BY A C. GUNTER.

Baron Von Bulew, his remark, as reported by Maud, together with that gentleman's marked and constant attention for the past few days to a young Hungarian countess, have disgusted the widow with the frivolties of Monaco.

The lady and her family leave the Grand Hetel early next morning.

As Enid bids her good-bye she whispers to her, "You are going straight to Lon-

"Yes! trust me to get out of this herrible country as seen as possible. "Then, if you are sure, take this," says Miss Anstruther, pressing into her hand a little packet, with these words, "It is for Burton. Give it to him immediately you arrive in Lendon. He will call on you. will telegraph your address. Tell him how I wish I could have gone with you; but I must stay to see Edwin married."

And the station, just prior to the departure of their train, a gentleman, with a foreign manner, noticing Lady Chartris and her daughter, suddenly starts and loeks interested. He has apparently just arrived, being covered with the dust and stain of a lang jenuous. leng journey. After a mement's censideration, he approaches them, and, taking off his hat, politely remarks, "You will pardon me, I am Count Danella, Mademoiselle Paoli's guardian. You are Lady Chartris; I saw you once in Nice, but had not the pleasure of an introduction. I recognize you by your charming little girl—Maud, is

"Correct!" returns that young lady.
"What can I do for you, Count?" Lady Chartris, slightly surprised.
"Marina mentioned in her letters you

were the chaperon of her charming friend, Mademoiselle Enid. You are departing from Monaco; does the young lady and her brother go with you?' They are both at the Grand Hotel.

But you will excuse me, Count; I will miss the train." Musso carefully places the widow and

family in their compartment, glancing about to see that no one else is in their party, for he is a man who prefers to be sure on im-pertant points. Just as the train is going he suddenly asks, turning pale, "Marina, she was to meet me in Nice last night; she was not there! She is well?"

"Very well, and jolly happy," cries Maud, and would tell more, but the train carries her and her news away. Danella takes off his hat again, a peculiar smile of triumph in his face, and mutters, He is not running away-Good. Now

Marina will no longer refuse my reward."

Lady Chartris, on reaching Paris, thinks she might as well do some shopping, and leiters there, delaying Miss Anstruther's package, but postage stamps are much more reliable than friendship when applied to the delivery of correspondence.

Arrived at the Grand Hotel, M. Danella

examines the register and verifies Lady Chartris' report, then goes to his room and makes an elaborately dainty toilet of the whitest linen, reddest necktie and brightest patent leather boots, humming to himself in the wildest manner a gay little French chanson with a quaint refrain: "A Gibraltar! A Gibraltar!"

After a verse or two of this his face becomes very serious, however, and he communes with himself in a gloomy, philosophical manner upon what his visit to Gibraltar has produced. On arriving at the great British station, he soon discovered that three extra officers had sailed from there as passengers on board the Vulture to join their ships in Egypt, which easily accounted for their names being omitted from the list forwarded from the Admiralty effice in England. They were Charles Marion Phillips, George Fellows Arthur and Edwin Gerard Anstruther.

A little investigation assured the Count that it must have been one of these three men who fought the duel ; as it would have been almost impossible for a regular efficer of the vessel to have obtained shore leave at Ajaccio on the very morning of the ship's

There are always a large number of English men-of-war at Gibraltar, and informa-tion in regard to the locality and move-ments of naval efficers is not difficult to obtain. Danella was soon en rapport with the ward-room messes of half the British squadron. He entertained them on shore, and they invited him to dinner on board their ships. He soon learnt that Charles Marion Phillips had gone to the East India station, and George Fellows Arthur had been killed in action in Egypt on the Sealark. Mr. Anstruther he already knew was en duty on the same vessel which had just arrived from Nice. Mr. Barnes, after falling in love with the last named gentleman's sister, and probably meeting the young lieutenant in person in Nice, had suddenly exhibited enough interest in Marina's vow to call upon her, and, by delivering the message of the dying brother, attempt to induce her to relinquish her pursuit of the man who had killed him—a trouble he had never cared to take before. Probably the American had recognized the English officer as the one of the duel. Of the three passengers on the Vulture, Anstruther was evidently the man to be investigated

