In Memoriam.

JOHN KENNY.

"Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!"—SCOTT.

Silent! Nor, though we listen, shall we hear
From the hill-top that fronts the breaking
morn,
Again that clarion-challenge loud and clear,
So oft above the breath of battle borne
High as the lark above the bending corn.
Silent, that voice that never doubt or fear
Hushed 'mid the strife of many a strenuous
year
Which neither mob-applause nor modish scorn,
Nor the loud wrath of Party's passing mood,
Availed to drown in the fierce noise of fight.
Man who knew not to falter, turn or yield,
With eyes intent upon the common good,
With heart unshaken in the cause of right.
How shall we miss thy form in many a
stricken field!
Brave Knight of Peace, with proud and spotless
crest,
Which never stooped to faction's furious gust;
Who braved opprobrium with unblenching
breast,
Till long-proved constancy had conquered trust
In the stout champion of the true and just;
Now hast thou entered into well-earned rest,
No more to wield the sword with warrior zest,
No more into the press of spears to thrust.
Sheathed the true steel that never struck craven
blow,
Silent the trumpet that hath pealed so oft,
Fallen from faithful hands relaxed in death.
Whilst thou hadst life, the beacon burned not
low;
Whilst thou hadst strength, the standard shook
aloft:
The silver trumpet was not mute whilst thou
hadst breath,
For Peace, and Freedom, and the People's rights
Based on unshaken Law, he stood and fought
If not with widest purview, yet with sight
Single, sagacious, unobscured by aught
Of selfish passion or ambitious thought;
Seeing day's promise in the darkest night,
Hope for the weak 'midst menaces of Slight;
Careless of clamour as of chance-blown dust,
Stern somewhat, scornful oft, and with the stark
Downright directness of a Scandinavian stroke,
Who drew a Heaven-dedicated sword
Against the foes of Freedom's sacred ark,
The friends of the oppressor's galling yoke,
All fierce assailants of the Army of the Lord.
The silver Trumpet's silent! Never more
Its unmatched music mortal ears shall charm,
Rise dominant o'er faction's baleful roar,
Or summon friends of Right to rouse and arm.
The Warder's mute; no more to sound alarm
From the dawn-fronting hill-top, high and broad.
Dead lies the Knight who the White Banner bore.
Fold it o'er the cold breast that late beat warm.
No slain Crusader graced a noble tomb
More nobly ever than this stainless Knight,
The echoes of whose war-shouts scarcely
cease,
Though he lies there in the light-chequered
gloom.
Stout Champion ever of the True and Right,
Mercy's sworn Militant, great Paladin of
Peace!

—*Punch.*

MAUD ANNESLEY.

A TALE OF LOVE AND JEALOUSY AND A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

The close of a golden day at Sorrento.

Maud Annesley stood in the garden of Tasso's villa, which, as the traveller knows, is perched like a sea-bird on the summit of the tall cliffs and looked out across the sunlit waters to where Ischia showed beautiful and unreal, as a fairy barque moored on the shining waves.

A lovely girl, this Maud Annesley, with a face at once tender, sensitive and proud, with marvellous brown eyes and sunny-brown hair, with grace in every movement, with perfect hands and feet, and, in point of character, as capricious, spoiled and uncertain as her compatriots alone can be yet still remain bewitching. As full of good qualities as she was of faults, a bundle of inconsistencies so opposite that she sometimes herself said, laughingly, she wondered that she held together.

There she stood, leaning her arms on the railing and gazing down the dizzy height where the gulls circled to and fro, while she looked wistfully over at the purple island, and was haunted by a sudden, foolish fancy that it seemed like the land of the lotus-eaters, where she might sit down and rest forever, could she only reach its happy shore. She had been spending a gay day with a gay party. She had been the centre and chief attraction for all the men. She had been in the wildest spirits and was handsomer than ever. And now she stood there in the sunset and sighed and looked dreamy and pre-occupied, as if dating a trouble had come to her at last.

Howard Crofton, grave and sedate as befitted his nine and twenty years, strolled idly out upon the villa terrace, and saw her standing there in the magic light, and called her hard names and himself a fool, which no doubt he was, so far as concerned her, sensible as he usually proved himself in other respects.

It was the second week in June. For a whole month Crofton had been living in a blessed dream; and now that it was rudely disturbed he felt himself an aggrieved individual, as, indeed, I think he had a right to think himself.

