

OUTCAST OF MILAN

the finding of those dead bodies will make noise, and it is not impossible that the work may be traced to us; in which case our silence would weigh against us. I shall repair directly to the audience-chamber, while it is open to the public, and there make my statement. What think you?"

Michael might not have advised such a course; but now that his master had presented it, he thought it a good one. And Cinthia, too, finally came to look upon it in the same light. She had learned what had transpired, and her gratitude for Orlando's escape had partially overcome the disposition to fear.

"Certainly," she said, after due deliberation; "you must go. If you openly avow the truth, the duke will not dare to do you open harm; and as for his secret hate, I do not think that this event can increase it. In short, I do not believe that Manfred can have any greater disposition to harm you on account of this, than he has already had."

"You speak wisely," said Orlando; "and your voice has decided me. My course is plain, and I shall follow it, trusting in God for the triumph of right."

At a proper time our hero arrayed himself in full knightly costume, with the jeweled cross upon his breast, and the conqueror's scarf upon his shoulder, in which state he proceeded to the ducal palace. When he entered the audience chamber he found quite a crowd collected, and the duke was just questioning some of the guards concerning the death of Matteo and his companions. The event had created quite an excitement, though it was not the cause of much mourning.

"If Matteo has been slain, depend upon it, he deserved it," remarked a man who wore the garb of a merchant.

"Aye," responded another; "and we are well rid of a villain, too."

"You speak truly," added a third person. "I have heard it whispered—and I believe it true—that this same Matteo has been engaged with the robbers that infest the country, and that his uniform has been a cloak for many outrages."

Orlando heard all this, and he saw that the speakers were men of influence in society; and he observed, furthermore, that those who stood near, and had overheard the remarks, seemed to sympathize with them. This gave him new heart, and he approached the ducal chair with more confidence than he had before felt.

When Manfred first beheld our hero, his brow grew dark and scowling, and his frame quivered from head to foot; but when he saw how the people made way for the youth, and how they murmured their admiration of his noble bearing, he brought his feelings under control, and received the knight as was befitting to the rank.

"Ah, Sir Orlando," he said, struggling mightily to form his speech, "you have come just in season to hear news. Four of our ducal guards were killed last night upon the tilting ground."

"The event is not new to me, my lord," returned Orlando; "and it is to explain the affair that has called me here this morning."

"Ha," cried the duke, with a slight start; "if such be the case, I will give thee private audience."

"No, my lord. I prefer to speak publicly. The matter is one of public interest, and I would have the statement made in the presence of those who have already heard something of the event. I think such is the proper course."

However much Manfred may have wished to hush the voice of the knight, he dared not, after this, refuse to hear his statement before the audience; so, with as good grace as he could command, he directed him to proceed.

"My lord," said Orlando, speaking in a bold, frank tone, "thus it was. And thereupon he gave a full and particular account of his meeting with Matteo—of the unprovoked attempt of the huge bravo upon his life—of his slaying the wretch—of the subsequent attack by the three guardsmen who had been concealed behind the piling—of his killing one of them—of the opportunity of his friend, Michael Totilla—and of the final death of the other two assassins."

"Thus did it transpire, my lord; and I have taken this first opportunity to make the matter known to you, that you may pronounce upon it as in your wisdom you may determine."

Hugh de Castro moved to the duke's side, and whispered into his ear, but Manfred shook his head.

"It is not probable," said de Castro, aloud, "that our guardsmen would thus provoke a peaceable citizen without cause. There must be some mistake."

"It is most marvellous, added the duke. 'Aye,' responded Orlando, "you may well say that, my lord. But," he continued, casting his eyes around the chamber, "perhaps your highness has been deceived touching the character of this Matteo. May he not have been a villain? May he not have been a robber? May he not have been in the habit of using the authority of his office as a cloak for gross crimes?"

"Call for the evidence, and you shall have witnesses by the score!" said a voice in a distant part of the room.

Manfred sprang from his seat, with the fire of passion starting from every feature.

"Who speaks? Who dares to interrupt me?"

There was no answer to this; but as the duke cast his eyes over the multitude he could plainly see that the mass of those present were ready to echo the sentiment of the unknown speaker. And again he wrestled with himself, and gained the victory.

