## THE VIGIL OF COUNT AMADEO.

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In the days when Vittorio was prince of Mantivoglia there resided at the court a young gentleman of high birth and great fortune, by name Count Amadeo of Castivano. So well favored was he, so accomplished, courteous and brave that there was no lady in all Mantivoglia who would not who

the hours wherein the rest danced and courted in high and abstruce meditation, and the fadics of the princess's train, although very handsome, amiable and kind, yet could not lure him from his retreat nor persuade him to exchange his gloomy musings for the brightness of their smiles. And at last he betook himself to his spiritual director and prayed the reverend father that he might be suffered to bid farewell to a world Wherein was no delight, and sanctify himself to the service of heaven by taking the vows in the monastery of St. Joseph at Mantivoglia. But Father Eusebius, knowing the Instability of human determination and how the heart of a young man may be turned by this and that, bade him wait. And, having wa'ted three menths, Amadeo returned to Eusebius, and Eusebius bade him wait again for three months. And when he came again menths.

But when a year had thus gone by and Amadeo was still stendfast, Eusebius, fear-ing lest he might be fighting against God, withstood him no more, but bade him keep vigil for three nights in the chapel of the palace and after that take the vows as he purposed. And it was spread through all the court that Coun: Amadee of Castivano would keep vigil for three nights in the chapel, and, having performed this obligation, would forthwith assume the habit in the menastery

no sooner were these tidings proclaimed than the Lady Lucrezia, chief of the ladies in a tendance on the princess, summoned all her fellows to her, and there came Jassica, Constantia and Cecilia, Margherita, Zarata and Theodora, Eugenia, Euphemia and Beatrice, all very fair ladies, among whom there was great indignation that none of them should have the power to a slight should be put on one and all of them by the determination to which he had come. "Although, in truth," said Eug-nia, bit-terly, "the blame is not ours, for he has not so much as looked on our faces, and knows not whether they be proper or uncomely." Therefore they agreed that, before Count Amedee took any vow, it was right and just that he should look on their faces. And

they took counsel together how this thing contrived, saying nothing of what they did to the princess nor to any other. Behind the altar in the chapel was a win-dow, and behind the window there was a narrow gallery giving access from the prin-cess's apartments on one side to those of her ladies on the other, and on the window

s painted a representation of Our Bissed Lord in glory. Amadeo, having fasted since noon, came the chapel a little before midnight, and

and the window was no more in its place.

but its frame was empty,
And while Amadeo watched what should follow, there came the form of a damsel, clad in celestial blue, and with a very fair face, and she looked down on Amadeo smil-ing. Strange she looked, unsubstantial and unearthly in the moonlight that shot across the ancient chapel, yet her features bore a resemblance to the features of Lucrezia, and Amadee, dimly remembering the fashion of Lucrezia's face, perceived the likeness, and fell into great trembling and agitation, making no question but that Satan tempted him in the form of this lady. And he cried out loudly, bidding the unboly vision leave him. passed, and there came another that was like to Eugenia's, but still Amadeo railed on Satan and bade him leave him; and the semblance of Eugenia passed, and there forms like to each of the princess's ladies, but Amadeo ralled on them all, and when the last was passed hid his face again and prayed in terror and with fervor, and when he looked up the window was in its place again, and the first light of day was breaking through it. Whereupon he arose gave thanks, and went his way, but he no man of the temptation which had been

sent from hell to ossail him.

The second night of the vigil of Count Amadeo came, and, behold, all feil out as on Again the window seemed to be removed, again the visions came in rich garments and with alluring smiles; but Amadeo again railed on them all with more passion than before, bidding them begone to their own place and trouble him no longer. And his tongue used them so flercely and with such lack of measure that they passed more

the ladies sat at their embreidery on the next "For tonight is the last night of the

no chance should be lost, and they have nothing wherewith to blame themselves, they resolved that once more the temptation should dismay; for she lay no longer on the bank, come to Count Amadeo in the chapel. For they were not yet persuaded that he could withstand the beauty of their faces, provided that he could with the could be induced fairly to look man.

By trice but one day, and few in the palace ke w her face, for she came from a country vil ige, being the daughter of an impoveriched gentleman who had dwelt on a small estate, but was now dead, leaving his daughter without means of subsistence, since his land had been soid for the payment of his debts. And Jacinta, who was very beautiful and surpassed all the ladies of the court in loveliness, having robed her mistress the evening before, and thus became privy to the irreverent and light jest which was afoct, stood looking on the rich grown of white comnord locking on the rich gown of white, cun-ingly broidered with gold, that Beatrice hould have worn. And Beatrice slept peace-illy. Then Jacinta stood before the mirror

(Copyright, 1885, by Anthony Hope Hawkins.) | tion of spirit he abode, till the time came

whereat the vision was wont to appear.

Again it came, the line of fair faces rich in varied beauty, and of forms each diversely and most sumptuously arrayed; the first passed, and the second, and so to the ninth; and the ninth, perceiving a tenth behind her, and knowing nothing of Beatrice's sickness, gave place to the tenth, and all who had passed stood in the gallery, sore with the railing Amadeo had poured out on willingly have had him for her husband, and all his companions in arms envied Amadeo greatly for the indications of ready favor which were bestowed on him.

