# THE PAINTER OF PARMA;

- OR, -

## THE MAGIC OF A MASTERPIEGE.

CHAPTER X.

(Continued.)

The first person whom the duke met after leaving his ward was the page who had attended at the door of the drawing-room during the evening. "Filippo, do you know if either Hen-

ri Vavallia or Paulo Alavado is in the palace ?"

"They are both gone, sire." "All the guests are not gone?" "All except the Count Denaro. He is with the marquis."

"What in the world sent them of so early ? Bless my soul! Refreshments had not been served. What was the matter ?"

The boy started to speak and stopped. Finding his master waiting he started again, but broke down as be-

"Filippo, have I ever given you occasion to fear me?"

"Oh, no, my lord! You have given only occasion to love you with all my heart."

"Then why do you fear to answer the question I ask?"

"It was, my lord, because I-" he cast a quick sweeping glance around the hall, and presently went on, with fear and trembling, "because-I was not what to think." afraid of another."

"You mean Marquis Steffano?" "Yes, my lord."

"Now, boy, tell me plainly what he had to do with it, and in return I promise you that you shall suffer not one atom from him, either in word or deed."

The page had been present and witness of the passage between the marquis and the two young nobles of whom the duke had spoken; he was, moreover, possessed of a considerable degree of dramatic power; and he told the story so faithfully that, had his hearer been present at the meeting, he could not have seen it more vividly. He had not a question to add. He simply listened to the end, and, having assured him once more that he had nothing to fear, dismissed him.

his brother, and he sought to do so. He did not wish to see him until he had slept and had opportunity for thought, and if possible he would have held another interview with his ward before he answered any questions of

Steffano's asking. But he was not to escape. Being in his own mind well assured that if the would have betaken himself to the smoking-room, he ventured to look into the drawing-room before retiring self. Listen and you shall be enlightto his private apartments,. He entered, finding the lights mostly extinguished, but enough had been left burning to and Guiseppe Denaro seated at an open window. Even then he would have

"Well, Antonio, was I not right?" he asked, with intense eagerness. Did I make a mistake?"

"Steffano, we will not speak of it to-night. I have more than care for my ward to trouble me, and I would have rest and quiet. I wish to think." "But you will give me a simple word

can not tax you heavily."

The duke was not a man who could hide his true feelings. Whatever he felt, especially if he felt it deeply, appeared on the surface. The marquis "No! the whole scene is as clear to saw the cloud upon his brother's brow and the pained look in his large, expressive eyes, and he burst forth coarsely:

"'Fore heaven! I trust I have done nothing to ruffle the current of your life. If I have I am truly sorry." "Steffano," returned the duke, stern-

own opinion, now that you are sober and rational, of your treatment of Signor Zanoni last evening?" "Oho! who has been tattling, I won-

der? Will your grace kindly inform me how the story came to your ears? and the painter told her. A most noble and reliable source of information, did not spare me in his pathetic narrative! And did you believe it all?" "Yes, Steffano, I believed every word

Bcene."

hotly, "do you say that I-Steffano out harm to her plebeian lover. Upon arisen, and sought her favorite out-of-Farnese-insulted a low-born, plebeian my word, his infatuation for that felpainter?"

ing duke!"

"Per Bacco! I doubt if the nobles your dictum," the marquis rejoined, with a grating, bitter laugh.

The duke turned quickly to the count, who still sat in the recess of the window.

"Signor Count," he said, looking at the man squarely in the face, "what is your opinion? I will leave it to you as a man of sense, of judgment, and as one possessing a sense of honor and self-respect. You were witness of the scene. Would you deem Steffano's treatment of Signor Zanoni an insult?" "Sire," returned the poor fellow, trembling perceptibly, "I wish you

would excuse me." "Which means," retorted the duke, without pausing to reflect, "that you

shrink from characterizing the manners of your friend in their true light."

Now this was placing the unfortunate count in a terrible plight. If he Denaro, cautiously, and after consider- will. in his heart to be, he would deeply ticularly proud of his own rank and direction of the garden, and saw her, y-Nos Castle.

offend and anger a man whom he both feared and hated, and yet whose good offices he very much needed. Or, at all events, he thought he did. If he refused to speak he would not only offend the one man of all the world whose favor he most desired, but he would lower himself in that man's estimation. He could only crave forbearance, as he had done.

