

A QUILL PEN.

From a Sea Gull's Wing.

Thou wast not born amid earth's stain and soil,
And dreary din, and noise of jangled mirth;
Thou hast lived far from all our tears and toll.



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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

After a short delay, which seemed ages to me, messer the padrone reappeared with the flagon of Burgundy under his arm, and, seizing it from him, I ran back to the Albizzi Palace, and hurried up the stairs to the room occupied by Corte. Although I had been away barely half an hour, that was sufficient time to make a change for the worse in the sick girl, and I became aware that the end had begun.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEMPTATION.

I had looked upon death before; I had seen the plague strike down its victims in an hour; I had been in the hell of a sacked town, when men, women and children were given to the sword.

to his elbow as the fiends approached, and called for water. But it was not water he got. How he struggled! He cried for mercy, and I can still see the wretches as they held him down.

"Come in," I cried, and Ceci entered. In the state in which I was, I had half a mind to bid him begone there and then, and only controlled myself with an effort.

"That was a strange finish to the Gonfaloniere's speech," I said, in allusion to the death of the man at the hands of the mob.

"You will find some difficulty in persuading him to give it a Christian burial," I said. "How! Is he a heretic, or a pagan—if so?"

"I will see him to-morrow," said Ceci. "I think he will yield to reason. Poor child!" He went out, and down the stairs with the step of a young man, and I marvelled at the contradictory nature, which could show the kindness it had towards affliction, and at the same time coldly plan to remove a fellow-creature from the world.

and finally, and not least, there was in me a haunting desire to see Angiola, as I called her to myself, once again. I was pulled by different strings. There was what I called conscience, urging me to give up my schemes of revenge; there was the wild animal in me, telling me to go on; there was a feeling towards a woman, which I had honestly never experienced before.



Placing the conquest on the table.

this gentleman for, shortly, I should have observed him with greater attention. As it happened I gave him but a passing glance, catching a glimpse of a pale face, with strong, clear-cut features, and keen, bright eyes.

"So, Signor Donati, this is your answer, is it? Look to yourself, most noble excellency, for those I serve have long reach. There is, however, another thing we have to settle before I go. I shall be obliged by your paying me the sum of three crowns for rent, and other services due to the excellent Messer Nobili."

his purse. It is but a stroke of your sword we want, and here are ten gold crowns. "Begone!" I cried, in a rage, and starting up I laid my hand on my sword.

CHAPTER IX. THE MARZOCCO INN.

I tried every available means I could think of to obtain employment, to no avail, and, in the intervals of my fruitless search for work, haunted the streets and gardens, with the hope of obtaining another glimpse of Angiola, but without success.

"No Spare Hours." Mr. Hayseed (arriving at city hotel) —I s'pose I kin hear the gong here when it rings for dinner, can't I? Clerk—We have no gong. We have breakfast from 6 to 11, dinner from 12 to 6, supper from 6 to 11.

"Valueables." Mrs. Pelham—So your home burned down the other night! Did you succeed in saving anything? Mrs. Harlem—Oh, yes, indeed! My husband dragged out a ton of coal before the cellar caught!

"At the Vaudeville." "Yes, I lost my watch in the r'rfer once, and it kept on running for seven years." "The watch?" "Nah. The river."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BRYAN AND TAMMANY.

A New York Paper Has a Story of What May Happen When the Nebraskan Visits the East.

New York, Jan. 14.—In connection with the approaching visit of W. J. Bryan to New York, the Evening Post says:

It is learned that great effort will be made to get Mr. Bryan to speak, while here, on the lines indicated in recent interviews by Elliot Danforth, chairman of the democratic executive committee—that is, to treat imperialism and trusts as the main issue of the campaign.

WOULD NOT TAKE THEM IN.

Bryan Says He Would First Give the Filipinos Independence and Then the Arm of Protection.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 14.—W. J. Bryan, who passed through Kansas City Saturday on his way to Columbia, Mo., expressed himself as follows: I have for over a year been discussing imperialism and I have tried to distinguish between such an extension of the nation's limits as would not change the character of the government.

CRAZED BY ALCOHOL.

Illinois Merchant in a Hospital at St. Louis Commits Suicide After Injuring His Nurse.

St. Louis, Jan. 14.—James House, of Blue Mound, Ill., a patient at Dr. Barton's private sanitarium jumped from a second-story window Saturday and died of his injuries a few hours later.

MCKINLEY WAS BUSY.

George Dixon, the Negro Prize Fighter Strolled into the White House and Requested to See the President.

Washington, Jan. 14.—George Dixon, the former featherweight champion, who was defeated a few nights ago by Terry McGovern, and Rob Armstrong, who aspires to honors as the heavyweight fighter of the world, strolled into the white house Saturday and requested permission to see the president to pay their respects.

SAYS THRIFT IS LACKING.

Owner of Georgia Peach and Plum Orchards Tells Why There Is Depression in the Farming Industry.

Washington, Jan. 14.—The industrial commission Saturday heard the testimony of J.H. Hale, of South Glastonbury, Conn., who owns peach and plum orchards in Georgia. He asserted that the lack of thrift was one of the causes for the depressed farming industry.

Lentency to a Woman Thief.

Freeport, Ill., Jan. 14.—Mrs. Kate Cunningham and three daughters, aged 18, 10 and 8 years, were before the police magistrate here, charged with shoplifting. Although they confessed their crime, the merchants who had suffered at their hands declined to prosecute the case, and one even went so far as to give the woman the articles taken from his shop.

Fee to Witness an Execution.

El Paso, Tex., Jan. 14.—A criminal is to be executed in the Cuartel at Juarez within the next few days. The man will be shot inside the walls of the prison. An admittance fee of 25 cents will be charged all persons desiring to witness the execution. The money thus derived will go to the widow of the condemned man.