He had come to Sorrento, meaning to remain for a few days and then go back to Naples, and drift away northward; but he found Maud Annesley and a pleasant party, and here he was still. He had known Maud's aunt long before, when he was a mere boy, and she received him like an old friend, for his mother's sake; and, thus introduced, he and Maud had naturally glided into a rapid and agreeable intimacy. Censorious people called Maud's mildest manners with men flirting of an outrageous sort; but, she was gentler and less capricious with Crofton than her aunt had ever seen her with any man, but, like a wise woman, the elder lady held her peace.

Just a week before this day Crofton's cousin and her spouse appeared, a cousin like most people's given to interference and governing; and of all the girls that lived, Mrs. Grosvenor hated Maud Annesley the worst. She disliked girls in general, as women often do who have been beauties and have since grown thin and skinny and yellow; but she detested Maud! They had met in Paris two years previous, and Maud had laughed at her airs and graces, and Mrs. Grosvenor had been obliged to play second to this brilliant creature, who seemed to fascinate men at will. So she took refuge in hating the girl, and perhaps found a kind of consolation therein.

Soon afterwards the San Arpinos came down from Naples and took possession of their villa; and, to the disgust of the stately old dowager, young San Arpino, the heir to a dukedom and a rent-roll enormous for Italy, and one of the handsomest men the peninsula could boast, flung himself anew straight at Maud, Annesley's heart, or head, or feet, as you please. He had done this the previous winter in Rome, much to the disgust of his stately mother, the Duchess. Maud had, it is true, been the most admired girl there. But she had not a large fortune, and, even if she had, the San Arpinos, for a wonder, would not have needed her wealth. They had enough of their own, and more. They were proud. They boasted two sustained titles, and a descent, which they traced back almost to Nero, or Romulus himself, for what I know.

From the moment that San Arpino appeared Maud Annesley had completely changed in her conduct towards Crofton. There had been no letting him down easily; no attempt at pretence. She turned haughty and insolent and stony, and was never so charming and womanly to San Arpino as when Crofton was by to see. And this was the creature whom he had loved, had believed in; before whom he had poured his heart and soul, and let her know that he had done so! He had never put his secret into words, but he knew that she had seen it clearly enough, and had given him the tacit encouragement which any woman can do when she pleases, and yet remain perfectly feminine and delicate. False and despicable she proved in every way, and he had loved her! He loved her still, in spite of his pain and wrath. He learned the whole truth from his cousin, heard the story of the past winter, heard of San Arpino's devotion. Maud's efforts to win a ducal coronet and the old dowager's rage and masterly diplomacy to prevent such a consummation. He, Crofton, had been flirted with from sheer wantonness, or else regarded as a *pis aller*. Maud afterwards had thought of filing him and his fortune, because she believed the young Duke out of her reach. But the instant the Neapolitan reappeared and proved that his devotion was as strong as ever, strong enough to make him rebel against the mother who had always ruled him imperiously, then Maud flung off the mask and let Crofton see her in her true colors.

He was going on the morrow. The torture of the last five days had grown insupportable. Besides, now there was no longer any doubt in his mind, it would be weak and contemptible to remain, a laughing stock for all about—and worse, an object of scorn to himself.

He had been horribly treated, and his sense of justice revolted against this. He was a man slow to anger, but he was furious now. Had the girl shown the least consideration for his feelings he could have made excuses for her. He knew she did not love this handsome boy, who was only her own age; but she might be dazzled by his position, she might be urged on by her aunt. Crofton could have sought for reasons why he should not judge her harshly had her conduct afforded the least opportunity. But she turned upon him with absolute cruelty; she seemed to have a savage pleasure in rendering the blow as cruel as possible, in hurting him in every way that female ingenuity can contrive.

To-day they had all been on an excursion, up among the lovely Sorrento hills. Crofton could not remain behind, for fear this girl should think he lacked courage to support her heartless cruelty, and she had made such a day for him that he thought a soul in purgatory might pity him.

So now he was going away. As he stood on the terrace and as caught sight of her standing below him, in her matchless beauty, a wild desire crossed his mind to speak, to let all his misery and anger find vent. She deserved it, deserved to hear the verdict of a true, upright heart, which her treachery had incurred. He did not stop to consider. He was too nearly mad to be hindered by scruples or ideas which would have influenced him at another time.

He strode down the steps, hurried through the garden, and came upon her before she was aware of his presence. The least addition of color rushed into her cheeks, a second's confusion into her eyes, as she turned and perceived him. But both signs disappeared so quickly that he almost fancied they had not been there. She looked a little wearied, bored by this intrusion, but she gave him a sweet smile more cruel than a dagger thrust, and said, indolently, "How can you have energy enough left, after the day's fatigues, to move when you might sit still?"

"You seem to share a portion of it," he answered, trying to imitate her indifference.