"Sir Orlando Vendorme," he said, with a slight hiss in his tone—"for he could not quite hide all feeling—"I must accept your version of this strange affair, because, by virtue of your knightly vows, you are subject to a higher tribunal should you perjure yourself. But, fair sir," he went on, "with a softening manner, 'I do not doubt your statements; and I thank you for your promptness in giving me information.'"

"Is my presence required further?" inquired the youth.

"No. We would be glad to confer with you on other subjects, but other business is upon our hands, and time presses."

With a low bow Orlando withdrew, and as he passed from the chamber, a large number followed him out into the court, some to greet him on the score of old acquaintance, and some to gaze upon him who had overcome the prince and the captain in the joust, and slain the giant Matteo in a hand-to-hand encounter.

Manfred seemed to have little heart for the dispatch of business after Vendorme had gone; and as soon as possible he cleared his docket, and left the audience-chamber, his captain following close upon his heels.

"By the blood of my heart," cried the duke, when he reached his closet, "what

be done now? Hath this fellow a name?"

"Hath had most marvellous fortune," said de Castro, smiting himself with vexation.

But the end is not yet. And yet I would the end of this upstart, my captain."

"You shall see it, my lord."

"But how?" thought when Matteo was taken to the work, that he had him most dearly.

"No did I; but we were mistaken. How his lease of liberty is not long."

"Mark me, de Castro; our own safety may depend upon a speedy removal of this Vendorme."

"How can that be, my lord?"

"I don't know. I can only assure you that I feel it. Did you not mark how the crowd stood by him? how they gloried in his deeds? and how they followed him from the chamber? I dare not trust such inflammable material with my people. These illnesses are a passionate set, and ripe for mischief. And, my captain, I do not trust such to their love for me."

"True, my lord."

"Nor in their love for you, either, de Castro."

"True again, your highness. I know them as well as you do."

"And do you not believe that they would glory in following such a champion as this Orlando Vendorme, if they should once fall into his lead?"

"By my soul, I do."

"And," pursued the duke, "his knight-hood would give him good character for such leadership."

"You speak my own thoughts, my lord."

"Then we must have him. We have failed once—"

"But," interrupted de Castro, smiting his fists together, "we will not fail again! I have a plan, safe and sure."

"Mind you," said Manfred, "there must be no noise—no outward sign; for I know that the youth hath powerful friends."

"Rest easy, my lord. I have it in my mind, and the execution shall be swift and secret. There shall be no second escape. The upstart shall disappear as quietly as the sun goes down at the close of day."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF A DARK JOURNEY.

Orlando Vendorme returned to his shop, where he found Michael and his wife extremely anxious.

"Not wholly on your account have I worried," said Cinthia, after our hero had taken a seat. "My husband is somewhat implicated, and I have feared for him."

"You need fear no more," returned Orlando. "The duke has heard the whole truth, and he has dismissed the case. If there is danger beyond this, there must be another pretext for it."

"For myself," remarked Michael, "I have no idea that Manfred will cherish vengeance, but for you I have not the assurance."

"I understand you," said Orlando, "and I am prepared to have a care for myself. I know that the duke hates me, and I know that the prince hates me, and I know that Hugo de Castro hates me, and I know that I have become convinced that they will try to remove me from their way. Why they should feel thus—why they should regard me with such deadly hatred—I cannot understand."

"I can understand it," said Cinthia. "I think it all very plain."

"The duke and the prince have not forgotten that Rosabel of Bergamo loves you."

"Both the men regarded her curiously."

"I think she is well cured of that folly by this time," said Orlando.

"No," returned Cinthia, who did not like to have her ideas disputed further, "of a true woman is not so easily turned from her object. I can read her heart as plainly as though it beat in my own bosom. I know that her affections did once become fixed on you, and I do not think that your subsequent misfortunes have weakened the emotion. What is the inducement presented to her to turn from you? It is the prospect of marriage with the brutal Ludovico. Merciful Heaven! what a choice is that! Do you think that her emotion when she bestowed the conqueror's scarf upon you was without meaning? I tell you, Orlando Vendorme, the duke and the prince have reason to fear you. I can see it. I know where the trouble is. The castle of Bergamo, with its belongings, is the prize, and they cannot afford to lose it."

"Never mind," interposed Michael, with an impatient gesture; "let that be as it may, of one thing we are assured: There is danger, and our friend must keep clear of it."

