

ANTONIO DI CARARA

A PADUAN TALE

Suspense and solitude like this have driven many a man mad, and they were fast driving the quick brain of Carara to see phantoms, and hold dialogues with the creatures of the brain; when one evening, as the jailer paid his last visit for the night, he suddenly touched the Count's hand. The twilight was too deep to allow of his discerning the features of the man who stood before him; but his voice lowered to a whisper as it was, showed that he was not the rugged old Trasteverini, who had hitherto so stubbornly refused to listen to a syllable from him. Hope kindled wildly in his forlorn heart; he sprang on his feet, and desired the jailer to name the price of his deliverance. The answer was a plain one, and a true one: "That if the Count Carara was to escape, it was not his money that would make it worth any man's while to help him; for the Count Carara was for the last three months not worth a sequin in the world. He never uttered a heavy on the ear of the prisoner; but he had not heard it for the first time. It had been a part of the governor's insulting communication on his arrest. Yet it now came with a weight of his own, once he had formed no conception. The jailer had poured the difference to the Count of Carara, and he had learned to think of it no more than of the air which he breathed, as a common privilege of a certain rank, and the easy pledge of the pleasures of that rank. But now it was life or death. The sum which he had lavished on a toy or a trinket might make the difference to him of a career of wretchedness or of peace, of a life dragged out in the bitterness of chains, or of calmness, freedom and honour.

He now sank down upon his couch, in that dejection of heart which bids a man welcome the worst; and before he could conceive any new mode of softening his captivity, the door was closed, the jailer gone, and the unhappy prisoner left to his despairing meditations. The hours lingered on, midnight came, and as Carara was beginning to imagine that his mind had played him false, and that he was still in the hands of the old Trasteverini, the door opened again, the jailer stood at his side, showed him a soldier's cap and cloak, and bade him put them on and follow him without a word. The Count eagerly followed his direction. But in a moment after, the singularity of secrecy in a jailer awoke suspicions. He started back. "If I am to die, let me die in the face of my countrymen, by no base and clandestine end." The jailer made no reply, but by opening the door and pointing to the deep stair of the tower. A gust of fresh air that sprang up from the bottom struck across the Count's senses with a feeling of freedom. He hesitated no longer; but step by step followed his grim guide. The gust of air had told the truth. The door at the foot of the tower was open. The sentinel was either drunk, asleep, or bribed. They passed as unheeded as ghosts, wound their way through a dozen obscure streets, and at last reached an inn. A low whistle announced their coming; a wicket was opened, a head thrust out to reconnoitre; half a door unbarred, and the Count caught by the arm and suddenly dragged in. Carara was bold, and his first impulse was to retort this violence; but a voice at his side at once astonished and restrained him. The light of a lamp that filled the close atmosphere with the strongest effluvia of the Padovine oil, the strongest in the circuit of the earth, glimmered feebly, but sufficiently, on the countenance of his Hungarian friend. The Herr Balto had been his preserver. "I owed you some compensation," said the Hungarian, "for bringing you within the fangs of your bloodhound a governor. Philosophy seems not to be in fashion among your men of macaroni; and it would have been better for this Count Carara to have taken a crocodile into his palace than an un-lucky stranger, who knew nothing but a little chemistry."

The Count, delighted with his liberty, would not suffer his friend to utter a syllable in depreciation of either himself or his science; and proceeded to express his regret that, under the present circumstances, he had nothing to offer but his own life. The Hungarian laughed long and loud. "Count," said he, observing his look of surprise at this unexpected mirth. "I must beg your allowance for the odd way in which the simplest things sometimes appear before an odd being, such as I must acknowledge that I am. But the truth is that I could not resist the contrast between your luxuries and this rueful hovel. However, I rejoice to find in you the vigour of mind that belongs to the true philosopher; and if the Grand Secret shall ever be intrusted to mortal man, you may rely on it that it will be intrusted only to the powerful minds that despise the chances of the world, or to the bold hearts that know how to force them to their own advantage. But what is to be done next?"

