CHRONICLES COUNT ANTONIO

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

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Copyright, 1895, by Anthony Hope. CHAPTER IL COUNT ANTONIO AND THE TRAITOR

PRINCE. Of all the deeds that Count Antonio of Monte Velluto did during the time that he was an outlaw in the hills, a price having been set on his head by Duke Valentine, there was none that made greater stir or struck more home to the hearts of men, howsoever they chose to look upon it, than that faces the wicket gate in the west side of the city, and is called now the hill of Duke Paul. Indeed, it was the act of a that a body of men should bar Antonio's esman whose own conscience was his sole cape and straightway kill him. Thus should guide and who made the law which his own ha be quit both of his brother and Antonio, hand was to carry out. That it had been and no man would live who knew how the a crime in most men, who can doubt? That it was a crime in him, all govern-parental care will long escape the manifold ments must hold; and the same, I take it, perils of infancy." must be the teaching of the church. Yet all men held it not a crime, although they had not ventured it themselves, both from the greatness of the person whom the deed concerned, and also for the burden that It put on the conscience of him that did it. Here, then, is the story of it, as it is yet told both in the houses of the nobles and in

peasants' cottages. While Count Antonio still dwelt at the court and had not yet fled from the wrath aroused in the duke by the count's attempt to carry off the Lady Lucia, the duke's ward, the nuptials of his highness had been celebrated with great magnificence and universal rejoicing, and the feasting and exultation had been most happily renewed at the birth of an infant prince a year later. Yet heavy was the price paid for this gift of heaven. for her highness, the duchess, a lady of rare grace and kindliness, survived the birth of son only three months, and then died amid the passionate mourning of the people leaving the duke a prey to bitter sorrow Many say that she had turned his heart to good had she but lived, and that it was the loss of her that soured him and twisted his nature. If it be so, I pray that he has received pardon for all his sins, for his grief was great, and hardly to be assuaged even by the love he had for the little prince, from whom he would never be parted for an hour, and in whom he saw, with pride, the heir

Now, in the joy of the wedding and the grief at the duchess's death, none had more ostentatious sign of sharing than his highness's brother, Duke Paul. Yet hollow alike were his joy and his sorrow, save that he found true cause for sorrow in that the duchess left to her husband a dear memoria of their brief union. Paul rivalled the duke in his caresses and his affected love for the boy, but he had lived long in the hope that his highness would not marry, and that he himself should succeed him in his place, and this hope he could not put out of his heart. Nay, as time passed and the baby grew to a healthy boy, Paul's thought took still deeper hue of guilt. It was no longer for him to hope for his nephew's death, nor even to meditate how he should bring it about. One wicked imagining led on, as it is wont in our sinful nature, to another, and Safan whispered in Paul's ear, that the duke himself was short of 40 by a year, that to wait for power till youth were gone was not pold man's part, and that to contrive the child's death, leaving his father alive, was but to double the risk without halving the guilt. Thus was Paul induced to dwell on the death of both father and son, and to say to himself that if the father went first the son would easily follow; and that with one cunning and courageous stroke the

In the beginning of the second year of Count Antonio's outlawry, his highness was most mightily incensed against him, not merely because he had so won the affection of the country folk that none would betray his hiding place either for threats or rewards, but most chiefly by reason of a certain act which was in truth more of Tommasino's doing than of Antonio's. For Tommasino meeting one of the duke's farmers of taxes had lightened him of his fat bag of money saying that he would himself assume the honor of handing what was fairly due to his highness, and had upon that scattered three-fourths of the spoil among the poor, and sent the beggarly remnant privily by night to the gate of the city with a writing: honor among thieves; who, then, may call princes thieves?" And this writing had been read by many, and the report of it spreading through the city had made men laugh. There fore the duke had sworn that by no means should Antonio gain pardon save by deliver ing that insolent young robber to the lords of justice. Thus he was highly pleased when his brother sought him in the garden (for he sat in his wonted place under the wall by the fish pond) and bade him listen to a plan whereby the outlaws should be brought to punishment. The duke took his little son on his knees and prayed his brother to tell

to the throne might be cleared.

