"Within the half hour and I double your

money!"
"I weigh anchor in fifteen minutes!" cries the captain, and he gets his ragged half-naked crew at work with a will; replacing one or two who are not within reach by a couple of loiterers on the quay.

Barnes aids him with all his might, and being something of a yachtsman pushes the crew ahead, so that the little vessel is soon under way and heading for Corsica with every sail that will draw expanded to the

light southern breeze.
"And now," cries Barnes, "if you put me in Ajaccio by Thursday afternoon, three times the money I promised you, captain, and a doubloon apiece for every man and

Inspired by the offer of this man, they called the crazy American, the sailors work with a will, and as the sun rises in the morning a faint blue speck is on the horizon that the captain tells him is Corsica.

But, as the day comes up, the breeze, that has never been very strong, goes down; and soon the light vessel rolls upon the lazy swell of an unrippled sea, while the burning Mediterranean sun shines on the white sails that flap against the lateen yards, and the blue speck in the horizon ceases to be-

All that night, Barnes has kept his mind on but one thing; and that was to keep the crew up to their work so as to get every particle of speed that was in the felucca, out of her.

Now that further exertion for the time is useless, he begins to fear what may be the result of all this last miserable day has brought to him. They are taking Enid's brother to the land of the Vendetta, to murder him; what fate will come to the sister? He knows the spirit and courage of his love; she is no girl to let the brother of her childhood be slain at her side and not do her utmost to save him-perchance dying with him or for him; what if they

At this sickening thought, his face grows deathly pale; he trembles as he falters to himself, "What if I have seen the last of her bright face? Could I live without her now?" and with a groan Barnes sinks upon the deck, and gazing with bloodshot eyes at that far off speck of blue upon the shining sea; cries, "On God! FOR A LITTLE BREEZE TO CARRY ME TO CORSICA IN TIME!"

BOOK V.

THE CORSICAN WEDDING. CHAPTER XXI.

THE HOME OF THE VENDETTA. "Here! the land of the Corsican Brothers; and there, (pointing to seaward) the island of Monte Cristo. 1 am in the region of ro-

mance!" cries Miss Anstruther as she is assisted on to the quay at Bastia by Danella, "Have you a vendetta of your own every day, Monsieur le Comte ?" 'Yes! with breakfast!" returns that gentleman, giving a vivacious laugh.

The voyage has been a pleasant one. The Mediterranean all night has been placid as an inland lake; the ladies have suffered no pangs of sea-sickness and the bridal party are in the highest spirits, though Danella in appearance is the happiest of them all. Enid says to him, "You are so merry, one would think you were to be the bridegroom,

At this Musso gives a jovial chuckle, and replies gallantly, "Ah! yes! Mademoiselle, if you were to be the bride. Mon Dieu! if I were the absent Monsieur Barnes." Here he gives a playful groan; but being reminded by this that he has a little commission to execute, cries, "Anstruther, take both the ladies on your hands for a minute !' then as the party have already breakfasted on board the steamer, and are only waiting while the horses are being put to their carriage, Musso strolls to the little telegraph office catching the clerk just coming out, with a message in his hand.

"I called," says Danella, "to see if you have received a dispatch for Mademoiselle Enid Anstruther or her brother? They are of my party who arrived from Nice this

"Yes, Monsieur le Comte," replies the clerk, for Musso's large possessions on the island cause him to be generally known. "I was just going to try and deliver it. It is for the young lady."
"Glad to have saved you your trouble,

mon ami!" returns Danella with a smile. As he receives the message, he carelassly asks, "Where did this come from?" 'Monte Carlo.

The Count checks a start of surprise and strolls back muttering to himself "Monsieur Barnes has caught a sniff of the scent Monte Carlo! If he had stopped at Nice en route from Paris he would have overtaken us. Behold the beauties of an analytical mind." He gazes at the telegram. gives a laugh and goes on "Now, he can-not interfere till they are married. And

then? Voila, tout est fini.' Every preparation has been thoroughly made in advance by the Count. Fresh horses await the party at the post stations, and the journey through the beautiful scenery of the levely and romantic island—

is a rapid and easy one
The baggage of the party follows in a wagon, upon the front seat of which sits old Tomasso, with the same quiet, sleepy smile on his uncompromising blood-hound face that he has worn ever since Danella came to Monte Carlo. Beside him lies the valise marked "G.A." For some unknown reason, he seems, perhaps because the Count has requested him, to have taken great regard for this dirty old piece of lug-gage; for, throughout the whole journey, his eyes rests upon it; and he carries it in person to the steamboat at Nice, and off

that, in May, is at its hest and brightest-

again at Bastia. All that day, Musso, who is in wonderful spirits, at her request, keeps Miss Anstruther's eyes large with wonder at the wild tales he tells of Corsican love of family and hate of those who wrong their kindred. A little after they had passed Corte, he points out to her a house nestled in a vineyard upon the hillside and shaded by a few