Count Danella contrived to be invited on board the Sealark. At dinner he met An struther, and they soon became intimates, almost comrades, for Musso could make himself extremely fascinating when it suited his interests to be so. Edwin breakfasted with the Count, and the Count dined with him; and when on shore Anstruther sometimes spent the night at Danella's quarters. But, with all his art of conversation and tact at producing confidences, M. le Comte could never draw one word from the English lieutenant Musso dared not question directly, and so was compelled to look for circumstantial evidence, of which, after a time, Providence gave him all he wanted.

Anstruther had received his leave, and had told the Count he should come on shore the night before his departure for Nice and

"You take your baggage with you, I presume, my dear Edwin?" remarked the

"At first." returned Anstruther, "I had intended to let it go to England on the Sealark; it's much less trouble, you know. But, as I shan't join my ship again—she is to be paid off, and may be in the dry dock before I return to the old country-and as my sister may keep me long on the Continent, I have decided to take it with me." "Let's go on board now, and I'll help

you Jack. "Much obliged, Danella, but I finished that before I came on shore."

"Ah! You make me happy. Then you are here for the day! I shall not let you go from me now. Send tor your baggage. Dine and sleep with me here, and I'll see you off in the morning.'

"I hardly like to refuse you, Danella, but I ought to bid good-bye to Harrison of the Rifles, and McDermott, of the Marines; they're old friends, and you know I leave the service. This will be my last griss, and nerhans, my last visit to Gibcruise, and, perhaps, my last visit to Gib-

"You shall de beth, my English friend!"
eried the Count; "McDermot and Harrison shall dine with me, too, and your last day of active duty shall end with a merry

Austruther sent for his baggage. Dan-

ella gave him and his friends as delightful a little dinner as could have been obtained at the Cafe Anglais, Paris—for he was a conneisseur in all matters of the table—and as the Spanish wines were heady and fiery, Lieuienant Edwin Gerard Anstruther, of the Queen's navy, went to bed rather top-heavy and slept very soundly.

The next morning the Count saw him ellen his road to France; but, as he was bidding him good-bye, took a peculiar squint

ding him good-bye, took a peculiar squint at a valise among Edwin's luggage, and cried, "I may meet you at Nice or Mente Carlo, my boy. So, au revier." After running this through in his mind,

Danella's face becomes very serious, and he mutters to himself, "What a pity—he's such a fine fellow—but all for leve. Now, that I have fulfilled my promise, my little deve cannot be unkind to her Musso. But how to finish the affair? Corsica's the place. All Englishmen are sportsmen.
I'll invite him to a meuffion bateau

Marina shall shoot a sheep, and then

This exclamation he fires out of his mouth like a pistol-shot, bursts into a merry laugh, rings the bell and says, to the answering servant, "My card for Mademoiselle

In his intercourse with that young lady, M. Danella employs a great deal of stately ceremeny, which she demands and he tenders very willingly, as he is, in every way, careful of his fair ward's good name. The small proprieties of life the Count observes; but, to gain Marina, big enes are baga-

"Mademoiselle Paeli will receive Mensieur," says the servant returning, and with that shows him to Marina's parlor. At the door Danella pauses, almost trem-bles, passes a handkerchief over his throb-bing temples to wipe from them the meisture of intense nervous excitement, then suddenly a flash of longing anticipation makes his delicate features radiant. He mutters to himself with almost a sarcastic smile, "At last, Musso, you old fool!" and opens the door that keeps him from the happiness he thinks he has won.