"You could not bring me a sweeter gift than the head of Tommasino," said he, strok-ing the child's curls, and the child shrank closer into his arms, for the child did not love Paul, but feared him.

"Antonio knows that I love your highness," said Paul, seating himself on the seat by the duke, "but he knows that I am his friend and a friend to the Lady Lucia, and a man of Would it seem to him deep treachery if I should go privily to him and tell him how that on a certain day you would go forth with your guard to camp in the spurs of Mount Agnino, leaving the city desolate, and that in the night of that day I could contrive that Lucia should come secretly to the gate and that it should be open for her, so that by a sudden descent she might be seized and carried safe to his hiding place before aid could come from your

But what should the truth be?" asked 'The truth should be that while part of the



PAUL AS ANTONIO LEFT HIM.

Author of "A Prisoner of Zenda," Etc.

him by the heels the better for our security."
"Shall it be, then, as I say, sir?"
"So let it be," said the duke. "I will await Paul, perceiving that his brother had no suspicions of him and would await him the summer house, conceived his task to be already half done. For his plan was that he and Antonio should come together to summer house, but that Antonio should lie hid till Paul had spoken to the duke; then Paul should go out on pretext of bidding the guard make ready the ambush and leave that which he performed on the high hill the duke alone with Antonio. Antonio then, suddenly springing forth, should slay the duke, while Paul-and when he thought on

deed was contrived. "And then," said he, "I doubt whether the poor child bereft of all

Thus he schemed, and when he had made all sure and noised about the duke's inten-tions, he himself set forth alone on his horse to seek Antonio. He rode till he reached the entrance of the pass leading to the recesses of the hills. Then he dismounted and sat down on the ground, and this was at noon on the 13th day of the month. He had not long been sitting when a face peered from behind a wall of moss-covered rock that fronted him, and Paul cried:

it a friend? "A friend of whom mean you, my lord?" came from the rock "Of whom else than of Count Antonio?" cried Paul.

A silence followed and a delay; then two men stole cautiously from behind the rock, and in one of them Paul knew the man called Bena, who had been of the duke's guard. The men knowing Paul, bowed low to him and asked him his pleasure, and he commanded them to bring him to Antonio. They wondered, knowing not whether he came from the duke or despite the duke, but he was urgent in his commands, and at length they tied a scarf over his eyes and set him on his horse and ed the horse. Thus they went for an hour. Then they prayed him to dismount, saying that the horse could go no further, and though Paul's eyes saw nothing he heard the whinney and smelt the smell of horses.
"Here are your stables, then," said he, and dismounted with a laugh. Then Bena took

him by the hand and the other guided his feet, and climbing up steep paths, over boulders and through little water courses, they went, till at length Bena cried: "We l

should not lack reward. And all this Anlistened while Paul told him that a path led secretly from the bank of the river through the wall to the summer house, where the duke was to be. Of this gate he alone, save the duke, had the key; they had but to swim the river and enter by this gate. Secreting Antonio, Paul would talk with the duke; then he would go and carry off what remained of the guard over and above those that had gone to the hills; and Antonio, having done his deed, could return by the same secret path, cross the river again, and rejoin his friends. And in a short space of time Paul would recall him with honor to the city and

give him Lucia to wife. "And if there be a question as to the hand at dealt the blow, there is a rascal whom the duke flogged but a few days since—a steward in the palace. He deserves hanging. Antonio, for a thousand things of which guilty, and it will trouble me little hang him for one whereof he chances to be innocent." And Duke Paul laughed heartily, "I will ride with you," said Antonio again.

