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CHAPTER I.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

"I do not drink with a thief!" D'Entrangues spoke in clear, distinct tiones, that rose above the hum of voices, and everyone caught the words. In an in-stant the room was still. The laughter on all faces died away, leaving them grave; and twenty pairs of curious eyes, and twenty curious faces, were turned toward us. It was so sudden, so unexpected, this jarring discord in our harmony, that it fell as if a bolt from a mangonel, or a shot from one of Messer Novarro's new guns, had dropped and his voice was kind, "this is not an affair in amongst us. Even that, I take it, would to be settled with a poniard thrust." have caused less surprise, although for the present there was a truce in the land. Prospero Colonna turned half round in his seat and looked at me. Our host and commander, old Ives d'Alegres, who was pouring him self out a glass of white vernaccia, held the decanter in mid-air, an expression of blank amazement in his blue eyes. Even the Englishman, Hawkwood, who sat next to me, was startled out of his habitual calm. Every eye was on us, on me where I sat dazed, and on D'Entrangues, who was lean ing back elightly, a forced smile on his face, the fingers of one hand playing with the empty glass before him, whilst with the other be slowly twisted his long red mustache. I was completely taken aback Only that afternoon I parted from D'Entrangues, apparently on the best of terms We had played together and he had wor my crowns. It is true he was not paid a full at the time; but he knew the word of a Savelli. On leaving, Mone. D'Entrangues asked me to join her hawking party for the morrow, and he urged the invitation. I accepted, and backed my new peregrine against D'Entrangues' old hawk Bibbo for ten crowns, the best of three flights, and the wager was taken. Never, indeed, had I known him so cordial. I did not like the man, but for his wife's sake was friendly to him. Of a truth, there were few of the youngsters in Tremouille's camp who were not in love with her, and some of us older fellows too, though we hid our feelings better. I was grateful to madame. She had been kind to me after the affair of San

her husband. I do not for one moment mean to imply that Doris D'Entrangues was perfection. I knew her to be wayward and rash, sometimes foolish, if you will; but withal a pure woman. I soon found she was unhappy, and in time she got into a way of confiding her troubles to me, and they were not a few, for D'Entrangues was-what all men knew him to be. Finding that I could be of help to madame, I avoided all difference with the husband, and for her sake was, as I have said, friendly to him. Perhaps my course of action was not prudent; but who is there amonast us who is always guided by the head? At any rate, I explated my fault. and paid the price of my folly to the end of

Miniato, when a Florentine pike somehow

found its way through my breastplate. Indeed, I may say I owed my recovery to her

nursing. In return I had been of some serv-

of camp life made me fully appreciate the

her beauty and her talent; and she, on the

other hand, felt for me, I was sure, only

that friendship which it is possible for a

the measure. with the man's words buzzing in my cars, a curious recollection of a scene that occurred about a month ago came back to me. ★ Madame and I had overridden ourselves. hawking, and I had dismounted at her request and gathered for her a posy of yellow coronilla and searlet amaryllis. This, in her quick, implusive way, she held to her hasband's face when we met him, a half league or so on our way back, saying: "See what lovely flowers Di Savelli has given me!" Ife snatched them from her hand, and flung them under his horse with an oath, adding something which I did not catch. Madame flushed crimson, and the incident ended there, for I did not care to press the matter.

It all came back to me now, in the oddest manner, as I sat staring at D'Entrangues. He had come in late to the supper, and. after greeting D'Alegres, slipped into the seat opposite me in silence. Across him two men were discussing a series of thefts that had recently disturbed us. They were not common thefts, such as are of daily occurrence in a military camp; but were the work of some one both daring and enterprising Even then the matter would not have attracted the attention it did but for the loss of a ruby circlet by Duchess de la Tremoudle, which, besides its intrinsic value, was the gift of a king. Mme. de la Tremouille made an outery, and the duke, as the matter touched him, was leaving no stone unturned to find the thief. It had come to be that every robbery in the camp was put down to this same light-fingered gentleman; and Visconti, one of the two men who were discussing the question, was loud r tamenting the loss of a rare medallion of hich he had just been relieved. Throughord, but maintained a moody silence. hen the wine was circling round I, being

husband of madame made some rallying al lusion to our match for the morrow, and

offered to drink to him. His reply is known. The silence which followed his speech was so utter that one may have heard a feather fall; and then some one, I know not who, laughed shortly. The sound brought me to myself, and in fury, hardly knowing what I was doing, I jumped up and drew my dagger, but was instantly seized by Colonna and Hawkwood. The latter was a man of great size, and between him and Colonna I was helpless.

