HAPPY AT LAST.

By the Author of "Lost in the Winning "A Leaf from a Life," etc.

"A Leaf from a Life," etc.

"I have not yet decided."

"Let me decide for you Until you are strong enough to render change of place no consequence what do you say to the south of Italy—Tuscany, for example. Florence is a beautiful city; and, if you have not been there, you will be greatly charmed with it."

"Florence be it," said Arnold, with assumed indifference.

charmed with it."

"Florence be it," said Arnold, with assumed indifference.

That same night he took his farewell of Mrs Fairchild and Milly. He behaved to them for their kind attention to him with princely liberaity. To Milly, his farewell was so tender as to make her weep; and his expressions of gratuated to her for having been, as the doctor said, "a god, kind, patient, enduring little nurse," were such as to a most overwhelm her. He took her hand, and said—

"So long as I am in existence, I will be your friend, Milly. You may need one: in me you will ever find one—true, faithful and sincere; and fail not to call upon me, should occasion require. A letter, poste restante, Florence, will be sure to reach me, unless you hear from me paring, and now, farewell for a long, long period."

Milly put up her lips to him, and sunk sobbing

Milly put up her lips to him, and sunk sobbing on his breast. If at that moment, he had asked her to go with him— Well, he did not ask her, but pressing her lips with his own, he placed her in her mother's arms, wrung the old lady's hand, and previously provided with a French passport he had not used, he departed, via Paris, to Florence.

CHAPTER VI. THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

As we have stated in a previous chapter, the Earl of De la More, upon entering his read ing closet, beheld, seated in an attitude at once insolently familiar and offensively vulgar, the secondrel Stark. His dress was of the style affected by horse copers, was muddled from collar to heels, and greatly disordered: his face was grimy, his eyes bloodshot, his hair matted, his lips crusted with a dark brown mucus, and his appearance wholly that of a brute who for several days had been rioting in a beastly, drunken debauch. He filled the room with a horrible scent—in flavor, a combination of the effervesence of stale drinks—and with the sound of his hoarse voice, rendered yet more husky by intoxication—for he was indulging in low ribaldry at the expense of the electrified servant who had conducted the unaccountable pearsen to the apartment in which he was seated, remaining with him to see that he did not pocket any of the valuables within reach.

The earl turned sick on perceiving the state he

within reach.

The earl turned sick on perceiving the state be was in, and would have ordered him to be kicked out of the house instanter if he had dared. But oh! the perfect mastery that crime holds over the implicated! He was compelled to smooth his frowning brow, and to keep down the indignation he felt at the scoundrel's astounding presumption—to appear cool and collected while his breast was a volcann of rage and anger,

As soon as the dull eyes of Stark's lighted upon him he said, "Hallo—ol'fellow! Co—hic—come then, eh? I—hic—I tol ol, colli—hic—celliflower—hic—pimple what—hic—what'ud bring you—hic. Eh?—hic—dandy calves—hic—lone copse, ol'boy, that's the ticket—hic!"

Then he sprung to his feet, and staggering towards the earl, said fercely, "Who said anything bout tie—hic—ticket? I ain't got—hic—no—ticket! What you—hic moen?"

"Be scated!" cried the earl, sternly and firmly; "and if you have aught to say to me, I will listen to you; if not you must quit the place instantly."

"Oh!—hic—oh, I'll sit down if that'll 'blige ithin reach. The earl turned sick on perceiving the state be

hic-oh, I'll sit down if that'll 'blige "Oh |—hic—oh, I'll sit down if that'll 'blige you! he said, staggering to a chair and falling into it. "But the—hic—the lone co—copse won't rest, you know."
The earl turned to his servant, who was looking on in bewildered wonder at what would have appeared outrageous to him even in a frenzied dream, and said "Leave the room; when I ring, only, I shall require you, but then be prompt in attendance."

only, shall require you, but then be prompt in attendance."

When the man had gone he turned to Stark, and with a manner which in some degree awed the rufflu, said, "Mark me, man; a repetition of this conduct, and your life shall not be worth a minute's purchase. I care not what you may attempt by menace, by threat or act; but if you dare again, scoundrel, to thrust yourself into my mansion in this bund state, nothing can or shall prevent the infliction upon you of a summary punishment, which, will prevent repetition of such an outrage."

n outrage."
Stark balanced himself on his chair for a min-te, and then muttered, "Scoundrel! Well—hic Stark balanced himsen on an end of the ute, and then muttered, "Scoundrel! Well—hie —that's plucky, too!"

"What do you want? An wer, and briefly," exclaimed the earl determined, if possible, to retain the advantage he inncied he had

ined. "Money!" said Stark. "I thought so," responded the earl; "you could have written for it, not come in per-w." son."

" Gam won !" exclaimed Stark. "Can't write—wasn't taught where I was brought up."

write—wasn't taught where I was brought up."
"Then get some one to write for you"
"Ha! ha! and blow the gaff. Who—ic—should It ill to write to the lone copee, eb?"
The ear! pres-ed his han! to his brain, and paced the room, and then turned with feverish impatience to the fellow and said, 'What sum do you want?"
Stark looked up under his beetling brows at him: he was not so drunk as not to be consitive

him; he was not so trunk as not to be consitive on his own interest. He saw the earl was touched.

"something to go on with," he answered.
"Some a saw "or ad the curt shortly."

"something to go on with," he answered.

"Name a sum," cr. ed the earl sharply.

"Well—his—a cocl hundred or two—hic! can get on a little while with that."

"No," said the earl, promptly, "I have no objection to give you a handsome sum, but it is on condition that you leave this country forever."

"What—hie—a -transport me!"

"You near me, man. If you agree to this half shall be paid down on a day you may appoint, and half on the day which the vessel that is to bear you to some distant land sails from these shores. But I must and will have good guarantee that you accept my terms, and abide by them before I part with a guinea."

"And what if I refuse?"

"And what if I refuse?"

"Do your best and worst, I know how to handle you."

handle you."

'Then you defles me?"

'I can do so What have you to tell? A wild improbable story! Where is the murdered man's body? where the—the—the—assassin? You—you would not be credited for an instant. Go to! you would not be credited for an instant. Goto:
—I have nothing to fear from you."
Stark grated his teeth, then moistened his lips
as well as he was able with his furred and black-

as well as he was able with his furred and blackened tongue.

"Look a here!" he said, slowly and distinctly,
"I knows where, this moment, to place my hand
on the 'sassin—I knows where to do it, and can
prove it! I can have you put in the box to swear
—to a lie, if you likes—but I know those who'lt
worry all you knows out oh you. Stay!—don't
mterrupt me! An'I knows where, this blessed
minnit, where the gamekeeper's body lies, at the
bottom of a pool, waiting only to come up when
called for, Ha! that staggers yer—does it?
You defus me, does yer! Well, do it!—or down
with the mopusses!"

rou denes me, does yer! Well, do it!-or down with the mopusses!"
The earl lost his self possession, and sank into his seat with a groun, he covered his face with his hands, and rocked himself to and fro with saguish.

auguith.

"I don't do my wark by halves." hissed Stark
in his ear; "an' I knew that body would be
wanted some day, unless I could stow it where
nobody know'd of it but myself. My game is to
live, an' if anybody made; a livin' out of a dead
gamekeeper, I made up my mind it should be
me. Will you dub up now? or am I to do my
wust?"

wust?"
The earl once more leaped to hisfeet.
"Where is my son?" he exclaimed. "Take
me to him and I will shower gold upon you which
shall gluk ayen your greed."

me to nim and I will shower gold upon you which shall glut even your greed."

