all that is best and noblest in the human heart—add to it black like a wolf of the forests, all hair and fangs; Teresa is, well! you have seen a little cloud in the sky at night, wandering past the moon all flecked with pale gold?—that is Teresa. She is small and slight as a child; she has rippling curls, and soft praying eyes, and tiny weak, white hands, not strong enough to snap a twig in two. Yet she can do anything with Carmelo,—she is the one soft spot in his life.'

"I wonder if she is true to him," I muttered, half to myssif and half aloud.

"It would be the forests, all hair and mockery of sentiment, mockery of an tract is best and noblest in the human heart—add to it the general spread of "free-thought," and the reference of conflicting and unstable opinions,—let all these things together go on for a few years longer and England will stare at her sister nations like a bold woman in a domino—her features partly concealed from a pretence at shame, but her eyes glittering coldly through the mask, betraying to all who look at her how she secretly revels in her new code of lawlessness coupled with greed. For she will always be avaricious, with greed. For she will always be avaricious,
—and the worst of it is, that her nature being accent of surprise.

"Tru) to him? Ah, Dio! but the Signor presaic, there will be no redeeming grace to cast a glamor about her. France is unvirtuous smile on her lips that cheers the heart. Italy some a cut-throat as ever lived,—he was made the state that the state that the state that the state of the for Teresa—he followed her everywhere like a beaten cur. One day he found her alone; he beaten cur. One day he found her alone; he bird-like melody, and her face is a dream of perfect poetry! But England unvirtuous, will be like a cautiously calculating, somewhat shrewish matron, possessed of unnatural and unbecoming friskiness, without either laugh, or song, or smile—her one god, Gold, and her one

song, or smite—ner one god, Gold, and her one commandment, the suggested eleventh, "Thou shall not be found out!"

I slept that night on deck. The captain offered me the use of his little cabin, and was, in his kind-hearted manner, truly distressed at my persistent refusal to occupy it.
"It is bad to sleep in the moonlight, Signor,"
he said anxiously. "It makes men mad, they

I smiled. Had madness been my destiny, I should have gone mad last night, I thought!
"Have no fear!" I answered him gently "The moonlight is a joy to me-it has no pression on my mind save that of peace. I shall rest well here, my friend-do not trouble your self about me. He besitated and then abruptly left me, to

He besitated and then abruptly left me, to return in the space of two or three minutes with a thick rug of sheepskin. He insisted so carnestly on my accepting this covering as a protection from the night air, that, to please him, I yielded to his entreaties and lay down, wrapped in its warm folds. The good-natured fellow then wished me a "Buon riposo, Signor!" and descended to his own resting-place, humming a gay tune as he went. From my recumbent posture on the deck I stared upwards at the myriad stars that twinkled softly in the warm violetakies—stared long and fixedly till it seemed to me that our ship had also become a star, and was sailing through space with its glittering companions. What inhabitants reopled those fair placets, I wondered? Mere men and women who lived and loved and lied to one another as bravely as we do? or superior beings to whom the least falsehood is unknown? Was there one world among them where no women were born? Vague fancies-odd theories-flitted through my brain. I lived over again the agony of my imprisonment in the vaults—again I forced myself to contemplate the scene I had witnessed between my wife and her lover—again I meditated on every small detail requisite to the fulfilment of the terrible vengeance I had designed. I have often wondered how, in countries where divorce is allowed, a wronged husband can satisfy himself with so meagre a compen-sation for his injuries as the mere getting rid of the woman who has deceived him. It is no punishment to her,-it is what she wishes There is not even any very special disgrace in it according to the present standard of social what had Carmelo doos to deserve the priceless jewel of a true woman's heart; what had I done to merit such four deception as that which I was now called upon to avenge? Suddenly I thought of my child. Her memory came upon me like a ray of light,—I had almost forgotten her. Poor little blossom!—the slow hot tears forced themselves between my eyelide, as I called up before my fancy the picture of the soft baby face,—the young untroubled eyes, the little ceasing mouth always budding into innocent kissam What should I do with her?

I when the p'an of punishment I had matured in my brain was carried out to its utmost, should I take her with me, far, far away into some quiet corner of the world, and dayes my life to hers? Alas! alas! she, too. its utmost, should I take her with me, far, far away into some quiet corner of the world, and devote my life to hers? Alas! alas! she, too, would be a woman and heautiful,—she was a flower born of a prisoned tree; who could say flower born of a prisoned tree; who could say and reckless vice of women you had best revive it again—only apply it to rich as well as to the there might not be a cankerworm hidden to record for it is most probable that the gay that there might not be a cankerworm hidden it again—only apply it to rich as well as to even in her heart, which waited but for the poor, for it is most probable that the gay touch of maturity to commence its work duchesses and countesses of your lands will of destruction! Oh men! you that need its sharp services more frequently than have serpents coiled round your lives in the work-worm wives of your laboring men.

a present from one who will smoke nothing but the choice brands. Ah, Dio I what a fine gentleman spoilt is Carmelo Neri!"

