THE MAGIC OF A MASTERPIECE.

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 off 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 occa-

sion 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?"

the hall, and presently went on, with fear and trembling, "because-I was 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 1 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. simply listened to the end, and, having assured him once more that he had nothing to fear, dismissed him.

After that he would have avoided 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 him to refuse us all information touchguests had all departed, his brother would have betaken himself to the smoking-room, he ventured to look into the drawing-room before retiring to his private apartments,. He entered, finding the lights mostly extinguished, but enough had been left burning to reveal to him the forms of Steffano and Guiseppe Denaro seated at an open window. Even then he would have passed on, but the marquis had seen him and came forth to speak with him.

"Weil, 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 Antonio and the princess were closeted have rest and quiet. I wish to think." together. "But you will give me a simple word of answer to my question. Surely that

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 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-

ly, but without anger, "what is your own opinion, now that you are sober and rational, of your treatment of Signor Zanoni last evening?"

"Oho! who has been tattling, I wonder? Will your grace kindly inform me how the story came to your ears? Oho! I have it! The princess told you, and the painter told her. A most noble and reliable source of information, truly! I can imagine that the fellow did not spare me in his pathetic narrative! And did you believe it all?" "Yes, Steffano, I believed every word

of it. You are mistaken, however, if you think the man you so grossly insulted is the only person who was witness, with yourself, of the disgraceful scene."

Farnese-insulted a low-born, plebeian my word, his infatuation for that fel- door retreat-the garden afo esaid. painter?" "I say the insult was the more gross

and unpardonable in that it was given by a Farnese and brother of the reigning 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 win-

the man squarely in the face, "what you, I know. By heavens! If is your opinion? I will leave it to you should betray me! But tush! Of She had plucked a single rose, still as a man of sense, of judgment, and what am I thinking? Here, it is, wet with dew, picked it in pieces, as one possessing a sense of honor and plumply and plainly: My good brother— and as each white petal had fluttered ing we softened a biscuit and spread

without pausing to reflect, "that you gain suspicion of the real feelings and eyes glowed with a steady, fervent shrink from characterizing the man- deep-rooted sentiments of their chief light; her hands were tightly clasped for Sydney the whole population for ners of your friend in their true they would depose him off-hand, before her, and in form and feature in miles around was at the station to light."

ance, as he had done.

he felt it to be harsh and unkind, he that?" dared not say so. He only hung his head and was silent.

and I ask your pardon for having plac- of the way and nobody would be the a fair and honorable combat, could l another word to-night!" he added, to Oh you needn't have shaken your head; Could I ever hope to win her heart?" his brother, who had started to speak. I know your quality in that direction. So he asked himself, and when his

not what to think." "You know, I hope, what to think about the princess and the painter?" "She loves him!" was the reply giv-

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 the duke that she loves the man?" the count asked eagerly.

"Of course she did. Couldn't you see 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 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 ing a matter entirely different. No. 1 can tell you the whole secret, just as surely as though I had it from himself. Listen and you shall be enlightened; you shall acknowledge that I

am right, too. "The duke was alone with Isabel a long time. I saw the Countess Rizzi coming away from the chamber where she had been carried while in her swoon and she, the countess, told me that 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

"Now see." Here Steffano laid down each proposition with the fingers of 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. "No! the whole scene is as clear to 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. 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 belief that her low-born lover was dead, and, so believing, she would speak freely and fearlessly. Yes, my dear Count, be sure she made a clean thing of it, telling her guardian everything.

know what he will do about it. He was probably given direction to his walk. reticent because he was so terribly It had strangely chanced that on to say. With regard to what he will that identical hour, the P. incess Isabel, hotly, "do you say that I-Steffano out harm to her plebeian lover. Upon arisen, and sought her favorite out-of-

"Hark ye!" Here Steffano grasped the bewildered count by the wrist and "Signor Count," he said, looking at whispered into his ear: "I can trust

ete count in a terrible plight. If he Denaro, cautiously, and after consider-will.