"Oh, I came out to get rid of the people," she replied. "One might as well be an animal in a menagerie, one never gets a moment to oneself."

"Probably I disturb you then," said he.

"I am too well brought up a young person to contradict my elders," she replied, laughingly.

"Still, truth now and then makes an agreeable variety in this world, even if not polite," he retorted, losing his ill-assumed indifference.

"I think you are misanthropical or cross," said she. "I dislike either mood, so I will leave you."

He stood straight in her path, and fixed his eyes on her with a look of such iron determination that she remained motionless.

"It is possible that what I have to say may not be agreeable," returned he, slowly; "but I mean to say it, all the same. I am going away to-morrow"——

"Does that come under the head of disagreeable truths?" she interrupted, with a little shrug of her shoulders.

"Not to you, certainly, or to me," he answered.

"So much the better; then bon voyage!"

"But, before I go, there is something I wish to say"——

"Last words are so fatiguing," she murmured. "I beg your pardon; but you spoke just as the dying people in novels begin their confessions. I forgot it was only a journey you were looking forward to."

"If I were dying" he cried out passionately, "you and I could not be separating more irrevocably."

"Partings are hard things," sighed she. "There's only one thing worse as a rule—meeting people again."

"I wonder," he exclaimed, smiting his hands together in uncontrollable excitement—"oh, I do wonder if you are a living, flesh and blood woman, or one of those snow creatures, animated by a spell, such as the old legends tell of!"

"Why, that's really very pretty!" she said, in the tone of one who is receiving a compliment, and feels surprised that the speaker had tact to offer it. "I see you are determined to make me regret your departure."

Nothing but a woman, and a woman of society, could have been so perfectly well bred and yet so horribly ironical and insolent.

"I have been here a whole month," he continued, not noticing her words.

She took advantage of the slight pause he made, for he found it difficult to speak calmly, to add: "Yes, a whole month!" and her voice implied that the period had seemed very long indeed.

Again he went on, without heeding her cruel mockery.

"From the first time we met I made no effort to hide my feelings. I could not have done so if I would. I loved you, Maud Annesley, and you knew it."

He was not looking at her now. He had turned partly away and was staring out across the sunlit sea. Had he seen her face he must have noticed how it changed suddenly. But fate was against them both and he saw nothing.

"You know," he hurried on, "that my devotion was not the idle homage a man pays a beautiful woman. You knew that my whole heart had gone out towards you, my whole life-strength you accepted it. You did a very wicked thing, I have no hesitation in acknowledging my weakness. I honor myself that I could love any human being as truly and unselfishly as I did you. That I was deceived is no shame to me."

The pallor and softness left her face. The beautiful features looked hard, as if carved out of marble.

"Don's stop!" she cried. "You had more to say—finish it!"

"Only to compliment you on your skill and art! It amused you to attempt a sort of Lady Clara Vere de Vere play with an honest heart! You succeeded perfectly. If that knowledge be any triumph to you, take it."

"Is it worth while?" she retorted, as if considering whether to accept success which was of such slight value.

"You do not deny the truth of what I have said. You cannot!" he exclaimed.

"In any case, I would not," she cried; and now she confronted him with a face shaken by anger. "If one word would clear me in your estimation, I'd not speak it. No, not if my soul's safety depended on its utterance. Believe what you will. It is a matter of indifference to me! Your respect would not be worth the having. You have been rude—insolent. I will never forgive you! Never!"

"It is a little odd to hear you put the right to pardon on your side," he answered, trying to speak calmly, since she had flamed into such passionate wrath. "To deny would be so useless that it is wise not to make the attempt."

"Go on! Do go on! I want to hear you speak your whole mind out. I would not stop you for the world," she said, with a bitter laugh.

"I have nothing more to say. I will congratulate you, if you like, on winning a coronet. It is the true English girl's ambition!" he sneered.

"He knows us so well!" she cried, laughing again in the same low, mirthless fashion.

"Did you love him I could excuse your treatment of me. Love is always an excuse. But you do not. You love nobody but yourself. If any higher rank were within your reach, you would fling this boy aside as unhesitatingly as you have flung me."

"Yes. I love nobody but myself," she exclaimed. "You are right there!"

"And boast of it?"

"Yes."

She turned and walked away without another word. He made no attempt to follow—why should he? They had nothing more to say to one another in this world. He had only one prayer to offer, where she was concerned—it was that even in the next he might be preserved from the sight of her.