"Next?" exclaimed the indignant Count. "What but to shoot the insolent tool of office who has dared to insult a nobleman of Padua?"

"You will get nothing by that," said the Hungarian, "but the bad bargain of giving the life of a man of sense for that of a fool; sending a bullet through the brains of a simpleton, and laying the neck of a man of talents and honour on the scaffold."

"Appeal to his Holiness, then," said Carara.

"Appeal to a council of a dozen old ladies, who must be first approached through a dozen clerks a-piece, who are accessible only through ten times the number of valets, nuns, shrill slaves, and knaves of all dimensions! Why, it would be easier to walk dryshod from Seylla to Charybdis, than gain anything by this mode, but a benediction. In fact, I am perfectly perplexed with every view that I can take of the business."

Carara's spirit rose with the crisis. "Perplexity," said he, after a few moments of silence, "may check a man's steps on ordinary occasions. But the worst that I can forfeit is life. I must

not leave my wife and my boy to shame. I shall return to the palazzo, there collect my friends, and by a bold remonstrance, or, if that fail, by force, right myself with this trifling and insolent governor, or die in the attempt."

"Spoken like a knight of chivalry," said the Hungarian, "and I have no doubt that you would do just enough to prove to the world that you were as brave as a lion, and as mad as the maddest inhabitant of the Ospedale di San Gregorio. But the Emperor has a particular aversion to lunatics of your order, and the inevitable consequence would be imprisonment for life for yourself, confiscation for your property, a new tenant for your palazzo, and a new example in your person of the inconvenience of contending against the powers that be. But your mention of the Emperor reminds me that he is now at Innspruck. I left him a month ago at Vienna preparing for his journey on his journey, to pluck the Tyrolese eagle of some of its feathers. His eloquence or his presence is to persuade the Tyrolese that goat-shooting is a crime against nature, that a rifle is rebellion, and that a cock's-feather in the hat is something not much better than a conspiracy against Austrian church and state. How likely he is to succeed, far be it from me to doubt. However, you have struck upon the only point in our favour. Francis is honest by nature, very much afraid of the French by habit, and very anxious to be popular in Italy by policy. To the Emperor, then," exclaimed Carara, "There is but one objection," observed his friend. "The winter has set in roughly even here; what must it be among the mountains? I escaped a tempest with some difficulty but three days ago, which I saw covering the whole of the Pusterthal. I should not be surprised to hear that the Brenner is by this time totally impassable. As for the passes to the west, the travellers from the Spilgen and the Helvia have reported them filled up with snow for the last fortnight."

The horrors of any attempt to cross the Brenner mountains forty years since, were sufficient to shake the stout hearts even of the carriers and contrabandists of the Alpine regions; and Carara acknowledged the little probability which he could have of escaping the complicated trials of hunger, hoarseness, and those terrible tempests which often swept away whole villages and even huge portions of the mountains themselves. "But let what will happen," said he, "I must see the Countess di Carara; see in what state the tyranny of our wretched government has left my house and property, and try what can be done to obtain justice on the spot." "Day is breaking," was the reply. "Your escape from your cell will be known immediately, and, of course, vigilance will have all its eyes upon your track. In short, you must wait till nightfall." This was undeniable, and Carara massed another wretched day—a day of fear, watching and weariness, in which the step of every beggar that passed the little inn was a source of alarm; every chance word from the wild and half-naked reprobates who lingered out the hour, till night sent them out again to starve and plunder, sounded like detection; and every moment seemed lengthened for the mere purpose of putting him to torture.

