

fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him; his limbs trembled; a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark; but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot. "Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his young fair mistress. "Waste not time in words," said she, "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work, for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands." Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labour with new vigour. "Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered anything resembling a complaint—"It is so cold!" said she, "make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By-and-by she repeated more frequently the injunction to "make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. "Make haste—make haste!" she said, "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I *am* wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up, but the light was already gone.

It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that his remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden thrill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the support of a rock against which he staggered. When he recovered he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat, but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her.

With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder.

Even to the practised feet of Francesco the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. "Niccoli," said he, on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:—"Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice; "go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I

used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day—and—" He wiped away a tear as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face, of the young man—"No matter—my word is plighted—farewell.—Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!"

Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! "She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices called out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. "Know you aught of my daughter?" said he: "Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak!—will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child—my child!" The mineralo started, as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. "Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine.

They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leaned her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead!

After a time the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the mineralo seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.

"TALKING about druggists' mistakes," said a druggist, "I'll tell you a funny mistake I made about three years ago. A young German came into the store one morning and said he wanted fifty cents worth of arsenic to feed some rats. I sold him what I supposed was the poison, and would have thought no more of the sale if the fellow had not come round the next day and berated me for selling him quinine for arsenic. I learned later that the German, who had become despondent over some money matters, bought the 'arsenic' with the intention of committing suicide. He took the quinine to his lodgings, put on his grave clothes, shaved himself with a dull razor, and then lay down upon the bed with a teaspoonful of the alkaloid in his stomach. When he woke up the next morning and found himself alive he came to the store and relieved himself of his bile. Three weeks later he got a good job in a down-town clothing house, and is now earning a good salary. He comes around about once a month to tell me that some of the mistakes druggists make are not so bad, after all."

GRIEF OF A MONKEY.—Very striking examples of conjugal love are found among certain monogamous monkeys. It has been observed, especially in the American marmoset, which, on the other hand, shows in the case of the females a weakness of maternal feeling. The female of this species, having become tired of holding her offspring, has been seen to call the male to take care of it in his turn. One of the marmosets of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris having died, the husband was inconsolable. He caressed for a long time the corpse of his companion, and when he was convinced of her death he put his hand over his eyes and remained motionless, without taking food, until he succumbed himself.