He waited till she had crossed the terrace, and disappeared into the house; then he hurried off through the lane-like streets, past the little square, where the villagers were collected, as usual, at that hour, and so up the path which runs along the ravine towards the hills above. The sun set in a blaze of glory. The sea shone like the pavement of the city the Prophet saw in his vision. It deepened from opal tints to amethyst, then grew dark and mysterious. The moon came up and trailed a pathway of golden light across the billows which seemed to lead away into heaven. The hills loomed shadowy and black. The pale glory of the evening sky domed in the whole. The soft murmurs of the brook sounded through the stillness, as if calling to the sea; and the sea answered, as if to welcome it to its course. A single nightingale awoke in the orange grove, and sang as if to drown the silence of the night. The faint breeze brought, ever anon, the sound of laughing voices from the old square, where the villagers still gossiped. All was quiet and peaceful, save in his heart, where the tempest raged with awful might.

It was late when Crofton returned to the Tasso, but he was not able to get up to his rooms in safety. There were laughter and music in the saloons and gay groups standing about the long corridors. Of course, he was captured, and forced to talk and laugh and behave like ordinary mortals under the galling restraints of civilization.

Crofton had told his old aunt of a cousin of his proposed departure. He was glad to escape her society, for he had grown almost of late to detest her, with her head-shakings, her Cassandra prophecies, and now her "I told you so's," expressed in words and looks. Naturally, by the time he reached the house, everybody knew he intended to go away, and they were all eager to detain him. A portion of the party was to set off in the morning on an expedition to Amalfi. The others were going to row over to Capri and spend the day there. Crofton could not escape staying for one excursion or the other, for he was still animated by the natural desire to keep his hurt a secret. He chose Capri, however, when he heard that Maud Annesley was to make one of the Amalfi party.

While all the talk and merriment went on he could see this Maud Annesley through the open windows. She stood out on the terrace, with the full moonlight glorifying her face, as she talked and listened to young San Arpino, who had escaped from his dowager mother, and came to the hotel as usual.

Down in the gardens below, an Italian boy began playing Neapolitan sea-songs on his guitar. Half a dozen people called at once upon Maud to sing. Without hesitation she complied, and her rich contralto voice floated into the rooms, unearthly in its sweetness, and shook Crofton's very soul. He could stand it no more; so he cast one other look out into the glory of the night, and saw her standing there in her beauty, while the young Italian Duke gazed into her face with a passionate devotion he made no effort to conceal. Then Crofton passed from the rooms, hoping that he had bidden Maud Annesley farewell forever.

The night he spent was tragic enough. But in this prosaic world tragedies more frequently meet with an anti-climax than a consummation, and Crofton's experience was the usual one.

He was late in appearing the next morning, rather hoping that the pleasure seekers might have forgot him and gone off. But when one wants forgetfulness people always remember one. Up came a servant to say that everybody had gone down to the shore, but he was waited for there, and must come.

So off he set, cursing acquaintances and expeditions in his heart, as all of us have so often done when wearied and wounded, and yet forced to meet the petty exigencies of life with a smiling front. His cousin, Mrs. Grosvenor, had sent him word that she was too miserable with her neuralgia to join the party. There was a slight consolation in that. He should at least be free from her questions and surmises, her sighs and corkscrew glances, always trying to worm his secret out of him, she being one of those people who enjoyed groaning over the misfortunes of the persons she liked.

Crofton reached the shelving shore that spreads below the rocky descent from the village. Two boats, with bright-colored awnings, were ready. Into the smaller of the two San Arpino was assisting Maud Annesley just as Crofton appeared. In his dizziness and the uncertain state of his faculties on the previous evening, he had misunderstood, and so had chosen the very expedition of which she was to make a member.

Most of the wild young ones had gone to Amalfi. The boat in which Crofton seated himself held staid elders. Maud's aunt among them, with whom Crofton was a favorite. But she looked grave and rather harassed this morning, and was less cordial to him than her wont. The boat in which Miss Annesley and San Arpino, with a few other youthful people were seated, took the lead; and as he sat in the bow, Crofton could hear her gay laugh ring out across the waters, but he did not once turn his head. She had seen him as he descended the shore; their eyes had met. Then she had turned quickly away. Some words from the aunt made Crofton comprehend that neither she nor Maud had understood he was to make one of the party.

Beautiful rock-bound Capri! How one would like to dwell on its loveliness and its marvels! But you shall go visit these wonders, or read of them in faithful memory, since I have not leisure to dwell thereon.

It was late in the afternoon. Unwearied by the exertion of the morning the whole party listened approvingly to somebody's proposal that they should climb the cliff which rose in front of them, as they all sat comfortably seeing it in the broad veranda of the Quisisana Hotel, which looks out across the Salerno Bay.