"Stake ten quid, an I agrees," exclaimed Stark. Before the earl could reply, to inquire the meaning of the expression, a knock was heard at the door, which was immediately opened and the serving man made his apperance and said: "My lord, the person named Sanger, is below and wishes to see your lordship when your lordship is disengaged."

disengaged."
Stark retired to the window.
"It is the detective?" inquired the earl with asned calmness. I believe it is, my lord," returned the servant.

"I believe it is, my lord," returned the servant.
"He did not wish to disturb you, he said he was
acquainted with the individual to whom you had
granted an interview, and he would wait—he
was in no particular hurry."
Stark hissed something through his teeth
which the earl sould not catch, but he said to
the servant, "Tell Mr. Sanger that I will see him
presently, as soon as I am at liberty."

"I think I hear him coming up, my lord," said
the servant, as he retired and closed the door
after him.

The instant his back was turned Stark durg.

The instant his back was turned, Stark flung up the window and looked about him. He made an exclamation, almost as it appeared, of exuitation, and then leaped lightly or to the window-sil, closing down the window again leaving himself without, and the earl within, i. a state of perturbation it is impossible to describe. He knew that there was a clear fall below of about forty or fifty feet; there was nothing for the man to get at, no landing, no opposite wall to leap to, nothing but that small ledge without the window between him and death, by being dashed to atoms.

Each moment he expected to hear the falling man's feet scrape against the wall, and the dull bound on the pavement far away below, announcing his fearful fate. It seemed as if he must shrick with horror.

At that moment the door softly opened and Sanger, the detective, made his appearance; then the earl, overcome by contending emotions, fainted. tter nim. The instant his back was turned, Stark flung

fainted.

sanger perceived at a glance the condition of the earl and rang violently. At the same time he looked with the quick eye of the hawk round the apartment but no other person beside him self and the earl was present. No door led into another apartment. He was at the window instanter, and flung it up. He looked out then he drew his head in, and shut down the window.

vindow.

The servant entered with a startled demean ing servant now appeared absolutely fright-ened,

"Oh, Mr Detector," he cried "what does it all mean? The most mysterious things is apperia' ist as I kem up stairs from the 'all door, before the porter, who is stout you know, could get out of his seat, slams the door after him, and

"Never mind; let us revive his lordship," in-"Never mind; let us revive his lordship, interrupted Sanger, testily.

They bathed his temples with the cold water, and in a few minutes the earl breathed a deep sigh, and opened his eyes. After glaring around him, he rose to his feet, stared at the servant, at Sanger, pressed his hands to his temples, and sai, "Good heaven! is this all a horrid dream?" ream ?" "Pray, my lord be seated, and collect yourself."

"Pray, my lord be seated, and collect yourself." exclaimed Sanger, quietly and soothingly. and turning to the servant, said to him, "You had better leave the room, and mind you keep your tongue within your teeth."

The man did not like to disobey the command, uttered in a brusque, a thoritive tone, but he disappeared with evident reluctance.

The Earl of De la More, after a struggle with his emotions, became sufficiently calm to demand the cause of Sanger's presence on that occasion.

demand the cause of Sanger's presence on that occasion.

"My lord," he said, "my business was with the men Stark. I want him upon a burglary case, a very bad one too—for blood was shed. I traced him here. I do not seek to pry into any secrets of your lordship, but I would suggest that the fellow is a desperate socoundrel. He has seven years transportation for a bad poaching affair, but was one of the first men let out on a ticket of leave. He's been at his old tricks again an 1 this time if he's convicted, I expect he will be required to give his opinion of the air of Bermuda. He has escaped me this time, but I shall have him yet."

yet."
"Unless the wrath of the Almighty has anticipated you," exclaimed the earl, pointing with a shudder at the window.
The lip of the detective curled with a smile, electrocycle.

shudder at the window.

The lip of the detective curled with a smile, almost scornful.

"No, no, my lord," he said, "he got down safe enough, its an old trick of his."

"A trick, to fall fifty feet in safety?" cried the earl, astonished.;

"No trick exactly, my lord, but an acquirement, I should have said," returned Sanger. 'Any good sweep could do it, and he secaped from prison by it. There is a sharp angle formed by a jutting wall just outside there, and he wont down it, shoulders and feet—that's all. It's a daring feat but I suspect he found it was neck or nothing with him. I have only to add, that if he manages to keep out of our hands, the less my lord, you have to do with nim, the better."

"I—I employed him to watch the actions of a—a relative whom I feared was pursuing a wrong path—that was all,' exclaimed the carl, embarrassed under the bright eagle eye of the detective. 'He did his work protty well, I must say."

"No doubt! he's up to that game. I will not

tective. "He did his work protty well, I must say."

"No doubt! he's up to that game. I will not detain your lordship farther than to say, that yesterday, from information I received, a person obtained a passport from the Italian ambassa dor, he gave his name as Gidcon Saville, in the service of the Audley family."

"Did you see him?" asked the earl with

eagerness.
"Well," replied Sanger, "I did your lordship although we are not; in the habit of making ad-

"Well," replied Sanger, "I did your loriship although we are not in the habit of making admissions prematurely."
"Describe him to me," cried the earl eagerly,
"He was tall," exclaimed Sager, consulting a small metallic memorandum book.
"With grey hair?"
"Yea; he had a wound on his forchead, which had been strapped up."
"Great heaven!"
"And looked very ill, as though he had recently recovered from great prostration. He walked with the aid of a stick, but with difficulty."

will the control will the control will be control with the control will be control with the control will be co oked at you."
"Yes—yes—yes!" gasped the earl.
"And has one of his front teeth broken," adde

"And has one of his front teeth broken," added the detective.

"It is him!" exclaimed the earl, sinking back in his chair. "Mereiful heaven!" he cried, "thy ways are inscrutable!"

"That is eal!." exclaimed the detective, closing his memorandum book.

"All," echoed the earl clasping his hand, "All, my friend. You know not that the whole happiness of a family is involved in what you have just made known to me. I know not how to reward you, but as far as money can do it you shall not complain."

"I shall be well satisfied with money my lord," said sanger with a quiet smile; "but really your

not complain,"

"I shall be well satisfied with money my lord," said Sanger with a quiet smile; "but really your lordship has been already so liberal that I have no claum for recompense for the little additional information I have given you."

"It is worth more than thrice ten thousand times all you have previously brought put tygether!" exclaimed the earl; "and as such shall be requited. Tell me, my friend, what places were named in the passport obtained by this man?"

"Well, it is not him who obtained the passport, but an Italian, one Giuseppe Marini, who was with him, end had his companiou's name and description inserted in his. The destination was Florence via Paris and Marseilles."

The earl learned now all he coul obtain, or so far as he could expect. He dismissed Sanger with a very handsome present, and then sat down to think.

"So," said he, musingly, "the silence is brok on at last! The veil is lifting—the gloomy obscuricy of years is dissipating! What will it disclose? What shape is the bitter animosity, the withering hairod, to take? Wholesale destruction of me and my house—of those who are the treaspons!! Do all—dare all that she can do or dare! Hers the false step -not mine! In the hands of the etern !! I place the issue!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE ARRIVAL—THE ITALIAN. When Earl De la More made the arrangements necessary for him to leave London, he provided for the possibility of; being away from England for an extended poriod. Eustree would go to college immediately after his tather's departure, and contrary to his first intertion, the earl decided that his daughters should semain at De la More House, Park Lans, under the cure, guidness and invention of an elderly unique layer. before I part with a guinea."

The man pondered for a moment, and then he said with more respect than he said yet shown, man you won't let me."

"I will have I wants to do you a good turn, and you won't let me."

"I wish you to consider my terms—to accept or refuse them."

"And what if I refuse?"

"And what if I refuse?"

"And what if I refuse?"