"You speak truly," said Orlando, "and I have resolved upon my course. I shall finish the shirt of mail for that young lord of Hartburg as soon as I can, and then I shall quit Milan forever." He spoke sadly, and with his hand pressed upon his bosom, a few moments he raised his head, and added:

"And while I remain here, I shall keep myself within the old house. There is nothing to call me forth, and I shall finish my work more speedily. I think that will be the safest course."

"Aye," cried Michael, "the safest by far. Adhere to that, and there can be no danger. And—perhaps—when you leave Milan, you will allow me to go with you."

"We'll see about that, Michael."

"I am in earnest, my master."

"Very well—we'll see. And now I think it is time we had dinner—oh, Cinthia?"

After dinner Orlando put on his working garb and took his place at the bench, where he worked rapidly until late into the night. On the following morning he came down, and found Cinthia alone in the kitchen. He crossed the room several times, and twice he moved as though he would go towards the shop, but he did not do so. Finally he stopped near to where the housewife stood.

"Cinthia," he said, with a hesitation that betrayed his emotion, "you spoke yesterday of the princess Rosabel. You said that she loved me. Have you seen her since I was banished from the city?"

"Goodness me!" cried the little woman, "what a question. Where should I have seen her?"

"I did not know."

"Ah, my brother, I am sorry I spoke as I did. I did not think, when I introduced the subject of the princess, that you cherished anything like love for her."

"And did you think that the love of a true man could not be constant?" returned Orlando, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"Forgive me, my brother! O, forgive me! I did not think what I was saying. I did not know as you ever gave your heart to the princess."

"Aye, Cinthia—mad as it may have been, I did give her my heart, and I allowed myself to dream of her as a prize to be won."

"How could you hope to win her?"

"She would have solved the problem herself, if the duke had not interfered."

"I know," said Cinthia, "but you cannot

hope for that opportunity again."

"I know not why," returned Orlando, with more boldness. "If she was willing to flee with me when I was but a humble artisan, why should she not be willing to do it now that I am elevated to the order of knighthood?"

"But she was driven to desperation then."

"How?"

"By prospect of marriage with a man whom she despised."

"And has she not the same prospect before her now?"

"Ah, my brother, you must not let your thoughts run in that channel. It is dangerous. If it does not bring destruction upon you, it will ruin your peace of mind. Let the princess wed in her legitimate sphere, and do you look in another direction."

Orlando was about to reply, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Michael, and so the conversation dropped.

The shirt of mail progressed rapidly, and the workmen believed they were producing a piece of armor which could not be excelled. The body of the garment was finished, and the shoulder-pieces attached, and it was then put to the test. The finest tempered blade made no impression upon it, and it turned the point of a lance surely.

It was late at night, and Michael proposed that they should suspend their labors and retire.

"I cannot go yet," said Orlando. "I must attach this arm-piece. But you can go. Go, Michael, and leave me here. It will not take me a great while."

Michael Totilla hesitated but finally he replied:

"If you wish to work here alone, I suppose there can be no harm in my retiring; though, to tell you the truth, Orlando, I would rather that you should leave the task until morning. You have done enough for one day. Come, let us go."

"No—not now. If you think there can be danger, you will cause me to laugh at you. The doors are secured, and the windows closed."

Without further remonstrance Michael bid his companion good-night, and left the shop.

Orlando worked away upon the subtle meshes for half an hour or more after he had been left alone, and then he leaned back from his bench, and murmured to himself of one who occupied a deep place in his thoughts. He was thus engaged when he fancied that he heard a light rap upon the door that opened into the street. He listened, and in a few moments the sound was repeated. It was a rap—there could be no mistake. He arose and moved cautiously to the door, where the rap came again. It was a low and careful, and seemed too delicate for the summons of a man. He reflected a moment, and resolved that he would at least find out who was there. He asked the question, and the answer he received was a request for him to open the door.

Surely it was a female voice that spoke.

"Who is it?" he repeated. "I cannot open my doors at this hour to a stranger."

"I cannot give my name here," replied the applicant. "If my voice is not a sufficient passport, I must go away as I came, I am alone, and must not be seen by curious eyes. Will you not open to me?"

Orlando did not think of danger now. Aye—that voice was a passport to his confidence—not that he had ever heard it before, but simply because it was the voice of a female, and without further question he unbarred the door, and drew it open. A woman entered, and as she did so bade him close the door as quickly as possible.

"I must not be seen," she said, "or there may be danger to one who is already in danger closed."