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 cian 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 them. 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 dis-

The count gazed at the bold speaker seen them. have to dof" blankly.

the two men regarded one another in calling him out. He knew-he had The fact was, his exceeding jealously silence. The marquis was the first to 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; Well, old fellow, what do you think as he is, he sets himself to the work of robbing you of your heart's desire. man; never a brave, bold and fear-"It was, my lord, because I—" he cast a quick sweeping glance around "Upon my word, Steffano, I know Just heaven! will you stand supinely less champion of right, he was now, Just heaven! will you stand supinely less champion of right, he was now, less champion of right, he was now, less champion of right, he was now, by and see him bear the beautiful girl

> "Never! Never! By the life of my 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 caught the count by the wrist, and whispered into his ear: "Of course, the co, they will be off." "Steffano!"

"Do you doubt it?" What would you do were you in the painter's place and he in yours?"

after a brief pause. "Oh, let me think! I can not lose her! It would kill me!"

"If you are brave and true you shall not. Go home and sleep upon it." will. Oh, Steffano, you 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 firmly fixed." "I will be sure."

age, old fellow! Have only courage and the most beautiful, as well as the

far as the outer door of the main vestibule and there they parted.

see my way. Ah! With the painter sesses even distinct merits. may be mine."

est desire or was it fate? Whatever were used for the purposes of the exthe cause, the result was a thing of periment. After they had fired a given

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 "And now, you ask me why the duke had arisen and dressed himself and was so reticent; and you would fain wandered forth. A lover's instinct had

wrought upon that he knew not what that self-same morning. and during wreck of the Maitland was no excep-"Duke," demanded the marquis do-he will try to save his ward with- finding it impossible to sleep, had

low is beyond my comprehension. Count Until the present season there had helpless baby was succoured and savas I live, I do verily believe-I am ser- been, just inside the iron fence, a ed. Her mother, Mrs. Howard, had ious in this, I mean it-I do verily high, thick hedge of close shrubbery, been sent ashore on Friday, and the believe that if he were hard through which no prying eye surf that rolled between her and her pushed; if the princess should could penetrate, but it had become old, baby seemed likely to part them for hold out, as we know she is cap- and was dying, for which cause it had ever. The little one cried bitterly. of Parma would be content to accept able of doing, and the painter should go been taken up, and new, fresh young "Biscuits," said the boatswain, "were down on his knees and implore, as he plants had been planted in place of the the only food left. We soaked them is evidently capable if imploring, he old; but they afforded no protection as in a little port wine. When the tiny would wilt like a bruised flower-bud." yet, and would not before another year. mite held out her chubby hands for However, our heroine had not thought more we knew that we had found just of that; or, at all events, it had not what was wanted. For hours afterheld her back. She had come forth and wards I walked up and down the deck was pacing thoughtfully to and fro. | singing the child to sleep. Then the

She had plucked a single rose, still captain relieved me, and did the same. self-respect. You were witness of the Duke of Parma-would at this moment to the earth a sigh or a whispered it with sausage meat. It was good to scene. Would you deem Steffano's throw over the whole body of the murmur had fallen from her lips. It treatment of Signor Zanoni an insult?" nobility, neck and heels, and take into was plainly to be seen that she had "Sire," returned the poor fellow, his council—take to his heart—the been weeping, but there were no signs trembling perceptibly, "I wish you body of what he calls the people. By of tears now. Her lips were closed, Not a family in the district but want-would excuse me."

St. Paul! if the members of our save when they parted for a murmur- ed to see the little shipwrecked stran-"Which means," retorted the duke, Grand Council of Twenty could but ed word, and firmly compressed. Her ger; not a woman but wanted to nurse Haven't you ever thought of this?" every look and every movement, she Now this was placing the unfortun- "I have sometimes thought," replied was the incarnation of resolution and

Count Demaro turned his eyes in the war-that is, if she has any posses

station; and that it might not pain him but she did not see him. She saw nothto resign both at once and forever." ing save the one dear object of her "Oho, he would resign his dukedom, every thought and every feeling. She 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 piaces, petal by