"I wish you best and worst. I know how to handle you." accomplishments necessary to their high sphere in life. All, however, was to be under the control of the elderly maiden relative who was to be invested with full power to act as the earl's representativeduring his absence. Proper intimation of this was conveyed to the steward, and to the housekeeper, and through them to the servants.

The maiden, Lady Pinkpleite, and her maid, Ivory, arrived, and were conducted to the chamber prepared for the former, and there they found another maid, ready to attend upon Lady Pinkpleite, but she was dismissed, Iyory alone being permitted to wait upon the antiquated column of titled starch. The carl's reception of Lady Pinkpleite was truly that of an earl, save that that there was a small spice of congeniality in it, because of the position into which he was about to install her. The two sisters, who were desirous of receiving her in an affectionate manner, were repelled by the icy grandeur—rather the frigid courtesy of the old lady's manner; for these was no mistake in that she elevated them into a position higher than her own, although she knew they were about to be placed under her guidance and control. Still the formal precision she displayed towards them compelled them to take back the spontaneous offering of their hearts, and toss ice and show to her in turn.

As for Eustace, he at once set her down for an awful bore, and congratulated himself upon his departure for and sojourn at Oxford.

The time passed on. The carl was gone. Eustace, too, was borne by rail to Alma Mater. The Lady Pinkpleite, as the household was directly aware, was in the full plenitude of her power, and the girls were all the day employed in nusstering French nouns and verbs with Monsieur Montbacon, although they spoke the language like natives; performing on an Errard's grand instructed by a German pianist of masterly powers of execution; by wading through the German language with Horr Kindermeister of acquiring Spanish under Dox Jose Kehota; and being tutored in Italian by Signor Andrea di Lioni.

T

Dor Jose Kehota; and being tutored in Italian by Signor Andrea di Lioni.

Ah! tutored in Italian by Signor Andrea di Lioni!

This man was young—say twenty: five—at least, he stated that to his age; he might have porhaps been thirty. The difference of age between those terms is not easily recognisable, where the man is careful about his personal appearance, as was Andrea di Lioni. He had a haud some face; was of an olive complexion; with black har, whiskers and moustacles: his features were regular; his eyes especially brilliant, and were frequently shrouded by long, black eye lashes, as though he were conscious of their beauty, and made a point of exhibiting them on that account as often as he could.

His manner was soft and polished, as it should have been, for he declared himself an exiled count, of high family; but that having held extreme opinions, and having been converted to Protestantism, he had been compelled to fly his country, and had lost by his change of religion the countenance of his family and friends: he was therefore compelled to obtain an existence by teaching his native language.

All this was very interesting and touching, if true, and wno should say it was not so? He asserted its truth—Lady Pinkpleite affirmed its truth—and she engaged him on the strength of the confirmation by her maid fvory. So he was admitted into the family to teach the ladies Blanche and Cecile.

When first introduced to them, they both experience is strauge thrill of terror. They were both young and basutiful, and his large glittering eyes seemed to gleat on them as a tiger upon its victin just ere it nakes a spring.

Nevertheless Blanche shuddered when he approached her, with an instinctive, indefinable horror which seemed preposterous, but which she could not shake from her.

As for Cecile, she openly rebelled—at least to Lady Pinkpleite—against a continuance of lessons with Signor Andrea di Lioni.

"Wher-fore, Lady Cecile?" exclaimed the column of starch sitting up in a stately form, and looking like a petrifaction

The eyes of Ivory pursued her retreating form as if they were a couple of fireballs following in

as it they were a couple of preballs following in her track.

Ivory broke the silence.

"The Lady Cecile is under a spell," said she, in a low, quiet tone, 'I am in fear, your ladyship, that her false impression is the result of a warm imagination ripenicg."

Lady Pinipleite groaned, the lump in her throat had subsided, and she was now able to speak speak
"What an exhibition! A young lady of title
to stamp her foot and shake her fist?" she
moaned.

caned. "To have such strange feelings!" suggested

Ivory.
"Fut, tut, Ivory," she exclaimed, as she like an "Fut, tut, Ivory," she exclaimed, as she has a see see fast Indiaman, got under weigh and steered with dignified pace to the door, "feeling, indeed a lady of title has no feelings—at least to fit her to ber high position, she should have none." one." And now, her sails being filled, she proceeded

her to her high position, she should have none."

And now, her sails being filled, she proceeded in stately fashion to Lady Ceci e's chamber.

Ivory followed. For an instant her eye had gleamed with flerv hatred as Lady Pinkyleite uttered her last sentiment, but in an instant she was calm as usual.

And all this time— that is during the preceding colloquy—Signor Andre di Lioni was occupied in giving the Lady Blanche her lesson in Italian.

He sat by her side, very close to her, his breath purposely made to play upon her fair cheek She did not wish to notice it—yet it embarrassed her, made her restless, and wish herselt away. The very same emotions Lady Cecile had declared to Lady Pink, leite she had suffered while in Lioni's presence were precisely those which Blanche experienced on receiving lessons from him. There was an inconceivable repugnance, mixed with a species of mortal terror, in her feelings, and yet a degree of fascination, which rather drew her towards him than repelled him from her. It was inexplicable; with no other professor was it so. Still she went on with her lessons feeling and knowing that the man was spreading round her an atmosphere, as it seemed of impurity. He turned the language of his native land—so susceptible of such a purpose—to this end. The extracts given for translation, even the verbs selected for conjugation, expressed love and passion.

"Ah! my dear lady," he said, fastening his brilliant eyes upon hers, and speaking with a terriule earnestness, "I, too, can late, and, like my countrymen, take a droadful revenge; not on the object of my hate, by the knife"—and here his countenance assumed a fiend's aspect—"but on those they loved by poison, by subtle processes, which would rack, torture, and at last destroy them; and she I hated should know, without the nower to prevent, that she was the occasion of the mortal misery and inevitable death of all she loved best on carth. This would be the fate of her whom I might love, but who, perhaps, should spurn and reject me. But I pray yo

nent. As soon as he had left, Blanche hurried to her ing.

He, at a dark angle of the staircase, met Ivory.

She gripped his wrist, and said in Italian to him,

Be cautious or you will fail, and be thrust into
the street. The Lady Cecile detects you, she
refuses to see you again, and the Lady Blanche

"Will surely be mine: she is in the net already."
"Be guarded! the counters rewards with the liberality of an Empress and visits failure with "I know I shall not fail—the charm is workug!"
Not another word. Ivory went placidly to the
Pressing appartment of Lady Pinkpleite; and
Andrea di Lioni glided down the stairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER VIII.

LA CONTESSA.

Upon the banks of the Arno, and forming an individual portion of the city of Florence, reared its head an aucient and capacious building.

At the back, leading to the Arno, was a flight of stone steps, to enable the residents of the dreary building, if they so desired, to embark in a gendola, or any other vessel of the kind, to be borne across, or up or down the fair river, the was not of en that this was made use of: but at times, mostly at night, a long black, coffin like gendola, would glide at a signal to the steps, and receive within its tomb like interior a tall lady closely enveloped in a black veil.

Upon a dark moonless night, some short time after the events since related, one of the somier looking gondolas was propelled up to the stone, moss grown, shimy steps of the palace of the Contarrimi. From beneath the arched covering appeared a man muffled in a closk who uttered a few words in Italian to the gondolier; he then gave his hand to a tail female, to whom a younger one clung, and assisted them out of the vessel upon the steps, and so guided them into the palace, the door having been opened at a given signal. They were followed by a stout elderly woman, who with open mouth gazed about her in mute wonder.

In the mean while, the two who had disembark ed proceeded into a spacious hall and by a corridor to a door at which they halts.

The man tappet tarice with his fingers, and then was heard from within the sound of a silver bell; the door was opened by him and they went slowly and with noiseless step into a chamber which was aimly lighted by an oil lamp.

