THE MAGIC OF A MASTERPIECE.

'ather Paul was greatly troubled "Of course, signor, I can not picture

ining, and shook his head.

exclaimed, in a tone of self-reproof. reasonable. ear gld mamma, I thank you for | "There can be no question that the

ofound ignorance of a matter so five years.

i's head had been cut off, and that see him. etween Rome and Parma; probably, had asked. ag dreadfully afraid that they would swer: hat the poor, dear mother didn't come so more, severely wounded.' ack to Parma ?"

poke again:

thought him of the good piest in Mad- ed to believe, but Father Romanza was asked me about his age? Oh, if you rid with whom Corsiglia had been wont convinced, and he soon convinced the knew-" to correspond, and he determined to young man; and finally he resolved to to deliver it and bring back an answer brother were really the Duke of Par- thing then." if one should be given him. The answer ma. So the holy father had given him came. The princess and her son were all the information he had to give, and alive and well, and that was all.

Rome and then coming here. On his and had examined the papers, he could arrival he was taken sick and lay at not doubt. He took the new-found death's door for many days; but he brother to his heart giving him warm, finally recovered, and it was during generous lo ; Living him sumptuous his convalescence that he chanced to quatters i his own palace, and setting overhear friends speaking of the Duke apart a most liberal allowance of Antonio and of the death if his par- money for his support. ed that the duke still believed that vou think of anything I have forgothis mother and his little brother had ten, good mamma?" been lost at sea on their way to France. story, as I have told you.

large vessel at Genoa and fitted her duke ever, for a single moment, doubtout for Spain, and sent in her faith- ed that Steffano was truly Steffano, ful agents to find his mother and his and his true and lawful brother." brother, and bring them back to his "The signor will understand," said arms and to his heart. Alas! It would the Princess, with a pleasant nod. "You almost seem that a dark fate had set will yourself admit," she went on, with itself against the accomplishment of an appearance of real deference "that the duke's purpose. He waited and the young man had not the features waited; and at the expiration of six or the personal appearance of the Farnmonths came word that his vessel had ese." been cast away on one of the Balearic islands; but only one of his friends- swered quickly, and with kindling eyes. of whom there were four-had been "How should he have, poor, dear boy! lost. However, it was almost a year, brought up from almost an infant excitament, before the other three reached Spain, among those frog-eating Spaniards!" where, upon arriving at Madrid, they "It is the French who are said to eat learned that the princess had died only frogs, dear mamma." a month before. With regard to her "Well, if the Spaniards don't eat 'em, son, they could obtain no informa- it's because they're too lazy to catch tion that was satisfying. They were in- them, that's all. formed that she had had a son with As the old lady gave token of subsidher a few years before, and he might ing after this retort, the painter venhave been with her later, but he was tured a question. gone then-had disappeared, leaving not a trace behind. They, searched through fano arrived here from Spain?" Madrid and through the region round- "Just ten years and two months,"

es!" broke in Madelon, who had fano. Four years passed after the reved and noted every word. "He turn of the agents who had been sent ed dead on the road, between Ar-jen the search to Spain, and the duke and Madrid; and his last words had given up his younger brother as "Save my papers and tell the dead, when one day a young man pre-I was faithful to the last!" That sented himself at the palace, giving the friend of Father Paul and of the page who waited upon him a card oor dear primoess! And you may bearing the name Steffano Farnese. he rest, dear Lady Isabel. I only You can, perhaps, imagine the feelings ed Signor Zamoni to know that of the duke when he saw that card. ing's messenger was a man whose Without a moment's hesitation or delay he hastened to the presence of the nd I thank you kindly for the in- new-comer. He had directed the page ation, good friend," said the paint- to conduct him to a private apartment, vith a look of praise in his won- where the meeting would be secure il eyes that game the old dame from intrusion, and there he found

perplexed. He was on the point the scene. The duke himself, had never eturning to Italy, after an ab- tried to picture it. I can only speak of between ten and eleven from my own impressions, derived from s, and he wished to earry back to Antonio's inadvertent remarks on the friends of the princess, if she had subject. I think he was disappointed -deeply so. He had evidently expect-Have you told the signor?" again ed, or at least had hoped, to find a e in the duenna—and this time youth whom he could take to his certainly filled up an important | heart at sight-a youth who should do in the story-" Have you told the honor to the illustrious name he bore. or that all this time Father Paul But- You need not that I shall tell ight full sure that Prince Giovan- you the rest. Knowing the duke's fine and been condemned and executed sense of honor and truth as you do; that the poor, dear princess, be- knowing his keen appreciation of all ed the same thing to the day of that is beautiful in art or in nature, together with his honest pride in rank sabel, at the first breath of Made- and station worthily maintaineds thought, had started guiltily; knowing all this, you can readily judge she looked at Juan as though to what were his thoughts and feelings at him if she could have forgotten first sight of his new-found brother important a fact. He caught her better than I can tell you. In fact, I could only tell you my impressions, How could I have overlooked it?" and your own might be truer and more

