# HAPPY AT LAST.

by the Author of "Lost in the Winning,"

He rose from the table, and from a magnificent dear ease, took out a cigar, and with Sir Henry's note, lighted it: but the cigar was obstinate and would not ignite, until overy particle of Sir Henry's note was consumed. Upon reaching the embassy, the earl fulfilled his instructions, and was once more ushered into the presence of Sir Henry Bloomer, who was this time alone. Closing the deor carrefully, he ushered the earl into an inner room, and closed that door also then he said,—
"M Pierre de Mayeune, the letter from Lord Rowley has acquainted me with all necessary for me to know. You shall have my best help, but it shall not be known that any communing between you and I takes plane. Never seek me. I will always let you know when and wher's to see me. But should you require from me at any moment prompt or instant aid, the u-e of the words, England for the English, addressed to my secretary, or—to the pe ter will command access to me. You have a most subtle foe, but a most able assistant at your elbow. May you succeed in foiling the machinations directed against your peace."
But little more was said, and the earl returned to his hotel.

the his hotel.

He four d, upon his return, the Duca di Bergamo closeted with the Comte de St. Brieux, and he was introduced to the duca as the secretary of the comte.

"We have met before, I think," exclaimed the streament feature inchief. "We have met before, I think," exclaimed and duce, fastening his eyes intently upon the earl.

The latter met his gaze firmly, and replied soldly, "I am not conscious of having had the honor."

"At the embassy, I think?" observed the duce, much in the earne accolurations.

"At the embass, I think?" observed the duca, much in the same peculiar tone.
"I visited the embassy this morning, upon business, for M. le Comte," returned the earl. "Ah!" said the duca, dissatisfied with the answer, but assuming an air of indifference. "I was there on your arrival." Then turning to the comte, he said, "We we e speaking of La Contessa Contariol. Do you know that she has been for some years secluded?"
"Don's know her—never heard of her, until you named her, duca," drawled the Comte de \$t. Brieux.
"An! You must make her acquaintance.

Brieux.
An! You must make her acquaintance.
is one of the most remarkable women in

Florance."
"I duded! Old?"
"No. At least, not what women consider old; though young girs are but too apt to style that shmateric 'Old!"
"Handsome?"
"Has been lovely; is still beautiful; and looks young, though she must approach near forty."

'Ahlrather the shady side of a woman's life "Ah I rather the snauy side of a n duca, to my taste,"
"She has a young protego, however, with her, whose loveliness will compensate for any shortcomings of the contessa, both in youthul mess and loviness." and lovliness."
| salian, of course?"
| No. En\_lish."

No. En lish."
Ruglah | Really, duca, you interest me. beautiful young English girl is an immense attraction. I am fond of reactiful English girls, as I am of the choicest efforts of the sculptor. She is a blonde, is she not?'

"blonde, counte, of the fairest and most deleate kind."

te kind." 'Exquisite | I would wager an estote. A lonely

cate kind."

"Exquisite! I woul's wager an estote. A lonely creature, tied to a hideous same, we may be sure. Horreble names the English glory

"Her name is amy Seat in. Miss Amy Seaton is the English manne hof pronouncing it."

Hat an arrow been shot 'nrough the heart of the earl he could hardly have been more affected by the unterance of this name. Fortunately, the eye of the duca was not upon him, and he was able to suppress his emotion.

The noncusalance of the comte de St. Brieux, who knew this to be the young girl with whom Lord Arnold had fallen in love, was admirable. He repeated two or three times "Armee Seetong Armee Seetong. I was sure it would be a barbarous name. N'importe if she is beautiful. Ah! duca, but you will be kind enough to present me to her?"

"Witu pleasure, cemte. The contessa visits the operat on hight; Signora Seaton will accompany her. My box is at your service."

"You overwhelm me with obligations, duca; but I have already secure 1 a box for the remainder of the season. I will thank you for the introduction only."

"You shall have it."

The comte bowed his acknowledgments, and turn ng to the earl, said, "M. de havenue, you will accompany me to-night; I may require you."

The earl bent in acquiescence, and shortly after

you."

The earl bent in acquiescence, and shortly after the duca retired.

the duca retired.

That night the earl sat in the comte's box, prepared to untergo a tremendous ordesl. He awaited with impatience the arrival of the contests, whose box the comte had pointed out to him.
At length she appeared, superbly attired. Her

head, her neck, her arms, her fingers glittering with jewels; her skiu dazzlingly fair, and her features handsome, and bearing no sign that more than thirty happy summers had passed over her head. over her head.

By her side sat Amy Seaton, clad in a dress of By her side sat Amy Seaton, cladin a dress of pale blue satin, trimmed with silver. She wore few ornaments; she did not need them, she was so fair and lovely without intrinsic aid.

The earl gazed upon her with beauting eyes

The ear gazed upon her with defining eyes and throbbing breast. He wondered not at the passion of his son for this extremely beautiful girl: sud his breast died within him at the prospect of weaning him from his adoration of so sweet a face.

A buzz of admiration at her enchanting

beauty run through the house almost immediately she was seated, and the earl was so faccinated that he could not remove his eyes

Mayenne?"

He turned, and saw at his side, scrutinizing him with a searching expression, the Duca di

# CHAPTERYV.

THE ITALIAN—BELF-DIRECTION—THE CHANGE.

Signor Andrea di Lioni had well calculated the effect such words as he a dressed to Lady Blanche De la More would have upon her mind. A quick and keen reader of female character, he had no difficulty in becoming master of her innocent and gentle nature. It was easy to discover how pure her mind was, how chaste her thoughts, that she was as kind, amiable, and self sacrifating, as she was impressible. She possessed great self-abnigation: she thought for others—seemed to live for others. She was most devotedly attached to all the members of her family, and would have hestated at no personal sacriface to have secured their ha, piness. They were to a certain extent, aware of this: in fact, it was not passible for her to conceal her affection, or for them not to reciprocate it, because it came forth on unselfah conditions.

Her brother Arnold was perhaps registered first in her hear: but then she loved Cecile so tenierly, and Eustace so fondly, that, really it would have been hard for her, or exam nation into the force of her feeling in their favor to have eliminated the one that stood pre-emiment in her love.

When Andrea di Lioni, with a flendish ex-THE ITALIAN—BELF-DIRECTION—THE CHANGE.

eliminated the one that stood pre-eminent in her love.

When Andrea di Lioni, with a flendish expression of countenance, said, with such terrible emphasis in her ear, "I can hate and take a dreadful vengea ce not upon the object of my hate, with the knife, but on those they love, by poison, by subtle processes, which would rack torcure, and at last destroy them,"—she was oppressed with horror, and from that moment conceived a terrible dread, that unless she concilited him he would predice his atroslous criminal acts of hatred first upon those when in she loved.

Her a tive imagination pictured one or the other of her brothers or sisters wasting away.

dying piecemeal, by the introduction of some subtle poison in their veins,—they the vic ime of a line of conduct towards this man, which every instant 1 ld her was the proper one for her to

Out of love for them she shrunk from placing

Out of love for them she shrunk from placing them in such a terrible position; she would endure this man's glances—his snake-like crawl to her side, his het breath upon her cheek fearfully repulsive as it was to her—rather than, by rousing his anger, cause their destruction.

She seemed to feel that a struggle had commenced which would be of a long endurance, with some frightful obscurity veiling the result,—some dreadful doom which had no defined character, of which she could form no notion. She lacked what her sister Cecile possessed—moral courage. She did not see that her path was clear, her duty to herselt plain; that, as Cecile had done, she should epenly resent the institious approaches of the Italian, and to cause him, in a manner to be expelled from the house, with some special mention to the secret police of the covert threat he had made.

