WHEN A QUEEN WAS MADE

By CURRAN R. GREENLEY

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Night in Venice. The day was done, but the merriment only waxed the louder with the coming of the stars. There was glitter of golden banners along the Grand canal and the silent hurrying of many gondolas, for Venice was en fete. The treaty with Cyprus had been formally ratified, and that day the republic had formally adopted the slim patrician maid, daughter of Venice, that she might become the mother of kings to be.

A great destiny for the shy child of scarce fourteen years. But as Caterina leaned from her casement, the golden hair falling down the wall in a nimbus light, her thoughts were not of King James de Lusignan nor that storied kingdom of Cyprus oversea, not of them, for maiden thoughts are white winged birds that go where they list, but of one slender youth whose eyes sought hers across the darkness, where he stood in the shadow of the closed portals of the Morosini palazzo across the canal, so near that he could note the gleam of the scarlet light on the golden head, so far that the sword of a nation's destiny flashed between them. A king's bride—what chance had he, Andrea Morosini, cavalier and poet, and a Morosini, the ancient enemy of her house?

There had been days when old Cornaro's daughter had watched concealed behind her casement draperies to see him go forth with the young knights. There had been soft starlit nights when he had watched that selfsame casement and poured forth his soul to the silken sweet tones of his lute. One night when her nurse nodded drowsily the small white hand had dropped a great languorous white rose into the prow of his gondola, and after that there had been a moment in the great cathedral when he had pressed close and held the little hand for a moment in his. That was all, and there could be no more for Cornaro's child, the daughter of Venice, but the lad had dreamed his dreams and gone merrily forth to battle with the Genoese. It had been a month, a long month, when he returned, and all the bells were ringing in honor of Caterina.

The twilight died, but the blaze of festal beacons flashed from tower to tower. Over there in the Cornaro palazzo there was a perfect carnival of music and laughter. Andrea's face grew whiter in the reflected glare. He could see as the breeze blew aside the curtains many figures passing to and fro in that upper room. They were robing for her sacrifice in that maiden chamber that had been his heart's shrine for two long years.

No longer a Venetian maiden, the ceremony that would presently take place before the high altar of St. Mark's would make her a crowned queen. Well, he would go to the wars again. There was always the Genoese to battle with. He might even win the holy sepulcher.

Was there no way? He would have given his soul for one word with her face to face. Andrea flung the lute far out, where it sank into the dark waters. He would never need it again. Overhead all the bells of Venice called to one another, and the lap, lap of the tide sobbed beneath as the under note of human pain that beats a minor tone to all the joy of life.

Caterina stood up straight and tall in the midst of her maidens. The jeweled robe fell close to the round, young limbs, heavy with its weight of pearls. Pearls and rubies were twined in the golden curls, and the fair, round arms were banded with glowing gems of the orient. Across the childish breast, above the folds of cloth of gold, a baldric of emeralds rose and fell with every frightened breath, and the wild rose color was gone from cheek and quivering lip.

Straight and tall in her young majesty, but over the blare of the trumpet, the flash of the jewels, deeper than the voice of Venice in loud acclaim, came the low note of a lute that was stilled forever. There was a strangeness in her throat, a blackness before her eyes. Awed at her silence, the flock of maidens fell a little away from where she stood, and then there came an old woman, bowed and weary, through the velvet portals.

When the attendants would have barred the way Caterina held out her hand. As the old woman bowed before her she opened the palms of her brown hands an instant, so quickly that none saw but Caterina, who drew a quick breath and turned to the waiting throng with a new authority. "Leave us. I would have speech with the dame alone."

Wondering, they left her, and as the door clanged to the old woman slipped the iron bar into place and then stood up, the gray wig thrown off, the woman trappings cast aside, Andrea Morosini.

One step toward Caterina, and he held out his arms. With a low, glad cry she nestled into them, and for one long moment of heaven his lips lay on hers, while below the Grand canal pulsated with the music and triumph of a queen's bridal.