Since she has read his name upon the card, Marina has been thinking, "What in his wild disappointment will this man do!" She knews Danella's nature too well to suppose that he will let his dream of existence be plucked from him in the moment of realization, without a fierce struggle, and perchance, if it comes in his way, a cruel revenge. It is the last that makes her fear her guardian. He may tell Edwin of her yow—may prove her ministry in the Egyptian hospital was that of a hypecrite, not a saint. She knows the opinion that Gerard has of all deceit—this makes her tremble. But here her great love rises up, in her and gives her courage to destroy any hope the Count may have, and to baffle any plan he may devise to separate her from the man

she adores. When Musso opens the door he sees woman divinely beautiful; for the great happiness of the last two days has left its reflection on her face, which is pale but

beaming with courage and resolution.

She comes toward him, holding out a hand that trembles a little as he kisses it. He exclaims, "Ma belle, what witchery in the jey of the roulette table to make such a change? No more the drooping Niebe of Nice; you are the Venus of Monte Carlo. As all things come to them that wait, so has my triumph come to me. We have your enemy! And when all that is over, you will keep your promise?" and would take

But she struggles from him and cries, "Never!" in a voice that makes him

"You hardly understand me I think," he says after a moment, growing very pale. "Beautiful one, you surely remember some time ago you gave me a promise, perhaps not in words, but still, I think we understood each other, that when I had given you vengeance, you should give me leve, and consent to make your Musso happy, who has but one hope—and that hope—you!"
"Don't remind me!" says Marina, get-

ting as pale as he is.
"My glorious hews has excited you; you are trembling, but the eyes of leve are blind; I can see you are happy.' "I hope to be," murmurs the girl, you will but let me."

"Will not I! Count on Danella! I can place my hand on the object of your vow! By my aid you will be able to look on the tomb of your brother and be not ashamed. You can cry, 'Antonie! Rest in peace.
Your sister did not forget your wrongs. She is a Corsican !"

The enthusiasm of his manner and the clan of his speech for one instant makes her the Marina of old, and she takes up his strain, whispering with a hearse voice, "When the murderer of my brother lies dead at my feet, then, who can sing the Rimbecco te me-then, who can reproach ?" As she says this Marina stands as if still a priestess at the alter of vengeance. But the next moment shuddering, she sobs, "Have I not conquered my hate for his leve? Know that the yow of the Vendetta died in me two nights ago; that my brother's assassin, were he helpless before me now, is safe !"

"Are you crazy?" asks the Count, becoming even paler than before.
"Not now, but I was! Thank heaven my eyes are open. I have confessed. I am absolved. I sin no more."

"And you renounce the vow of your life fer a dogma of the Church?" he falters. "For more! For my happiness! For my love! I hated and was accursed—I love and am happy." As she says this the Count sees an expression come into the girl's face that was never there before, his heart be-

"You love?" he gaspa.
"Love? I adore."

your vow as I can. This—this man will not be the slave of your hate as I will—he cannot love you well enough for that."

"Ah! He is some thoughless boy who will make you his handmaiden; who will ad wership you like Danella, who ha seen you grow up to be beautiful; who has learnt lo love your graces as you became the fairest upon earth. Pity me! I have only you." With this he falls at her feet, and with the extravagant gestures of the Latin race, bathes her hands in tears and dries them with his kisses.

"You have been—very—very good to me all my life," says the girl tenderly, fer his despair moves her, and to this moment no man in the world could have been more considerate of her wishes.

"Ah! you are beginning to remember at last. When as a child you cried for a bauble, who gave it to you?—Musso. When as a woman you cried to Heaven for vengeance, who gave luxury in Paris and ran half the world over that you might fulfil your vow?—Danella!—the man you are deserting for a stranger—the man whose heart is in your hands—Come, I will tell you whe it is you are to slay, and you will love me. At this Marina gives a cry, and falters, "Don't tell me that! In mercy, not that!"
Then looking straight into his face with flashing eyes, shouts at him, "I forbid you! Dare to tell me that and I shall hate you!
Do you see that bare wall? My brother's
picture is torn from it! If I have fergotten him for love of this man, do you think

I will remember you?" Marina points to the place where Antonio's picture had hung till Anstruther had conquered her.