At a table a lawy was seated, attired in black she was of a rather commanning stature; her features were very pale, but they were yet remarkably haudsome. She did not look old, evel elderly; stil there was a staid, ston character in her appearance which produced the same effect. "You have returned, Beppo."

"To your commands, Concessa," responded the man. Beppo."
"To your commands, Contessa," responded

the man.
"And you, Ruth?" she said to the elder of the "I am here, my lady," replied the woman quietly, not altogether cold in her manner, yet so calm and reticent as to have the same offect. effect.

"Who have you with you?" asked the lady, syeing with a curious gaze, the young girl, who kept close to the side of the female com-

oanion.
"Amy," returned the woman who was called

"Amy," returned the woman who was called Reth.

"Amy?" repeated the lady, as if trying to recollect to whom the name belonged, "Amy, let me see your face, child."

Ruth, with but little ceremony, removed the veil which hitherto had been kept, with scruplous care, thickly folded over the face of her young companion, and revealed the pale, wan features of Amy Seaton, but as lovely as ever.

The lady gazed upon them with eager interest. She perused each liminent with curious inspection; but at length, with some hesitation, and a scarcely perceptible sigh, she said, "How fair and beautiful! how very leautiful! One more inheritor of that fatal gift, the curse and destroyer of the happiness of our sex."

She pressed her hand over her cyos and a shudder ran through her frame.

After a minute's pause Ruth said, "Know you not the face!"

The lady started, looked again at Amy, and then at Ruth.
"No" she replied.

then at With:

"No," she replied.

A smile of triumph passed rapidly over the woman's features. In an instant it had disappeared, and calm as before she said, "This is Amy Seaton"

"Amy Seaton"

"Amy Seaton—your child, Ruth?" exclaimed the lady in great surprise, rising to her feet.

"It is even her," replied Ruth.
Amy started back to look with astonished eyes on the placid face of her who had made the announcement.

Amy started back to look with astonished eyes on the placid face of her who had made the announcement.

She would gladly have given up half her life to have been able to fling herself in her mother's arms, and have felt herself pressed to that mother's broast. As it was, she only clasped her hands, and said in tones which were those of entreaty to speak in this nothing but the truth "You—you—are you indeed my mother?

Ruth moved not, save that she turned her face to her, and said, "Why not? Why-should I not be your mother?"

"Mother, dear mother!" said Amy, and she would have thrown herself into her arms, but Ruth raised bith her hands and stayed her.

"We must have no scenes here, Amy, The countess does not approve of scenes before her."

"No," replied the countess, still eyeing the face of Amy with an interest she could not account for, "Tell me, Ruth, do I understand rightly, that your daughter has been living near De la More Hall?"

"Upon the estate, my lady, with my husband, Seaton."

"And doubt'ess knows well, by sight, the members of the family?"

"Well my lady."

with black bar, whiskers and moustacles: his features were regular; his eyes especially brilling them on that account as often as he could.

His manner was soft and polished, as it should have been, for he declared himself an exidence of his family; but that having held extense opinions, and having been converted to Protestantism, he had been compelled to fly his country, and had lost by his change of roligion the countenance of his family and friends: he was therefo e compelled to obtain an existence by the contenance of his family and friends: he was therefo e compelled to obtain an existence by the contenance of his family and friends: he was therefo e compelled to obtain an existence by the contenance of his family and friends: he was therefor occurrent of the contenance of his family and friends: he was therefor occurrent of the contenance of his family and friends: he was therefor occurrent of the contenance of his family and friends: he was therefor occurrent of the contenance of his family and friends: he was therefor occurrent of the contenance of his family and friends: he was therefor occurrent of high family; but that having held extended to the held to the was therefor occurrent of high family; but that having held extended to the held to the was therefor occurrent of high family; but that having held extended the family? "I am glad of that. I will interrogate her at nother period respecting them. I have a question to put her of her hand having held extended to the her hand having held extended to the her hand having held extended to the her hand touching, if the countenance of his family?" "Wall, ny lady." What of a true, and wore should say it was not so? He as the head of the countenance of his family and touching, if the hand have a question to the his was the head of the his was the head of her hand was countenance of his family and having her hand have a

inquire into this. She the daughter of Ruth Seaton? I'll ne'er believe it. If not, I'll know who she really is. What, can this Ruth have a secret from me? I'll fathom it, though I have to complete the shadow and with the seaton of the shadow and watched her every motion.

"Come here, Beppo, and tell me what you have done."

Then Beppo, in a low tone, but with much geticulation, went into a long statement, to which she listened with considerable attention, making, at times, memorand ams until he had concluded. He spoke in the Italian language, and she adopted the same in addressing him.

"Are you sure of the people in whom you have placed dependence?" she inquired, anxiously, "Are complish their undoing. — Still she loves money—she is avaricious—she money—she is avaricious—she she loves—she may be cold, indeed, to be proof; he is very hand—some and fertile to be expedient; he has no noution of love unaltoyed with sin; if his passion is aroused, he will dear destruction to accomplish his desires, He will have he she she heard be true? The contessa admost staggered under her consist

she loves money—she is avaricious—she sells her soul for it, piecemeal. Can I say more?"

"And Lioni?"

"He has a tougne sgainst which the sex must be cold, indeed, to be proof; he is very handsome and fertile to be expedient; he has no notion of love unaltoyed with sin; if his pussion is aroused, he will dare destruction to accomplish his desires. He will tlan, plot and persevere, in his purpose, without being turned from it by discouragements, however numerous. He has seen the Lady Blanche, and has sworn to accomplish her ruin. Contessa, he will do it."

She clasped her hands and sat in thought, and then she said, 'It is yet to be done. Tell Lioni not to let the need of gold stand in his way; I will secure to him all he may possibly require to succeed, in his ends: but I'll need proof—a letter, lerhaps, in her handwriting to show to her father. Oh, 'twil be a grand revenge!"

Again she paused, and then said hastily, "Does Ruth know of your discovery of the body of Seaton?" 'No my ledy" replied 'Benno. "And her

"No, my lady," replied {Beppo. "And he daughter has not once alluded to the supposed murder of her fether—has not even mentioned his name. Nay, she has been in a species ocestacy ever since she came, save that, where quite alone, she sobs and cries, and wrings her hands."

ecstay ever since she came, save that, when quite alone, she sobs and cries, and wrings her hands."

A grim smile lighted up the woman's face "That will be revenge; and that will be a blow indeed to the proud man. Oh, could poison or the knife bring me satisfaction as this?"

"Sue has hor secret, too, and that must be mine," muttered the countess. Then she added, "We must learn from Seat.n's own lips the gory of his injury. Thou shalt go to England, and have him brought thither as soon as he is able to hear his journoy. I hayo him in my power, and he must do all that I command. I will work the destruction of the house of De la More. Leave me, Reppo; I will see you in the morning."

Boppo bowed and glided away like a guilty spirit, and was succeeded by Ruth, who, for an hour, was closeted with her. When she quitted her, it was with words of seening devouce on her lips; but when the door was closed, there was a glitter in her eye, and a growl of nate escaped her, which did not say much for her attachment to La Contessa Contarini.

CHAPTER IX. THE PALACE OF SORROW.

THE PALACE OF SORROW.

The Contessa Contarini, after the interview narrated in the last chapter, kept in her chamber for some days. The only communication made beyond its limits, were that Ruth Seaton should pay scrupulous attention to ner daughter Amy, and display the gratest care in her endeavors to restore her to health, but that she was not to present herself to the contessa until she was summoned to attend her.