"Give him rope," whispered Hawkwood.

The whole room was in an uproar now, all rowding around us; D'Entrangues haifrisen from his seat, his hand on his sword, and I quivering in the grasp of my kind enemies. Old Ives d'Alegres rushed forwards, "Silence, gentlemen!" he called out, "remember I command here. Savelli, give up that dagger; D'Entrangues, your sword New, gentlemen, words have been used which blood alone cannot wash out. d'Entrangues, I await your explanation!

"Liar!" I shouted out, "you will give it to me at the sword's point," and big Hawkwood's restraining arms tightened over me

"Thanks," replied D'Entrangues, "you remember the sword at last; a moment before I saw in your hands your natural

"A truce to this, sirs! I await you," in

terrupted D'Alegres.
"Your pardon," said D'Entrangues. "Gentlemen, you want an explanation. It is simple enough. We have a thief in our

midst, and he is there,"
"A thief!—Di Saveiii!" called out a dozen voices, and Ives d'Alegres said: "Impos-sible! you are mad, D'Entrangues."

"No more, sir, than you, or anyone of us here. I confess, though, I thought I was mad when I first knew of it, for this man has been my comrade, we have fought side by side, and he has borne himself as a gallant soldier. I thought I was mad, I say, when I first knew of this; but the proofs are too strong."

"What are they?" D'Alegres spoke very

"You shall have them. You all know there have been a series of unaccountable thefts amongst us lately. The duchess' rubies have gone. Hardly a lady but has lost ice to her in the retreat up the valley of the some valuable, my wife, amongst other Taro, after Fornovo-she called it saving her things, a bracelet. The thief did not confine life. In this manner a friendship sprang up his attentions to the fair sex; but visited between us which was increased by the op- us men as well. They were not common portunities we had of meeting whilst the thefts. From the circumstances attending them, the robber must have known us inarmy lay inactive before Arezzo. Long years timately, and had easy access to car quarters. Up to now the matter has been a seciety of a woman, remarkable alike for mystery. A lot of people have been wrongly suspected, and two poor wretches are new swinging on the gibbet, condemned for good woman to hold for a man who is not rething that I know of."

"It was done by my orders, sir," said D'Alegres, "the matter is beside the point." "I stand corrected, general. Some little time ago a fortunate chance revealed to me who the culprit was. I made no sign, but | Opened the value and spread the contents on a set to work until complete proofs were in my

"You have said so before. Why beat about the bush? If you have proofs, pro-

"A moment, sir. May I ask any of you to state what your most recent losses have

"My medallion by Cintalme," put in Vis conti, in his drawling voice.

'Fifty fat gold crowns in a leather bag,' grumbled Hawkwood, "the residue of Abbot Basillo's ransom. God send such an-As I sat in the now silent supper-room; other prize to me, for I know not how to pay my lances."

There was a little laugh at Hawkwood's mean, but it seen stilled, and, one by one, each man stated his latest loss

"Gentlemen, you interrupt M. D'Entrangues. Let us end this painful scene.

"There is but one thing more, sir. I ask you now to have this"—D'Entrangues indieated me with an insolent look-"this person's quarters searched.'

Whilst he was speaking, D'Alegres gave a whispered order to a young officer, who left the room immediately, although with a semewhat discontented air at being sent away. As D'Entrangues finished, the door was opened, a couple of files of Swiss infantry entered, and with them Braccio Fortebraccio, our provost-marshal. At a sign from D'Alegres one of the files surrounded me, the other D'Entrangues, and Brageio called out in a loud voice: "Ugo di Savelli, and Crepin D'Entrangues, I arrest you in the king's name!"

"At your service, provost," said D'Entrangues, with a bow, "my sword is already given up. May I ask, sir," he continued, turning to Alegres, "if you will put my proofs to the test?

At once. Provost, lead your prisoners to M. di Savelli's quarters.