Then, it being full midday, they sat down to dinner, Paul bandying many merry sayings with Tommasino, Antonio being calm, but not uncheerful. And when the meal was done Paul drank to the good fortune of their expedition, and Antonio, having drained higlass, said: "May God approve the issue, having drained his and straightway bade Tommasino and Mar-tolo prepare to ride with him. Then, Paul being again blindfolded, they climbed down the mountain paths till they came where the horses were, and thus, as the sun began to ecline, set forward, Duke Paul and Antonio eading by some few yards, while Tommasino and Martolo, having drank well, and sniffing sport in front of them, sang, jested and played pranks on one another as they passed But when night fell they became silent; even Tommasino grew grave and checked his horse, and the space between them and the pair who led grew greater, so that it seemed to Duke Paul that he and Antonio rode alone through the night under the shadows of the great hills. Once and the path hid them from view, when Martolo again he spoke to Antonio, first of the scheme, then on some light matter, but Antonio did breath as though a load had rested on his then on some light matter, but Antonio did no more than move his head in assent. And Antonio's face was very white and his lips

It was midnight when they reached the plain; the moon, till now hidden by the mountains, shone on them, and geeing An-

"Come, man, look not so glum about it." 'Tis but the life of a rogue." "Indeed it is no more," said Antonio, and e turned his eyes upon the Duke Paul. Paul laughed, but with poor merriment. Whence it came he knew not, but a strange and sudden sense of peril and of doom had fallen on him. The massive, quiet figure of Antonio, riding ever close to him, silent, stern and watchful, oppressed his spirit. Suddenly Antonio halted and called to Marolo to bring him a lantern; one hung from Martolo's saddle, and he brought it, and Then Antonio lit went back. and gave an ivory tablet to Paul and said to

"Write me your promise. "You distrust me, then?" cried Paul, in



PAUL ON HIS KNEES TO ANTONIO

are at home, my lord," and Paul, tearing off great show of indignation. his bandage, found himself on a small level "I wi spot, ranged round with stunted, wind-beaten promise firs, and three huts stood in the middle of the space, and before one of the huts sat Tommasino, composing a sonnet to a pretty peasant girl whom he had chanced to meet that day. For Tommasino had ever a hos-pitable heart. But, seeing Paul, Tommasino left his sonnet, and with a cry of wonder sprang to meet him, and Paul took him by both hands and saluted him. That night and the morning that followed Paul abode with Antonio, eating of good cheer and drinking the good wine that Tommasino, who had charged himself with the care of such mat-ters, put before him; whence they came from Paul asked not, nor did Tommasino say more than that they were offerings to Count An-tonio, but whether offerings of free will or no he said not. And during this time Paul spoke much with Autonio privily and apart, persuading him of his friendship and speak-ing most pitiful things of the harshness shown by Valentine, his brother, to the Lady Lucia, and how the lady grew pale and pined and pined so that the physicians knit their brows over her, and the women said no drugs would patch a broken heart. Thus he in-flamed Antonio's mind with a great rage against the duke, so that he fell to counting the men he had and wondering whether there was force to go openly against the city. But n sorrow Paul answered that the pikemen

But there is a way and a better." said Paul, leaning his head near to Antonio's ear.
"A way whereby you may come to your own again, and rebuild your house that the duke has burned, and enjoy the love of Lucia, and hold foremost place in the duchy." "What way is that?" asked Antonio, in wondering eagerness. "Indeed, I am willing

o serve his highness in any honorable service, if by that I may win his pardon and come to that I long for." When did he pardon?" "His pardon! neered Paul.

To know honest men and leave them to their honesty is the last great gift of villainy. But Paul had it not, and now he unfolded to Antonio the plan that he had made, saving (as needs not be said) that part of it whereby Antonio himself was to meet his death. For pretext, he alleged that the duke oppressed a pretext, he alleged that the duke oppressed the city, and that he, Paul, was put out of favor because he had sought to protect the people, and was fallen in great suspicion. Yet, judging Antonio's heart by his own, he Yet, Judging Antonio's heart by his own, he dwelt again and longer on the charms of Lucia and of the great things he would give Antonio when he ruled the duchy for his nephew; for of the last crime he meditated, the death of the child, he said naught then, professing to love the child. When the tale had begun's sudden start ran through Antonio, and firs face flushed, but he sat still and listened with unwood face, his every last that the others with the horses were to await Antonio's return, while the count and await Antonio's return, on foot and Tommasino await Antonio's return of the matter," urged "Let us go and end the matter," urged the matter, and again of that strange uneasiness born of Antonio's air.