Denaro saw, and his heart bounded "Do you not see'?' the arch plotter with a throb that well-night took away feared and hated, and yet whose good repeated. "Is it not clear that if his breath. Her image had filled his offices he very much needed. Or, at 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 refused to speak he would not only trolling influence of those two-that since he had lifted his head from its offend the one man of all the world the handsome painter will bear away pillow. One question-one themewhose favor he most desired, but he the golden prize to a foreign land, and formed the center around which all would lower himself in that man's es- you lose her forever. For, be sure, if his fevered thought and imaginings timation. He could only crave forbear- Antonio allows her to go, he will make held their course. The question was over to her every penny he holds of her this: If the painter were out of the way, And when the retort came, though property. Say, man, will you suffer removed by his—Denaro's — hand, would she in time listen to his plead-"Will you point out a way by which ings? Would the duke give him his best influence?

"Enough!" said Antonio, after a "Yes; I can do that very quickly. What strange anomaly—with a glarbrief, painful silence. "Let us say no Were the case mine I might employ ing inconsistency the heart of a man more at present. I forgive you, Guis- a bravo in which case the quiet stroke passionately, blindly in love may preeppe, for your loyalty to your friend, of a sharp stiletto would put him out sent! "If I should kill the painter in ed you in such a dilemma-No! not wiser. But that you would not do. hope to win the hand of the princess?

And with this he turned and left the But I'll tell you what you can do. You common sense answered "No," he are one of the best swordsmen in Par- straightway flew into a paroxysm of For a time after the duke had gone ma. You certainly have just cause for wrath against the man he would slay. never an independent, self-governed under the influence of blinding passion, in danger of becoming idiotic.

"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 this one thing." Again the plotter eyes had rested upon the witching form of the loved one in the garden.

He had been admitted to that bloomduke will put a stop to the princess's ing bit of paradise more than once, and vicits to the painter's studio. At this the way was familiar to him. Without both she and the painter will fume pausing to reflect-with only the one and fret savagely; and thus the grand | thought of meeting and speaking with denouement will be hastened. Just the princess in his mind-he turned imagine how it would be with yourself. quickly toward a small postern which Give them three days, and, by San Mar- he knew he would find open determinmined to reach her if the thing were possible.

(To Be Continued.)

"You are right," the count admitted, COLORS BEST SUITED FOR WARFARE

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 said so with such frequency, indeed, that nobody of late years has cared to dispute the fact. We owe it to some very practical experiments carried out in Germany that the question has now "Then success will be yours. Cour- been put on a more satisfactory basis. A squad of ten men, two dressed in sweetest, girl in Italy shall be your light gray, two in dark gray, two in scarlet, two in blue and two in green Steffano accompained the count as were lately ordered to march across an open country. Their movements were "Oh," the marquis muttered, as he closely watched. The first men to turned toward his own apartments, "I disappear from sight were those in wish he could gain speech with Isabel light gray, immediately afterward the while he is in this uncertain state I am scarlet, and the green. Here we have sure she would speak her mind without all well-worn theories upset. Experi- his knees were occupied at the time fear and without subterfuge. Mercy! ments carried out on the rifle range what a muddle it is! But I think I showed that our national color pos-

and the count out of the way the prize | The idea was this time to ascertain which color gave the worst mark for Was it in answer to Steffano's earn- the rifle. Twenty men, all good shots, number of rounds it was discovered In the rear of one of the wings of that scarlet was far the most difficult the ducal palace was a garden enclos- color to hit. For every miss at the ed on two sides by walls of the palace, other colors there were three in faon a third by a high wall, erected for vor of scarlet. We will not assert the purpose, while on the fourth it was | that these experiments were conclusive shut in by an iron fence of intricate evidence in favor of our national, but lattice work. It was a beautiful they certainly go a long way to justify spot; a perfect bower of flowering its retention. There is much to be vines and blooming shrubbery, its said in these days of quick-firing guns wealth of roses, of infinite variety, just in favor of a uniform which is wiffibursting into full-blown loveliness and cult 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 heroism and gallantry, and the recent tion, says the Sydney Daily Telegraph. There's a world of tenderness, too, in the boatswain's narrative of how

Thus the night passed. In the mornsee the child eat. A few hours later brave boys from the shore breasted the waves-and you know the rest." ed to see the little shipwrecked stranit. And when mother and child left see them off.

