

BEFORE AND AFTER.

When she married, often she Forcefully ascertained.
On the threshold-throne she'd be Sovereign sole, nor dominated By her chosen minister;
Others might be held and harried; None should dictate unto her When she married!

When she married—as she did— Found her throne of love rose-hidden, And she walked as she was bid Never knowing she was hidden. He could reign enough for two, And her maiden plans miscarried; She became the gentle shrew When she married!

When he wedded, so he said, He'd none of the bonds that tie men! She, his choice, would know who led Ere they'd quit the shrine of Hymen. She might make and mend his things; See him fed and softly bedded; He would hold the house-purse strings When he wedded!

When he wedded he would check Butchers', grocers' bills and bakers'; And would find him no soft geck Milliners and mantua-makers! He would manage stern and well, Marriage he in nowise dreaded; But the records do not tell When he wedded!
—Philip T. Roxbury, in Illustrated American.



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CHAPTER XIX.

EXIT THE ANCIENT BRICO.

I had gained my point without waste of words or time, but it was to be my way or not at all. My lady was in dire peril. Against this could I for a moment weigh any thought of myself? What cared I whether France, Spain, or the Borgias ruled in Italy? What mattered it to me whether one crafty statesman held the reins of power, or another outdid him in craft and filched away his bone? My lady was in danger, and my honor might rot, and the Most Christian, the Most Catholic, and Most Holy volves might tear each other's throats out before I would move a finger, take one step, until she was free. If I had to pull down Baglioni's hold with my own hands, I would free her. If a hair of her head was injured I should take such vengeance as man never heard of, and then—my foot caught in the carpeting of the passage, I tripped up and fell heavily, the shock sending stars before my eyes.

"Too much haste, cavalieri," and a hand helped me to rise. As I gained my feet I saw Machiavelli beside me.

"I followed you at once," he said, "but you went so fast I had missed you but for that lucky trip. A word more—if you free her, take her to the convent of St. Jerome, two miles northwest of Magione—the abbess will do the rest. I will see to that."

"Very well. God grant I succeed!"

"Amen to that," and Machiavelli took my hand. "Adieu, cavalieri, once again, I must go back to his eminence, we have a point or two to discuss yet, but no more Falernian. Corpo di Bacco! I grow cold when I think of our escape."

"Good-by, your excellency," and we parted.

I went on with a little more care, and, being a trifle cooled by my fall, was able to think better. By the time I reached my apartments I had decided on my route. I should leave by the Porta del Popolo, keep on the right bank of the river as far as Borghetto, there cross the Tiber, and on to Perugia in a straight line by Narni and Todi. It was close on three and thirty leagues; but I did not mean to spare horseflesh. As I reached the entrance which led to my rooms, I found Jacopo and my men ready, and Castor whinnied a glad welcome, pawing at the air with his forefoot in his impatience. St. Armande and the abbe, already mounted and attended by a couple of men, were a little to the right.

"I will not keep you a moment, cavalieri," I called out as I passed him, and, running up the stairs to my room, began to dress rapidly. Jacopo attended me, and, as he handed me my sword, pointed to the open window.

"A fair night for a long ride, excellency!"

"Yes, the moon stands well—my cloak—quick," and we descended the stairs.

"All ready, Jacopo?"

"Your excellency."

"Steady, Castor," and I swung into the saddle.

There was the jingle of bit chains, the clank of steel scabbards, the ring of iron-shod hoofs on the pavement, and with St. Armande by my side and my troop behind me, I left the Palazzo Corneto.

To avoid risk of stoppage I did not go down by the Alessandria to the Ponte di San Angelo, but determined to cross at the Ripetta. Therefore, crossing the Borgia di San Angelo, we went northwards by the V. d. Tre Papazzi, up the Via Cancellieri, and then, turning to the right, rode up the Via Crescenzo. To our right, as we rode, the moon hung over San Angelo and the dark outlines of the gloomy stronghold loomed like a vast shadow of evil above us. In front of us lay the Tiber, and the long line of fires of the charcoal-burners. The latter overhung by a blue cloud of smoke, into which the forked flames leaped and danced. At the bridge we were stopped by the guard, but the safe-conduct set us free, and we crossed at a slow pace. Above the hollow beat of the horses' hoofs I heard the waters churning around the piers, and, looking over the side, saw the gray river as it hummed past below me, flecked with white foam-tipped waves, chasing each other in lines of light across its surface, or, as they

broke, catching the moon rays, and dying in a hundred colors with an angry hiss. Passing through the ruined Porta del Popolo, where the breaches made by Charles' cannon were still unimpaired, we took the Flaminian Way, and galloped down the road almost in darkness, owing to the shadows thrown by the high walls on each side of us. We recrossed the Tiber at the Ponte Molle, and, still keeping the Via Flaminia, turned our horses' heads in the direction of Castel Nuovo.

