## PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

Beatrice was silent, her slender frame was rent by emotion. " O God 1" she groaned - but in her deep

despair she could not find thoughts even for prayers. Beatrice. You may go, policeman," said Potts :

' my daughter will come with me." "Faith and I'm glad ! It's the best thing for

her; and the policeman, much relieved, returned to his beat. "Some of you'll have to pay for them winders," said the cabman. "All right," answered Potts, quietly.

" There is your home for to-night, at any rate." said Potts, upinting to the house. don't think you have any chance left. You had better go in." His tone was one full of bitter taunt Scarce conscious, with her brain reeling, and

her limbs trembling, Beatrice entered the house.

been

vening.

ghetti

rescue her ?"

ntered.

" All."

may go.'

" What?"

o your directions.'

had much better stay with him."

he had gone home. "When did he leave ?"

"Yesterday morning."

"Well ?" said Brandon.

"Something has happened."

· Did you make any inquiries ?"

Is that all you know ?"

ghetti to take the policeman to the house. On knocking an old woman came to the

door. In answer to his inquiries she stated

weeks, but that on the arrival of his daughter

CHAPPER XLI.

THEY MEET AGAIN

At four o'clock on the morning of Beatrice's

capture Brandon was roused by a rap at his

bed room door. He rose at once, and slip-

ping on his dressing gown, opened it. A man

"She didn't get home last night. The land

"No, sir; I came straight here in obedience

man knew nothing more than this, that she

had not returned home and that the landlady

CHAPTER XL. DISCOVERIES.

The next morning after Beatrice's last performance Langhetti determined to fulfi his promise and tell her that secret which she had been so anxious to know. On enter ing into his parlor he saw a letter lying on the table addressed to him. It bore no postage stamp, or post office mark. He opened it and read the following :

" LONDON, September 5, 1849.

" Signore, -Cigole, the betrayer and in tended assassin of your late father, is now i London. You can find out about him by inquiring of Giovanni Cavallo, 16 Red Lior street. As a traitor to the Carbonari, you will know that it is your duty to punish him. even if your filtal plety is not to avenge a father's wrongs. "CARBONARO." even if your filial piety is not strong enough

Langheiti read this several times. Then he called for his landlord.

- Who left this letter?'
- " A young man." " Do you know his name ?"
- What did he look like ?" "He looked like a counting house clerk

more than any thing." "When was it left ?"

"About six o'clock this morning." Langhetti read it over and over. The news that it contained filled his mind. It was not yet ten o clock. He would not take any break fast, but went out at once, jumped into a cab, and drove off to Red Lion street.

Giovanni Cavolio's office was in a lo dingy building, with a dark narrow doorway It was one of those numerous establishment conducted and supported by foreigners whose particular business it is not easy to conject ture. The building was full of offices, bu

this was on the ground floor. Langhetti entered, and found the interior as dingy as the exterior. There was a table ia the middle of the room. Beyond this was

door which opened into a back room. Only one person was here—a small bright-eyed man, with thick Vandyke beard and sinewy though small frame. Langhetti took off his hat and bowed.

'I wish to see Siguore Cavallo," said he, in Italian. "1 am Signore Cavello," answered the

other, blandly. Langhetti made a peculiar motion with

lady is sitting up for her, and is terribly frightened." his left arm. The keen eye of the other noticed it in an instant. He returned a gesture of a similar char-acter. Langhetti and he then exchanged ome more secret signs. At last Langhett made one which caused the other to start, and

to how with deep respect. "I did not know," said he, in a low voice, "that any of the Interior Council came to But come in here," and he led the Landon way into the inner room, the door of which he

locked very mysteriously. A long conference followed, the details of which would only be tedious. At the close was frightened. In his opinion only one of two

Cavallo said, "There is some life in us yet, and what life had taken her somewhere, or she had been we have left shall be spent in trapping that miscreant. Italy shall be avenged on one of A thousa

her traitors, at any rate.' You will write as I told you, and let me know ?"

"Most faithfully."

Langhetti departed, satisfied with the result his conjectures might be true. Sitting there, of this interview. What surprised him most was the letter. The writer must have been ties of the occasion, and laid his plans ac-

followed anxiously. The roooms were empty. Everything remained just as she had left it. Her music was lying loosely around. "Afraid ? Why?"

The landlady said that the had touched noth-"You know, sir, I suppose," said Philips, mrekly. Brandon had carried Asgeelo with him, Langhetti asked about the man who had called in the morning. The landlady could tell nothing about him, except that he was a gentleman with dark hair, and very stern eyes that terrified her. He seemed te be very angry or very terrible in some way about he stood outside on the veranda of the village inn for some time, and then went around through the village, stopping at a number her there recklessly and despairingly, when

of houses. Whatever it was that he was engaged in, it occupied him for several Who could that be? thought Langhetti. engaged The landlady did not know his name. Some one was certainly interesting himself very hours, and he did not get back to the inn till midnight. singularly about Cigole, and some one else, On the following morning he sent up to the

or else the same person, was very much in terested about Beatrice, This, however, did not seem probable, as Despard would have written him if he were coming to town. Deeply perplexed, and almost in despair, Langhetti left the house and drove home, thinking on the way what ought to be done. He thought he would wait till evening, and perhaps she would appear. He did thus wait,

and in a fever of excitement and suspense but on going to the lodging house again there was nothing more known about her. Leaving this he drove to the police office

