## HAPPY AT LAST.

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

"Indeed, Lord Arnold there is no magic in it, id the duca. "But we do strange things here "Indeed, Lord Arnold there is no magic in it, said the duca. "But we do strange things here, you know; deal in the black art, and so forth. In truth, I was informed of your presence in Florence, and i am not the only dweller in the city of beauty and of art who happens to be aware of your arrival."

"Indeed!"

"Net" with a rope's end, by way of making them smart".

"He way of the side of

them chase with a rope's end, by way of making them smart."

"Hal" said the duca turning to Arnold, with a keen penetrating look, "so soon in communion with our bright eyed donaus, whose souls are in their cyos and their hearts on their lips! A word of caution, my Lord De la More. Our women are beautiful and those who are pleasing to their eyes find them not niggardly in the favors they bestow, but then they have ties with men who are hot blooded and wear ong knives. I would have you beware! An oven plazza is no place in which to receive billet doux."

receive billet doux."

"Your caution is needless," returned Arnold shruptly. "The persons who addressed me did so upon no such errand."

"I wish somebody would address me, with their hearts on thoir lips and their souls in their eyes!" exciaimed the young ear! "A fig for the stiletto! if any of the gentry came athwart my hawse, I should side out with a bend, and treat them to a taste which, like physic, would be more for their good than pleasant to their pealate."

The duca smiled and shrugged his shoulders, at the same time he mentally determined to find

Palate."

The duca smiled and shrugged his shoulders, at the same time he mentally determined to find out who were the two f unles who had stoken to Arnold, and with what object they had done so. He said to the latter, having smoothed from his face all appearance of interest in what Si-mouth had related—"I have no hesitation in mentioning to you tho name of the lady who is not only conscious of your presence here, but who is esirous of seeing you at her villa. She gives brilliant entertainments, the fashion and beanty of Florence are present on these occasions, and I assure you you will be much gratified by your visit. I am commissioned by the lady in question to ascertain your vishes upon the subject; for if the brevity of your stay, or a disinclination to mix in such gay scenes, would render an invitation ombarassing the formal request for your presence at her fetes you shall not be troubled with."

"Really, excellenza," exclaimed Arnold, "I am much honored in having my convenience thus consulted. Will you fav. r me with the name of the lady who thus distinguishes me?"

"Id contess Contarini."

"Ghe is well known in Florence—somewhat ecceptric, beautiful, but noormously wealty. She is fascinating in manner; and having formed an acquaintance with hor, I shall be mistaken if you do not become a frequent guest at the villa."

"Of course you will go, De la More," exclaimed

course you will go, De la More," exclaime

at the villa."

"Of course you will go, De la More," exclaimed Sidmouth.

Arnold mused for a few moments. At first his impulse was to decline it—not feeling that he could mix in society until the question respecting Seaton was cleared up; but he hositated to do this for several reasons, the principal of which was his desire to avoid suspicion and questions, which seclusion would not fail to raise—for he, before the events which had happened at the Hall, had been as light and free hearted as Sidmouth himself. He there fore said:

"I shall feel honored in receiving the invitation thus graciously proffered to me. Shou dany unforeseen event arise to prevent me availing myself of it, I hope it will be considered an event over which I have not had control."

"You will go, De la More—be sure of that," said Sidmouth. "I shall be there, Duca?"

"Of a certainty, my lord."

"Then so shall Arnold. So let us have no more fuss, but let us weigh anchor, and taste the pleasure, Duca, I am sure you have in your locker for us."

The three quitted the piazza for a day's amusement to be furnished by the Duca.

bleastre, Dica, I am safe you have a you looker for us."
The three quitted the piazza for a day's amusement to be furnished by the Duca.
At night, on his return to the Hotel de Florence, arnold in profound surprise perceived a letter addressed to h m. He tore it open, and found it to be an invitation to the Villa Contarini. for that day week.

Thee was also another paper upon the table, folded, addressed to him, which he tore o en and read:

read:
"Remember your appointment in the duomo "Remember your appointment in the duomo. You have much to hear that will surprise you. You are surr unded by wites designed to entrap you—enemies who purpose your destruction. Beware! Fair spech b t too often is the cloak which covers a foul heart.' Arnold read and re-read his note. It was im possible for him to divine its meaning and he retired to rest exhausted and b wildered with the events of the day.

CHAPTER XII. THE AGENT AND THE AWYER -LITTLE HELL-THE FELL CONSPIRACY.

To complete the circle of the schemes con cocted with the purpose of consummating the complete destruction of the house of De la More was one to which we have not yet alluded, but to which it is necessary to rever at once: because in this plan of operation; skillfully designed and cleverly executed, there was a continuation of assaults upon his happiness upon his rank and

assauts upon his happiness upon his rank and upon his wealth.

How the efforts to undermine his peace had already commenced, and how the plot was aided by the accidental circumstance of Arnold falling passionately in love with Amy, we have seen; but we have yet to detail the progress of that portion of the general design by which the title of the Earl De la More together with the vast wealth accumulated during a long minority were to be wrested from him.

And wherefore?

From one laise step—one fatal error, to which the human race alike are subjected—and which, to retrieve—if ever the attempt is successful—is

And wherefore?

From one talse step—one fatal error, to which the human race alike are subjected—and which, to retrieve—if ever the attempt is successful—is almost the labor of a life—a life which, in its passage to the grave, does not reach its gaol divest do the traces stamped upon it by the consequences of the greevous mistake.

Our scene once again is laid in London.
One of the Chapel Streets of this vast metropolis afforus communication between the New Road and the Edgewa-e Road. About half way down is a narrow thoroughfare, leading to a locality familiarly k own amongst a certain class by the not very attractive title of Little Heil. To this quarter, Gluseppe Manini, the confidentials revant of the Contessa Contarina, accompanied by a short man, dressed in black, shot with brown, at elbows and knees—wherever, in fact, there was an edge. In some blacks this tings would have approached a kind of hue borne y that light down which floats upwards, when feather beds are sheok by active maids, and which is recognized as flue. In the black worn by the individual under description, it was brown—a sort of disagreeable brown—the sight of which did not help to give a favorable opinion of the wearer. In fact, it would have been difficult to hav- picked out a portion of him demanding admiration. He was one of those men whose very three knocks in the shape of a rat-a-tat at their door made poor people in small houses sweak." He was the kind of man whose appearance, if he entered the shop of a tradesman in difficulty, would cause the unhappy insolvent to mutter to himself, "Victoria, by the grace of God;" and o feel that a writ was inevitable. He looked like the man from the country—shant be home this week." He was the kind of man whose appearance, if he entered the shop of a tradesman in difficulty, would cause the unhappy insolvent to mutter to himself, "Victoria, by the grace of God;" and o feel that a writ was inevitable. He looked like the man from the country court; the inexurable rent collector: the broker in a po

any circumstances
He was a sharp lawyer.
His namo was Jar, and he lived in Thavie's Inn,
commonly, we will not say appropriately, known
as Thieves' Inn. He trotted at the side of Beppe, who, having deposited Seaton at Florence, was, according to order, again in London on a special mission. As they walked on, Beppo said, "You are quite sure with respect to this man?"

Jar grinned.

"He was introduced to me by a customer upor
whom I can rely," he replied, with a wink. "You say he is prepared to swear that he saw Lord Arnold De la More slay his father's game-keeper, and that he is in a position to prove it?"
"I do!"

"I do!"
'And it was your intention to have en avored to bring the young lord to the bar o justice?"
"Well-a-you see, that would have depended

upon circumstances. Such was not the actual object of my client. You know, my dear foreign gentleman, that at times, very handsome sums are given to porsons, who can do so. Again, others, whose silence is worth purchasing, will remain as still as the grave, if they are properly—I say properly—renumerated, for the closed mouth."

remain as soil as an grave, it may are properly—I say properly—renumerated, for the closed mouth."

