

# BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE

BY FRANK M. WHITE

## CHAPTER I

The shades of evening had commenced to fall; already the slanting sun shined through the open window glittered on the rays of crystal glasses, turning the wine within them to a blood-red hue. The remains of an ample dessert were scattered about the bare polished table, rich luscious-looking fruits and juicy pines filling the air with their fragrance. A pleasant room, with its paneled walls and quaint curiosities, with here and there a modern picture framed in gold and placed against the wainscot. From the Corso below came the sounds of laughter and gaiety; while within, the delicate scent of the pines was overpowered by the odor of tobacco which rose from the cigarettes of the three men sitting there. They were all young—artists evidently, and from the appearance of one of them, he was of a different nationality from the others. Frederick Maxwell was an Englishman, with a passion for art, and no doubt had he been forced to live in a living by his brush, would have made a name for himself in the world; but being born with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth, his vocation with the art never threatened to become serious. He was leaving Rome in a few days, and the dessert upon the table was the remains of a farewell dinner—that is, dear to every English heart. A handsome fair-haired man this Englishman, with clear bright cheek and blue eyes contrasting with the aquiline features and olive-tinted complexion of his companions. The man with the black moustache and old velvet painting-jacket, a man with bohemian stamped on him indelibly, was Carlo Visci, an artist, and a genius to boot, but used with that indomitable idleness which is the bane of so many men of talent. The other and slighter Italian, he with the melancholy face and earnest eyes, was Luigi Salvarini, independent as to means, and possessed, poor soul! with the idea that he was ordained by Providence for a second Caribaldi. There is an infinite sense of rest and comfort, the desire to sit silent and dream of pleasant things, that comes with tobacco after dinner, when the eye can dwell upon the waxlights glittering on glass and china, and on the artistic confusion the conclusion of the repeat produces. So the three men sat listlessly, idly there, each drowsily engaged, and none caring to break the delicious silence, rendered all the more pleasing by the gay girlish laughter and the trip of the feet coming up from the Corso below. But no true Briton can remain long silent; and Maxwell, throwing his cigar out of the window, rose to his feet, yawning. "Heigh-ho! So this pleasant life is come to an end," he exclaimed. "Well, I suppose one cannot be expected to be always playing." Carlo Visci roused himself to laugh gently. "Did you ever do anything else, my friend?" he asked. "You play here under my sky, in a velvet painting-jacket; when you leave us to pursue the same arduous toil in the tall hat of Albion's respectability, in the land of fogs and snows. Ah! yes, it is only a change of venue, my philosopher."

"Not now," Salvarini corrected gravely. "Remember, he has vowed by all in his power to aid the welfare of the League. That vow conscientiously followed out is undertaking enough for one man's lifetime."

"Luigi, you are the skeleton at the feast," Visci remonstrated. "Cannot you be happy here for one brief hour without reminding us that we are bound by chains we cannot sever?"

"I do not like the mocking tone of your words," Salvarini replied. "The subject is too earnest for jesting upon—Surely, Maxwell, you have not so soon forgotten the solemnity of the oath you took last night?"

"I do remember some gibberish I had to repeat, very much like the conspirators' chorus at the Opera," Maxwell returned with a careless shrug. "It is not bad fun laying at sedition. But for goodness' sake, Luigi, do not keep harping on the same string, like another Paganini, but without that wizard's versatility."

"You think it play, do you?" Salvarini asked sternly. "You will find it stern reality some day. Your hour may not come yet, it may not come for years; but if you are ordered to cut off your right hand, you will have to obey."

"Oh, indeed. Thanks, most earnestly, for your estimation of my talent for obedience.—Come, Luigi! I do not see Casandra-like. If the worst comes to the worst, I can pitch this thing into the Tiber." He took a gold coin from his pocket as he spoke, making a gesture as if to throw it through the open lattice.

Salvarini stood up, terror written in every line of his face, as he arrested his stretched arm. "For heaven's sake, Maxwell, what are you thinking of? Are you mad, or drunk, that you can dream of such a thing?"

