# THE PAINTER OF PARMA;

— OR, —

## THE MAGIC OF A MASTERPIECE.

"Once, Duke, when the count had made two or three rapid and impetuous lunges, I called upon him again to desist, and I used language like this. Said I: 'Count, if you persist, if you drive me to the verge of danger to myself, I shall kill you.' These words, which in the great anxiety of the moment I meant for a solemn warning, never, so help me heaven! dreaming of doing him mortal harm, the marquis would torture into a deadly threat on my part. I ask you, do you believe me?'

"Yes, Zanoni," replied the duke, promptly and frankly, "I believe you implicitly. I firmly believe every word you have spoken. Oh! I wish it lay in my power to save you! But, alas!—"

"Say no more, my lord. I understand the situation fully; and I know that the law of the land dooms me. But I could not rest if I thought you believed me capable of the crime your brother would fasten upon me."

"I do not believe it, singor; I have not believed it from the first. I may tell you—no word Steffano could have spoken, had I heard no denial from yourself, would have led me to believe you capable of such a deed. But," the duke went on, after a short pause, trying hard to put on a cheerfulness which he did not feel, "it is not impossible that there may be hope yet. There may one chance. If you can prove—if you can cause the council to believe—that the killing of Denaro was purely accidental; that he furiously attacked you; that you did not once seek his life, but that, in the end, an accident, unforseen and utterly impossible to prevent, caused the fatal result—if you can show to their satisfaction you may be spared."

"Ah! Duke, Duke, you are drawing upon your own goodness of heart, upon your own sense of justice and right. You know the character and temper of Baron Dodero and his associates. When they have heard the story which Steffano has to tell—"

"Alas!" broke in Antonio with a groan, "he has told it. He told it last night before they made out the order for your detention and preferred their charge."

"Well," pursued the prisoner, with a gloom he could not overcome, "knowing all you know, can you, honestly and understandingly, tell me to hope?'

"Perhaps not. And yet, it is a saying not to be forgotten, and which every man in your situation may honestly repeat to himself. 'While there is life there is hope.' I can say no more than that; It is not much."

At this point Zononi bent his head in thought, and so remained for a considerable time, the duke meantime waiting patiently, and with true sympathy. He started to think once more of the fate that had set his dear ward free from a great danger, but he put it away as unkind—as treacherous. Aye, he told himself—and he meant it—that if he could save the man, if he could give him back, at that very moment, to life and liberty, he would do it, and risk the saving of his ward afterward. Or perhaps he might make the painter promise neven to see the princess again the price of the favor. On the whole that would be the best thing that could happen.

By-and-by Zanoni looked up and spoke. There was a deep earnestness in his voice and a new light in his expressive eyes.

"My lord, I have a question to ask of you—a question to me of deepest import."

"Ask what you please. I will answer, if I can."

"It is not much—perhaps to you nothing. I think my trial is to take place this forenoon."

"Yes; ten o'clock was the hour named. It is near at hand."

"Aye, very near. Now, Duke, will you tell me, if I am condemned to die, will you see me again?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"What I meant was, if you would be permitted so to do."

"Ah! I now understand you. Yes, there is no power can keep me from any part of my prisons, nor from any prisoner whom I choose to visit."

"Suppose," pursued the painter, "it should be your wish to put off the execution of the sentence of the court for a time, could you do that, or cause it to be done?"

"Yes." The duke had reflected a little before he answered. And he now paused again. Presently he went on: "By a peculiar fiction of the law the Duke of Parma is custodian of the lives of his subjects, and no person, no matter what his office, nor how criminal, can be executed until he shall have signed the warrant for his death, or, I had better say, until he has endorsed it. I believe the privilege of the duke to withhold his name for cause has been exercised but twice since the law was so framed. My grandfather, who preceded me on the throne—my father, alas, did not live to hold the scepter—my grandfather withheld his endorsement from the death warrant of a man who had been convicted of murder, and he did it upon the assurance of a person in whom he had entire faith, that the man supposed to have been murdered was still alive. And it so proved. The members of the council were very indignant with the old duke when he announced his determination; but family troubles had softened his heart, and he was not to swerved from his purpose."

"I suppose the council forgave him in the end?"