The seconds ticked away. There was no past, no future. Then St. Mark's called to the outermost mole, and the sound of feet came along the stone corridor, pausing at the barred door. Caterina started and paled. Her father, the Cornaro! The steps died away. Then a noise behind them startled them. Not ten paces Guido Cornaro leaned on his great sword, and their frightened eyes were met with a look so stern that for a time they were speechless. He had entered through a door of which Caterina had no knowledge, built by some jealous Cornaro of long ago, who had caused this place of espial to be made that he might the better prove his fears. Indeed they might all have been carven stone. There was no motion in the room but the waving of the arras in the evening breeze that blew through the casement—the slender youth in his cavalier garb of dark velvet, the stern mailed old patrician and between them, like some tropic flower blown athwart strange gray glooms, Caterina in her bridal robes of cloth of gold, the coronal of rubies blazing above her brow.

Andrea bowed low before the ancient foe of the house and, with one last lingering look at Caterina, awaited the Cornaro's pleasure. He had dared the strictest law of the republic. He knew the penalty.

Cornaro hesitated. There were wrath, love and mighty sorrow in his stormy eyes as they went from one young face to the other. A Morosini, the child of his deadliest foe! But he saw through the mist of long, lonely years a little rosy face pressed against a childish breast, a little head that lay within the curve of a round, white arm, so like, so like, and Guilia, who had died, spoke across the night of her unlived motherhood to the heart of her husband. The wrath died. He was powerless. He could not brook the might of the republic that claimed his child upon the altar of its ambition, but he could save her needless pain.

Already the surge of feet was coming up the long passage. The fanfare of trumpets and the voice of Venice, that was many voices, clamored for their princess. Below the gilded barge of the doge awaited her. Nevermore his child, but always the daughter of Venice.

There was an instant when the golden head lay against the steel corselet, another when Guido Cornaro saw his child give her lips to the Morosini, and then he flung wide the door to the secret passage and motioned to Andrea.

And so without a word he passed from her sight and her life, while her father led her down the rose garlanded stairway to the bitterness of the gilded mockery that awaited.

There was a battle next day, a mere skirmish between a Venetian war galley and one of Genoa. At its close they found him lying where the thick of the fight had passed, a smile on his lips, a crushed white rose above his heart. In Venice the people laughed and sang, and there was joy day and night for the week long bridal of Caterina Cornaro, the daughter of Venice, and King James de Lusignan.

THE FARMER FAILS

In health just as does the city-man, and he fails commonly from the same cause, "stomach trouble." The farm is a wholesome place to live; the farmer's life is a healthy life; but no external advantages can overcome the effects of a diseased stomach. When the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased, the food eaten is imperfectly digested and assimilated, and the consequent loss of nurtition results in physical debility.

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Animals' Eyes Act Independently.

The eyes of an animal can only work together when they can be brought to bear upon an object at the same time, so that as a rule the eyes of a fish must work more or less independently. This is sometimes also the case when the eyes can co-operate, as any one who watches a plaice or other flat fish in an aquarium will soon discover.

This is true, too, of the curious bulging optics of a chameleon, which roll round swivelwise in a somewhat aimless manner. When they do converge it is bad for the insect upon which they fix themselves.

Many animals possess more than three eyes, which do not all act together. A leech, for example, has ten eyes on the top of its head, which do not work in concert, and a kind of marine worm has two eyes on the head and a row down each side of the body. Some lizards have an extra eye on the top of the head, which does not act with the other two. A bee or wasp has two large compound eyes, which possibly help each other and are used for near vision, and also three little simple eyes on the top of the head, which are employed for seeing things a long way off.

Turf as Fuel.

Harold Harfagr in the year 883 granted the islands of Orkney to Earl Eyner, brother to Duke Rollo of Normandy. When Earl Eyner came to live in his new possessions he found them quite bare of any trees and producing only a very few stunted bushes.

The Orkneys are bitterly cold and wind swept, so when the inhabitants had used up all the wood they could procure they came to their new earl for advice. He recommended them to cut out pieces of turf, dry them and use them for fuel. This they did with such great success that the custom spread to Scotland and thence to Ireland and to many parts of England. Earl Eyner was always known afterward as Turf Eyner.

"Peat rights" were defined by march stones with three whelks laid under each and were jealously guarded by the townships or individuals to whom they belonged. Throughout Scotland up to the thirteenth century peat and bogwood were universally used for winter fires and broom and whin during summer.

Some etymologists regard the name of peat as almost synonymous with fuel, deriving it from the early English "beten," to replenish a fire.

Court Room Repartee.