But to Amadeo these things were as the beauty of sky and sea to a man that is blind.

Love was a stranger to his heart; he spent lave was not relied in railing, as always before, but an absolute silence fell. always before, but an absolute silence fell and endured for many minutes. And fear suddenly possessed the nine, and their terri-And fear

fied eyes asked one another what the mean-ing of this stillness might be.

Then there came a great ery from Count Amadeo. For, springing to his feet and stretching out his arms toward the vision. The test were of hell, but surely this is

an angel from heaven!" and he leapt for-ward, as though he would have sprung on the altar itself, since thus only he could reach the vision. But Jacinta in alarm drew away and hid herself from him, and he, beholding her no more, fell prone on the floor of the chapel and lay there as though he had

Alas! that envy should find a place beside youth and beauty! Yet it is hard for proud ladies to endure, that a waiting maid should be hailed as an angel from heaven and they declared to be demons from hell. Great and hot was the wrath of the princess of Mantifor three months. And when he came again voglia's ladies when they found in Jacinta. Eusebius would not receive him yet for six the maid of Beatrice, her who had borne off from them the victory, and thus marvellouely overcome the constancy of Count Amadeo. Surely," they cried, "all men are fools,

and this count a fool above all men. We se this girl for ourselves, and where is he beauty?" But though they could not find beauty, they found presumption and insolence. and, laying hold of poor Jacinta, they huerled her to where Bratrice lay, and, havin aroused Bratrice, showed her Jacinta, clad i her mistress's robe, and now for fear weet ing bitterly.
On the sight all sickness reemed to leave

Beatrice. She sprang up, full of anger, and with her own hands tore off her robe from Jacinta's shoulders, and took the silken core that had girdled Jacinta's waist and beat he with it, the rist standing by and saving the Jacinta came cheaply off. And when Beatric bad heaten her she compelled her to put of again her own worn and scanty raimen having given her a few pence, bade her bo we'n Amadeo from a religious life, and that gone from the palace and show her face ther no more. And the rest also bade her begon-quickly, for, add they, it was not fitting that such an insolent wench should remain among

Thus they drove her forth, and she wen out from the palace before day dawned, weep-ing very sadly and bemeaning herself greatly because she had not withstood the tempta came upon her, Sore heart, and her shoulders also, and her tears fell fast. Yet still she remembered that fell fast. Yet still she remembered that Count Amadeo had hailed her as an angefrom heaven. Thus she went her ways, an the princess's ladies returned to their apart

But Count Amadeo lay till dawn on the floor of the chapel. Then he rose up in sore disarray and in great trouble of mind, for he could not tell the meaning of the vision, and fell into much perplexity. Now it seemed to him that the vision was of a saint, and pur-ported that he should the more steadfastly steadfastly fixing his eyes on this window, fell into a mystical reverie. Thus he abode for two hours, and then hid his face in his he feared that netwithstanding his cry the hands and prayed. But as he prayed he heard a sound from the direction of the windew, yet for a while he did not look up. But the sound came again and he looked up.

But the sound came again and he looked up. him, and would not be thrust away. It filled his thoughts, and he seemed still to see it as it had looked down on him from the window of the chapel in rare and matchless

beauty. And as he pendered it seamed to him a impossible thing that he should take the vow before he were resolved of these doubts, for now there was nothing in this world-no, no in the next- so near to his heart as to learn certainly and without error what the meaning of this vision should be. Yet he did not tell Father Eusebius of his vision, but sent him word that certain affairs of moment called him from Mantivoglia, and, having eaten and drunk and thus gained strength, I the next day tode forth alone from the city But none knew why he went, and none masons (to whom Lucrezia gave a fee the chapel; for had the princess learnt what her ladies had done, they would have been in danger of suffering things hardly less cruel than those that they had inflicted or Jacinta. Therefore they held their peace, and when they were asked of Amadeo, shrugged their shoulders, saying. "We know naugh

When Jacinta went forth from the city, no knowing whither to turn for shelter nor what lay before her save to perish miserably so soon as her smail store was spent, she walke she feared to take the highways. That night she lay under the stars and all next day walked again, until in the evening she found herself in a lonely country, where a narrow swift river ran down from the hills through a desolate ravine. Her pence were gone it bread and the bread was eaten; she drank the running river and sat long on its bank.

Then, rising, she followed the course of it and night found her still baside it, weary and vigil, and although his highness's masons footsore, like to throw herself into the water will again shift the window for us, what profit is it, since he is persuaded that we are would not die, believing that it was not for And all the ladles were very melancholy from heaven; and she was thinking on his and greatly affronted at the conviction in reand greatly affronted at the conviction in regard to them that possessed the mind of Count Amadeo. Nevertheless, in order that

withstand the beauty of their faces, provided that he could be induced fairly to look upon them.