"Yes; but they were never quite pleased, after all. More than one of them declared that an innocent man had better be executed than that a law of the realm should be set at naught."

Before further remark could be made the keeper appeared with the announcement that the officer had arrived from the council chamber, and that his prisoner was demanded.

"Duke!" said Zanoni, speaking quickly and eagerly; "if you should in your heart desire that my execution should be put off to a day in the future—say, one or two weeks—you would not hesitate to do it?"

"No, I would not," replied Antonio, promptly.

"Thank you. If I am condemned and sentenced, as of course I shall be, you will come to me in my prison before the order for my execution is issued?"

"I will do so without fail. And, once more, let us hope—"

"No, no; I know what the decision of the court will be. Signor, I am ready.'"

This last to the keeper, who thereupon led him to the door, where two armed men, officers of the council, took him in charge.

### CHAPTER XVI.

When our hero was led into the spacious chamber of the court he found it comparatively filled with interested spectators. Intelligence of his arrest had spread rapidly, and a speedy trial had been looked for. His appearance was greeted with no marked demonstration on the part of the assembly, though a close observer might have detected various shades and various directions of feelings. Fully a third of the assemblage were of the patrician class, and it was plainly to be seen that their sympathies—such as they had—were with the man who had been slain. A few of them regarded the prisoner with signs of regret; and another few—a very few—looked upon him kindly. Evidently they had heard the truth from the old sergeant, or had conversed with some one who had been witness of the deed.

The others of the audience, by far the majority, were of the plebeian class, and, as was natural, sympathized with the accused; and, further, they were not backward in showing it. But their sympathy could not serve the man to whom they so readily gave it, though the kindly looks he met upon many an honest and intelligent face served to lighten his heart for the moment and call up a grateful emotion.

The court had not waited to enter with a flourish. The chief justice was in his seat when the prisoner entered, with six of his companions of the council as associates, and that may account for the quietness of the assembled spectators.

There is no need that we should present in detail the proceedings of the court. The prisoner, Juan Zanoni, painter, was duly arraigned, the charge and the specifications read by a clerk, after which he was asked if he was guilty. He pleaded in a clear, firm and resonant tone, "Not Guilty!" And then the trial proceeded.

Zanoni, through the keeper of the prison, had called upon a legal friend to conduct his cause, and his counsel was present by his side. The duke was not in the room, or he was not visible. The attorney who conducted the prosecution, member of the council and a man possessing an abundant flow of language, presented his side of the case. According to his views of the matter they were there impartially—without fear or favor—assembled to examine, candidly and into the facts attending one of the most foul, wicked, base, cowardly, brutal, cruel, cold-blooded, dastardly and fiendish murders that it had ever been his misfortune to contemplate.

The Marquise Steffano Franese, brother of the Duke Antonio, was the first witness called; and the court consented that he should be allowed to go on and tell his story of the facts, as he had been eyewitness from first to last.

His story can be imagined. We will say however, he was wise in the telling. More than once he really forced tears into his eyes. He was a finished actor,; and he simulated grief and anguish to perfection. He more than interested his audience; he thrilled and electrified; and when he came to his peroration, where he pictured the loving, trusting count, beaten down by the dastard betrayer of his life's holiest joy, then pictured his death, and there for a brief space paused, fully a third of his hearers were in tears. Then came the final word—a picture of the murderer. "God have mercy on him! I can not!" At that point, as he resumed his seat, a groan burst from the assembled people as from one bosom. The counsel for the prisoner cross-questioned the marquis sharply; but in no part—at no point—could he shake him. His lies had been fully committed, and no falsehood was too glaring, no untruth too bold or absurd, to cause him a moment's hesitation.

The prisoner was not allowed to speak for himself; it being a natural supposition of the court that a man who could commit a murder would fabricate any number of falsehoods to conceal his guilt. His counsel, however, told his story, as far as he was allowed to go, simply and truly, and it had a marked effect on a portion of the audience.

Three of the city guard, who had been engaged in the prisoner's arrest were called to testify. They clearly swore to the killing—or, two of them did—because they had seen it; but when their answers began to tell unmistakably in the prisoner's favor they were incontinently dismissed.