Beppo was dis, atched to England upon his mission, the contessa giving him his final instructions, and then, as we have said, retiring within the secreey of her private boudoir, waited upon only by an old, witch like woman, named Juanna. That stern reticense, predominant in her manner and her appearance, when alone and unveited in the Palace of Sorrow, left her at the Villa Contarini. She there was one of the gayert, liveliest, and most brilliant of the women who graced her salons, and most facinating and voluptuous. Those who beheld her seated in her dimilighted apartment in the Florentine palace, clad in sad-colored habiliments, would never have recognised in her the enchanting contessa at the village on the banks of the Arno.

On the third night of the arrival of Amy Seaton at the Palace Contarini, at that dead hour, the first past midnight, she might have been observed at the bedside of Amy, closely and earn-stly scanning the fair features of the sleeping girl as she lay in heavy and feverish slumber—her transparent inps slightly apart, her long eyelashes covering her under eyelid, they were wet with the recent ters of acute anguish.

To whom had such a face belonged?—oh where had she seen it?

To this incessantly repeated question she could find no answer. There was no response on the part of her memory.

To this incessantly repeated question she could find no answer. There was no response on the part of her memory.

She examined the neck and bosom, so spotless, so white, not a speck or stain tarnished the lustre of their snowy hue. Ha! what is that which lies concealed close—very close to the

which lies concealed close—very close to the heart?

The concesse placed the light where its beams were hidden, and, kneeling by the bedside, removed from its hiding place the object she had detected there. Having obtained it, she has tened with it to an ante chamber, and when there, turned her light fully upon it to examinet closely. She was not surprised to find it a portrait, nor astonished it should be that of a young man, an officer in her Majesty's service; but she started when she saw the features

"Mother of God!" she exclaimed, in agony.
"It is he, he, himself! he as first I saw him!" She etsegered, and sank upon a chair almost fainting.

Again and again she gazed upon it, and even while she grated her teeth with intense malice

while she grated her teeth with intense malice at bitter remembrance, the sait, scalding tears forced themselves down her cheek, "I loved him so I did so love him, I would "Hoved him so I did so love him, I would have perished for him with a smile, had he been but kind to me—had he effected to return it. No I I would not have seen his dissimulation if it had grinn-d in my eyes. It would have been enough to have heard him say only that he loved me. No sin should have checked me—no crime stayed.

to have heard him say only that he loved me. No sin should have checked me—no crime stayed me—no degradation had me back fr m doing, daring all he could have ever asked of me. He knew, it—he must have known it; yet he scorned spurned me! Oh, but I would have my revenge!"
"O Dio!" she exasimed, "the mystery about this girl grows pain!o!: it must be solved."

She turned the picture about, at its back was written, in a neat female hand—"Arnold De la More—a gift to his own Amy."
"So!" she ejaculated. "Here at least, is one solution. This, then, is the portrait of the son; and Amy loves him—that is transparent. Does he love her? Ah! that, indeed is another queesi n. It is so easy for a man to win a woman's heart upon a shallow pretence. Yet he may love her or be made to do so; and here I may have within my grasp one piece of exquisite torture for that proud hoars; and I will nee it to its utinest extent. I must know her history, and then learn where Lord De la More at this moment is and bring him here. Aye, those shall be my next operations!"

Leaving her lamp whore she had placed it, she stole to the chamber where Any lay, and gonly restoring! the minature to its place of love and honer she glided noiselessly from the room.

The following morning Ruth Seaton was

room.
The following morning Ruth Seaton was summoned to the boudoir; of the contesse, and she attended, as commanded. She entered, and found the contessa as pale and collected as

and found the contessa as pass and contesta acever.

"Ruth!" cried she, slowly, and in marked emphasis, "whose child is the girl you call Amy
Seston?"

Perhaps there was a shade of warmer color in
the face of Ruth as this question was put so distinctly and emphatically to her, but there was
not any perceptible difference of motion.

"I have told you, my lady," she replied,
slowly.

slowly.

"That she is yours?"
Ruth shrugged her shoulders, but remained silent.

"And Scaton's?"
Ruth remained silent.

"And Seaton's?" repeated the contessa with a searching cance.

earching grance. "Then is she the child of shame?"
"She is."

"And sin ?"
"And sin !" "And sin!"
There was another pause. Then said the nuntees to Ruth. "Does Seaton know of this?" "No."
"But you can prove its truth?"
"I can."

"But you can prove its truth?"

"I can."

"Enough, you may retire and devote your attention to the recovery of your daughter's spirits and her good looks. When I require your presence I will give you ample notice. Exert yourself to make her cheerful, and do everything to gratify any reasonable wish she may form."

Ruth bowed, and retired slowly. As she closed the door once more that look of fierce and maligant hatred she had before displayed animated ner features, and then she cause dit to disappear, and made her way to Amy's chamber.

Some time further elapsed and Beppo made his appearance at the palace. This tune he had Seaton with him, and introduced him to the contessa.

contessa. She still sat in her dark chamber, and received

At the close of all those inquiries the contessa sont for Amy desiring to speak with her alone. Ruth conducted her daughter to the door of the contessa's boudoir and there left her. Amy, frightened and miserable, entered the apartment and paused almost at the threshold. The contessa rose up, and almost ran towards her.

sout for Amy desiring to speak with her alone, Ruth conducted her daughter to the door of the contessa's bondoir and there left her. Amy, frightened and miserable, entered the apartment and paused almost at the threshold.

The contessa rose up, and almost ran towards her.

"My pretty young friend, why do you hesitate to hold a conversation it; and I want to have a talk with you, Sidmouth." "Ah! and I with you, De la More." said the arl, taking, and walking with rapid strides out of the church into the large, open piazza, in which the cathedral stands. When out in the open air, the Earl of Sidmouth said, "M re, it seems when I left London, your oratory, used apparently for devotional exertises; for it had a small altar fitted up with a crucifix stained glass window, bearing an elaboration of the church was bombarding that moral and virtue ous city, with rewards for your recovery. A

ate warmth. The contessa broke into a musical laugh.

"Now," she cried, "shall we have bright looks and sunny smiles, the springing step, the saucy word, the bird warblings. No more sorrow to canker your fair young life—no more sadness to coud that white brow or dim the clear depths of those sweet eyes!—No, child, you shall be happy. Behold!" she exclaimed, and she threw open the stained win dow.

exclaimed, and she threw open the stamed win dow.

The bright sun blazed, a globe of gold in the clear, blue heaven. The beams danced upon the clear waters, sparking as though decked with myriads of diamonds. The houses with scarlet roofs and green verandas, or gay blinds, stood out brilliantly in the sunlight. Upon the Arno, beats raced to and fro; there came in with the soft, balmy air the thronging sounds of active life. The scene was startling and wildly joyous in its aspect, from the strong contrast treesented to the dull chambers of the palace.

ce.

Amy, as she gazed on the moving mass of life
and heard the spirit stirring sounds, the tones of

ace.

Amy, as she gazed on the moving mass of life and heard the spirit-stirring sounds, the tones of bells, and the chant of boutmen, felt the load which had settled upon her heart lift and float away. She could, after what she had heard, and in the face of what she beheld, have chasped her hands for very glee. The contessa looked on, with a strange unearthly expression of joy illuminating her features.

"Amy, we will enjoy this at once, I wish to visit the Villa Contarini, and you shall accompany me there. And there are proud noblets whose hearts you shall win, aye, even that of the grand duke's son. He is handsome, but very haughty. We will bring him a suitor to thy feet."

Amy protested she should not like it.
The countess having attired herself and Amy being dressed from the wardrobe which she provided for her of new and costily dresses, stepped into a gondola, and were borne down the Arno.

As they proceeded on their way, the cathedral attracted Amy's attention; and the countess caused the gondola to approach to the shore, and there landed, to pay it a visit.—They passed into the plazzo, and thence, by one of the three great doorways, into the cathedral itself.

