CHAPTER XVI.

COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD.

Vendorme's first thought, as soon as he was composed enough to think, was of the stranger who had been taken into the cave. Through his agency the enemy had come and borne the princess away. With swift movements he donned his outer clothing, and buckled on his sword; and then, having lighted the lantern which Marco had left, he made his way from the cave. For some distance he followed the path by which he had been led on his ascent, and at length he reached a point where a bed of soft sand had been washed across the way. He stop- Rosabel's fate is sealed. By heaven, ped here and examined the tracks-some of them were fresh, and upon these he bestowed particular attention. He found footpersons over the sand-two of them were delicate prints, made by the feet of a woman ; and all had gone down the mountain. his steps upon finding himself in places planned. where all forward movement was cut off.

At length it was evident that he had lost his way. He went back a piece, and bepush on down the declivity; believing that he must come out at the foot of the mountain at some time. It was a severe task, but he kept persistently on. Over rocks; through thick masses of tangled vine; down steep gorges; sometimes forced to back out from impassable chasms; and often stumblentered; and enveloped in a darkness as Milan!" black and impenetrable as the closed tomb. Many times he tried to make his way out, and as many times did he fail. In the end he was forced to give up, and throw himself upon the hard rocks for rest. When daylight came he arose, and finally succeeded in freeing himself from the trap; and after laboring an hour longer he reached the foot of the mountain, and soon afterwards gained the river. He was nearly opposite the village, and not far from where he stood was a small boat. He gained this, and upon reaching the opposite bank the first person he met was Marco Pazzoli.

"In heaven's name," cried the hunter, as soon as he was sure that his eyes did not deceive him, "what does this mean? Are you Orlando Vendorme ?"

"In truth I am.

"Good sir knight, you are mad !" "By saint Paul, you speak the truth, Marco. I am mad. Enough has happened to drive angels to madness. The princess of Bergamo is lost?"

"What! Dead!" "No. She has been snatched away from the cavern. They came last night, while I slept, and dragged her off. I heard the noise; but before I could follow they were beyond my reach. I started in pursuit and lost my way, and here I am. O, Marco, have you not seen them? Have you not

heard something?" "In the name of wonder," gasped the hunter, seeming almost inclined to believe that the knight was crazy, "how could it have happened? Who could have found the

"Ah, Marco, there is the trouble. You did not know it when you went away yesterday; and I did not know it until after you were gone. The girls conveyed a stranger into the cavern. Hold. Let me tell you how it was."

And thereupon Orlando related, in as few words as possible, the story which Rosabel had told to him concerning the unfortunate hunter; and concluded by relating more particularly the events of the past

can talk while you rest.'

skirts of the village, and when they reached it, Marco led the way to an apartment where they could be alone, and where refreshment was soon provided. "Did Rosabel give you any description of

the man whom she took into the cave ?" asked the host, while our hero was eating. "Yes," replied Vendorme. "He was a

small, light-framed man; of middle age; hair; and habited in a garb of chamois skin." "Ah-I know the fellow well," said Mar-

have been seen hovering around the village; be of service to you. they have been scouring the country beyond into their hands. The spy could never have | the saddle. found the cave but for that wonderful accident. It is very bad. "It is terrible !" cried Vendorme, smit-

ing his fist upon his bosom. "But I must not remain here idle.' "What would you do, sir knight?"

"Give pursuit to the villains.

"Do you think it possible to overcome them as you are now?" "That is not the question of a brave man."

you trust thus much to me?"

"You will not be long?"

"No. I have a fleet horse." "Then go."

"But you will remain here."

"Yes-I will wait a reasonable time." The hunter went away, and for two hours Orlando was alone in the cot. He was becoming almost tired of the task, and was pacing nervously to and fro across the narrow apartment, when his host returned.

"What news?" "First," said Marco, taking a seat as he you think it possible that the Duke of Mil- mons: an could engage the robbers to assist him?" "Why not?" returned Orlando. "These too."

robbers will work for anybody who will pay

"Ah, but you misunderstand me. I know the robbers would work for him; but would he engage them? Would Manfred of Milan give his work into the hands of outlaws?"

