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Boost, and THE WORLD Boosts With You;
Knock, and You Knock Alone.

REVIEWS WORK.

Congressman L. B. Hanna who returned last week from Washington re-turms the work of the recent session as follows:

"The session of congress which has just closed has been the most interesting one. The reciprocity bill which held the boards for a larger part of the time has won a great victory in the United States is concerned. There is a good deal of doubt, however, as to whether Canada will ratify the agreement or not. Among the Canadian people whom I met and conversed the idea seems to be that the so-called reciprocity with Canada is an entering wedge for the securing of absolute free trade between the two countries. If this comes about it would mean that the larger part of the manufacturing interests of Canada would come to the United States and also that the jointing interests of the United States would be a great detriment of the jobbing now done by cities like Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. There is also the further thought that it would ultimately mean the annexation of Canada by the United States and that its various provinces would become states of the great sisterhood of states. Time only can determine as to whether the predictions will prove true or not.

Besides reciprocity, statehood has been granted in Arizona and New Mexico under certain conditions and it is believed they will become states in reality in the earlier part of January, 1912.

There has also been passed a bill providing for publicity of campaign funds. This has been made to apply both to the primary elections and to the general elections, and is probably the most drastic law kind ever enacted by any country.

One great forward step has been taken in the matter of international arbitration by the arbitration treaties with France and Great Britain which have been started by President Taft and while the state has not yet acted, I believe the public sentiment generally is in favor of their adoption with some amendments. It may not be generally known but about 70 per cent of the total revenues of the government today are used for war expenses, such as the upkeep of the army and navy, the honorable pensions to soldiers who took part in our wars, interest on the public debt, the Annapolis and West Point military schools, fortifications, navy yards, and so on. I believe thoroughly in arbitration as among nations and I hope that the time will come when the nations of the world will settle all of their international difficulties by arbitration. The vast millions that today are spent by our government and by the governments of other nations poured into the channels of peace and into the development of the countries would be of undoubted benefit to all people.

"I have enjoyed the work in congress since I have been a member of it, and believe that President Taft's administration has been the first administration, except in war times, where a president has called two special sessions of congress during his first term of office.

The work in Washington has been instructive and educational. I have had the opportunity to meet many of the great men of the country as well as from foreign countries; to hear the great questions of the day discussed by eminent men, and it has been an education and a help to me. I shall always feel grateful to the people of North Dakota for honoring and giving me the opportunities which they have done."

HAVE CLEVER SCHEME.

That the Democrats have not given up all hopes of retaining their hold on the gubernatorial chair in this state is evidenced by the remarkable activity of the Democratic sheets in favor of Attorney General Miller as the Republican candidate. At the last election Miller worked with might and main for the defeat of the Democratic ticket while his name appeared on the Republican side, and his reward is now coming with the support of the Burke sheets in the state.

Not that the Democrats want Andy in the chief executive chair. Far from it. They are simply using him once more as a cat-in-the-hat. The primary draws near and other candidates are announced from the Republican party their fight for Miller will increase. They will laud him to the skies. They will "point with pardonable pride" to his record as Attorney General. They will endeavor to outline to the Republican voters their duty at the poll all in the hopes that with the aid of all the Democratic votes in the state, which are always cast for a Republican candidate at the primaries, they may succeed in having him nominated for the presidency.

Down and let him rest in his glory being elected. Not in a minute. They will come the time when the old double cross will be worked. If plans work out as expected Senator Purcell will be the Democratic choice with the hope that enough of the voters in the state who are thoroughly disgusted with a grandstander of Miller's type will cast their vote for a man who is generally liked as is Purcell. It is a good scheme but we doubt its success unless there is considerable more reaction in the Republican party than we can now spot. We do not know what there will be at least two more candidates from the Republican party announced for the primaries, both of them strong men. If Miller can keep up his bluff and secure enough stray votes to combine with the Democratic ones he will receive the may make him run against the Democrat when it is a ten to one shot he will be defeated. When it comes to a choice between a Republican and a Democrat we will ordinarily vote for the Republican, but when it comes to a choice between two Democrats, as would be the case then, we would certainly advocate the election of a man who had stood by his principles and his party rather than a man wearing the brand of a Judas Iscariot.