But when the evening came, it chanced that the Lady Beatrice was seized with a sudden sickness, and lay on her bed, moaning and almost beside herself, and her maid Jacinta bathed her brow and chafed her hands

Jacints bathed her brow and chafed her hands and sang to her soothingly, until at length the afflicted lady fell asleep. And the hour when they should all be in the gallery between the should be hovel, roughly built from the stones that lined the river's edge. Standing in the doorway was an old woman, gaunt and of great stature, and by the side of the old

> ously. But the old woman plucked her down from the saddle, and cuffed her, telling to cease her tumult, while the man

by the time he came to the village; his horse was good, the equipment of it most handsome, and doubtless there was money

handsome, and doubtless there was money in the rider's purse.

To all this Jacinta listened, but then the two knaves leant their heads so close together that she could hear no more, and when the old woman came and heard what her grandsons whispered to her she cast a talked low in the room without and the black he-goat bleated incessantly.

Then a storm broke, with thunder, lightning, and a flood of rain, and in the midet of the turmell there came the sound of horats' hoofs that stopped before the door of the lovel.

the hevel.

of the hevel.

Jachta raised her head and listened, and presently she heard the voice of a gentleman asking for shelter, and the old crone's voice answering with such smoothness as its cracked tones could achieve; and there was a stir in the room without as though prepara-tions were made for the stranger's entertalament. An hour went by: Jacinta heard heavy steps pass over the threshold; then voices said: 'We bid you good night, my lord. We lie by the horses, if you have need of us." And then all was still.

Now the crone had charged Jacinta on no account to betray her presence by any noise or to come forth from the closet, promising her a sound beating in case she should disbey; yet a very great desire came on her to size who the stranger might be, and to warn e not sleep too soundly, for, having heard that the young man said of his horse and his purse, she conceived that they meant no good by their hospitality. But for fear of being beaten she lay still, and from weariness fell into a restlers slumber.

And a dream came to her, wherein she

semed to be in the outer room and no longer in the closet, but bound hand and foot and eith a handkerchief tied across her mouth o that she could not utter a sound, while bifore her stood the crone with a hatchet in er hand and the young men with a knife, and on the pallet in the corner lay the stranger; and in her dream the stranger had the face of Count Amadeo. Then the black he-goat began to bleat loud and strangely, and when he bleated the two

no more, and the second drove his knife a day on which he should come, and pressed through the muscles of his right leg, so that on the work that all might be ready. he could scarcely stand.

But his soul was strong and stout within

the second was on Amadeo, springing on the pallet and selzing the count so tightly that he could no longer use his sword, but dropped it; and the two fell together on the bed and rolled over and over, the robber sceking to stab Amadeo, and Amadeo endeavoring to get the knife into his own hand,

Thus they struggled for many minutes. But Amadeo felt bie streagth ebbing from him and because his left arm was numbed he could not maintain his grip. Yet he could not believe that a gentleman of his rank should die thus at the hands of a knave, nor that heaven, having preserved him by the vision of his saint, should now withdraw its

Suddenly he loosed hold on his enemy and sprang nimbly away from him; but as he sprang he felt the dagger in his side. Ye he stayed not, but leaping from the pallet snatched the club from the dead man's hand. nd turning, dealt a mighty blow at the head of the other as he rushed on, knife in hand. Even as he struck this last great Count Amadeo's eves grew dim, his head swam, and his feet gave way under him, for the blood was flowing from his side. But the blow had done its work, and he sank fainting between the two that he had slain.

And thus, lying unconscious between his dead enemies, he was found by a shepherd in the early morning, and was by him carried to the nearest village and lay there many days on the edge between life and death And when he came to himself, he told al that had passed, save that he said naught of the vision that had been vouchsafed to him nor toll how its coming had saved his life But when at length he was healed, he mounted his horse and set out for his own house at Castivano, saving to himself: coung men with the knives stole nearer and come to me is the vision of Saint Emilia



COUNT AMADEO FIGHTING THE ROBB ERS.

earer to the pallet where Amadeo lay, with who has ever been the protector of our house. their cruel knives uplifted in their hands. Therefore I will raise to her at Castivano a fair and magnificent shrine, so that all men ated loud: still Amadeo slept, and the two may speak im, while the arm of the other was raised fasting, charity, and prayer,

a low cry and sat up, raising herself from Emilia was spread throughout all the princi-her heap of straw; and she mouned in ter-pility of Mantivoglia. "Am I awake, or do I dream still?" For from the room without she heard the bleating of the black he-goat. Then, hardly knowing whether she slept or were awake, but full of fear, she sprang up, and, drawing back the bolt of the door, flung it open wide ind cried in a loud voice: "Awake, Count Amadeo, awake!"

thing was as she had seen in her beauty, and, knowing it for the face that he had beheld from the window of the chapel. ne eried, "My saint is with me," and flung himself on the robbers, seeking to break through them and come to Jacinta.

But they, being stout rogues, withstood seaking to brain bim, while the other watched warily how to stab him. And the old woman, uttering loud curses, turned on Jacinta and rushed at her, swinging the axe in her hand, and Jacinta, in new terror, dared not await the issue of the contest be-But the old woman, fearing fest Jacinta should escape and carry tidings of what had been done, gave chase, and pursued her out the old war seemed near weeping, and the old man seemed near weeping and the old man seemed near weeping also when he heard how she had nar-

was persuaded that she could look for no mercy if she were caught; yet she Amadeo's name.