"Oho-you don't know the villainous tyrant if you ask such a question. I believe these robbers have been in his employ, more or less, for years. I know that the captain

ot his guard has employed them. Ayeand I know more: I know that men have served in the ducal guard, and been members of the robber band at one and the same

"Then," said Marco, "I can tell you where the lady Rosabel has gone. A party of the robber knights, four in number, have borne her to Milan. They crossed the Saveso, just above Monzo, before daylight this morning. And of course," he added, after a pause, "the question of her whereabouts can no longer be an open one.".

"No," groaned Orlando, pressing his hands together. "It is as my worst fears pointed. What-what can we do ?" "Why not wait for the coming of the

Saxon?" suggested Marco. "But who knows when he will come? may wait here a week, and in that time should die ere that. I cannot do it. If I would live, I must act.'

"And what will you do, sir knight? It prints revealing the recent passage of six is not for me to dictate; nor do I know that I can properly advise. Gaspard came to me, and asked me to conduct you to a safe retreat, where you could remain until he re-With rapid strides the knight sprang over turned. I did as he wished; and I think the rocks where the way was remembered; you will admit that, but for an unforeseen but more than once he was forced to retrace | accident, all would have gone as I had

"Aye, Marco, I admit more than that," cried the knight, who was touched by his host's keen disappointment. "If all had he used his speech in begging for help. The came more involved than before. A little been done as you ordered, this thing might dead horse was resting upon his legs in such while he reflected, and then resolved to not have happened. The blame must rest a way as to give him most exquisite torture, upon me. I ought not to have left the fe- and he involuntarily groaned for assistance. males alone in the cave. But it is too late Three of the robbers pulled the horse away, to think of these things. I must go to while the other three stood ready to secure

commensurate with the risk you run?" ing and falling. At length he lost his lan- ing across the floor. "I can die in a true torturing weight had been removed from his tern; and after hours of toil he found him- cause. That is something. But I think I limbs, he had been rolled over upon his self in a situation where he gave up in de- can do more. I have friends in Milan. I breast, and his arms drawn up and lashed spair. He was shut in by towering cliffs; believe I can stir up a rebellion that shall behind him. In a little while afterwards, anable to find the path by which he had shake the ducal throne! Marco-I go to he was raised to a sitting posture, and asked

"But not now, sir. If you must go, had you not better wait until night? You upon his captors, and finally asked what should understand the reason for such a they meant.

its cover I will go. You will have a horse ready for me ?"

Vendorme; but he worried through the creeping hours as best he could, and when | for simple revenge. I know you better." the shadows of evening began to fall, he was anxious to be off.

Pazzoli, after they had eaten supper, "but there is danger in your way." "I know there is danger, and I am ready to meet it. I have lived in the midst of

danger for months. But if you have brought for me a fleet horse, I fear not." "I have procured one of the fleetest to be "That is enough; and now I am off.

Why do you hold on upon me?" "Sir Knight, I would have you fully appreciate the danger you are to meet. The robbers must be lying in wait for you; and now that the princess is found, they will have narrower limits for their search. If I

thought I could be of assistance to you, I would willingly go with you." "I thank you, Marco; but your company is not needed. It would be of no use.

Now let me go." The hunter still held on upon the knight's "Sir Orlando, I must say my say, even

though it offend you. I do not like to see you start off. A day can make no difference, and by another sun the Saxon may be

"What care I for the Saxon?" cried Vendorme, pulling himself away from the grasp of his host. "I have listened to him too much already. If I had not minded him I might have been-"Where?"

"Far from here at all events. But enough of that. I suppose the Saxon did robbers. The outlaws had been set upon "I tear," said Marco, after listening to what he thought was best, and I thank the track of the fugitives and a large re- word as though language were insufficient the account, "that the lady has fallen into him; but I do not choose to hang like a the hands of an enemy. But let us go to dependent upon him. I am off for Milan, my cot. It is not far away; and there we and my good sword shall insure me a path. Farewell, good Marco-and if we ever meet The hunter's dwelling was upon the out- again I will recount to you my adventures. "And," returned the hunter, with a du-

bious shake of the head, "if I am not greatly deceived, you will have adventures enough before you reach Milan. But need not warn you more. I can only pray that you may reach the city in safety. "Mine be the risk," said Vendorme, mov-

ing towards the door. As they reached the little door they were with a piercing black eye, and long, flowing met by Pazzoli's wife, who had a garment

in her hand. "I came near forgetting that," said co. "He is a spy of the robber band that | Marco; "for I had hoped that there might infest the mountains. And I may tell you be no occasion for it. Your doublet, sir now what I have not told you before: These | knight, is very conspicuous, and I have robbers have been searching for you. They | thought this peasant's frock and hat might