At last the shadows began to spread from the cathedral towers; the evening chimes announced that the monks were going to their suppers, and all the world going to rest; the Count reviewed with the thickening twilight, and a low knock at the door announced the Hungarian. He was prepared for their movement, and a cloak and a few trifling changes of dress enabled the Count to pass through the dim streets without being recognised. Carara's heart beat with an unusual pulse as he reached the marble portals of his palace. All on the outside was as when he had last given it his anxious, departing look. The massive gates embellished with the proud heraldry of his forefathers; the bronze lions that had sat for generations, the guards of a noble house raised by lion daring, in times of Italian valour and hazard; the whole magnificence that so splendidly prepares the eye in the great mansions for the more than magnificence within, for the matchless expenditure of taste, wealth, and skill, that brings the mind to the ages of Italian power and princedom; all were there still. But the look of the domestic who admitted them by a side-door, and his evident trepidation, told at once the history of the palazzo. Carara sprang forward with a pang of heart. All was spot, and a pang of heart. All was spot, and a pang of heart. All was spot, and a pang of heart.

The Hungarian was active in the emergency; he hastened to one of the many fountains which threw its silvery sheets of water high in the moon-



GIBRALTAR'S WONDERFUL SIMILARITY TO THE BRITISH LION.

light; and at once brought back a draught which revived him, and the yet more reviving intelligence that his Countess and his child were safe, and were even under the same roof with him. The tidings were soon realized. A pavilion in the ample gardens, which had escaped the sight of the spoilers, had been their place of refuge. Their meeting once more, even under their calamities, was a source of happiness; and when Carara looked on the lovely and fine countenance of the child, a boy just emerging from infancy, he felt, what his life of luxury had failed to tell him, that there were enjoyments in the world which the highest rank and wealth could neither give nor take away.

The hours were now not like the lingering hours of his wretched day; they flew; the night was too short for the deep interest of the tale which the noble lady had to tell of her perturbations during the fearful interval of his absence; for his fond caresses of his child; for his own determination to obtain a full and bold redress, let the risk be what it might; or for the calm sagacity and experienced consolation of his friend.

At length day began to glitter on the tops of the cedars and firs, and the consultation must be at an end, if the Count would not hazard the loss of all chance of redress, by giving himself into the hands of his enemies, who would undoubtedly first seek him in his palace. It was agreed upon that the Emperor was the only source, but that, from the utterly impassable nature of the mountains by one so little prepared for their difficulties as the Count, his mission should be sent by one of the mountain couriers, while he submitted to concealment until the arrival of his answer. The Count retired to his room. His friend threw himself on a sofa.

But Carara had other objects than sleep. Taking down a dagger and pistol which hung in a private recess, he began sharpening the one and loading the other. The Hungarian, who had just returned from the couch, he asked him whether he could be mad enough to think of using them against the governor.

"No, no," was the reply. "Yesterday I might have been mad enough to use them against him, or against myself, or against any one; for I had begun to look upon mankind as a kind of duty to destroy. But the last twelve hours have changed my mind on that point, and many others. I have been a member of the earth. I have lost thirty years of existence. I should not have been more a blank in life, if I had been cut off at once by the sword of the Albigensians. What is the purpose of all this?" "I had hoped," continued the Count, "to have escaped all question upon the subject, to have kept my own counsel until I could show my good and my evil; and now I am determined to go on this mission myself."

"What you," said the Hungarian, "with a look of double perplexity. 'You know nothing of the route, of hardship, of the nature of the mountain storms; if you are to be swept away like a butterfly, or buried under some snow-drift before you have gone a league up the pass. This, too, is the season of the avalanches; every blast loosens some of them down, and the proudest of the mountaineers will not stir a foot from the fissures, until at least the equinox is over. It was but last week that a train of twenty mules, coming from Brixen, were carried away, muleteers and all, to the bottom of one of the lakes, under a mountain of snow, which will keep them there till doomsday."

