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OUTCAST OF MILAN

CHAPTER I.

THE ROBBER KNIGHTS.—THE OUTCAST'S STORY.

The tenth century was drawing to a close, and the monarchs of Europe were taking a respite from the labors of war and conquest. Petty princes were lifting their heads into notice, and the knights of Christendom, who sought only honorable combat, were resting upon their arms, but all knights were not thus quiet. Many there were who, with no other use for their weapons, betook themselves to the darker passages of the highways, and turned robbers.

Toward the close of a pleasant day in mid-summer, a young man sat alone upon the green-sward, beneath an olive tree, not many miles north of Milan. It was a lovely spot—a vast garden of tree and shrub, with fruit and flowers, with here an open space, and there a dense, shadowy thicket of dark-leaved trees. Close at hand was the highway, but for more than an hour no traveller had stirred the dust of the beaten track. The man to whom we have alluded could not have been more than two-and-twenty years of age, though his frame had reached the proportions and developments of athletic vigor. He was not taller than the average height of men, but when he stood erect, so straight and comely was he, and such a breadth of shoulders and such a swell of bosom did he present, that the eye, taking its cue from his evident strength of nerve and muscle, gave him proportions of frame beyond his real measure. His face was somewhat bronzed by exposure, but his features were regular and handsome, and his eyes, large and full, looked out with a soft, liquid light, seeming almost tearful when resting from the call of passion. His hair was very dark—almost black—and hung in wavy masses over his shoulders, while upon his lip curled a graceful moustache. His dress was soiled and much worn. The hose, which had once been a fawn-colored silk, had grown to a dingy brown; the shirt, once white and fair, was stained and crumpled; and the doublet of blue velvet, slashed with white and crimson, and edged with gold, had lost its newness, and in more than one place some of its fabric was missing. His hat was looped up upon one side by a silver brooch, which held the remains of a much abused ostrich plume. A faded red sash confined his shirt about the loins, also holding his sword scarf in place.

The youth arose from his recumbent posture, and gazed about him.

"Where to-night?" he muttered, in a half mournful tone. He took out his purse—a net-work of silk and gold—and held it up between his eye and the horizon. "Empty—the last denier gone! For my bed the warm earth ... but this body of mine will ... and herbs. I must ... And my poor gar... me much longer ... sion ...

"We would have given you a station of power with us, and now you turn against us. But your doom is sealed. Take that!"

The robber's lance was turned from the youth's body as though it had struck a surface of solid rock, and before he could recover himself he was thrown from his saddle, and his neck pierced through and through.

Vendorme now sprang to where the fight was gathering thick and hot around the travelers; and, sounding the war-cry of God and Saint Ambrose, he plunged headlong into the fray. He fought like one who had no life to lose, and where his sword fell blood was sure to follow. His bright blade seemed to have a charmed power, for beneath its strokes the stoutest armor yielded, and nothing could stay the fury of its passage.

"The outcast has a charmed body," cried one of the robbers, as he drew back from the fray, with his lance shivered, and his sword broken. "Thrice have I laid the edge of my sharp sword upon his ragged doublet, and the effect was as though I had struck thin air."

"By Saint Michael!" chimed another of the robbers, "I'll try what virtue there is in my good sword. What ho, thou meddling villain, go wet the grass with thy blood!"

The sword descended upon Vendorme's bosom, but without effect.

"You chop at a charmed body, dog!" said the youth, and in a few minutes more he had laid the robber dead at his feet.

By this time the black villains began to waver, and when two more of their number had fallen they drew back and retreated towards the wood. There were but five of them on the retreat, for seven of their party lay dead upon the earth. Of the true knights not one had been slain, for they had fought stoutly, and had proved that they were used to war.

"Now, gentlemen," said our hero, as he wiped his sword upon his doublet, and returned it to its scabbard, "you can pursue your way in peace. I do not think the rascals will trouble you again."

"Nay, nay," cried the boy, who had been sitting out of harm's way, but yet with his sword drawn, as though ready to defend himself should the need come. "Nay, nay, my friend; we go not on until we know to whom we are indebted for this wonderful preservation. This, fair sir, is Gasper Vogel. This next is Frederic Von Brunt. And this is Ludwig Eberhard. And this, John de la Partilla,—all true and noble gentlemen, and knights of Saxony. And I, sir, am a mere boy, as you see, and am called Theodore of Hartburg. My father was a worthy knight, and a successful general; and out of the love they bore for him these kind friends give me their companionship and protection. This other individual," continued the youthful speaker, pointing to the only man of the party who had not been noticed, "is a precious rascal, as you see by his very looks. His name is Gaspard, and he calls himself my servant. Still he is a faithful fellow, and I think I love him. There, sir,—I have been frank with you, as I have a reason to be; and now may we not know to whom we are indebted?"