Orlando readily accepted the offer; and here; and some of their messengers have when he had pulled on the frock, and exbeen making inquiries of the peasants. It changed his plumed cap for the wide-rimis very plain that the lady Rosabel has fallen | med hat, he stepped out and was soon in

"Farewell, Marco." "God be with thee!" was the hunter's

Orlando left the village at an easy trot, fall, they concluded not to search for any and as soon as the country was open before him, he started his horse into a gallop. The night was not quite so dark as he could have wished. A moon, four days old, hung in the western heavens, and though fleecy clouds were sweeping over it, yet the light "But it is a proper question for a wise was very palpable. However, this seeming man, Sir Orlando- if you will pardon the trouble had its advantage-it rendered the freedom. But I have a better plan. If | road more plain, so that the rider could you will wait here, I will go out and make | dash on with less risk of stumbling. At inquiries; and if the princess has been taken | the end of an hour he struck into a deep towards Milan I can easily find it out. Will | wood which stretched along through a valley, and when he emerged from this he ascended a steep acclivity, at the brow of which he was brought up by half a dozen horsemen who had arranged themselves across the path. He would have dashed on past them, but his horse refused to go.

"Hallo! Who is this?" It was this call from one of the strangers that had led the knight's horse to stop, and an application of the spur only caused him to rear and plunge.

"Who are you?" When our hero found that his beast would spoke "you must answer me a question. Do not be urged on, he replied to the sum-"I am from Como, and I am in haste,

"And who are you when in Como?" "A poor peasant, as you may see." "A sharp spur you wear for a peasant."

"I arm my heels as I please, sirs. Will you let me pass?" At that moment the moon, which was close down upon the horizon, looked out from behind the flying clouds, and Orlando saw that his opponents were armed banditti. But the moon had not favored him alone

with clearer vision. The robbers, even, had the advantage, for while their backs were towards the gleaming orb, he was facing it. "Ha, ha, my master !" cried one of them.

"What now, villains?" "Sir Orlando Vendorme-we have been waiting for you !"

Our hero drew his sword, and as the robbers gathered ahout him he sought to defend himself : but his horse was not used to such work. The animal reared and plunged again, and refused to come near to the armed villains. Now, perhaps the restive beast might be urged forward, and make recompense by his speed for his shortcomings. Vendorme shortened the rein, and plied the spur: but he was doomed to disappointment, ; for one of the robbers, who had quietly dismounted, glided up and plunged a javelin deep behind the horse's shoulder. Our herosaw the act, and as his animal staggered under him, he sought to leap from the saddle. He cleared his right foot from the stirrup; but, unfortunately, the skirt of his peasant's frock had been pinned to the horse's side by the javelin, and when he left his seat he was dangling beneath the beast's belly!; and, in a moment more the animal fell, crushing him helpless upon the earth. "By the mass," cried one of the robbers,

"I didn't think we'd capture him so easily. "He's fast sure enough," responded an-

It was now Orlando's turn to speak, and the prisioner, which they did without much "Can you do anything, when once there, difficulty; for the youth was so racked with pain that he had no thought of resistance. "Yes-yes," exclaimed the knight, strid- In fact, before he fairly realized that the if he could stand.

"Not yet," he replied. He gazed around

"We mean enough !" returned the leader. "You are right, good Marco. I will "We haven't forgotten the kindly turn wait until the shadow falls again, and under you did us when we fell upon the Saxon knights! Have you forgotten that, my

"No-I remember it very well, but I do It was a long, tedious day for Orlando not believe that is all you have against me. You are not the men to take such trouble "By our lady you are right, Vendorme.