Maxwell laughed as he restored the coin to his pocket. "All right, old fellow. I suppose I must honor your scruples; though, mind you, I do not consider myself bound to do anything foolish even for the League."

"You may not think so; indeed, I hope not; but time will tell."

Maxwell laughed again, and whistled carelessly, thinking no more of the little episode. The League, the coin, everything was forgotten; but the time did come when he in his hour of need remembered Luigi's words, and vividly realized the meaning of the look upon his stern earnest face.

Visci looked on at the incident, totally unmoved, save by a desire to lead the conversation into more pleasant channels. "When do you leave, Maxwell?" he asked. "I suppose you are not going for a few days?"

"In about a week probably, not sooner. I did not know I had so many friends in Rome, till I was going to leave them."

"You will not forget your visit to my little place?" Genevieve will never forgive me if I let you go without saying good-bye."

"Forget little Genevieve?" Maxwell cried. "No, indeed. Whatever my engagements may be, I will find time to see her; though, I daresay, the day will come when she will forget me easily enough."

"I am not so sure of that; she is a warm-hearted child. I tell you what we will do, perhaps Sir Geoffrey and his daughter will join us. We will go down the day after to-morrow, and make a day of it. Of course you will be one, Luigi!"

It was growing dark now, too dark to see the rich flush that mounted to the young Italian's cheek. He hesitated a moment before he spoke. "With pleasure, Carlo. A day at your little paradise is no to be lightly refused. I will come gladly."

"You make a slight mistake, Visci, when you speak of Genevieve as a child," Maxwell observed reflectively. "She is seventeen—a woman, according to your Italian reckoning. At any rate, she is old enough to know the little blind god, or I am much mistaken."

"I hope not," Visci returned gravely. "She is quick and passionate, and somewhat old for her years, by reason of the asceticism she keeps. But let the man beware who lightly wins her heart; it would go hard with him if I crossed his path again!"

"There are serpents in every paradise," Maxwell replied sententiously; "and let us hope little Gen. is free from the curiosity of her original ancestress. But child or not, she has a woman's heart worth the winning, in which assertion our silent friend here will bear me out."

Luigi Salvarini started from his reverie. "You are right, Maxwell," he said. "Many a man would be proud to wear her gaze upon his arm. Even I—But why ask me? If I was even so disposed to rest under my own fig-tree, there are ties which preclude such a blissful thought."

Maxwell whistled softly, and muttered something about a man drawing a bow at a venture—the words audible to Salvarini alone.

"I am tied, as I told you," he continued coldly. "I do not know why you have drawn me into the discussion at all. I have sterner work before me than dallying by a woman's side looking into her eyes."

"And not anything like so pleasant, I dare swear," Maxwell interrupted cheerfully. "Come, Luigi; do not be so moody. If I have said anything in my foolish way to offend you, I am heartily sorry."

"I am to blame, Maxwell, not you. You wonder why I am so taken up with this League—if you will listen, I will tell you. The story is old now; but I will tell it as best I can remember."

"Then, perhaps you wait till I have found a seat and lighted my cigarette," exclaimed a voice from the background at this moment. "If Salvarini is going to oblige, I cut in as a listener."

At these words, uttered in a thin, slightly sneering voice, the trio turned round suddenly. Had it been lighter, they would have seen a trim, well-built figure, with head set well on square shoulders, and a perfectly cut, deadly pale face, lighted with piercing black eyes, and adorned by a well-waxed, pointed moustache. From his accents, there must have been something like a sneer upon his lips. But whatever he might have been, he seemed to be welcome enough now as he drew a chair to the open window.

"Better late than never," Maxwell cried. "Help yourself to wine, Le Gautier; and make all due apologies for not turning up to dinner."

"I will do so," the new-comer said languidly. "I was detained out of town—No; you need not ask if a pair of bright eyes were the lode-stars to my ardent soul, for I shall not tell you; and in the second place, I have been obtaining your permit as a Brother of the League. I offered up myself on the shrine of friendship; I lost my dinner, *voilà tout*; and saying these words, he put a narrow slip of parchment in Maxwell's hands.