The speaker was a fair-haired youth not over sixteen years of age; rather slight of frame; and with a face of intellectual beauty. His eye was keen and bright, and its changing light possessed a marvellous power; for Vendorme bowed beneath its influence, and at once took the boy to his soul of confidence. The four gentlemen who had been presented to him as knights of Saxony, were stout, athletic men, who showed by their very bearing that they were at home in battle. And Master Gaspard, though but a servant, was not a foeman to be despised. He was short of stature, but broad and heavy of frame, with a frank, manly face, full of honest humor.

"Fair sir," spoke our hero, addressing the youth, "I perceive that you have authority, and I would refuse nothing; but I am a poor outcast, as you must already have heard, and further than that it would not interest you to know."

"I claim no authority," said Theodore of Hartburg; "but I tell you plainly that through certain influential friends I have considerable power; and if you are in need, I may help you. Upon my soul, good sir, we owe our lives to you, and it would be poor recompense if I, who am wealthy, should leave you with only empty thanks. Come—you are poor. Ah—don't blush. It is no dishonor to be poor."

"Aye, fair sir," cried Vendorme, after a little hesitation, "I am poor—so poor that I have not even one denier that I can call my own."

"But how came it? Do you not belong hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir. Milan is my native place."

"Do you return to the city to-night?" Vendorme shook his head.

... to take him for a husband, availed her nothing, for Manfred was her lord and guardian, and his will was law. She would rather die than sacrifice herself to the embrace of the foul wretch; and as a last resort she had sought me. She sought me because she believed that I was honorable and that I would not take advantage of her unfortunate situation.

"As soon as I could control my speech, I sank upon my knees, and bade the princess to command me. She raised me to my feet, and told me she would trust me. She asked me to give her a small dagger, which she could carry in her bosom, and when I had done so she went away. Two days afterwards she came again; and, as before, she left her attendant in the hall.

"And here, gentlemen, I may as well tell you as at any time—I had not only fallen passionately in love with the beautiful princess, but she had conceived a like emotion for me. I saw it in the dewy light of her melting eye, and in the tremulous melody of her voice. Driven to desperation at the prospect of being forced to wed with the wicked Ludovico she had sought the first help that came in her way. So our meeting was accidental, and our love was the result of circumstances over which we had no control. When Rosabel had confessed that she loved me, I was stricken with a new fear. How could we ever be united? She said she would flee with me to some land where Manfred's power could not reach us. I hinted that she was sacrificing too much for me. "No," she cried. "No, no, dear Orlando, it is you who are sacrificing. I have nothing to lose, but everything to gain; while you leave your home where prospects are bright before you."

"In this way she made me feel that circumstances had brought her down to my level, and the arrangements were partially made for our flight. But we were doomed to a bitter disappointment. The servant who had accompanied Rosabel to my house proved treacherous. She had overheard our plans, and in hope of some great grain, she revealed them to the duke. Manfred was savage beyond all reason. He satisfied himself that the story of the servant was true, and then he proceeded in his work of revenge. He cast the princess into a narrow chamber, beneath lock and key, and to me he did the worst that he could do. He confiscated my property, and cast me out of the city; and his edict was, that if I was found within the gates of Milan again, I should suffer instant death. I came forth from my native city an outcast and a wanderer, with my father's sword about my loins, and a single sequin in my pocket. That was two months ago. I should have left Lombardy long ago, but I cannot tear myself away. Something whispers to me that I may yet see Rosabel again. I have heard that she is sick, and that on account of her sickness her union with Ludovico has been postponed.

"Such, gentlemen, is my story. If you think I have been foolish, I beg you will spare me your criticisms. That I have been very unfortunate no one can dispute."

Theodore of Hartburg was much moved by the outcast's story; for he was young, and the tale of love interested him. After meditating a while, he said to our hero:

"Go and catch our horses; and when you return I may have something to say unto thee."

Vendorme did as he was directed, and while he was gone the Saxons held close converse together.

CHAPTER II.

THE SILVER CROSS.

When Orlando returned with the horses, Theodore of Hartburg was ready to receive him.

"I have been talking with my companions," said the boy-count, "and we find that we must do something for you. But you will understand this one thing to begin with: We do nothing in charity—we but pay you what is your due. So that point is settled. Your story has more than interested us—it has warmed us in your favor; and we are inclined to help you as we can. Is there not a tournament of some kind on the way of preparation in Milan?"

"Yes," replied our hero. "There is one to come off in two weeks, or thereabouts."

"Were ever you in armor?"

"Very often," said Orlando, with a smile. "For two years I taught the use of the lance, axe and sword; and some of the best swordsmen in Milan have been my pupils."

"You must have been very young for such exercise," remarked de la Partilla.

