



CHAPTER I.

ARE IN ROME early in the month of April, the first year of the present century. The republic established by General Championnet in the states of the church and the kingdom of the two Sicilies drew its last breath just one year previous, having lasted not more than five months. The monarchy of King Ferdinand and his Queen Marie Caroline, the latter thoroughly under the domination of Lady Hamilton, the most notorious of adventuresses, has been restored. Napoleon Bonaparte, a name spoken throughout Italy with bated breath and superstitious fear, has crossed the Alps and is at Genoa. The atrocities committed by the republican adherents in Lower Italy, encouraged by the emissaries of the directorate are being more than paralleled by the bloody excesses of the party now in the ascendant. The government is practically absolute, and men are arrested, confined, and executed on pretenses of the most flimsy description.

On the warm spring night that our story opens, the Cafe Dotti in the Via del Giordano was crowded with a variegated, excited crowd. The news of Napoleon's successful penetration into Italy had just reached the Eternal City, and excitement was at fever heat. Men gesticulated, swore, talked all at once, and the worthy proprietor of the cafe was reeling a rich harvest. In a sure of a window, a little red-haired man, over a bottle of old Falernian. Each one of the three was noticeable as a type in himself. The eldest, a man of forty-five or fifty, with long gray mustache and hair still plentiful, and snow white on the temple, was Maxime de Carnelles, a Frenchman by birth, but the greater part of whose life had been passed in the capital. He was a man of the world, a cosmopolitan, shrewd, witty, sarcastic, and piercing eyes. He was certain kindly, and he was a man with one great passion—a musical monomania. An admirable judge of pictures, although in no way gifted himself. His two companions were much younger, and one dark and strikingly handsome, an Italian of the Italians; the other, with his tilted back in his chair, was shorter and somewhat stout, with blonde hair and fair complexion.



WILL THOSE IDIOTS SEVERAL HAVE DONE? ion which proclaimed him a native of the northern countries. "Will those idiots never have done?" growled De Carnelles, with a savage pat on his cigar. "Here they disturb us with their miserable politics while we have matters of importance to discuss—your opera, my dear Roswein! Thunder and lightning! If the Little Corporal ever does appear among them, he'll stop their chatter with a vengeance!"

"Hush! hush! my dear monsieur," said the young Italian, with a shade of anxiety in his voice, "you may be overheard, and in these times—"

"Yes, yes, I know—these times! O tempora! O mores! But to return—will you wake up, Roswein? Interrupting himself testily, and tell us of your rehearsals? Be kind enough to remember, please, you young rascal, that I am somewhat interested in the success of your venture."

experienced a great passion. You perhaps are an exception to the rule—I don't know, but our friend Cavaradossi here is a brilliant example of what I say. For on me, old boy" (turning to the Italian), "you know I am fond of you, and so you will have to forgive my freedom. You told me, I think, the other day that you had never experienced the master passion."

"The Chevalier nodded slowly, and said with a smiling smile and a comical twist of his eye: "Leave that to me! Leave that to me! But, Karl, I have not done with you yet. I am afraid of you. Yes, you know of whom I am thinking?" as a slight blush mounted to the young fellow's forehead. "Look here now, understand me, I don't want you to marry!"

The Chevalier, for some reason best known to himself, was evidently very much in earnest, for he brought his fist on the table with a vehemence which made the glasses rattle. He went on with increasing excitement, while Cavaradossi listened to him in half amusement and half amazement, and Karl Roswein with more or less annoyance.

"No, I repeat," he continued, "I don't want you to marry! Marry! Great Heavens! Don't you know that marriage is one of those ferocious laws of nature which absorb the individual to preserve the species?"

"But, my dear Chevalier, I have not announced any intention of marrying." "Oh! hush! I haven't lived with you day after day these last fifteen years without knowing your thoughts. Words are not needed to tell them to me. And I say to you that I forbid you to snuff your genius out under this disgraceful extinguisher called marriage."

"Will you have the kindness to tell me," asked Cavaradossi, "why you are so opposed to marriage?" "Why? Because opium makes one sleep, because water extinguishes fire, because it is fatal. An artist married is an artist ruined. He is a husband, a father, a citizen, all that, if you like, but the poet is dead! Love all the women you choose, but—marry no one!"

"Is that your morality?" asked Karl, half bitterly. "It is not mine." "Oh! go to the devil with your morality! How long is it since morality has been one of the misuses? Heavens! how I detest that sickening way they have now of exalting marriage in verse, prose and music! How they annoy me with their matrimonial lyrics! And as to you, what have you in common with morality, you? You doubt everything, the Madonna and the Saints, you infamous miscreant, you. You are an artist, a poet, a beautiful man. Your morality is art, your deity is art, and art is the devil. Your element is art; if it burns you, so much the worse for you; but you will perish if you desert from it."