ainding me of it. I should have duke was disappointed, but he did not ught of it before I had done. I doubt-he could not doubt-the young uld have spoken of it before. You man's story. He presented evidence st have wondered, signor, what could that was conclusive—a packet of papers re kept the princess in Spain so long which his mother had given to him on er her husband had been exonerat- her death-bed. They were lettersof all blame at a second trial, and some of them Father Paul's, and two own son had ascended the throne of them from her husband, written while he was in prison. Also, there was I certainly did think it very a paper in which she had written down ange; and now I can only wonder her own sad story—a story he had nevw it happened that the unfortun- er known until she was dead. She had wife could have remained in such been dead, he said, a little more than xiously.

its-solemnly sworn to under oath, all -but it may have occurred to her lat-'Ah." cried the irrepressible duen- going to prove that the man holding er. As her eyes turned from the paintself-importance beaming in every them was the son of the Princess Far- er back to his work they chanced to ade and wrinkle, "there it is! The nese. Steffano said he dared not go to fall upon the palette, with the arched ;ly, good-for-nothing Baron Rizzi- Italy, believing, as he did, that his row of neatly mixed and graduated atteo Rizzi-the bestiaccia-he was father's whole family had been pro- gouts of color arranged on its outer e of the chief of those who caused scribed. After the death of his moth- edge, and not one of them disturbed! ovanni's arrest and imprisonment. er he had obtained a commission in She raised her look again to the picfter the poor prince had died, at home, the Spanish army, and for a little more ture; she changed her position, and id in his bed, his heart broken with than three years he had served in Val- twisted her head, as though the light se belief that his wife and the pre- ladolid. At length he had returned to did not suit her, until at length she ous little Steffano had been drown- Madrid, where one of the first men to had gained what she sought-a light I in the sea-after that Baron Rizzi meet him was the good old priest who that would have exposed fresh paint, ent to Spain and saw Father Paul had been his mother's friend-Father had there been any on the canvas. ad swore to him that Prince Giovan- Romanza. The priest was surprised to The look she gave from that position

f his father. This, of course, the priest der brother find you? I sent them in room. old to the poor dear princess, and she quest of you only two or three months "My love! my life!" whispered Zanelieved it, and then it was that she after your regiment left Madrid.' So oni, grasping the dear one's hand, as eft Toledo and went off to Madrid, be- the priest spake. Steffano made an- soon as the duenna had gone. "What

ing. to kill him! And neither Fath- probably were told that I had been kill- much to say to you,! Can you put off, r Paul nor the princess ever discover- ed. I was in a sharp engagement with for a time at least, any exposure she d what a wicked lie had been told the bandits of the Espinar mountains, may think she is able to make?" o them. Now, signor, do you wonder and was left behind, with a score or

He told her he could wonder no rid once more, and had fallen in with fear. Not only the count may become nore, and after a brief pause Isabella the good old priest, who told to him your deadly enemy, but Steffano is to the wonderful story he had heard be feared. He is utterly without con-"We left Father Paul troubled and from the agents of Antonio, Duke of science, without remorse. Juan, what perplexed," she said, "Finally he be- Parma. At first Steffano had not dar- did you mean by your look when you had also made sure that his papers were bless you."

"With that Father Paul left Spain right, and then he had set forth. and returned to Italy, going first to "When Antonio had heard the story

ents. Upon making enquiry he learn- There! I believe that is all. Do

"No. I think you have done very As soon as he could do so he called well, my lady. Only" the duenna addupon the duke, and told him the whole ed, pausing for a moment at the end of her first sentence, "you will excuse "That was fifteen years ago. As me if I say that you ought not to have quickly as possible Antonio hired a intimated to the signor that our good

"To be sure not!" the old woman an-

"Just how long ago was it that Stef-

You shall know the reason of whatever may have appeared strange to you.] about, and they also searched in Tol- was the answer; but not from Isabel's know-I know that Steffano has asked about, and they also but, alas! lips. While she had bent her head to you to watch me. Now, dear old mamedo and at Carthagens, but, alas! lips. While she had bent her head to you to watch me. Now, dear old mamedo and at Carthagens, but, alas! lips. While she had bent her head to you to watch me. Now, dear old mamedo and at Carthagens, but, alas! lips. While she had bent her head to you to watch me. Now, dear old mamedo and at Carthagens, but, alas! lips. While she had bent her head to you to watch me. Now, dear old mamedo and at Carthagens, but, alas! lips. While she had bent her head to you to watch me. Now, dear old mamedo and at Carthagens, but, alas! lips. While she had bent her head to you to watch me. Now, dear old mamedo and at Carthagens, but, alas! lips.

of the Farnese was as familiar to her

as her alphabet. "Yes," answered the princess, finding Zanoni waiting for her to speak. "Madelon is right. Steffano arrived here in April, ten years ago." "What was his age at that time?"