It seemed to him now that she must have foully deals with in some way. Нe hour. could think of no one but Potts : vet how there upon a bench outside, apparently idle Potts could manage it was a mystery. That mystery he himself could not hope to unravel

e police might. With that confidence in In about half an hour his attention was room. the police which is common to all Continen ttracted by the sound of wheels. It was tale he went and made known his troubles The officials at once promised to make in quiries, and told him to call on the following

The next evening he went there. The policeman was present who had been at the place when Potts met Beatrice. He told the whole story-the horses running furiously, the screams from the cab, and the appeal of Beatrice for help, together with her final acquiescense in the will of her father. Langhetti was overwhelmed. The officials vidently believed that Potts was an injured

father, and showed some coldness to Lan "He is her father, what better could sh do ?" asked one. " Anything would be better," said Lan-

Beatrice on the back one. Brandon walked up to the carriage and touched his hat. " Mr. Smithers !" cried Putte with his faint." ghetti, mournfully. "He is a villain so re-norseless that she had to fly. Some friends received her. She went to get her own living sual volubility. " Dear me, sir. This is eally a most unexpected pleasure, sir." While Potts spoke Brandon looked steadily since she is of age. Can nothing be done to at Beatrice, who cast upon him a look of "Well, she might begin a law-suit ; if she order. She then sank back in her seat : but her eyes were svill fastened on his as really is of age he cannot hold her. But she hough fascinated. Then, beneath the mar-Such were the opinions of the officials. Fhey courteously granted permission to Lan-

le whiteness of her face a faint tinge appear ble Willebes of Levin fush, that was the sign of nope ed, a warm flush, that was the sign of nope gleamed the flash of recognition; for in that gleamed the flash of recognition; for in that gleamed the flash of recognition; for in that beavily upon it, walked away. Thermind there was no per-"She seems very delicate," said Branthat a gentleman had been living there three here, or wherefore he wore that disguise ; the daughter."

one thought that she had was the consciousness that he was here — here before her. All this took place in an instant, and Potte,

who was talking, did not notice the hurried glance; or if he did. saw in it nothing but a "I arrived here yesterday," said Brandon.

o my daughter."

" Very well," said Brandon, calmly, "you past twenty-four hours for the joy of this one act twenty-four hours for the joy of this one accession she actually abused me and called me names to my face. She called me a Thug! What do you think of that Mr. 'f...e man retired. Brandon sat down and buried his head in his hands. Such news as this was sufficient to overwhelm anyone. The

posite. He touched her. He could heat her breathing. How many months had passed since they sat so near together ? What sor-rows had they not endured ! Now they were 'She was discontented here, though 1 let her rows had they not endured ! Now they were side by side, and for a moment they forgot that their bitterest enemy sat before them.

There, before them, was a man who was A thousand fancies followed one anothe not only a deadly enemy to each, but who in quick succession. It was too early as yet to go forth to make inquiries; he theremade it impossible for them to be more to fore was forced to sit still and form con-jectures as to what ought to be done in case

and excused himself to Brandon, saying that he would be up directly. "Entertain this gen this gentleman till I come

long separation - a short interval which must and Langhetti despaired of accomplishing any- drel of the vilest description, and, after such

rapture of the hour, and defied the future. The moments extended themselves. They were left thus for a longer time than they hoped. Potte did not come. They were still

be was often in the babit of doing on his clinging to one another. She had flung her before him, and all else of no account. The ghesti's mind that Potts had it in his power Clark might here accessed but here a speakable love, he had clasped her to his save her. He could find no way, and there-wildly throbbing heart, and he was straining fore determined to go and see Potts himself. Pots watched him silent-once before and this time received a new was that he was suddenly a harsh voice burst upon their ears. him for several "The devil !"

Beatrice did not hear it. Brandon did. and turned his face. Potts stood before them. "Mr. Potts !" said he, as he still held Bea

Hall, but Potts had not yet returned. Philips trice close to his heart, "this poor young lady came to tell him that he had just received a is in wretched health. She nearly fainted. I telegraphic dispatch informing him that Potts had to almost carry her to the window. Will would be back that day about one o'clock. you be good enough to open it, so as to give This intelligence at last seemed to promise her some air? Is she subject to these faints ? something definite. Brandon found enough to occupy him dur ing the morning among the people of the neighborhood. He seemed to know every "She's sickly-that's a fact."

" She's sickly-that's a fact," said Potts body, and had something to say to every "I'm very sorry that you have had so much one. Yet no one looked at him or spoke to him unless he took the initiative. Last of that she'd entertain you, for she's very clever all, he went to the tailors, where he spent an Has all the accomplishments-" "Perhaps you'd better call some one to

Asgeelo had been left at the inn, and sat take care of her," interrupted Brandon. "On, I'll fetch some one. I'm sorry it hapand aimless. At one o'clock Brandon re-pened so. I hope you won't blame me, sir," turned and walked up and down the veranda. said Potts humbly, and he hurried out of the apidly. Beatrice had not moved. She heard Bran