Not the best horse in the world could keep up the pace we were going for long, and I was old enough soldier to know that our speed must be regulated by the slowest beast if we wanted to reach in full strength, so I slackened rein to a walk and gave the animals a rest.

Excepting once, when Jacopo rode off to make his duty to the Fountain of Trevi, I had not exchanged a word with St. Armande, indeed I was in no mind to talk; but he broke the silence with a question.

"Do we ride all night, cavalieri?"

"We have many leagues to go, St. Armande."

"Ciel!" he muttered under his breath, and I heard the abbe as he leaned forward whisper: "Courage! would you give way now? Courage!"

Clearly there was a mystery here to which I had no clew, and it troubled me. I glanced at St. Armande, and through the moonlight saw the white of his cheek, showing all the paler for the black patch he wore transversely across it; but looking at him did not explain matters.

"What the devil does this mean?" I said half aloud to myself.

"Did you speak?"

"Merely something to myself, cavalieri. Diavolo! But this is a dull ride."

"Do you think so?" and his tone softened suddenly.

I made no reply, but stirred up Castor, and we jogged along. I left the mystery to take care of itself, and mapped out a line of action. I would take only two men with me into Perugia, and send the rest with Armande to the convent of St. Jerome to await the result of my attempt to free Angiola. It sounded like foolishness to give St. Armande the control of the stronger party, especially if he meant treachery; but this I was persuaded he did not. On the other hand, a following of six troopers was a trifle too many to pay a peaceful visit to Baglioni, and might arouse suspicion, while they were too few to attempt open force. In short, if I could not do what I wanted with two men, I would not be able to effect it with six or a dozen, and made up my mind to split our party, either after crossing the Paglia, or beyond at San Fortunato.

In this manner, sometimes galloping, sometimes trotting, and at other times walking our horses to give them a rest, we reached Castel Nuovo, but did not enter the town, skirting it by our right, although one of the troopers suggested our going westwards by Campagnano, a useless detour as it seemed to me. We passed the little town exactly at midnight and the chime of bells striking the hour fell pleasantly on our ears. A short way beyond we found the road so cut into ruts and fissures that it was not possible to go at any other than a snail's pace, so that within the next two hours we barely covered as many leagues. The moon was now on the wane, the road became worse, and one or two of the horses showed signs of fatigue. Jacopo rode up beside me.

"By your leave, excellency! We have the road by Soratte to cross soon, and in the coming darkness may possibly lose our way. I would suggest, therefore, that we halt here until dawn. It will rest the horses, and with the light we could press on."

"Very well. Hark! Is not that the sound of water?"

"Yes, your worship."

"Then we will stop there."

A few yards beyond we came to a ruined temple, near which a fountain was bubbling. Here I gave the order to halt, and in less time than I take to write this the troopers had sprung to earth, the saddle-girths were loosened and all the preparations for a two hours' halt begun.

I shared a little wine with St. Armande and the abbe, and the former, rolling himself up in his cloak, leaned his back against a fallen pillar, and seemed to drop off at once into sleep.

The abbe followed his example, but my mind was too impatient for rest, and I walked up and down, watching the ending of the moon, until it finally sank out of sight, and darkness fell upon us.

Dark as it was around me, my mind was in a still greater darkness, for I was unable to think of any plan by which I could gain access to Angiola, after reaching Perugia. Time, too, was short; but that did not matter, for I was prepared to let the affair of the duets slide, rather than lose any chance of rescuing her.

A straw yet remained. Luck might be on my side, and with luck and a strong heart one might do anything. There was nothing for it but to content myself for the present with this. Until I reached Perugia I could develop no plan. So I paced up and down with an unsettled mind, and finally, seating myself on a stone, awaited the morning, alternately nodding and awakening with a start.

At last! The east began to whiten, and, getting up stilly, I touched Jacopo with the end of my sword. He jumped with an exclamation, and, recognizing me, began to apologize. This I cut short, and bade him arouse the men.