"Let me think. He was born March, was he not, Madelon?" "Yes, and just nine and twenty years ago on the last day of March that ever

"So," added Isabel, with a twinkling smile, "he must have been nineteen at

"Did you ever think that he looked older ?" The princess started, and bent upon

the painter's face a searching glance. flection. "I have thought so many times; though I noticed it more when he first came than I do now.'

"Of course," said Zanoni, "the marks of age are never before, and never again, so apparent as in the years from eighteen to three or four and twenty. "Signor Zanoni!" spake the duenna,

with a look of stern severity on her ancient visage, "when you have lived as long as the Marquis Steffano has you will doubtless look every bit as old as he does. For my part, I think he bears his years wonderfully well." "How old should you say I was, were

"Why, I should say, Signor, that you ask such a question." were five-and-twenty. You may be more than that, and you may be less. Such faces as yours are not easy to read. Have I made much mistake?"

months ago and little more." "Bless my soul!" the woman ejacu- spiration in more ways than one!"

a mistake? Ah! I see. It is these red of the princess as he thus spoke-somewere all of thirty."

your mantle and make ready for the asked: street, and I will join you. Signor "Good Madelon, did you see the picfew moments about the picture."

The duenna arose from her seat, and as she moved toward the door she passed in front of the easel. She had not looked at the picture since entering the room, but she did so now. She stopped and viewed it critically. Perhaps she thus occupied herself for the space of half a minute; then she turned her eyes toward the painter, and must have seen that he was regarding her an-

What possessed her she could not arly touching her life's chief source . "And he had other papers-affidav- have told herself-not at that moment

was long and absorbed, but came to an is son Antonio had died on the road "'Why surprised?' Steffano said he end at last, and then, without a word, without another glance at the princess e said, killed by the deadly enemies "'Did not the agents from your el- or the painter, she turned and left the

will you do? She suspects-how much? e after her other-her youngest dar- "If they came to Valladolid they She is acting for others. Oh, I have NINETEENTH CENTURY PARADOX

"Yes, yes, my own! Do not be uneasy on my account. Look to yourself! "However, he had arrived at Mad- Look to yourself! Oh, it is for you I

"Hush! Madelon will be here dirwrite to him. He wrote a letter, and come to Italy and see for himself if ectly. Come to-morrow. Don't let her the new messenger took it, promising he had a brother living and if that prevent that. We may settle somewill come."

"God and all good angels guard and

"So from my heart, I pray for you, my own dear love, my true nobleman, ly hero!"

Heart to heart, soul to soul-stanch, loyal, and true—their lips met once more in a fervent, repturous kiss as pure as the breath of heaven, and in a moment more the observant, watchful duenna was back in the room.

CHAPTER VII.

The distance from the studio of our painter to the royal palace was but short, and through one of the broadest and pleasantest thoroughfares at that, and when the weather was pleasant and the sun not too warm the princess preferred to walk, as she and her aged companion had now started to. They had taken but a few steps, and Isabel was thinking how she should introduce the subject she wished to speak upon, when she saw the Marquis Steffano on the opposite side of the way, where he appeared to have been standing, and now just starting to cross over and join them. She saw, and caught the duenna's wrist with a quick, strong grip, her whole frame quivering with "Madelon! Do you see who is com-

"Steffe.no; yes." "Do you love me?" "Mercy! What a-" "Hush! If you love me, speak not a word to him-breath not a syllableof anything you saw or heard this afternoon in the painter's studio! I will explain everything-everything.

"Hush! He is here! Remember, not a word until we have had opportunity for explanation." Scarcely had the words been spoken

when the marquis stepped upon the sidewalk by Isabel's side. "Well! upon my word!" he burst forth, peering into her face with an evil gleam in his wicked, cruel eyes. "You have made a royal visit to the

handsome painter!" "Signor!" she replied, looking him steadily in the eye, though it cost her a desperate effort, "am I responsible to you for the manner or the place in which I pass my time?"

"To a certain extent, yes," he said, quickly. "As your cousin and a member of the family, whose reputation is "Yes," she replied, after a little re- at stake, I have a right to speak." "Reputation!" replied the princess,

with a force and power of bitterness that made him start. "If you will look to your own reputation I will look to mine. And now, marquis, will you leave me ?"

"My company isn't agreeable, eh?" "It is not."