I could not represe a slight start of surprise. What caprice of first easterdand mentions in the choice brands. Ah, Dio I what a fine gentleman spoilt is Carmelo Neri!"

I could not represe a slight start of surprise. What caprice of first easterdand mentions in the desciful eyes of an unfaithful wife, famous brigand? I was actually smoothly be able and call her by the sacred name of "Molker." I could not represe a slight start of surprise famous brigand? I was actually smoothly be able to be added the start of the principal objects and call her by the sacred name of "Molker." I could not represe a slight start of surprise than to see innocent babes look stusting than the seed of a pestical containt that the least of weeps the subting von can and will, "if you like set to the leading balks." I sought out the leading balks. I sought out the leading balks in comparative peace. Yes—some can and some do; but I am not one of these. No law in all the world can mend the torn flag of my honor; therefore, I must be a law to myself—a counsel, a jury, a judge, all in one—and from my decision there can be no appeal! Then I must act as executioner—and what torture was ever so perfectly unique as the one I had devised? So I mused, lying broadly awake, with face upturned to the heavens, watching the light of the moon pouring itself out on the ocean like a shower of gold, while the water rushed gurgling softly against the sides of the brig, and broke into the laughter of white from as we scudded along.

from, as we scudded along.

All the next day the wind was in our favor, and we arrived at Palermo an hour before sunset. We had scarcely run into harbor when a small party of gendarmes, heavily laden with pistols and carbines, came on board and showed a document authorising them to search the brig for Carmelo Neri. I was somewhat anxious for the safety of my good friend the captain—but he was in no wise dismayed; he smiled and welcomed the armed emissaries of the govern ment, as though they were his dearest friends. "To give you my opinion frankly," he said to them, as he opened a flask of fine Chianti for their behoof, "I believe the villain Carmelo is somewhere about Gasta. I would not tell you a lie—why should I? Is there not a reward offered, and am not I poor? Look you, I would do my best to assist you!"

Oue of the men looked at him dubiously.

"We received information," he said in precise business-like tones, "that Neri escaped from Gaeta two months since, and was aided and abetted in his escape by one Andrea Luziani, owner of the coasting brig "Laura," journeying for purposes of trade between Naples and Palermo. You are Andrea Luziani, and this is the brig "Laura,"—we are right in this;

"As if you could ever be iwrong, care!" cried the captain with undiminished gaiety, clapping him on the shoulder. "Nay, if St. Peter should have the bad taste to shut you out of heaven, you would be cunning enough to find another and better entrance! Ah Dio! I believe it! Yes, you are right about my name and the name of my brig, but in the other unings"—here he shook his nagers with an exthings"—here he shook his nigers with an expressive sign of denial—"you are wrong—
wrong—all wrong!" He broke into a gay
laugh. "Yes, wrong—but we will not quariel
about it! Have some more Chianti! Searching for brigands is thirsty work. Fill your
glasses, amici-spare not the flask,—there are
twenty more below stairs!"

The officers smiled in spite of themselves, as
they dead the professed wine and the your rest

they drank the proffered wine, and the youngest looking of the party, a brisk, handsome fellow, entered into the spirit of the captain with arder, though he evidently thought he should trap him into a confession unawares, by the apparent carelessness and bonhomic of his man-

"Bravo, Andrea!" he cried merrily. "So! let us all be friends together! Besides, what harm is there in taking a brigand for a passen-ger—no doubt he would pay you better than

most cargoes!'
"Our Lady and the Saints forgive you!" he exclained mously, "for thinking that I, as honest marinaro, would accept one balocco from an accursed brigand! Ill-luck would follow me ever after! Nuy, nay,—there has been a mis-take; I know nothing of Carmelo Neri, and I hope the Saints will grant that I may never