"I am a fraud I shall depart from it," he said, at length. "I have told you before, Chevalier, that I have too weak or too delicate a nature for this whirlpool of an artist's life. I suffer in it."

"But, Great Heavens!" cried the Chevalier passionately. "It is this very excess of sensibility that makes you above the common herd. That is your talent, that is the bread of your life. Look, if art is in desecration to-day, do you know why it is? Because you artists, luxurious dogs that you are, are not half unhappy enough! Because you don't die of hunger in a garret, as formerly; the golden age of the arts; because you are paid too much and live too well!"

Cavaradossi laid his hand on Karl's shoulder, and said in a calmer tone than he had used heretofore: "Now, look here, Karl, look here, old fellow. I have been quite quiet, I acknowledge it; but this faithful idea of your marriage has put me beside myself; but you know I love you as my own child, as the very apple of my eye—I understand you; you are worn out with work and anxiety; you are in one of those states that make us long for the country the day after a big debauch. Now, Karl, my dear Karl, take my calm, unbiased advice. Don't prepare for yourself bitter regrets. Don't cast yourself in the flower of your age into Hymen's chill embrace. Don't shut up in a doll's box the imagination of a poet. You speak of the miseries of an artist's life. What do you know of an artist's life? You have scarcely tried it. Wait, before judging it, till it has given the gifts it promises to genius like yours; then, when you shall have as much gold as a Jew, as many love affairs as Lothario, as much glory as a Caesar, then, I will permit you to marry the eleven thousand virgins. If you have a

mind to. But I am garrulous to-night. Revenons a nos moutons. Tell us about your opera. How comes on 'The Siege of Granada?'"

"On the whole, I think I shall be satisfied. The orchestra is superb. I don't conduct, you know. The tenor is Chiari; you know him, Chevalier. There are some things he does not do badly; the song of Bonaldi at the end of the first act, for example. The baritone is a duncie; he knows about as much about music as an Englishman, but he is willing to follow instructions."

"But La Tosca?" "La Tosca?" said Mario Cavaradossi, who was dreamily watching the movement of the crowd in the square below, and only half listening to the animated conversation of the chevalier. "Who is La Tosca?"

"What?" cried De Carnelles. "Not know Floria Tosca, the most beautiful woman and the greatest artist in all Italy! Great heavens, man! where have you been? Oh, I forgot. France and the great David have claimed you for the last three years. She is to sing the chief role in Karl's opera."

"Ah! La Tosca!" exclaimed Roswein, enthusiastically. "She is all I could wish—perfect in her conception, magnificent in her execution, and a voice of gold!"

"Good! Good! How proud I shall be on that auspicious night. But what is going on over there? Some one seems to be in trouble." The clamor in the cafe had suddenly become stilled and as the Chevalier rose and glanced sharply at the room, he saw a young man, with a white, drawn face, being led away between a couple of agents of police. De Carnelles shrugged his shoulders.

"Another arrest!" then suddenly, "Corpo di Bacco! It is Cesare Angelotti!"

And starting impetuously across the room, followed by his two friends, he approached the little group, and addressing one of the agents asked him the cause of the arrest. The man, who knew the Chevalier, touched his hat politely and replied that he did not know; that his orders were to remove Signor Angelotti to the Castle of Saint Angelo.

"From whom do your orders emanate?" "From Her Majesty, the Queen." De Carnelles said no more, but after a glance of compassionate recognition at the unfortunate prisoner, he turned and led the way into the street. Then, taking an arm of each of the young men: "Poor fellow!" he said. "I recognize the hand here of my Lady Hamilton. Angelotti knew her."

Excited to the highest pitch, the melomane leaped from his carriage, and running toward the place from which the music proceeded, asked an old patriarch with a long white beard, who was talking the air on his porch, who the musician was that played so divinely. The man looked up, half frightened at the excited manner and wild gestures of the stranger, and pointed to a small window on the side of the door.

De Carnelles looked in and saw, seated upon a heap of straw, a small ragged boy, with a wretched violin, which he was playing with mad frenzy, but, as it seemed to the Chevalier, with absolute genius.

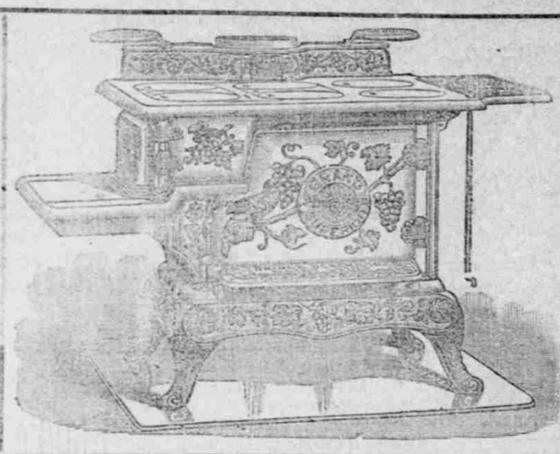
Turning to the old peasant, he attempted to draw some information from him, without, however, any very tangible results. At this moment, the priest of the hamlet drew near, and with him the Chevalier was more successful. The boy had neither father nor mother, but was brought up by charity by the old peasant, who owned the bit of a farm before which they stood, and who kept him employed as a shepherd.

