

OUTCAST OF MILAN

CHAPTER XVII.
COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD.

Vendome'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 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 stopped here and examined the tracks—some of them were fresh, and upon these he bestowed particular attention. He found foot-prints revealing the recent passage of six persons over the sand—two of them were delicate prints, made by the feet of a woman; and all had gone down the mountain. With rapid strides the knight sprang over the rocks where the way was remembered; but more than once he was forced to retrace his steps upon a sliding himself in places where all forward movement was cut off. At length it was evident that he had lost his way. He went back a piece, and became more involved than before. A little while he reflected, and then resolved to push 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 stumbling from impenetrable thickets, he at length reached a situation where he gave up in despair. He was shut in by towering cliffs; unable to find the path by which he had entered; and enveloped in a darkness as 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 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 Vendome?"

"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 cave?"

"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 night.

"I fear," said Marco, after listening to the account, "that the lady has fallen into the hands of an enemy. But let us go to my cot. It is not far away; and there we can talk while you rest."

The hunter's dwelling was upon the outskirts 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 her hero was eating.

"Yes," replied Vendome. "He was a small, light-framed man; of middle age; with a piercing black eye, and long, flowing hair; and habited in a garb of chamois skin."

"Ah—I know the fellow well," said Marco. "He is a spy of the robber band that you now infest the mountains. And I may tell you now what I have not told you before: These robbers have been searching for you. They have been hovering around the village; they have been scouring the country beyond here; and some of their messengers have been making inquiries of the peasants. It is very plain that the lady Rosabel has fallen into their hands. The spy could never have found the cave but for that wonderful accident. It is very bad."

"It is terrible!" cried Vendome, smiting his fist upon his bosom. "But I must not remain here idle. 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. But it is a proper question for a wise man, Sir Orlando—if you will pardon the freedom. But I have a better plan. If you will wait here, I will go out and make inquiries; and if the princess has been taken towards Milan I can easily find it out. Will 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 spoke, "you must answer me a question. Do you think it possible that the Duke of Milan could engage the robbers to assist him?"

"Why not?" returned Orlando. "These robbers will work for anybody who will pay them."

"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?"

"Oh—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

of his guard has employed them. Aye—and 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 time."

"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 Savese, 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. "What—what can we do?"

"Why not wait for the coming of the Saxon?" suggested Marco.

"But who knows when he will come? I may wait here a week, and in that time Rosabel's fate is sealed. By heaven, I should die ere that. I cannot do it. If I would live, I must act."

"And what will you do, sir knight? It 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 returned. I did as he wished; and I think you will admit that, but for an unforeseen accident, all would have gone as I had planned."

"Aye, Marco, I admit more than that," cried the knight, who was touched by his host's keen disappointment. "If all had been done as you ordered, this thing might not have happened. The blame must rest upon me. I ought not to have left the females alone in the cave. But it is too late to think of these things. I must go to Milan."

"Can you do anything, when once there, commensurate with the risk you run?"

"Yes—yes," exclaimed the knight, striding across the floor. "I can die in a true cause. That is something. But I think I can do more. I have friends in Milan. I believe I can stir up a rebellion that shall shake the ducal throne! Marco—I go to Milan!"

"But not now, sir. If you must go, had you not better wait until night? You should understand the reason for such a course."

"You are right, good Marco. I will wait until the shadow falls again, and under its cover I will go. You will have a horse ready for me?"

"Yes."

It was a long, tedious day for Orlando Vendome; but he worried through the creeping hours as best he could, and when the shadows of evening began to fall, he was anxious to be off.

"A horse is ready for you," said Marco 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 found."

"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 arm.

"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 here."

"What care I for the Saxon?" cried Vendome, 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 what he thought was best, and I thank him; but I do not choose to hang like a dependent upon him. I am off for Milan, and my good sword shall insure me a path. Farewell, good Marco—and if we ever meet again I will recount to you my adventures."

"And," returned the hunter, with a dubious shake of the head, "if I am not greatly deceived, you will have adventures enough before you reach Milan. But I need not warn you more. I can only pray that you may reach the city in safety."

"Mine be the risk," said Vendome, moving towards the door.

As they reached the little door they were met by Pazzoli's wife, who had a garment in her hand.

"I came near forgetting that," said Marco; "for I had hoped that there might be no occasion for it. Your doublet, sir knight, is very conspicuous, and I have thought this peasant's frock and hat might be of service to you."

Orlando readily accepted the offer; and when he had pulled on the frock, and exchanged his plumed cap for the wide-rimmed hat, he stepped out and was soon in the saddle.

"Farewell, Marco."

"God be with thee!" was the hunter's response.

Orlando left the village at an easy trot, 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 was very palpable. However, this seeming trouble had its advantage—it rendered the road more plain, so that the rider could dash on with less risk of stumbling. At the end of an hour he struck into a deep wood which stretched along through a valley, and when he had 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 not be urged on, he replied to the summons: "I am from Como, and I am in haste, too."

"And who are you when in Como?"

"A poor peasant, as you may see."

"A sharp spur you wear for a peasant."

"I am 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 Vendome—we have been waiting for you."

Our hero drew his sword, and as the robbers gathered about 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. Vendome 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 hero saw 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 seat of the horse by the javelin, and when he left the 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."

"His fast sure enough," responded another.