He spoke with so much apparent sincerity that the officers in command were evidently puzzled, though the fact of their being so did not deter them from searching the brig thoroughly. Disappointed in their expectations, they questioned ail on board, including myself, but were of course unable to obtain any satisfactory replies. Fortunately they accepted my costume as a sign of my trade, and though they glanced curiously at my white hair, they seemed to think there was nothing suspicious about me After a few more effusive compliments and civilities on the part of the captain, they took their departure, complete y baffled, and quite convinced that the information they had re-ceived had been somehow incorrect. As soon as they were out of sight, the merry Andrea capered on his deck like a child in a playground, and scapped his ingers defiantly.
"Per Bacco?" he cried ecstatically, "they

should as soon make a priest tell confessional secrets, as force me, honest Andrea Luziani, to betray a man who has given me good cigars! Let them run back to Gasta and hunt in every hole and corner! Carmelo may rest comfortably in the Montemaggiore without the shadow of a gendarme to disturb him! Ah, Signore!" for I had advanced to bid him farewelltruly sorry to part company with you! You do not blame me for helping away a poor devil who

trusts me?"
"Not I!" I answered him heartily. "On the Addio and with this," here I gave him the passage money we lad agreed upon, "accept my thanks. I shall not forget your kindness;—

if you ever need a friend, send to me."

"But," he said, with a naive mingling of curiosity and timidity, "how can I do that if the Signor does not tell me his name?"

I had thought of this during the past night. I knew it would be necessary to take a different to the name of the desired of came, and I had resolved ou adopting that of a school-friend, a boy to whom I had been profoundly attached in my earliest youth, and who had been drowned before my eyes while bathing in the Venetian Lidn. So I answere 1 Andrea's question at once and without effort.
"Ask for the Count Cesare Oliva," I said.

"I shall return to Naples shortly, and should you seek me, you will find me there."
The Sicilian doffed his cap and saluted me

pr foundly.

"I guessed well," he remarked smilingly,

"that the Siguor Conte's hands were not those
of a coral-fisher. Oh yes! I know a
gentleman when I see him—though we Sicilians ay we are all gentlemen. It is a good houst but alas! not always true! A rividerei, Signor Command me when you will-I am your ser-

Pressing his hand, I sprang lightly from the brig on to the quay.
"A rivideric " I called to him. "Again,

and yet again, a thousand thanks!"
"Oh! tropp'onore, Signors—tropp'onore," and
thus I left him, standing still bareheaded on the deck of his little vessel, with a kindly light or his brown face like the reflection of a fadeless sunbeam. Good-hearted, merry reque! His ideas of right and wrong were oddly mixed—yet his lies were better than many truths told us by our candid friends-and you may be cer tain the great Recording Augal knows the difference between a lie that saves and a truth that kills, and metes out Heaven's reward or punish-

ment accord ngly.

My first cure, when I found myself in the streets of Palermo, was to purchase clothes of the best material and make adapted to a gentleman's wear. I explained to the tailor whose shop I entered for this purpose that I had joined a party of coral-fishers for more amusement, and had for the time adopted their costume. He believed my story the more readily as I ordered him to make several more suits for me immidiately giving him the name of Count Cesare Olive that there might not be a cankerworm hidden it again—only apply it to find a well as to probable that the gay and the address of the best hotelin the city on that the saved me with obsequious humility, and only destruction? Oh men! you that need its sharp services more frequently than the work worn wives of your laboring men. There is a man in the shape of a fair false women,—if God has given you children by them, the curse of for sin,—look for it, therefore, not so much in descends upon you doubly! Hide it as you the hovels of the starving and naked as in the branch of the best hotelin the city on alled "mother."

There is a man in of a gen beauty of the tremem allowed me the use of his private best hotelin the city on alled "mother."

There is a man in of a gen beauty of the tremem and the address of the best hotelin the best of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of that remem and the address of the best hotelin the city on alled "mother."

There is a man in of a gen beauty of the tremem and the address of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of the tremem of the address of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of that remem and the address of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of the tremem of the address of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of the tremem of the address of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of the tremem of the address of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of the tremem of the address of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of the tremem of the address of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of the tremem of the address of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of the tremem of the best hotelin the observed me with obsequious humility, beauty of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of the tremem of the served me with obsequious humility, beauty of the served

wear. Surprised at my generosity, he at first refused, but his natural wish to possess surprised rare gems finally prevailed, and he took tham, overpowering me with thanks, while I was perfectly satisfied to see that I had secured his services so those while it was perfectly satisfied to secured his services so thoroughly by my jewelled bribe, that he either forgot, or else saw no necessity to ask me for personal references, which in my position would have been exceedwhich in my position would have been exceeding difficult, if not impossible, to obtain. When this business transaction was entitiely completed, I devoted myself to my next consideration,—which was to disguise myself so utterly that no one should possibly be able to recognize the smallest resemblance in me to the late Fabio Romani, without he look voice, or trick of manner. either by look, voice, or trick of manner.] either by look, voice, or trick of manner. I had always worn a mou-tache,—it had turned white in company with my hair.—I now allowed my beard to grow,—it came out white also. But in contrast with these centemporary signs of age, my face began to fill up and look young again; my eyes, always large and dark, resumed their old flashing, half-defiant look—a look, which it seemed to me, would make some familiar suggestion to those who make some familiar suggestion to those who bad once known me as I was before I died.