So now, feverish, emaciated, excited to an Potta' harouche, which came rapidly up the road. Io it was Potts and a young lady. Brandon stood outside of the veranda, on deretood the full meaning of his words. To he steps, in such a position as to be most his admirable presence of mind she added conspicuous, and waited there till the car- her own. She did not move, but allowed her best faster as he recognized that form, as he joy in the thought that Potts was looking ou marked the settled despair which had gather and was utterly deceived. When he left to ed over that young face - a face that had the call a servant she raised her head and gave fixed and unalterable wretchedness which Brandon a last look expressive of her deathmarks the ideal face of the Mater Dolorosa ? Brandon stood in such a way that Potts he pressed her to his heart. Then the noise thetti long waiting. could not help seeing him. He waved his of servants coming in roused him. He gently

bolid not help seeing nim. He waved his of servants coming in roused nim. He genery firm, and Potts stopped the carriage at once. Potts was ecated on the front seat, and Beatrice on the back one. Brandon walked in to the carriage and touched his hat. "Here, Mrs. Compton. Take charge of her," said Potts. "She's been trying to his face

Mrs. Compton came up, and kneeling down kissed Beatrice's hands. She said no heater." thing. "Oughtn't she to have a doctor?" said

Brandon. "Oh no-she'll get over it. Take her to her

"com, Mrs. Compton." "Can the poor child walk ?" asked Bran

plexing question as to how or why he came don. "I did not know that you had a

Potts sighed.

"I have," said he, "to my sorrow." "To your sorrow!" said Brandon, with "To your sorrow, surray exquisitely simulated sympathy.

"Yes," replied the other. casual look cast by one stranger upon tell it to every one -but you, Mr. Smithers, are different from most people. You see I have led a roving life. I had to leave her out "I arrived here yestervay, said Dialaton, have led a roving me. I had to loave her out "I wished to see you about a matter of very in China for many years with a female guar-ittle importance perhaps to you. By the way, dian. I suppose she was not very well taken "I wished to see you and if this lady little importance perhaps to you. By the way, an somewhat in a hurry, and if this lady will excuse me I will drive up with you to the Tall so as to lose no time." 

 Hall, so as to lose no time.
 "Delighted, sir, delighted!" cried Potts.
 bond, a drum-major in one of the regiments, named Langhetti, and this villain since you gained her affections by his helish arts. He is a since the reflection of the regiment is a since the reflection of the regiment.

my daughter." Brandon held out his hand. Beatrice held pled adventurer, tried to get her, hoping to Brandon held out his nang. Dessrive hers pled adventurer, tried to get her, hoping to out hers. It was as cold as ice, but the fierce thrill that shot through her frame at the touch of his feverish hand brought with it for her some time ago, and she came. From couch of his feverish name oroughs with a for ner some time ago, and she that an and she that be the solution of the first she was very sulky. She did not while to have undergone the horror of the treat me like a daughter at all. On one called the solution of all of the solution of all of the solution of all of the solution of the s

scated himself by her side. Potts sat op-posite. He touched her. He could hear her The other said nothing, but there was in his

ave everything. I found out in the end all about it. At last she actually ran away. She joined this infamous Langhetti, whom she sure when he was in my power he never did had discovered in some way or other. They any good to ma." lived together for some time, and then wen one another than they now were. Yet for a to London, where she got a situation as an said Langnetti, with an effort at calmness. time they forgot this in the joy of the actress. You can imagine by that," said "He was connected with you in a deed which ecstatic meeting. At the gate Potts got out Potts, with sanctimonious horror, "how low you must remember, and can tell to the world she had fallen. what he knows." "Well, what if he does ?" said Potts

"Well, I didn't know shat to do. I was afraid to make a public demand for her

"Afraid? Why?" "Because she knew some secret of theirs." soon end and give way to the misery which thing. "Secret! What secret?" asked Bran-had preceded it - and so he yielded to the nor and defied the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and had give way to the misery which the nor and defied the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and had give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and what do you think would be the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give way to the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give in the nor and give in the nor and defied the future. The idea of her being once more in the nor and give " First," said the stranger, without noticonel Despatd's money for yourself. One The Clark, an accomplice of yours, presented the him. This idea filled his mind continually, your own fate ? Answer me that.

letter. The forgery was at once detected. Clark might have escaped but he made an effort

Potts did not say a word, but sat stupefied

"Thornton, Junior, is connected with us, and his testimony is valuable, as he was the

where he had the pleasure of meeting you.

the stranger. "It's all a lie !" exclaimed Potts, in a

The stranger's peculiar voice was now in-tensified in its odd, harsh intonation. The

effect on Potts was overwhelming. For a

"Yes. You sent him on business to Smithers & Co. He has not yet returned. He

does not intend to. for he was found out by Mesars. Bigolow, Higginson & Co., and you

know how timid he is. They have succeeded in extracting the truth from him. As I am

in a hurry, and you, too, must be busy.

cents, "I will now come to the point. These forged papers involve an amount to the extent of Brandon forgeries, £93,500;

Thornton papers, £5,000; Bank of Good Hope, £4,000; being in all £102,500. Messre. Bigelow, Higginson & Co. have in-

structed me to say that they will sell these papers to you at their face without charging

nterest. They will hand them over to you

and you can destroy them, in which case, of

course, the charge must be dropped." "Philips !" cried Potts. "I'll have that devil's blocd !"