"Thank God!" The expression burst from me, so great was my relief. I was sure of being acquitted, and madame or no modame, I should kill D'Entrangues the following day, even though I knew Tremonille had sworn to hang the next man caught duelling within the jurisdiction of his camp. We were, as I have stated, at Areggo, and had passed the winter there. in the truce following the expulsion of the their conversation D'Entrangues, duke of Bari from Lombardy. It had, howthough once or twice addressed, spoke no ever, become necessary to manace the pope, who was hilt deep in intrigue as well as crime, and Tremouille leaving Monsignore armed, and wishing to stand well with the d'Ambons, in Milan, marched south, and bag is not mine!"

with the aid of our Florentine allies held the Borgis and Spain in check. Acting under the advice of Trevulzio, Ives d'Alegres, and others, the duke had not entered the town; but kept us in camp near Giove, outside the walls. The gates of the city and the citadel were, however, at the same time strongly garrisoned, and Trevulzio held command within. It was all the more urgent to keep the main body of the troops outside the walls, as they were composed, with the ex-ception of a few French regularity, mainly of mercenaries, and by hobling the town with picked men, upon whom he could rely, Tremoudle would be able, in case of any change of front on the part of his mercenaries, to have them between two fires. Ives d'Alegres, who then acted as lieutenant general to the duke, was immediately in command of the camp, and had fixed his headquarters in a large villa, the property of the Accoiti, and it was here that the supper, which ended so disastrously for me, was given. My quarters were but a bowshot or two away, in the direction of the town. When we reached them I was surrised to find at the door my servant Tarbes in the hands of two of the marshal's men, a half troop of French lancers drawn up before my tent, and my own small condotts of ten lances, which I had raised for the war by pawning my last acre, all under guard. As if any attempt at rescue were possible!

I saw in a moment that this accounted for D'Entrangues' late arrival at the supper; but entered the tent sure of the results. A dozen blazing torches threw a clear enough light, and D'Alegres briefly requested the rovest to begin the search. The practiced hands of the field police did this very effeetually, but to no purpose, and I felt that the faces of all were looking friendly towards D'Entrangues seemed nervous, and his sallow check was pale.

"Send for Turbes," be said, and at a word from the provost my knave was led in. This man was a Spaniard, whom I had taken into my service, some little while ago, on the recommendation of D'Entrangues. Except on one occasion when he lost, or maybe stole, a pair of silver spurs, for which I cuffed him roundly, he had served me well. At the present moment he seemed overcome with fear, frembled in every limb, and refused to look at me.

"Signor Turbes," said the provost, "do you know what the wheel is?

The man made no answer, and Braccio

went on: 'Signor Tarbes, we want a little information which I am persuaded you possess If you give it freely we will be merciful; if you prevariente, if you attempt to conceal anything, we will do to you what we did to the death hunters after San Miniatoyou remember?

"Speak freely, Tarbes. There is no fear," I added.

"Even your master, the excellent cavaliere, advises you, and I must say advises



you well," continued Braccio. "Signor Tarbes, you will now show us," and he rubbed his hands together softly, "where the valliant knight, Ugo di Savelli, keeps his prizes of war, the spoils of his bow and spear-I was going to say fin-

"Have a care, sir," said D'Alegres, sternly, "you are here to do your duty, not to play the jester." Braccio shrank back at his look, and the general turned to Turbes: 'In brief, we want to know, if your master, M. di Savelli, has any concealed property here? Will you answer at once, or do you prefer to be put to the question?

"I will speak—say anything, my lord only have mercy. I swear what I say is true. His excellency, my master, has nothing beond what you have seen-and what lies in the leather value under this rug,'

Now this rug in question lay flat on the turf, on which my tent stood, and at the time of the search D'Alegres and others were standing on it. Owing to this, and to the crowded state of the tent, it had hitherto escaped the attention which it would doubtless have received sooner or later, for nothing ever passed Braccio's eyes. In a moment the rug was swept aside, and, as the torches were held to the turf, it was evident that it had been dug away and then replaced somewhat carelessly.