gotten and unuttered; what should I do with these tell-tale eyes of mine? I thought, and soon decided. Nothing was easier than to eigh weak sight—sight that was dazzled by the heat and brilliancy of the southern sunshine; I would wear sm ke colored glasses. I bought them as soon as the idea oc curred to me, and alone in my room before the mirror I tried their effect. I was satisfied; they perfectly completed the dirguise of my face. With them and my white hair and beard, I looked like a well-preserved man of fifty-five or so, whose only physical ailment was a slight affection of the eyes.

Yes, - they spoke of thirgs that must be for-

(To be Continued.)

A BEGGAR WHO HAS STUDIED HUMAN NATURE WITH AD. VANTAGE,

There is a beggar who plies his trade on Centre street, who always looks like a man broken up by the excessive use of strong drink.

He makes his appearance pay, too.

He always makes this appeal:—"Sa ay, boss,
I'm dyin' fer a drink. Will you give us the price? As a rule, the person appealed to looks at the

beggar, reflects that it is hard to be in need of a drink and tosses him five or ten cents. As a matter of fact, however, the beggar does not drink. A reporter taxed him with this, "Weil," said this student of human nature,

"if I was to ask money to get something to eat with, not one man in ten, or even twenty, would give it to me. When I say I want a drink they conclude 1'm honest, and pretty nearly any man will give another the price of a drink if he thinks he needs it. It's a way men have," And so this beggar is thriving and putting money in his purse.

PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

In one tribe of eestern Africa it is regarded as the nc plus ultra of gallantry for the lover to parade before the but of his inamorata astride of a huge boar.

The Tunisian marriages are arranged when the children are young, but the principal parties concerned have the privilege of refueal when they become of age if disappointed.

In Thibet the young man rets his mind on his sweetheart and informs her parents of his inclination, who, if they approve of the match, go and have a three days' carousal at his house and the marriage is complete.

With the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands is the order of the day. A wife it procured by giving presents to her parents, who children are disposed of when quite young.

The courting of the aboriginal of Australia consisted simply in knocking the woman of his preference down with a club and carrying her off. This form of woolng was as efficacious as brief, and was certainly commendable on the score of economy.

In India quite young children are married, gorgeous processions parade the streets and then repair to a large room. Here the poor little things are seated opposite each other, the marriage ceremony is observed, and they are de-clared husband and wife.

The lover among the ancient Persians burned his hand or cheek to prove his devotion and then showed it to his lady-love. If she was "willin" she bound the injured part with a silken coarf, but if obdurate she sent the man to a physician for healing salve.

The Brahmins betroth their children at the age of eight years, and some even at five. are extremely superstitious, and if a Brahmin, when going in search of a wife for his son, should meet with anything considered unlucky he gives up the search for the nonce.

Among the Moravians it was the system for the minister to select wives for the men of his congregation. If a "sister" had any objection to the "brother" selected for her life partner she was permitted to state it, but it was gruerally overruled by the priest's eloquence. Strange to say, these marriages were generally happy.

Courtship is a very simple matter with the Singalese. The young man, having made his choice, sends to inquire how much she will take for her clothes! If the match is agreeable she sells. He takes them back to her and they appoint the day of marriage. The custom of selling the clothes is made a test of the man's ability to provide for his wife, it being usual to ask the smount which will be required to begin the world with.

The way the Vizres-a powerful tribe in Afghanistan—manage such affairs is quite exceptional. The lady there does the selecting, and, when she has made her choice, she inform the drummer of the camp, whose duty it is at the first opportunity to pin a handkerchief to the "fortunate one's" cap in public, and at the same time to mention the name of the "adoring one." This being done, the man is bound to accept, if he can pay the price his would-be wife's father asks for his daughter.

"MOTHER."

More and more as we grow, we appreciate the finer traits that are in human nature. Men going out into life never forget the mother who stays at home, and who has presented to them a nature with reason dominant, with a high moral sepse, with refined and sweet affections, with thate, with patience, with gentleness, with self-sacrifics, and with disinterestedness. A man may go through all the world; he may run through every stage of helief and upbelief; he may become absolutely apoetate; he may rub out his conscience; he may destroy his fineness in every respect; but there will be one picture that he prince efface. Living or dying, there will rise before him, like a norning star, the beauty of that remembered , occiness which he

There is a man in Illinois who has never heard a piano. What do the Illinois gris do when they want to arouse the wiath of the