"The more necessity for me to try," said Carara, resolute, "if I can find no other means of my despatch. The plain fact is, that a business like mine cannot be intrusted to a letter, nor even the letter to the negligence of a courier. The Emperor must receive a hundred appeals a-day of the same kind, which he throws to his secretary, who throws them into the fire. The road may be difficult; but a man once in earnest, can make his way through more than the Brenner. I am in earnest, and I must at all events try. If I see the Emperor in person, I may succeed. The injured party himself, are often worth a volume coldly laid before his eye. Francis is a man, and he will understand the language of a man; and by all that is honest or bold in man, he shall hear it from me. If I perish by the way, I perish, and that is all. There is an end of one whose life is a continual reproach to him. Apathy with me is at an end."

"But the Countess!" expostulated his friend—"What will she say to this desperate experiment?"

"The Countess," said Carara, with emotion, "is a woman of a spirit that has deserved a nobler companionship than mine. I must leave her to her own eyes and in my own. Let me say no more on the subject. I wish to spare her the useless pain of parting. In half an hour I shall be on the road to the mountains. In the meantime, I have provided for her safety; I have written a few lines myself, than live this note to the old Marquis Adelschlebi of Ferrara. His friendship for me will suffer no decay by my fall; and his relationship to the Countess will insure her protection under his roof until I either accomplish my purpose, or am hidden where human pursuers cannot disturb me. Farewell."

His hearer caught him by the cloak as he was rushing out, and grasped

his hand—"Count Carara," said he, in a grave tone, "I believe we have not known each other until now. I now recognize you as the descendant of the illustrious founder of this palace in which I stand. I confess that I too long looked on you as totally unnerved by the national habits, for the high duties of life. You are now a philosopher; and," he added with a faint smile, "as it is peculiarly painful to part with a new and agreeable acquaintance, I must be suffered to continue the intercourse that has begun within these five minutes. Without a metaphor, you must let me go along with you."

To Be Continued.

QUEER OLD SAN JUAN.

The Fine Specimen of a Walled Town That the United States Will Have.

San Juan is a perfect specimen of a walled town, with portullis, moats, gates and battlements. Built over 250 years ago, it is still in good condition and repair. The walls are picturesque, and represent a stupendous work and cost in themselves. Inside the walls, the city is laid off in regular squares, six parallel streets running in the direction of the length of the island and seven at right angles. The houses are closely and compactly built of brick, usually of two stories, stuccoed on the outside and painted in a variety of colors. The upper floors are occupied by the more respectable people, while the ground floors, almost without exception, are given up to negroes and the poorer classes, who crowd one upon another in the most appalling manner. The population within the walls is estimated at 20,000, and most of it lives on the ground floors. In one small room with a flimsy partition a whole family will reside.

The ground floors of the whole town reek with filth, and conditions are most unsanitary. In a tropical country, where disease readily prevails, the consequences of such herding may be easily inferred. There is no running water in the town. The entire population depends on rain water caught on the flat roofs of the buildings and conducted to the cistern, which occupies the greater part of the courtyard that is an essential part of Spanish houses the world over, but that here, on account of the crowded conditions, is small. There is no sewerage, except for surface water and sinks, while vaults are in every house and occupy whatever remaining space there may be in the patio not taken up by the cisterns. The risk of contaminating the water is great, and in dry seasons the supply is entirely exhausted. Epidemics, are frequent, and the town is alive with vermin, mosquitoes, and dogs.

The streets are wider than in the older part of Havana and will admit two carriages abreast. The sidewalks are narrow, and in places will accommodate only one person. The pavement are of a composition manufactured outside of England from slag, pleasant and even hard durable when no heavy strain is brought to bear upon them, but easily broken and unfit for heavy traffic. The streets are swept once a day by hand, and, strange to say, are kept very clean. From its topographical situation the town should be healthy, but it is infested with lime, so hard as to be almost like rock. It is consequently impervious to water and furnishes a good natural drainage. The trade wind blows strong and fresh and through the harbor runs a stream of sea water at a speed of not less than three miles an hour. With these conditions no contagious diseases, if properly taken care of, could exist; without them the place would be a veritable plague spot.

