

SONG OF THE TEN-INCH SHELL

From the noiseless gloom of the inner tomb They raise the drossy ore;

Now still I stand; on either hand My right companions be,

A touch, a spark, and hark! oh, hark!— Impregnated with fire,

The iron beams give, the steel plates rive To my tyrannous claim of way;



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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

When he was gone I sat down to count my money, and found I had but ten crowns in all the world.

In the middle of the promenade were two ladies, who, apparently not having partners of the opposite sex, had linked themselves together.

The street behind me was in gloom, a few yards in front of me a lamp hanging from a wall threw a dim radiance.

It was D'Entragues! He knew me as if by instinct. "You!" he exclaimed, and on the instant his sword was out.

The clash of steel, however, had aroused some of the inhabitants, and hearing footsteps approaching, I pulled myself together with an effort.

room gave me all help in dressing my injury. The dagger, which I had to extract, had gone through the folds of my cloak.

CHAPTER VI. BERNABO CECI.

I cannot say for what time I lay thus bereft of sense; but on coming to myself I saw the candle in my room was all but spent.

He was the son of that Baptista di Savelli, who was ruined with the Prefetti di Vico and other noble houses during the time of Eugene IV.

I followed the profession for which I was intended, joining the levy of the duke of Urbino, and sharing in all the ups and downs of the times.

Thinking of these things in the dark, tormented by a devouring thirst, which I was unable to quench, haunted by the impression that my last hour was come.

When I awoke I found the old attendant of the building bending over me.

To cut a long story short, I arranged with this man for such attendance as I should want, and to do him justice Ceci—for that was his name—performed his part of the contract.

I may note here that I never again saw the people who helped me when I was wounded. Having assisted me to my lodging, and aided me to dress my hurt.

Subsequently, when things changed with me, I caused public cry to be made, requesting the worthy citizens to come forward; but my attempt was of no avail.

I began with "Poliziano's Orfeo," a poor

affair, and then procured, to my delight, a translation of "Plutarch's Lives." Both these books were obtained with the greatest difficulty.

I did not neglect, whilst lying in enforced idleness, to take such steps as I could to discover the whereabouts of D'Entragues.

During my illness I had frequently thought of madame, and with the thoughts of her there mingled recollections of the dark eyes of the lady who had looked at me through her mask.

Old Ceci, the attendant, had in his way formed a sort of attachment for me, and now that I was better generally spent an hour or so with me daily in converse.

"Signore," he said, "there are those in Florence who would like things changed. We want our Medici back; but we want also a few good swords, and I could tell you of a way to fill your purse."

"Say on," I replied, and the old man, having first bound me to secrecy, informed me



Something flashed in his left hand and I felt a stinging sensation.

that certain nobles in Florence wanted a good sword or two, to rid them of a great political opponent, in order to pave the way for the return of the Medici.

I realized at once that his suggestion meant nothing short of assassination, and saw that my old acquaintance was apparently up to the ears in a political plot.

Perhaps the time will come when the minds of men will shrink with horror from crime, even for the sake of a good object.

With these ideas in my head, I was sitting one afternoon at the little window of my room, putting a finishing touch to the edge of the dagger which D'Entragues had left with me.

Maude—Aunt Mary has a lock of George Washington's hair. It has been in our family ever since the revolutionary war.

Clara—Indeed! I wasn't aware that one of your ancestors was a barber.—Chicago Daily News.

Florence, and adopted the first one that struck me, although I afterwards thought that Donati was not quite the name to win favor with the Florentines.

"War—where? Tell me." "It is this way, signore; Naples has risen, and the Great Captain has driven D'Aubigny out of Calabria.

"The devil!" I exclaimed, "this is more than I thought. The interdict is bad, Messer Ceci."

"He grinned as he answered: "Bad for the pope. Medici or no Medici, we will not have a priest interfering in Florence."

"With us, for we pay. It is said, however, that things are uncertain with them, that Monsignore d'Amboise, who is now Cardinal of Rouen, has gone to Rome, and that Tremouille is awaiting the king."

"Yes, Louis himself, and the Lord knows how many barons besides, with pedigrees as long as their swords, who will eat up our corn, and pillage our vineyards from the Alps to the Adriatic.

I had almost recovered my full strength, and was accustomed to walk out daily at dusk in order to avoid observation.

By good fortune, and a considerable amount of pushing, we made our way through the press, which appeared to me to be composed entirely of elbows.