But enough of that. You are our prisoner, "A horse is ready for you," said Marco and you won't find it easy to escape us. We have been looking for you. We saw you cross the river this morning, and go into the village with Marco Pazzoli, and we believed you would start for Milan before the night was past. But my bold knight, we did not count upon so cheap a victory. We expected some hard knocks, and were prepared to sell one or two lives for the reward-"Speak on. What reward?"

"Never mind." "You have said enough," cried Vendorme

"I know very well who is your master." "Be careful and not know too much. And now, Sir Champion, if you think you can sit upon a horse, we'll be moving."

"You shall find that out in due time. Only let me say this; you'll fare best if you

The prisoner really had no choice otherwise, for his hands were secured behind him, and his legs were so weak from the strain they had received that he could scarcely stand. He was lifted upon the back of a horse, the owner of the animal walking by his side to hold him on, and thus led away by a narrow, dark path, into the wood.

CHAPTER XVII. PRAYER!

duke of Milan, through his captain, had, in | ward, whom he regarded for some little time his search for the princess, had recourse to the in silence. ward promised them in case of success. to express his feelings. "So you are back One of their number, named Juan Toletti, again. who acted in the capacity of a spy, had, by some means, become assured that the princ- no reply. She had determined upon the ess had taken refuge somewhere upon the course she would pursue, and she sought mountains, and, in the garb of a hunter, he | the strength that might enable her to bear made search in that direction. He had up. seen Marco Pazzoli ascend with provisions, and thus he gained a clue to the path, judging that the mountaineer must be carrying food to some one who dared not come down after it. With this clue he made his way up among the cliffs, and as he sat resting himself after a wearying tramp, he heard voices which seemed to sound from some point below him. He started up and moved forward, and while in the act of bending over a projecting point of rock he lost his hold and fell-fell, stunned and senseless, at the feet of the very lady of whom he was in search. How he was tak-

en into the cave and nursed, and how he left, we have already seen. As the spy made his way from the cavern, he was very careful to note the landmarks that should guide him on his return, and when he reached the foot of the mountain, he was not long in finding three of his companions, to whom he related what he had discovered. As it was then very near nightmore of their number, but ascend to the cavern and try their luck as they were. Toletti went ahead with a lantern and succeeded in retracing his steps to the cave, and when they reached the entrance they

stopped for consultation. "I know where the females sleep," said the spy, "for I noticed in which direction they went when they put away their garments, and I think if we are careful we can gag them, and get them away without noise. As for Vendorme, I suppose he is in the cave, but I know not if he has any male

After some deliberation it was decided that Vendorme should not be troubled if it could be avoided, as the two females might be as much of a capture as they could surely and safely make in that place.

As he had promised, Toletti led the way to the apartment where the girls slept, and by careful management they were so effectually smothered before they awoke, that they could give no immediate alarm, and thus were they borne away from the cavern, and led down the mountain, the gags being kept upon their mouths until they had got very Do you think you can escape this time?" near to the river, where horses were in waiting. As soon as Rosabel could speak she begged for mercy, but the robbers would not listen to her. One of the viliains, however, more bold than the rest, whispered into her ear that if she would go with him he would save her from the clutches of the duke. She turned eagerly towards him to find out what he meant. He meant that she should go with him and be his, and he was beginning to swear eternal fidelity and love, when she turned from him in disgust

and horror. She asked no more favors at the hands of the robbers, but suffered herself to be lifted to a saddle, in which condition she was borne away towards Milan, and early in the following day she was lodged in her own apartments in the ducal

palace, Hippolita still bearing her company. But the companions were not to remain long together. At noon a messenger came from Hugh de Castro and led Hippolita away, conducting her back to the dwelling of her master, where she was confined in a

close apartment, with an old black woman to keep watch over her. Towards evening de Castro came, and when he stood before her he struck her on the cheek with his

"Strike me again," she said, turning the ther cheek to him.

"Are you so fond of being struck?" asked er master. "Blows are what I expect sir," she re-

"And they are what you deserve. But tell me-how did you escape from the "I rode out upon a horse, sir."

"And Orlando Vendorme was with

"He was. "And you set him free from his dungeon?" " I did. "What induced you to do such a thing?"