"Since when, may I ask?" "Since you have taken it upon yourself to wantonly offend and insult me." "Madelon, does she treat the handsome painter in that cool and contemp-

tuous manner?" "I shall not answer you, marquis," returned the old woman with a burst our here asked her, smiling pleasantly. of indignation. "You have no right to

"Oho! You are going over to the enemy, are you? Well, well," turning again to the princess "go on my beautiful cousin. We shall discover byand-by how much is comprehended in tered upon my thirtieth year two the painting of the Saint Cecilia. Per Baccol Such a model must be an in-

lated. "How could I have made such Something that flashed in the face and pink and sky-blue curtains of thing that flamed out and burned in yours. They give the flush of youth to her golden eyes-startled and impressed your face. But I can see it now, plain him. What possessed him-what as can be. Yes, yes; I should say you should have turned his thoughts in that direction may not be told; but a mom-"There, you dear old mamma," said ent later, with another wicked gleam-Isabel, when she and Zanoni had done ing of the jet-black eyes, he looked over laughing. "Now do you go and put on to the duenna and squarely, plumply

Zanoni wishes to confer with me for a ture of the Saint Cecilia before you left the painter's room?" "Yes; I did!"

To Be Continued.

A PLEA FOR THE CIGAR.

Jimmy-I got no use fer people what smoke pipes, Petey. Petey-Me neider! If everybody

smoked pipes dere wouldn't be no butts to t'row away.

ENGINEER'S PUNISHMENT.

A Danish locomotive engineer has been punished with a fine of \$12,000 and four months' imprisonment for causing a railway accident by his carelessness,

The seamen of Norway may vote before leaving their country if election day is within three months of their departure; or they may vote at foreign port within the same time, by having their votes sent home through a Norwegian consul.

SORRY SHE ASKED.

you stopped homelike? Benham-Very. There wasn't a thing began our walk. on the bill of fare that was fit to eat.

The Spaniards seem to be brave. Oh, yes! they're brave enough, but they can't fight.

HIS DEFINITION.

Little Johnny Greenshaw-Paw, what is a lampoon? Farmer Greenshaw-A pitchfork to stab whales with, o' course!

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tion, Billousness, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia. They do not gripe, sicken or weaken. Every pill acts perfectly.

THE ELEPHANT STOPPED SHORT.

A Fainting Woman's Part in a Narrow Escape from one of These Beasts.

"Speaking of elephants," said a man who had been listening to a story concerning the intelligence of the huge earth-shaking beast, "I have, for personal reasons, a very high opinion of such animals, because when I was in India two years ago it was my misfortune to be in the power of one of these behemoths-and it very considerately let me go." "How was that?" inquired a friend.

"Well," continued the speaker, "it was at Allahabad, in the Northwest Provinces, that one evening I happened to be out driving with a lady. On our way home it occurred to us to call upon Col. Farley, and when we reached the maidan, or wide plain, which on the further side his bungalow overlooked, we decided to let our carriage be led around and to cross the maidan to the house on foot. There were sundry ditches and numerous rut holes in Mrs. Benham-Was the hotel where the plain which made driving in the dark dangerous, so we got out and

"Now, in the centre of the maidan there stood a barn in which the elephants belonging to the department of which Col. Farley was chief stored their forage, and on that evening one of these animals, having been either idle or misbehaving, was still at that late hour busy unloading itself, and a very bad temper, indeed, it seemed to be

"We had gone about a third of our way when I heard its shrill cry, protesting at working overtime, and its trumpeting significant of revolt. My companion also heard the furious beast but she only laughed and said: "'What a queer noise that elephant

is making. "Yes, very strange,' I replied, but I didn't laugh, for again I heard the

voice of the angry beast, and so, it appeared to me, coming nearer and nearer. Still I walked on listening with both my ears, when suddenly I caught that strange and dreadful rustling sound, which an elephant, when it is moving fast, always makes. It is the feet brushing on the surface of the ground. Otherwise the advance of the colossal brute is noiseless. "Can you run?" I now asked my

companion. "'Yes, of course I can," she said. "'Look,' I continued. 'Do you that white object glimmering there? It is a culvert, a little bridge.

When I tell you to go you must run there as fast as you can and creep in under the woodwork as far as you can possibly get." While I was speaking was staring into the gloom trying to catch sight of the approaching beast. But against the deep shadows of the barn and trees nothing could be seen. Suddenly I heard the clink of a chain -quite close-on my right hand. "'Run,' I said, and the next instant

there towered out of the gloom, seem ing positively to overshadow me, elephant. For a moment, I saw the gleam of its sawn tusk stumps, heard the great brute breathe, and then why, or wherefore, is a mystery I could never solve—it swung swiftly round and vanished as spectrally as it had appeared."

"And the lady?" asked a listener so "Why, she had only got about fift) licitously. feet away from where I was standing

when she dropped to the earth in s dead faint. When she came to her sense I and Col. Farley helped her into my carriage, and, after congratulating each other on our escape, we continued our way home. The next morning we heard that one of the Colonel's elephants had killed its keeper the night before, just after dark."

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