"Why! It looks like a prison," cries

"Yes," says the Count, "for fifteen years the proprietor of it, one Bel Messere, made it his fortress and left it neither by day nor by night; for Orso della Rocca had sworn against his life a vendetta. On the first day of the sixteenth year, Messere ventured out from it, and within the hour was brought back a dead man. True Corsicans never forget their vows of vengence." He looks at Marina who sits opposite to him, but her eyes cannot meet his, and she steals her hand into Anstruther's as if to claim

his sympathy and protection.
"What do you tell such frightful stories for, Musso?" says that gentleman. "Don't you see you are frightening the girls?"
"Oh, I think they're lovely," replies Enid. "The people here must be quite like the cowboys Burton tells me about in Texas. A wild murder seems so romantic;

you forget its horror in its picturesque-

has returned to be married from the home of her fathers. From this time on their drive is often interrupted by similar offerings, though, curiously enough, Marina seems uneasy under the ceremenies and appears to rather shrink from and dread meeting her country people.

meeting her country people.

Once two young women, passing them on the road, say something to each other in Corsican patois, at which the girl turns Enid rather curiously asks what the peasants said as they looked towards the

Musso, laughing, replies, "Some old-fashioned maxim that makes a bride blush; these Corsicans have the manners of England in the time of Smollet."

"Then you needn't translate," cries Miss Anstruther, giving a blush herself, for she has read Mr. Smollet in the old family library at Beachwood. The Count's remark would appear to be true, as Marina does not contradict it, but hangs her head as if she were ashamed. Her

eyes have a look of anguish in them. Anstruther would have possibly noticed this, but that gentleman is now seated with the driver, enjoying the scenery, and having discovered that Corsica is a wonderful place for game, is planning a trip with his bride to her estates the coming winter, where he imagines he can do a little moufflon stalking and partridge shooting, and perhaps spear a wild boar or two in the forests of Calvi.

Nothing mere of any great note occurs.

Marina appears to have regained her
spirits as they drive through the great
larch forest of Vizzavona, and in the early evening descending the beech-covered slopes of del Oro, enter the great chestnut

Musso cries, "Bocognano at last! See, there is my house upon the hill. It is comparatively modern; I built it myself," and he points to a stone mansion that is but one storey in height, after the manner of all Corsican country dwellings, but otherwise follows the modern French style of architecture. "You all dine with me," he continues, "and afterwards I take you ladies to Marina's home, which, like its mistress, is all Corsican. It is a little further down the mountain, and has a

lovely view of the Gravona torrent." In a few minutes they drive up to Danel-

la's country seat, the windows of which blaze with light in welcome. Every preparation has been made to receive them. Over the dinner Musso tells them his plans for the morrow. Anstruther, in true native style, is to carry the bride away with the old-fashioned cavalcade to the church, and afterwards bring her back to the Count's house, which he is to use as his own. "And I think to-morrow," concludes Musso, "that, Mademoiselle Enid, we will be able to show you something you have never witnessed before—a true Corsican wedding, at which we hope to see a true Corsican bride"; with this the Count gallantly fills

the glasses and drinks to Marina. The young girl says nothing in reply to this; in fact since Marina has arrived at Bocognano she has appeared to be de-pressed and gloomy, and to have lost all her bright vivaciousness of the early part of

Enid, however, who has spirits for two, answers for her, "The bride will be all Corsican, but wait until you see the bridesmaid's costume, M. Danella; if I am not all Corsican to-morrow, there's nothing in a dressmrker. Oh, how I wish Mr. Barnes were here !"