Amy was at first overcome by the immensity and grandeur of the interior, but in a moment

the three great doorways, into the cathedral itself.

Amy was at first overcome by the immensity and grandeur of the interior, but in a moment after she clutched the contessa's arm, who saw her gazing with ast mishment upon a young English naval efficer, who was apparently absorbed in contemplating the beauties of a statue of Baccio Bandanelli,

The countess looked, with eager anxiety, at his face, which was pale and thin, but she saw in an instant that it was the same as the portraitshe had discovered so close to Amy's heart.

CHAPTER X.

THE DUCA DI BERGAMO-THE VILLA CONTARINI

CHAPTER X.

THE DUCA DI BERGAMO—THE VILLA CONTARINI.

The Contessa Contarini, when she saw the object upon which the attention of Amy was riveted, was not for an instart in doubt as to the identity of the young naval officer. For the moment, she was not less affected than hor young and beautiful companion. The pale face of Arnold, the instant it caught her eye, caused an agitation in her frame even more powerful than the recognition of the pertrait she had discovered in Amy's possession had done.

Although a slave to her passions, the contessa, like most persons similarly the victims of such bandul influence, had the power of controlling their visibility.

At the moment she beheld Lord Arnold to recognize hius, a deadly faint oppressed her, ker knees shock, and sue had hardly strength to suckain herself. Yet immediately she was proudly erect, stepped back to one of her attendants, and uttered a few words in Italian. Thon she hurried Amy, who was almost paralyzed with conflicting emotions, to another part of the building. With remarkable self-possession she proceeded to point out to her the most note worthy portions of the magnificent editice. It is true that her words fell on unheeding ears for Amy's attention was too much distracted by this suddenly meeting. Arnold, to be affected -r moved by aught else. When she was hurried from the spot where she stood—not reluctantly, for she would not have encountered him there, to speak with him, for worlds—she had a kind of mist-sense that the contessa was describing to her the wonders of the duomo, but it was not till she was once more in the gondoil, on the bright waters of the Arno, that she might really be said to be conscious of her position, and then it was when the contessa suddenly said—

on the bright waters of the Arno, that she might really be said to be conscious of her position, and then it was when the contessa suddenly said—

"Look up, pretty one, cast away your sad air; dress up your beauteous face in smiles, for bore comes one to whon I am desirous to present you. Should your charms elicit from his lips expressions of admiration, I may be assured that my salons will be crowded with the noblest, proudest, and the most distinguished in Florence."

The contessa gave directions to one of her people.

"What can this mean, Sidmouth?, he exclaimed "Don't know," he replied. "I'm brought up as its about, you that I don't for the life of me see—something that makes elderly women expressions of admiration, I may be assured that my salons will be crowded with the noblest, proudest, and the most distinguished in Florence."

The contessa gave directions to one of her people.

"What can this mean, Sidmouth?, he exclaimed "Don't know," he replied. "I'm brought up as leading to the standing. Why, Arnold, there is something very commarkable about you that I don't for the life of messes—something that makes elderly women takes a largy to you. Just now you had a nun oatch hold of you, and I thought she would have mbraced you; here is sunother making out your number, she is spying you from heel to truck. Look at her! Is this your laundress, fearful for the salety to you. Just now you had a nun oatch hold of you, and I thought she would have mbraced you; here is sunother making out your number, she is spying you from heel to truck. Look at her! Is this your laundress, fearful for the life of mean and the more about you that I don't for the life of mean and the more about you that I don't for the life of mean and the more about you that I don't for the life of mean and the more about you that I don't for the life of mean and the more about you that I don't for the life of mean and the more about you that I don't for the life of mean and the more about you that I don't for the life of mean and the more about y

The contess, and the most distinguished in Figure rence."

The contessa gave directions to one of her people, who caused the gondolibr to place her gondols along side the approaching one, it having sopped at a given signal. The contessa drew aside the curtains of her gondola, and introduced its occupant, the Duca di Bergama, to Amy. They then proceeded to the villa.

CHAPTER XI. THE FRIEND-MYSTERIES-THE INVITATION.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FRIEND—NSTERIES—THE INVITATION.

Lord Arnold De la More it was whom Amy had seen in the duomo, apparently admiring the beauties of a statue, which at that moment he did not even see, his thoughts being far away. He had not been in Florence three days, to him it seemed scarcely less than three years. What to do with himself he knew not—cared not! He was surrounded with an atmosphere of gloom and horror which appeared impenetrable. He could think of nothing but the grim corpse of So-ton, slain by his hand, and the attenuated figure of Amy calling down curses upon his head, as the murderer of her father. Now that he felt himself separated from her for ever, he loved her more frantically, more passionately, than he had hitherto. In day dreams, and the dark hours of the night, he would see her sweet trustful face turned upwards to his, her soft fond eyes gazing into his own with loving affection, as had been the case when tegether they had wandered in fond companionship beneath the green shadows of wide spreading branches, and glades made golden by sunight in the old wood at home. And then he would see this face,—oh, so fair and gentel —change its aspect into one convulsive horror, and it would seem to him that her name, utered in shrieking execration, startled thestill air and filled him, with highorturing anguish, almost beyond mertal endurance. To one less the slave of impetuous feeling, this trial, great as it was, would have been the subject of some personal control; it was not so with him—at least, when alone—and the frightful position in which he bolieved himself to be, presented in its full force to his fervid imagination. Then he would twist his hands in his hair, rock to and fro, and give way to a varoxysm of scalding tears all the more exhausting to his frame, inasmuch as tears are not the natural outlet for the griet of a man of strong mental powers. It may be assumed therefore, that he was yet weak and ill, and his progress towards recovery from the recent terrible attack but led would Lord Arnold De la More it was whom Amy had een in the duomo, apparently admiring the

Saston with him, and introduced him to the sontessa. She still sat in her dark chamber, and received him in the same stately manner as usual. "Seaton's stately be won, and care basished in a constant while once more reverting to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main, where death in a constant while once more reverting to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main, where death in a constant while once more reverting to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main, where death in a constant while once more reverting to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main, where death in a constant while once more reverting to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main, where death in a constant while once more reverting to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main, where death in a constant while once more reverting to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main, where death in gift cashily be won, and care basilish of the spanish Main, where death in a constant while once more reverting to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main, where death in a constant while once more reverting to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main, where death in the constant while once more reverting to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main, where death in the constant while once more are while once more are while once more and islands of the spanish Main, where death in the constant while once more are while once more are while once more twick is and to the strange far off islands of the spanish Main,

meeting took place between your governor and mine, whick ended in the discovery, on one side, that you had obtained a two years' liberty; and, mine, which, ended in the discovery, on one side, that you had obtained a two years' liberty; and, on the other, a strong suspicion that you were not entitled to it. As soon as they parteu company the first lord crowded every stitch of canvass he could see, and bore down upon me. No sooner did he catch sight of me, then he fired a gun across my fore foot, and made me heave to, while he overhauled my log, to see if there was any entry about you. But there was nothing but blank leaves for him to inspect. And 'hat I had some knowledge of you stowed away; and I swore I had not So we both swore hard and fast together; and I culy found it out when he told me, I—was a—d—fok'stle bully, a—and—a—no son a— of his. A—son of a duke, indeed!—I was a son of—a—the lilegitimate—a son of—a—the Duke of—a—Wapping—a—or some other—a—infernally—a—low place—a—than—a—the son of—a—the Duke of—a Wapping—a—or some other—a—infernally—a—low place—a—than—a—the son of—a—the Duke of—a Worthwaterland—a—and an earl—a—to boot."

a-low place—a—than—a—the son of —a—the Duke of—a Northwaterland—a—and an earl—a—to boot."