Count Amadeo kept vigit in the chapel, and tonight there was exultation in his eyes and tenight there was exultation in his eyes count were here!"

and a smile of rant exitacy on his lips, for he morning the old crone dragged her curries and cries grow fainter, till at last of whom he ga hered round him and enhanced to seek her curries and cries grow fainter, till at last of whom he ga hered round him and enhanced to seek her curries and cries grow fainter, till at last of whom he ga hered round him and enhanced to seek her curries and cries grow fainter, till at last of whom he ga hered round him and enhanced to seek her curries and cries grow fainter, till at last of whom he ga hered round him and enhanced to seek her curries and cries grow fainter, till at last of whom he ga hered round him and enhanced to seek her curries and cries grow fainter, till at last of whom he gas hered round him and enhanced to seek her curries and cries grow fainter, till at last of whom he gas hered round him and enhanced as a same of the river was rail and swollen, so that sne in iron, in bronze, in silver and in gold, painta heard painters also, and those who lid mosaic, all of whom he gas hered round him and enhanced as a rapidly carried away, and last of whom he gas hered round him and enhanced as a rapidly carried away, and those who lid mosaic, all of whom he gas hered round him and enhanced as a rapidly carried away, and those who lid mosaic, all of whom he gas hered round him and enhanced as a rapidly carried away, and those who lid mosaic, all of whom he gas hered round him and enhanced as a rapidly carried away, and those who lid mosaic, all of whom he gas hered round him and enhanced as a rapidly carried away, and those who he can be the voice. "You are the curried away, and the round him and enhanced the round him and enhanced away, and in mosaic and the round him and enhanced away, a

ere on him with a spring; the one held And her I will serve all my life long with nd the knife poised over his heart.

But when Jacinta saw this she awoke with to Castivano to build a g eat shrine to Saint

So soon as day had dawned Jacinta was on her feet fiying from a spot full of terrors; and although she longed greatly to know how Count Amadeo had sped, yet for fear of the dead crone's grandsons, and of the dead crone herself, and more than all of the black herself. And the thing was as she had seen in her goat (for what that goat was God alone Iream, for as she cried the two young men knew) she dared not return to the hovel, but were springing on the stranger, while the old set forward at her best speed straight away woman stood by, holding the hatchet which from the river; and having walked the she was accustomed to use for chopping greater part of the day, she came to a little wood. But at Jacinta's cry the stranger gray town that nested in the lap of great leapt up and seized his sword that he had blue-gray hills. There was a wood on the and for an instant Count Amadeo saw her as her face shone on him in pale and terrified beauty, and, knowing it for the face that the face shore on him in pale and terrified beauty, and, knowing it for the face that the face th "Sweet mistress, for the love of heaven do

not move Jacinta looked round in great confusion gathering her feet up out of the brook and under the grudging shelter of her scanty skirts, but to her comfort she saw only an old man of a pleasant, mild countenance, who leant against the trunk of a tree a few yards away and was drawing on a pad that rested in the curve of his arm. Jacinta blushed red, but the stranger drew near and told her softly that he dared not await the issue of the contest between Amadeo and his assailants, but eluded the old woman and made her way past her narrowly escaping the deadly stroke of the narrowly escaping the deadly stroke of the and prayed leave to draw her as she had narrowly escaping the deadly stroke of the axe, and she rushed to the door and ran out; the cool water and suffered him to draw her axe, and she rushed to the door and ran out; thus. When he had finished his work he so that all Count Amadeo saw of her was the sighed, saying: "Yet your face should make so that all Count Amadeo saw of her was the sighed, saying: "Yet your face should make momentary vision of her face, and he had an altar-piece," and he prayed her to tell

by the river's edge, and behind the old woman came the black he-goat, bleating most furiously. With desperate haste Jacinta ran, for she was persuaded that she could look betrayal by her blushes if she pronounced

for she was persuaded that she could look for no mercy if she were caught; yet she knew not whither she ran; her feet were sorely cut with the stones, and now her breath came in gasps and pants. She heard the old crone behind, and it seemed as though she drew nearer and nearer, so that Jacinta gave herself up for lost and had no longer any hope of escape. Yet even at that moment she rejoiced that she had saved Count Amadeo, and would have been content to die had she but known that he had overcome the robbers. And with her last breath she prayed for him, end was about to sink down on the river's brink and there await her doom with hidden face. But on a sudden a new hope rose in her, for a few yards ahead she perceived a plank leid across the river from side to side. Rousing herself with a great and last effort.

Then the old painter set, his arm about her and ied her to his house on the outskirts of the little gray town, and gave her over to his sister, who kept his house for him, and his sister, being old and gentle like him-self, well a sughe dover her, praying her to abide there. But Jacinta said, "Then I must work for you;" but they would not let her work, the painter crying, with a face that seemed transfigured by some strong and exalted emotion. "I have waited long for you, child! For now, behold, neither your face nor my name shall ever die!" But the old sister bade her not to head his words, but be kind to him and let him paint her when he would; thus easily should she requite them for her lodging and the food she ate.