"Yes!" cries Anstruther, in great spirits. "Then we could have two weddings at

gram inviting him to the wedding?"
"A little," says Musso slowly, "though
Mr. Barnes may be on his way to Corsica

"Undoubtedly—too late ?"
"Nonsense, Enid. Barnes is too busy
fixing his business for his own wedding to think of one else's !" cries Anstruther. "Musso, come over to England a month "Musso, come over to England a month from now; be my guest there as I am your's here; and I'll show you one of our old country marriages from the little church at Beechwood with a very pretty bride," here he looks at Enid, "and the loveliest lady of the manor in all Britain to preside at the wedding breakfast." He emphasizes the last portion of the speech emphasizes the last portion of the speech with such a tender, loyal, loving gaze at his bride of the morrow, that Marina forgets her melancholy in blushes and happiness, and Danella, who has his glass at his

lips, grinds his goblet beneath his white The dinner is not prolonged, as the ladies are tired and have still a short drive to

Marina's home. Before they leave, the Count takes his ward aside, saying to her hurriedly, "My steward has been to your house. Have no anxiety. No one will make you unhappy by taunting you for forgetting that your brother's mutderer lives."

The girl answers this by a sigh, but presses his hand. As Edwin puts Marina and Enid in the sarriage, the wagon with the luggage drives

"Place Anstruther's trunks in my house," says the Count quickly. "The rest follows the ladies," and, as he drives them away, Musso looks with a sardonic grin at Edwin Musso looks with a sardonic grin at Edwin standing on the portico of the mansion smoking his cigar in the moonlight, and old Tomasso who is carrying the little valise marked "G. A." up the steps into the hall. During their short journey, Danella, who is in high feather, keeps Enid in a running strain of laughter, and even draws, at times a sad smile from Marina, whose spirits de not seem to rise as she comes near the home of her family.

of her family.

As they drive up the great avenue leading to her house, the girl hangs her head and mutters to herself, "Ashamed to meet my

old servants." After lifting the ladies from the carriage, and erying to Marina, "Don't be down-hearted, Ma belle; to morrow the bride-groom cometh! To-merrow we will take you after the manner of Corsica to Monsieur Anstrather. To-morrow! To-morrow!'
the Count drives off into the darkness sing

ing a little song with a laughing refrain. The two young ladies are received very respectfully by the retainers of the Paoli family; though they hardly display the affection with which Enid had imagined they would greet their young mistress on her re-turn from a long absence, and upon such an

They are all dressed in Corsican costumes, and light the ladies in with flaming pine torches, making quite a romantic and medi-eval effect.

"What an antique ceremony," remarks
Miss Anstruther, warming her hands before
the burning logs upon the open hearth of
the parler of the house, and gazing about
the low studded room with its small win-

dows protected by curious gratings.

Marina, standing out of the light, is tepping her foot impatiently on the cak floor, her lips are quivering, there are tears in her eyes. She is thinking, "Not one man kissed my hand and bade me welcome; not one woman placed her lips on my forehead. And my foster-mother, she came not to embrace me. My Heavens! they are trying

you forget its horror in its picturesqueness."

"Perhaps if you had seen one you might forget the picturesqueness in the horror," remarks her brother, shortly.

At Vivario the party take dinner, and as the ladies get into their carriage again some peasant girls throw flowers upon them, for it has become known that one of the Paolis

"No!" cries Marina, "Waiting for my lear brother. I can't bear it. I had forgotten it was here. Look at it no more, and she pulls over it the curtains that drape the picture, hiding it from view. Then she gazes pathetically at Enid and says, "Some day, in England, far away from the memory of him, I will tell you Antonio's story; to night you will excuse me, dear one; you are tired; shall I show you your room? I

-I must rest myself; your brother's bride As the journey has been a long one, Miss Anstruther admits she is fatigued. Marina in person conducts her to her chamber, with several little graceful acts of hospitality peculiar to the island; then kissing her, whispers, "My sister. Pray that I may make

your brother happy."

The girls part. with a tender embrace; and, leaving Enid, Marina comes to her own room. She has controlled herself before her guest, but now she begins to rage and her eyes fill with tears of shame and anger. 'The miserable ones!" she cries, "to dare insult me, their mistress, on my own threshold." She rings a hand bell, which is answered by Tomasso, who has just arrived with the ladies' trunks from Dan-

"Isola, your wife and my foster-mother, why was she not here to welcome me, and take me in her arms, as she always did before?" demands the girl very haughtily, but with a sob in her voice. "I no longer care for affection from those who are ungrateful; but, for my bread and my hire, I demand service; send your wife to me to act as my maid."