There were no arguments beyond that; no charge by the judge; nothing but the decision of the court, which was arrived at as follows:

Each of the seven judges—the chief and his six associates—were given a small slip of blank paper by the clerk, upon which they wrote. Then an officer in waiting, brought a small black box, with an opening in the cover and through this aperture each justice, in turn, beginning with the chief, dropped his slip of paper.

Then the clerk takes the box, and, with it in his hand, mounts a platform which lifts him into the view of all in the chamber. The officer who brought the box now commands silence! and for the next twenty seconds a pin might have been heard to fall in the spacious room.

Pretty soon the chief justice makes a signal to the clerk, and he proceeds to the final scene. He lifts the cover of the box and takes out a slip of paper, which he holds up, and reads aloud what he finds written thereon.

"Guilty! Death!"

And as he goes on, to the next, and the next, until the seven slips have been drawn forth and their verdict announced,; and in the end the chief arises in his place, and the prisoner is called upon to do likewise. Then in a voice which he has trained to reach the uttermost depth of vocalization, he pronounces:

"Juan Zanoni! You have been duly and impartially tried before this august tribunal on the charge of a wilful murder of a noble of Parma. The court unanimously declares you guilty! It also condemns you to death!"

He added no supplication to the amen for mercy on the soul of the unfortunate man. That was all, and with that the prisoner was removed from the chamber, where he was placed, not in the airy apartment he had previously occupied, but in a deeper and more gloomsome place. Yet it was not such a dungeon as he had expected. It was of good size, with a large window overlooking the river, a comfortable bed and respectable furniture. He learned later that it was an apartment intended for nobles under charge for political crime, or wealthy men shut up for civil offences who could afford to pay for comfort. The duke had procured him the favor.

Not long after the trial had closed the clerk of the court waited upon the duke with the warrant for the execution of the prisoner just condemned, requesting his signature. His grace took the document and told the messenger he would give his decision to the council when in session.

A few hours later the president of the Council of Twenty, together with ten of his colleagues, were with the duke in his chamber of audience. They had transacted the business of state on hand, when Baron Dodero asked Antonio when Zanoni was to be executed.

"Signors," said the duke frankly, "I have a great favor to ask at your hands. For myself I desire that his execution may be put off for a few days at least."

The baron looked at his colleagues and they looked at him. By-and-by he asked:

"Has this request anything to do with further examination into the guilt of the prisoner? If it has I must—"

"Stop!" interrupted the potentate. something in the president's look and tone struck him on the instant as significant, and it led him to ask so pointedly that a refusal to answer would be next to impossible.

"Has Marquis Steffano given you such an idea? Has he sought to influence in any way with regard to this prisoner's fate?"

He waited a few moments, during which, as before, Baron Dodero looked at his colleagues, while his colleagues looked at him—then he went on, with the weight and force of conscious rectitude in look and tone.

"I see, signors, that he has. Far be it from me to speak against my brother; yet, I am justified in telling you, in the present instance that his incentives are not good; his desire is purely selfish and unjust. I give you my word that I am firmly convinced that Zanoni is guilty; and though I should not wish you to believe that such a thought could influence me in the least degree in wishing harm to the culprit; yet, his death will remove a source of deep concern—a source of danger, in fact, from my way. With this assurance on my part, will you not grant me the favor I ask?"

The baron and his companions conferred together for a little time, and finally, without further question or remark, unanimously granted his request. He thanked them kindly, and shortly thereafter the audience was at an end and the session closed.

On the morning of the next day Marquis Steffano was astir earlier than usual. He procured his breakfast at an hour which the servants thought wonderfully out of season for him, and then proceeded to the prison where he found the keeper just arrived. He had come to ask when Zanoni would be hanged; and he asked with an eagerness that appeared well-nigh brutal in the estimation of Luigi Maraccini, whose respect for him, we are already aware, was not of a high order. He looked at the visitor reflectively; and if the latter had been less blinded by his own self-sufficiency, he would have seen the lurking contempt that curled the close lips and shadowed the watchful eye. The officer answered after a pause:

"You must ask the noble duke that question, signor. I can not answer it."

"Has not the order for his execution been issued?"

"In all probability, Signor Marquis, his lordship, the chief justice, attended to his duty. If he did, the order issued from the court yesterday. I can only tell you it has not been sent to me."