On foot, or on donkeys, as each person pleased, away they defiled, up the narrow road, winding in and out among little villas, cosy peasants' cots, vine-wrapped walls, but always mounting up and up, the view widening and beautifying with every step. At last the road became a mere path; but by this time nobody thought of the way, in the delight of watching the grand panorama spread out below.

They were now not far from the top. Here it was necessary to dismount and look over the famous abyss down which the Emperor Tiberius had a playful habit of flinging his guests when he wearied of their society or craved a little excitement. It was a bald, bare precipice, good 700 feet in height, down which they fell into the white breakers of the ever-restless sea. Here some adventurous Capriot, lately returned from England, had established a little refreshment place, and, as most of the party were English, it was necessary to patronize the smiling wretch and let him prove by the exorbitancy of his charges that he had profited by his stay in the land of the free.

Crofton wandered off, turned an angle of the path where a great rock shut out the house and the gay party, and toiled on up to the top, where, among the ruins, rises a small chapel, in which a make-believe hermit lives and wheedles centesimi out of the pockets of stray visitors. But just now the hermit was down at the restaurant drinking surreptitious glasses of red wine in the kitchen; so Crofton was left to gaze and marvel undisturbed.

Presently the sound of voices roused them. He heard Maud Annesley's merry laugh, and turning, found himself face to face with her and San Arpino.

Maud and Crofton had managed to pass the day without exchanging a word. She had appeared as oblivious of his contiguity as only a woman can. But now, as sight of him, she said gayly, "So you had stolen a march on us after all, Mr. Crofton. I thought we were the first up."

"Where are the others?" he asked, since it was necessary to speak.

"Oh, drinking our wine and listening to our naturalized compatriot's enormous fibs," she answered.

San Arpino spoke pleasantly to Crofton in his quaint, broken English. He was always civil, even cordial, and apparently perfectly unconscious that his attempts at friendship were neither desired nor welcome, though indeed Crofton was too just a man to visit Miss Annesley's sins upon a rival.

At this place the descent on the Salerno side was rocky, but little less steep than at the point called Tiberius' Leap; but the descent did not, as there, commence from the top. A steep path led down some twenty feet to a little platform of rock, whereon grew a crooked fir tree; from thence a sheer wall of cliff plunged perpendicularly to the sea.

After a brief conversation, Crofton walked away to the opposite side of the summit, to survey the ruins, leaving the young pair to themselves. Maud Annesley was in a mood when some wild, reckless performance possessed an irresistible attraction to her. She and San Arpino stood looking down at the stunted pine that clung to the platform of rock, and swung its ragged branches about, as if imploring to be released from its perilous position.

"I want to go down there," Maud said. "I am sure nothing but a mountain goat has ever stood under that tree. I want my name out on the trunk."

San Arpino was as young and reckless as herself. He offered no opposition—rather admiring her courage, indeed. Though difficult, however, the path seemed to present no real danger if care were exercised.

A few minutes later, Howard Crofton, standing on the opposite side of the cliff, which looked out seaward, was roused from his gloomy meditations by a cry so wild and agonized that for years after it used to haunt his dreams. It was Maud Annesley's voice again; but so changed, so sharp with agony, so mad with fear, that for an instant it rooted him to the spot where he stood. Then away he rushed across the summit, gained the other side, and looked over. Maud Annesley was clinging to the fragments of rock, half way down to the platform, and trying to disengage her dress from a trailing vine which held her fast. She was in safety. He saw that. But he saw, too, the prostrate form of the young Italian, sliding helplessly and slowly towards the narrow platform of rock from whence the precipice began.

San Arpino had stepped a little out of the path, the better to aid Maud, had slipped and had struck his head so violently against a projecting stone that it knocked him almost senseless. He was slipping down now—down, down, Maud unable to extricate herself so as to rush to his aid.

Crofton saw it all, in the brief second he stood motionless, and a hundred years seemed to pass in that whirling space. With such new strife the body would go faster—faster! When it reached the platform the impetus would be so great that even had San Arpino consciousness left he could not save himself! He would be carried clean over the edge into the awful abyss.

And Howard Crofton saw this, and during that instant, which seemed an eternity, a score of devils tugged at his heart and whispered awful suggestions in his ear. Let him go! Let this false woman crouch there and see him perish, they said; see her ambitious hopes, to gain which she had so recklessly marched over a human heart, smitten from her, just when they seemed secured fruition! This was what the demons urged upon Howard Crofton's soul, and I should lie if I denied that he hesitated. He did hesitate. The temptation was almost irresistible in its strength. Always he was gazing down. He could see Maud Annesley's white face, her frantic efforts to free herself, the helpless body sliding on—on!