Therefore every day, and most readily,

for a few yards ahead she perceived a place laid across the river from side to side. Rousing herself with a great and last effort, she came to the plank and darted over it, then, throwing herself on her knees, she sought to pull it over so that the crone should be unable to cross. Alas, her strength did not serve, and with a moan of despair she beheld the crone running up, brandishing the hatchet and laughing hoarsely in a cruel exultation. And the crone was at one end of the plank and Jacinta now lay in helpless terror at the other end.

But at the same instant the black he-goat also came to the other end of the plank, and, seeking to cross before his mistress, he butted at her, whereupon she, being already in a mad fury, struck at him with the

"Here's a girl for you, graudma, though also the face of Count Amadeo, having sead on her face; and she remembered also the face of Count Amadeo, having sead on her face; and she remembered him as he walked that afternoon in the gardens.

"I will see how the robe would become me," whispered Jacinta, and, having taken off her own gown, with many a fearful glance at her sicepting mistress (for sore would have been her lot had Beatrice awaked), she stipped into the white robe broidered with gold, and, thus arrayed, agoin took counsel of the mirror.

"It would be sinful," said she, sighing heavily. "Yet, alas, that so fine a gentle with man should turn monk!" And, going to Beatrice's couch, she hald her hand on her beatries' couch, she hald be committed in the chapel, with the chapel, and sand a smile of rapt ecetacy on his lips, for which she now should as and a smile of rapt ecetacy on his lips, for which she no sarred and she remembered him she had been strengthed by the chapel, and sand a smile of rapt ecetacy on his lips, for the lost of the morning the old crone dragged the way and as mile of rapt ecetacy on his lips, for the lost of the morning the old crone dragged the way and a smile of rapt ecetacy on his lips, for the lost of the word of the plant and as many and as an area of rapt ecetacy on his lips, for the word of the plant and there he he count and should turn monk!"

"Here's a girl for you, graudma, though her when to be your dated the which he went of the cold and fury, his eyes gleamed like at her, whereupon she, being already in the the goat gas and fury, his eyes gleamed like at her, whereupon she, being already in the cast gas and fury, his eyes gleamed like at her, whereupon she, being already in takelet. Then the goat gas and fury, his eyes gleamed like fire for rage and fury, his eyes gleamed like at t

fering curses and many blows, while the man and the woman lay idle in the Made. But toward evening there came another man at a gallop, who, leaping down, ran to the first, calling him brother and telling him turned and bounded away into the night on the agentleman role that way, and, not knowing where he was, must be benighted by the time he came in the willasts, his benefits to the single property of the string him word by one of his gentlemans, and prayed for the kindly day.

Bicated once mire long, loud, and (as to Jacinta's frightened fancy it appeared) in an artists and artificers desired an opportunity to display their skill in its erection or ornamication. Moreover, when the prince of Manivoglia heard what Amadeo was purpossing where he was, must be benighted by the time he came to the willasts, his on the bank, with her face hidden in her banks, and prayed for the kindly day.

Thus marvelously was Jacinta delivered, and Count Amadeo ran no less narrow a peril of his life; for the first ruffian contrived to ceal him a sore blow with his club on the left shoulder as that he could was that arm. left shoulder, so that he could use that arm | ance of gratitude, and appointed the prince

But concerning one thing he was sore dis-tressed, for none of his painters could paint wary glance at Jacinta and bade the girl take a hunch of bread and a pitcher of water and be off to her straw, for she had no more need of her that night; so Jacinta want to her closet and barred the door of it want to her closet and barred the door of it want to her closet and barred the door of it want to her closet and barred the door of it want to her closet and barred the door of it he wall, drove the point of his sword through the wall, drove the point of his sword through the wall have the sword that he wall have the sword through the sword through the sword through the sword with all accuracy and animation the bright and her b the eye of the first, and the fellow fell back in words with all accuracy and animation the and sank to the ground; but at the moment vision that he had twice beheld, yet none of the pictures were like to what he described In truth, small wonder need there be that it was sc, since none of the painters had seen Jacinta, and the spoken word, howsoever cloquent, is powerless to render the color and the grace of form that make beautiful

the living countenance and shape.

But at last Amadeo made proclamation that a great sum should be paid to the painter who should paint him the fairest picture of Saint Emilia for the altar piece, and the news of this proclamation come to Giacomo through the mouth of a wandering friar, he went into his house, and having prayed long on his knees, took his brushes and painted.

Great and gay was the cavalcade that set forth from Mantivoglia to go to Castivano; there rode the prince, his nobles and gentlemen, there the princess and her ladies. All were full of jest and merriment, and they went along at a round pace, the mounted servants clearing the way before them.