"That I might make some atonement for grievous wrong which I had helped to do. When I led Vendorme to that dungeon, I did not dream of the horrible doom that awaited him. Had you told me that, no power could have induced me to help you. helped you ignorantly, but I was not ignorant when I helped the sufferer." "Upon my soul, girl, you are frank."

"I can afford to be so. "Then be as frank in answering me further. Where is Orlando Vendorme?

"I cannot tell you, sir." "You mean-you will not."

"Put it as you please." "Girl, if you do not answer me as I wish you shall rue it. Now tell me-where did

you leave Vendorme?" "Once for all, sir," replied the girl, with heroic calmness, "I will not speak one word which can put the safety of Orlando Vendorme in jeopardy. Where he is now I cannot tell you, for I do not know. But that I may not be misunderstood, I tell you frankly-it I did know, I would not tell you."

De Castro clenched his fist, and struck the girl to the floor.

"Lay there, insolent wench !" he muttered, "and when I come again you will learn to answer me with more propriety. I do not leave you now because you have conquered, but because I have not the time to waste with you." Thus speaking he left the room, closing and locking the door after him.

It was well into the evening, and Rosabel of Bergamo had slept several hours. She arose, and found a woman in attendance upon her. It was not one of her own women, but a servant whom the princess had seen at work in the garden. "Why are you here?" Rosabel asked,

when she recollected where she was, and what had traspired. "I am here to wait upon you," was the re-

ply, delivered in a rough, impudent way. "And I suppose you are also here to keep guard over me ?" "No. There are soldiers in the passage

who do that. But I can get supper for you, if you want it.' "I want nothing to eat. You may bring me some drink.

The woman brought the drink, and Rosabel then told her she might retire. "I cannot do it lady. I am ordered to remain in the room with you.

The princess was offended, but she had too much sense of pride to show any resentment, so she withdrew to a window which overlooked one of the gardens, and sat down. She had not been thus seated many minutes before the door was opened, and the duke made his appearance. The attendant was As the reader must already be aware, the dismissed and Manfred then turned to his

"Well," he at length said, biting off the

The princess bowed her head, and made

"Did you think to escape me, Rosabel? Answer me. "I hoped to escape, sir," she replied He was habited in the garb of a peasant,

looking up into his face. "And whither had you planned to go?" "Anywhere, so that I might be free from thy tyranny. "Ho, ho, you are there, are you. You

had no plan, I suppose! You had no lover with you !" "I had a friend with me, sir." "Yes, yes-and where did you leave that friend?"

"Where I hope he will be safe from the powers that are at work against him.' "Did you leave him in the place whence you were taken?"

"Send your robber minions back and le Manfred started angrily, and he seemed

ready to smite the maiden with his fist. "No, no," he said, "you shall not move me from my propriety. You are crazy, you are an idiot, you are a fool! But, my fair lady, let me tell you that men have been sent back after your gallant champion, and let me assure you that he will be taken, too, and when he is taken, he will be amply rewarded for the pains he has expended on your account. Perhaps you can imagine what the character of that reward will be.

A sense of faintness overcame the princess for a moment. She could understand what would be Vendorme's fate if he fell into the tyrant's power, and the thought was terrible. But she struggled up from the blow, and looked the duke once more in

"I know what your disposition is," she said: "and I can imagine all the threats you would make; so you can spare me the pain of hearing them.

"Very well. Enough, then, of Vendorme until I can tell you exactly what has become of him. And now to another matter. I propose to have you married as soon as possible. It should be done this very night, but for my own convenience I must put it off until the day after to-morrow, when you will give your hand to Ludovico. "Before God, the wife of Ludovico I

never will be!" Rosabel spoke slowly and emphatically. "The wife of Ludovico you must be," retorted the duke with equal emphasis.

"I have said my say, Duke of Milan; and you may now do your worst. Let come what may, I will never give a wife's pledge to your son.' "Aye," resumed the duke, "it shall be

"What care I for your pledge! One is coming to help me whose power is above all

pledges; and it is for mis presence that I

The princess raised her eyes to the face of her guardian, and as he read the meaning of her look, he added :

"I wait for his holiness, the Pope of Rome, who will be here at the time I have "O," cried Rosabel, disguising none of

the bitterness of her feeling, "you may bring him, and he may pronounce the false vows if he will. I shall not repeat them. You may so far make me a wife as to lay hands upon my estates of Bergamo; but in my soul a wife to Ludovico no power of earth can ever make me.