And when the retort came, though he felt it to be harsh and unkind, he dared not say so. He only hung his head and was silent.

"Enough!" said Antonio, after a brief, painful silence. "Let us say no more at present. I forgive you, Guiseppe, for your loyalty to your friend, and I ask your pardon for having placed you in such a dilemma-No! not another word to-night!" he added, to his brother, who had started to speak. And with this he turned and left the

For a time after the duke had gone the two men regarded one another in silence. The marquis was the first to

"Well, old fellow, what do you think

"Upon my word, Steffano, I know "You know, I hope, what to think

about the princess and the painter?" "She loves him!" was the reply giv- away?" en with a gasp of pain and anguish. "Of course she does; and poor Antonio, heaven help him, sees clearly enough what a mess he has made of it. If he had listened to you in the first place this thing wouldn't have happened. But it is too late now to help it, though, thank fortune, we can put an effective stop to it."

"Do you suppose she confessed to the duke that she loves the man?" the

count asked eagerly. "Of course she did. Couldn't you se that for yourself? Good heavens, man, he was completely demoralized by his interview with her. Didn't you mark the pain in his face? He looked as though he'd lost his best friend."

"Aye, but might it not have been After that he would have avoided his regret at the affair by the river yesterday?"

"Well upon my word!" And Steffano laughed uproariously. "Haven't you eyes, my dear Count? Couldn't you see how my question concerning the princess fretted and perplexed him? Bless your simple soul, would the story of the spat with the painter have caused him to refuse us all information touchguests had all departed, his brother ing a matter entirely different. No. I can tell you the whole secret, just as surely as though I had it from himened; you shall acknowledge that I am right, too.

"The duke was alone with Isabel a reveal to him the forms of Steffano long time. I saw the Countess Rizzi coming away from the chamber where she had been carried while in her swoon passed on, but the marquis had seen and she, the countess, told me that him and came forth to speak with him. they had all, every one of them, been sent away, and she was sure had heard the key turned in the lock after the door had been closed. Mark what I say-the door was locked, and Antonio and the princess were closeted

together.

"Now see." Here Steffano laid down each proposition with the fingers of of answer to my question. Surely that the right hand upon the open palm of the left, speaking sharply and earnestly, as though he meant that each and every word should strike home -should find lodgment in his heart. may be mine." me as though I had been there through it all. The duke asked her, fairly and squarely, if she loved the painter. But, you will understand, she had already betrayed herself, over and over again. Guiseppe! I know the dear girl well enough to know that she'd cut her hand off sooner than tell a lie. ly, but without anger, "what is your She saw plainly enough that her secret had already gone from her keeping; so she had nothing to lose by making a clean breast of it.

"Remember, further, she must have been at the time-when she first recovered consciousness-firm in the be-Oho! I have it! The princess told you, lief that her low-born lover was dead, and, so believing, she would speak freely and fearlessly. Yes, my dear Count, truly! I can imagine that the fellow be sure she made a clean thing of it, telling her guardian everything.

"And now, you ask me why the duke of it. You are mistaken, however, if was so reticent; and you would fain wandered forth. A lover's instinct had you think the man you so grossly in- know what he will do about it. He was sulted is the only person who was wit- reticent because he was so terribly ness, with yourself, of the disgraceful wrought upon that he knew not what to say. With regard to what he will low is beyond my comprehension. Count "I say the insult was the more gross as I live, I do verily believe-I am ser- been, just inside the iron fence, a is evidently capable if imploring, he

should betray me! But tush! Of She had plucked a single rose, still

station; and that it might not pain him to resign both at once and forever."

grant you; but for what Ah, you did not know that she had plucked a don't know him as I do, if you fancy rose and pulled it in pieces, petal by he could be content in humble station. | petal, and cast the sightless stock No, no: he would be king, with patri- away. She did not know that the ian and plebeian alike his subjects and | withering petals were beneath her feet, his bondmen! That is what Antonio though her eyes were turned straight Farnese would bring to pass if he could. upon the m. The whole populace might Now, Guiseppe, do you begin to under- have congregated and passed the iron stand? Do you not see what you fence, so that they had made no disdispute the fact. We owe it to some have to do?"

The count gazed at the bold speaker

that?"

can prevent it?" "Yes; I can do that very quickly. What strange anomaly-with a glar- sesses even distinct merits. Oh you needn't have shaken your head; Could I ever hope to win her heart?"

immortal soul he shall not do it!"