Bruccio was in his element. "Pouf!" he exclaimed, "a clumsy amateur after all? I thought better of his valor. Here! give me a pike! And hold the torches

With the sharp point of the pike he quickly cleared away the turf, and, stooping down, lifted up from the hole he exposed a small brown valise, which had been concealed in the earth. The interest was now intense. Everyone crowded round Braccio. Even the vigilance of the guards over me completely relaxed. I felt a touch on my shoulder, and, looking back, saw Hawkwood.

"Would you like to go?" he whispered, supidly. "My horse is ready saddled—you know where to find him.

I thanked him with a look, but shook my head, and the giant fell back.

'Shall I break it open, excellency?" and Braceso hald the bag out to D'Alegres. My master has the key, put in Turkes;

"I know no more" "I—the key!" I exclaimed. "Villain, the

"At bears your arms, however;" Braccio pointed to a little metal plate on which

they were distinctly engraved: You must, I am afroid, submit to the further indignity of being searched," said D'Alegres.

There was no hope in resistance, and I endured this. Braceio himself searched me, and almost as soon as he began pulled from an inner pocket of my vest a small key, attached to a fine gold chain.

"Here is the noble knight's key," he ex-claimed, "and see; it fits exactly!" He turned it in the lock, opened the valise and emptied the contents out on a rough camp table. A low murmur went up, for amongst the small heap of articles were Hawkwood's leather bag, and madame's bracelet, whilst something rolled a little on one side, and fell off softly to the turf. A soldier picked it up, and placed it face upwards on the table—the lest medallion.

One by one D'Alegres held up the articles sadly, and I looked round in my agony on the faces of these who but an bour ago were my friends. They had all shrunk back from me, and I was alone within the circle of the guards. D'Entrangues stood with folded arms, and a smile on his lips, and Tarbes glanced from side to side, like an ape seekng chance for escape. I looked towards Hawkwood, but even his face was hard and

"I do not see the duchess' rubies here," said D'Alegres.

"I am prepared to produce them to-morrow," replied D'Entrangues; "in the meantime, I trust you have sufficient proof.

"Give M. d'Entrangues his sword. You need not fight this man," D'Alegres added, pointing to me, "even if he challenges you. Were you a French subject," he said to me, 'I would hang you in your boots; as it is, I will submit the case to the duke. D'Entrangues, I hold you to your word about the rubies. Provost, see that your prisoner is earefully guarded. You will answer for him with your life.

"Prisoner, your excellency! There are

"I have restored M. d'Entrangues his Ewowii.

"There is still another," and the provost pointed to Tarbes.
"Pah!" exclaimed D'Alegres, "hang him.

out of hand—come, gentlemen!

One by one they went out. Not another look did they give me. I heard the tread of feet, and the sound of voices in eager conversation, dying out in the distance. I stood is in a dream. Tarbes had been dragged away speechless, and half fainting. When ie was outside he found voice, and I heard him alternately cursing D'Alegres and D'Entrangues and screaming for mercy. Braccio touched me on the arm.

"Come, signore," he said, "you, at any rate, have a few hours left.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPANESE HUMOR.

Some Stray Samples of It That Have Been Found in the Newspapers.

The Japanese newspapers make nearly as much use of jokes as the American press and, in spite of the differences of languages and customs, American jokes are thoroughly enjoyed by the Japs when translated into their tongue.

An example of Japanese humor is the story of two deaf men who, meeting each other one morning, indulged in this dialogue:

First Deaf Man-Good morning. Are you going to buy sake (rice wine)?

Second Deaf Man + Oh, excuse me; I

thought you were going to buy sake. A toper, feeling "headachy" after a spree, had fallen asleep. He dreamed that he had found a sack of sake and licked his chops before tasting it. "How delicious!" I - exclaimed. "It would be proper to report the find at police headquarters, but a windfall like this sake one! no! Well, shall I take a glass? No, there will be nothing lost by waiting until I warm it. He was just going to set it to warm when the midday gunawoke him, whereupon he rucfully exclaimed: "Oh, what a pity it was I did not drink it cold!"

Another story is about a dog; "You told me that when a dog barked he would leave off if one wrote 'tiger'

on his palm and kept his fist clinched. "A European dog flew at me as I was coming home late last night. So I stuck my firt out and just look how I got bilten."

"Oh! Probably it was a dog who had not yet learned Japanese writing."