"Beware girl !" said the duke, pressing his hand upon her shoulder. "You know not what you say. If you give not your soul to this marriage, you give it to perdition.

"Yes; and I say it again," cried the princess, whose feelings were now aroused. Death is but death-and death is preferable to the fate you would impose upon me.

And after death I will lay me in the arms of my Saviour, and trust to his redeeming love.' She was upon her knees, with her clasped hands raised towards Heaven; and a prayer fell from her lips, as she bowed her head till the dark tresses floated over her face. Once, while she had been speaking, the duke had started forward as though he would strike her; but when she sank upon her knees, and her voice broke into that impassioned prayer, hestopped and trembled

"Bah!" he uttered, stamping his foet; "you are crazy! But I am glad you have spoken so frankly, even in your madness, for now I shall know how to govern myself. The marriage will come off, as I have said; and von are at liberty to make as much route, our captain thought it best to move trouble for yourself as you please. Only let | He has gone towards Como." me give you a gentle hint: You should know the disposition of Ludovico, and be thus aware of the pains you must suffer if he has more occasion to be angry with you."

When Manfred had thus spoken, he turned from the apartment, and shortly afterwards the old woman entered and resumed

her watch. Rosabel might have wept if she had been alone; but she would not shed tears in the presence of the unsympathizing sentinel. She retired to her inner chamber, where she soon sought her couch; and as she rested her head upon her pillow, she offered up new prayers to Heaven. She prayed that God would have mercy upon her; but a more fervent prayer was breathed for Orlando Vendorme.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLOCK. Ludovico had not yet seen the princess since her return, and he preferred not to do so until the hour for the marriage ceremony

"If I should see her, it might only make trouble for me," he said, as he conversed with his father on the day following her arrival. "At all events, it could do no good." "You are right, my son," replied the duke.

"Since matters are arranged so safely for us, it is not worth while to trouble the girl unnecessarily. By this marriage, we will add Bergamo to our dominions, which, with the friendship of the Consul of Rome, will make our house the most powerful in Lombardy. And, my boy, if Alfonso of Modena is not very witty-more witty than I think he will be-he shall fall beneath us." "But are you sure of the aid of the Ro-

man Consul ?" asked Ludovico. "Yes," said Manfred, rubbing his hands with evident satisfaction. "Crescentius and the Pope are both with me; and their influence cannot be well overcome. His Holiness will be here to-morrow, and will, in person, solemnize your marriage.'

Upon this Ludovicorubbed his hands, and declared that things were working better than he had even dared to hope. He had just spoken to this effect, when Hngh de Castro entered the apartment. "How now, my captain?" cried the duke.

"What brings you in such haste?" "There is a messenger without, my lord, who would speak with you." "Who is he?"

De Castro cast his eyes over the apart-"We are alone," said Manfred. "The man is named Pietro Bonzo. He is one of the robbers."

"Does he bring us news of Vendorme?" "Then let him come in. In a very few moments de Castro introduced the robber into the ducal presence.

but his face told well enough what he was. "Well, sir," said Manfred, not at all shocked by the association, "what word do you bring ?" "My lord duke," replied the outlaw, bowing very slightly as he spoke, "a reward was offered to us on condition that we would find Rosabel of Bergamo, and restore her to your keeping; and another reward was offered for the capture of Orlando Vendorme. The lady has been restored to you. And, furthermore, Vendorme has taken; but, as we were not directed to bring him hither, we have secured him, and

please you. "So works the matter still in our favor," cried Manfred, clapping his hands exulting-"With this fellow secure we are safe from further trouble. Where is the

are ready to produce him when it may so

"He is in a quiet nook, my lord, not many leagues away. I can bring him to you by the rising of another sun. "I think," remarked the duke, turning to his captain, "that we do not want the

De Castro nodded in approval of the sug-

"I do not see," continued his highness, what need there is of having much more trouble with him. The captain nodded again. "If I am not mistaken sir," the duke

said, addressing the robber, "you do not love your prisoner much.' "We owe him nothing but vengeance, "Then you may earn your reward easily. You can act the peasant, and I will give

orders to the guard to allow you to pass with fruit for the palace. You can bring the fruit in panniers, can you not?" "Yes, my lord." "And in a pannier, covered with citron leaves, you can bring me the head of Orlan-

do Vendorme?" "Yes." "Mind-I want only the head. I want it brought secretly and punctually. would behold it with my own eyes."