Our hero closed and barred the door as he had been requested, and then turned towards his strange visitor. She was enveloped in a large cloak of dark cloth, which completely covered her head and concealed her face.

"Lady, your wish has been obeyed," announced Orlando, as he approached the spot where she stood near his bench.

"I think I speak with Orlando Vendorme."

"Are you alone?"

"Only you and myself are present; and I think there are none others stirring beneath this roof. Now, lady, may I know who and what you are?"

The visitor threw her cloak back from her head and shoulders, revealing a pair of sparkling black eyes, and a very pretty young face. She was not bewitching, nor was she beautiful; but she was fair and intelligent, and better looking than the majority of females of her age. And when she spoke she exhibited a set of pearly teeth, and a curious smile played around the little dimples in her cheeks and chin. In short, that was just such a being as the princesses and maidens of the Orient used to send on secret missions of love.

"Sir knight," spoke the girl, a little unasily, "I have come on a mission from one whom you will not disobey. Do you remember Rosabel of Bergamo?"

"Yes," replied Orlando, quickly. "I remember her as one who can never be forgotten."

"Would you obey a message from her?"

"If I had assurance that it came from her I would obey it, though mortal danger stood in the way."

"You speak as my mistress hoped you would speak, sir knight; and I think I may deliver her message. Ever since you were banished she has been threatened with the hateful prospect of giving her hand to Ludovico; and thus far she has escaped by such means as were in her power. A part of the time she was really sick, as you may have heard; but her excuses will avail her no longer. She must have help, or her doom is sealed. In this great need, fair sir, she calls upon you. Will you help her?"

"Aye, with my very life, if need be," cried Orlando, with soul-sent energy. "Point out to me the way in which it can be done, and I am at your service."

"The princess herself must tell you that," said the messenger, with another of those peculiar smiles; but the smile died out in a very few seconds, and again she showed signs of uneasiness.

"Lady," returned our hero, laying his hand upon his bosom, "I am at your service in behalf of the Princess Rosabel. And I say this without hope of reward other than that which must come to me through the knowledge that I have rendered needed assistance to one so lovely and deserving. My life is hers, and to her welfare is it devoted."

"Then you will go with me to the palace, sir."

"Did the princess send you on such an errand?"

"Yes. If you were willing to come, and would not betray her, she would see you as

soon as possible. This is the third night, I have watched for you, and if another day finds my mistress without me, it may be too late. She is very anxious."

"I will go with you."

"But you must not be recognized in the street. I can find a safe entrance to the palace; but we may meet some one on the way who might know the champion knight and that would be dangerous."

"The caution is a proper one, lady; and I will be with you in a moment sufficiently disguised. Will you wait here?"

The messenger answered in the affirmative and Orlando retired to an adjacent room, where he buckled on his sword, and threw a long cloak over his shoulders. He stepped as lightly as possible, for he did not wish to arouse Michael or his wife; and this thought to his mind, ought he to leave without letting them know something of his absence? When he returned to the shop, he asked the girl if the business in hand would be likely to detain him beyond the night.

"I do not know," she replied. "But why do you ask?"

"I was thinking," said Orlando, "that I ought not to leave my friends in suspense. If they arise in the morning and find me gone, they will be very uneasy."

"Indeed, fair sir, you forget the first stipulation. A message left for these people touching your absence might lead to the betrayal of your presence with the princess. No, no, if you go with me, you must leave no sign behind. But, sir, you are not urged. If you have one thought of hesitation, the princess would not have you come."

"I have no thought of hesitation," cried our hero, emphatically. "I am ready to follow you; or shall I lead the way?"

"You had better allow me to lead," said the messenger; "as I shall take a way which will be most likely to lead us to the palace unobserved."

"All right. Lead on."

The girl passed out from the shop, and when Orlando had followed her he stopped and locked the door behind him, leaving the key in the lock. He did this because he thought that Michael, when he found the key thus in the morning, would know that he had gone out of his own free will.

"Now," said the girl, drawing her own cloak over her head, "let us hurry on. Cover your head."

The youthful knight did as directed, and followed on without speaking, his guide leading by a quiet, unlighted way, where few people traveled in the night. They reached the palace by a small postern to which the girl had a key; and having traversed a wide court, they came to a porch, the door of which opened to the touch. Beyond this was a vaulted passage, so dark that the eye was of no use.