"I suppose I had better take care of this?" the Englishman answered carelessly. "I get so exasperated with Salvarini, that I came near pitching the sacred missive out of the window. I presume, it would not be wise."

"Not if you have any respect for a sound body," Le Gautier returned dryly. "I gather that Luigi has been talking largely about the sacredness of the mission. Well, he is young yet, and the gift of his enthusiasm does not yet show the nickel beneath, which reminds me. Did my ears deceive me, or were we going to hear a story?"

"It is no story," the Italian replied, "merely a little family record, to show you how even patriots are not exempt from tyranny.—You remember my brother, Visci, and his wife. He settled down, after fighting years for his country, not many miles from here. Living with him was his wife's father, an aged man, universally beloved—a being who had not a single enemy in the world. Well, time went on, till one day, without the slightest warning, the old fellow was arrested for compliance in some so-called plot. My brother's wife clung round her father's neck; and there, in my brother's sight, he saw his wife stricken brutally down by the ruffianly soldiers—dead; dead, mind—her only crime that little act of affection—killed by order of the officer in charge. But revenge followed. Paulo shot three of the scoundrel's dead, and left the officer, as he thought, dying. Since then, I have never heard of Paulo.—And now, do you wonder why I am a Socialist, with my hand against all authority and order, when it is backed up by such cowardly, unprovoked oppression as this?"

For a time the listeners remained silent, watching the twinkling stars as they peeped out one by one, nothing to be seen now of each but the glowing tip of his cigarette as the blue smoke drifted from the casement.

"You do not think that your brother and Paulo Lucci, the celebrated brigand we hear so much of, are the same men?" Visci asked at length. "People have said so, you understand."

"I have heard such a tale," Salvarini replied sardonically. "The affair created quite a stir in the province at the time; but peasants do me too much homage in connecting my name with so famous a character. Our Italian imagination does not rest at trifles."

"Pleasant for the officer who ordered them to strike down your brother's wife," Le Gautier drawled, as he emitted a delicate curl of smoke from his nostrils. "Did you ever hear the name of the fellow?"

"Curiously enough, his name is the same as yours, though I cannot be sure, as it is five years ago now. He was a Frenchman, likewise."

"Moral—let all Le Gautiers keep out of Paulo Lucci's way," Maxwell exclaimed, rising to his feet. "We do not pay you the compliment of believing you are the same man; but these brigands are apt to strike

first and inquire after. Of course, this is always presenting Salvarini's brother and Paulo Lucci as one and the same as far as the Villa Salvarini. Who says so to that proposal?—The eyes have it."

They rose to their feet with one accord, and after changing their coats for something more respectable, trooped down the stairs.

"You will not forget about Friday?" Visci reminded. "I shall ask Sir Geoffrey and his daughter to come.—We are going down to my little place on that day.—Will you make one, Le Gautier?"

"A thousand thanks, my dear Visci," the Frenchman exclaimed; "but much as I should like it, the thing is impossible.—I am literally overwhelmed in the most important work."

A general laugh followed this solemn assertion.

"I am sorry, Visci returned politely. "You have never been there. I do not think you have ever seen my sister?"

"Never," Le Gautier replied with an inexplicable smile. "It is a pleasure to come."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Kitchen Notes.

Hot water is the best thing that can be used to heal a sprain or bruise.

The rooms of a house need ventilation in the daytime, as well as at night; in the winter as well as the summer.

A little ammonia and borax in the water when washing blankets keeps the flannel soft and prevents shrinking.

Burning coals in the kitchen and laundry stoves saves many a big coal bill and makes a better fire for such purposes.

Castors made of leather are a new invention, sure to prove useful. A solid leather castor will save many a rug or carpet.

FRIED TRIPE.—Roll the boiled tripe, cut in squares, put in egg, then in cracker crumbs, and fry to a nice brown. Serve with catsup.

Housekeepers should not fail to keep a bushel or two of charcoal in the house with which to make a bed of coals for broiling. Try it and see the difference it will make in your steak or chicken or ham.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply grated horse-radish, prepared the same as for table use, to the temple when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

Do all farmers' wives know that a quart of buttermilk and a teaspoonful of saleratus, stirred up with buckwheat flour makes the best pancakes? When done, steaming them in a covered dish improves them very much.