" That would be murder," said the stranger

His tone stung Potts to the quick. "You appear to take me for a born fcol,"

he cried, striding up and down. "Not at all. I am only an agent carrying

" Letters we sent to the Cape of Good

Hope, ordering money to be paid to John

Potts. Thornton, senior, fearing from the

at the Cape, where the deceased had funds.

ent his son there. Young Thornton reached

the place just before you did, and would have arrested you, but the proof was not suffi-

"Aha !" cried Potts, grasping at this-not sufficient proof ! I should think not."

His voice was husky and his manner nervous. I said ' was not '-but Messrs Bigelow, Higginson & Co. have informed me that there

are parties now in communication with them who can prove how, when, where, and by

in a fresh burst of anger. "I only repeat what they state. The man

has already written out a statement in full,

before a magistrate. This will be a death-

warrant for your son; for Messes. Bigelow, Higginson & Co. will have him arrested at

nce. You are aware that he has no chance

of escape. The amount is too enormous, and the proof is too strong."

" Proof !" cried Potts, desperately : " who

would believe anything against a man like me,

John Potts - a man of the county ?" "English law is no respecter of persons,"

said the stranger. " Rank goes for nothing. But if it did make class distinctions, the wit-

nesses about these documents are of great in-

duence. There is Thornton of Holby, and Colonel Henry Despard at the Cape of Good

Hope, with whom Messrs, Bigelow, Higginson

Co. have had correspondence. There are

" Have you all those papers about you ?"

Posts looked all around. The door was

ocked. They were alone. The stranger easily

read his thoughts. "No use," said he, calmly. "Messrs. Bige-

ow, Higginson & Co. would miss me if any

thing happened. Besides I may as well tell

The stranger rose up and faced Poits, while, from behind his dark spectacles, his eyes seemed to glow like fire. Potts retreated with

urse. "Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson & Co. in-

structed me to say that if I am not back with the money to morrow night, they will at

once Legin action, and have your son ar-

Co., to whom they say you are indebted for over £600,000. So that Smithers & Co.

will at once come down upon you for pay-

ment." " Do Smithers & Co. know anything about

this ?" asked Potts, in a tone of intense anx-

"They do business with you the same as

"How do you suppose they can know it ?"

"They would believe any statement made by Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson & Co. My

seniors have been on your track a long time, and have come into connection with various

narties. One man who is an Italian they

state to you that this man can also prove the

consider important. They authorize me to

"You may damn him, but that won't illence him," remarked the other, mildly. "Well, what are you going .o do?" growled

' Present you the offer of Messrs. Bigelow,

Higginson & Co.," said the other, with calm pertinacity. "Upon it depend your fortune and your son's life."

"How long are you going to wait ?" "Till evening. I leave to-night. Perhaps you would like to think this over. I'll give you till three o'clock. If you decide to ac-

The stranger rose, and Posts unlocked the

-Philadelphia makes a grate ado about

-Two young couples of Coshocton, Ohio

thought its would be a romantic idea to elope

down the river to Marietta by moonlight in a

rowboat. The trip was only haif made, how-

ever, when the men were arrested for stealing

--- The Italians appear to have solved the

problem of how to obtain a chenp supply of native oysters. The ground from which most

of the ovsters consumed in southern Italy are

little sea, near Saronto, at the land's end of

the peninsula familarly known as the "heel of the boot." The system of cultivation ap-

April to November bundles of brushwood are

submerged in the outer sea, and to these the

spawn is found to readily attach itself. They

are afterward raised, and those on which the

tiny oysters have settled are submerged in the

they attain their full size.

Where have you been unearthing this the music on the way to evening religious ser-

vices.

Mare Piccolo," where in about two years

-A concert at public cost is given on Bos-

ton common every Sunday afternoon, in summer. There was opposition by the ortho-

dox church people at first, but it has died out

and this year it is fashionable to go to hear

nears to be as successful as it is simple. Fro

obtained is known as the "Mare Piccolo," or

the boat, and the girls were sent home alo

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

cept, all well ; if not, I go hack."

ts tweive thousand stove-moulders.

" They would never believe it."

They will also inform Smithers &

Potts stopped suddenly in his walk.

and is only waiting for my return to sign it

-d infernal lie !" roared Potts,

whom the forgeries were executed."

rst attempt that a similar one would be made

with a peculiar emphasis.

out the instructions of ethers.'

vient.

" Is's a d-

also others.'

ie hissed.

" All.

a curse.

rested.

ever, do they not ?'

forgeries." "Who ?" gasped Potts.

" His name is Cigole

" Cigole !"

" D- him !"

" Yes."

door for him.

and unmarried.

Potts.

' Yes.

What

on that I am armed.

continued the stranger, with unchanged

moment he was unable to speak.

" Philips I" he gasped, at length.

voice which was a little tremulous.

brand in addition to the old ones"

to the exclusion of all other thoughts. His Potts spoke with savage vehemence. The opera was forgotten. One great horror stood frightful truth flashed at once across Lanfore determined to go and see Potts himself. possibility of this. Po to wai It was a desperate undertaking. From | y, with a safer on his face.