"So I was," returned our hero; "but my father was accounted the most excellent teacher in all Lombardy; and as I ... strong of my age, with the advantage ... early and constant education, I ... expert very soon after I advanced ... hood."

"Good!" exclaimed ...

after a while our hero put up the quaint monogram, and went to bed. On the following morning he was early astir, and before another night he had crossed the Po and stopped at Piacenza, where he purchased a suit of clothes a little more becoming to an individual who was about to visit a prince. On the next day he made an early ride to Parma; and by the middle of the following afternoon he was in Modena. He sought a respectable inn, where he passed the remainder of the day, and on the next morning, at an hour when he learned that the count gave audience, he sought the palace; and, in his turn, he was admitted to the prince's presence.

Alfonso of Modena was a large, handsome man, fifty years of age, and was accounted one of the wisest rulers in Italy. He received our hero kindly, and asked what his business was.

"I have a letter for you, my lord," replied Orlando, advancing and extending the parchment.

The count took it, and when he had cast his eyes upon the monogram he gazed up with a curious look upon his visitor.

"Where did you get this?"

"Near to Milan, my lord, I met a party of travelers, who represented themselves as knights of Saxony. They were set upon by a band of robbers twice their number, and I helped them to overcome the foe. One of them was a youth—hardly passed beyond his boyhood—and he gave me this missive for your highness."

"Do you know who he was?"

"Only that he called himself Theodore of Hartburg."

The count returned to the parchment, and when he had read its contents, he looked again upon our hero. This time there was a smile upon his face, and his expression was friendly.

"Art thou Orlando Vendorme?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And do you know why you have been sent hither?"

"No."

"Do you imagine it was for good, or ill?"

"I cannot tell, my lord; but I should judge that a youth of such honest appearance would not, in return for the service I did him, send me on a mission of evil."

"You are right. You have been sent here for something of benefit. But tell me, whither was Theodore traveling?"

"I do not know whether he went beyond Milan or not; but I judged, from what he said, that he would be in Milan in the course of a few weeks."

"Do you know who were with him?"

"Yes, my lord. There were Gasper Vogel; Frederic Von Brunt; Ludwig Eberhard; and John de la Partilla, all knights of Saxony—"

"And all true gentlemen," cried the count.

"And," added Orlando, "there was a fellow called Gaspard, who seemed to be a servant to Theodore."

"Aye—I know the fellow well."

"Perhaps, my lord, you can tell me who this Theodore is."

"He is a friend of mine, sir; and one to whom I feel bound to grant any favor he may ask. I am deeply indebted to him through his father. But, let your curiosity touching the young lord of Hartburg pass for now, and listen to the word he has sent to me. I will show you what return he makes to you for the service you have rendered him."

Alfonso turned to his page.

"Go find the herald," he said, "and bid him attend me here with four of my trusty knights."

After the page had gone, Alfonso asked our hero some questions touching himself, and finally learned that he had been banished from Milan by the Duke Manfred.

"I knew your father well," said the count; "and I am indebted to you through him. He gave me my first lessons in the use of arms; and he made for me the armor which I wear when I would be safe from the strokes of lance and sword. So, you see, I obey the request of Theodore with some pleasure to myself. Ah—here comes my herald."

The individual thus alluded to—a middle aged man, bearing a golden staff—entered the audience-chamber, followed by four gentlemen who wore jewelled crosses upon their breasts.

"Sir Herald, and you, noble gentlemen of my household—I have called you to assist me in a work I have in hand." The count spoke thus to the new-comers, and then he turned and gave some farther directions to his page, who again left the apartment. After this he arose and came down from his high chair.

"... he said, "before ... the Silver

A Farmer's Tale of Woe.

THE INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF A GRENVILLE CO. MAN.

His Spine Injured While Working in the Woods—A Long and Painful Illness Followed—How He Regained Health and Strength.