"Ay, we will go and finish it," said Antonio, and with that he leapt from his horse. rest should lie in ambush close inside the city gates, and dash out on Antonio and his company.

"It is well if he will believe."

Then Paul laid his finger on his brother's arm.

"As the clock in the tower of the cathedral strikes 3 in the morning of the 15th of the month, do you, dear brother, be in your summer house at the corner of the garden yonder, and I will come thither and tell you if he has believed, if he has come. For by then I shall have learnt from him his mind, and we two will straightaway go rouse the

yonder, and I will come thither and tell you if he has believed, if he has come. For by them I shall have learnt from him his mind, and we two will straightaway go rouse the guards and lead the men to their appointed station, and when he approaches the gate we can iay hands on him."

"How can you come to him, for we know not where he is hid?"

"Alas! there is not a rogue of a peasant that cannot take a letter to him."

"Yet when I question them, ay, though I boat them, they know nothing, cried Vaiening, in chagrin. "Truly, the scener we lay man of fine spirit and a true friend who

Now Paul was somewhat loath to write that promise, fearing that is should be found on Antonio's body before he could contrive to remove it, but without it Antonio declared he would not go. So Paul wrote, bethinking himself that he held safe in his house at home permission from the duke to seek An-tonio and beguile him to the city, and that with the witness of this commission he could come off safe, even though the tablet were found on Antonio. Taking the peril, then, rather than fail, he wrote, setting forth the Taking the peril, then promises he made to Antonio in case (thus he phrased it) of the death of his brother. And he delivered the tablet to Antonio, and Antonio, restoring the lantern to Martolo bestowed the tablet about him, and they set

As the clock of the tower of the cathe dral, distantly booming in their ears, sounded the hour of two, they came to where the road parted. In one direction it ran level across the plain to the river and city, and by this way they must go if they would come to the secret gate, and thence to the duke's summer house. But the second road left the plain, and mounted the hill which faces the wicket gate, which is now called the hill of Duke Paul. At the parting of the road Antonio reined in his horse and sat silent for a great while. Again Paul, scan-ning his face, was troubled, so that Martolo, who had drawn nigh, saw him wipe a drop from his brow, and said:

"For what wait we, Antonio. Time presses, for it has gone 2 o'clock." Then Antonio drew him spart, and, fixing his eyes on him, said:
"What of the child? What mean you by
the child? How does it profit you that the

father die if the child live?

less.
"Let us go and end the matter," urged Paul, full of eagerness, and again of that Paul went forward on foot; and Tommasine and Martolo, dismounting also, tied the horses to trees, and stood waiting Antonio's

"Forward!" cried Paul.
"Come then," said antonio, and he turned to the road that mounted the hill.
"It is by the other road we go," said

Paul.
"It is by this road," said Antonio, and he raised his hand and made a certain sign, whereat the swords of his friends leapt from the way, so their scabbards, and then barred the way, so that Duke Paul could turn nowhere save to the road that mounted the hill. Then Paul's face grew long-drawn and sallow with

sudden fear.
"What means this?" he cried. "What
means this, Antonio?" "It means, my lord, that you must mount to hill with me," answered Antonio, "even the hill with me," answered Antonio, to the top of it, whence a man can see the

"That this matter may be finished," said

Antonio, and coming to Paul, he laid a hand on his shoulder, and turned him to the path up the hill. But Paul, seeing his face and the swords of Tommasino and Martolo that barred all escape, siezed his hand,

saying:
"Before God, I mean you true, Antonio!
As Christ died for us, I mean you true, An-"Of that I know not, and care not, yet do

not swear it now by Christ's name if it be not true. How meant you, my lord, by your brother and your brother's son?" Paul licked his lips, for they had gone dry, and he breathed as a man pants who has run far and fast. "You are three to one," he hissed.
"We shall be but man to man on the top

"We shall be but man of the hill," said Antonio. Then suddenly Tommasino spoke unbid-There is as priest in the village a mile away," said he, and there was pity in his

"Peace, Tommasino! What priest has he provided for his brother?"