Thus removed from the vale of his artifices.

made.
Thus removed from the pale of his artifices Thus removed from the pale of his artifices, her mind would have despised his menaces; but an it was subjected by his daily visits to the influence for evil which he exerted, she grew gradually less able to resist the power. As the kitein the air, making preparation to descend and strike the poor little fluttering bird benests, narrows his circles ere the final swoop down upon the prey is made, so Andrea di Lioni detected that the fluttering bird at whose life he was aiming begar instinctively to fear him commenced narrowing his circle, in apprehension that his quarry might escape him.

He came, with scrupulous punctuality, to give the daily lesson, and he contrived that it should in s me way touch upon polson, or lead to an

the daily lesson, and he contrived that it should in s me way touch upon poison, or lead to an opportunity for him to dilate upon the artot poisoning, as studied and practiced, he averred, in various parts of Italy. For a time, he had aband met the attempt to debase her purity by his licentious glances, his artfully conducted e necessation, or his stealthy movements. The caution given him by Ivory had not been lost upon him, nor was there a chance that it should have been. He was teld somewhat abruptly by the steward that the Lady Cecile for the present declined taking her Italian lessons: and when the young lady passed him it was with a look of haughty contempt and a curled lip, which, to see, made him writhe again.

writhe again,
He cursed her in his heart and da variety Blanche, for fear she, too, should dismiss him in haughty scorn, and thus ruin the whole project which brought him there.

So he kept to the subject of the poisons, to which he could see the thind girl listened with a species of terrible f-scination. She dreaded to hear them, yet could not ropel the narration of instances in which they had been made the instruments of a tremendous revenge without even the most curving precentions availing those who adopted them in preserving them from the fatal effects of their administration.

Andrea di Lioni performed the task allotted to him well. He made no special reference to the deadly mendicaments as a matter for conversation with a latent object: but he made the subject one upon which to give lessons, asserting that it was necessary, for the purpose of properly understanding the extent and compass off the Italian language, that he should enter on the regions of science, and not confide his instruction to the fields of poetry and hterature.

thand that poison me ht with success, be employ
ad to de-troy individuals, by one who, apparently, could not gain even access to them: an ently, could not gain even access to them; and altimately, the signor we rket the subject round, that he, without seeming to do so, gave her directly to understand that he, acquainted with the properties of the most subtile poisons, was precisely the man who would relentlessly make use of the knowledge he had acquired, to compass the destruction of those he hated, or inflict a deadly blow upon the peace of one upon whom he desired to avenge himself, by the gradual murder of everyone to whom they were atsached and this without the possibility of his detection.

on, Had the Lady Blanche, upon arriving at the

Had the Lady Blanche, upon arriving at the conviction of this man's infernal nature, at once removed herself from contact with him—had boldly and openly made known what he had more than hinted—all would have been well. She did not do so.

She gradually became oppressed with a fear that this man, if offended by her, would destroy her sister, her fathers, her brothers, by a sow and lingering torture; that she should have the horror of day by day seeing them wate away, without the power of saving them, or being able to prove the cause of their ailment; and therefore it became imperative upon her to conciliate him, that no Injury might come to them.

nem. It was, at least, a relief to her that he ceased It was, at least, a relief to her that he ceased his most offensive manner of conducting himselt personally to her. The close contact, the breath upon her cheek, the touch of the hand which made her shover to the marrow all ceased, while he cular, ed upon the horrible subject he had chosen fir exercises or trans ations, and whick he took every occasion to dilate upon, in a manner to affright her.

While this cour e of instruction, adopted by him, was in daily progress, it must not be forgotten that Lady Pinkpleite had duly carried out her intention of lecturing the Lady Cecile upon the course she had adopted with the signor, and almost insisting that the young lady should—notwithstanding it was understood that the subject of the discussion was a count in, his own land

notwithstanding it was understood that the subject of the discussion was a count in, his ownland—ignore the man's existence—save as an automand go on with her lessons. But Lady Pinkpleite formed an erroueous estimate of the young lady she had to deal with
At the conclusion of a lengthened discourse, filled with elaborate expositions of the conditions of Lady Cecile's sation, which were such as to transfer her into a marble statue if she had adopted them, the wilful young lady turned her bright blue eyes upon Pompey's Pillar as, in the correspondence between her and her brother Eustace, this mo lel of deportment was nick named, and said, "Have you listened attentively, Lady Pinkpleite, to all you have said to me?"

me?"
"Only with that attention, Lady Cecile, which

tentwely, Lady Pinspleite, to all you have said to me?"

"Only with that attention, Lady Cecile, which I osteem due to the station in which your honored father, Earl De ia More, has placed me, and wich that propriety pertaining to your own position as a young lady of rank."

Lady Cecile towed her head.
"It only remains now, Lady Pinkpleite, for me to reply to your observations," she said, looking fixedly at the column of starch, with an expression that the ancient lady liked notor so she hastened to check her by exclaiming—

"Lady Cecile, pray exhaust yourself by no such proformance. I do not wish for a reply. I do not expect one. I have given you my dictum as the representative of your august pureut, and I only desire you to comply with my views, which you should feel are dictated only by a most elevated sense of do crous propriety, and a full comprehension of what is due to your place in society."

"I am sorry, Lady Pinkpleite, that your expectations and your desires do not coincide with my own," returned the young lady, speaking with firmness. "I believe, though but young, Lady Pinkpleite, that I am still old enough—I beg pardon if I am the cause of that inward spasm, Lady Pinkpleite—I repeat, I am experienced enough to be able to juige for nyself in this matter. I am fully conscious that my impressions, as revealed to you by me, may appear the ebullitions only of an extravagant fancy; but I cannot help that So far as I am concerned they are convictions, and I have acted upon them."

"Acted upon them? I do not understand you,

"Acted upon them? I do not understand you,

them."
"Acted upon them? I do not understand you,
Lad Cecile."
"I am sorry for that, Lady Pinkpleite—the
faultis not mice." Pray explain. To what do you allude? how nave you acted?"

"By directing Mr Walters, the steward to inform Signor Lioni that I do not intend taking unother lesson, and by letting that person see, by my demeanur, my sense of his insolent pre-iensions."

Lady Pukpleite applied to her salts. Here

Lady P nkpleite applied to her salts. Here was rebellion to her authority; here was a direct intimation that her power was represented by that very expressive figure, 0: and she prepared at once to work herself up to that state of cignity, firmness, and detormination which shoul i prove to Lady Cecile that she was not to be held in this light consideration that she had been a pointed to a responsible post, as the held of the household, in the absence of the carl, and that her word must be obeyed without question.

Suddenly a hand was pressed upon his arr—"A mot t charming creature this young English girl, Signora Seaton! is she not, M Pierre de Mayenne?"

Lady Cecile saw what was coming, but, as the pouring out of the plagues on Egypt hardened Pharoah's heart, so did the looming torrent of indignation gathering strength in Lady Pink Phirosh's heart, so did the looming torrent of indigmation galhering strength in Lady Pinkpleites bosom, operate on the heart of Lady Cecile. She determ ned, once for all, to display her independence, and to maintain it.

"Are you not quits aware, Lad. Cecile," almost thunde ad Lady tinkploite, "if you were bent upon discontinuing the services of Signor Andrea Lioni, that his dis ussal should come through me—that your proceeding to him was an indignity to which, upon a mere fancy, a ridduolus and erroneous notion—for Ivory, here, assures me that such is the case—he has no right to have been subjected?"

been subjected?"

Lady Cecile glanced haughtily at Ivory, a Lady Pinkpleite uttered this observation, and with a curi of her lip, said "I am not in the habit, Lady Pinkpleite, of submitting my inpressions to the judgement of your maid. If that is another of your Jesires or expectations, I must beg yout o excuse my very direct refusal to comply with it."

La-dy Ca-sile! "complete:

comply with it."

"La—dy Ca—cile!" ejaculated Lady Pinkpleite
n a loud voice; " you intentionally misconselve

"In-dy Ca-cile!" ejaculated Lady rinspiete in a loud voice; "you intentionally misconseive me."