In the Pursuit of Fashion.-Two oung men having met in front of a haberdasher's shop, one of them waved his hand and cried out:

"I have much to say, but business calls me home. I must put off the conversation for a few days, when I will see you at your house."

The other asked him what this business might be: whether any of his family had been taken Ill.

"Oh, no," replied the first young man. 'I have been getting a kerchief which my wife commissioned me to buy. The reason why I said Leouldn't stop is that it would be an awful thing for her to fall behind the fashion while I was laitering on the way."--Chicago Chroniele.

An Appreciative Render.

Thomas Scott, the celebrated commentator on the Bible, published an edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress with explanatory notes. A copy of this work he benevolently presented to one of his poor parishioners. Meeting him soon after, Mr. Scott inquired whetherhe had read it.

"Yes, sir," was the enthusiastic reply. "Do you think you understand it?" "Oh, yes, sir," the parishioner an-

ewered, with the unexpected and disappointing addition, "and I hope before long I shall understand the notes."-6t. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CONGRESS CONVENES

The Senate's Session Lasted Only Thirty-Three Minutes.

THE OPENING SCENES IN THE HOUSE

The Disposition of Mr. Roberts, of Utah-The Seat Drawing Contest-The Reed Rules Adopted-The Initial Bills Introduced.

Washington, Dec. 5.-Promptly at noon yesterday Mr. Frye, of Maine, president pro tem. called the senate to order, the blind chapta in said prayer and then an appropriate tribute to the memory of the late Vice President Hobart was paid. The session lasted only 33 minutes and only the most formal and necessary business was transacted. After the adoption of the usual routine resolutions and the administration to the new members of the oath of office, Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, presented fitting resolutions upon the death of the vice president, the resolutions were ordered to be communicated to the house of representatives, and the session, on motion of Senator Keane, of New Jersey, was suspended.

In the course of the proceedings of the senate yesterday Senator Carter, of Montana, presented a memorial from some of the members of the Montana legislature against the validity of the "pretended election of William A. Clark to the senate." The memorial recites that Mr. Clark did secure and procure votes in this legislative assembly by the payment therefor, and by the promise of payment therefor, of large sums of money," and the assertion is made that by corruption and bribery Senator Clark was enabled to secure enough votes to compass his election as senator.

THE OPENING SCENES IN THE HOUSE, Washington, Dec. 5 .- An enormous crowd witnessed the opening scenes in the house yesterday. The principal interest centered in the disposition of



SPEAKER DAVID B. HENDERSON.

Mr. Roberts, the Mormon representative from Utah. Those who anticipated a sensational denouncement were disappointed. The programme outlined by the republican leaders at their conference on Friday night was partially carried out. The objection to the administration of the oath to Mr. Roberts was entered by Mr. Tayler, of Ohio, as predicted, and he stopped aside without protest except to ask if by doing so he waived any of his rights. To this the speaker responded in the negative. Mr. Tayler offered his resolution to defer the case to a special committee and by mutual arrangement the consideration of the resolution was postponed until to-day in order that the routine business in connection with the organization might be transacted.

The election of Speaker Henderson and his induction into office and the appointment of the usual committees. to wait upon the president took place. The seat drawing contest with the usual amusing features went off without a hitch. The only feature out of the ordinary was the reception of the Reed rules for the present congress. They were adopted by a strict party

While the roll was being called a large floral gavel from the Union Vetcrans' union of Debuque, Ia., and a beautiful basket of flowers from his old comrades from Hyde post, G. A. R., of Dubuque, were placed on the speak-

Mr. Gardiner, of New Jersey, then announced the death of Vice President Hobart in fitting words, referring briefly to his brilliant and useful career and the profound grief with which the nation had received the news that he had passed away. Later he said he would ask the house to set aside a day to pay appropriate tribute to his memory. As a further mark of respect, upon his motion the house, at 3:50 p. m., adjourned until to-day.

Lively competition occurred in the house for the honor of introducing the first measures. By general consent everything gave way to the caucus financial bill, after which the initial bills were as follows: By Mr. Tawney, of Minnesota, to reclassify railway postal clerks, and also a bill defining butter and regulating the sale of olcomargarine; by Mr. Flynn, for free homesteads in Oklahoma.

The first joint resolution was by Mr. Capron, of Connecticut, for a constitutional amendment against admitting polygamists to congress.