"This instant, your worship. Cospetto! To think I should have overslept myself! Ho, sluggards! Buffaloes! Awake! Think you that you are going to snore here all night?" and he began to stir the men up. They rose willingly enough, with tremendous yawnings and stretching of arms, and we were soon on the march again, through the increasing daylight.

The coming day seemed to warm the hearts of the men, and one of them broke into song, the chorus being taken up by the others, as we jogged along. When this had lasted some little time, I gave Castor's reins a shake, and off we went at a smart gallop.

Shortly after passing San Oreste the road led along the side of Soratte, and, the morning being young, besides very bright and clear, we had a glorious view. To the left lay Civita Castellana, the walls of the new citadel standing high above the town, which lay in the middle of a network of deep ravines; to the right and behind us the Sabine Hills extended in long, airy lines, and the wooded heights of Pellachio and San Gennaro, where, close to Palembara, was an old castle of our house, rose to the southeast. Above us was the monastery of St.

Silvestre, and Soratte itself reached towards where Borghetto stood, on a bend of the Tiber, in a series of descending peaks. Cool puffs of air caught us, and freshened the horses as well as our hearts, and it was a cheery party that finally reached the Ponte Felice, and entered the town. Here our safe-conduct again stood us in good stead. Indeed, we had difficulty in getting away, for the Captain Lippi, who held Borghetto for the Borgias, wished to press his hospitality on us for a few days; but on my eventually taking him aside, and whispering to him that I was bound on a confidential mission, he was, but with some little reluctance. He, however, invited us to share his table at dinner. I accepted, but Sir Armande, who was looking very weary, declined, and dined quietly with the abbe at the "Silver Eel," where I quartered my men.

Lippi was an old soldier risen from the ranks, with a head more full of drill than suspicion; but in order to remove any such weed that might be growing there I affected to be so delighted with his conversation at dinner that I begged the favor of his accompanying me for a league or so on my way, after we had dined. To this he agreed with alacrity, and I was subsequently sorry for my pains, for the old bore did not quit me until we had all but reached the Nera, and saw the campanile of St. Juvenalis rising above Narni. We did this portion of the journey at a rapid pace, as I wanted, if possible, to shake off the captain, but, mounted on an Apulian, he stuck to me like a burr, dining into my ears his opinion as to how the cross-bow was a weapon as superior to the arquebus as the mangonel was above even Navarro's new cannon. At length he wished us the day and departed, and the horses, scenting the end of their day's journey, put on fresh speed as we galloped through the oaks that studded the valley of the Nera. The river here was hemmed into a narrow ravine, and, crossing by an ancient bridge of three spans, supposed to have been built by the Romans, we climbed up the steep ascent that led to Narni, and there found food and lodging for both man and beast, at an albergo, the name of which, somehow, I have forgotten. St. Armande was quite worn out, and I saw he was unfit for any long strain. We supped together, and he retired almost at once. After supper I had a detailed examination of the horse, and found that one of them had a sore back. The trooper who owned him vowed he would not part with him, so I had to dismiss the man, which I did. This reduced my fighting strength to six men, including Jacopo. I did not include St. Armande and his followers in estimating this, putting them down to so much incumbrance, of which I would soon take care to be rid. I was anxious, however, to hurry on, and so altered my original plans a little, and in the morning, after we had gone about a league, I turned to St. Armande, and said: "Cavalieri, it is necessary for me to press on with all speed. I want you, therefore, to do me a favor."

"Anything you like, cavalieri; but we do not part, do we?"

"It is this. I am going on at once; I want you to take four of my troopers, and with



Jacopo attended to the task as if he loved it, your own following make for the convent of St. Jerome. It lies a little beyond Magione. Your arrival will be expected. If not, say you are awaiting me. Wait me for a week. If I do not come then, go back to Rome, and tell the cardinal what you have done."

"But I thought I was to go with you and share your adventure?"

"I give you my word of honor, St. Armande, that you will share in the adventure for which I agreed you should come—share up to the elbows—but you will spoil everything if you do not do what I say."

"There is no danger to you?"

"No more than there is to you; in one word, St. Armande, do you agree or not?"

"Very well."

"Then there is no time to lose. Jacopo!"

"Excellency!"

"Pick out a man, and he, you, the lackey and myself, will go on ahead. The rest can follow. I have given all other orders to the signor, St. Armande."

"There is Bando Nere, your worship."

"I am ready, cavalieri," and a tall, thin, gray-mustached trooper saluted as he spoke.