The old man looks sadly and reproachfulv at her as he replies, "That is impossible! Isola heard you were to wed one of the race who killed him. She nursed Antonio at her breast; and so went to the mountains that she might not say words to you that would make you unhappy. Signor Danella has sent a French girl over to take her place—shall I send her to you?"

During his speech Marina has become very pale; she cries. "Send me no one! And look no more on my face—until you remember that though you are my fosterfather, I am your mistress." But after he has gone and she is alone, she moans to herself, "My foster-mother will not bless me on my wedding day—fled from my home because I have forgotten my vow. Antonio speaks to me through them. The home where we played together as children, cries, 'You forget his wrongs! You, a Paoli?

You are not even a Corsican '!" Then, this girl, who is now again among associations that teach her revenge is noble, throws herself down by her bedside and sobs as if her heart were breaking, upon this night before the day that should be to her the happiest upon earth.

CHAPTER XXII.

TO-NIGHT I AM A CORSICAN. The sun is well up in the heavens when next morning, Miss Anstruther, after an

exquisite little yawn or two, find she has been awakened by Marina's kisses. "Bride's kisses!" she murmurs and then ejaculates, "Ah! How perfect! How di-For Marina is already in her bridal cos-

tume and looks a picture of blushing joy. Save the myrtle flowers that shade her heaving breast, everything about her dress is white, but Corsican; the graceful mandile ornamenting her dark hair, and the faldetta draping her beautiful figure.

"Quick! Enid!" cries the bride. "No more sleep to-day. Rosita will put your

native costume upon you and make you a Corsican like me. Hurry! my bridesmaid, Miss Anstruther makes no direct reply to this, but asks the Count, "Don't you think it curious he never answered your tele-A few minutes after Rosita comes to

Marina, laughs and says, "The English young lady wishes to see you.' She darts to her, and finding Enid not yet dressed, asks, "What's the matter?" "Matter !" cries the English girl ; "despair's the matter! I've used twenty hair

pins and look at my mandile."
"Of course. No one but a native can arrange that," laughs Marina; she seizes Enid, and her dextrous hands soon put the finishing touches to that young lady's toilet. "Now!" she cries, leading her to

mirror, "behold a Corsican!" "O !-ah !" says Enid. "I wonder if my dressmaker didn't think it was for a fancy ball—it's—it's so awfully short "
"Not at all," answers Marina—" no shorter than mine-and in it you are

fairy."
"Y-e-s, it is becoming," murmurs Enid,
taking a meditative blushing glance at herself. "To tell you the truth it's wonderfully fetching; when you're in Corsica de the Corsicans de.—All the same, I feel

m if I were a ballet girl." "Then come to breakfast or the ballet will begin without you," laughs Marina,

carrying Enid off, who thinks to herself how Burton would admire her in the dress, and makes her mind it would be just the costume for an English fancy ball. Half an hour afterwards, Enid runs into

Marina's room crying, "Here's Fra Diavolo himself!" and drags her to the portico; where they see the Count just riding up, dressed in tull Corsican costume, an eagle's feather in his hat. He is followed by several young native gentlemen in the gala dress of the island. They are introduced to Enid; and one, a dark-eyed, strong limbed young man, who is to make the address to the bride, places his bright eyes upon Miss Anstruther with an apparent

wish to take the place of the absent Barnes. But he has little time for this, as very shortly after their arrival a great shouting is heard; and a band of goat-herds from the Count's estates on the Monte Rotondo, clad in skins and armed with double-barrel guns, come up the avenue, followed by half the peasants of the village of Bocognano, to escort the bride to the house of her husband. For the Count, in order that the ceremony may be conducted in true Corsican form, has placed his mansion for the day in

possession of the bridegroom. A couple of Corsican horses, with bridles and saddles gaily decked with myrtle and ribbons, are led out for the young ladies to

But before the bride is permitted to depart from her home, every one gathers about her to hear the farewell address; that, according to ancient custom, the young cavalier who acts as bridesman makes Marina upon her leaving her native

He has been a boyhood friend of her brother, and perhaps a youthful admirer of the girl; and stands before the last of the Paolis conscious of the honor, to make his speech in rough, native eloquence. There is a certain haughty uncultured grace about the young fellow that commands attention, and though Enid does not understand his words, she watches his fervid, vivacious southern gesticulation with an interest that gradually becomes intense as she sees its

remendous effect upon his hearers. tremendous effect upon his hearers.