"Will you swear it"

"Yes. I swear it!" "Then, my dear Guiseppe, go home and sleep upon it. Only, remember this one thing." Again the plotter caught the count by the wrist, and whispered into his ear: "Of course, the duke will put a stop to the princess's vi its to the painter's studio. At this both she and the painter will fume and fret savagely; and thus the grand enouement will be hastened. Just Imagine how it would be with yourself. Give them three days, and, by San Marco, they will be off." "Steffano!"

"Do you doubt it?" What would you do were you in the painter's place and he in yours?" "You are right," the count admitted, after a brief pause. "Oh, let me

kill me!" "If you are brave and true you shall not. Go home and sleep upon it." "I will. Oh, Steffano, you will

stand by me?" "To the death, Guiseppe!" "Thanks! Good-night, I shall see you on the morrow."

"And be sure you come with your heart strong and your resolution firm-

ly fixed."

'I will be sure." "Then success will be yours. Coursweetest, girl in Italy shall be your over them.

bule and there they parted.

what a muddle it is! Bu I think I and the count out of the way the prize | ed.

the cause, the result was a thing of

In the rear of one of the wings of the ducal palace was a garden enclosed on two sides by walls of the palace, on a third by a high wall, erected for the purpose, while on the fourth it was shut in by an iron fence of intricate lattice work. It was a beautiful spot; a perfect bower of flowering vines and blooming shrubbery, its wealth of roses, of infinite variety, just bursting into full-blown loveliness and

fragrance. Within view of that garden, in the early morning, walked Count Guiseppe Denaro. Sleep he could not, and his chamber would not hold him. He must have heaven's free, fresh air in which to breathe-in which to think. So he had arisen and dressed himself and

probably given direction to his walk. It had strangely chanced that on hat self-same morning, and during that idential hour, the Plincess I abel, "Duke," demanded the marquis do-he will try to save his ward with- finding it impossible to sleep had

door retreat-the garden atoresaid. Until the present season there had and unpardonable in that it was given lieus in this, I mean it-I do verily high, thick hedge of close shrubbery, by a Farnese and brother of the reign- believe that if he were hard through which no prying eye pushed; if the princess should could penetrate, but it had become old, hold out, as we know she is cap- and was dying, for which cause it had of Parma would be content to accept able of doing, and the painter should go been taken up, and new, fresh young down on his knees and implore, as he plants had been planted in place of the old; but they afforded no protection as would wilt like a bruised flower-bud." yet, and would not before another year. "Hark ye!" Here Steffano grasped However, our heroine had not thought the bewildered count by the wrist and of that; or, at all events, it had not whispered into his ear: "I can trust held her back. She had come forth and you, I know. By heavens! If you was pacing thoughtfully to and fro.

throw over the whole body of the murmur had fallen from her lips. It up of her children. Some years later the St. Paul! if the members of our save when they parted for a murmurgain suspicion of the real feelings and eyes glowed with a steady, fervent they would depose him off-hand. before her, and in form and feature, in Haven't you ever thought of this?" every look and every movement, she

ut she did not see him. She saw nothing save the one dear object of her "Oho, he would resign his dukedom, every thought and every feeling. She turbance, and she would not have seen them.

Denaro saw, and his heart bounded "Do you not see'?' the arch plotter with a throb that well-night took away matters are left to take their own thoughts at that moment. Of her, and course-if the duke is left to the con- of Zanoni, he had been thinking ever best influence?

Were the case mine I might employ ing inconsistency the heart of a man

know your quality in that direction. So he asked himself, and when his But I'll tell you what you can do. You common sense answered "Neg" he are one of the best swordsmen in Par- straightway flew into a paroxysm of ma. You certainly have just cause for wrath against the man he would slay. calling him out. He knew-he had The fact was, his exceeding jealously known for a long time-of your devoted of Juan Zanoni had made him mad. love for the princess; and yet, plebeian | Never at his best a man of strong mind; as he is, he sets himself to the work never an independent, self-governed of robbing you of your heart's desire. man; never a brave, bold and fear-Just heaven! will you stand supinely less champion of right, he was now, by and see him bear the beautiful girl under the influence of blinding passion, in danger of becoming idiotic.

"Never! Never! By the life of my | "Oh, if I could see her and speak with her!"