"It is unintentionally, it I do misconceive you, Lady Pinkpiete," continued Lady Cecile; "but I have some reasons for my misconception, it such you consider it, and thus I rove it. Ivery!" she exclaimed, addressing the Italian maid in almost a imperious tone, "be good enough to step forward here."

Ivory obeyed; her brows were slightly contracted, and her teath were set.

"Some misunderstanding between you and my late maid caused her to give me warning, and to quit my service without any explanation being condescended to me. You informed me that she had left before! was even aware of her intention to qui but, with a profession of great anx i-ty to spare me inconveuience, you took the trouble of obtaining another within an hour after she had gone, vouching strongly for her ability and excellence of character—informing me that you had done all this out of your great wish to show your love and respect for me, and with, in fact, the sunction of Lady Pinkpleite."

"Precisely! Ivory informed me of the quarrel between her and your maid, Standish; and that both could not remain in the house, You coul searcely desire, Lany Cecile, to deprive me of my greatest comfort in this weary probation to another and better life—my wary Ivory. I, therefore, sanctione it he departure of Standish, and the appointment of your new maid, Crafter Really, Lady Cecile, what there can be objectionable in all this it is out of my power to conceive!"

able in an this it is out or any point.

"This, Lady Pinkpleite. I have not been consulted; my tastes, my wants have not been the subject of a consideration; I have for some years cho-en my own maid; I am not going to resign that task now. Ivory, ring the bed for Crafter!"

The Italian obeyed; but not without a sullenness that contrasted strongly with her usual manner.

nanner. The bell was answered and Crafter made he appearance. She too, was sleek in manner, but there was an expression in her eye and linea-ments that was singularly antagonistic to marble

purity. "strong is, in the housekeeper's room, a young woman, with whom I have already had an interview," exclaimed Lady Ccoile; "conduct her nither!" nither!"

Crafter smiled, glanced at Ivory, and retired. Presently she returned, bringing with her syoung interesting looking girl, who was plainly but nearly dressed.

Lady Pinkpleite had merged into the Hindoo Lady Pinkpleite had merged into the Hindoo idol again; she was so overwhelmed with astonishmen at the part adopted by Lady Cecile, that her speech—almost her breath—was taken from her, and she sat in a state of silent stupefaction.

Lady Cecile, without noticing her, said to the young girl whem Crafter had introduced, and who looked rather can arrassed and nervous, "I have already questioned you but be kind enough, in the presence of this lady, to reply to the questions I may put. What is your name?"

"Amelia—airchild. I am usually called Milly."

"Your age?"

"Nineteen."

You can perform all the duties of lady's maid

-(Ires, har, and so form "
"Yes, my lady."
"But have left bome on account of some lomestic matters, in no way reflecting upon yourleft?"
Milly Fairchild—for it was the same young girl who had waited upon Lady Cecile's brother-bowed her head assentingly, but did not reply for the swelling of her throat, caused by a sudde emotion, prevented her.

"Mrs Westwood, the housekeeper, gives you "Mrs Westwood, the housekeeper, gives you most excellent character for kindness of discosition and readiness to oblige, and the absence of any probability of your esteeming any of the demands upon you likely to be made by me a trouble or a subject of complaint. In deed, what she has said in your favor has confirmed me in the intention I have deliberately and with determination formed, Are you at lib-

ment, you are no longer in attendance upon ine!"

"Ha—um—ha, Lady Cecile! I positively must—a—have a voice in this matter," cried Lady Pinkpleite gasping for breath.

"To confi m it if you will, Lady Pinkpleite!" exclaimed Lady Cecile with great firmmes. "Not otherwise. You are at liberty to make any representation you may think proper to the earl: but, in this in-tance, and until he persemptorily commands me to the contrary I will take my own course."

"Lady Cecile, your sister, Lady Blanche, your senior by years, would not thus improperly set

"Lady Cecile, your sister, Lady Blanche, your senior by years, would not thus improperly set aside my authority!" cried Lady Pinkpleite, with her eyebrows pressing on the confines of her wig and her chin elongated almost to her wistband.

"Lady Blanche is free to act as she ploases," retorted the Lady Cecile. "She is yielding and easy in her nature, and is far from being sufficiently self depend nr. She may, out of an amiable desire to maintain peace, continue to receive instruction from Signor Lioni. whom she hates as deeply as I do."
"Hates? Lady Cecile." cried Lady Pinkpleite, with an electrified air. "Hates! A professor of Italian hated by a lady of title. Preposterous!"

professor of Italian hated by a lady of title. Preposterous!"
"Despises—loathes—whatever you will, Lady Pinkpleite, to express repugnance or athor rence, cried Lady Ceelle excitedly. 'It is elough she entertains toward him the samefeeling as I do, but, rather than make a sensation, she continues to suffer annoyance herself. It may be well for her, under the same feeling, to permit her maid to be discharged, and to be supplied with another by Ivory—to endure all this out of consideration for the feelings of persons of no consequence to her whatevar. I cannot help that; it does not, will not, influence me, And now Crafter, leave the room, and do what I have directed you."

Drater, leave the room, and do what I have lirected you."

"My deal lady! to be discharged at a moment's notice!—it is not usual!" exclaimed Crafter, with a deprecating air.

"Lady Pinspleite, I request you to desire your maid, Ivory, to conduct that woman, her introduction, from this apartment," exclaimed Lady

luction, from this apartment,—exciained Lady People, Ceoile, haughtly,
Ivory did not wait to be told by Lady Pinkpleite; she raised her glittoring eyes to Lady
Ceoile, and said, "It is enough for me Lady Ceole,
that you wish it. Allow me doar lady, to express,
my sorrow that my zeal should be considered
imperiment interference. I will not so offend
again."

imper ment merference. I will not so offend again."

She caught Crafter by the wrist, and, bowing to the young lady, who haughtily returned it, conducted her from the room.

Lady Pinkpleite rose up with solemn dignity, and, when tarry balance; on her feet, and her head was elevated upon the scraggy nesk as high as it could be made to go, she said. "I have never since the departure of your august father, the earl, been so so deci edly at defiance, Lady Cecile, as upon this occa ion. The authority with which he has been pleased to honor me, proves, in your case a mere nonentity—a positive tangibinity. I must communicate with him. Until tuen per ait me to inform you, Lady Cecile, I caunot receive y u, nor meet you upon the same rela ions as heretofore. You will take your own way. I release you from control, and shall not a sume my right to have any over you until I receive further instructions from your august purrent."

Turning slowly on her pivot, she filled her stately sails, and, with an assumption of dignity, slowly wended her way to her own augustment.

tately sails, and, with an assumption of dignity, lowly wonded her way to her own apartiment, to revive herself, after this scene, with a little standard to rose water.

ulant,—something stronger, and with a different odour to rose water.

She had no sooner gone than Cesile turned to her new attendant, and sa.d. "Your name is Amelia—familiarly, Milly. I shall call you Mily, I like your look very much. I feel that we shall proceed together very harsoniously. I am younger than you, but I feel to have a natural energy and decision of character independent of my age. I am very quick-sighted, and I can see that there is something wrong in the position of our family, I feet that there is some mischief intended it; and, although I cannot imagine the source. I see, it os comprehend that Lady inkpleite's maid, Ivory, and an Italian professor, one Signor at Lioni, who is teaching my sister, Lady blanche, his native language, are the agents by which it is to be accomplished. As yet, this is but surnise. As soon as I have the seast clue, or fact, as a basis to work upon. I shall communicate with my brother Eustace, who will come to our aid instantly, and defeat the wicked project, whatever it may be, I may coult upon your faithful assis sace?"

step, in one of a raige, from a convenion and their sister, Lady Hlanche, was under some spell; for she had observed that she was pale and thought!, sighed nuch, and often scud-ored in her abstracted mood,—and that these fits were all the stronger after Signor Lomi had departed—on the completion of the Italian lesson.

# CHAPTER XVI.

THE ASSIGNATION-THE MEETING-THE REVEL ATION.