"And you know nothing of it?"

"I know nothing of the order, signor."

Steffano saw clearly that the keeper would not trust him with the secrets of his office. He was very angry, but he could do nothing to help the matter, he could only resolve, in his own heart, that if the power should ever be his he would pay the man back in a manner he should remember ever after.

From the prison our marquis made his way to the office of the Council of Twenty, determined, if possible, to know when the hanging was to be. He found a clerk and two or three minor officers in the place, but no member of the council. The clerk could tell him nothing, for the simple reason that he had nothing to tell.

As a final resort the seeker after knowledge resolved to visit the chief justice at his dwelling. He would not ask the duke. In truth, he dared not. He feared to excite Antonio further while Zanoni lived.

To Be Continued.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

**Pathetic Scene in One of the Cuban Cities.**

Hunger in its acute stages is said to destroy natural affection and all the humane instincts, leaving nothing but selfish animal frenzy. This effect of famine is, of course, the same in very young victims as in adults. Occasionally the finer feelings seem to remain unbrutalized. When these are manifested in adults, both admiration and pity are aroused in the observer; but there can be no more appealing sight in all the terrible phenomena of starvation than the altruism of a child. A writer relates what he saw in one of the Cuban cities.

In a recess of the wall between two angles of a public building crouched some twenty or thirty miserable human beings, in all stages of emaciation. They were "reconcentrados."

A lady with a bright smile upon her face came down the steps of a large hotel near-by, and passed along the street. Her smile faded when she caught sight of the hopeless group, and she stood still in pained and silent pity. The poor wretches stretched out their hands, and the little ones ran to her and lifted up their pinched faces, begging for a coin "in God's name.'"

Centivos and pesetas were bestowed freely from the lady's purse; but what distressed her more than all was the despair stamped upon the face of one little girl, not more than seven years old, who did not move nor speak. She sat near a woman and two smaller children, who lay on the ground, apparently helpless.

Drawn by her great, pleading eyes the lady went to the child and offered a coin. The haggard little creature glared at it a moment, and then, snatching the money with a wild shriek, darted across the street to the nearest store.

Directly she returned with a loaf, smelling it ravenously and almost licking it with her longing tongue; but she did not taste the bread. Running to the wretched woman lying on the ground with her little ones, she thrust the loaf into her hand and then threw herself on her face in the dust, sobbing and shivering with utter grief. The lady was deeply affected, and seeing a soldier, who seemed not wholly unsympathetic, she asked him to bring the generous little daughter and her starved family to the hotel. "They shall be cared for," she said. It was a pitiable sight, but it gave a refreshing view of the supreme power of love even over mortal anguish.

## LIKE A SENSIBLE MAN.

**How the Prince of Wales Conducts Himself in Private Life.**

The prince is not what commercial men would call wealthy, but he has plenty, and his establishment is managed on strict and careful principles. It has been asserted that members of the royal family travel free of expense. The truth is quite the opposite. One of the Prince of Wales' heaviest items of expenditure is the cost of traveling. Wherever they go both the prince and princess are very lavish in "tips."

The idea prevails here and there that the prince has special privileges in regard to his visits to the theater. The only privilege he has is that of being a royal patron, though there is hardly any privilege managers would not grant to so constant, kindly and sympathetic a supporter of the stage. When the prince desires to go to a theater a box is booked for him through an agent in an ordinary way. If what is usually understood to be the royal box is already booked then the previous purchaser is politely asked to waive his right, that is all. Whenever this is done the waiver is always specially thanked in a letter from the prince's secretary. Years ago, when the prince was known to have booked a box, if he did not arrive in time the curtain was kept down, and his appearance was made known by the band playing the national anthem. When this came to the knowledge of the prince he was very much annoyed and requested that both he and the princess should be treated exactly the same as any other playgoers. Their royal highnesses invariably arrive in good time, and where a separate exit is provided always remain until the fall of the curtain. There are theaters without a private entrance; at these houses the prince leaves a few minutes before the fall of the curtain simply that his carriage may not disturb the ordinary arrangements at the principal entrance. Nobody, in fact, can be more courteous and considerate than the prince and princess on these and all other occasions.