But after one moment of hesitation and with a cry almost as mad as that shriek which had roused him to a consciousness of what was passing, Crofton turned and dashed down the descent. He saw while running all the while that by taking a more circuitous path, one a little further on, he could reach the platform before San Arpino. The one hope was to seize him there.

Away he ran.

At the sound of his voice Maud Annesley raised her head, comprehended that help was at hand and sank back on the moss and fainted away.

On Crofton dashed—on—on!

Vines trailed about his feet and almost threw him down. Stones, dislodged by his careless steps, nearly crushed his feet. He fell—was up again dashing on—on!

Always he could see that prostrate body sliding down—down! It was going faster now! Oh, he should be too late, and this man's death would lie at his door! He had hesitated, and now he should have this awful crime upon his soul through all eternity!

On, on! The way seemed endless. The pine tree shook its deformed arms. The wind surged suddenly up with a moaning cry. The voice of the sea responded in a hoarse shout of triumph, as if exulting over its prey. The dazzling sweep of sunlight on the white rock blinded him. But he could always see that form sliding down—down, each half second an age, each step in that frantic race he ran against death, as difficult as some mad flight the soul takes through the horrors of a nightmare.

Steeper became the inclined plane. It was now slippery with moss, over which the body sped, faster still, lifted almost from the ground twice, and flung on—on. Another bound, a wilder rush and Crofton had reached the tree, and flung one arm about the trunk, to steady himself, and with the other hand and his feet struck at the body as it neared him, seized an arm helplessly extended, planted his feet on the trailing cost and—had saved his rival.

When Maud Annesley came to her senses she was half lying on a stone bench at the side of a little chapel. Farther on she saw San Arpino, supported in the hermit's arms, while Howard Crofton bathed his forehead and employed such means as were at hand to restore him to consciousness.

The hermit had returned just as Crofton caught San Arpino in that frantic clutch. Between them the two had carried the insensible man up the rocks, and then returned to place Maud Annesley beyond the reach of danger.

The unconscious party below were still resting at the little house near the Leap. Now and then the wind brought up the murmur of their voices and laughter.

Maud raised herself. She was weak and tottering. But she managed to reach the spot where the two men were at work over the senseless form.

The first sign Crofton had of her presence was when her voice, close to his side, whispered dismally, "Is he dead? Have I killed him?"

Crofton turned. A bitter response rose to his lips, but the sight of her white face checked it.

"There is nothing wrong but a few bruises and a broken arm," he said. "He will come to himself presently."

So he did. He was a little wild and incoherent in his talk at first, but he was soon able to recall what had happened, to smile at Maud and to mutter a few broken words of thankfulness to Crofton.

After a while the loiterers below were summoned. Crofton quickly silenced their eager questions and useless terror. San Arpino pronounced himself well enough to be put on a donkey so as to make the descent of the mountain, and Crofton walked by his side, and supported him in the saddle. Fortunately, when they reached the village, the English surgeon from Ana Capri was there. San Arpino's broken arm was set, and his wounds dressed. It was better that he should not run the risk of returning to Sorrento. By good luck his mother had gone up to Naples for a few days, so that the accident could be kept from her.

"Will you stay with me to-night?" San Aprino asked of Crofton. "They'll send my man and my valise over by the boat, but I wish you'd stay."

Of course, no refusal was possible. Crofton was occupied in the wounded man's chamber when the party sailed. The moon had risen before he quitted it. San Arpino was very comfortable and had fallen asleep. Crofton left the surgeon sitting by him and went out on the terrace. He came face to face with Maud Annesley.

"Miss Annesley!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had been gone for hours."

"Oh," she cried bitterly, lifting her pale face. "I may not be human, but I am not quite a fiend. Did you think I could leave this man, whom my wicked recklessness had led almost to death?"

After all it was only natural that she should remain, Crofton said to himself, for she was to marry the young fellow.

"He is asleep, they told me," she said, presently.

"Yes, everything is going well."

"I know—Dr. Green told me." She stopped for an instant, then exclaimed wildly: "Oh, Mr. Crofton, if heaven had not sent you there!—Let me thank you—do let me!"

"There is no necessity," he replied, coldly. "I have no right to thanks, either."

"You"——

"Wait. Let me finish. Miss Annesley, when I saw that man sliding down, down to death, my first impulse was to let him go—to let him die before your eyes! I was almost a murderer, you perceive."

She covered her face with her hands and sat silent.

"I need not have told you this," he went on. "But it is better. Perhaps it may serve as a warning to you, not to use your beauty and your fascinations to break another man's heart, as you did mine."