Beatrice's descriptions he had an idea of the life from which she had fied, and other things and comfort yourself with your dear friend " Don't you think that you had better go life from which the had ned, and other things and conner your synthety out and the section of the observed of the observed of the observed of the observed and his testimony is valuable, as he was the Potts. He knew that there was scarcely any said he as length. "Cigole told me all about hope before him. Yet he went, to satisfy this long ago. He told me many things about the one who went to the Cape of Good Hope,

How as hardly the main to deal with one bis character as a witness, but I d n't mind This brings me to the third case," contin like Potts. Sensitive, high toned passionate. telling you that the worst thing against him impetuous in his feelings, he could not com- in English eyes is his betrayal of your father. mand that calmness which was the first es. But this seems to have been a very slight man this calification in such an interview. Besides, he matter to you 1t's odd too; 1 ve aways sup matter to you 1t's odd too; 1 ve aways sup papers ?" was broken down by anxiety and posed that Italians understood what ven-want of sleep. His sorrow for Beatrice had geance means." disturbed all his thoughts. Food and Langhetti's face bore an expression of He tells a vory extraordinary story; very ex-traor alive chominable to him. His agony which he could not conceal. Every traordinary indeed."

sleep were alike abominable to him. His group which he could not conceal. Every fine strung nerves and delicate organization, word of Potts stung him to the soul. He stood in which every feeling had been rendered for some time in silence. At last, without a more acute by his mode of life, were of that word, he walked out of the room.

His brain reeled. He staggered rather than kind which could feel intensely whenever the affections were concerned. His material fractions were concerned. His material walked. Potts looked after him with a smile frame was too weak for the presence of of triumph. He left the hall and returned to tion of unusual power appeared he sank

CHAPTER XLIII. THE STRANGER.

intense degree, he appeared in Brandon to confront a cool, uncentional villam, who A few weeks after Langhetti's visit Potts had a new visitor at the bank. The stranger carcely ever lost his presence of moud. Such entered noiselessly, and stood quietly waiting a contest could scarcely be an equal one. What could he bring forward which could in for Potts to be disengaged. That worthy was making entries in a small memorandum book. any way affect such a man? He had some ideas in his own mind which he imagined furning his head, he saw the newcome Potts looked surprised, and the stranger said, might be of service, and trusted more to imn a peculiar voice, somewhat gruff and hespulse than to any thing else. He went up early in the morning to Brandon Hall. itating :

taung : " Mr. Potts ?" "Yes,' said Potts, looking hard at his vis-Potts was at home, and did not keep Lan-

There was a vast contrast between these itor. He was a man of singular aspect. His hair two man-the one coarse, fat, vulgar and was long ; parted in the middle, and straight. strong ; the other refined, slender, spiritual He wore dark colored spectacles. A thick, black beard ran under his chin. His linen and delicate, with his large eyes burning in

their deep sockets, and a strange mystery in was not over clean, and he wore a long surtout coat. " I am Paolo Langhetti," said he, abruptly "I belong to the firm of Bigelow, Higgin-

said be, at last. "John Potts, of Brandon Hall, I presume,"

said the stranger, coolly. "My business concerns him somewhat, but his son still

Potts looked at him again, and then slowly

"That's because you don't understand my osition, or the state of the present business.

For if I leave it will be the signal for a number

of interested parties to make a combined at-

.

-" the manager of the Covent Garden son & Co, solicitors, London - I am the Co." "Well !" "You are, are you ?" answered Potts, "The business about which I have come is

rudely; " then the sconer you get out of this the better. The devil himself couldn't be one of some importance. Are we secure from interruction ? '

elf understood ?"

more impudent. I have just saved my daughter from your clutches, and I am going Yes," said Potts, "as much as I care about being. I don't know anything in par-ticular that I care about locking the doors o pay you off, too, my fine fellow, before ong. "Your daughter !" said Langhetti. " What or.'

"Well, you know best," said the stranger. he is, and who she is, you very well know • The business upon which I have come con-If the dead could speak they would tell a difcerns you somewhat, but your son principal ferent story." "What the devil do you meam," cried

Potts started, and looked with eager inquiry Potts, "by the dead? At any rate you are a fool; for very naturally the dead can't t the stranger. " It is such a serious case," said the latter,

speak : but what concern that has with my "that my seniore thought, before taking any steps in the matter, it would be best to conlaughter, I don't know. Mind, you ar playing a dangerous game in trying to bully "Well," roturned Potts, with a frown,

Potts spoke fibree and menacingly. Lanwhat is this wonderful case ?' ghetti's impetuous soul kindled to a new fer " Forgery," said the stranger. or at this insu ting language. He stretched Potts started to his feet with a ghastly face, out his long, thin hand toward Potts, and nd stood speechless for some time aid Do you know who you are speaking to ?"

"I hold your life and fortune in my hand. Give up that girl whom you call your daugh

Potts stood for a moment staring.

"The devil you do !' he cried, at last 'Come, I call that good, rich, racy. Will your more "What the devil do you mean ?" growled sublime excellency have the kindness to ex plain yourself? If my life is in your haud it' Potte, iu a savage tone. "Forgery," said the stranger. " It is an in a devilish lean and weak one. It surikes me you've got some kink in your brain - some English word, I believe. Forgery, in which your son was chief agent. Have I made my

notion or other. Out with it, and let us see what you're driving at !" "Do you know a man named Cigole?" said

went to the door, locked it, and put the key in Langhetti. Cigole !" replied Potts, after a pause, in his pocket. "That's right," said the stranger, quietly. which he had stared hard at Langhetti; "well, what if I do? Perhaps I do, and per-"You appear to take things easy," rejoined Potts, angrily ; " but let me tell you, if you've

haps I don't.' me to bully me you've got into the wrong "He is in my power," said Langhetti, vehe shop. mently.