The peasants who have been laughing and jabbering to each other in their excitable Latin way, become suddenly silent, then look very sad; and, as he goeson, some of the girls and women cry. Danella has a sneer upon his lips when the young man commences, but it changes to a smile of triumpal.

Marina looks at the orator for a moment in haughty surprise—a great blush covering her face—then, the red becomes white; she hangs her head as if she could not look this man, who is speaking to her, in the face; her hands involuntarily clench them selves, her limbs tremble, and her heart beats as if torn by some mighty emotion.

At this the yearng man makes a little pause; then takes a stride that brings him

straight before her; and, catching her eye, cries one short sentence, his voice ringing out in native patois like a clarion—his eyes flaming with excitement.

The effect is electrical; the crowd give a

wild scream that Enid thinks is more that of rage and hate than that of applause; and Marins sinks back with a plaintive cry upon the breast of Tomasso, who stands behind his young mistress, and strives to comfort her in his old-fashioned way but with a very wicked look on his mediæval face. 'What did he say to Marina?" whispers

"Yes, but what made her so agitated?"
"Oh—ah, well we are a primitive race, not yet r fined; and in fact—you remember what I said to you yesterday, Mademo-iselle Enid, about your old fashioned novel-ist—his speech had a flavor of the grand

"Oh! a farewell to home! An old Cors-

Enid to the Count.

getting red in the face.

Musso leaves her, and taking the orator aside seizes his hand, and says, giving him a warm grip, "Bernardo, your address on the idea I suggested to you was a marvel of leaveners as you at here to hear your to be a some day I have to hear your to hear you was a marvel of hear your to hear yo eloquence—some day I hope to hear you at Paris as a Corsican deputy in the Corps

In truth, Signor Bernardo Salectei had seen a great chance in this matter to make a sensation; and, like most untutored, genial, candid young speakers, he has done so with a vengeance. The substance of these last words being nearly as follows, minus the beautiful soft southern patois that made half their romance.

"Marina, when you are gone, none of your loved race will be left to us, save the body of your dead brother, whom we will not bury, until he is avenged. I, standing in his place, speak for him. They tell me that you, his sister, have forgotten his wrongs. Antonio's spirit cries through me. 'It is a lie! Marina marries into the nation that have slain me, that one day she may get within dagger's reach of my assassin. In that hope, we kiss your hand and do you honor, daughter of the Paolis."

The effect of this upon the girl's mind is terrible. Though she forces herself to become calm again, all through that day, whenever Corsican men do her homage or Corsican girls kiss her hand or look kindly on her, or make her any compliment common on such occasions to a bride, she thinks, "They do this, not because I wed, but because they hope some day I will

After a little, the Count distributes among the villagers gifts of money as a souvenir for the commune, and whispering to Marina, "Anstruther will be impatient for you," places the bride in her saddle; the same office being done for Enid by young Signor Bernardo, who struts proudly about feeling that he has distinguished himself, and unmindful of the scornful glance the English beauty gives him, for Miss Anstruther has not forgiven him the address a la Smollet she supposes he has made to the

The wedding procession is soon formed in ancient Corsican style; a spinning-wheel made gay with flowers and ribbons, the emblem of a fruitful marriage, being borne before the bride; and with great firing of guns from the men, and throwing of rice, flowers, fruits and wheaten spears from the women, they go off on the dusty road, along the little village street, under a great arch of evergreens, brightened with flowers and festooned with gaudy ribbons. And so with mandolins thumbing at their head they finally come up to the avenue of olive trees that brings them to the Count's great house on the hill-side, where a number of country magnates are gathered with the bride

Unmindful of local etiquette, which in this island sentences the bridegroom to be bashful, Anstruther, the moment he sees Marina, springs down the steps and seizing her in his arms kisses her before the concourse and calls her his wife so tenderly, that the girl forgets everything in her hap-piness at the thought that now they need

part no more. Then he stands by her side, his simple English naval uniform in marked contrast to the picturesque native costumes about him, every now and then saying a merry word to Enid or Marina as the usual speeches are made; the Count demanding, in their quaint ancient way, of the bridesman: If he and his companions are the accepted escort of the gentle lady that they bring with them to his house.