All at once there went up a shout louder than ever, the crowd swayed backwards and forwards, then opened out, and admitted the Carroccio or war-car in Florence.

It was painted red, and drawn by oxen housed in red trappings. The great beasts had dragged the car slowly from the chapel of St. John's, where it stood in times of peace.

At the end there went up a shout louder than ever, the crowd swayed backwards and forwards, then opened out, and admitted the Carroccio or war-car in Florence.

It was painted red, and drawn by oxen housed in red trappings. The great beasts had dragged the car slowly from the chapel of St. John's, where it stood in times of peace.

Around the cars were the principal nobles of the city, and the oxen being guided to the "lantern stone," were there unharnessed.

The silence of the crowd continued for a little, and then, from 40,000 throats rang out cheer after cheer, as the sturdy citizens roared out their approval of the gage thrown down.

In the midst of all this some partisan of the Medici, hysterically excited, raised a shout of "Palle! Palle!"

"Blood of St. John!" exclaimed Ceci, "who is that fool? He will die."

"Popolo! Popolo! Death to tyrants!" I cannot tell what happened exactly; but in the distance I saw a man being tossed and torn by the mob.

"Yet the Medici will come back, signore!" Ceci whispered this in my ear, as he stood with his hand on my shoulder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANOTHER STRONGHOLD TAKEN

Men Under Col. Lockett Capture a Place Heretofore Considered Impregnable, with Prisoners and Ammunition.

Washington, Dec. 30.—The adjutant general received a cable message from Gen. Otis telling of the capture of a mountain stronghold beyond Mont Alban, northeast of San Mateo.

Manila, Dec. 30, 1899.—Col. Lockett with regiment and two battalions of the Forty-sixth, one of the Forty-fifth and a company of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, with two guns, attacked the enemy, 600 strong, on their mountain stronghold beyond Mont Alban, northeast San Mateo.

HE BRINGS PROPOSALS.

A New Filipino Delegate from Luzon Want the President to Make Some Kind of Compromise.

New York, Dec. 30.—The Journal quotes J. L. De Fernandez, who claims to be a delegate from the Filipino congress to America, as saying: "If President McKinley will decide on anything like reasonable terms for the surrender of Aguinaldo and the Filipinos under him and will inform the Filipino congress through us, its representatives in this country, the Filipinos will lay down their arms within the next month or two and the war will end."

TERRORIZING THE NATIVES.

Insurgents Who Were Compelled to Evacuate Coast Towns in Luzon Are Returning in Small Bands.

Manila, Dec. 30.—The insurgents who evacuated the coast towns between Dagupan and Vigan, fleeing to the mountains before the advancing Americans, are returning in small bands to the towns the Americans do not occupy, terrorizing the natives and Chinamen who showed friendship for the Americans.

Will Be No Fusion.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 30.—The people's party state central committee met here to-day. The state convention will be held in this city February 22. The committee believes that it will have at least 25,000 votes at the next state election.

Over 15,000 Men Put to Work.

Hartford, Ind., Dec. 30.—Last night at midnight, 44 window-glass plants, representing 1,700 pots, went into operation. These plants have been idle since last June and furnish employment to 15,000 glass workers in this state and about 1,500 in this city where the largest plant in Indiana is located.

France to Increase Coast Defenses.

Paris, Dec. 30.—The government will submit to the chamber of deputies at the beginning of January, a bill, providing for the defense of the French coasts and colonies, and to increase the strength of the fleet. The cost of the defense of the coasts and colonies is estimated at 120,000,000 francs.

Would Not Forgive His Son-in-Law.

Guthrie, Ok., Dec. 30.—At McKinley, five miles from here, John Thomas shot and killed W. C. Bayles, his son-in-law. Bayles married Thomas' 14-year-old daughter last May against the father's objections and the disagreement has since existed.

One Killed, Eleven Injured.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 30.—The Cheyenne flyer on the Union Pacific railroad crashed into the Boulder Valley train at Brighton, Col., at six o'clock this morning. One man was killed and 11 persons were injured, among whom is Mrs. Young, of Mansfield, Mo.

The Montgomery's Mysterious Cruise.

Washington, Dec. 30.—It develops that the United States cruiser Montgomery has been on a secret mission to Liberia, Africa, performed, it is believed, with a view of locating a site for an American coaling station on the Liberian coast.