Danella rises slowly and gazes at her for a moment, and then mutters in a broken voice, "You love him well enough for that?" Since he has been on his knees he seems to have grown older, his face has

"I love him well enough to give up my

"Impossible!"
"Impossible! Within a week I marry

"Marry him? You forget, I am your guardian.—You are but twenty. By the law of France you must have my consent!

I refuse it! "I have thought of that—the man I marry is not French; we will be married where French law dees not prevail.—You dare not drag me back to France! I defy you!" Marina utters this boldly.

Danella sees she is resolved; for a mom

ent his face is haggard with misery; but, in another second, it assumes the appearance of prefound thought, as he asks, "Tell me, is the man you love of a noble, honest

"Noble as a god!"
"Then, Mademoiselle, my task is an easy ene. I have but to go to this very noble gentleman and tell him for the last year you have been hunting a human being, as you would a beast of prey, with murder in your heart, and if he is the man you say he is, he will hardly marry a Corsican tigress."
"Tell him that, and he will say you lie!"

cries Marina desperately.
"I'll prove the lie; and then run him through the body for his insult !" remarks Danella, with a wicked look, which rouses

the anger of the haughty girl.
"You run him through the body!—you!"
she laughs, "Why, he'd crush your little
meakey frame as if you were a mosquito
that had stung him! You prove to him I
have an assassin heart? I who have been his Angel of Mercy! I, who proved to him a year ago in Alexandria by the bed on which he lay wounded that I was a saint. Go to him with your truth, and he'll kill you as he would a dog! Here is his card! Go to him!" and Marina seizes one from her basket and hands it to Danella.

At the first part of her speech Musso had writhed with shame, at the last he stands in astonishment; and, as he glances at the name upon the card, he almost utters a cry of hideous triumph, but by a desperate effort, fights down the joy in his heart, and with an unholy light in his dark eyes mutters, "Edwin Gerard Anstruther! Is this the man ?"

"Yes," says Marina, who is now ashamed of her cruel words to one whose only crime has been that of loving her too well. have seen him-you know how noble he is Fergive me for loving him."
"I will consider," mutters Danella. "You

shall have my answer—to-day. Oh! my Ged! You shall repent those cruel words —Marina!" He gives a gasp of love or hate, or perhaps a mixture of both, and staggers from the apartment.

I repent them now," cries Marina after him; for, though passionate, she is gener-But he is out of hearing. Were he with-in the sound of her voice, it would hardly

convey meaning to his ears, for Musse Danella is holding counsel with Satan. There is a horrible agony on his face, but a weird, fantastic grin is convulsing his mobile Italian features, while from his mouth, hissing through his white teeth that are clenched in rage, there comes a laugh, such as is heard in Hades when some new crime, more cruel than ever entered devils' heads before is invented, and to make Earth desolate and Heaven weep.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VALISE MARKED "G. A." A few hours after, Tomasso brings Marina a note, which reads as follows : "MONAGO, May 21st, 1883.

"You have asked my consent to your marriage with Monsieur, le lieutenant, Edwin Gerard Anstruther of the English naval service. I, as your guardian, hereby grant it, formally in writing, as I believe it is thus required by the law of France. Please believe me, when I say that I think your future husband is a very fine, as well a very fortunate gentleman. Tender him my congratulations, and mention to him that I will do myself the honor to call upon him this evening to arrange the necessary legal preliminaries for your wed-ding. With regards as always, "Your affectionate guardian,

"To Mademoiselle Marina Paoli, "Grand Hetel."

This, she shows, with beaming face te Edwin : for Marina feels that the last possible bar to her complete happiness is removed, and imagines that the Count has new made up his mind to become reconciled to the loss of her, seeing that her affections are entirely and irrevocable another's. Enid, who is present, remarks, glancing at the note, "Mensieur le Comte must

"MUSSO DANELLA.

be a very unceremonious sort of a gentle-"Exactly the reverse; Danella is pune-tilio itself," replies the Corsican.