He looked the man I wanted. My lackey was a stout horseman, and at a pinch might hold a sword as well as he held my valise. So, slaking hands with St. Armande, I put spurs to Castor, and we dashed off. Turning the corner of a belt of forest land, I looked back and waved my hand in further adieu to the cavalieri. I caught the flutter of the white handkerchief the young dandy carried, as he loosed it to the air in reply to my salute, and the next moment the trees hid them from view.

We rode hard now, Castor going almost as freely as when we started. Indeed, I would have far outpaced the others, if I did not let him feel the bit once, and the noble beast, as if knowing his duty, required no further warning not to outstrip his companions.

Going as we were now Perugia was but a few hours away; but the pace was too great to last long, and from Todi to Perugia there were nine leagues and a trifle over of an ascending road. Castor might do it, the others I was sure would not. In order, therefore, to rest the horses, as well as to avoid question, I resolved that we should dine at Rosaro, and after an hour or so of rest press forwards, passing by Todi, and traveling all night, so as to reach Perugia in the morning. If we went faster, we would only reach at night, and so late as to find entrance into the town impossible.

We clattered past the villages of San Gemini and Castel Todino, and about noon drew up our now somewhat blown beasts at the gates of the "Man-at-Arms," the only inn in the village.

It was a poor place I saw at a glance, and, as we pulled up, a crowd of yokels in holiday attire gathered around us. The inn seemed full, too, for the yard swarmed with people, and a half-score heads of contadini were at each window, staring at us open-eyed.

As I took this in, the landlord came running out, cap in hand and full of apologies.

"Ohime! But my house is full to the gullets, signore, and it is nothing I can do for you to-day. To-morrow is the feast of St. Mary of the Consolation, and all the country is going to Todi—"

"I do not want to stay. We merely halt here to bait our horses and to dine. Can you manage that?"

"If that is all, excellency, yes, oh, yes. The beasts, they can rest anywhere, and there is a polenta and room for your excellency's followers; but for yourself, signore," and he shook his head mournfully.

"What is the difficulty?" And I dismounted, my men following suit.

"But this, signore. There is but one room in the house you could use, and that is occupied by two gentlemen of the army. Violent men, signore, who will not allow anyone to share it. Lasso me! But not a paul have they paid me as yet!"

"Give them my compliments, and say that the Cavaliere Donati begs to be allowed a corner of their table for his dinner."

"Alas, signore! It is useless. They have been here two days—"

"Then it is time they made room for other travelers. Give my message, landlord, and say I am following."

Mine host trotted off with considerable misgivings expressed in his face, and followed by my lackey, bearing my valise, I went after him at a slower pace.

When I reached the room, which could hardly be missed, seeing it was the only one in the house that had any pretense of appearance, I found the door open, and heard a half-drunken voice shouting:

"Begone, dog! Blood of a king! But are two gentlemen to be disturbed because a signore with a long name wants to dine? Skull of St. Jerome! Did you ever hear the like of this? Cospetto! Tell him to go lang, or I'll spit him like a lark."

I heard enough to recognize the voice, and, turning to the lackey, said:

"Send Jacopo here at once with a stout cudgel—run."

The man went off on the double, and I remained without the door listening with amusement to the ancient Brico's bluster, for it was he, and he was having all the talk, his companion, whoever he was, now and then giving a grunt of assent.

"Mitre and cow! Hell and sulphur! Will you begone, fool, or shall I slit your windpipe?" and I heard him beat the table with his fist. "Out, rascal," he roared, "and bring in another skin of chianti."

Out came the wretched innkeeper, and, seeing me at the door, began to urge me to go; but at this moment Jacopo came running up with a stout stick in his hand, and, pushing the landlord on one side, I stepped into the room, followed by Jacopo.

Brico's friend, who was quite drunk as it seemed, had fallen asleep whilst he was talking, and lay with his head between his arms, half on the table, half on his chair. The ancient was seated with an empty skin before him, and rose in wrath as I entered.

"What the—?" he began in a wine-blown voice, and then his face paled a little as he saw me.

I did not waste words. "Cudgel me this fellow out, Jacopo," I said, and Jacopo attended to the task as if he loved it. The ancient attempted to draw his sword, but it was useless, and a minute or two later he was flung out into the courtyard, beaten to a jelly and howling for mercy. He lay where he was flung, too bruised to move.

His friend slept through it all; but as my lackey lifted up his head in an attempt to eject him, I recognized Piero Luigi, and felt that some more stringent action than I had taken with Brico should be adopted here.

"This man is a thief," I said to the landlord, "and his friend little better."