On the road they passed a covered wager driven by a gray-haired old man, and a oung gallant, catching sight of a girl's reloak in the wagon, would have had out the hidden beauty, but the prince checked his freedom, and the cavalcade rode by. But Jacinta looked cut and saw Beatrice as she passed, and she shook her head with a laugh, for Jacinta had persuaded Giacomo to bring her with him when he came to offer his picture of Saint Emilia to Count Amadeo, and he had agreed, blidding her by a promise to abide in their lodging and not wander alone through Castivano, nor let herself be seen by the gentlemen of the court. Count Amadeo received their highnesses

and the company with splendid pomp and graceful countesy; yet there was a cloud on his brow, and in his demeaner a sadness, which neither the admiration paid to hi shrine nor the gay smiles of the princess's ladies could dismiss. And, so soon as he had bestowed his guests suitably to their respective rank and pretensions, he returned again to the shrine and sat down opposite to the altar, his eyes traveling round the shrine that he had built. And he sighed deeply as his glance returned to the space above the altar, where there hung a curtain of black velvet. But presently his steward approached him, saying:
"My lord, there is yet another painter

ome, bringing a picture which he desires to "I'll have no more of them," cried Amadeo

impatiently. "The place of the picture shall be empty, for my eyes can fill it better far than any painting that has been brought to me. Give this painter also what suffices for his charges and his labor and let him go." But the steward pleaded with Amadeo, saying that the man was old, and that his eyes had filled when told that Amadeo had leclared that he would look at no more "Let him come, then," said Amedeo wear-

"My lord." said the steward, humbly and with some fear, "he prevailed on me to allow him to set the picture in its place that you "Neither he por you had right to do the

thing," said Amadeo, "but since it is done, pull aside the curtain." Then old Glacomo, who had been stand-ing concealed behind an arch, slipped forward and bowed low to Amades, who flung him a careless nod, and he laid his hand on the string, and, drawing back the black curtain. displayed the picture of Saint Emilia that he

At once Amadeo sprang to his feet with a loud cry, and stood with clasped hands and it, and it seemed to him ten thousand times his eyes set greedily on the picture. Prespore fair than Giacomo's picture. Therepicture, he beckened with his hand to Gia-

come, who came near to him timidly. And Amadee said in a hushed voice, his tones being full of awe: "How came the vision to you? How for and hid its face. you also was the veil of heaven drawn back ind the face revealed?" Giacomo, bewildered by the strange manner of Amadeo, and remembering how men said that the count was subject to delusions and

cometimes was carried out of his right mind by religious ferver, and especially by his unmeasured devotion to Saint Emilia, stammered in his answer, saving lamely that he that the result was pleasing to his excel-But from whom did you get the features?" ried Amadeo fiercely.

"The model is something, my lord," answered Glacomo. "But the hand and the pallet are more." For fair as he held the girl to be, it seemed to Glacomo that his picture was much fairer. But Amadeo's ind was different.
"It is very like her," he whispered with a

sigh, "although less beautiful." And he added to Giacomo, "Come, sir, the picture shall stay in its place at what price you will. and, I pray you, come with me to the prince.

And he carried Giacomo to the prince of Mantivoglia, who sat in the gardens with his sented Giacomo to his highness, commending his skill and genius and praying the prince to show him some mark of favor.

"Right willingly," cried Prince Vittorio, "But come, let me see for myself." And herese, and, followed by the princess and all the court, took his way to the shrine where the picture hung. And the princess's ladies were curious above all the rest to see the pic ceived a new excitement in the eyes of Count Amadeo.

Then, they all being come to the shrine mand that the curtain should be drawn back and his highness gave command accordingly.

And at once a murmur of admiration rose from all, and the prince, turning to Giacomo who stood by, embraced him and hailed him for a great painter and a glory to Mantivoglia; while the princess gave him a gold chain from about her neck, and, turning to her ladies, bade them see the marvelous beauty of the picture. The ladies answered nothing to the princess, although they curtseyed in respectful obedience; but Beat-Eugenia, "It is she!" Constantia murmured softly, "God save us!" Jessica, Margherita, Cecilia, Zarata and Theodora laid fingers on

And they all turned red and appeared very uneasy, for, notwithstanding the delusions of mon, squires, grooms, pantlers, and maids Count Amadeo, and for all old Giacomo's for all had feasted and were apt for any sport vain talk about his skill and his pallet, to them at least it was plain that this wonderful picture of Saint Emilia was nothing else than a portrait of Jacinta, Beatrice's maid, whom they had beaten and driven with contumely from the palace at Mantivoglia.

"God send that she be not here." whis-pered Beatrice, with a glance of great apprehension at Court Amadeo. For although was vexatious enough that the count waste his life in adoring a saint, and spend on a shrine what might have been laid out in revelry, feasting and jewels, it would be worse by a thousand times that Jacinta, the maid, should appear before him in flesh and blood, since most certainly in that event he would think very little more of Saint Emilia. When all the rest had praised the picture to their heart's content, and almost to the satisfaction of Glacomo himself. Amadeo, still very gloomy, bade them come to dinner, for he had spread a magnificent banquet in the ball of his house; and they sat down, the prince and princess in the center, Amadeo over against them, and Giacomo on the prin-

Here they feasted very finely and in great merriment throughout the afternoon, even the princess's ladies forgetting their uncasiness. and receiving with great complaisance the gallantries of the gentlemen who sat by them. And when the tables were cleared, the prince called for wine, and drank to Giacomo, and the ladies, rising, took partners and danced with them for the entertainment of their ighnesses.