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not hear the most distant vibration of the national guzla without groaning aloud.

One evening he arrived at a pretty little village situated between the mountains and the sea a few miles beyond Piume. His postillions stopped the equipage to change horses before an inn, shaded by a group of lindens. As De Carnelles lay back on the cushions, languidly contemplating the peaceful landscape, he suddenly heard in the air the sound of music, real music this time. It was a violin, and played, as he recognized at once, by an untrained but inspired hand. The harmony was savage, fantastic, but wholly charming.

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"An Apollo among the shepherds!" cried De Carnelles.

The priest nodded, and went on to say that he had taught the lad all he knew—a little Latin, a little music. He spoke of the wonderful progress of his pupil with a sort of fear, as if he were not far from thinking him possessed.

While he was speaking, the boy himself came out of his lair, and the unbounded astonishment of De Carnelles, began to sing, of all things in the world, the fifth eclogue of Virgil, the death of Daphnis—*Car non, Mopsos boni*.

The Chevalier listened in an ecstasy of delight until the last note died away, and then rushing enthusiastically to the youthful singer, he clasped him in his arms, exclaiming: "But you are a genius, you little rascal! Come with me, and I give you my word of honor, in fifteen years you shall be a great man!"

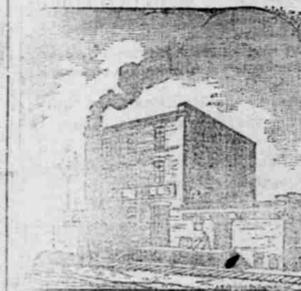
The lad hesitated; now he would seem inclined to come, and then he would shake his head with a pensive air, murmuring: "No! No! My Sylvia!"

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The Times Campaign Rates.

In order that no citizen of the Southwest may have an excuse for not being posted on the developments of the interesting political campaign which is just opening, the Times has made a special campaign rate of \$2.00 for the daily and Sunday paper and 30 cents for The Twice-a-week Times until January 1. While the Times is an earnest supporter of Democratic principles, it is, and always has been, liberal enough to open its columns to representatives of different political opinions for the discussion of their views. In the columns of the Times the important news of the campaign of 1894 will be set forth fully and fairly. Its news facilities are unequalled by those of any other newspaper published in the South-west. At the prices made, either the daily or the Twice-a-Week edition should be in the hands of every man who holds those economic principles for the success of which the people of the West are contending. Liberal terms to agents and postmasters. Sample copies free.

Our New Agent.
Mr. W. T. Curran, of Keytesville, has accepted a position as soliciting agent for the County, and is authorized to receive and receipt for money due this office, whether for advertising, job work or subscription. Any favor or courtesies shown him will be appreciated by Yours Truly,
G. P. VANDIVER,
Pub. COUMIER.

Kansas City Inter-State Fair, Oct. 1st to 7th.
—Kansas City Priest of Pallas Pauses
October 2nd to 6th.
For the above occasion the Webash railroad will sell round-trip tickets at one fare, on sale October 1st to 7th. Good returning October 8th.
W. H. Cannon, Agent.

P. E. Anderson, a preacher, was sent to the penitentiary for three years from Kansas county under a charge of stealing a horse. Surely he had stolen "the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

REV. PENTUFF, in his sermon Sunday night said the Jews had a saying that the father who did not learn his son a trade made him a thief, and that it would be a good thing if all boys were now obliged to learn some trade. We like to hear that doctrine talked from the pulpit often. The boy that grows up in idleness is on the broad road to destruction and is very apt to land in the penitentiary. Parents are to blame for allowing their children to run about the streets in idleness. In doing so they are laying the foundation for future worthlessness. Idleness breeds all the vices. Find something for the boys to do and keep them busy.—Shelbina Democrat.

Cure for Consumption.
As a remedy for all forms of headache electric bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In case of habitual constipation electric bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and a few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at W. C. Gaston's drug store.

There is an apple tree growing in the front yard of Joseph Pemberton, a thrifty and well-to-do farmer, five miles west of Fulton, says the Sun, which measures over eight feet in circumference at the base. The tree was planted fifty years ago by Berry Divers, who passed away many years ago. The tree bears fruit every year, but the apples are small in size and never reach maturity, invariably falling from the tree.

EXCURSION TO KANSAS CITY.
Sunday, Oct. 2nd, 1894.
The Webash will sell round-trip tickets to Kansas City at \$2. Good going on train No. 1, leaving Keytesville at 8:43, a. m., and returning leaves Kansas City at 6:20, p. m.
W. H. Cannon, Agent.