"Well—the solution is easy enough. My client has two weaknesses. spirits and the fair sex. He has a taste for luxurous inducence, and he has not at present moucy in the funds to gratify his appetites, but he wishes to have it. Now, if he were to cause Lord Arneld to be apprehended, and the noule were to be tried, found guilty, and hanged, my client would have no better opportunity of inculging his expensive fancies than he has at this moment. But, as it is quite possible that Lord Arneld De la More might entertain an objection to an exposure, and its consequent risks, my client entertained the not unreasonable notion, that, to avoid the disagreeable alternative, his lordship or his father, the earl, would invest a sum sufficient to enable my client to kill himself as fast as possible; for unless my client has the constitution of a rhimocerous, such must be the inevitable result of his proceedings. So, if get into the unlimited command of money—"

"Your visit to De la More House, in Park Lane was to effect such an arrangement?"

"Decidedly. I would have endeavored, on a consideration—because, you know, sir, the labor of men's brains is worth something—to have induced the Earl De la More to have advanced this man a good round sum; showing him that by so doing he would effectually close the fellow's

man a good round sum; showing him that by so doing he would effectually close the fellow's

speech, as he would drink so long as the money lasted, and must die of excess before it had all

min out."

"Ah! You did not see the earl?"

"No! He was out of England; but the good lady, Madam lvory, who directed me to you, assure! me that you would quite supply the place of the earl."

"She was vielt." the earl."
"She was right. I shall pay you better than
s would, and you must serve me."
"I i busness, sir, the muxim is, 'The best pay
ould be best served.' Pay me well, I'll serve you

well!"
"Work body and soul for me, and your
payshall exceed your most avaricious expectations," exclaimed Manini, with forcible em-

tions," exclaimed Manini, with forcible em-asis, Septimus Jar was not religious. He had a Septimus Jar was not religious. He had a soufused remembance of having been raised up n the faith of Anabaptisch but when deposited on the stool of the sharpest and the dirtiest of mall practitioners, he banished the religious eaching given him by his parents and took up with that of cheating, tricking and getting the sest of overybody. Ho know there was a Sureme Power—that is, he never disbelieved in it: and he dreaded the fact that there was its anithesis—that sombre individual who especially preme Power—that is, he never disbelieved in it; and he dreaded the fact that there was its antithesis—that sombre individual who especially affected his c.ass, or had the reputation of doing so. He had heard that the Devil walked abroad uponlearth, occasionally flying off suddenly with the outrageously sinful: and he knew that if a list were made out of the worst sinners his name would be there in some part, perhaps near the top. He had a floating remembrance that there wore legends in which his Satanic Majesty was represented as offering unlimited wealth to those who would work body and soul for him. When, therefore Giuseppe Manini placed his sallow face close to his—glared at him with large black eyes possessing unnatural brilliancy, and hissed into his ear the promise to richly renumerate him if he consented to work, body and soul, for him—Jar feit a cold vibration about his scalp, which proceeded, by way of the nape cf ms neck, down o his very heels

The Devil on earth was surely a fable, but then it might not be; and his mysterious-look ng, sellow-viscond commence.

o his very hoels

The Devil on earth was surely a fable, but then it might not be; and his mysterious-looking, sallow-visaged companion, was by no means unlike the pictures he had seen of the g-ntleman in black, might have sought him out as having a claim upon his isinnert. I part.

For the moment he felt very unwell, and he grinned again, "He, he! ha, ha! ho, ho!"

Boppo gripned him by the wrist, and he thought he should have dropped on the muddy pavement; but in another moment he felt relieved on hearing the Italian say. "I, too, have some business to transact in which the oarl is deeply involved, and I need the services of a crafty, subtle lawy-r, to accomplish the purpose I have in view. Your part will be quite legitimate as respects your profession; but I must have the strictest confidence in you, and your must pause at nothing to win the case."

Septimus Jar gave a sigh of relief, and another glance at Maniri's face reassured him. He was not so like the Evil One, after all.

I will do all you require," he said, with a cunning leer, "but it is to be understood that my labor is not to be paid by the scale of the usual professional charges."

"Decidedly not. Be under no uneasiness about payment, that shall be ample. Tell me—this man Stark whom we are about to "visit knows the Hundred of Doddescomleigh well, does he not?"

"He was born in it, I believe."

ot?"
"He was born in it, I believe."

"He was born in it, I believe."

"Therefore knows all the inhabitants?"

"The greater part of them to a certainty."

"That is good."

"Ah! but as far as I can guther, their knowledge of him is not fragrant. He has a reput rival." "That is of small consequence. I care nothing

"That is of small consequence. I care nothing for that: it is information I want."

By this time they had reached the turning leading to the place they were about to visit. They descended—for their way lay down a slight decline—to the bottem, and then Jar paused before a small, wretched-looking house und knocked twice. There was no answer, see pushed at the duor and found it give to his hand. nand.
"Wait a moment," he said to Beppo. "I
vill just run up stairs and see if my client is

in."

He dived into the dark and narrow passage and disappeared. Within a minute he reappeared at the vey maximum of his speed, ollowed by a huge bull-dog, which appeared animated by the most determined intention to fasten on him, and pin him to the ground. He caught Manimi by the arm and ran round him, followed by the dog, at a tertule rate, but such was his fright and frantic speed, that he absolutely overtock the dog, kicked him violosity, trod on him, and feli sprawling in the mud, of which in this quarter, there is always more than a sufficiency. Another moment, and the dog, aware of his advantage pinued him to the ground

Manimi shouted explictives in Italian, and struck at the dog with his stick, and without producing the slightest beneficial effect. The worst of the matter was that the shouts of Beppo, and the wild bark of the dog, when pursuing Jar, had attracted the attention of the other bull-dogs in the place—for there was a colony of them there—and they commenced barking and hurrying to the scene of action to take par, in it.

At the same time, heads came out of windows and men out of the door was a sonore them one n." He dived into the dark and narrow passage and

the scene of action to take par, in it.

At the same time, heads came out of windows and men out of the door ways among them, one from that at the door of which Jar had knocked. He had his han is in his pockets, and, seeing his digentaged, whistled softy—not to call the dog off but to express an emotion of surprise under which at that moment, he labored.

Beppo caught sight of him, "Madre di Dio!" he shouted, "call off yeur beast—he will kill him!"

"Don't you know him," answered the man, cooly.

cooly.
" He is a lawyer!" screamed Manini.
" So much the wass for him," replied the man

"So much the wass for him," replied the man, still as imperturable,
"Ah! ha! but your lawyer! He is Jar—Jar,
man—Jar—you know lawyer Jar!"
The man slowly drew near and looked down,
then he saw Jar's face, and heard him yell, "for
God's sake, Bulwinkle, call off your dog! Call
him of!—he!! murder me 'Oh! oh! oh!"
"Well, I'm blest!" cried Bulwinkle with another whistle. "I! is himself and no mistake!" well, im Diest!" cried Bulwinkle with an-ther whistle; "1.'s himself, and no mistake!" He took a sudden and fierce grip of the dog's neck with one hand, while with the other he eized his tail and drew it towards his mouth, and instantly indented his teeth in it as hard as ne could. The dog retained his held for an inne could. The dog retained his hold for an in-stant, and then with a howl let go. The moment he did so the man flung him some little distance, sicked him brually in the ribs, and cried, assist-d by several oaths, "get in, Seazer! Go, in you prute! Not know a civil gentleman from a tramp you're a pretty beast, you are!"

Mr Jar was now conducted into the house in state, and some gin was produced to assist him

Mr Jar was now conducted into the house in state, and some gin was produced to assist him in recovering. He was covered with mud, but fortuna ely for him, the d g had, seized him upon the collar of his coat, which was much torn; the lawyer himself was not, however, injured—only frightened—dreadfolly frightened. When something like equanimity was restored, pipes were introduced, lighted, and the gin circulated; then at the special desire of Beppo, the company of Mr. Stark was requested.