A NICE WAY TO COOK CHICKEN.—Cut up the chicken, put into a pan, cover with water and let stew as usual. When done make a thickening of cream and flour; add butter, pepper and salt. Have ready a nice short cake, baked and cut in squares. Lay the squares on a dish and pour the chicken and gravy over them while hot.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Two cups of sweet dried apples, soak over night and chop; two cups of molasses, and let it simmer over two hours; when cold add one cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of sour cream, sour milk and butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda, four cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of cloves and one nutmeg.

SAGO PUDDING.—One cupful of sago soaked in cold water until soft. Add four quarts of scalded milk. Sweeten to taste, and add a little salt. Let it cool, and when ready to put in the oven, turn in three well-beaten eggs, but do not stir the mixture when you put the eggs in. Bake three-quarters of an hour. Flavor to taste. Tapioca, same as sago, only use five eggs.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Put into a saucepan a piece of butter the size of a walnut; when it is very hot put three onions sliced and a half-dozen celery leaves; stir until they redden, then add a half-teaspoonful of flour and when this is red, (take great care that it does not burn), pour in one pint of boiling water, stirring slowly all the while, then add one quart of cold water and simmer for an hour. Season with salt and pepper and serve, very hot.

Nothing is better for a sore throat than a gargle of salt and water. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it is used, it will cleanse the throat and allay irritation. Salt, also used in doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, is an emetic always on hand. This is also the antidote to be used after poisoning from nitrate of silver, while waiting for the doctor to come.

BIRD'S-NEST PUDDING.—Pare four good-sized sour apples, stew until soft. Make a batter of one cup of milk, butter the size of an egg, two and one-half cupfuls flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pinch of salt. Pour over the stewed apples and bake in a hot oven.

Sauce for the Above.—One egg beaten light, one cup of sugar, one-half cup hot water, one sliced lemon, one tablespoonful cornstarch. Boil until it thickens.

Lemons may often be used as a good household medicine. They are undoubtedly very excellent for biliousness. Lemons, however, should not be taken in their pure state, as their acidity will injure the teeth and the lining of the stomach. The proper way is to take the juice of one lemon in a cup of water, without sugar. The best time to take such a dose is before breakfast or just before retiring. Lemonade is an excellent drink in summer, and can be used with benefit by every one.

Here is an excellent recipe for chicken croquettes, which are so popular now and so frequently served with salads at evening parties: Boil two medium sized chickens until they are very tender, chop them fine, add one pint of cream, almost half a pound of butter, with a liberal allowance of salt and pepper. The easiest way to shape these is to press some of the mixture firmly into small moulds, or shallow cups will do; fry them in hot lard until they are brown: some cooks prefer salad oil to butter, but clarified butter gives a much more agreeable flavor and a better color.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take any quantity of very ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices and put in layers in a deep jar, sprinkling salt between each layer. Use two ounces of salt to each quart of tomatoes. Set the jar in a warm place, and let it stand for three days giving the fruit a gentle stir now and then. At the end of that time press the tomatoes through a sieve, measure the juice, and to

each quart add an ounce of black pepper, a dozen cloves, a blade of mace, a teaspoonful of powdered ginger and half an ounce of allspice. Boil the mixture for twenty minutes; pour the catsup while warm into hot bottles, and when well cooled seal them securely and store in a dry place. A wine-glassful of this catsup stirred into half a pint of melted or good gravy may be used instead of tomato sauce if the latter is not at hand.