Thus evening came and found them still at their revels, but presently Amadeo, having prayed leave of the princess, rose and went out from the hall, for he was minded to seek

night even as when he had kept his vigil in the chapel of the palace at Mantivoglia. When evening began to fall, the door of the odging that Giacomo had taken was opened oftly and a slim figure stole forth with cau lous fread. Was it just that, while ture was seen and praised, she should sit and more slone? Nay, at least she must see the picture in its place; aye, and, perchance, from

afar off she might see Amadeo himself. Gia-como had indeed charged her strictly not to ome out alone, but she would wind a shawl about her face and thus pass safe and unmo-lested by the prince's guards and the servants Come what might, the picture she would see; and if that came for which she prayed. Amadeo also she might see. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks red beneath the shawl; n truth, she had not wholly that rapt exrt of Giacomo had Imparted to his picture.

Safe and unperceived she ctole from the village up the hill, even to the minimit, where stood Amadee's house, and by it now the shrine, whose marbles, streaked in white are black, showed cold and stately in the rays of black, showed cold and stately in the rays of the risen much. The windows of the ban-queting hall were full of light, and loud merry voices, mingled with sounds of music, echoed from within. Thither Jacinta looked wistfully, but dared not go. She turned to the shrine; there all was gloom save for the dim light of candies, outshore by the moonlight's radiance

Softly she stole up and passed through th open door. She seemed still alone, save for the picture, and that she saw but faintly, for the moonbeams did not shine full on it; nay she found them full on her face as she stood just beyond the arch on the left side of the altar. Half in fright at her solitude, half in admiration of the chrine's beauty, she cast her eyes round it, and suddenly became awar of the figure of a man, who knelt before th altar, his face buried in his hands.

A tremor ran through her and she leaned against the pillar of the arch, for she knew that the man was Count Amadeo and that the was alone with him. It came into her head to fly, but she could not leave him, fo she longed to be near him, and his precent was very sweet to her. But as she stood there she heard him sigh deeply and moan pitifully, for he was in great distress of sou and struggled sore with himself, calling himself a wretched rinner and all unworthy t have been chosen to build this shrine to th honor of Saint Emilia.

Surely the heart of man, and his heart above all men's, was full of wickedness; head come thither to pray and to fall into a holy meditation on the virtues and graces o his saint, and with intent to vew his whollife to her sacred and divine service. now, alas, his heart was possessed by Satan. and he could not pray; and the service of but he was filled with a turbulent and violenlonging, and his sinful desire was that he might find some living maiden who should have the face and form of his Saint Emilia her then he would serve all the days of hi life and fling behind him the service of Emilia. And he bewailed this wicked mood striving to conquer it and to lone himself in the glory of the saint. And at last he cried eoftly:

"Behold, I am in as great peril as in th robbers' hovel! Sweet saint, grant me an other vision that I may be strengthened an confirmed in grace!" And he let his hand fall from before his face, and raised his eye to the picture above the altar.

But, alas, the picture was lifeless, duil, and cold, and Amadeo turned away from it, and gazed where the moonlight fell. Full in the path of the pale light, white in its white radiance, he saw a face that smiled on him, and that gleamed brightly, and a form i white that the light made whiter stood with hand outstretched toward bim. It seemed to him that he saw again the vision that had come to him at Mantivoglia and in the bove by the river. And, kneeling still on his knees, in an awe-struck voice and with fea-

"What is thy will?" And again he hid his face. But no answer came, for Jacinta, although she blushed rosy red, found no words in which to respond to Count Amadeo. But soon, letting his hands fall, he looked passed; but, seeing it still there, he gazed on and the eyes of the vision fell toward the And floor, and its lids drooped, and, because tones Amadeo's gaze was very ardent, presently, to his wonder, the vision raised its hands

"Show me thy face," cried Amadeo, and now he rose to his feet. There was silence for a moment, then a low, ashamed, merry laugh came, and a whis-per that said, "My lord, I dare not." "Now surely this is a strange vision," said Amadeo, and he took a step toward where it stood, but cautiously, lest it should fly from him. And he paused, asking himself what many others had asked concern-ing him, whether he were mad, and took for eal the figments of his own distempered

imagination. He dashed his hands across his eyes and looked again, but still the vision was there, and again the merry ashamed laugh struck faintly on his ear. And he had never yet heard or read, nor had any told him, of a vision from heaven that laughed and hid its face, like a maiden who was coy and yet would not willingly escape Then he sprang suddenly across the space between them, crying, "Who art thou?" and came to a stand before her, and she answered him from between the fingers that

"I am the girl from whom Giacomo "But I saw you in the rebbers' hovel," he cried. "I was servant to the old crone," mur-

mured Jacinta.