After some delay he made his appearance. He was recovering from a debauch obtained by the proceeds of n burglary;—his hair was rough and

vas recovering from a debauch obtained by the roceeds of n burglary;—his hair was rough and inkempt, his face dirty, his beard black, his eyes doodshot, his dress disorderly. Manini shrank rom him; a more fearful ruflian he had never necuntered. Still he was necessary to the purose he had in view, and it would not admit of eing fastdions. eing tastidious.
After preliminary introductions and some ex-

After preliminary introductions and some explanations were entered into, Stark—quite unconscious that Beppo and his companious down at De la More Park, with a very different object, had removed the body of Seaton—gave his version of what he considered to be the murder. It was in substance, the same as that which he had repeated to the earl, but grossly exaggerated. When he had concluded, Beppo said—

id—
"We must at present let the matter rest al-"We must at present let the Hatter loss antogether."

"But what am I to do for a living? I can't starve!" cried Stark.

"Leave that to me," replied Beppo; "I will supply you with money; but understand, as I will for some time require your services, I shall only let you have enough to keep you sober and respectable. When our cause is gained, and we triumph, then you shall receive a very large sum of money."

riumph, then you shan receive a very large sum of money."

The ruffian shook his head.
"When!" he repeated. with emphasis; "it may last till deemsday! I'm for short life and a merry one! shan't wait!"
"The cause mu-t be won or lost at no distant date," urged Beppo.
"What is the cause?" he asked.
"Why to move that the present is not the

"Why, to prove that the present is not the rightful Earl Dela More," replied Manini. "And how'll you de it?" jeeringly asked Stark. ark.
'Leave that to me," returned Giuseppe. "You e acquainted with all the earl's tenants as

there any who can remember what took

lace forty years ago?"
"A few. Most on e'm were babies about that inne. I was."
"Those few are oid people, of course?"
"Of course."

"Those few are oid people, of course?"

"Of course."

"They are to be got away, I presume, or silenced?"

"Yes: but I ain't going to do no scragging job, I can tell you."

"I shall not want you," returned Beppo, quickly. "What I shall want of you is to give me the names and the history of those persons residing in or near the earl's estate who are likely to recollect the circumstances which may have happened in the first years of the earl's infancy. They must either be bought to swear whatever we may put into their mouths, or they must be nade to emigrate. You understand."

"They must be provented, you see, my dear Mr. Stark," exclaimed Mr Jar, a little hoarsely, "from appearing for the other side; so that the earl is to find the greatest possible difficulty in proving that he is himself."

"Oh, I see," said Stark. "Then what you

proving that he is himself."

"Oh, I see," said Stark. "Then what you want me to do is to tog myself out decently, go down there and keep sober, come the reformed dodge, be very 'spectable in my 'pearance, and sound all the folks I know as to wheether they will, on being tipped, learn a lessen, and say it afore a judge"

"You have exactly hit it, my friend," exlectined less." aeimed Jar.

"Yes," ogserved Beppo, "that will be one art of your duty, cortainly: but there will be ther thing required of you."

"Oh, I de say! You've got the rightful heir, of course," said Stark, laying an emphasis on ightful grinning knowingly as he spoke.

Manini hesitated.

"To be sure! to be sure!" cried Jar uitekly.

"To be sure! to be su quickly. "That's a pity," said Stark.

"Why?" exclaimed Beppo and Jar together.

"Because I knows of one who'd ha' been a stunner for that game."

"Who is he?" asked both in a breath.

"A couple of qui', and I'll drop it to you," the cunning rufflan exclaimed, as he witnessed the eagerness of both.

Upon it being explaimed that a couple of quid, translated, read two severeigns, they were handed over to him by the Italian, although Jar was driving the bargain. Stark, on fluiding this sum was readily given, was sorry he did not ask for more, and would have made the attempt, but that Jar, reading the expression of his features, said "if we don't consider the per-on you may name to be suitable for our purpose, you will return the money now placed in your hands." Stark made some remarks to the effect that such restitution was simply unpracticable, but confined his cour pensation to the amount he received. Having pocketed it, he bent down towards Beppo and Jar, so that their three heads nearly touched, and he said, "you see the last Earl De la More was, when a young'un, just afore he came of ace, a wild chap, rather; and there was a pretty girl in our village, named Ruth Ellenor. It was said that she was find of the young earl, and the young earl was fond of her, and both was fond of one another. When the earl was in London too, and it was said she married a London tradesman, named Standever just about the same time that the earl married. This tradesman d'ed about sixteen months after the marriage, and Ruth came back to her mother, and in regular due time she had a child—a boy."

"Good!" said Manini.

"Capital!" cried Jar, rubbing his hands.

"Well.' continued Stark, "about the same time the Countess De la More had a child—a boy."

"Good!" said Manini.

"Capital!" cried Jar, rubbing his hands.

"Well.' continued Stark, "about the same time the Countess De la More had a child—a boy."

"Good!" said Manini.

"And this foster-brother—where is he?"

"Why he was a little racketty when a boy, we was boys togother, but he was unlucky and Government sent him out t

ights."
Secure her! it shall be done!" exclaimed

Manini. But first bring to me, at the chambers of Mr Jar, your friend Walter Standever. He will enter the scheme. I suppose?"
"Rayther! I'll bring him. Let's see—this is Monday. What do you say—Friday night, at sight?" onday. What do you say—Friday night, at girt?"
That will do. I will be there." said Manini, At the same time, I will turnish you with noney and instructions; but, mark me, you

money and instructions; but, mark me, you must keep seber."

"All right!" said Stark.
And so they rose and took their departure, under the guidance of Mr. Bulwinkle, who, not afflicted with retiring modesty, made it quite understood that he "stood in," being prepared to render service if it was required of him, and quite as ready to have his share of the plunder. This was promised him, and they quitted the place—Jar to return to chambers, to execute and form documents, and Beppo to hold a conference with Andrea di Lioni.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIII.

PARIS—THE AMBASSADOR—THE AGENT—THE GRISETTE.

Let us return to the movements of Warren Earl De la More.

Upon his arrival in Paris he made his way to the residence of the British ambassador, with whom he was well acquainted, having in years past been on terms of intimate friendship with him, and upon inquiry at his hotel, he four all him at home and alone. The lacquey, on announ ing his lordship to the British minister, received instructions to admit him nistantly into the sanctum where the represensative of her Britannic Majesty usually retired to cogitate upon diplomatic moves to which he had been subjected, and to construct structum, keep under the Prussian, support the Turk, runneck and neck with the Papal nuncio, and maintain the superiority of England all over. No visitor, as a rule, was admitted to this chamber the exceptional case-were few, and of rare occurrence; in fact, it was understood that when his lordship, the minister of England, retired into this closet—as the chamber, in common pal lance was termed—he was considered to be not at one.

ome. Such, in truth, was the answer which Lord De

one.

Such, in truth, was the answer which Lord De la More received upon his first application to be admitted; but he was not to be "denied, and induced the se vant who received him to bear in his name, on a chance of being admitted to a private interview, which he declared to be urgent and important.

On ushering the earl into the sanctum, the servant, briefly announcing Earl De la More, retired and a tall, elderly goatheman, advanced in years but the very ideal of a state minister, rose from a table, at which he was seated writing; and, extending his hand to the earl, said, "De la More I am glad to renew an acquaintance which has been interrupted for years, checked from some fault of nine or yours. If I am to blame, believe me, the business of my country has so absorbed my constant attention, that I have not had an opportunity of cultivating and improving an intimacy with a cear friend; if the cause rests with you, sit down, and explain to me why I have not seen you, heard from or of you, for an see". "Treepond to your kind welcome. Rowley."