Signer Bernardo, answering for himself and his following, declares that they are friends of the beautiful Marina, and have scorted her from affection to present her as the flower of Bocognano to a noble English gentleman as his spouse; and that they are all good and true men, and no enemies, as they fire their guns with no bullets in

The Count being fully persuaded that they are not bandits, invites Bernardo and his companions to the wedding festivities; and after this the whole concourse go to the little stone chapel in the hamlet, where Marina Paoli becomes the wife of Edwin Anstruther, promising to love him and do him honor, after the ritual of the Holy

Roman Church. A great joy is in the girl's eyes; within her heart the supreme happiness of true love hallowed by honorable marriage with

the object of her passio As Gerard takes her in his arms for the first time as his wife, Danella staggers out of the church, and wiping the damp of agony from his brow, mutters to himself, "Thank God, a man's heart can break but ence." A moment after he raises his face with a smile of cynical triumph upon it, and cries, "Apres la noce !" for he sees before him rise up the vision of a supreme vengeance upon this man and woman who make him suffer.

Outside, under the shade of some olive trees, the music of the happy but selemn Benedicte floating round him from the open doors and windows of the church, sits old Temasso a picture of despair.

"She has gone from us—Marina is now English," he mutters to the Count. "Her name is no more Paoli," said Danella. "Tomasso, to-night, when the guests leave us come to me, I have an honor for you; you shall arrange the bridal cham-

The old man answers this with a nod of his head; he cannot speak, being choked by sobs, the tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks, for he regards the wedding, by which his young mistress becomes a compatrict with the accursed being who has slain her brother and his foster-son, as

a funeral of their family honor.
"Come!" cries Danella. "Come in and
kiss your new master's hand, Tomasso!" "Maladiota !" murmurs the old retainer. but he does as he is told and does homage to both buide and groom; though there is a marl on his face, for he is still a blood-hound under lash and whip, and as yet has

not seen his prey.

"Musso, you haven't' kissed the bride!"

cries Anstruther, booking very tenderly at
the blushing creature who is chinging to his

"All in good time," says the Count mer-rily; "I never fail to collect my fees from beauty," and he goes up and salutes Marina quite ardently, though she wonders why his lips are like ice, and starts as she feels two burning teams fail upon her cheeks. But for all that Musso Danella does not

being nushed, with much drinking of wine, and speeches of congratulation and joyous laughter—Musso's laugh being loudest of them all—the ball begins, at which the youths and maidens perform the tarantella, marsiliana and other national dances, to the

music of the mandoline and citera. Then, just after the evening has grown dark, the guests with many little peculiar Corsican customs wish the bridal couple good luck and happy union, and depart along the hill-paths and through the clive and chestnut woods to their homes, as the

fires of good omen are lighted on the summits of the neighboring mountains.

Looking at this, Miss Anstruther says to her brother, "To-day has been to be like a

Roman carnival." "Theatrical, wasn't it!" replied Edwin.
"But I've got her—she is mine—and that's enough for my earthly happiness," and he gives a very proud and a very fond glance at Marina, who, at a little distance from him, on the great portico that fronts the house, is holding consultation with Danella. "Oh! the wretch! cries Miss Anstruther, 'However, since you like romantic effects, Enid, we'll have all the yokels at Beach wood dressed up as American cowboys and backwoodsmen to follow Mr. Barnes and you to church mext month, in dear old Hampshire; and may you be as happy and fortunate as I."

"Fancy Diggs, the sexton's astonishment at cowboys coming up the aisle, "daughs Miss Anstruther. "Your idea is worthy of con-

Here Marina turns from the Count with a pleased smile on her face, crying, "Musso, you remember everything," and coming to her husband says, "Gerard, a favor!"

"The first one you have asked me, as—"
"As the lord of my life. Is it granted,
Luce di esistenza mia?" giving him a pretty
Italian love name and a little laugh at the same moment.