> What he would say he never told himself, for, as the last word of the sentence found speech, his startled eyes had rested upon the witching form

of the loved one in the garden. He had been admitted to that blooming bit of paradise more than once and heroism and gallantry, and the recent the way was familiar to him. Without pausing to reflect-with only the one thought of meeting and speaking with the princess in his mind-he turned quickly toward a small postern, which he knew he would find open, determinmined to reach her if the thing were possible.

(To Be Continued.)

CORRECT ENGLISH TEAPOT.

In England, where they make more think! I can not lose her! It would ado about tea than in any other country, the teapot with a steamer is just now preferred to the silver tea ball.

the same. All the best Chinese teapots have their strainers, which is of lain is better than any metal, since age, old fellow! Have only courage and the tea. The leaves are put into the

Steffano accompained the count as strainer, and careless housewives dis- for Sydney the whole population for far as the outer door of the main vesti- card it, preferring to make tea in the miles around was at the station to bottom of the pot in the everyday fash- see them off. "Oh," the marquis muttered, as he ion. When tea stands in the pot for turned toward his own apartments, "I any length of time it draws out the wish he could gain speech with Isabel | tannic acid, giving the acid flavor so while he is in this uncertain state I am | disagreeable to connoisseurs. There are sure she would speak her mind without many people, however, who have ac- Australia) Advertiser for June 14th, fear and without subterfuge. Mercy! quired a taste for tannic acid, just as just received, gives the particulars of the Eskimo likes train oil and tallow a trial which proves that even in that see my way. Ah! With the painter candles, and so prefer their tea boil- far away country the Dr. Williams

from one meal to another.

SPANISH CUSTOMS.

In some parts of Spain the marriage ceremony has one feature peculiar to itself, that of the velacione.

riage ceremony the couple, with their and the bridegroom holds the ends of the couple in much the same relation Toronto Globe. that best man and maid of honor do with us under the same circumstances. Then the priest sprinkles all four with holy water, blesses them, and the ceremony is over. A Spanish woman does not consider herself thoroughly married without a velacione.

## A TALENTED PRINCESS.

The Princess of Monaco is well known by her photograph, and personally acquainted with the majority of distinguished English visitors who annually go to the Rievira, Married when still in her teens to the Duc de Richelieu, she was early celebrated for her beauty and wit. After the Duke's death a lot of wreckage comes to the surface. what am I thinking? Here, It is, wet with dew, picked it in pieces, her character showed an unexpected deplumply and plainly: My good brother- and as each white petal had fluttered velopment. Eschewing all gayeties, she the sweet girl graduate will ferment Duke of Parma-would at this moment to the earth a sigh or a whispered devoted herself to the careful bringing in time. nobility, neck and heels, and take into was plainly to be seen that she had Duchess bestowed her hand upon the his council—take to his heart—the been weeping, but there were no signs | Prince du Monaco. The Princess is a body of what he calls the people. By of tears now. Her lips were closed, singularly accomplished woman, speaking German and Italian nearly as well Grand Council of Twenty could but ed word, and firmly compressed. Her as her native French. Her English is manage to avoid quarreling is by retinged with a Scotch accent, which has deep-rooted sentiments of their chief light; her hands were tightly clasped a curiously piquant effect. The Princess is a musical enthusiast, and al- man, but as to the origin of ladies' ways has about her at Monte Carlo, a history is painfully silent. "I have sometimes thought," replied was the incarnation of resolution and coterie of artists. The Princess is a It is rumored that Spain will issue a great friend of Mme. Adelina Patti, new map of her possessions af er the spoke the simple truth, as he felt it able pause, "that the duke was not par- Count Denaro turned his eyes in the and she is about to visit her at Craig- war-that is, if she has any possessions

Recent Experiments Show That Scarle Gives the Worst Mark for the Rifle.