"I respond to your kind welcome, Rowley,"

replied the earl, "for I am glad again to see you after so long a separtion. I doubt if either are to blame, that we have not met or corresponded for so long a period. At all events, the fault should sit lightly upon our shoulders, for your patrio ism has left you but small opportunity of enjoying those pleasures and comforts which renders the world worth living for "Good?" exclaimed Lord Lowtey. "Well, then, we will assume the fault to be yours; and now tell me, why you have given me the cut intentional or accidental?"

"Do you remember our last meeting, Rowley?" asked the earl, in a subdued voice, a slight quiver being perceptible in it. Lord Rowley placed his hand over his eyes to think, and then he withdrew it, and pressed that of his friend.
"Let us talk of the present," he said, "The past has bitterness for the best of us, even though it gilds the agreeable and softens the afflicting What brings you to Paris? Not the simple desire to see me, of course, but perhaps some matter in which I can be of service to you."

"You have guessed it," answered the earl. "I

you."
"You have guessed it." answered the earl. "I am on my way to Florence, upon an errand of a singular and important character, and I come to you to help me."
"Command me."
"I have taken a passport from London to Paris only, and I would have you grant me one for Florence in another name."

into taken a passpore non London to Pairs hly, and I would have you grant me one for lorence in another name." "Another name?"
"Yes, I have a powerful motive for preserving

strict incognito."
"Ha! De la More, you are about to resus-itate matters long since buried. Will this be-"Rowley, I am forced to the course I am ursuing: I am compelled to the step I am And perhaps not. Have you taken counsel on

ne policy of your present move?"
"Of my own heart."
"In pers nal matters, generally the worst
nide you can follow Will you submit your case unde you can follow Will you submit your case o me? I will give you my best advice—quite onscious, by the way, that it is a donation eely, frankly and usually sincerely offered but

y rarely accepted." I am anxious to explain my position to you; I most ready to profit by your counsel." Proceed!" "You remember the Contessa Contarini"
"You remember the Contessa Contarini"
"Of Florence. Grace Dieu! A wo an not
of Florence. Grace Dieu! A wo an not
liplomatist she would have made, she would
nave oclipsed the subtle intriguante, the Princess
lieven Ah I remember you managed to make
ner your enemy. How was that?—it has escaped
no."

her your enemy. How was that?—it has seraped mo."

The earl reddened to the tips of his ears.

"The occasion of our disunion is not to the purpose at this moment," he said hastily. "Let it suffice, she became my relentless enemy; but I believed by a fearful stroke of affliction that befull me, her malignity was sated. I have been in error. she has been quiet only to perfect schemes to compass my destruction. She has commenced putting into operation the plan she had been so long preparing; already am I beginning to feel the deadly character of her machinations, and unless I am active and prompt, as well as secret, in my efforts to counteract her arts, I shall be enmeshed in her web, and uttorly destroyed, without the power to save myseif."

myseif."

"Remarkable skill in artifice has La Zontessa. I had once a passage with her, but the decidedly defeated me, and to her success I rorbably owe the fact of not being at this instant in inmate of Paradise or limbo, at least. You re going to Florence, you say?"

"I am."

"I am."

"The contessa resides there yet."

"She does—at the Palace Contarini."

"Or the Villa Contarini on the banks of the kno—a very cabinet of bijouterie. I have visited oth."

oth."
"And I, unhappily."
"T be sure and will again."
The earl shuddered.
"Never!" he said, emphatically.

"Never!" he said, emphatically.

"So I said once in respect to a syren who had tricked me, but my 'never' was of four-and-twenty hours duration. Why, De la More, you are walking with your eyes open, and your wings folded, into this creature's web. Do you presume the suder will not see you and visit you?"

"I shall not walk into the web, for my eyes are spread open to avoid it; nor shall I let the spider perceive me, Kowley; for which purpose do I apply to you for a passport in another name." "You are about to try your skill in disguises

this woman will be a match for you at that ame. I am atraid you do not know her rightly et."

yet."

"I know her cruel subtlety but too well."

"Do you know the Duca di Bergamo?"

"No!"

"Ah! you have something to learn, I see.
Well, he is a man scrupulously to avoid. There

"Why?" exclaimed Beppo and Jar together.

"Because I knows of one who'd ha' been a stunner for that game."

"Who is he?" asked both in a breath.

"A couple of qui," and I'll drop it to you," the camming ruflan exclaimed, as he witnessed the eagerness of both.

Upon it being explained that a couple of quid, translated, read two sovereigns, they were handed over to him by the Italian, although Jar sum as readily given, was sorry he did not ask for more, and would have made the attempt, but that Jar, reading the expression of his features, said "if we don't consider the per-on you may name to be suntable for our purpose, you will and the contessa I do not altogether comprehend; he is not her cavaliers servante, yet he is her humble servant ever. Should he know of your arrival, it would be the same as though you were to confront the contessa. I do not altogether comprehend; he is not her cavaliers servante, yet he is her humble servant ever. Should he know of your arrival, it would be the same as though you were to confront the contessa and say to her, with a bow, 'Your contessa.' Here I am in Florence, at your service." And should one of her domestics than she will, should the Duca di Bergamo become acquainted with your presence in the capital of the Grand I uchy of Tuscany. Now, De to the proofs of the contessa's renewal of her efforts to avenge what I suppose she esteems have done the proofs of the contessa's renewal of her efforts to avenge what I suppose she esteems have the same as though you were to confront the ever. Should he know of your arrival, it would be the same as though you were to confront the ever. Should he know of your arrival, it would.

I do not altogether comprehend; he is not her ever. Should he know of your arrival, it would.

be the proofs of the contessa's renewal of her efforts to avenge what I suppose she esteems her wrongs."

"Her wrongs."

"Well, that is not to the purpose. Every woman has her wrongs, no matter how much she may deserve the treatment she receives, her own culpability is never taken into account. If she does not have her own way precisely—dress as she pleases—indulge in svery species of gai-ty for which she feets inclined—she is wronged. Every check to her whims—overy curb upon extravagant fancies is put down as a wrong. Summed up, they made a total of iniquities which she rarely fails to nurse, dandle, and hold up before your eyes whenever occasion offers—even when it does not offer. These are her wrongs!—no woman is without them. Ask them. They are, at least, honest in this. They will say Yes, at once. Oh! to be sure the contessa has had her wrongs; but she is one of the few women who avenges them with relent-less anim sity and persecution—But I interrupt your relation. Go on, be la More, and remember, the less roticence you display, the greater perhaps my power to serve you."

The Earl Do la More, when he cassed, related to him the circumstance of his con, Lord Arnold, falling in love with Anny Seaton—of his own decided opposition to it—of the struggle between Lord Arnold and Seaton in the coppee—the mysterious disappearance of the becy of the gamekeeper—the story of Stark—the subsequents startling denarture of Amy—the flight of his son, and his fruitless efforts to discover him—of the discovery by the police detective of the departure from London of the won an he had encount red by the hut, and as far as he could judge, Amy—and subsequently, the appearance of Seaton, yet suffering from the effects of his wound, together with his obtaining a passport for Florence in company with an agent of the contessa. As yet, there is nothing defin te in the attack, but there was the strong foreshadowing of what was in store."

"In short," said Lord Rowley, "the outworks are being assaulted previous to the storming of the c

the citadel."
"Exactly. Now let us see how the case stands.
That u.an, Stark, is a liar and a scoundrel—
no doubt the man who stabbed the game-

That wan, Stark, is a liar and a scoundrel—
no doubt the man who stabbed the gamekeeper."

'He?—wherefore?"

'Bome old grudge. It is, at least, far more
probably than that a nigh bred gallant young
noble-hould commit the act of an assassin."

"Thank you, kowley—thank you, my friend,"
exclaimed the earl, tears starting in his eyes.
"Such an impression in the mind of one so clear
sighted as yourself, is a vast relief to my soul,
borne down by the weight of a paer that my boy
would be guilty, in a fit of frenzy, of so dastardly
a deed."