"Well! his note doesn't look like it. The guardian proposes to call upon the suitor. Edwin, here's honor for you!" "You see Musso and I became such chums in Gibraltar. He wants another bachelor evening out of me, I suppose, and I haven't many more free and easys left to me," says Anstruther, pretending to give a heart rending sigh.

At this, Marina nestles up to him and whispers, "Do you regret, Mi Adorato?" "Regret that my great happiness is so near me? Regret that I am losing the mess of the Sealark and the wits of the United Service Club, for your society Beg pardon at once for the insinuation, or better still, I will inflict a penance."

He draws her to him, but Marina ex laims, "You forget your sister!"
"Net at all!" laughs Anstruther. "Enid, would you kiss 'Burton, darling,' before

"The idea ! I wouldn't kiss Mr. Barnes at all !" "Since when ?"

"Since he sent me this cruel telegram!"
cried Enid. "I thought I'd astonish him a little, and so I telegraphed him, 'Marina is to be the bride and I am to be the bridesmaid—Guess why? and he answered, Don't send cipher without key—Write to me instantly—Your dispatches have made me very anxious—Are you delirious? So dictatorial!—'Write me instantly!' And so snippy! 'Are you delirious?' I'll show him whether I am delirious when I write!"

dispatches-what did you telegraph him before?" says Anstruther suddenly.
"When you promised to take me to England of course I had not time to write, and so I dispatched him this: I've got a copy of it in my note-book-'Edwin is here. leave for London to-morrow morning. Meet me at Dover'-and when you pretended to be ill, I sent him, 'Detained on account of sickness—Don't be too much disappointed! Lady Chartris also has a letter, to deliver,

"There's some mistake. He mentions

but it isn't time for him to have that." "Why, Mr. Barnes' dispatch is a great deal clearer than your telegrams, Miss Accuracy!" laughs Edwin. "Your 'De-tained on account of sickness!" has made Burton, darling,' think you are ill, and as he knows nothing of Marina's engagement to me, that bridesmaid message seems like the ravings of a lunatic. My dear, I don't

wonder he is anxious!"

"Then my stupidity has made him fear for me, the darling! Yes, if he were here I'd kiss him before yeu both;" and saying this effusively, Miss Anstruther, who, in spite of her brother's happiness, is very lonely without the absent Barnes, goes away longing the lovers to the melyes. wonder he is anxious !" away, leaving the lovers to themselves.

That evening after dinner the Count enters Edwin's room with a hearty, jovial,

woods and the white torrent of the dear river Gravona once more before I become English, and forget I am no longer a Paoli and a Corsican. God bless you, dear Mus-so." She seizes his hand and kisses it and vow for him; I love him well enough to make my life one that will do him honor," says the girl proudly.

off-hand manner that is perhaps too promounced to be perfectly natural, and cries out, "Anstruther, mon ami, my congratulations ! You see my au revoir at Gibraltar was a presentiment; we meet at Monte Carlo. Let us talk over our business not as men of affairs, but as friends."

"Take a chair and a weed, Musso," Ed-After she has gone Danella repents-but

to make—the man who has the next room

to me, No. 187!"

"M. le Comte Danella! murmurs the

thought he was an impressario or singing teacher, or something artistic. He had a queer-looking cove—that old chap that

wears that romantic brigand costume like tenors sport in hop'rs!"

"Yes! of course! There he is-with

that peculiar sleepy smile—the one bringing down stairs that old leather value. Well,

curse me if the Count didn't give him a

his party leave this morning for Corsica. There goes Mademoiselle Anstruther, the English heauty."

"Ah! give me the dark-eyed one!" re-

turns the cockney, "the one stepping inte-the carriage. Oh Lud! what an ankle! And—awh! did you see the look she gave the only Jones?—My piccadilly hair catches

these foreign gals."