"And so would I," added Ludovico, with word to see the unbodied head of Orlando Vendorme than I would to see the unbodied head of Orlando Vendorme than I would to see the emperor at my feet." "It is a safe and righteous decision," said

"Yes, my lord." "And there shall be no mistake-no feet

"There can be none, your highness. prisoner is bound, and his keepers on

await my return.' "Then bring me his head as quickly you can."

"You shall have it to-morrow."

"At what time?" "As early as possible. I said that ! could bring the prisoner hither alive by rising of the sun ; but if I must find from and prepare panniers, it may take some time longer. But it shall be sometime to

"Remember-when the head is delivered a hundred gold sequins are yours." "There shall be no failure," replied the robber emphatically.

When Pietro Bonza was dismissed from the ducal presence, he made his way out from the city as quickly as possible, and started upon his return mission. He stop. ped at Monza to transact a little business with one of the robber agents, and just a the sun was sinking he reached the place where he had left his companions with their prisoner. He found one of the band there. but no more.

"How is this, Bernardo? Where are our companions?" "They have gone further north, Master

Pietro; and I was left to give you intelligence, and also to guide you after them." "But why is this?" "It is for a matter of safety. Not lone after the sun was up this morning we got

(To be Continued.)

news that a large party of troops were on

our track, and as we lay so near to their

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Pipe--A Good Sheep Dip--An Economy -Hen Manure in the Garden-A Large Loss-Advantages of Small Pastures.

The one-eighth-of-an-acre patch of

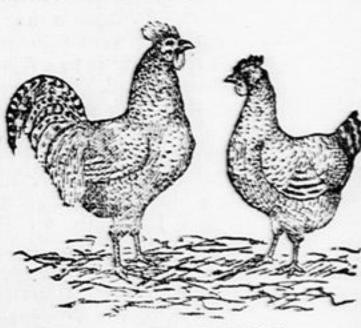
Canadian thistles in the corner of a tenacre field certainly needs attention, else it will soon spread over the entire ten acres. Leave the ground occupied by the thistles uncultivated this summer, and, when the stalks have grown six to twelve inches high, mow them off and drop a tablespoonful or more of salt on the top of the stump of each. When the next set of sprouts has appeared, mow again and repeat the application of sait, and two or three mowings and saltings will usually destroy the roots, but if any sprouts should appear next summer, treat them in the same way. Do not trust this work to some hired man unless he is more than ordinarily careful, but attend to the matter yourself, in order to be certain that no plant is overlooked. We have known whole fields of Canadian thistles to be destroyed by this process of mowing and salting, and it is not expensive, but requires care and attention, with a repetition as often as necessary, to prevent too vigorous a growth before the plants are cut down .- J. Ross, in American Agri-

> MONEY TO LOAN. AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,

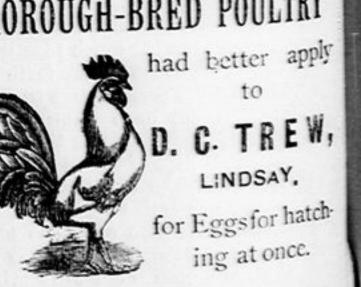
INTEREST PAYABLE YEARLY Terms to suit borrower.

McINTYRE & STEWART,





Parties Wanting



Orders filled as received. His stock are all prize birds, as follows:

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

D. C. TREW.

COMPANIES' & PRI TO LOAN AT LOW

MONEY TO

Corner of York &

THURSDAY, J LD TIMES, OLD

There are no days like The days when we When humankind we And speech and dee fore a love for sord Became man's rulin and before each dam Slave to the tyrant here are no girls lik

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BY GEORGE "What! belie tion?"I exclain

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