## A STRANGE CASE.

**MR. JAS. CROSGREY, OF PORT HOPE, TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY.**

**His Right Leg Swollen to Three Times Its Natural Size—Ulcers Followed and for a Year and a Half Doctors' Treatment Failed to Help Him.**

From the Port Hope Times.

"It was nearly as large as that telephone pole." These words were used by Mr. Jas. Crosgrey, for eight years a resident of Port Hope, Ont. Mr. Crosgrey is in the employ of Mr. R. K. Scott, who has a feed store on Walton street, and is well and favorably known in town and vicinity. Less than two years ago Mr. Crosgrey was the recipent of much sympathy on account of a severe affliction which befel him, depriving him of the use of his right leg, and from doing any labor except a few odd days work. His recovery was wrought so suddenly and completely that the Times considered the matter would be of sufficient interest to its readers to obtain an interview with Mr. Crosgrey. In substance Mr. Crosgrey told the following story of his illness:—"In April, 1895, I was laid up for seven weeks with typhoid fever, and after I recovered from the fever, my right leg began to swell. It was very painful indeed, and in a few weeks it was three times its natural size — nearly as large as that telephone pole," and he pointed to a stick of timber ten inches in diameter. "Nothing the doctor did gave me any relief, and I consulted another with the same result. I suffered for nearly five months when I noticed that the swelling began to decrease and I became hopeful of recovery. But the improvement only continued for a short time and then the swelling became greater and two big ulcers formed on the inside of the leg above the ankle. These ulcers were right through to the bone and you could put that much into them," and Mr. Crosgrey indicated on his thumb an object an inch in length. "For the next year and a half I was treated by four or five doctors but my leg and the ulcers were as bad as ever. The doctors pronounced the disease phlebitis or inflammation of the veins. They didn't seem to know what to do for me, however, and I despaired of getting well." Mr. Crosgrey's relief came in a strange manner, almost by chance one might say. He tells of it this way:—"I had a relative living near Teeswater, named William Baptist. He heard of my condition and sent word to me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. His reason for recommending them he stated was because they had cured him of serious trouble in both legs, when all else had failed. I decided to try them and in less than five weeks the ulcers were completely healed and the swelling in my legs disappeared. The ulcers never returned and my leg is just about as sound as the other one. I know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone cured me when doctors and all others medicines failed and I am willing that the details of my illness and cure can be made known." Mr. Crosgrey who is 41 years of age, is now at work every day. The nature of his work that of lifting heavy bags of flour and feed, is proof of his complete recovery. He is a life long friend of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and never lets an opportunity pass of speaking a good word for them.

The above statement was sworn to before the undersigned at Port Hope on the 17th day of February, 1898.

D. H. CHISHOLM.

## SOLDIERS NOT NECESSARY.

**For a Nation to be Prepared for Contingencies.**

There is no ground for believing that until the human race ends war will end, or for supposing that the feelings which really cause war will ever be extinguished by arbitration, or that small armies will ever again do the work of large, says the London Spectator. The nations must, therefore, if they are to be safe, be organized for war, and the object, in the interest of their permanent happiness, is to reduce the burden, and the misery, and the waste involved in that great fact to the lowest practicable point. Nothing would reduce it so much as certainty that exceedingly short training, training which our grandfathers would have considered worthless, is sufficient to furnish an army with good rank and file, so that, in fact, the barracks may not be required for the military preparation of the masses of a people. Even a German army would think the conquest of Switzerland a serious undertaking, and there are in Switzerland no private soldiers by profession, except artillery. Even in the best disciplined regular armies the duration of actual service with the colours has in our own time been extraordinarily reduced, and we see little evidence in the Franco-German war that comparatively raw recruits are so much worse soldiers than the older men in the regiments. The Americans have tested the theory for us again, and they have found that with good officers and an able staff three months' instruction turns out men competent to fight great battles against regulars, and the problem approaches much nearer solution. Every nation could defend itself if three months' drill would make soldiers, for every nation if it pleases can afford artillery, supply departments, and a sufficient body of educated officers. It would be possible, in fact, to maintain great armies for defence without developing militarism, which would lift one of its greatest burdens from the whole of the white race, who, in fact, would give their lives to soldiering only when required.