"Then to the stocks they go; and now," almost screamed the host, "not a paul have they paid me, signore, I swear this, the bandits. Hi! Giuseppe! Giovanni!"

A couple of stout knaves came running in, and the innkeeper, trembling with anger and fear combined, yelled out:

"Bind this brigand and his companion securely, keep them in the stables, and to-morrow we will hale them before the podestà."

I enjoyed my dinner comfortably, and on going out to see after the horses was met by Bando Nere, who took me aside to where, in a corner of the stables, two men were lying securely bound. One was Luigi, still happily drunk. The other was the ancient, whose bones must have ached sorely, for he had been beaten sober, and was feeling the full effect of the cudgel and the ropes. He was groaning terribly, and, being sorry for the wretch, I was about to interpose for him with the landlord, when Jacopo interposed with a whispered:

"Let the scotched snake lie, signore; he knows too much."

I let wisdom take its course, and left the ancient to his sorrows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Cook's Feelings Were Hurt.

A first-rate chef was in the employment of Lord Seaford, who, not being able to afford to keep the man, prevailed on the duke of Wellington to engage him. Shortly after entering the duke's service the chef returned to his former master and begged him, with tears in his eyes, to take him back at reduced wages or none at all. Lord Seaford asked: "Has the duke been finding fault?" "Oh, no—he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a dinner that would have made Ude or Francatelli burst with envy and he says nothing! I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by my cook maid and he says nothing. Dat hurt my feelings, my lord!"—Cornhill Magazine.

A Foe to Appetite.

Little Sister—What's etiquette?
Little Brother—Oh! that's what keeps you from getting two pieces of pie when you could eat three!—Puck.

THE TEEMING WEST.

The Prairie Lands of Western Canada Being Filled with Excellent Settlers.

The salient fact that presents itself in taking a bird's-eye view of the Canadian West, is that of intense activity in every department. Whether the glance be turned upon the district east of Winnipeg, the Red River Valley south or north, the Dauphin and M. & N. W. district, the South-western, or whether it take in the great central division along the main line of the C. P. R. stretching away out to the Rockies and from there bending north and south to Prince Alberta and Edmonton, McLeod and Lethbridge—whether the examination be made in any of these directions the same activity, growth and hopefulness is observable.

The Canadian west is not only a good place to locate permanently, but it is also a good place to invite their relatives and friends to come to. This is the spirit that seems to animate the west at the present time and its effects are to be seen on every hand. To enumerate the towns where handsome and substantial blocks and residences have gone up this year would be simply to give a list of the towns and villages along the railway lines. And this movement has not been confined to these centers of population, but in many cases it has been overshadowed by the improvement in farm buildings.

So far as one can see, this is no passing phase, no repetition of any temporary boom following a period of good crops and fair prices. It is a movement more spontaneous, more general, more marked than anything that has gone before, and seems to indicate that the Great West, like Samson, bursting the encompassing bands, has awakened to a period of activity and development that will surpass anything we have known in the past and which will only be paralleled by the opening out of some of the most fertile of the western states of the union.

Look at some of the figures. Over a thousand schools in Manitoba and the number going up by leaps and bounds. Something like five hundred schools in the Territories. Winnipeg as representing the gateway of the west, the third city in the Dominion in regard to bank clearings, postal business and probably in regard to customs: the custom return at Winnipeg running about thirty to forty per cent. greater month by month than in the fiscal year of 1897-8, the largest previous year for actual business entries, when over \$900,000 was paid through the Winnipeg office for duty. The C. P. R. and Canada Northwest land sales together running over \$1,500,000 for the year. These, and a thousand more signs show how the west has leaped into new life.

This is an inspiring and cheering spectacle, but it brings with it great responsibilities. The business men realize this, the banks realize it, and have spread their agencies through every bustling little town clear out to the coast, the churches realize it, and one denomination alone has opened an average of about thirty new stations in each of the past two years, and will increase this in the year now entered upon, the government departments realize it, and there is talk of redistribution and additional members. The educational branches realize it and new schools are springing up everywhere. Over 12,000 settlers came in from the United States alone last year, and these with the people who came in from the east prove the most rigorous Westerners. They lose no time in developing their farms, in filling their grazing lands with stock and in every district is to be found evidences of thrift and prosperity.

It is not always the most successful fisherman who can tell the most catchy story.—Star of Hope.

Old as the Hills

are the pains and aches of

RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA

SCIATICA

Sure as taxes is the cure of them by

St. Jacobs Oil