Lord Arnold had not forgotten his appointment with Buth Seaton in the duomo. At the hour named he entered the cathedral by one of the principal doors, and proceeded slowly down one of the siles, pausing occasionally before some statue, or, to gaze, with a strange emotion of awe, upon those who knelt in various parts of the vast cathedral, motionless in silent devotion. The vastness of the building, the rows of pilars, the many statues, the e.nstruction of the roof—all were so many obstacles to the distribution of light; and though there was no niggardliness displayed in the distribution of candelabras, filled with burning candies, the sacrededifice wore an air of almost gloomy solumity, eminently calculated to raise and promote religious teeling.

The rich tones of the organ, the solemn chant, the swelling tones of the admirably practised ATION.

The rich todes of the organ, the solemn chant, the swelling tones of the admirably practised choir, tended much to inspire him with feelings to which for some time he had been astranger. It was with defliculty he ceuld repress tears from toreing their way to his cyclids, and he could hardly restrain himself from falling upon his knees, and, smitting his breast, confess to the creat freather of the universe in whose awful

hardly restrain himself from falling upon his knees, and, smitting his breast, confess to the great Creator of the universe, in whose awful presence he seemed to stand, his sense of the laxity he had displayed in the performance of his religious duries.

While thus influenced, a hand was laid upon his soulder. He started, and turning, beheld a fomale, completely muffled in a manufills.

She whispered in his ear.—" Pass down the Piazza Del Duomo, take the first street that leads to the Arno. At the water's edge you will perceive a gondola in waiting. Give three taps with your hand. The gondolier will take you on board, and will land you upon a spot, hear which stands a grove of trees. In that grove await further communication."

She was about to glide away, but he caught her by the wrist.

"Stay!" he said in a low tone. "In England such a proposition might easily be entertaiced; in Italy, the case is different. You must name to me some further inducement for complying with your directions."

our directions."
The woman hesitated a moment, then sho

whispered in his ear, "Amy Seaton!"
She broke from his hold and was quickly lost to view amongst the crowd assembled to hear a most eloquent preacher.

He paused, and felt in doubt as to the course he should pursue, but the name of Amy wassened for the greater in integers on the but to course he whoult pursue, but the hame of Ampossessed far too great an influence over him to remain indifferent to the adventure. He had no notion that he should see her, but there was a possibility that he would learn something respecting her: so he resolved to go, come what might

He quitted the cathedral and passing into the Piazza del Duemo, and proceeded in the direction pointed out to him, until he reached the banks o the wroe. He perceived, a short distance in the stream a gondola, with a man in the stern keeping i He perceived, a short distance in the stream, agondola, with a man in the stern keeping it stationary with his long paddle and chanting lines from Tasso, apparently unconscious of aught but his own existence.

Arnold clapped his hands thrice, and the man at once displayed the greatest act vity of manner. The prow of the boat was directed to the shore, and in another minute tho boat was alongside

"Ingleso ?" ejarulated the gondolier.

"Inglesc ?" ojarulated the gondolier.

Lor: A ruold replied in the affirmative, stopped into the boat, and seated himself in the cabin. Away sped the gondola up the river. Lord Almold endeavored to take: ote of the places he was passing, but he went se swiftly, and the darkness, from the ar sauce of the moon, was such as to prevent his making out any place distinctly and so he resigned himself with patience to remain in a state of mystification, until something happened to give him a notion of the object with which he was desired to perform this journey. ey. Euddenly he felt the keel of the boat grate on

ne edge of the shore, and he sprung out, leaping gutly on to the green sward which extended to ne edge of the river.
"To you wait for me?" he inquired of the olier. 'o." he replied. "I shall return for you, if these wheen employed me consider it necessary."

The next moment the best shot into the center of the river, and was urged swiftly back to

Florence.

He watched its receding funeral form, and, when it was no more to be distinguished, he

So he kept to the subject of the poisons, to which he could see the timid girl listened with a species of terrible f scination. She dreaded to hear them, yet could not ropel the narration of immances in which they had been made the instruments of a tromendous revenge without even them set counts in precerving them from the fatal effects of the irradinistration.

Andrea di Lioni performed the task allotted to the deadly mendicaments as a matter for conv. reation with a latent object: but he made the subject one upon which to give lessons, asserting that It was necessary, for the purpose of properly understanding the extent and compass off the Italian lan, uaze, that he should enter on the regions of science, and not condide the instruction to the fields of poetry and literature.

Daily the Lady Blanche was made to understanding the water and conversation which they can be a subject to the fields of poetry and literature.

So he kept to the subject of the poisons, to which he could see the timid girl listened with a species of the field of the right of the size of the discover which stored the interval the precise of the discover which should here in the precise of the deadly mendicaments as a matter for conversation with a latent object: but he made to was in some other part of the world.

And the subject one upon which to give lessons, asserting that it was necessary, for the purpose of properly understanding the extent and compass off the Italian lan, uaze, that he should enter on the regions of science, and not condide the result of the results of the world.

The language of the sacrifice I suggest? In the mand addressed him, had much the discover the flest sort of the perceived that he had short distributed the private grounds of a handsome ville.

Lady Cecile quickly repeated her last sentences as a matter for conv. The the discover of trees which the give of trees which the give of trees ch sely stutup, as though it either nee led a tenant, or that the teneant was in some other part of
the world.

On gaining the grove of trees, he remained
there for at least half an hour, without hearing ought but the rustle of the leaves, moved
by the soft and gente sir. No sign of any
one in the vicinity could he discover. No
sound met his ear, to indicate the approach
of a living thing. His patience exhausted; and
believing that he had been made the victim
of some boax, he determined to approach
the villa, and, if he could detect any indication
of the presence of a human being within, to
rouse them, and ask a few questions as to his
whereabouts, and the best available means by
which he could return to Florence. He had
taken ut a few short paces to put his resolution into operation when his quick car detected
uddenly a light footfall upon the grass approaching the grove of trees in which he had been so
long standing.

The moment he detected the sound, he sprung
behind a tree, determined to inspect the new
comer before he betraved his presence there;

ing the grove of trees in which he had been so long standing.

The moment he detected the sound, he sprung behind a tree, determined to inspect the new comer before he betrayed his presence there; and, croucing down, watched in an attitude of caution, and with some anxiety, for the person, who, making direct fer the spot, it was evident was conscious of his being there.

Presently his eagerly-directed gazo discovered the form of a female, the upper part of whose person was closely suveloped in a mantilla; and, immediately, he premised it to be the same person who had originally addressed him in the Piazza dal Duomo, and whom he had that night seen in the cathedral.

Still, however, he lay hidden, in order to see what movement she would make, and whether she was acquainted with his arrival.

The female increase ther speed as she drew near, until she entered the grove of trees, and then she paused. She gazed timidly round, and then, in a half sflaighted voice, sa.d, 'I st here any one here awaiting my coming?"

This was not the woman of the cathedral. He rose up, and, advancing cautiously, said, 'II am here. Was it you who desired to see me?"

The female uttered a cry, almost a shriek, and placed her hand upon his arm.

'Merciful heaven | 's she exclaimed: 'it is Lord Arnold!''

It was his turn to utter an exclamation, and, without ceremony—as \$the tones of that voice vibrated through every nerve he possessed—tr remove the mantills from the face it veiled. As he gazed upon the councenance revealed to his ayes, ho cried, with deep emotion 'Amy! Amy! my beloved Amy! Can it be possible? Is this no dream? Do I again see you? Oh, heaven?—what have I done to deserve this gracious favor?"

He folded her passionately to his breast as he spoke, nor did she rectuse that long and fervent kiss which he pressed upon her warm ruby lips

heaven?—what have I done to deserve this gracious favor?"

He folded her passionately to his breast as he spoke, nor did she refuse that long and fervent kiss which he pressed upon her warm ruby lips. Nay, she twined her arms round his rack, and thung there with her head upon her sheat, and thung there with her head upon his shoulder, as though she was no less delighted at the remion than he.