And Tommasino said no more, but he turned his eyes mway from the face of Duke Paul; yet, when he was an old man, one being in his company heard him say he dreamed of it yet. As for Martolo, he bent his head and crossed himself. Then Paul threw himself on his knees

before Antonio, and prayed him to let him go, but Antonio seemed not to hear him, and stood silent with folded arms. Yet presently Take your sword then, my lord. If I

I fall these shall not touch you. Thus much I give, though it is more than I have a right to give."

But Paul would not take his sword, but knelt still, beseeching Antonio with tears and mingling prayers and curses in a flow of agonized words.

At last Antonio plucked him from the

ground and sternly bade him mount the hill. and finding no help he set out, his knees shaking beneath him, while Antonio followed close upon him. And thus Tommasine and Martolo watched them go till the winding of

It was but a short way to the summit, but the path was steep, and the two went slowly, so that as they came forth on the top the first gleam of dawn caught them in mountains, shone on them, and seeing Antonio's face more plainly, Paul cried, half in jest, half in uneasiness:

its pale light. And the city lay gray and drab below them, and the lonely tree that stands to this day on the hill, swayed in the wind with mournful murmurings. And Paul stumbled and sank in a heap upon the ground. And Anionio said to him, "If you will, pray," and went and leant against the bare trunk of the tree, a little way apart. But Paul, thinking on man's mercy, not on God's, crawled on his knees across the space between and laid hold of Antonio's legs. And he said nothing, but gazed up at Antonio. And at the silent appeal, Antonio shivered for an instant, but he did not fly the gaze of Paul's eyes, but looked down on him and answered: "You must die. Yet there is your sword,

and there a free road to the city.' Then Paul let go his legs and rose and frew his sword. But his hand was trembling, and he could scarce stand. Then Anonio gave to him a flask that he carried tonio gave to him a flask that he carried holding strong waters, and the wretch, drinking greedily, found some courage, and came suddenly at Antonio before Antonio looked for his attack. But the count eluded him, and drawing his blade, awaited the attack, and Paul seized again the flask that he had flung on the ground and drained it, and, mad now with the fumes, rushed at Antonio shricking curses and blasphemies. And the sun rose on the moment that their blades crossed, and before its rays had shone a minute Antonio had driven his sword through the howling wretch's lung, and Duke Paul lay dying on the grassy hill.

Then Count Antonio stripped off his doublet and made a pillow of it for Paul's head, and sat down by him, and wiped his brow, and disposed his body with such care as seemed possible. Yet he took no pains to stanch the blood, or to minister to the wound, for his intent was that Paul should die and not live. And Paul lay some moments on his back, then twisted on his side; once he flung his legs wide and gathered them again under his

But now it was growing to day, and he rose and took from the duke's waist the broad silken band that he wore, wrought with golden embroidery on a ground of royal blue. Then he took Paul in his arms and set him upright against the trunk of the tree, and, encircling tree and body with the rich scarf, he bound the corps there, and he took the ivory tablet from his belt and tied the ribbon that hung through a hole in it to the ribbon of the order of St. Prisian that was round Paul's neck, and he wrote on the tablet: "Witness my hand—Antonio di Monte Velluto!" And he wiped the blade of his sword long and carefully on the grass till it shone pure, clean and bright again. Then he gazed awhile at the city, that grew now warm and rich in the increasing light of the sun, and turned on his heel and went down the hill by the way that he had come.

At the foot Tommasino and Martolo awaited him, and when he came down alone Martolo again signed the cross, but Tommasino glanced one question, and, finding answer in Antonio's nod, struck his open palm on the quarters of Duke Paul's horse and set it free to go where it would, and the horse being free, started at a canter along the road to the city. And Antonio mounted and set his face again toward the hills. For awhile he rode alone in front, but when an hour was gone he called to Tommasino, and on the lad adjoining him, talked with him not gayly indeed (that could not be), yet with calmness and cheerefulness on the matters that con-cerned the band. But Paul's name did not cross his lips, and the manenr in which he had dealt with Paul on the hill rested unknown till a later time, when Count Antonio formally declared it and wrote with his own hand how Duke Paul had died. Thus, then Count Antonio rode back to the hills, having executed in the body of Paul that which