THE OLD SCHOOL DESK.

There was a little news item in yesterday's World that though insignificant in itself could have unfolded a story rare in human interest and personal recollections for some young man. It told of the discovery on the part of the man who was giving the rooms in the local schools a complete renovating of the same initials on the desks from the first grade room to the high school. What a history those initials must represent; what boyhood trials and tribulations; joys and discoveries. Is there a business man, gray haired, perhaps, and worried, who does not as the early signs of autumn appear allow himself a few moments in thoughtful contemplation of the days when he as a boisterous youngster grabbed his books from the table, tucked his lunch box under his arm, kissed his dear old mother a hasty peck and started for the old school house?

It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture the youngster whose initials were found on the local desk in his first grade with starved white dress and perhaps curls that the older boys delighted to pull. We doubt not but what his initials on that desk were marked laboriously with a pencil and then perhaps carefully gone over with a pin so that the impression might be the more lasting. Let us take it for granted that he was "motored" to the third the next year, where perhaps he borrowed the knife of his seatmate and together they worked on the letters that stood for his name. By the next year he must surely have owned a knife of his own and then what wholesale whittling. A hole must be cut through the top of the desk into the mysterious recesses beneath, a ruler must be nicked and the side of the seat must be artistically whittled and then daubed with ink. It was probably not until the renovator discovered the desk that was occupied during the eighth grade that beside the manly initials of the boy whose course he had followed from the first room, were found the smaller but more carefully executed initials of someone else. Perhaps there were traces, and we doubt not but what there were, of the elimination of other initials before those finally found beside his at the end of the year were carved. The High School sculpture then became a matter of course, robbed by that time of the fear of "teacher" or of the matchless inspiration that comes with the possession of the first knife.

The owner of those initials has undoubtedly left his native town, he may now be in pursuit of higher education at one of our leading Universities, where he has found softer material upon which to engrave his initials than the hard wood of the school house desk, he may be in business literally "carrying out a name for himself," or he may be one of those who cut off in his youth leaves indelibly stamped on the hearts of those he left behind his boyhood escapades.

The school desk does not contain evidence of wanton destruction or vandalism but rather the desire of personal assertion that should be in the composition of every manly boy. Let us hope that the boy whose self-assertiveness was so prominent in the local school may now be making a reputation that will leave his initials long remembered by his friends and business associates.

which a short time ago occupied the excited attention of two nations. It says: "Dr. Crippen is dead and cannot demand the new trial which recent revelations indicate that he deserved on account of the treachery of his counsel. The lawyer retained by certain newspapers to defend the doctor, but it is developed that their main object was to obtain through his exclusive news of his confession, which was anticipated after the expected conviction. The attorney went so far as to fabricate the confession and to palm it off on the newspapers that paid his fee, an offense for which he has been suspended from practice by the courts for one year. The punishment seems very light. He should have been absolutely disgraced. As the judges now declare, Crippen's lawyer must have been his secret enemy, anxious to establish his guilt rather than to prove his innocence in order that a confession, either real or bogus, might be marketable. The same judges, however, take pains to reassert their belief in the doctor's guilt, but the case, as it now stands in England's criminal records, is not one to be unreservedly proud of."

There was really no doubt about it at any time of the guilt of Dr. Crippen, but the facts set forth above if they be facts, will no doubt cause many to believe that he was unjustly executed.