Arnold found it impossible not to laugh at a very exact initation of the proud duke; and then, as a thought crossed him, he said, "Has the Duke granted you leave of a besence for an extended term, Sidmouth?"

"Oh, no!" he returned. "My ship has just been paid off, and I want to have a good fling on shore before I go to sea ', gain, as I understand I am destined to the China station for five years of it. The duke is too fond of me to let me have much of his anchorage; so I wrote, and told him that I had made up mind to a trip through to rub off some of my salt crust, and he could send me a six months' liberty-ticket to the hotel di Florence, Plazza del duomo, where it would find me; and if I wanted it renewed I would let him know. He will thow himself into a frantic plassion; but, as he knows I am away with out leave,—and he knows that he would get splashed with the dirt of my disgrace,—he will be sure to sond it to me; accompanied by a lecture, filling four sides of a sheet of bank-post, written by his private chaplain, on finial obedience and reverence, which I shall convince myself is written in Dutch, and make no attempt to translate. And now my old messmate, Arnold, whither are you bound?"
"Do not ask me, Sidmouth? I cannot—dave not answer you," returned Arnold, earnestly."
"Do not ask me, Sidmouth? I cannot—dave not answer you," returned Arnold, earnestly."
"Do not ask me, Sidmouth? I cannot—dave not answer you," returned Arnold, earnestly."

dare not answer you." returned Arnold, earnestly.
"Why not, De la More?" exclaimed the young earl. "You know me well, and therefore will be sure that I am above trying to get to windward of you except by fair sailing. I nave a friendly—nay, a brotherly feeling for you, for we have been together in rough and fair weather, and I have always found you what I hope ever to pro-e-true to the colors I hoistat my fore, main and mizzen."

Arnold remained silent as he concluded and

and I have always found you what I hope ever to pro sective to the colors I hoist at my fore, main and mizzen."

Arnold remained silont as he concluded, and pressed his hand to his brow.

"Como, come, Arnold," continued the young earl, "you are in some distress? I have seen that flag flying at your peak sever since I clapped eyes on you in the church yonder. If you do not wish to make a friend of me, of course I'll haul my wind and not put another question to you but, upon mry soul! De la More, you will find me trustworthy, if you try me."

"sidanouth, I am sure of it," replied Arnold, shaking his hand warmly, "I know not, at this moment, any one upon whom I would so frankly and confidently rely as yourself,—no one in the wide world, by heaven, Sidmouth, I would more readily and willingly cal upon to act my friend than yourself; but you must excuse me at this moment. We shall see each other, during our stay, frequently, for I am stopping at the Hotel di Florence. I only want a little communion with myself, and then most prounbly I will make a clean breast of it to you, and take counsei with you as to the best ceurse!

"He it so," replied Sidmouth. He was about to add something to his remark, when he was interrupted by the strange conduct of a Sister of Charity, who, st pping between him and Arnold placed her hand upon the lattor's shoulder, and regarding his lineaments with intense earnest-

Charity, who, st pping between him and Arnold placed her hand upon the latter's shoulder, and regarding his lineaments with intense earnestness, accommanied by a species of hystorical emotion, She was very fair and looked as though her flesh was made of virgin wax, so transparent it was—that is, as much of it was seen, for a yeil shrouded much of her leatures.

"O, Madonna Immacolato!" she muttered and then addressed Arnold hastily, in English.

"Your pardon, sir?" she said. "Your name is De la Morte?"

"It—it—is," he replie!, with some hesitation, looking upon her with surprise.

"Are you the eldest son?"

"He bowed.

"Lord Arnold,?"
Again he bowed.

She appeared for an instant to be inwardly convulsed, and she wrung her hands as if in bitter anguish, uttering a low wailing cry. Then, with both hands, she pressed her veil into her cyos to absorb the tears that gushed from them. Another minute she withdrew her veil, and with quivering in, said, "The Hotel dif Florence is your present abode?"

"For a short ima," responded Arnold, regarding her with no little astoni hument.

"Enough! Will a communication sent there reach your hands?" inquired the sister, hurriedly.

"Of what nature?" he said, interrogative-ly, "Oh, ask not now," she returned. "It is of

"Oh, ask not now," she returned. "It is of "Oh, ask not now," she returned. "It is of much importance to you. O Dio! if you knew, your impatience would make you mad ere it reached you. Adio, Signor Inglese!" she abruptly concluded, as with an affrighted shudder she perceived that a tall dark woman had stopped, and was also eyeing Arnold with a kind of eager scrutiny. The Sister of Charity folded her veil close round her as this woman approached, completely shrouding her features, and moved rapid y away.

Arnold looked after the retreating figure of the Sister of Charity observing that she entereithe duomo swiftly, as if being pur sued, and they turned to his friend, who was laughing inwardly, although trying to preserve his gravity." What can this mean Sidmouth? he ex-

his gravity.
"What can this mean, Sidmouth?', he ex-

Look at nor! Is this your laundress, fearful for the satoty of her litti, bill?"

By an inclination of his head he directed his attention to where a woman was standing regarding him with a fixed stare. He returned her settled gaze with a similar look of inquiry, but he knew her not.

Buddenly she drew towards him and said, "Lord Arnold, I seek an interview with you."

"How know you my name?" he exclaimed somewhat haughsily.

"No matter," she replied, coldly, "I will prive my title to prefer this request to you, if you will grant me the opportunity.

"I do not know you. Who are you?" he asked.

"I do not know you. Who are you?" no asked.

She looked for a moment upon the earl of Sidmouth, and then, in a low tone, replied "Ruth Seaton!"

He staggered back, as if struck by an arrow, and gasped out, "The mother of—"

"The same, she quickly responded, not giving him time to utter the name of Amy.

He caught her by the wrist, and drew her with evident excitement, a few paces from his friend.

with evident excitoment, a few paces from his friend.

"What have you to say to me?" he asked in earnest tones.
"Nothing, here! Santa Maria! see who comes!" she cried, hurriedly. "To-morrow night, at eight, in the chape! of the Virgin, in the duomo;—I will be there."

The next instant she hurried away, hastly concealing her features under her faldetta.
Who comes?

He turned his eyes in the direction in which she had looked when she uttered those words, and there he saw—standing stiff as a statue his

He turned his eyes in the direction in which she had looked when she uttered those words, and there he saw—standing stiff as a statue, his fuce turned towards him—Section!

There could be no mistake in that grim figure—tall, erect—that face, pale, yet, with the same aspect it had worn when he, with a sudden blow, swept it from his sight in the gloomy copse at Do la More. He uttered a cry, and was about to bound towards the object which fascinated his gaze, to ascertain whether he whom he stood charged with having murdered yet lived—when his friend suddenly caught him by the arm, and swung him round. He stood ince to face with an Italian, evidently of distinguished rank, both by a studied elogance of manner and perfect finish of attien.

round. He stood face to face with an Italian evidently of distinguished rank, both by a studied elogance of manner and perfect finish of attire.

'Allow me to introduce you, ecclenza, to one of my earlieast associates, my dearest friend," exclained the earl; and then said, "The Duca di Borgame, my Lord Arnold De la More" He reversed the name, and added, "You must do the rest yourselves. You know each other now."