semed to him right and just. Long had Duke Valentine waited for his srother in the summer house, and greatly wondered that he came not. And, as the norning grew and yet Paul came not, the duke feared in some manner that Antonio had detected the snare, and that he held Paul a prisoner, for it did not enter the duke's mind that Antonio would dare to kill his brother. And when it was 5 o'clock, the mind that Antonio
brother. And when it was 5 o'clock, the
duke, heavy-eyed for want of sleep, left the
summer house, and, having traversed the
garden, entered his cabinet and flung himself
on a couch there, and, notwithstanding his
on the site of the new college buildings,
also its own collection of about 200,000 books,
and further concedes that the result shall on a couch there, and, notwithstanding his uneasiness for his brother, being now very drowsy, he fell asleep. But before he had slept long he was roused by two of his pages, who ran in crying that Duke Paul's horse had come riderless to the gate of the city. And the duke sprang up smiting his thigh, and crying: "If harm has come to him I will not rest till I have Antonio's head." So he mustered a party of his guards, some on horseback and some on foot, and passed with all speed out of the city, seeking his brother. all speed out of the city, seeking his brother into Tilden's imperishable monument.

father die if the child live? "
Paul, deeming that Antonio doubted him and saw a snare, and holding it better to seem the greatest of villains than to stir suspicion in a man who held him in his hands, smiled cunningly, and answered:
"The child will grow sickly and pine when his father is not alive to care for him."
"It is enough," said Antonio, and again a flush mounted in his face, and died down again and left him pale. For some think he would have turned from his purpose had Paul meant honestly by the child. I know not. At least the foul murder plotted against the child made him utterly relentless.

Horseback and some on foot, and passed with all speed out of the city, seeking his brother and vowing vengeance on the insolence of Count Antonio.

But the duke was not the first out of the city, for he found a stream of townsmen flocking across the bridge, and at the end of the bridge was a gathering of men, huddled center. The pikemen made a way for his highness, and when the peasant saw him he ran to him, and resting his hand on the neck of the duke's horse, as though he could scarcely stand alone, he cried, pointing with his hand to the hill that rose to the west!

"The Duke Paul!" And no "The Duke Paul! the Duke Paul!" And no

"Give him a horse, one of you, and let another lead it," cries the duke. "And for ward, gentlemen, whither he points." Thus they set forth, and on they went, the

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oncourse grew, some overtaking them from the city, some who were going on business or for their pleasure, into the city, turning and following after the duke and his company. So that a multitude went after Valen-tine and the peasant, and they rode together at the head. And the duke said thrice to the

"What of my brother?" but the peasant, who was an old man, did but point again to

At the foot of the hill all that had horse left them in charge of the boys who were of the party, for the duke, presaging some fear-ful thing, would suffer none but grown men to mount with him. And thus they went forward afoot till they reached the grassy summit of the hill. And then the peasan sprang in front, crying: "There, there!" And all of them beheld the body of Duke Paul bound to the tree by the embroidered scarf his head fallen on his breast and the iver tablet hanging from the ribbon of the order of St. Persian. And a great silence fell on And a great silence fell them all, and they stood gazing at the dead

But presently Duke Valentine went forward alone, and he knelt on one knee and bowed his head and kissed his brother's right hand. And a shout of indignation and wrath went up from the crowd, and they cried: "Whose deed is this?" The duke minded them not. but rose to his feet and laid his hand on the ivory tablet, and he perceived that it was written by Duke Paul; and he read what Paul had written to Antonio, how that he, the duke, being dead, Antonio should come t his own again and wed Lucia and hold fore most place in the duchy. And, this read, the duke also read the subscription of Count An-

'Witness my hand-Antonio di Monte Ve

Then he was very amazed, for he had trusted his brother. Yet he did not refuse the festimony of the ivory tablet, nor suspect any guile or deceit in Antonio, as his instru-ment. And he stood, dry-eyed, looking on the dead face of Duke Paul. And, turning round, he cried in a loud voice, so that every man on the hill heard him: "Behold the body of a traitor!" and the men looked on him, and from him to the faces of one an other, asking what he meant. But he spoke no other word, and went straightway down the hill and mounted his horse again and rode back to the city, and having come to his palace, he sent for his little son, and went with him into the cabinet behind the great wall, where the two staved alone to gether for many hours. And when the child came forth he asked none concerning hi uncle, the Duke Paul.