"Give me your hand," said the girl. "I know the way, and will lead you carefully. A light might betray us."

This seemed all right to our hero, and he followed on without hesitation. They walked slowly in utter darkness—walked on for some distance—and finally began to descend. At the foot of a flight of stone steps they came to a place where there seemed to be a door, and beyond this the atmosphere was damp and chill, like a deep, cold cellar.

"Do you hesitate?" asked the fair guide.

"No," replied Orlando; "I do not hesitate; but I was wondering why we took so strange a course."

"If you knew the secrets of this great old palace," said the girl, "you would not wonder at all. If we reach the apartments of the princess without being seen by the guard, we must go lower still. Since the new wing was built, where the duke now abides, the old apartments of state have been given up to the women; and it so happened that Rosabel occupies the rooms formerly appropriated to the use of the chamberlain, and which were directly over, and in communication with, the dungeons. Unbeknownst to the duke, Rosabel has gained possession of the keys of these deep recesses, and if she leaves the palace to-night, she will come this way."

This speech reassured the knight, and without further question he followed on. Very slowly did the girl grope her way, with one hand upon the wall; and at length there was another descent. This time the stairs wound around in a complete circle, and at the foot they found the air colder and more damp.

"It is not much farther," said the guide. "In a little while we will find light. Step carefully—carefully. There—if you will stop here, I will bring a lamp. We are beyond the walk of the sentinels."

"Hark!"

"What do you hear?"

"I thought I heard a step close at hand."

"It was but your fancy, sir."

"Why do you tremble so?"

"I have been excited. This is strange business for me. I have not the nerves of a man. Will you wait here, sir?"

Orlando said he would wait; and yet he did not like the feelings that were beginning to force themselves upon him. It was a very strange way of passage to the apartments of the princess; and then he was sure that he had heard a heavy step close at hand, as though some one had stumbled. And, furthermore, what made the girl tremble so? If she was used to the passage, and was faithfully serving her beautiful mistress, why should she be so strangely moved? But it was too late now to retract his steps, or to call for an explanation, for the damsel had gone, and he was alone.

"Hark! What sound was that?"

A low harsh creaking, as of the grating of rusty hinges!

"And that? What is it?"

The clung of a door, and the rattle of bolts and chains!

Orlando Vendorme starts forward with a wild movement; but he is too late. He is shut up by walls of stone, and an iron door is closed upon him! He hears a sound as of the shuffling of feet, and the murmur of voices; and then all is still as death, and dark as the grave, and there is no passage beyond. He cries out for help,—he asks why this foul thing is done; but only the dull, dismal echo of his own voice comes back in answer!

CHAPTER IX.

FAILING.

The duke of Milan arose in the morning, and when he entered his closet he found Hugh de Castro there; and at the same time the prince Ludovico came in by another door.

"Ah, my captain," cried Manfred, "I see you seem stamped upon thy face. There has been no miscarriage this time?"

"No, my lord."

"What," exclaimed the prince, starting forward, and for the first time since the tournament, moving without any show of lameness, "is the dog dead?"

"Not dead," returned de Castro; "but he is safe within our power."

"No, no," cried Ludovico; "he is not safe for us while he is alive."

He is where he can very easily be disposed of," remarked the captain, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Stop a moment," said the duke, putting out his hand to his son, who was upon the point of speaking again. "Let me have the captain's report. Now de Castro, what have you done?"

"My lord," was the reply, "I have seen Orlando Vendorme lodged in the deepest dungeon of the old palace. He is in the place where Marmorio died; where Sforza died; where Deletti died; and where the life of even the great Yusuf wore itself away. He is down in that rock-bound pit, and the door of triple iron is bolted upon him."

"Did you put him there, de Castro?"

"I closed the door upon him, my lord."

"Then there are others, beside ourselves, who know his whereabouts?"

"One other, your highness."

"Only one?"

"That is all."

"Who is it?"

"My lord, a lowly person, of my own household, did the work for me; and it was done upon the express condition that the name of the door should never pass my lips in connection with the deed. It has been a reason for this. When the fellow was found alone—he was led away from his shop in the dead of night, following of his own free will, and lodged in the deep dungeon without being seen by other eyes than those engaged in the work."

"But how did he follow so willingly?"

"The name of the princess of Bergamo was used, my lord."

"Ha—and he fancied that he was being led to her chamber, did he?" cried Ludovico.