You appear somewhat heated. You must "Much good may he do you then, for I'm be calm, or else we cannot get to business and in that case I shall have to leave." "I don't see how that would be any afflic "He will do good in this case, at any rate," tion," said Potts, with a sneer.

tack on you.

• Yes,"

one who had been acquainted with his past life. He was am azed to find any one de-nouncing Cigole to him, but finally concluded that it must he some old Carbonara, exiled through the afflictions which had befallen tion. The information which he had most that famous society, and cherishing in his dreaded had come; it had come, too, in th exile the bitter resentment which only exiles midst of a time of triumph, when she had can feel.

years, but had no idea whatever of his early reareer. Cigole had no suspicion that Cavallo If she had not been foully dealt with she had anything to do with the Carbonari. His must have gone with Langhetti. But if so firm were general agents, who did business of a miscellaneous character, now commis sion, now banking, and now shipping; and in various ways they had had dealings with this man, and kept up an irregular correspondence with him.

ardent and impetuous nature all the remem-brances of early wrongs. Gentle though he was, and pure in heart, and elevated in all his aspirations, he yet was in all respects a true child of the South, and his passionate nature was roused to a storm by this prospect of ju t retaliation. All the lofty doctrines with retaliation. All the lofty doctrines with regain possession of her, except out of pure which he might console others were of no villainy, he could not imagine. avail here in giving him calm. He had never With such thoughts as these the time voluntarily pursued Cigole ; but now, since this villain had been presented to him, he could not turn aside from what he considered the holy duty of avenging a father's wrongs.

He saw that for the present everything would have to give way to this. He determined at once to suspend the representation of the "Prometheus," even though it was at the height of its popularity and in the ful tide of its success. He determined to send Beatrice under his sister's care, and to devote himself now altogether to the pursuit of Cigole, even if he had to follow him to the world's end. The search after him might not be long after all, for Cavallo felt sanguine of epeedy success, and assured him that the traitor was in his power, and that the Carbon ari in London were sufficiently numerous t seize him and send him to whatever punishment might be deemed most fitting.

With such plans and purposes Langhetti Beatrice, wondering how sh went to visit would receive the intetligence of his new pur 0086

Li was two o'clock in the afternoon before he reached her lodgings. On going up he rapped. A servant came, and on seeing him looked frightened.

" Is Miss Despard in ?"

The servant said nothing, but ran off. Lan ghetti steod waiting in surprise; but in a short time the landlady came. She had ubled look, and did not even return his maintation. " 18 Miss Despard in ?" " She is not here, sir."

- "Not here !"
- No, sir. I'm frightened. There was

man here early this morning, too."

- 'A man here. What for ?"
- "Why, to ask after her.'
- " And did he see her ?"
- " She wasn't here." "Wasn't here! What do you mean ?"

She didn't come home at all last night

I waited up for her till four.' "Didn't come home !" cried Laughetti, a an awful fear came over him.

"No. sir."

" Do you mean to tell me that she didn't

come home at her usual hour ?'

"No, sir—not at all ; and as I was saying, I sat up nearly all night."

'Heavens ! ' cried Langhetti, in bewilder-

What is the meaning of this ? But ment. take me to her room. Let me see with my

cordingly. Brandon had feared some calamity, and with this fear had arranged to have some one in the house who might give him informahat she could not speak.

an feel. Cavallo himself had known Cigole for and had gained all that her warmest admirer

where-and why? What possible reason might Laughetti have for taking her away This conjecture was impossible. Yet if this was impossible, and if she had

not gone with Linghetti, with whom could she have gone? If not a friend, then it must This letter had excited afresh within his nave been an enemy. But with what enemy

here was only me. He thought of Potts. He knew that this wretch was capable of any villainy, and would not hesitate at anything to regain cossession of the one who had fled from him. Why he should wish to take the trouble to

cassed heavily. Six o'clock at last came and he set out for the purpose of making inquiries. He went first to the theater. Here, after some trouble, he found those who had the place in charge, and, by questioning them, he learned that Beatrice had left b of the Park

hereelf in a cab for her home, and that Langhetti had remained some time later. He then went to Beatrice's lodgings to question the landlady. From there he went to Langhetti's lodgings, and found that Lanwhetti had come home about one o'clock and was not yet up. Beatrice, therefore, had left by herself, and

bad not gene anywhere with Langhetti. She had not returned home. It seemed to him most probable that either voluntarily or involuntarily she had come under the control of Potts What to do under these circumstances was now the question. One course seemed to him the most direct

and certain ; namely, to go up to Brandon at once and make inquiries there. From the letters which Philips had sent he had an idea be saved.'

of the doings of Potts. Other sources of in-formation had also been secured. It was not his business to do anything more than to see that Beatrice should fall into no harm.

By ten o'clock he had acted upon this idea. and was at the railway station to take the express train. He reached Brandon village out dusk. He went to the inn in his usua disguise as Mr. Smithers, and sent up to the hall for Mr. Potts. Potts was not there. He then sent for vatched Philips. After some delay Philips came. His

usual timidity was now if possible still more marked, and he was at first too embarrassed

o speak Where is Potts ?" asked Brandon, abrunt

ly. " In London, sir." "He has been there about three weeks

hasn't he ?' " Yes. sir."