That evening the train from Paris brings

to Monaco a young man whose costume and appearance shows hasty and continuous

In the hurry and bustle of lawyers' con-

sultations and ocean cablegrams, that his

settlements on Miss Anstruther necessitate,

Enid's first telegram had given him a shock;

for it told him that Edwin Anstruther and

Marina Paoli were in the same hotel at

Monte Carlo. The dispatch about Marina's

being a bride made him fearful, and he crossed hastily to Paris; there found Lady

Chartris; received Enid's packet, and learn-

ed that what he dreaded had taken place.

Unsuspecting it, Marina was about to marry the man who had killed her brother; the

man against whose life she had uttered the

vow of the vendetta. On such a subject he dare not telegraph, and the seven-twenty

express that leaves Paris on Tuesday night

through Lyons, Marseilles and Nice, and in-

to Monaco, Wednesday evening.

her brother."

way."
"No-for Corsica."

bears him as fast as steam can bring him,

He hurries to the Grand Hotel and says in

an unusually excited voice, "Take my card

to Miss Anstruther!" The terrible errand

he comes on crushes even the joy of meet-

ing her.
"Mr. Barnes," replies the clerk, who knows him very well, "Miss Austruther

left Monte Carlo this morning together with

"For England? I missed them on the

"For Corsica?" gasps Barnes, who has just received one of the few genuine sensa-tions of his life. "Good Heavens! for

'For Mr. Anstruther's marriage to Ma-

demoiselle Paoli. Count Danella and that

remony takes place on Friday, I believe, at

"I think they did, sir." I heard Danella

the young lady's family estate, on the is-

ask Mademoiselle Anstruther for your Lon-

don address in order to invite you to the

wedding. They were standing within hear-

ing of this desk, sir, on Monday evening."

"What time did you say?"
"Monday evening about nine o'clock."

Barnes knows he was in London that

right till twelve o'clock; but his faculties

are gradually coming back to him, and he returns, "Must have left there before it

arrived. Which route did the party take

"And the steamer leaves Nice?"

room ; I leave by the next train.

half-past six now.

"Their trunks were labeled Nice and

"To-day, sir, Wednesday! Five p.m."
"Then I've missed it! All right!" says

Barnes. "Order a little dinner for me as

soon as possible. I'll be back in a few min-utes. No need to take my valise to a

He hurries to the telegraph office and

there discovers that no messages whatso-ever were sent to him on Monday, Tues-

day, or Wednesday. Danella had taken

his address to make Enid think he was noti-

fied, and prevent her sending him a despatch. He telegraphs Nice and finds the Bastia steamer has already sailed. It is

The more he meditates upon the affair

the less he likes it : for as he turns the mat-

ter ever in his mind, Musso's significant

words to him in Nice flash through his

brain: "If we can lure him to Corsica and

kill him there. Marina Paoli will be blessed

by native jury as the guardian angel of her brother's tomb." They illumine and make distinct the outlines of the gloomy problem he has already formed in his mind.

Danella was using Edwin's love for the girl to entice Anstruther to Corsica, that,

fter his murder, his assassin might be safe.

If Marina loved the Englishman, Danella

would hate him; if she did not love him,

then she would have no compunctions in slaying the murderer of her brother—her

ereed taught her it was just!
Whether she loves Edwin or loves him

not, this horrible marriage must be stopped,

he thinks; and sends, via the cable to

"On board steamer to arrive from Nice.

"Delay your brother's marriage by every means in your power till I arrive. I missed you in Nice, but will follow you to Corsica

by very earliest possible vessel. If absolutely necessary, as a last resort, show Ed-

win this telegram and tell him that you know I would not take this stand unless it

This despatched, he had little time for thought, but bolts a hasty meal and goes down on the train to Nice. He soon dis-

covers there are two more steamer routes open to him; one from Marseilles to Ajaccio, and the other from Genoa to Bastia,

and by diligence to Bocognano. He walks

down to the harbor and sees a smart-looking felucea that has just discharged a load of fruit; asks the captain—a bright Italian sailor—in how long he could make the run

"Monaco, May 23rd, 1883.