She looked up now. But he continued resolutely.

"Shall I tell you what stopped me?—what made the temptation powerless when it was at its height?"

"Oh, tell me," she said, with a ghost of a laugh. "You can say nothing worse of me than you have done. Go on."

"Because to-day" (his voice shook slightly now), "to-day I became convinced that, in one respect, I had wronged you. You do love that man."

She turned her face quickly away. He saw her bosom heave, her breath come and go.

"I told you yesterday that love was always an excuse," pursued Crofton. "By great mercy, I read the truth this day, and so saved my own soul from eternal guilt and your life from ruin."

Then there was silence.

Suddenly a voice, close at hand, cried "Oh, Maud, won't you speak, even now?"

Crofton turned and saw Mrs. Gresham.

"You are both mad," she continued—"mad with jealousy and stubbornness and pride. Maud, if you'll not speak, I will."

"Perhaps your words may have some effect," Maud answered, in a slow, difficult tone. "Mr. Crofton has already told me that he would believe none of mine. Why should I speak?"

"And what could you say?" retorted he, bitterly.

"Be still!" exclaimed Mrs. Gresham. "You are each worse and more obstinate than the other! Maud was not false—not a coquette, Howard. You were right when you told her that, from the first, you made your love evident. But you were wrong otherwise. She did not scorn, but she prized it."

There was a sound from Crofton, half an expression of unbelief, half a sob. Maud's face was hidden.

"She prized it!" repeated Mrs. Gresham.

"Only the day before San Arpino came to Sorrento, your cousin, who has always hated Maud, told her that you had been as good as engaged for years. So Maud went as mad as you."

Howard Crofton was at Maud's side now.

"Can you forgive me? I do not deserve it, but if you only could!" he cried.

Maud did not stir.

"As for San Arpino," continued Mrs. Gresham, "he and Maud were never more than friends—warm, devoted friends. He loves a girl whom his mother detests, and Maud has been his confidante. Oh, you two mad people!" And she walked away.

"Maud, Maud!" [illegible]

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THE END.

The Hay Crop.

Haying is at hand and there is promise of an abundant crop. Should the weather continue wet, curing will be pursued under difficulties. Of necessity, farmers will have to take advantage of every dry day. Upon this subject the *Canadian Live Stock Journal* has the following:

The principal advantage of cocking, so far as the quality is concerned, apart from protecting from rain, are, that it tends to preserve the color and also the aroma of the hay, but if the hay can be cured with one-half the trouble by the use of the tedder, and the risk of injury from wetting, of what was passing, Crofton turned and dashed down the descent. He saw while running all the while that by taking a more circuitous path, one a little further on, he could reach the platform before San Arpino. The one hope was to seize him there.

Away he ran.

At the sound of his voice Maud Annesley raised her head, comprehended that help was at hand and sank back on the moss and fainted away.

On Crofton dashed—on—on!

Vines trailed about his feet and almost threw him down. Stones, dislodged by his careless steps, nearly crushed his feet. He fell—was up again dashing on—on!

Always he could see that prostrate body sliding down—down! It was going faster now! Oh, he should be too late, and this man's death would lie at his door! He had hesitated, and now he should have this awful crime upon his soul through all eternity!

On, on! The way seemed endless. The pine tree shook its deformed arms. The wind surged suddenly up with a moaning cry. The voice of the sea responded in a hoarse shout of triumph, as if exulting over its prey. The dazzling sweep of sunlight on the white rock blinded him. But he could always see that form sliding down—down, each half second an age, each step in that frantic race he ran against death, as difficult as some mad flight the soul takes through the horrors of a nightmare.

Steeper became the inclined plane. It was now slippery with moss, over which the body sped, faster still, lifted almost from the ground twice, and flung on—on. Another bound, a wilder rush and Crofton had reached the tree, and flung one arm about the trunk, to steady himself, and with the other hand and his feet struck at the body as it neared him, seized an arm helplessly extended, planted his feet on the trailing cost and—had saved his rival.

When Maud Annesley came to her senses she was half lying on a stone bench at the side of a little chapel. Farther on she saw San Arpino, supported in the hermit's arms, while Howard Crofton bathed his forehead and employed such means as were at hand to restore him to consciousness.

The hermit had returned just as Crofton caught San Arpino in that frantic clutch. Between them the two had carried the insensible man up the rocks, and then returned to place Maud Annesley beyond the reach of danger.

The unconscious party below were still resting at the little house near the Leap. Now and then the wind brought up the murmur of their voices and laughter.