"That, in his passien, he felled him to the
ground, I doubt not," said Lord Rowley: "but
he then passed on without looking at him, I
would swear. However, let us go on. Your
gamekeeper has been in the pay of the contessa;
all your doings of the few past years
are known to her; the girl, his daughter, may
be a cockatrice on to decoy and capture your
son—weak, like all sons of the sea, in respect to
the fair sex ——"

"I cannot fancy that to be true, Rowley,"

"I would rather believe it is not, We must
not overlook her sudden disappearance from the
cottage. The flight of your son I look upon as
a natural consequence. He, I say, went abroad.
Roushing for a while will wipe off all painfol
impressions, and he will return ready to meet
your views in an alliance—for a marriage with
this girl is not to be thought of. That would
never do!"

Of course not, as nought, as all men of his

impressions, and he will return ready to meet your views in an alliance—for a marriage with this girl is not to be thought of. That would never do?"

Of course not, as nought, as all men of his age and station would think. O, rare exception, where art thou?

After farther summing up the case as it stood. he confessed there was reas—n to believe that the contessa intended mischief, and that she must be fought with her own weapons.

"But, Dela More,"said ha, "you cannot do this unaided. You know Florence well?"

"Alas, too well!"

"That is something: but it is needful you should have a companion more keen, acute, subtle, and un-crupulous than yourself. Il know such a man whose aid would be invaluable to you. We will take some refreshment, and then we will seek him. You may place implicit confidence in him. He is bound to me to the oxtent of his life; he can serve you well and faithfully, and will do so, under my inspiration."

The earl thanked him warmly. He jumped at the proposition. It was exactly what herequired—what he wished, but he knew of no one to trust—no one, in truth, competent to help him, and he was much gratified at the prospect of obtaining such an individual.

Refreshment was served up, and during the time it was being partaken of, indifferent subjects were discussed, and topics of the day commented on. No one would have believed, to have heard karl Do la More converse upon current questions, how much his thoughts and mind were occupied by the subject on which he was personally engaged.

The repast being ended, the ambassador and the earl sallied forth. They strolled down the Boulevards, and passed down a turning leading to the Quarter Latin, or Students' Quarter, and in one of the narrow streets thy paused refore a tall house. Having obtained admission, they proceeded slowly and quietly up to the third flight, and stopped before a door at which Lord Rowley gove three gentle taps. The door was shortly opene t by a pretty little grisette, who greeted his lordship with a smiling air.

"Ah I my littl

within?"

"Ah! yes, monsieur. He is never denied to you. You are his friend, whom he esteems. He is always proud to see you. Oh! but I will fly to him, and denounce your approadh."

Receiving them into the room, and dusting the chairs with her apron, smilling on both prettilly, agreeably, and cheerfully, she placed seats for them, and ran off to acquaint her uncle with the arrival of visitors.

he arrival of visitors.

She soon returned, and led the way through a She soon returned, and led the way through a couple of rooms into a sleeping anartment, and closing a door car-fully after her, she approached the wall, which was marked with oaken panelling; touching a spring, one of tue panels flew open, and disclosed a small apartment beyond. Into this the earl and Lord Rowley made their way - the panel gliding back to its place, leaving the girl Geneviere, in the bedroom.

This apartment was small, it had a bed, a table, two or thee chairs, and a small library—chiefly works of theological or scientific character. It was heated by a charcoal stove, and some Russian matting was upon the brick floor.

ome Russian matting was upon the brick floor t was snug enough, but it had quite the air of secret hiding pace,
The enant was a tall, thin man, with a pale
face, rather cadverous in aspect. His hair was
very short, his eyebrows were thin and light, ha
and neth-r mustachois, beard, nor whiskers, and

very short, his yearrows were thin and light, he had neither mustachois, beard, nor whiskers, and he was dressed na closely fitting black gown, something like a priest's cassock, or a professor's under robe. He syelids appeared red from close study, and his spect was that of a man of science who buried hishife in perusing works of an abstruse nature, and of pondering incessantly to find out what it was not possible to discever.

He made a pofound bow and an earnest genture to Lord Lweley, as tho gh he was under the very deepest oligation to him; expressed his plusure at thehonor of this visit, and waited in silence his commands, preparing to obey them so far as he coult.

"This is myfriend, the Earl De la More. Understand me, can de Foix, you must serve him

This is myfriend, the Earl De la More. Understand me, ean de Foix, you must serve him as you would erve me; in doing so faithfully you will find the way to the centre of my heart."

"Let me life answer for the zeal I will display in his lordship's service," returned De Foix.

"That is mough!" exclaimed his lordship.

"I am awarethat you are acquainted with all parts of Italy; that Tuscany is familiar, and your intinacy wirh Florence especially close. You know mahy of its inhabitants, both among the righer classes and the lower, and know how te avail yourself of their interest when you require it. You know the Duca di Bergamo?"

gamo?"

Jean de Foix's eves fell, his eyebrows contracted and his teeth slightly grated together: the movement of his features was slight but it unfolded must,
"I do know him, my lord."

"I de not mean by repute or superficially

"I de not mean by repute or superficially but you are acquainted with his inner nature, De Fox," said Lord Rowley, express ively.
"I am, mylord. His craftiness is not better
known to hiself."
"You know the Contessa Contarini, De
Foix?"

Foix?" There was the converse conversin, De Foix?" There was the same convulsion of features only this tine more apparent, in the face of Jean de Foix. Still he had such command over his emotions that the muscles of his face appeared only to suffer from a twitch.

"I do, my ord," h, replied in the same tone; "I know heras well as I know the Duca di Bergamo. I know her principal agent, Bepuo, her body domestic Juanuo, her gondolier, Stefano. I know——Pshai my lord, I need tell you no more than tat I know all it can possibly be of advantage & know respecting her."

advantage t know respecting her."

Good!" seplied Lord Rowley. "No mark
me, De Foir; my friend, Earl De la More, in
times past cfeuded the Contessa Contarini, and
roused her latrod." roused her latrod."
"She never forgives," exclaimed De Foix "nor forgets until blood has flowed over the conceived injury.

"The conessa has commenced putting into operation sme plot she has formed and my friend would hasten at once to Florence to en deavor to conteaact her schemes. He will produce the product of the product o

apring she has set in motion, to intercept them before the reach the objects intended to be injured uno death by them—do you under-stand?" und ?" "Clearly" "I wish n accompany him, to advise, suggest to act it must be exceeding any nim, to advise, suggest; to act it must not be known to any one that he is in Florence In short, I place the whole affair in y ur skilful hands; the earl will put you in possession of the circumstances that have happened without reserve. You will then know what to do or the best, and as you counsel so will he be critical?

hen are we to leave Paris?"

"No," exclaimed De Foix; "we will le ave by the mail train to-morrow night. You will, my lord, leave the whole of your wardrobe in Pans at your hotel; I will provide you with a costume in which you will be good enough to attire your self at the residence of my lord Rowley; the wardrobe you will require in Florence will be duly at the station of the Chemin De Fer before the start. You, lord knowley, he said, turning to the ambassador, will be go denough to obtain from M. Drouyn de Lhuys a passport for le Comte de St. Brieux and his sec-ctary, Pierre de Mayenne, That is all we shall require. Such seivants as we may need we may engage at Genoa. My lords, I will be at the embassy at seven to-morrow evening, and be not surprised, Earl De la More, if you find me in no point resemble the Jean de Foix now before you."

Lord Rowley laughed.

"Come" said he to the earl, "we will leave]De Foix to his preparations, At seven I shall expect you."

"At seven, my lord, I shall be with you," he re-

For to his preparations, At seven I shall expect you."