It was now Orlando's turn to speak, and he used his speech in begging for help. The dead horse was resting upon his legs in a way as to give him most exquisite torture, and he involuntarily groaned for assistance. Three of the robbers pulled the horse away, while the other three stood ready to secure the prisoner, which they did without much difficulty; for the youth was so racked with pain that he had no thought of resistance. In fact, before he fairly realized that the torturing weight had been removed from his limbs, he had been rolled over upon his breast, and his arms drawn up and lashed behind him. In a little while afterwards, he was raised to a sitting posture, and asked if he could stand.

"Not yet," he replied. He gazed around upon his captors, and finally asked what they meant.

"We mean enough," returned the leader. "We haven't forgotten the kindly turn you did us when we fell upon the Saxon knights! Have you forgotten that, my master?"

"No—I remember it very well, but I do not believe that is all you have against me. You are not the men to take such trouble for simple revenge. I know you better."

"By our lady you are right, Vendome. But enough of that. You are our prisoner, 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 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 Vendome. "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."

"Whither?"

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

The prisoner really had no choice otherwise, for his hands were secured behind him, and his legs were so weak from the strain that he 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 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 arrived.

"If I should see her, it might only make trouble for her," 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 Consuls 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 Roman 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 my marriage."

Upon this Ludovico rubbed his hands, and declared that he had even dared to hope. He had just spoken to this effect, when Hugh 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 apartment.

"We are alone," said Manfred.

"The man is named Pietro Bonzo. He is one of the robbers."

"Does he bring us news of Vendome?"

"Yes."

"Then let him come in."

In a very few moments de Castro introduced the robber into the ducal presence. He was habited in the garb of a peasant, 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 you; and another reward was offered for the capture of Orlando Vendome. The lady has been restored to you. And, furthermore, Vendome has been taken; but, as we were not directed to bring him hither, we have secured him, and are ready to produce him when it may so please you."

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

"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 fellow here."

De Castro nodded in approval of the suggestion.

"I do not see," continued his highness, "what need there is of having much more trouble with him."

The captain nodded again.

"The captain nodded again," the duke said, addressing the robber, "you do not love your prisoner much."

"We owe him nothing but vengeance, my lord."

"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 in panniers, can you not?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And in a pannier, covered with citron leaves, you can bring me the head of Orlando Vendome?"

"Yes."

"Mind—I want only the head. I want it brought secretly and punctually. I would behold it with my own eyes."

"And so would I," added Ludovico, with a gesture of mad delight. "I would give more to see the unbodied head of Orlando Vendome than I would to see the emperor of the world."

"It is a safe and righteous decision," said de Castro.

"Aye," resumed the duke, "it shall be

pledges; and it is for my presence that I wait."

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 mentioned."

"O," cried Rosabel, disguising none of the bitterness of her feeling; "you may bring him, and the 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, he stopped and trembled. "Bah!" he uttered, stamping his foot; "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 you are at liberty to make as you please. Only let 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 Vendome.

CHAPTER XIX.
THE FARMER'S CORNER.
A NOVEL METHOD FOR DESTROYING CANADIAN THISTLES.

Harness for Training Colts—Dutchman's 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 ten-acre 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 of each. When the next set of sprouts has appeared, mow again and repeat the application of salt, 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, 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 Agriculturist.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
INTEREST PAYABLE YEARLY
Terms to suit borrower.
McINTYRE & STEWART,
Barristers and etc., Lindsay

MUNN & CO.
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
AGENCY FOR
PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing how to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trademarks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

HIGH-CLASS POULTRY



PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

Parties Wanting
THOROUGH-BRED POULTRY
had better apply
to
D. C. TREW,
LINDSAY,
for Eggs for hatching at once.

Orders filled as received. His stock are all prize birds, as follows:
HOUDANS, WHITE LEGHORNS, PLYMOUTH ROCKS.
D. C. TREW.

MONEY TO LOAN
COMPANIES' & PR...
TO LOAN AT LOW...
There are no days like...
The days when we...
When humankind we...
And speech and de...
Before a love for s...
Became man's ruin...
And before each dam...
Slave to the tyrant...
There are no girls lik...
Against the world...
As the Lord knew...
They were rich in...
And pious all supp...
They could bake and...
school, too...
And they made th...
There are no boys li...
When we were bo...
When the grass was...
bare feet...
That dimpled the...
Of the bee in the...
Or down by the mi...
Echoed his night...
There is no love lik...
The love that we...
For are old, old m...
For that preciou...
So we dream and...
times...
And our hearts...
And those dear old...
gleams...
Of heaven away...
—Eugene I...

AN OPTICAL
BY GEORGE...
"What! belie...
tion?" I exclaim...
brought to me...
well-known spec...
infringements of...
evening as I wa...
with him. My...
less for me to s...
as well as a pop...
York. His ver...
I should be wo...
word...
"Why not?...
tional expressio...
features." "The...
cases of skin g...
planting. In...
parts of the h...
changed and tr...
"But has it...
"Most assu...
of Paris has de...
experience." "So...
the eye!" "I...
original eye!"
"Aye, bett...
were not perf...
told you of a...
that direction...
self to those...
article import...
you smoke I...
littl... story...
romance...
"Little ov...
called at my...
to consult m...
ter who wa...
malady. R...
said: "About...
complain of...
and as this...
alarmed the...
physician, he...
denied that...
trouble with...
my daughter...
there was...
eye, and be...
slowly los...
anxious to...
dozen doct...
of diseases...
suffering fr...
last! I cot...
physicians, o...
out of the...
nothing th...
her belief...
I am sure...
ive the fol...
going. S...
knows th...
good rep...
Now I w...
ination ap...
decision w...
will be co...
know of a...
her mind