"So you wrote me. You thought when he went that he was going to hunt up his

daughter." " So I conjectured."

" And he hasn't got back yet ?' " Not yet.'

"Has he written ary word ?"

None that I know of.' " Did you hear any of them say why he

went to get her ?' "Not particularly; but I guessed from what

they said that he was afraid of having her at own eyes." The landlady led the way up, and Langhetti large."

said he to Beatrice, " for he is a great friend of mine." Beatrice said nothing, for the simple reason

grace, and the whole county would know it So I waited, and a few weeks ago I went t They drove on. Oh, joy! that baleful They drove on. On, joy: that outern London. A chance occurred as last which presence was for a moment removed. The driver saw nothing as he drove under the her the awful nature of the life she was triver saw nothing as he drove onder the ber the awith hashe of the the bir the poverarching elms-the elms under which leading, and offered to forgive her all if she Brandon had sported in his boyhood. He would only come back. The poor girl con saw not the long, fervid glance that they cast at one another, in which each seemed to absorb all the being of the other; he saw not sigh. "that her sheis. But I'm very much afraid," said Potts in conclusion, with a deep sigh. "that her constitution is broken up the close clasped hands with which they She's very feeble. sigh, "that her constitution is broken up

clung to one another now as though they clung to one another now as though they would thus cling to each other forever and prevent seperation. He saw not the swift, domestic affairs; but I thought I ought to mith

instant he flung his arm around Beatrice and her yourself." When the flung his arm around Beatrice and her yourself." "Oh, don't mention it. I quite pitied the "Oh, don't mention it. I successly and I succesly and I successly and I successly and I successly and I succ

pressed her to his heart. He neard not the beating of that strong heart; he heard not but poor child, I assure you; and I sincerely him?" the low sign of rapture with which for but hope that the seclusion of this place, com- "He ber lover's breast. It was but for one instant, her lover's breast, it was out for the first and prints and invigorate her in finite as work and the bands in body. And now, Mr. Potts, I will mention sought each other, thus clinging, thus the little matter that brought me here. spirits and invigorate her in mind as well as have had business in Cornwall, and was or ible to each, which told how each felt in the my way home when I received a letter

presence of the other love unutterable, rapsummoning me to America. I may have ture beyond expression. They alighted from the carriage. Beatrice to go to California. I have a very honest servant, whom I have quite a strong regard led the way into the drawing room. No one was there. Brandon went into a recess of for, and I am anxious to put him in som one of the windows which commanded a view

'What a beautiful view ! " said he, in a

conventional voice. She came up and stood beside him.

"Oh, my darling! Oh, my darling i ic lienment you around the proud and happy. oried, over and over again; and flinging his is it?" "My dear sir, I shall be proud and happy. that supreme moment to be absorbed in his. man ber who is recommended in his. man ber who is recommended by one it that supreme moment to be absorbed in this man here who is recommended by one had all consciousness of any other thing than you. The fact is, my servants are all mis this unspeakable joy was lost to her. Before erable, and a good one can not often be

this unspeakable joy was the all others she was lofty, high-fouled, serene, self porsessed — with him she was nothing, she lost herself in him. "Do not fear, my soul's darling," said he; "Well, that is all arranged—I have a re-gard for him, as I said before, and want to have him in a pleasant situation. His name have him in a pleasant situation. His name "no harm shall come. My power is every where—even in this house. All in the vil-lage are mine. When my blow falls you shall

She shuddered "You will leave me here?"

"Heavens ! I must," he groaned ; " we are the sport of circumstances. " Oh, my dar-

ling ! " he continued, " you know my story, and my vengeance." "I know it all," she whispered. "I would

wish to die if I could die by your hand." "I will save you. Oh, love-oh, soul of

niue-my arms are around you! You are thing, atched—but watched by me." "You do not know," she sighed. "Alas! our father's voice must be obeyed, and your

engeance must be taken." Fear not," said he; "I will guard you She answered nothing. Could she confide

could Brandon do ? She could not imagine. installed as one of the servants. They stood thus in silence for a long time. Each felt that this was their last meeting, and

ach threw all life and all thought into the rapture of this long and ecstatic embrace. After this the impassable gulf must reopen. She

was of the blood of the accursed. They must separate forever.

He kissed her. He pressed her a thousand

" He will tell me." cried Langhetti, ex citedly, "the true story of the Despard murder."

"Who is there ?" said Potts defiantly. "Ah!" said Potts, " now the murder's "Giovanni Cavallo, for one : my seniors. out. That's what P thought. Don't you suppose I saw through you when you first Meisrs. Bigelow & Higginson, and several others.' "Never heard of any of them before." hegan to sneak an invetorionaly? I knew "Perhaps not. But if you write to Smith-ers & Co. they will tell you that Bigelow, hat you had learned some wonderful story and that you were going to trot it out at the right time. But if you think you're going to Higginson & Co. are their solicitors, and do their confidential business " bully me vou'll find it hard work "Smithers & Co ?" said Potts aphast 'Cigole is in my power," said Langhetti Gercely "Yas. Is would not be for your interest for "And so you think I am, too?" sneered

Bigelow, Higginson & Co. to show Smithers Potts. "Partly so." & Co. the proof which they have against you, would it ?' Fotts was silent. An expression of conster-

