

discovered his body thrown by the current on the opposite bank. He swam to the place, and on perceiving that his good patron was quite cold and lifeless, he stood for some moments like a statue, overpowered with grief and terror without knowing how to act.

In the first place he was afraid, if he published the tidings of his death of being accused of having drowned him to plunder him of his money, an idea which threw him into such alarm, that covering his face with his hands he stood buried in profound grief and reflection.

At length he suddenly uttered an exclamation of joy, as the thought rushed into his mind, "I am safe! I am safe! There are no witnesses to the accident, and I know what I will do; it is the hour when, luckily, everyone is asleep."

With these words he thrust the nets and the fish into his great basket, and taking the dead body of Lazzaro on his shoulders, heavy as it was, he placed it by some wet reeds hard by the shore. He then bound the nets around his poor friend's arms, and again bearing him into the water, he contrived to fasten the strings in such a way around one of the deepest stakes, that they could with difficulty be withdrawn, giving the body the appearance of having been thus entangled while fishing.

He then assumed his patron's attire, and got even into his very shoes, and sat down quietly on the bank, resolved to try what fortune would do for him.

His strong resemblance to his deceased friend might not only save his life, but make it everafter most comfortable and happy, he thought.

As the hour seemed now arrived with equal skill and courage he entered upon the dangerous experiment and began to call out lustily for help in the person of poor Lazzaro,—

"Help! help, good people," he cried, "or the poor fisherman will be drowned! Oh, he comes up no more!"

The miller was the first man that reached the spot, but numbers of people were gathered on all sides to learn what could possibly cause such an insufferable noise, for he was roaring most tremendously.

Gabriello continued to bellow for some time after they arrived, the better to counterfeit his patron, weeping the whole time as he told his tale—how the poor fisherman had dipped

and brought up fish so often, but the last time he had stopped nearly an hour under water, and having waited for him in vain, he began to be afraid he was coming up no more.

The people enquiring, with a smile at his simplicity, whereabouts it was, he pointed out the spot, on which the miller, who was a great friend of Gabriello, began to strip, and plunged into the river. And there, sure enough, as he believed, he found his friend Gabriello caught in his own net and entangled fast by his neck and heels to the unlucky stake.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried the miller. "Here he is, poor Gabriello, poor Gabriello! quite drowned in his own entangled net;" using at the same time his utmost efforts to loosen it from around about the stake.

Such were the lamentations of Gabriello's friends on hearing this, he could scarcely refrain from betraying himself. Two more threw themselves into the water to assist the miller, and at length, with some difficulty they fished the body out. The arms and legs were all entangled in the net, and his relations in their indignation, tore the unlucky cords to tatters. The tidings of his death being spread abroad a priest immediately attended, and the body was borne on a bier to the nearest church, where it was laid out in order to be recognized by Gabriello's friends.

His disconsolate widow, accompanied by other relations bewailing him and her children, now hastened to the spot. Believing the body to be his, a scene of tender affliction ensued. After beating her breast and tearing her hair, she sat down and wept with her little children, while everyone around, and above all the real Gabriello, could not restrain their tears.

So overpowered indeed was Gabriello by his feelings, that pulling his poor patron's hat over his brows and hiding his face in his pocket-handkerchief, he addressed his wife before all the people in a hoarse and piteous voice:—

"Come, good woman, do not despair, do not cry so. I will provide for you, and take care of both you and your children. The poor man lost his life in trying to amuse me, and I shall not forget it. He was a clever fisherman; but leave off crying—I tell you I will provide for you. So go home, and go in