But when this paroxyam of love, this natural ebuilition of their fond devotion for each other had passed, they each instinctively shrunk from the other, and fell back.

"Oh Amy!" exclaimed Lord Arnold, "of what have I not been gulty? Have I not done that which must make you tear me from that dear place in your heart forever? Have not I been gulty of a trantic act of passion—since so bitterly lamented—enough to cause you to discard me forever from your affection? Do you not hat me, Amy?"

"Hate you, Lord Arnold? Oh, no!" she replied with carnestness.
"You forgive me, then, for my madness? Gentle, kind as you have ever been!"
"It is not for me tsy forgive, Lord Arnold. The injury was not inflicted upon me, though I have suffered by it. nay, I am not even acquainted with the circumstance connected with it. save that I overheard a terrible narration from the lips of a servant of the hall, who said he witnessed the inoidents, and repeated them circumstantially to the Earl De la More, who at that mo meet was in my father?"

"Yos—his object in coning to the cottage I know not: he came there so in after your departure. What followed, I do not remember, nor recollect I aught subsequently, until I found myself at an hotel in London; from whence, the moment I ouid bear the journey, I was brought hither."

"And this man, who narrated to my father what pa sed at my luterview with Seaton—what said he, deare t Amy?"

Amy, inte rupted by her tears, with faltering voice, ropeated Stark's story. Arnold could scarcely listen to her, for the vicle: ee of his indication.

amy, into rupted by not toars, whill faithfring voice, ropeated Stark's story. Arnold could searcely listen to her, for the vicle ce of his indignation. He vehemently protested against its falsehood, and related to her what really did take place.

"Bull enough, I admit," he said, "but

Eustace, who will come to our aid instantly, and defeat the wicked project, whatever it may be. I may con. It thou your faithful assistance?"

"You m y, Lasy Cecile, to the extent of my life," repided Milly, with energy.

"I am sure of it. Are you keen sighted—quick to observe and detect operations not meant for you to see?"

"I believe I am so, naturedly. I am sure I could be if my mind was directed to such a task."

"Then I will get you, w.t. an assumption of an open, easy, amiable manner, to observe, with all the acuteness you possess. the movements of Lady Pinkploite's maid, Ivory, and, when you have the chance of Signor di Lioni; and report what you may notice to me. Nomatter how trivial the circumstance, it may prove a link to the chain. You undersand me?"

"Oh, quite clearly."

"That will do, we will now to Mrs Westwood, and complete the arrangements for your service with me; and, that done, you will commence you dute at on c, especially that one of watching Lion and Ivory."

"I will do my utmost to fulfil your wishes," said Milly, earnestly; "and I feel, somewnat, that I shall succeed."

"Ail the cule the way to the house keeper's room.

Side had been induced to take this unusual step, in one of her age, from a convection that her sister, Lady Blanche, was under some spell; for she had observed that she was pale and her two powers and mey own; and if you cousent, for she had observed that she was pale and her two powers and her information of which we eared, without seekin. In infinitely appoint on the stream of the probation upon which we agree, without seekin. In infinitely appoint on the stream of the —loving you, I am beyond all doubt assured, even as now, as I have ever do e since first I knew my heart was your own; and if you cousent, and will let me strive to make you happy, we will set the community which seeks to sunder us, at defiance—loved, and loving each other, be as happy as children among tue flowers in the long, long days of summer sunshine.

"Ers Amy could reply, a shadow fell across them. A woman rose up, as it were, out of the ground, at their teet. She turned to Amy.

"Go," she said. "You will meet Lord Arnold again."

gain." Amy bent her eyes upon the young noble with Amy bent her eyes upon the young noble with longing gaze, and slowly prepared to retire, but Arnold syrang to her side and took her hand.

"We cannot, must not part thus," he cried, seizing her hand to prevent her departure. The woman who had so suddenly appeared, however, waved her hand to Amy.

"Go," she replied again, "I have told you, you will metagain; and I repeat it. Let me give you this wood of caution, that when you meet, affect surprise, if you feel it not, Go, Amy, and quickly. I would speak with you Lord Arnold."

rnoid."

Lord Arnold raised her small, soft, white hand Lord Arnold raised her small, soit, white family to his hips, and pressed it there passionately; with her hand she returned the presure. She did not intend to act but the impulses of nature were not to be repressed.

"We shall meet again, Amy," he said earnorthy

stly.
"If heaven so will sit, Arnold." "It neaven so wills it, Arnold."
He understood the dropping of his title by the
fond grl. Had she spoken for an hour, she could
not have conveyed her wish that it should be so

not have conveyed her wish that it should be so more strongy. When her retreating form was hidden by the fragrant orange trees, which were planted where their beautiful oder should enter particular chambers, the woman, who it may be surmised was Ruth Seaton, turned to Arnold, and sid, "You were surprised by an interview I persume to have been quite unexpected."

"I was, indeed"

"I could expect no less; for it was the off-spring fa sudden thought brought about by a combination of favoring circumstances. I perceived and seized, the chance to assure me of what I desired to know."

"What was that?"
"Whether you loved Amy, not with the trans-trpassion of the lordling or scion of fashi n, it as a true and honorable man."

"Well-mye | well! If you, Lord Arnold-not-withstanding your high station be not one of the basest and most treacherous scoundrels on earth, y, u do love her faithfully and truly." "And honorably!"
"And honorably-for you have offered her you

and."
"Intending to persist in that offer howevering the time or great the changes that may ake place."
"But you may be induced to alter that deter-

"Never!"
"I say you may."
"And I deny it. Nothing but the rejection of a hand by Amy, or her unfaithfulness to me, nich I believe to be wholly impossible, can also me swerve from what I declare to be my lemn and sacred intention." Your family will discountenance her."

"And if they do—myself also."
"I would not throw a slur upon Amy's purity; believe her to be as free from sin in act or nought as a new born infant, but upon her origin, am not prepared to say that she is free from tain." ain."
"She is humble in birth, but yet I will wed What, Lord Arnold, if she be the child of sin and shame?"
The woman gripping his wrist, uttered these wo ds with startling emphysis.
Lord Arnold shrunk back, it may with truth be

The women yet held him firmly. The child is not to blame—she cannot help rorigin. She is stil pure, and goutle, and good, d beautiful even as though she were the uchter of a saint. But reflect, would you take your arms as your wile, no sound title, the daughter of a —"
Hold!" crie! Lord Arnold vehemently. "Why
you shock and w und me thus by your terlos assertion;" Who are you?—by what right
you assume to yourself the power of making assertion? Who are a assume to yourself elation so dreadful?"

I am Ruth Seaton."
Ruth Seaton! the wife of Seaton?" The same "
ord Arnold placed his hand upon his heart
pain there was so acu e.
You then—you," he gasped, " are the mother of Amy?"
"No matter—of that anon! I ask you, as a true and loyal men, loving that gentle confiding it girl as you profess to do, whether you yetlove her so much that you are prepared to go the

early, sorrowing descent into the grave be her doom.

"No, by heaven!" he jexclaimed impetuously,
"I love her with the jurest truth and sincerity.
In my affection for her there is no taint of baseness, and, as far as her happiness is concerned, none of self. I love her so well—sowell, Ruth Seaton, that even should this dreadful assertion you have proflered, preve true, I will vet take ner, innocent, pure and blameless as she is, to my heart, proud still that she is my wife."
It seemed, when Arnold made this assertion, that the woman suffered from a brief, but violent hysterical attack: she, however, quickly recovered herself, and said, "I prayyou, Lord Arnold, to permit me to take your hand."

quickly recovered herself, and said, "I pray you, Lord Arneld, to permit me to take your hand."

He extended it towards her; she wrung it with force and earnestness.

"I am your friend, and Amy's," she replied.