Scarlet, it has always been supposed, was the worst color possible for the purposes of the battlefield. It has been sald so with such frequency, indeed, that nobody of late years has cared to very practical experiments carried out in Germany that the question has now been put on a more satisfactory basis. repeated. "Is it not clear that if his breath. Her image had filled his A squad of ten men, two dressed in light gray, two in dark gray, two in trolling influence of those two-that since he had lifted his head from its scarlet, two in blue and two in green the handsome painter will bear away pillow. One question-one theme- were lately ordered to march across an the golden prize to a foreign land, and formed the center around which all open country. Their movements were you lose her forever. For, be sure, if his fevered thought and imaginings closely watched. The first men to Antonio allows her to go, he will make held their course. The question was disappear from sight were those in over to her every penny he holds of ther | this: If the painter were out of the way, | light gray, immediately afterward the property. Say, man, will you, suffer removed by his-Denaro's - hand, scarlet, and the green. Here we have would she in time listen to his plead- all well-worn theories upset. Experi-"Will you point out a way by which ings? Would the duke give him his ments carried out on the rifle range showed that our national color pos-

The idea was this time to ascertain a brave in which case the quiet stroke passionately, blindly in love may pre- which color gave the worst mark for of a sharp stiletto would put him out sent! "If I should kill the painter in the rifle. Twenty men, all good shots, of the way and nobody would be the a fair and honorable combat, could I were used for the purposes of the exwiser. But that you would not do. hope to win the hand of the princess? periment. After they had fired a given number of rounds it was discovered that scarlet was far the most difficult color to hit. For every miss at the other colors there were three in favor of scarlet. We will not assert that these experiments were conclusive evidence in favor of our national, but they certainly go a long way to justify its retention. There is much to be said in these days of quick-firing guns In favor of a uniform which is wifficult to hit, and in this particular scarlet undoubtedly will hold its own against all other colors.

#### A SHIPWRECKED BABY.

An Incident of the Wreck of the Steamer Maitland in Australian Waters.

Every shipwreck has its story of

wreck of the Maitland was no exception, says the Sydney Daily Telegraph. There's a world of tenderness, too, in the boatswain's narrative of how a helpless baby was succoured and saved. Her mother, Mrs. Howard, had been sent ashore on Friday, and the surf that rolled between her and her baby seemed likely to part them for ever. The little one cried bitterly. "Biscuits," said the boatswain, "were the only food left. We soaked them in a little port wine. When the tiny mite held out her chubby hands for more we knew that we had found just The principle of the two is exactly what was wanted. For hours afterwards I walked up and down the deck singing the child to sleep. Then the captain relieved me, and did the same. porcelain, and fits into the mouth of Thus the night passed. In the mornthe teapot like a small cup. The porce- ing we softened a biscuit and spread it with sausage meat. It was good to see the child eat. A few hours later even silver corrodes slightly under the brave boys from the shore breasted action of the powerful tannic acid of the waves-and you know the rest." Not a family in the district but wantthe most beautiful, as well as the strainer and the boiling water poured ed to see the little shipwrecked stran-Many oriental teapots have this it. And when mother and child left

#### PROTECTING CANADIAN GOODS. The issue of The Adelaide (South

Medicine Co. is as active in defending A great advantage of the teapot with its rights and protecting the public Was it in answer to Steffano's earn- the strainer is the care with which it against the schemes of substituters est desire or was it fate? Whatever may be emptied, leaving no temptation and counterfeiters as it is here at to a careless servant to have the tea- home in Canada. In the trial in quespot standing with the grounds in it tion Frank Ashley and William Smith were shown to have been engaged in offering a substitute for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, claiming that the substitute was the same as that justly celebrated medicine. Both men were placed under arrest on a charge of obtaining money under false pretence and conspiring to defraud the public, and During the mass said after the mar- evidence was heard before the Chief Justice of the Criminal Court. The defendants' lawyer made a strong fight godfather and godmother, kneel at the in their behalf, but in spite of this foot of the altar; a silken cord is the jury, after a short absence from thrown around the neck of the bride, the court returned a verdict of guilty red sentence until the close of the in both cases. The Chief Justice deferit; then a long strip of silk cloth is sittings. In addressing the jury, howthrown over the heads of the newly ever, the learned judge spoke very married pair, and four lighted wax can- strongly concerning the evils of subdles are handed, one to the bride, one stitution and the dangers to the victo the groom, one to the godfather and tim that may ensue from this neone to the godmother, who stand to farious and too common practice. -

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Only a truthful man knows how much he lies. The action of a 13-inch gun speaks

louder than words. The gas meter has more feet than

any other animated thing. Many a poor man finds it harder to get drunk than to stay sober.

Consistency may be a jewel, but it is ept to have an alum flavor. Kissing may be unhealthy, but every

girl considers herself an immune. When a man swamps in speculation

An old bachelor declares that even It's far easier to purchase old jokes in the comic paper than it is to sell

The only way some married people

fusing to make up. Woman was made from the rib of

Heft.