Now all the company had followed down from the hill after the duke, and no man dared to touch the body unbidden. Two days passed and a great storm came, so that the rain beat on Paul's face and the lightning blackened it. But on the third day, when the storm had ceased, the duke bade the lieutenant of the guard to go by night and bring the body of Paul; and the lieutenant and his men flung a cloak over the face, and having thus done, brought the body into the city at break of day; yet the great square was full of folk watching in awe and silence. And they took the body to the cathedral and buried it under the wall on the north side, in the shade of a cypress tree, laying a plain flat stone over it. And Duke Valentine gave great sums for masses to be said for the repose of his brother's soul. Yet there are few men who will go by night to the hill of Duke Paul, and even now when I write there is a man in the city who has lost his senses and is an idiot; he, they say, went to the hill on the night of the 15th of the month wherein Paul died, and came back mumbling things terrible to hear. But whether he went because he lacked his sense: or lost his senses by reason of the thing he saw when he went. I know not.

Thus died Duke Paul, the traitor. Yet though the duke, his brother, knew that what was done upon him was nothing else than he had deserved and should have suffered had he been brought alive to justice, he was very wroth with Count Antonio, holding it insolence that any man should lay hands on one of his blood, and, of his own will, execute sentence upon a criminal so exalted. Therefore, he sent word to Antonic that if he caught him he would hang him or body, and shivered, turning on his back again, and his jaw fell, and he died there on the top of the hill. And the count closed his which Antonio had bound Paul, and would eyes and sat by him in silence for many min-utes, and once he buried his face in his days. And this message coming to Antonio. one privily by night to the gate of the city, who laid outside the gate a letter for the duke, and in the letter was writen "God chooses the hand. All is well."

And Count Antonio abode still an outlaw in the mountains, and Lady Lucia mourned in the city

(To Be Continued.) EDUCATIONAL.

Among the 3,000 students registered at

Harvard university 400 are actively engaged in athletics. school fund Minnesota will have in the future may be had when it is stated that one firm paid into the state treasury last week \$125,000 as a royalty on iron mined last year. The Mechanical school of San Francisco given by bequest of James Lick, was opened last week. The bequest was \$500,000, of which \$100,000 has been used in building the school. Its principal is George E. Mer-

Edinburgh university has 2,979 students this year, 140 of them women; the faculty of arts has 767, that of science 155, divinity 68, law 454, and medicine 1,494. The annual value of the fellowships and scholarships granted by

the university is \$80,000. The catalogue of Yale university for the academical year 1894-95, exhibits gratifying proofs of prosperity and progress. The whole number of students is 2,350, of whom 1,150 are credited to the academical department, or college proper. Of instructors, not including the president, there are 205, and three proessorships are for the moment vacant.

George Williamson Smith, LL.D., has been president of Trinity college, Hartford, Conn. for more than ten years, and during that time has made vast improvements in the leading Episcopal educational institution in the country. Under his administration large sums of money have been given to the college, many handsome buildings have been erected, and the courses of study have been greatly broadened and the faculty much strengthened. When he entered upon his presidency the college was at a very low ebb. It is now in a most prosperous con-

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versity's prowess in athletics set to the usic of any popular song that may be se lected by the author.

Rev. Eugene O'Growney, professor of Gaelic in Maynooth college, Ireland, has gone to California for his health. He is one of the leaders in the new Gaelic movement in Ireland, which has for its object the preservation of the Irish language. In speaking on the subject the other day he said: "It seems to be the general impression that the Irish language is a dead one. This is by no means true. There are in Ireland today 80,000 persons who speak no other tongue, and 250,000

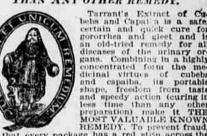
who speak both English and Irish. I do not



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