Besides the town within the walls, there are small portions just outside, called the Marina and Puerta de Tierra, containing 2,000 or 3,000 inhabitants each. There are also two suburbs, one, San Turce, approached by the only road leading out of the city, and the other, Catano, across the bay, reached by ferry. The Marina and the two suburbs are situated on sandy points or spits, and the latter are surrounded by mangrove swamps. The entire population of the city and suburbs, according to the census of 1887, was 27,000. It is now estimated at 30,000. One-half of the population consists of negroes and mixed races.

At Schkenditz, in Prussian Saxony, the Burgomaster recently gave orders that on Sunday people should dress in a manner befitting the day, and when a mechanic appeared in the streets in his every-day working dress he was arrested and condemned to a fine of three marks or one day's imprisonment. The decision was set aside on appeal, but the Court admonished the culprit that he was an insensate dolt, and that the grace of the Lord was not in him. The tribunal evidently leaned to the conviction that he had got what he deserved, though the letter of the law did not sustain the penalty.

A QUEER ORDER.

The question of the comparative proportion of really brave men in any army will probably never be determined. Great officers on the continent keep their knowledge on that subject rigorously as a professional secret, and assume as a certainty that all soldiers are brave. They know very well, however, that they are not, and when confidential, will admit, as Marshal von Moltke once did in public, that with a great number it takes discipline, and severe discipline, too, to induce them to face shells unshrinkingly. American officers have been

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THE BRAVEST SOLDIER.

WHO ARE THE BEST FIGHTING MEN ON THE BATTLEFIELD?

Discipline a Great Factor in the Bravery of Troops—Anglo-Saxons the Best Men—Old Troops Not Necessarily the Best Ones For a Fierce Attack.

It is by no means easy to decide which of the races of mankind is the bravest upon the battlefield, says the London Spectator. We are rather inclined to assign the place to the Osmanli, who, besides his natural stolidity and exemption from nerves, has the pride of a race of hereditary conquerors, exalted by an honest belief either that God is on his side or that fate is irresistible. If he is to die, he will die; if not, not; and he charges through the hail of shot with an imperturbable serenity which makes him the delight of disciplinarians and the despair of decent men. It is, however, most difficult even to institute a comparison as to national courage, so much depends upon circumstances, upon discipline, and, with some races, under leadership. Very few troops fight well when they are hungry. Frenchmen are distinctly braver, by their own confession, when they are led by a Napoleon, and Germans differ violently from themselves according to the perfection of their discipline. Slavs will face any danger which approaches if they are ordered to face it, but to induce them to show fierce charging courage, the courage which sweeps away armies, they must have confidence in the general, and see him at their head. Italians have hardly been tried of late years, though they died in their tracks at Dogail, and Spaniards, once esteemed in the bravest infantry in Europe, have in more recent years appeared to have lost some confidence either in their officers or themselves. Even the evidence is imperfect.

We English believe in our hearts that we make the best soldiers in the world; but, as a matter of fact, there is no evidence for the assertion; indeed, there is little evidence the other way. There is plenty of proof running through all history, that the class of Englishmen who take to the army have no superiors in battle, if indeed, they have any equals; but the English people have never yet been tried. They have never been subjected to a description or anything approaching to one, and the voluntary adoption of a soldier's life naturally acts as a winnowing process.

THE ORDER OF MERIT.

Taking our self-chosen soldiers, however, as samples, it is fair to say that the English soldier seems less moved by comparative numbers than the man of any other race; that he is less alarmed by an unlucky position, probably because he does not perceive it, and that his courage is singularly independent of leadership in his general. He likes to see his officers in front, but the universal testimony of his enemies, as well as his friends to his capacity for fighting when badly led, to "making," in fact, "a soldier's battle of it," seems proof positive on that point. The same quality must be that point. The same quality must be that point. The same quality must be that point.