I swear it in the presence of the Almighty who gazes down upon me, who hears my eath, and will register it. Now listen to me. Not you alone, but the whole of your family, are in the greatest danger; you are on the outer edge of a whirlpool into which, unless extricated by the greatest skill, you will be drawn, revolving more swittly into your doom as the circles grow smaller, and being ultimately engalped without the possibility of re-emption. It shall be my task to do all that lies is my power to save you from a fate so feaful as that which has been perdetermined for your—a fate to which your fair sisters, equally with yourself, have been destined, and from which escape is just next to impossible. But there is time to avert it, and I will point out to you the way, though not now, for I fear the approach of the gondola, and you must depart this instant, in case your presence should become known to those from whom It is imperative to keep it hidden Now mark me! Can you make a friend of him with whom I saw you conversing, when I addressed you on the Pinzsa del Duomo?"

"Aye—a true and sincere friend."

"Secure him at once. You will need him, on a service of the greetest trust. Further, have you seen the Duca dl Bergamo?"

"I have."

"I have."

"Beware of him! He is the most specious plausible, friendly seeming man living; but the most treacherous, designing, remorseless wretch that fair earth was ever cursed with. He is closely diled to the Contessa Contariul, who is your ost implacable foe."

"Mine?"

"Yours! No.

alined to the Contessa Contarion, who is your most implicable foe, ""Mune?"
"Yours! Never for an instant lose sight of that: or let her perceive, by gesture or glance, that you dream of it; but bewere of her, of all who would compass your destruction. Now go! the gondolier awaits you."
She did not permit another word, but glided stealthily away, while he hastened to the place where he found the gondola awaiting him, leaped into it, and once more, after a swift passage on the Arno, found himself in the Piazza del Duomo.

### CHAPTER XVII.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

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THE SISTER OF MERCY.

Lord Arnold De la More, on his return to Florence, after his interview with Amy, discovered that his adventures had not ceased. Some three or four days subsequently, on returning to his hotel, he found awaiting him a note, which upon its superscription contained an intimation that the contents were argent. He tore it open, and read as follows: "he confident, and fear not! The bearer of this will wait for you at eight to night, by the Piezza del Duomo, on the eastern si e of the cathedral: he will conduct you to one who has much to relate to you, in which you and those nearly connected with you are deeply interested. Do not refuse one who implores you—who has the right to command!"

"Has the right to do so, save——Merciful powers? If this sh uld have some reference to her existence? But, no lit is impossible! Yet, what can be the object of the desired interview? What is there which can be of interest to me, and those nearly related to me, if it does not embrace information respecting her? Would that I knew her late? I would dare much to learn it. This mysterious correspondent, who claims the right to command my anchens, must desire to convey some such is limited in I will go and unrayed the meaning of this singular appeal."

Having provided himself with a brace of pistols he threw a cloak around him, at the hour appointed directed his steps to the spot named in the note, and gazed about him for the guide who was to conduct him to the writer of the note.

ote.
At first he was unable to perceive anyone; but

signal, was opened by some contrivance, and the man entered, beckening for Lord Arold to fo low him, He did so, and the man, as one as he had passed over the threshold of he door, closed it, thus placing both in utter arkness,

His guide whispered to him to tread with the thirt had been dealers and show took him by the head. His guide whispered to him to tread with stealthy steps, and then took him by the hand, and led him gantly along over a stene floor, until a flight of stone stairs was gained, up which the man ascended, leading Arnold after him, until he reached the top, and then he pushed open a door and entered an apartment, followed by Arnold, who stepped as noiselessly as before. A sight presen editself to his gaze which startled and interested him. It was a bed chamber into which he had been ushered, plainly and simply furnished. By the feeble rays of a taper, he perceived that on the pallet lay a young and fair girl, about twelve years of age, who seemed prost ated underthe malignant influence of some destroying malady. Her face, pure as Parlan marble, seemed hits a aseraph in slumber. The lips were slightly apart, and her eyes were closed. She was in that motionless repose which usually acts as a horald of that long, long sleep, from whence there will be no awakening until the judgment hour.

At the pallet side knelt a Sistar of Mercy in prayer. She was so absorbed in her devotions, that she was as still and motionless as the one upon the bed. Upon a small table were one or two cups and phials containing medicines. It was evident that the Sister of Mercy was filing the places of dector, priest, and nure.

The guide stepped lightly up to her and touched her upon the shoulder. She looked up at him, and he made a gesture with his thumb over his shoulder. "The signor is here," he said, laconically.

The num turned her head and perceived Art

shoolder, "The signor is here," he said, laconically.

The nun turned her head and perceived Arnold. She instantly drew her veil over her features, and whispered to the guide, "Not here, Pietro; not here, good friend," and she pointed without. Again whispering te him, he bowed his head in response, and retired, withdrawing Lord Arnold from the chamber of sickness, and beating him into auchter, where he left him in tetal darkness.

Thus he remained for two or three minutes wondering, when the door gently opened, and

Thus he remained for two or three minutes wondering, when the door gently opened, and the nun made her appearance bearing a lamp, whose flokering rays most inadequately filled the small room in which they were. She sat it down, and motioned him to a seat; He obeyed, and she also seated herself. Her face was covered with a thick veil, but he could tell that she regarded, through its folds, his features with integes interest.

tell that she regarded, through its folds, his features with intense interest.

Her hands she clasped together upon her knees, and her whole frame shock, as though convulsed with linense emotion. Once or twice she essayer to speak, each time half rising, as if she would have nastly approached him, but she checked herself, and sat down again.

He watched her motions with surprise and anxiety. At length he said, "Pardon my impatience, but the singular contents of your n-te addressed to me, and the mystery attending it, renders me extremely anxious to arrive at an elucidation. Will you therefore, signora, indulge me with an explanation?"

He sucke in the Italian tongue, but she answered him in English, in a faltering, feeble tone.

tone.
"I-I-pray you to bear with me, sir," she
murmured, "for a minute or so, Excessive agita nurmured, "for a minute or so, Excessive agitation overpowers me, and paralyses my efforts to speak csimily and clearly. I have—I have borne nuch—very much; have endured it, aided by heaven's grace, with firmness—even with resignation. I—I—trust I shall be able to undergo the trial of his interview with you, with fortitude, and, at least, without any outward exhibition of agon; or to ture of roul, which may disturb you, or render it one of painful unpleasantness to

"I am sure of that," he exclaimed: "your anner and your sentiments assure me that su he your wish, and believe, I would not distress ou willingly; but you have tuched upon a hord, by the indefinite expression of your note, hut vibrates to usy heart, for it seems to tell me hat you can communicate tidings of one who hough she has for years been dead to me, is dear

-most dear—to my heart."
The nun rose I astily and quitted the room and trnold thought, the moment he was alone he ould hear, not far off, the smothered, agonized obs of a woman. He sat in painful wonder, silent and without

Lord Argold hesitated; then he sought to be to her!"
Lord Argold hesitated; then he sought to be released from such terms; then the nun was immoveable, and he at last consented, but with great reluctance, to her requirement. He gave his sacred word of honor n.t to endeavor to discover who she really was, and then drawing a long breath, as though to nerve herself to her task she commenced by saying, "Warren, Earl De la More, soon after he came in possession of his title, met—at a brilliant assembly at the house of the minister of the day—Cecile Audley. He was young, amiable. handsome, and enormously rich. She, young, esteemed beautiful, lively, vain, proud, thoughtless and poor. Her ducation had been misd rected; she had been taught to smother the promptings of her heart,—to remember nothing but her proud lineage, which was estimated at an equivalent to the richest dowry, and demanding, in an alliance, high rank and vast wealth. In Warren be la More these were united, and Cecile Audley was urged—too well did she furfil her instructions, for in enslaving him, she became herself enslaved. They were married, and for some time they lived the most blissful, happy life it is possible for human destiny to realize an earth. but the C. untess De la More

her instructions, for in enslaving him, she became herself enalayed. They were married, and for some time they lived the most blissful, happy life it is possible for human destiny to realize on earth; but the Centess De la More, as a natural result of the unfortunate education she received was carricious, wildul—"I would not willingly interrupt you," interposed Arcold, "but these hersh terms, as applied to my mother, wound me."
"Nay, it is inestimable in you thus to defend ker," returned the nun in tones of emotion. "Abl were she here to hear you, it would lighten her burden of affliction; but she will know is and her heart will glow with beaming joy, to learn that her memory is cheished still with tenderness and respect, by those in whose fondest-stimation she hopes to dwell. However, truth must be told. It is well Lord Arnold, that her failings exten ed not beyon her wayward caprice: well that the indomitable pride, instilled into her from her infancy, stood by her in the dread hour of temptation, and saved her when jealousy, conceit, and the horible suggestions of retaliation would have hurled her to perdition.
"During the erection of De la More Hall, the

when jealousy, concess, and the horvible surgestions of retaliation would have hurled her to perdition.