"BURTON H. BARNES"

Bastia, the following despatch :

To Miss Enid Anstruther

land. - You seem surprised."

they did not notify me.'

for Corsica?

Bastia ?

"A little," murmurs Barnes.

young lady left at the same time. The ce

travel. It is Mr. Barnes, of New York.

"A Count ?" cries the cockney.

"Oh! Tomasso, Mademoiselle servant," suggests the clerk.

polite clerk.

After she has gone Danella repents—but only for a moment; for, in the moonlight, as he stands on the balcony of the hotel, he sees Marina kiss her lover good night, and mutters to himself with a grean of agony, "Before my face—Mon Dieu! She has ne mercy. Then why should I have pity!" Wednesday, the morning of their departure from Monaco, a young English tourist, Jones by name, comes down in great nasty peculiar British rage to the office of the hotel, and says, with a drawling cockney accent, "By Jove! I-ah-have a-a complaint to make—the man who has the next room win answers, and, rising, gives Danella's slight fingers a hearty grip that makes him wince, then suddenly exclaims, "What's the matter, my dear fellow? You look ten

"At my age railway journeys tell upon me, and from Gibraltar to Monaco is a very me, and from Gibraltar to Monaco is a very long one—that cigar is a good one," says the Count with a sigh, as he sinks into a chair in a lazy, nonchalant manner, though his eager dark eyes peer about the room with a restless gaze inspecting every detail. For a moment they seem disappointed, but suddenly rest with a peculiar and satisfied stare upon a leather valise, marked G. A. There is nothing extraordinary about this piece of luggage, except perhaps that it is nere is nothing extraordinary about this piece of luggage, except perhaps that it is more battered, dilapidated, generally bursted up and ragged about the corners and edges than any other valise of Mr. Anstruther's. Still, during the whole interview the Count may force his eyes to wander, but invariably they return to the old and dilapidated little trunk covered with numerous way-bills, and seem to verily gloat over it.

curse me if the Count didn't give him a music lesson last night, and taught him the most 'orrible song I ever 'eard. I've been studying Hitalian, you know, and it had nothing in it but death and murder and all that; the partition was so thin, that, blow me up, I thought I 'ad the nightmare!"

'You will be troubled no more, Monsieur Jones," says the clerk, "Count Danella and his party leave this morning for Corsica. "You are a good traveler, Monsieur Gerard; you less no baggage on the road."
"Not a hand satchel. Though a beggar of a porter at Marseilles came near placing that one you are looking at, upon the Lyon's train.

"Ah!" replies the Count with a little start, "I am charmed, mon ami, that it did not escape you." He gives another furtive longing glance at the valise, and cries, "But to business. You wish to marry my ward!

I consent! I would on general principles have prierred a Frenchman, but I fortunately knew and respect you; and with Marina, apparently, it is you or no husband at all.

"No Frenchman weuld do more to make her happy, for no one could love her better," returns Anstruther, and he goes off into a long lover's rapture, at which the count shrugs his shoulders and laughs, and finally cries, "You are an ardent boy!"
"Of course I am. I don't insult such beauty as Marina's by playing indifference.

wish to marry you ward within a week.' "You are impetuous! mon fils! But I agree with you, as it suits my plans. I can see your wedding, render an account to you of my stewardship of Marina's property, turn it over to you and be in Paris in time at atend to my own affairs. Good! I consent! Now as to your finances?"

Here Edwin astonishes the Count by the settlements he proposes, for Anstruther as the Master of Beechwood is very well off; and, being very much in love, is inclined to be very liberal to his future wife.

In reply the Count tells him that Marina would not be considered rich for an English girl; but, for a Corsican, is quite an heiress; and gives him an account of his ward's property, which shows that under the count's careful management it has considerably increased in value and in income.