"At seven, my lord, I shall be with you," he replied, and touched the spring to admit them through the panel into the sle-ping chamber. He kissed the hand of Lord Rowley, which was extended to him to shake. Genevieve was ready to receive them, and conducted them to an outer apartment, where a young Frenchman, with a handsome face, was seated cosily by the inevitable stove. He sprung to his feet and touched his forehead. He wore a blouse, and seemed a frank, pleasing

sprung to his reet and touched his forehead. He wore a blouse, and seemed a frank, pleasing young fellow, "Ha.! Genevieve, who is this?"
"Jacques Ferrier, mossieur."
"An, no doubt; but who is Jacques Ferrier?
What is he?"

nat is ne ?"
'An artist, monsieur-15, Rue Veuve, St. Au-"An artist, monsieur—15, Rue Veuve, St. Augustin—and an honorable person," said the young person, throwing his head up proudly.

"That is well, but is he not something else?"

"Something else, monsieur?"

"Aye, to you."

"To me?" returned Genevieve, turning scarlet.

"Well, yes monsieur is so good, I should not conceal the truth from him—Jacques is my finnce!"

conceal the truth from him—Jacques is my finnce!"

"And you will be married some day?"

"Ah monsieur, as soon as Jacques can muster a tho.sand francs, for uncle says it would not be prudent to marry with nothing to begin with."

"He is right. Jacques Ferrier is honest and industrious, ch? Genevieve!"

"Ah! monsieur, truly so. He has saved a hundred francs since uncle counselled us to be thus cautious." hus cautious."
" And he loves you?"
" Ah! monsieur,"

thus cautious."

"And he loves you?"

"Ah! monsicur."

The young girl turning, with swimming eyes, to Jacques, who spring to her side.

"Monsicur." he said, "I love, I adore her with my—my soul—my mind. She is so good, so pure! Ah! but she is almost beyond my hopes."

"And you love Jacques, Geneveve, eh?;

"Ah! monsicur." She threw herself in the arms of her lover, and he kissed her ruby lips tenderly. The action was very significant. Lord Rowley sm.led.

"Jacques Ferrier," he said, "you will come to the embassy at ten to morrow morning; I shall by that time have made some inquiries respecting you. I will then place one thousand france in your hands, as the dowry of Geneveive, and will praceed with you to the Cathedral de Forre Dame, where Genevieve and a bridesimaid or two, and her uncle, will be ready to receive us. I shall see her married; and thus, Genevieve, as your uncle Is about to leave you for a time, you will have some one able and willing to protect you during his absence."

The young couple would have thrown them selves at his feet, but he prevented them; and promising to tefriend the young artist if he deserved it, he went out of the apartment followed by their blessings—but not until Earl De la More had insisted upon adding a thousand france to the ambassador's generous gift.

As soon as they were once more in the street, the ambassador hailed a flacre, and they returned to the embassy.

CHAPTER XIV. THE DEPARTURE FROM PARIS-FLORENCE-TH OPERA.

That same night Lord Rowley had an interview with the French minister for foreign affairs; and he subsequently returned to the embass, and displayed to the Earl De la More two passports which he had obtained, on a plea of secret service. He was thoughtful—yet appeared desirous of keeping some auxiety with which he was too oppressed, from the notice of the earl—and so far as he might have considered it important, he succeeded.

Oppressed, from the notice of the earl—and so iar is he might have considered it important, he succeeded.

"I have written for you," he said, "a very strong letter to Sir Honry Bloomer, the English minister, resident in Florence. He will, with the exception of Jean de Foix, be the only person there acquainted with your real name and rank. I must warn you to keep down your patician feelings. It will be necessary for you to hold them in the tightest subjection: for De Foix will acthis part to perfection. He will never, remember that you are in reality an earl. So long as you at in concert together, you will be to ail intents and purpuses his secretary; and you must not forget this—he will treat you as such even when alone—that is, seemingly alone: for in Italy it is difficult to know when you are out of reach of ears you desire not to fill with what you may utter. He will tell you when you may speak freely in safety. Never attempt to do so unless he should first say it will not be dangerous. I counsely you thus for you will have the most difficult part to support, being unused to act in disguise: and be careful at no time, while in Florence, to lose sight of that fact. You will have to come in contact, face to face, with those who have eagle's eyes, and detect assumed characters only too quickly. Be prepared to master all emotion: and present always to the searching glance, an expression of countenance at once blank and imperturbable."

"I will strive to follow your instructions," replied the earl. "It would be miadness to jdo otherwise, seeiing how much I have at stake.

opened by a pretty little grisette, who greeted his lordship with a smiling air.

"Ah! my little Genevieve!" he exclaimed; "is that you?"

"Ah! yes—it is my poor little person, at your service, good moneieur, "she replied.
"That is good," he responded. "Pray, is your worthy uncle, Monsieur Jean de Foix, with more strength to sustain my assumed characteristics."

"I will strive to follow your instructions, 're-lied the earl. "It would be maddens to jde therwise, seeing how much I have at stake. Tell me, as I shall be thrown much with him, would it not be as well to be in possession of some of the antecedents of Jean de Foix? By the aid of such knowledge I may be enabled with more strength to sustain my assumed characteristics."

with more strength to sustain my assumed character."

There is no necessity for it. Thus much I will tell you. I have a suspicion that he is a native of Italy, although he adopts as his true name that of a native of Brittany. With his early life I am unacquainted. Of the latter portion of it I know all. He is a most valuable agent of mine: has been extremely serviceable and very truthful: at the same time more skilful than any other secret servant I ever employed. Partly positical the actions of the past, it can serve no useful purpose to tell you more than that you will find him eminently serviceable, and one more calculated to effect the object you have in view than may other person you could have selected."

With this assurance the earl was compelled to

With this assurance the earl was compelled to With this assurance the eari was compense to be satisfied, and he retired to rest, prepared to-morrow to enter upon the new phase his affairs were taking.

Immediately after he had retired. Lord Rowley rung the bell: and when the lacquey appeared to answer it, he said, "Send Mark quick

Rowley rung the bell: and when the lacquey appeared to answer it, he said, "Send Mark quick to me,"

The man bowed and dissppeared.

In less than three minutes a man clad in decie edly English cut clothes, made his appearance. His face was round and fleshy; his nose somewhat full, and like his lips, large. The expression of his features was what might be termed jolly: and his general appear ance that to an ordinary observer would have denoted a man of very moderate qualifications; but thore was a quick movement of his small, bright black eyes, which revealed that he was possessed of acuteness and penetration in rather an extensive degree.

Announcing himself, he stood perfectly motionless, while Lord Rowley said, "Ascertain for me all particulars respecting the character and habits of one Jacques Ferrier, 15, Rue Veuve, St Augustin, and let me have them by eight in the morning. You will then leave Paris by first train starting for London, and on your arrival there, take lodgings in the neighborhood or Park Lane, as near to De la More House as you can; make acquaintances with the male servant-or female, for the know from day to day what is going on there, who comes and who goes—there must be no exception, you understund—from the highest to the lowest, the noble, the tradesman, the servant-the begar; and endeavor to ascertain the motive, ostensible and secret, with which such visit is eggar; and endeavor to ascertain the motive

beggar; and endeavor to ascertain the motive, ostensib'e and secret, with which such visit is paid. Use your accustomed sagacity, Mark, quick and rely upon my appreciation of it."

Mark quick bowed, and disappeared.

"New to my diplomatic labors," muttered the ambassador, plunging once more into the work in which he had been interrupted by the arrival of Earl De la More.

At ten on the following morning, Jacques Ferrier was true to his appointment and Lord Rowley having acquainted, him that the inquiries made respecting him were satisfactory, placed in his hands the sum of two thousand francs, which he told him was for the mutual advantage

nn his hands the sum of two thousand francs, which he told him was for the mutual advantage of himself and Genevieve, and told him also that he would for a time be under surveillance, until the girl and her uncle were assured of his affection and proper treatment of her. He was further informed that he must leave his parents a dress, and reside at the abode of Jean de Foix, in the Quartier Latin, until the return of the latter to Paris, when other arrangements would be made.

e made. All this being acquiesced in, Jacques was sent o collect some of his friends, and within an hour to collect some of his friends, and within an hour from that time, the marriage was celebrated at Notre Dame, in the presence of the ambass-dor, the earl, Jean de Foix,—whose appearance was the same as that he had presented the night before—and a few friends of the bridey's and the bridegroom's.

bridegroom's.