'I am proud of the honor, "exclaimed the duca, in a tone calculated to be agreeable to young men of somewhat free manners, untrammelied by the conventionalities of high society. "Your reputation has advanced before you my lord. I was informed of your arrival, and I am indeed pleased that my young friend, the earl, has given me so early an opportunity of making your accusintance, which, with your lordships permission, it is my purpose to improve; for I shall argue with you upon the propriety of putting aside for the remainder of the day whatever engage ments you may have made, and entrart you to finish it with me"

The eyes of Arnold during this speech wandered to the spot where he had seen Seaton standing. He was convinced that it was him—he could not be so deceived as to mistuke a stranger for him; but he was gonenny, a religious procession was passing over the very spot upon which he behold him. A hurried glance over the wide piazza, but in no direction could be traced his flure. His breast was teeming with emotion; one event happening so rapidly upon another, it bewildered him. It was the greatest difficuity he could pay even seeming attention to the subject of the duca's address to him, even theugh thore was in it matter to surprise him. The young earl perceived the distraction of his manner, and pressing his arm sharply, made a reply to the duca before any embarrassing sie-ence occurred.

"I do not believe that De la More has any engagement," he said;" and I am sure I have not I think I say, therefore, eccelenza, in the name of my friend and on my own part, say that we will place ourselves at your

"I shall be gratified with the honor," said Lord Arnold, "begging only permission to retire to my hotel to change the undress, which, without consideration, I donned this morning, for dress fit to be seen in."

'I cannot spare you, my lord," returned the duca; "and, excuse me, the costume of an English naval officer, even though it be undress, is a passport o any society—at least, on the Continent. If your nation is not—pardon me—loved, it is at least respected; and no better

testimony to the greatness of its influence can

testimony to the greatness of its influence can perhaps be offered than that the costume of 1.s officers secures for them an introduction into any circle of society."

Arnold bowed to the compliment, and felt flattered. He did not inquire into its truth, nor did it strike him to do so; for the manner in which it was delivered was such as to carry conviction with it, even if it had been the veriest fustian possible. He said, in reply, "Pray, my lord, after so distinguished a tribute to my nutrition, permit me—as an individual member of it, not known to fame—to inquire by what species of magic you became acquainted with my arrival here. You will understand the astonishment with which I heard you make the remark and not to be surprised at the question, when you hear from me that, a few hours previous to my departure from England, I had neither the intention nor even the conception of a visit to Florence."

The duca laughed a well-arranged laugh: it, disnlyed his handseme fact to advantage, and talso exhibited two rows of teeth of perly whiteness, teeth which the very readers and the strike whiteness.

displayed his handsome face to advantage, and it also exhibited two rows of teeth of pearly whiteness—teeth, which the young earl mentally determined were three-fourths false, or that the duca neither chowed to bacco nor smoked, accomplishments in which he was proficient.

THE BELLS OF ST. BONIFACE.

A Story, Stranger Than Fiction, of Unparalleled Sufferings and Marvellous

Recovery.

In the annals of St. Boniface there is no more interesting or remarkable story than that of Rev. Father Goiffron. In the winter of 1860, the reverend father was dispatched on a mission to Pembina. He started on horseback. The weather was intensely cold, and there was nowhere to find shelter on the sparsely settled country of that day. As he drew near to the end of his journey, he felt that he was succumbing to the cold. But notwithstanding that he felt his legs and feet freezing, he pushed on as quickly as his be-numbed horse would permit him. When within three or four miles from Pembina his horse fell dead on the roadside. To add to the father's other misfortunes, a severe snowstorm came on. Wrapping himself up as well as he could in his cloak, he crawled close to the dead animal in order to profit by any warmth it might contain. For five days he lay beside the beast, covered with snow and satisfying the pauge of hunger by such pieces of flesh as he could cut from the frozed

carcass with his pocket knife.
On the fifth day he gave up all hopes of succor, and was about resigning himself to his fate, when he saw in the distance two horsemen riding over the plains. Summoning all his remaining strength he called out to them, and was fortunate in attracting their attention. They returned to where he lay, and as soon as they learned the circumstances of the case, one rode with all speed to Pembina while the other stayed with the priest. Finally a conveyance was produced and the half frozen man was taken to Pembina, which he reached in a desperate plight. In order to save his life it was resolved to amputate the frozen limbs. Surgery in the Northwest twenty years ago was of a very rude character, and although the operation in the reverend father's case was performed with as much care as possible, it would have been called in these days a bungled job. Father Goiffron was removed to St. Boniface shortly afterwards, and was admitted to Bishop Tache's house. On the trip the bandages on the limb became disarranged, and he was apparently bleeding

On December 23, 1860, preparations were actually being made for the funeral. When candles for use at the service for the dead were sought for, it was found that the supply had run out, and a fire was lit in the Bishop's kitchen, the house being then attached to the cathedral, and a pot of grease put upon the stove with which to make the candles. A quantity of grease happened to boil over, setting fire to the building. All efforts to extinguish the flames proved unavailing, and the occupants of the house turned their attention to saving such effects as they could. Father Goiffron lay upon the mattrass, which was steeped in blood from the bleeding limb. The flames made rapid progress, and he was in danger of being burned to death. The priests at once set about removing him from the blazing building. He objected at first, saying that he might as well be burned to death in the house as to die of cold out-side, but notwithstanding his protestations the mattrass was borne out and placed in the snow. The change to the intense cold of the open air had the effect of checking the hemorrhage, and to the surprise of all, the Father rallied, and being removed to one of the church buildings began to improve. Later, he was taken in charge by the Sisters. When able to leave his bed he made a crutch for himself and was able to get around with tol-erable ease. He lived in St. Boniface a year and was then sent to St. Paul, where he has

labored ever since.

A few weeks ago, about nine o'clock ag stamping on the door step. Sending to enquire the cause of the noise, he was surprised hear that Father Goiffron had come back to see him after an absence of twenty one years. He is now sixty four years of age When he was in St. Boniface before, there were no railways nor any means of convey-ance save by Red River casts and cances The Father came up from Emerson by team. but instead of getting off at St. Boniface he came over to this city. Making enquiries for the Archbishop's he was told that he would have to go down the track again. He walked the whole distance from Winnipes and arrived at the archbishop's as mentioned above. He was the guest of his Grace for to St. Paul.

BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY RE-PORT.

New York, Nov. 3.—The general distribus tion of merchandize thoughout the United States as reported by special telegrams to Bradstreet's, while continuing to move rapidly is evidently of notably less volume than at the corresponding time last year. The iron trade is weaker than when last reported, and pig iron has been cut in several instances. The trouble with the iron trade appears to have been an over estimate of the consuming demand. The certificate for crude petroleum advanced rapidly to day owing to the removal of the heavy carrying rates west and the effects of the October re-port of oppression in the oil regions, quotations reached ninety-nine and one-half cents. Early in the afternoon predictions of dollar oil were freely made. Exports of grain and petroleum on time are practically at a stand still, while the shipments of cotton are heavy. The October cotton report published by Bradstreets' tomorrow states that the weather during the month has been excellent, and the promise now is for a large crop. The prices of wheat are falling, and those of corn, owing to smaller receipts have advanced. The failures in the United States during the week num-ber 154, or 17 more than in the preceding week, and 19 more than in the corresponding week last year. The failures larger than for sometime past. Canada had 21, an increase of 7.

-The sale of the Nashobah estate, near Memphis, recalls the fact that it was once the property of Fanny Wright, an accomplished, elegant, and eccentric woman, who had tried a philanthropic plan for educating negroes. This was in 1825, and the result was a failure. A sister, named Sylvia, married a boorish. ignorant, brutal, and handsome farm hand in the place, who abused her, and finally dresses her back to England. The property remained in the Wright family until a few days ago, though managed by an agent.

-According to the newspapers of Rio Janeiro, writing at the eleventh anniversary of the passing of the law of emancipation of 1871, the effect of that measure has been singularly beneficial to the material and moral development of the country. In those eleven years more than 60,000 been spontaneously freed by their masters without compensation, while the States have given liberty to more than 11,000. During the same period 280,000 children of slaves have been born free, and the cost to the State of emancipation up to the present time has been nearly \$4,000,000.