In conclusion, he says, "You will have so come over to Corsica with me, that I may surrender Marina's property to you and make the proper settlement of accounts; also that you may appoint an overseer to manage your wife's estates and remit her income to England, for when Marina be-omes yours, I cease to take further financial interest in her affairs, unless my advice is of assistance, when, of course, it is at your service. Now, to-day is Monday; it is decorous and proper that my ward should narry you from my home; she can thus get what another look at her country and her island before she becomes a great English lady. The steamer leaves Nice for Bastia on Wednesday; by the next morning we are there. Then a short day's drive through the most beautiful land upon earth through low hills and upon the base of the Rontondo, through orange and olive groves and palm trees—in short, through Corsica in May, and behold us at Marina's home! On Friday, a Corsican weddingand then-then-you must look after your own happiness, which will doubtless be very great." Here Musso gives another squint at the value marked G.A. But seeing Anstruther hesitating, continues quickly, "You can return on Tuesday by steamer to Marseilles; and I can scarcely ima gine a more beautiful two or three days of early honeymoon, than can be spent wandering with your bride through the woods et Bocognano, among the romantic slepes of Del Oro and the vineyards of Vivario. Tell Marina it is a last favor I ask, to see her wedded from her native village, in a man-ner worthy of the last daughter of the Paolis-that on her nuptial day she may be a true daughter of ancient Corsica, and I do not think she will refuse me."

"I accept for her, and thank you tee," says Anstruther, giving him a warm clasp of the hand. "It is very thoughtful of you, Count. I can make the necessary ar-rangements as to Marina's property while there, and it will save me another visit to

the island. "Then it is a bargain. We leave by the Wednesday's steamer," cries Danella. course you will be my guest! Mine! Mine! all MINE!" Musso gives the last with a kind of hissing intensity.

"Certainly! I and my sister will be

your guests." "Oh-ah, your sister-I have heard of her." remarks the Count, a slight cloud passing ever his face. "Take me down and intre-

to Mademoiselle Enid, my dear fellow. You have a beautiful sister, you will have a lovely bride, may you be happy." Then Musse places his arm in Edwin's, and giving one last longing affectionate glance at the value marked G.A., goes down stairs and devotes himself to Enid Anstruther's service, making himself very agreeable to the young lady by several little anecdotes he tells of the absent

"You write to him every day, I suppose! laughs the Count.
'No—but to-night I shall telegraph him all about our going to Corsica for the wed-

At this, Danella looks as if in deep thought for a moment; and then replies, "Give me his address and I'll save you the trouble; I can send him our route and ask

will you?" cries Enid. "I know I can trust you gentlemen of the old school; you are always so exact. It would make me very happy if he were with me in Corsica, and she gives Musso Barnes' address, not doubting that her sweetheart will receive the news next morning. But gentlemen of the old school are sometimes remiss; the Count forgets to send the message, and the American hears nothing of the Cersican

Later on Marina comes to Danella and says, "A word with you. You have been very kind in saying nothing to Edwin that could be unpleasant to me. He thinks it best that I am married from the home of

my fathers. I go on one condition."
"What condition, ma belle? A handsome wedding? It shall be in true Corsican style. You and your lovely bridesmaid
shall be dressed in the costume of your
island. It will be beautiful—and happy." to Ajaccio.
"With an ordinary wind, twenty-four hours; with a fair one perhaps eighteen.'
With reasonable luck, this is considerably quicker than either of the steam lines whose boats do not leave for several days, "The condition I make is, that no speak to me of my dead brother. Tell all the peasants in my village that I have not forgotten Antonio—my Heaven! if one should sing the Rimbecco to me it would will carry him to his destination.

He makes a bargain with the captain to take him to Corsica, and asks, "When can

"To-morrow morning."
"No use—It must be to-night—withi break my heart."
"I will see to it," says Danella, shortly. "Thank'you," murmurs the girl. "You have made me very happy. I should like to see my dear old island and the chestnut the hour !"

[To be continued.]

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