CURIOUS ADS. OF LONDON.

Curiously worded advertisements that are funny without intent are common in the London papers. Here are a few examples:

"Furnished apartments suitable for a gentleman with folding doors."

"Wanted a room by two gentlemen about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad."

"Lost, a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and muzzle."

"Boy wanted who can open oysters with references."

"Bulldog for sale, will eat anything, very fond of children."

"Wanted, an organist, and boy to blow the same."

"Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

WHY ANGLO-SAXONS WIN.

In "Westward Ho," Charles Kingsley's story of the Elizabethan wars with Spain, he explains why the English so often got the better of the Spanish. He claims the superiority of their ships, their better gunnery and greater weight of metal; the agility with which they could be manœuvred because of their rig, but he counts as the distinctive advantage the finer quality of the men. Each, he says, fought for himself, with the self-help and self-respect of a Yankee ranger, and once bidden to do his work was trusted to carry it out by his own wit as best he could. In one word, he was a free man."

known to acknowledge that of their men, who are as brave as any in the world, 20 per cent. would run away if they could, and in every army, even ours, which a man enters only of free will, there is a certain proportion who literally cannot overcome their fears. They are stricken with a sort of paralysis. The proportion is probably not high in any army the majority, if in health, being able to do their duty, and having intense motives to do it; but neither is the proportion high of those who literally feel no fear. There are such men, who do not understand what the emotion is as there are also some who have in extreme danger, a sense of pleasure, which sometimes not only quickens their blood, but distinctly increases their intellectual force.

EXCEPTIONAL BRAVERY.

This is said to have been true of Gen. Picton, who, though a hard, rough man, was an "angel when bullets were about" and was undoubtedly true of the first Lord Gough, who had a trickily disagreeable to his staff, of seeking points of full exposure to the enemy's fire. The immense respect paid to such men in all armies shows, however, that they are exceptional, and, on the whole, we believe that the opinion of the first Sir Henry Havelock is very nearly the truth. The writer once had an opportunity during a discussion on the utility of the Victoria Cross, of cross-questioning that famous general on the subject, and never forgot his reply. "In my experience," he said, "in any British regiment there are always a hundred men who would storm a breastwork of hell, eight hundred who if they did it would follow in, one hundred who want to skulk in the ditches, and about thirty who actually do skulk there or elsewhere." The averages should be higher in a conscript army, but then, also the discipline is more severe. Why discipline should impart courage is somewhat of a mystery, but there is no shadow of doubt that it does, and that a well disciplined regiment is not only more obedient, but actually more indifferent to danger, probably because the continuing habit of self-suppression has positively diminished selfishness.

SEASONED TROOPS NOT THE BRAVEST.

The popular notion that seasoned troops are much braver than novices seems, however, to be unfounded. They are more afraid of giving way, knowing better what a hell upon earth command is if men begin running; but Waterloo was won in considerable measure, by young soldiers, and Speichern was carried by regiments in which no private had ever seen a shot fired in anger. They were drilled youngsters, not old soldiers, who tramped up that dreadful hill, marching to death as if they were executing an accustomed movement on parade. Indeed, there are cynics who say that the youngsters do better, and that the old soldiers know what is before them a little too well; a gibe which is disproved by the almost invariably splendid conduct of the non-commissioned officers. Education, it may be in courage, for, though officers die in a very severe action in a number out of proportion to that of their men, that is because their business is leading, and they are conspicuous figures; but it is quite certain that courage can be materially affected by ideas.

DISCIPLINE REQUIRED.

The question of the comparative proportion of really brave men in any army will probably never be determined. Great officers on the continent keep their knowledge on that subject rigorously as a professional secret, and assume as a certainty that all soldiers are brave. They know very well, however, that they are not, and when confidential, will admit, as Marshal von Moltke once did in public, that with a great number it takes discipline, and severe discipline, too, to induce them to face shells unshrinkingly. American officers have been