As our story has, however, but little to do with
the marriage festivities—though it may have
with the married—we leave them to their enjoyments, and keep on with the thread of our narrative.

Towards evening Lord Rowley sum noned his friend Earl De la More into a boudoir and there introduced him to the handiwork of a perruquier, who, in a twinkling, clipped his hair close, fitted him with a wig out of a large parcel he had with him, trimmed and shaved his whiskers into an entirely different shape, dyed them and his evebrows, which were also clipped and made to

eyebrows, which were also clipped and made to urn out of their natural curve, and then he re

tirn out of their natural curve, and then he retined.

The earl was now directed to don his secretary's garb, which was snipply the dress of a gentleman but so tut and arranged as to make him look an entirely different individual. As he surveyed himself, in a full length cheval glass, he could hardly help looking behind him for the person there reflected, and was quite satisfied with the change which had been effected.

He returned to the salon, and as the clock chimed so en, the door was thrown open, and a servant announced "Le Comte de Brieux."

Earl De la More was electrified. Instead of the wan, thin being he had seen in the Quartier Latin,

interview with Lord Rowley, and we will then be on to our destination.

Not a tone, a gesture, an inflexion of the voice bore the smallest resemblance to those of Jean de Foix, and the earl could n thelp in the gratification be felt at his admirable disguise, catching his hand and pressing it.

Le Comte de Brieux, however, snatched it away and put his figer, to his lips. Lord Rowley laughed. "In your admiration of the shifty of others, De la More." said he, "you must not forget the claim upon your own. Remember your warning!"

After the interchange of some suggestions in respect to future communication, the friends

After the interchange of some suggestions in respect to future communication, the friends took leave of each other, and were soon in a first class carriage, and alone, and being whirled to their destination.

"I may speak a few words in my real per on here, I presume?"

"You may," said De Foix; "but I pray you tobe careful how you exercie that privilege. If you shy uld do so at any time in a manner likely to lead to a discovery. I shall vanish from your side, no more to return to it, as completely as though at best I were but an apparition."

The earl assented, observingly.

"I wish to know if your acquaintance with the contests ied to any event which has raised a spirit of hatred in your heart, and of revenge in hers?"

"I wish to know if your a-quaintance with the contessa led to any event which has raised a spirit of hatred in your heart, and of revenge in hers?"

"Ask me not now. There may come a time when you may know all! I have buried my own griefs and wrongs, and live now and act only for others. Be, however, assured of this, that lyou could not have selected one more directly interested in thwarting the designs of this cruel and heartless woman than myself." He sank back in the carriage, as though to prevent further conversation.

They travelled on without stopping, until the steamer from Marseilles landed them at Genoa Then the comte obtained servants, dispatched a messenger to hise a suite of rooms in Florence, and, at the close of the second day they entered the city, the queen of nature and ef art, in which was centered so much of deep interest to the heart and to the welfare of De la More. By some means of which the earl was not cognizant, it was known all over Florence—to use a questionable expression—that the Comte de St Brieux, a wealthy count of Brittany, was on a visit to Florence, and that very day the card of the wealthy, the noble, and the distinguished were left at his residence in the Piazza del Duomo. Alone, the Earl De la More, as Fierre de Mayenne, presented himself at the British embassy, and, with some little difficulty obtained an interview with Sir Henry Bloomer There were three or four perso. Sin the room when the earl handetently for the shape his features might take, while he perused the aissive; but there was no indication that the contents in the slightest degree affected him. He read with complete impassibility of countenance every word; and whom he had ended, he looked up at the earl, who endesvored to look cold and immovable too, and said, "You are M Pierre de Mayenne?"

The earl bowed.

Sir Henry Bloomer took up a pen, and wrote, with the greatest rapidity, a few words upon a sheet of notepaper. He folded it up closely—put it into an onvelope and sealed it—and, handling it, said, "You giv

There was a slightly perceptible difference is

There was a sightly perceptible difference in the enunciation of the last seven words. The quick ear of the earl caught them, but he exhibited no outward sign that he comprehended the spirit of what was said to him. He took the letter, and, with a bow, retired, as he heard Sir Whart you aver be true, signor, my friend here, the Duca di Bergamo, is laboring under a false impression The earl looked under his eyebrows, and saw the duca, to whom Sir Henry was extending his hand referentially, and, at a glance, felt he should know him again whenever they met. He ob-served, too, that the eyes of the duca were upon served. Not, that the eyes of the duck were upon him with a most penetrating expression, but he still kept his rigidity of feature and his cold, constrained manner. Their eyes met, but the earl turned his away, with the aspect of indifference—an uneasy impression, however, crossing him that a suspicion had been already raised in the mind of the duca that the earl was not what he

Hind of the queta that the call what has been seemed.

He quitted the embassy, and made his way to the hotel: and there when alone in his chamber and convinced, as well as he could be that he was not observed, he opened the note, addressed by Sir Henry Bloomer to the Conte de St Brieux.

by Sir Henry Bloomer to the Comte de St Brieux. It ran thus:

"Return here in two hours Come openly: bring in your hand a portfeuille: present to me a letter: await the rest."

He descended into the apartment where the Comte St Brieux was engaged in writing.

"M. le Comte," he said, "the enclosed note was handed to me by Sir Henry Bloomer. You will be good enough to write a reply which I will bear to him."

The comte persued it, and immediately stratched a dozen lines upon a sheet of paper, and handed it over to the pseudo Pierre de Mayenne, you will copy that, and convey your copy, after I have

copy that, and convey your copy, after I have

signed it, to Sir Henry.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MENNONITES. A Difficulty Requiring Government Interference. There is trouble among the Mennonites. These people own seperate lands, but instead

of building on their respective homesteads combine to form a village, which they build on the farm of some one of their number. There are over forty villages on their reserve west of Emerson Recently a Mennonite living near the western end of the reserve not many miles from Nelsonville, made application to the Dominion Government for a patent for his land, he having performed the necessary settlement duties, and pending the receipt of the patent, he sold his homestead to a Canadian farmer living near. On his farm is situated the village for that section, and of course in selling his farm the entire village was included in the sale, as whatever buildings are on land belong to it. The head kaisers of the reserve, we understand, have been endeavor-ing to have the Government refuse the patent for the place, but of course if the Mennonite to give it to him. The Government has sent Mr George Newcombe, formerly Dominion Lands agent at this place, up from Ottawa to endeavor to have the Mennonites settle the matter amicably among themselves, and he will probably arrive here the latter part of week. It would be a good thing for Southern Manitoba if every Mennonite on the reserve would sell out to live Canadian farmers. It would improve the reputation of Southern Manitoba wheat and add materially to the trade of Emerson and West Lynne.

-Emerson International. THE MULE.

No wonder the mule is a kicker. Were I mule, I, too, would kick. I know just exactly what kind of a mule I would bay mule. One of those sad eyed old fellows that lean back in the breeching and think. With striped legs like a zebra. And a dark brown streak down my back, and a paint brush tail. And my mane cut short, and my foretop banged, and a head as long as a flour barrel, and I'd be worth two hundred and a half in any market, and I'd wear a flat harness and no blinders, and some day when some man hitched me up to a dray, and piled on a ton and a half of pig iron, a cord of wood, six barrels of flour, and a steamboat boiler, I would start off with it patiently and haul it steadily until I got to the top of the grade on the new road around North Hill, and right about there and then a falling maple leaf, fluttering down in a spark of gold and crimson, would scare me all but to death. and the authorities would have to drag the Mississippi river bix weeks to find all of that load and some of that driver, while in three minutes after the emeute I would be tranquilly browsing on the grassy heights that is the kind of a mule I would be.—Hawkeve.