It is rumored that Spain will issue a new map of her possessions after the

MOTHER

CURED.

Mrs. Lydia A. Fowler, Electric Street Amherst, N.S., testifies to the good effect of the new specific for all heart and nere troubles: "For some time past I have been troubled with a fluttering sensation in the region of my heart, followed by soute pains which gave me great distre and weakened me at times so that I could scarcely breathe. I was very much run down and felt nervous and irritable.

"I had taken a great many remedies without receiving BURN induced me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I had only been taking them a short time when I felt that they were

doing me great good; so I continued the use and now feel all right. I can heartily recommend Milburn's Heart and Ners Pills for nervous prostration." Mrs. Fowler adds: "My daughter. now fifteen years of age, was pale, west

and run down, and she also took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and is now strong, healthy and vigorous." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills con palpitation, smothering sensation, dim and faint spells, nervousness, weakness

female troubles, etc. Price 500. a bor g three boxes for \$1.25. Sold by all dregists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont. Mr. Melville Miller, Bensfert, Ontark says: "Laxa-Liver Pills made a me man of me. I was troubled with indian tion and pains in the small of my beat

and after taking Laxa-Liver Pills in

about three weeks they complete

oured me." Price 25c., all druggle

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The gas meter has more feet that 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 apt to have an alum flavor.

Kissing may be unhealthy, but every girl considers herself an immune. When a man swamps in speculating a lot of wreckage comes to the surface An old bachelor declares that evel the sweet girl graduate will ferment

in time.

It's far easier to purchase old jun in the comic paper than it is to all

The only way some married people manage to avoid quarreling is by # fusing to make up. Woman was made from the rit!

man, but as to the origin of lade history is painfully silent.

AT CLOSE RANGE. Hattie-So you and Jack quarrent

Hattie-So you and Jack quarrent did you? Ella-He said something that I did like, and I told him we must be strib

gers henceforth. Hattie-And did he fall on his knee and ask you to forgive him! Ella-Not he. You see he-that h

COFFIN AS A PRESENT. Among the Chinese a coffin is at sidered a neat and appropriate press for an aged person, especially if in 160 health.

Perhaps some people that the sphinx got its reputation being very wise by keeping its more shut 3 000 years.



As age advances, vitality retreats people find themselves tired, dyspeptic and lacking in strength lose interest in the active affairs of and may either become chronic plainers, burdening their friends, or may, by using Dr. Ward's Blood Nerve Pills be made bright, happy and healthy, as witness the ing interesting example. The word those who have lived many years wisdom with them. Why not pro

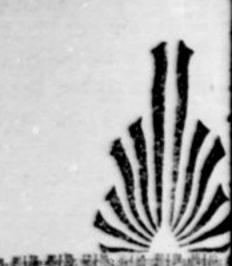
WISE WORDS.

Nothing does a right-thinking many Rothing does a right-thinking a good than helping his neighbors, the sick and weary. In recommend ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, I feel to be be built. I feel to be be built. am truly helping my neighbors. pills wife and myself have used them wife and myself have used them. am truly helping my neight these we wife and myself have used them derived great benefit from them getting along in years, and like many betting and them medicine. My blood was miserable medicine. My blood was miserable poverished, and my wife was miserable poverished, and my wife was miserable poverished, and my wife was miserable we used many kinds of medicine. Wards we was miserable we used many kinds of medicine. Wards we was miserable poverished, and my wife was miserable we used many kinds of medicine. Wards we want to be many kinds of medicine. Signed, MR. & MRS. CLARE, Victor, Glencos, Ost

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onsisting of a large stock of DEERING BINDERS and I ers-The best in the wor

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