Maud raised herself. She was weak and tottering. But she managed to reach the spot where the two men were at work over the senseless form.

The first sign Crofton had of her presence was when her voice, close to his side, whispered dismally, "Is he dead? Have I killed him?"

Crofton turned. A bitter response rose to his lips, but the sight of her white face checked it.

"There is nothing wrong but a few bruises and a broken arm," he said. "He will come to himself presently."

So he did. He was a little wild and incoherent in his talk at first, but he was soon able to recall what had happened, to smile at Maud and to mutter a few broken words of thankfulness to Crofton.

After a while the loiterers below were summoned. Crofton quickly silenced their eager questions and useless terror. San Arpino pronounced himself well enough to be put on a donkey so as to make the descent of the mountain, and Crofton walked by his side, and supported him in the saddle. Fortunately, when they reached the village, the English surgeon from Ana Capri was there. San Arpino's broken arm was set, and his wounds dressed. It was better that he should not run the risk of returning to Sorrento. By good luck his mother had gone up to Naples for a few days, so that the accident could be kept from her.

"Will you stay with me to-night?" San Aprino asked of Crofton. "They'll send my man and my valise over by the boat, but I wish you'd stay."

Of course, no refusal was possible. Crofton was occupied in the wounded man's chamber when the party sailed. The moon had risen before he quitted it. San Arpino was very comfortable and had fallen asleep. Crofton left the surgeon sitting by him and went out on the terrace. He came face to face with Maud Annesley.

"Miss Annesley!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had been gone for hours."

"Oh," she cried bitterly, lifting her pale face. "I may not be human, but I am not quite a fiend. Did you think I could leave this man, whom my wicked recklessness had led almost to death?"

After all it was only natural that she should remain, Crofton said to himself, for she was to marry the young fellow.

"He is asleep, they told me," she said, presently.

"Yes, everything is going well."

"I know—Dr. Green told me." She stopped for an instant, then exclaimed wildly: "Oh, Mr. Crofton, if heaven had not sent you there!—Let me thank you—do let me!"

"There is no necessity," he replied, coldly. "I have no right to thanks, either."

"You"——

"Wait. Let me finish. Miss Annesley, when I saw that man sliding down, down to death, my first impulse was to let him go—to let him die before your eyes! I was almost a murderer, you perceive."

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Four methods of curing hay, as practiced by modern hay-makers, are to be commended, though not equally applicable under all conditions.

1. Mow in the morning, use the tedder sufficiently often, and house before night.

2. Mow in the late afternoon and ted and house the next day, as in the first instance.

3. Mow in the morning, ted at midday, cock before the dew falls, and open out the first or second day and draw.

4. Mow in the afternoon, ted next morning, cock same evening, and open out when nearly dry enough to draw.

The first of these methods is adapted to the curing of hay when nearly mature, and is certainly preferable where it can be adopted. The second is adapted to duller weather, and an earlier stage of cutting; the third to clover nearing maturity, and the fourth to clover quite greener. When the weather is good cocking may be dispensed altogether, as wiarows will answer every purpose.

Fanaticism Fitly Rebuked.

The Jews are good haters. If they are wronged, especially in a commercial or financial way, they generally succeed in making the wrong-doers repent in the end. Judge Hilton excluded them from his hotel at Manhattan Beach; in two years they had diverted trade enough from the great dry goods house of A. T. Stewart & Co., to which business Judge Hilton had succeeded, to wreck the custom, and the great concern closed its doors. There has been a crusade for years against Jews in Vienna. This has been one of the great corn markets of Europe, and Jewish capitalists control a large portion of the corn trade of the continent. The Jewish corn factors now stay away from Vienna, and the glory of the Vienna Corn Exchange has departed. There are various kinds of boycotting, and no one need be surprised when those boycotted retaliate with the same weapon when this is found practicable. This species of persecution, like most others, brings its revenges. Besides, indulgence in hatred of a whole people because of their race or religion or success in commercial or industrial pursuits is about as contemptible a business as poor humanity can engage in. Britain, France and the United States long since rose superior to the base sentiments which not infrequently still give rise to popular outbursts against the Jews in Germany, Russia and Austria, and in the former countries politics, the bar and commerce have been enriched by the great attainments of men of Jewish birth and descent.—*Montreal Star.*

The Doddies.

Recent foreign exchanges report the exportation of 100 head of pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus cattle, chiefly selected from the North of Scotland, to the Quebec quarantine station consigned to the Quorn ranche, Calgary, Alberta, Can., which is situated in that extensive range country lying north of Montana. The cattle are pronounced a very good lot, representing nearly all of the best-esteemed strains of the breed, and four of the six b