-Professor in Physics-" What's Boyle's law?" Diligent Junior-" Never trump your partner's ace."

-What is characteristic of a watch? Modesty, for it keeps its hands before its face and runs down its own works.

-Eva Wehrle of Cincinnati had a pet Spitz dog, and on deciding to commit suicide she first hanged the brute. The two dead bodies were found suspended side by side. LETTER FRAE M'SPURTLE.

Scottish American Journal. NEW KILTULLIEGORRACH, Ontario.

Oct. 14 1882 j Mr. Editor: Ye'll aiblius hae concludit ang eyne that ye had slippit a' thegither oot o' my recollection, but, man, gin that be the case, I can only say yo were never faurer

wrang a your days

The fac' o' the maitter is that for mair then
at mouths I has been traivelin' athort this
continent; in ither words, I gaed to Manitoba and bidet there wi' Jock Farquharson, oor Leezio's man. Leezie, ye ken, altho' she aye gangs for oor dochter, was a bit gangril lassie we brought up, an' I'm sure she a a credit to baith o' us - I mean to Mirren, my wife, an' mysel'. Maybe ye'll no beheve me, but, afore she was twal she could kirn an mak' up the milkin' o' seeven kye, an' guid

kye they were.

Weel, weel, as I was tellin'ye, I hae been traivellin' an' losh keep ye, man. but I've seen a wheen fairlies. I crackit wi' a Clackmannan man, mairit on a squaw; I saw dizzens o' half breeds ca'in' themsel's Mc-Lean an' McDonald, an' Stewart, an' Ross, but what cowed a'—what I may fairly say ca'd the cluits frae me, sae to speak—was an illfaurt big aboreeginie, belanging some ane said to a tribe o' Soos an' he acwally tell't me wi' his ain mooth that he was Christened

McSpartle."
Noo,l'm no what ye wad ca';a narrow mindit man; in fact, Mirren thinks whiles I'm ower braid and leeberal in my notions. I can even mak' allocance for puir craiturs being Mahometans, an' Mormons, on' Methodists, an' sic like; I can account, in some sma' meas ure, for the existence o' Tories and Demo orats; I can conceive that it lies within the lecmits o' possibeelity for an Englishman, or an Irishman, or a bit jabberin' French body, to be noo an' then the marrow o' a third class Scotchman; I can forgie a man for gettin' blin' fu' whiles, gin he mak's a pint o' at Sawbath; I say I can dae a that, but when it comes to a skreigh' bluid thirsty cannibal o' an in-tacd Soo Indian gaun aboot ower the prairies, dressed with a blanket an' twa or three feathers—stickin' like a foumart wi' creesh and red paint—eatin' deid horses and dowgs, in total ignorance o' the Shorter Cate-chism -an' yet, in the face o' a' this pagan iam to step up an' tell me to my vera teeth that his name is McSputle! I say its mair than I can thole. It's the next thing to rob-

n' a kirk! Let them ca' themsel's Kickin' Horse, o Sittin' Bull, or Spottit Tail, or Oronhyatekha or Auld Airn Tea Kettle, or ocht else they like, but in my humbie judgment an ac' o' Paur-liament should be passed to prokeebit a' In-dians an' Half breeds frae layin' unsanctified han's upo' faimily cognomens that bae been respeckit amang the nations o' the earth frac time immemorial. I hope that when the Honorable Sandy Mackenzie gets into power at the next election that he'll tak

a hand o' this eryin'evil, an' pit his fit doun on't wi' a' his micht.

We're haein' an unco time ower here the moo ament the Minister o' Edication forbiddin' the use o' "Marmion" in the schules. It the use o' "Marmion" in the schules. It seems that a bit Airchbishop body o' the name o' Lynch objecks to some o' Waity Scotts's historical raiferences, and Mr. Crocks, that's the Minister, ye ken—no' a Presbyterian minister, but the Minister o' Edication—anxious to mak' friens wi' the "Marmion" o' nyighteousness a wee afore the elections has unrighteousness a wee afore the elections, has jist fa'in doun afore Mr. Lynch an' said, "I'm thinkin' ye're quite richt." There's a maist prodeegious collieshaugie gaun on i' the papers about it' an' guid kens what'll be the upshot. I wadna wonner gin the Minister ad to gie up his place to semebody wi's

stiffer back bane.

I was speakin' to Davie Walker, o' Toronto the ither day, an' I understan' frae him that if Providence 'll favor us wi' guid wather the year, we'll hae a maist extraornar' season at the "stanes." Arrangements hae been made, or are to be made, for one o' the grandest bonspiels ever held upo' this continent, or ony ither ane. Nae doobt the Guelph chiels, wi' a' the conceit they hae, as everybedy kens, 'll want to get a fling wi' the Torontos

or the Scarboros', but they need na fash their thooms its no' in them.

We had a gran' hairst here this year.
I'll hae mair than a thoosan' bushels o' wheat forbye oor ain eatin'. Barley was guid, as weel's wheat, but its awful laigh in price, in spite o' the Naitional Policy that was tae gar a' thing gang as heigh as the lift! Turnips are no' daein' that ill, an' I hope beef 'll gang up to ten cents leevin' wecht. Gin it dae that I'll tak' a rin hame wi' Mirren next

year, and ance mair see auld Kiltulliegor-Jist let me kin when my subscription's oot for the twa papers ye' sen' to the Cape o' Guid Hope. The friens there write that they dinna ken hoo they wad dae without

them noo. Next time I write to ve I'll gie ve my min upo' ane or twa maist momentous subjects. Yours truly,
McSpurtle.

THE NOVEMBER METEORS.

From the New York Sun. The November meteors are now due, but unfortunately one must sit up until the small hours of the morning in order to see them well. They have their radiant point in Leo, the sickle-shaped constellation which those who saw the great comet early in October will remember as the comet was then just below a little to the right of it. No consid erable shower of meteors belonging to this swarm is expected until 1899, but a fair number may be seen every year at this time, when the earth crosses the track of the swarm. Some readers may remember the magnificent display which these meteors made in 1833 They fell in showers also in 1866 and 1867. It is a particularly interest ing fact that the November meteors, like those of August, follow in the track of comet. The connection between meteors and comets is one of the most startling discoveries of modern astronomy. One comet—that of Biela—which broke in two in 1846, seems to and in 1872, when the comet was due and astronomers were looking for it, there came

servers, a divided nucleus, and it is not impossible that it too will be changed into a meteoric swarm. ONE OF THE COOLEST ON RECORD

dashing out of that quarter of the heavens

where the comet should have been a fiery

shower of meteors. The great comet which

for the last two months has been shining in

the eastern sky has, according to many

From the Lewiston Record. At noon Saturday an old lady sat half asleep in the ladies' room of the Grand Trunk passenger station in Lewiston. A strange man came in. He thrust his hands into his pants pocket, probed his vest pocket and ex-plored his coat tail pockets. He slapped his hand on his leg, and assumed a look of des-pair and exclaimed: "I've left my key at home, but I must get in there somehow!" He pulled an iron implement out of one pocket and began work on the ticket window. A prying awhile it yielded to his efforts, and ne got into the ticket office. He rummaged round a short while and then walked cools out. The baggagemaster discovered that the room has been entered a few minutes after-ward. The fellow had secured \$45 in money, but had not disturbed the tickets. The ticket-seller was at dinner at the tin robbery. We think this will pass for one of the coelest on record.

-According to the Medical Times and Gazette, the sanitary expenses for the port of London amounted last year to less than \$13. 000. The death rate has been low. During the thirteen weeks of the last quarter it averaged but 18.6 per 1,000.

—Since 1879 France has imported more vine than she has exported. In 1870 2,109,wine than she has exported. 000 hectolitres were imported, in 1880 5,958, 000, in 1881 6,553,000 hectolitres. The bulk of this wine was from Spain, the rest being from Italy, Turkey, Hungary and Por-