"Exactly," replied de Castro.

"Good!" said the duke. "And, my captain, since your work has been so faithfully executed, I will not ask for the name of your agent."

"And now," asked the prince, eagerly, "how is the dog to be despatched?"

"He is despatched already," replied Manfred.

"What—is he killed?"

"No, my son; there is no need of that. He is where mortal eye can never see him alive again, and there let him rot! I have a reason for this. When the fellow is missed, there will be much inquiry from his quarters. When it does come, I must be able to swear that the knight has suffered no injury at my hands. I shall take that fearful oath, which no knight has yet dared to break, that, to my knowledge, no hair of Orlando Vendorme's head has been harmed. My word, given thus, cannot be doubted; and so we shall escape the accusation."

"His highness is right," said de Castro, addressing the prince. "It had better be so."

A little reflection convinced Ludovico that his father had adopted the proper course; and without further opposition he gave in. But he did not wear a pleasant look as he thus assented. He was not wholly satisfied. His feelings of enmity towards the prisoner were deeper than those entertained by his father. Vendorme had overcome him in the list, and exposed him to the ridicule of the multitude; but that was as nothing compared with the other cause of hatred he had. Orlando Vendorme had touched him in a deeper, tenderer spot. Upon the outcast the princess had lavished her affections—the maiden who was to become his wife hated him, and loved the armorer. He was willing that Vendorme should die in his dungeon; but he wanted some keener sense of triumph than he had yet experienced. He wanted to gloat over his fallen rival.

"I think," said the duke, "that this matter is finished."

"Safety and surely," responded de Castro. "And what says my son?"

"Let the dog rot in his dungeon!" And as the prince thus spoke he strode from the apartment.

Orlando Vendorme when he found that there was no way of egress from his prison, took some little pains to discover the exact character of the place. That the dungeon was very deep below the surface of the earth was evident from the chill and heavy dampness of the air; and that the walls were thick and solid he knew from the echo when he stepped. Four paces measured the distance across the dungeon in one direction, and six paces in the other. There was no bed—no stool—even the projection of a rock, upon which he could recline; so, when he sought to rest his weary limbs, he sank down upon the damp, cold pavement, and leaned against the wall. In this condition he slept. When he awoke, he fancied that the night must have passed; but there was no light in his prison. He arose and groped around awhile, and sat down again. An hour—another hour—and another passed, and yet no light came to him. Did daylight ever reach that place?

"No, no," he murmured to himself, "the sun never looks into this depth. It must be far into the day, for I know that I have been here many hours. Will they not bring me food? I am hungry, and my throat is parched. Hark!"

He heard a footstep approaching and he arose to his feet. Pretty soon there was a grating sound close at hand, and directly a stream of light struggled into the place. The prisoner looked, and he was able to discover that a little wicket had been opened in the door—a wicket not larger than a man's hand, and even at that guarded by a bar.

"Orlando Vendorme!" pronounced a voice.

"I am here," answered our hero, moving towards the door.

"Ha, ha, ha; you are there, are you?"

It was the voice of the prince Ludovico. The first speech had been so strangely echoed by the solid walls that it had not been recognized.

"How do you find yourself, sir knight of the silver cross?"

"What mean you?" demanded Orlando, coming close to the wicket, which was very near on a level with his face. "If I mistake not, you are Ludovico of Milan."

"Aye, sir—I am; and I have come to bid you farewell!"

How those words struck into Vendorme's soul! Their meaning was too apparent. And yet he could not give credit to the evidence.

"How, my lord? Do you say farewell?"

"Why do you say farewell? Are you going away?"

"Yes. I am going away from this place. Ho, ho—you are a dweller in the palace, sir knight; and you are highly honored, too. Few men are so fortunate as you. Even the

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Blizzard in Manitoba. Winnipeg, April 28.—A blizzard turned out to be a very experienced in the "Times" say they never half so bad in their life. It was intense, and their heads. People were walking, and traffic had to be stopped. Terrible havoc was done. Telegraph and telephone lines were down. C.P.R. telegraph service. Reports from the north that both poles and the prairie and Br. engines on incoming. The storm was expected as Calgary, but gath. came east, and raged between the western cities to move from coast to coast. The few who attempt to travel were nearly blown down. The wires were carried stretches of country. At Redoubt here, Mr. Frank young blacksmith, in the yard from