In a suit relating to brewery property reported in Case and Comment an eminent and very dignified counselor was one day reading to the court some manuscript affidavits which were not overlegible and by mistake read the word "mash" as "wash." Counsel on the other side, who was small of stature and polite in manner, but keen in intellect and frequently sarcastic, was immediately on his feet and, with a somewhat irritating deference of manner, begging his opponent's pardon, etc., asked liberty to suggest that the word which the eminent counselor read "wash" was really "mash." Somewhat nettled, the counselor thus corrected thanked him for the information and added that he was not himself very familiar with terms used in the brewery business, as he had never spent much of his time in a place of that kind. "Are we to understand, then," said his opponent in the suavest manner, "that the eminent counselor wishes us to infer that his early days were spent in a laundry?"

No Windfalls For Him.

"When I read of folks finding bank notes stuffed in old sofa pillows and pincushions," said a west side dealer in secondhand household furniture to a New York Times man, "it just makes me ready to cry. Half the stories printed about such finds I don't believe. I've been in this business thirty-one years right here in little old New York. I've made it a point of gathering in all sorts of odds and ends from old cranks that I thought would be likely to hide money. I've never left anything like a pillow or a thing where money could be hidden in any lot I bought outright, although I've had to brave many a pitiful appeal for father's tobacco box and mother's sewing basket. I never let any piece of furniture go out of here again until I have been through it myself. Wife and I have pulled hair stuffing out of things and put it back again when we could have saved ourselves trouble and money by letting the stuff go out for sale without it. Find anything? Not a cent. Once I found an old book hidden in a mattress that was bought from a woman who died. I took it to a bookseller, who said it was not worth my car fare. No, sir; the only way to get money in this business, like any other, is to work for it and not expect to find it."

Rain Brought No Orders.

Philip D. Armour one day received a very long letter from an agent in regard to conditions of trade in the country, through which he was traveling. Page after page was devoted to telling his employer that the weather and uncertain crop conditions were responsible for the meager orders and not a lack of energy or perseverance on his own part. Rain was needed in that section. With the first downpour hope would enter into the despondent community, and an order commensurate with the benefits granted to a parched earth could be expected. Rain saturated the earth, lengthy letters continued to arrive, but no orders.

"How about orders?" wrote the merchant, who was weary of footing nonproductive expensive accounts and reading long letters. "Write and let me know in the fewest possible words what merchants say now that they have rain."

By return mail the famous merchant received a letter which told him in a few words the reception accorded the agent in the newly drenched territory. "Dry up, old man, dry up."

Invisible Support.

Magistrate—What's the charge against this man, officer?

Officer—No visible means of support.

Magistrate—It's up to you, prisoner. What have you to say in answer to the charge?

Prisoner—I guess it's correct, your honor. My wife isn't visible at the present writing.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Dangers of Travel.

Grouchy Bachelor—I heartily disapprove of taking children on railway journeys and to large hotels.

Doting Mother—So do I. One meets so many rude people and sees so much selfishness at those places that one is always glad the little darlings aren't there to pick up bad habits.—Baltimore American.

Not Friends; Just Gushers.

In a big department store a dainty, pretty little woman in the act of buying some lace caught sight of another pretty little woman who was buying some ribbon. As their eyes met both shoppers dropped the articles at which they had been looking and rushed into each other's arms.

"Old and dear friends reunited after many years," thought the clerk behind the counter.

At last the time for parting came.

"Now do come and see me real soon," said the first woman.

"Oh, I never pay calls, you know," replied the other. "You come and see me."

"Well, I don't know your address."

"It is the last house on —— street, next to Riverside drive."

"But I do not know your name since your last marriage."

It was then that the clerk woke up to the real situation.

"Just a pair of gushers," he said to himself.—New York Press.

A Cross in the Heavens.

On Oct. 28, A. D. 312, Constantine the Great is said to have "heard a great and mighty noise above and to the east of him" and upon turning his eyes in that direction "was astonished beyond measure at what he there beheld." Clearly outlined upon the blue sky was a cross of pure white, and in the halo which surrounded the top was the Latin phrase, "In hoc signo" ("By this sign"), in letters of deep scarlet. Mackey, the great historian, says that there was a second inscription in Greek, the letters of which in English would be "En to nika."

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