"During the erection of De la More Hall, the Earl and Countess De la More passed much of their time abroad. Some portion of the tour was appart in Paris and kome, but the most lengthen deperiod was passed in this city."

"In this city?" exclaimed Arnold.

"Even here. It had been well for both, had they never, never sen it. It was here that they formed an acquaintance with an Italian lady of rank, whose, name for the present it is my intention to conceal. She was fascinating beyond the usual power of young, lovely, and a tractive woman, and she paid assiduous court to the Countess De la More. She professed the greatest affection for her, and seemed never ha, py, unless with her She was followed close y by a young and strikingly handsome Italian noble, who professed for her the most ardent devotion, but, without abs lutely discarding him, the lady refused to accept his addresses.

"For some time matters proceeded thus, when the Countess De la More became conscious of three terrible circumstances: first, that her Italian friend was, with consummate skill, and without seeming to do so undermining her mest rigidly virtuous principles—by illustrations: by specious arguments: by pausible reasoning: by voluptuous images—by almost offering example, she sought, by makang her lax in morality, to believe that an infringement of the marriage row, if kept secret, twas a sin, venial in it.elf, and eacily to be atoned."

Lord Arnold sprung to his feet, and paced the coon recessing his lengths.

atoned."

Lord Arnold sprung to his feet, and paced the Lord Arnold sprung to his feet, and paced the room, pressing his lenched hands to his breast in agony, and groaning with anguish.

The nun removed the througing tears from her eyes and then moti-ning Arnold to return to his seat, she continued her narrative.

"At the time she became concious of this, she woke to the fact that the young Italian nobleman had abandoned, though not outwardly, his pursuit of his former passion, and now secretly intimated to the contessa a fervent adoration for her—"

Again Arnold interrupted her, this time by a flurce exclamation, but she begged him to be

Again Arnold interrupted her, this time by a flurce scelamation, but she begged him to be patient, and to hear her out.

"She d d not at first notice more than than he was attentive to her—that she found his eyes bent upon her more constantly than was pleasing—and that when her hand came in contact with his, the pressure was more decided than etiquette, or good breeding, permitted. Still she did not recognize its intention until he spoke, and then the truth burst upon her."

"But she spurned the secondrel—and annihilated him with her contemptuous scorn?" vehemently cried Arnold.

"But she spurned the scoundrel—and annihilated him with her contemptuous scorn?" veheunently cried Arnold.

The nun entreated him to be calm and continued, 'This fearful di covery was accompanied by that of finding her husband reserved, gloomy, abrupt in his speech and, in affect, wholly devoid of the tender affection he had always hitherto displayed to her: and, as he was cold to the countess, his warmth of manner, his softness of speech, his gentleness of expression increased towards his beautiful Italian friend, who was evidently pleased by it and encouraged it. The small cycle of twenty-four hours sufficed to make these three terrible discoveries: her friend was immoral and treacherous: her husband-she shudderiue and soundrel' her husband-she shudderiue and soundrel' her husband-she shudderiue. All soundrel' her husband-she shudderiue and soundrel' her husband-she shudderiue and soundrel' her husband-she shudderiue bushand-she was at Genoa, on her way to England, via Marseilles: within the walls of her English home, De la More Hall.

"A few years pessed on but, more turban." note.

At first he was unable to perceive anyone; but upon peering into the deep shadows thrown by the massive building on its eastern side, he discerned a man muffled in a clusk, and his face nearly con caled by a slouched hat, seemingly watching him; he drew near to him, and, on cosing up close, the stranger, in a low tone, said in Euglish, though with a strong Italian accent, "The right to command!"

Lord arnold eyed him from head to foot without being able to elicit more than he had already knew; and, therefore, with an inclination of the head, in the same tone as the man adopted, he said, "Lead on!"

Tho man seemed to need no urging, but hurried away witu a swift foot, so that Lord Arnold eyed, in the made his way to the humble part of the city, and, after winding through a variety of narrow turnings, which were complicated and perplexing, he paused before the door of a house of the poorer class, and tapped with his knucklus three times. The door, at this signal, was opened by some contrivance, and the support of the cuty and after timed of the carl and count-ss, their Italian friend douling the property of the core, on her way to England, vit Marseilles: within the walls of her English home, De la More the door of a house of the poorer class, and tapped with his knucklus three times. The door, at this signal, was opened by some contrivance, and the property is a contributed in a contribute of the core, or indifference to the extra

the season in London, they frequently mea. It is true that the earl exhibited in public an air of reserve, or indifference to the extra ordinary blandishments of this unscrapulous woman; but the countess was informed that in private reunions this cold apathy was not preserved. Invincible pride enabled her to make no alimsion to this—to seem not to notice it—but it was gradually crumbling her heart to powde. Her bosom raged with a variety of conflicting emotions and smarting under, as she believed, the infidelity of a husband whom she had loved with a pa-sionate devotion, she outwardly appeared to accept the admiring attention of followers whom in her heart she scorned. He perceived that his miserable and mistaken species of retallation wounded deeply, if not the affection, at least the pride of him she had sworn to love and honor, and it led to remoustrance, insquent quarrel, and a wider estrangement telove and honor, and it led to remonstrances, requent quarrel., and a wider estrangement between them; but she, upon an authority which she could not dispute, was informed that theoer still continue his attentions in private to the beautiful Italian, she unhappivy persisted in her erroneous course—although, beyond what society sanctioned, the countess never stepped. Not one who courted her smiles and sou ht to breathe tender sentiments in herear, could say that even by accident or design, the countess afforded them that opportunity.

"A climax to this wretched life was at length to be reached. The art al of the Italian noble in London, and his appearance in the circles in which the earl and the countess moved, was the occasion of yet greater un-

in the circles in which the earl and the countess moved, was the occasion of yet greater man happiness to both. Much olevated mank, and courted by the highet nobles in England his hesitated not, under a false impression, to make his intentions to the countess more openly apparent than he had yet done. In private, the earl was frantic in his upbraidings of his wife, ch rging her with a guittiness of which she was entirely innocont: in public, his pride, and the path fashion led, made him frieudly in manner to the man he hated. Ha included him in the list of invitations to the splendid reunions he somewhat frequently gave. On the return of the carl and frequently gave. On the return of the earl and countess to De la More Hall, the Cointe de Luc-

countees to De la More Hall, the Cointe de Luc"That is the name of the Italian noble?" exclaimed Arnold eager y.

The non hesitated for a moment, as if reflecting, and then said, "It is even so: but
you will never he able to discover or recognize him by that title: it matters not, the: efore, that you should know it. The counte contrived to extort an unwilling invitation to
s end a short torm at De la More Hall, and
arrived there shortly after the return of the
end and countess to fulfill the engagement.
The situation of the count-ws now became one
of almost unimaginable misery. Assured of
the loss of her husband's affection; convinced
of his unfaithfulness to her: upbraided
and reviled by him, every time th y met
alone, for acts of which she was, as heaven hears
mell entirely innocent oven in thoughts; heralone, for acts of which she was, as heaven hears inel entirely innocent. oven in thoughts; per-secuted at eyery turn by the comte, whose pleading were urged with most artul, most accomplished skil —what—what could have been expected from hea?"