TOMATOES STEWED WHOLE.—Take as many fresh tomatoes as are likely to be required, and after the stalks are removed place them in a stew-pan with some finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, and a few small pieces of butter. Put the lid on the pan and set it on the stove where the contents may simmer gently for a quarter of an hour. After this pour over enough good brown stock to half cover the tomatoes. Stew them slowly until done sufficiently. When quite soft, but not at all broken, take out the tomatoes and arrange them neatly on a very hot dish; thicken the sauce with a teaspoonful of flour, mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water; let it boil two or three minutes after the thickening is added, then pour it round about (not over) the tomatoes, and serve with finger pieces of nice crisp toast inserted here and there between the fruit.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Take a sufficient number of ripe tomatoes and cut a thin slice from the stalk of each. Remove the insides, being careful not to break the outside of the fruit. Press the tomato pulp through a sieve and mix it with a little pepper and salt, two ounces of ham previously cooked and finely minced, an onion chopped very small, two tablespoonfuls of sifted bread crumbs, a few sprigs of fresh parsley well washed and shred fine, and a well-beaten egg. Mix these ingredients thoroughly together, and fill the tomatoes with the mixture. Place them, with the cut side uppermost, in a baking-tin; cover the tops with seasoned bread crumbs, and bake in a brick oven for half an hour. Send a little good brown gravy to table in the dish with them. For a change the tomatoes may be filled with any kind of cold meat, poultry or game, finely minced and pleasantly seasoned. Prepared in this way they form a most delicious delicacy.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Take two dozen small ripe tomatoes, prick each one in two or three places, and carefully preserve the juice that flows from them; keep it in a covered vessel until wanted. Put the tomatoes in layers in a deep earthen jar, and sprinkle a little salt between each layer. Place a cover on the jar, and let it remain undisturbed for three days. On the fourth day remove the tomatoes from the brine, wash them thoroughly, and dry them very carefully. Put them into jars and add the juice that flowed from them at first. Boil as much vinegar as will entirely cover the tomatoes with half an ounce of cloves and a tablespoonful of mustard seed. The vinegar should be allowed to get cold before being poured into the jars. If desired, some onions cut into very thin slices, or some celery finely minced, may be added to the tomatoes. The pickle will be ready to use in a fortnight. The jars must be tied down and stored in the usual way.

### A Fortunate Victim.

The reader is warned against supposing that the following anecdote establishes any precedent for lying and deceit, but it is a very good joke on the commanding officer: The Emperor Paul of Russia was seated in his arm-chair enjoying an after-dinner nap. It was a hot summer's day, and the windows of the ground-floor at Gatschina had been thrown wide open. In the adjoining room sat a few ladies of the court engaged in a whispered conversation. A pert young officer of the guards looked in at the window as he passed, and was about to address the ladies when he was given to understand by sign that the emperor was asleep in the next room. The officer said in a low voice: "Don't betray me; I am going to have a lark," and creeping toward the open window of the adjoining apartment he uttered the long-drawn shout of the sentries, "Flushay!"

The next moment he disappeared in the shrubbery and got away without being perceived. The emperor started out of his sleep, and was highly incensed at the trick which had been played upon him. The ladies pretended not to know who had committed the offence. The emperor sent for the general in command, and ordered him to produce the culprit within an hour. He questioned each one of the sentries but to no purpose. There was no trifling, however, with an order of the Czar Paul, and in his distress of mind the general called out a young soldier and said to him, "I will give you two hundred rubles if you will confess that you were the shooter. The emperor will probably dictate a punishment, but what do you care for that?" The soldier, a spirited young fellow, consented, pocketed the two hundred rubles, and punctual to the time appointed, the commandant took him to the emperor. The latter had in the meantime forgotten the whole affair and his anger had cooled down. Looking at the soldier he said: "Splendid work; give him three hundred rubles!"

It Wasn't His Castle.

Many stories are told of the nervousness of new soldiers under fire. The old German general, Blucher, is said to have allayed the fears of a timid officer as follows: Blucher, tired of watching the French army from the terrace of the castle of Brienne, went to dinner. Among the guests was a volunteer, who was so incommoded by the noise of the French balls going through the castle and the cracking of the panels in the walls over his head that he kept changing color, and moving his chair here and there, as if he wished to avoid the falling of the ceiling. As all eyes were directed to this restless person, the marshal called across the table to him, "Does the castle belong to you?" "To me? No!" "Then you may be quite easy. The castle is solidly built; the cost of repairs will not be considerable and, at any rate, you will not have to pay for them."

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### The Federal Life.

(Hamilton Spectator, March 24 1887.)

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