There are few readers of the Recorder who are not familiar with the fact that Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People enjoy a reputation for excellence, both at home and abroad, not equalled by any other proprietary medicine. That this reputation is deserved is amply borne out by the evidence of many of the best newspapers in the country, which have carefully investigated the most noteworthy of the cures following the use of Pink Pills, and have given the facts to their readers, with a clearness and conciseness that admits of no doubt as to the truthfulness of the reports. Recently a reporter of the Recorder was informed by Mr. John A. Barr, the well known druggist, that the particulars of a case quite as striking as many that have been published could be learned from Mr. Samuel Sargeant, of Augusta township, who had been benefitted most remarkably by the Pink Pill treatment. The reporter determined to interview Mr. Sargeant, and accordingly drove to his home in Augusta, about six miles from Brockville. Mr. Sargeant was found busily engaged in loading logs in the woods near his home, and although well up in the sixties was working with the vigor of a man in the prime of life, exhibiting no traces of the fact that he had been a great sufferer. When informed of the reporter's mission Mr. Sargeant said he could not say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and expressed his willingness to give the facts in connection with his restoration to health. "Two years ago," said Mr. Sargeant, I went over to New York state to work in the lumber region for the winter. One day while drawing logs one slipped and rolled on me, injuring my spine. The pain was very severe and as I could no longer work I was brought back to my home, and was laid up for about six months. I suffered a great deal and seemed to be growing worse. I became badly constipated and as a result piles developed which added to my misery. The various treatments did not appear to do me any good, and one of my neighbors advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My wife went to town and procured a supply, and I had not been taking them long when I found myself growing stronger and the pain leaving me. The pills made my bowels regular again and the piles disappeared, and by the time I had taken six boxes I found myself as well as I ever was, and able, as you see, to do a good day's work." Mr. Sargeant further said that he had been troubled with hernia for fourteen years during all which time he was forced to wear a truss. To his surprise that trouble left him and in April last he threw away his truss and has had no occasion for it since. Mr. Sargeant declares his full belief that this too was due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but whether this is the case, or whether his release from the rupture is due to his prolonged rest as a result of his other trouble, the reporter does not pretend to say—he simply tells the story as Mr. Sargeant ... One thing is certain ... his wife are ...

PREVENTION NOT CURE.

ADVICE AS TO THE HEALTH OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

What To Do With The Bodies of Those Who Die of Infectious Diseases—Every One Can Do Something to Help the Authorities.

There should never be a public or church funeral of any person dead of diphtheria, small pox, typhus fever, diphtheria, yellow fever, scarlet fever or measles. The corpses of such persons should be buried as quickly as possible, and should never be transported in a railway train or other public vehicle. Public safety demands that all such corpses be wrapped immediately after death in a sheet thoroughly wetted with a solution of corrosive sublimate (half an ounce to two gallons of water), and the coffin then closed immediately and permanently. Funeral services should not be held in the same room with the body.

All this may seem a harsh way of dealing with the sacred clay of those we love, but we cannot get away from the fact that the safety of the living should be our first consideration. Necessary prudence does not imply disrespect to the dead. And surely none of us would wish to be, when dead, the means of bringing illness and death to the living.

I have said nothing of the advances made of late years in treating individual cases of these diseases, because the real progress has been in the way of prevention. The individual case must be treated by the physician, but the higher work of prevention cannot be carried on without the hearty co-operation of fathers and mothers—of all the people in the community.

Every one can do something. Every householder can help by promptly reporting the fact when any infectious disease breaks out in his or her house, by warning his neighbors of it so that they and their children shall not be exposed to the danger.

Many people have a foolish objection to having an infectious disease placard on their houses. The objection is not only foolish, but it shows a disregard of the rights of other people. It is a crime to be the means direct or indirect, of exposing others to unnecessary danger.

As the treatment of cases of illness costs money, so the efficient prevention of disease must cost money. But prevention costs less than treatment in the long run. The efficiency of a health officer is not to be measured by the number of epidemics that he stamps out, but by the absence of epidemics.

If he keeps his town in such a sanitary healthy condition that infectious diseases do not occur, he is worth ten times the money paid to him. If each village and city were to pay annually for a health organization as much money as is spent for the fire or police department, the money would be invested at a high rate of interest.

A Negro Growing White.

A Philadelphia doctor has been lecturing on a most peculiar case lately. Thomas Cleveland, a negro, commonly called "Uncle Tom," has evoluted into a white man. Uncle Tom states that he is about 66 years of age, and says that he was born in the neighborhood of Washington, D.C., either in Maryland or Virginia. At an early age he and his mother and brother were taken south and sold to a planter in Hart county, Georgia. Prior to the war he worked as a plantation laborer, and since then has been what is known as a cropper, tilling the soil on shares.

At the age of 17 his skin began to turn white in patches. Now his entire epidermis, save a few patches the size of a nickle on his cheek bones, is white. When these patches disappear, which the doctor says will be probably within a year or six months, Uncle Tom ... as white as any man and ... to distinguish him from ... save his kinky hair and ... tion of his head. The ... cases of a partial ... not unu... loss ...

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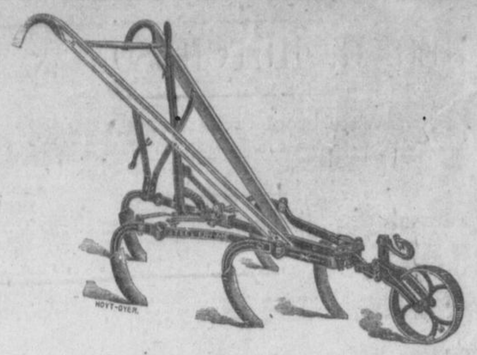

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