TO BE CONTINUED.]

CANADIAN CANALS. From the New York Star.

Our neighbors across the St. Lawrence have watched with keen interest the progress the agitation which has resulted abolition of tolls on New York State canals. They have had a clearer appreciation of the value of these waterways than most of us here, for they have been compelled to work etrenuously and constantly to build up their commerce in the face of powerful competition and many discouraging circumstances. As soon as Great Britain began to remove the trammels imposed upon Canadian trade, the enterprising Colonists were quick to perceive the necessity of making the St. Lawrence navigable as far as possible. Accordingly course. These improvements were substantial advantageous in their way, but Niagara He sat in painful wonder, silent and without motion, waiting the real-pearance of the Sister of Mcrey; presently she returned to the room, but she was this time more calm and self-possessed than she had been previously. Again she seated berself opposite to him and in clearer and steadier tones said, "I have made serious claims upon your consideration, but I trust you will that grant me your indulgence, I had thought that I had schooled my-elf to meet any such events as this, with impassiveness. I find that the feelings of earlier times are latent only, not extinot. I

have sought this interview. Lord Arnold, to relate and to listen, to explain, and, if not, to receive explanation: to learn much that you an communicate that the form that which you desire to know. I must have your promise, sacre, ly given and holily preserved, that you will not seek to know who I am or endeavor to discover or to prove u.e. other than I seem. This once given to me, I will speak to you without reserve, and of one who has for years been dead to you, and to those nearest and dearest to you—and, Heaven knows, to her—to her!"

the lake perts to Europe without breaking bulk or necessitating a second handling. Canada expended \$40,000,000 on her canals, and deened the cuttar a groot investment, when they began to draw off an appreciable percentage of traffic from the Erie. The adoption of the constitutional amendment making our canals tracis a severe blo s to our Northern neighbors, and the probability is that they must fellow the example of New that they must follow the example of New York or else let their costsy canal system go to decay.

#### AN ABLE DOG STORY.

How a Buffalo Pup Paralyzed a Canadian Town.

From the Buffalo Telegraph. Chas. Boyet, the cigar manufacturer on Seneca street, at the request of his brotherin-law Nesbitt, who lives in Preston, Ont., purchased a large Russian blood hound from a local dealer last Monday and sent it to him by rail. The dog was large for his age. He was only eight months old, and weighed 160 pounds. His ears had been cropped. 160 pounds. His ears had been cropped. This, with his immense size and powerful looking jaws, made him appear quite savage The dog had been reared among children and was as gentle and playful as a kitten, but his looks were enough to strike terror to the most lion hearted. Mr. Nesbitt received the log Monday night and at once put him to the use for which he was intended, that of a

watch dog in his store.

When the time came for closing the dog was turned loose, the store locked and the proprietor and his clerks retired, leaving the dog in full possession. So far every thing bad gone all right. But in the morning there was trouble. The first clerk to reach the store we surprised and terrified to find the dog at the front door, barking furiously, with eyes glittering like two hails of fire. Th elerk at once lost all interest in performing

his morning duties, and preferred to remain outside the store.

A second clerk soon after reached the scene. One look at the dog satisfied his desire to enter the store, and he too remained outside to await further developments. Meanwhile, the dog overjoyed at the prospect of having company, barked more furiously and jumped about the store in such a manner that to the bewildered eyes of the clerks, it

seemed as if he was in a perfect frenzy of madness.

The noise attracted passers by and soon quite a crowd collected. Word was sent to Mr. Neebitt of the situation of the affair. When he arrived on the scene, the street in front of his store was filled with a frightened crowd of people. One glance at the dog backed up by the opinion of the crowd satisfied Mr. Nisbitt that his \$25 investment was one of the most reckless he had ever made. He did not want to kill the dog, for the purchase had been made with the provision that if he was not suited the dog was to be re-turned and his money refunded. If he could only capture the dog and return him to Buffalo, he promised himself, he would never again invest in Buffalo Russian blood hounds. Each attempt to open the store door was responded to by the dog with manifestations of delight which found expression in lond barking and playful oapers, which to the be nighted mieds of the denizens of Preston were

but acts of madness.

The story spread from house to house that a mad dog was in the village. All the old women in the town berricaded their doors and windows. The school children were looked in the garrets. The church bells were rung to warn the people of imperding danger. Old rusty guns were brought out, loaded and out rusty gains were orought out, usuad and carefully primed. Meanwhile it of man who had \$25 invested in the dog was making up his mind whether to shoot the c.g. lose his money or try and capture bim alive and cave his wealth. Happily for the dog's future existence the latter course was decided upon and an attack was directed to be made on the dog's rear from the back end of the store through a window, while the main force at-

tracted his attention in front.

Volunteers were called for to lead the forlorn hope, but none dared to take a step forward until an old woman more courageous than the rest, armed with her favorite weapon, a broom, vowed she could clean ou any dog in existence. The crowd rapidly gathered, the window in the back end of the tore was raised, and the attack began. volun eers pressed forward, each with the

muzzle of his gun pointing at the dog.

The animal was not long in making the discovery of the rear movement, and the sight of it struck terror and dismay to the heart. In all the dog days of his youth such been presented to his vision, and he crouched in fear and trembling when the old weinen pounced upon him and the victory was complete. A shout of exultation went up from the crowd as the dog vas marched out a prisoner, secured with big rope around his neck. A triumpha to the railway depot was immediately inaugurated, a telegram sent to Mr Boyet that his dog was not wanted, and Preston once more resumed its wonted quiet-

without incident, for after he was placed to baggage car, by some means he got and frightened the baggage man from his not of duty when this side of Hamilton, and the dog had the car all to himself until he reached Buffalo. When the train pulled into the Erie depot the valiant baggage smasher opened the car door, yelled "Look out for the dog!" and took to his heels while the innocent subject of this remark quietly walked out, delighted to find himself

# a watch dog he will probably buy a pound

poodle.

at home. The next time Mr. Neebitt wants

A WONDERFUL CASE. Peculiar Results of a Singular Opera-

Seven years ago Dr. Julius L. Miner, of

Buffalo, performed on operation on a boy for the cure of a weeping eye.

The operation consisted in inserting a pir into the natural passage or tear duct through which the tears flow from the eye into the nose. A week after the operation the box was taken to Dr. Miner's office, and upon ex amination it was found that the pin had dis appeared. Another was put in and two weeks afterward still another. The operation was repeated at longer or shorter intervals, until, in the course of seven months, 12 pins had been inserted through the same opening, a slight puncture made just below eyelid into the lachrymal sac. The 13th and last operation proved successful, the pin remaining in its place for six months, at the end of which time the doctor pronounced the boy cured and the pin was removed. After this he tears flowed freely and apparently through their natural channel, and no further trouble was experienced except that when the boy took cold his nose discharged a great quantity of very offensive matter. But what had become of all those pins? With the exception of the last one taken out in the doctor's office and another which was seen to work its way out and was lost they could not be accounted for. They usually disappeared the night, and although the child's bed carefully searched, none of them was ever found until a few days ago, when three of them came out of his nose at once. They were the common brass pins with the point out off and bent at nearly right angles near the head. One of the pins still had a bit of silk thread around it which the doctor had tied to it close to the head, which proves that it was the first one inserted, as none of the others had such a thread attached to

them. That a physician of Dr. Miner's well known navigable as far as possible. Accordingly they constructed canals to carry shipping around the rapids and bad spots" in its around the rapids and bad spots" in its even discovering that the pin used in the first operation was still in the boy's flesh

seems ine edible.

The boy upon whom the operation was performed is Charley Pierce, of Williams-ville, and the facts were given to the editor of the Bee by his mother, Mrs. C. Pierce. formerly of Niagara Falls, but now residing in this village—Amherst Bee, Williams