"Very well. This morning I was thinking so much about you I forgot to give this to my old servants at my home." up a little purse filled with gold. "Mon-sieur Danella, who is aiways thoughtful, suggests that you, my Gerard, ride down this evening and in my name present it to them. As their new master it is an act that will endear you to them." "All right. To-morrow, darling," says

"To-morrow! Have you forgotten the excursion with your bride to the forest of Vizzavona ?" cries the Count, coming to

"It will be more appropriate to-night Gerard, and I want them to love you. Don't be afraid, when you return I will not have fled from you—Mi adorato!" says the bride with a bashful but longing look in her

"Here is your horse I've ordered brought round for you. My steward will accompany you; he knows the way, and also how much should be given to each of Marina's household," continues the Count rapidly and earnestly. Then he draws Edwin a little aside; and goes on with a peculiar ring in the voice, "I have placed the left wing of my house at the disposal of you and your bride-when you return, may you be happy. Don't forget Danella's wish was,

may you be happy."
"God bless you, Musso, for all you have done for me!" cries Edwin seizing his hand and giving it a hearty grasp; but after drawing his fingers from Danella's he finds them cold and clammy from the moisture of intense nervous agitation that covers the

"Don't thank me!--I beg you, do not thank me!" mutters Musso; and he murmurs to himself as he watches Edwin ride down the olive tree avenue-you are a nice boy. What a cursed pity. But nice boys musn't break Musso's heart-if they do. usso is a tiger." Then he cries aloud. 'Marina! How did you feel to-day when looking on the customs of your native land, when surrounded, as in other days, by Cor

"That I too was a Corsican," answers the bride proudly, a flash of light coming into her gleaming obs that makes them glow and glitter in the moonlight. Every ceremony, every little custom, the

native color he has given to this bridal of the girl, surrounded by the friends and playmates of her youth, amid the romance, staditions and scenery of her own dear island—all have been planned by Danella's eccult mind to produce one effect. What Enid likens to a Roman carnival, what Enid calls theatrical, inspires his bride with the great passions of her race, love of family and untiring vengeance for the wrongs of kindred. As Musso looks at her face in the moonlight, he knows that his object is attained; to-night Marina An-

struther is again a Corsican. The time is ripe. He walks into the house and says to Tomasso who awaits him, "You had better place your master's baggage in the apartment set aside for him," In doing this the old man carries in the valise marked "G. A.," that the Count has

looked upon with so much love. As Tomasso arranges the other articles belonging to Austruther in the rooms, Danella, attempting to place this value upon a bureau, by apparent accident, lets it drop upon the floor. It is old and weak, its fastenings give way and its contents fly out and scatter about the room.

"I am an awkward chap, old Tomasso, cries the Count. "Help me to pick up Monsieur Anstruther's valuables." Tomasso stoops to do so, but has not placed his hand upon more than one or two of the things when he pauses, starts, utters a horrible but suppressed cry, and gazes with a face quivering with intense emotion at what he holds in his hand. He springs up, sheves it before Danella's eyes and

mutters, "Tell me what this means?" "Not till I have read what this reveals to me," says Musso with a very grave face, gloating over a manuscript that he has ta-ken from the trunk. "My Heaven, if this

is true !" "You think it possible?" gasps Tomasso. "Wait !" "Keep your promise !"
"Wait!"

"Keep your promise you made me on the Virgin," hisses the Corsican. "I never break my word," returns the Count. "I once made covenant with you, my sturdy old hater, that when discovered

"To give to me the name of the accursed murderer of my foster-son—I see by your face you know it now." "Not to-night! To-night would be toe horrible !"

"Now ! or I will have your blood also ! snarls the old man in a menacing whisper.
"Listen!" says the Count, and in a low voice he begins to translate into Corsican the writing he has taken from the valise, and to produce certain articles from the trunk of Gerard Anstruther and to place them side by side with one or two things he selects from Marina's baggage, and as he does so, the eyes of old Tomasso, like a blood-hound that sees before him his prey,

grow red and shining.

As this is going on, the two girls sit on the portico looking at the shadows of the great mountains, made by the rising moon, that darken the white river of the Gravona which rushes between them to the tropical sea, and talk in low, happy voices of this day that has made one of them a bride. Enid, as she gazes on this scene filled with southern romance and thinks of the fete that to-day with its mediaval effects and color has carried her back to the feudal

ages, whispers, "To-night, I wonder is there an England? It seems so far away." "To-night, pray that we go there soon,"
cries Marina with an entreaty almost
piteous in her voice. "Pray that I stay
not here in my native land. Pray for your
brother's sake; pray that I stay not here."

[To be continued.] I WILL SELL

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