"And in the chapel at Mantivoglia?"
"I was waiting maid to the Lady Beatrice," Jacinta whispered. Then gilence fell again between them for a while, until Amadeo said in a voice that

"I pray you take your hands from your face that I may see whether it be in very truth the face that came to me in Manti-voglia and in the hovel. I do not understand how these things can be, for how came you to Mantivoglia, and to the hovel

And he put out his hand and gently grasped her hands and drew them away from her face, but she was greatly confused and did not know whether she would laugh or weep, nor what she had best say to Count Amadeo. And when at last she spoke her voice was so low that Amadeo was con-strained to draw nearer to her that he might hear her words, but she in timidity shrank back, and, since he pursued, they passed together into the shadow of the arch.

"His heart may be where it please God. swore Vittorio, who was merry with fras Cecilia, Zarata and Theodora laid fingers on ling, "but he shall pledge me in a cup of win lips, saying, "For your life, not a word of it."

And he rose and ran toward the lim." toward the shrine, all following, 1 rds and ladies, gentlemen, squires, grooms, pantlers, and maids; and the princess came also, band would not be denied her company; and they came with a merry din to the door of the shrine. But there they paused, so pure and solemn seemed the shrine in the moon-light. And their mirth died away, and they stord listening there.
"Now, on my faith," cried Vittorio of Man

tivoglia, "picty is good, and devotion is good, but it is not good that a man should forsake his guests, fair ladies and houset gentlemen. and spend alone on his knees the time that he should give up to their society and entertainment. This is not well in my Lord Amadeo. "His heart is in heaven, and not with us sir." said the princess.

"For," said the princess, "of a surety we shall hear him at his prayers. For he prays all the night through and is untired in devo And even as she spoke there came through

the stillness a low, passionate voice that said:

"For all my life, and in all my life, and with all my life. I am yours; for you only do I see with my eyes, and hear you with my cars, and move with my members. And y are life and death and the world to me." "It is even as I said," remarked the princess of Mantivoglia. And she added with a sigh: "Yet Count Amadeo is a comely remarked the gentleman

But then, to the great astonishment of all there came another voice from the shrine and although they had not heard the voice of Saint Emilia, and could not tell how she would speak, yet it did not seem to them that than all now. Yet I am not worthy of your

"Now these be fine devotions!" said the prince of Mantivoglia. And his eyes twinkled, and he gave a twist to his moustaches. And he opened his mouth to speak again, when suddenly Glacomo, who had been on the outskirts of the throng, sprang forward, crying great apparent anger;

"Jacinta, what do you there?"
His voice brought a little fearful cry from he shrine; then came Amadeo's voice, say-

Fear not; for now neither ladies nor robbars, no, nor this painter, can touch you, for my arm is about you."

And, as he said this, Amadeo came forth from the chapel with his arm about Jacinta's waist. And he beheld with astonishment the throng that stood there; but the prince ran forward and caught him by the arm, asking,

'Are these your devotions, Amadeo? Of a troth, I perceive why you would not share bem with us."
But Amadeo took Jacinta by the hand and frew her forward in a very courtly manner, and, bowing low, said to the prince:
"Sir, with your leave, I would make this lady my wife. And if you desire to know

who she is, ask the Lady Beatrice, of her highness's train." Then the prince turned to Beatrice and bade her speak, and in sore fear and terror she told all that she knew of Jacinta, save that she did not tell how she and her fellows had beaten her. And Amad e told how Jacinta had preserved him from peril in the robbers' bovel, and how he had conceived that her

face was of a saint from heaven error," said the prince, and he bent and kissed Jacinta's hand, and led her to the rincess, who received her very graciously nd said to her

"Ask what favor you will of me and it is Jacinta looked round on Beatrice and the others of the princess's ladies, and said:
"Madame, I pray you to forgive your adies the trick they played on my Lord

Amadeo in the chapel of Mantivoglia, for from it has come to me joy greater than any suffering I had at their hands." And when Beatrice and the rest heard her they ran to her and embraced her, for they had been very sore afraid what would befail them when the truth became known to the

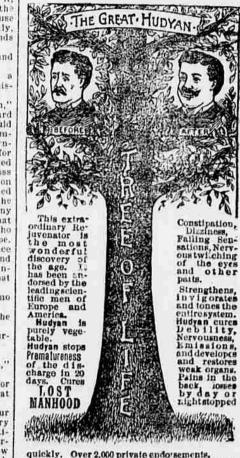
"And what of the shrine, Amadeo?" asked the prince, laughing.
"It will be the richer, sir" the count answered, "by a jewel more precious than any I had before."

And all applauded him, and they returned to the banqueting hall, there to spend the night in revel, and the next day Amadeo was wedded to Jacinta in the shrine that he had built to Saint Emilia. "For," said he, "since I have had this trouble to find her, I will take good heed not to lose her again." Now this story was told by the princess of Mantiveglia son's wife to that Prince Viterio in whose time the thing fell out, as she at with her ladies in the gardens after dinner that they might know the history of the shrine of St. Emilia at Castivano, and of the famous picture of Giacomo's that hangs there to this day. And if there be anything else that may be learnt from the story, it would seem to be that, so a face be pretty enough, it hath the same power, whenceso-ever it may come and whether it belong to a

saint in heaven or to a waiting maid.



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