Because he was an accomplice of yours nation came over his face. He plunged his in the Despard murder." "So he says, no doubt; but who'll believe

He is going to turn Queen's evidence !

said Langhetti, solemnly. "Queen's evideuce ! " returned Potts contemptnously, " and what's his evidence worth-the evidence of a man like that against a gentleman of unblemished char

nemoranda written there. "1. The notes to which the name of Ralph acter?' "He will be able to show what the char-

acter of that gentleman is," rejoined Lan ghetti. "Who will believe him ?" ing to £93,500." Poou ! ' said Potts.

settled it finely, and puni hed the criminal? They did so at the time the case was fresh

and I came forth honored and triumphant

man who testifies sgainst me-once made a

father's intended murderer—that he has urged

" Why ?"

good country house till I get back. I'm afraid to trust him in London, and I can't take him with me. Be is a Hindu, but speaks English and can do almost anything. I at once remembered you, especially as you were close by me, and thought that in your large establess ?

> "You can't," cried Langhetti, furiously. Potts cast a look of contempt at him — "Can't I!" He resumed : "How very imple, how confiding you must be, my dear

Langhetti! Let me explain my meaning You get up a wild charge against a gentle-man of character and position about a mur-der. In the first place, you seem to forget that the real murderer has long since been ""Well, there are several witnesses who

"Catol a very good name, Where is he now !!

"At the hotel. I will send him to you at once," said Brandon, rising. "The sooner the better," returned Potts.

You now bring forward a man who, you hint, "By the way, my junior speaks very en-buragingly about the prospects of the Branwill make statements against me. Suppose he does? What then? Why, I will show what this man is. And you, my dear Lang lon bank—'

"Does he ?" cried Potts, gleefully. " Well, hetti, will be the first one whom I will bring up against him. I will bring you up under do believe we're going ahead of every oath, and make you tell how this Cigole-this

"That's right. Boldness is the true way to success." certain testimony in Sicily against a certain

"Oh, never fear. We are bold enough." Langhetti senior, by which that certain "Good. But I am hurried, and I must o. I will send Asgeelo up, and give him a Langhetti senior was betrayed to the doy. ernment, and was saved only by the folly

She answered nothing. Could and could letter." In his assurance? She could not. She thought with horror of the life before her. What and departed, Before evening Asgeelo was two Englishmen, one of whom was this same Despard. I will show that this Laughetti sen ior was your father, and that the son, instead of avenging, or at any rate recenting, his father's wrong, is now a bosom friend of his

CHAPTER XLII.

LANGHETTI'S ATTEMPT.

LANGHETTI'S ATTEMPT. Two days after Brandon's visit to Potts, A searching examination in London had led him to believe that Beatrice might now be tions of my daughter; how you followed her sought for at Brandon Hall. The police could here, and seduced her away from a kind imes to his heart. His burning kisses forced do nothing for him. He had no right to her a new and feverish life into her, which roused all her nature. Never before had he dared so and must make application herself for her father : how at infinite risk I regained her : to fling open all his soul to her; never before had he so clasped her to his heart; but now this moment was a break in the agony of a

hands deep in his pockets and bowed his head frowningly. "It's all bosh," said he, at last, raising his head. "Let them show and be d-d. have they got to show." "I will answer your question regularly," said the stranger, "in accordance with my instructions"-and, drawing a pocket book rom his pocket, he began to read from some

perty a little dearer."

siderable danger."

rubbish ?'

foolish to leave these notes afloat. They

have all been bought up on a speculation by

those who wished to make the Brandon pro-

prove that your true name is Briggs.'

stepped forward with a terrific oath.

At this Potts bounded from his chair and

"Yours is in greater," said Potts, with

menacing eyes. "Not at all. Even supposing that you

were absurd enough to offer violence to an

humble subordinate like me, it would not interfere with the policy of Messrs, Bigelew,

Higginson, & Co., who are determined t

you see it's absurd to talk of violence.'

make money out of this transaction. So

The stranger took no further notice

Potts, but looked again at his memoranda

while the latter, whose face was now terrifi

from the furious passions which it exhibited,

stood like a wild beast in a cage, " willing t

the Thornton forgery." "Thornton !" exclaimed Potts, with great-

er agitation. "Yes," said the stranger. " In connect

tion with the Despard murder there were

correspondence, and the other your corres-pondence with the Bank of Good Hope."

" Heavens ! what's all this ?" cried Potts

wo sets of forgeries; one being the Thornton

wound, but yet afraid to strike." "The next case," said the stranger, "is

You see, your son's neck is in very con

I don't think they'll make a fortune out

Brandon is attached, 150 in number amount.

"No one can help it." "You believe him, no doubt. You and he " These forgeries were known to several besides your son and yourself, and one of these men will testify against you. Others are both Italians — both dear friends — and these men will testify against you. Others both enemies of mine; but suppose I who know Brandon's signature swear that prove to the world conclusively that Cigole is this lacks an important point of distinction such a scoundrel that his testimony is worthcommon to all the Brandon signatures banded down from father to son.

punished. That miserable devil of a Malay are men of such character that if my seniors

was very properly convicted at Manilla, and sent them to Smithers & Co., Smith

after a calm and impartial Spinish court has chance. One of these witnesses says he can