Last week we asked Bro. Bloom of the "consolidated press" of Devils Lake a few pertinent questions relative to his charges, that Devils Lake and Ramsey county were in the clutches of the stalwart-whiskey element, but as usual he evades the question by talking about other things entirely. John don't like to be pinned down to facts and when he is asked to prove his allegations, he has a faculty of trying to crawl out by springing some other ghost story. If he wanted to back up his assertion, that all of the officers of the city and county, but two, are in league with pigs, he ought to have nerve to tell who those two are, so that we might know just where to class the balance of our officials. But he knows this is not true, and he dare not undertake the job. Just give us the names, John. He says that this paper rushes to the defense of the pig bribe. Far from it, Bro. Bloom. Every reader of this paper knows that we have always stood against the blind pig, and for the enforcement of the prohibition law, and that is right where we stand today, but we do not believe in the policy of the Journal in maligning and abusing our county officials, simply because we do not always agree with them politically, and try to discredit them to gain political ends, as seems to be the policy of the Journal. If the Journal can show us that we have a county official who is protecting the blind pig, as it has alleged, then we will do our part to retire that official. But we want proof based on facts, and not the insinuations of some one who had a political axe to grind, like the Journal and its sponsors. Give us the facts as well as the names.—Edmore Herald-News.

We hear of tea fights, bargain store crushes and matinee jams. We find women playing tennis, polo and baseball. We find them driving over the state of Illinois in automobiles tracing politicians and pleading for votes, in fact, we find them in every avenue of life, but it now remains for Devils Lake to produce a pair of lady wrestlers.

Now, to the ordinary individual, the word wrestling takes him back to boyhood days where wrestling consisted of taking hold of the other fellow's collar and elbow, waist hold or arm hold, and attempting to throw the opponent to the ground, but to those initiated to the present development of professional wrestling, the idea is unique, and the idea of the Devils Lake people that they can obtain a considerable attendance at such a function, is probably correct. Here's hoping that neither of the damsels breaks her neck, and that the only fractures of the games are those of the hearts of the onlookers.—Minot Reporter.

This is the way the Minneapolis Tribune views the puny efforts of LaFollette and his followers:

"We do not see where serious competition for the presidency for the republican nomination to succeed himself is coming from.

LaFollette will try to get delegates here and there, just to strengthen his position as opposition leader in the party and encourage the jobless who have enlisted under his standard. But will soon settle all of their hopes for success or even desire it. The time for men of his type has not yet come in this country, though it may be nearer than people think. He is too young a man to risk defeat when victory may be a few years ahead.

The true friends of the Colonel will obey his impassioned appeals to rally against the calamity of his nomination for president, and there is no reason why they should not be successful. The people of the country are not really so crazy about him as the Colonel thinks. There is nobody else to give a moment's uneasiness to the president. All the precedents and the omens of his position are in his favor, even with more moderate performance to his credit. If he have any luck next winter, and if the Canadians know which side the reciprocity sandwich is buttered on for them, he will have done more to reduce the tariff than any man since the war—even Grover Cleveland. That is high title to popular favor these days.

One reason why nobody contests the nomination with Taft is that no other republican would have much chance of election. Taft himself is none too sure of it. In a significant letter back on long and free talks with Colonel Roosevelt, Sydney Brooks, the English journalist, dwells on his disappointment with Taft and his greater sympathy with Grover and Wilson.

The Colonel would feel it his duty to support the republican candidate. Brooks says, but his friends would probably vote for Wilson.

THE CRIPPEN CASE.

How quickly one forgets the sensational cases of murder and other life tragedies that fill the newspaper. The other day Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, who was once the alleged heroine in a sensation, recalled herself to get hold of some more of the Thaw fortune, now badly drained and broken by her misconduct, and the effort of her mother-in-law to save her crazy husband from the consequences of his crime. In an eastern newspaper we also read an echo from the famous Crippen case

pace. For twenty-eight hours and thirty-one minutes of actual flying time he covered 31000 in old coal. During that time he covered 1285 miles. It would seem as if this mode of aviation was much more profitable than the dangerous practice of turning hand-springs while in mid air and doing the "swoop-the-swoops."

You can put it down as an iron clad fact that North Dakota has no abler official than W. C. Gilbreath, Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor. For years he has done and is doing splendid work in making the great advantages and opportunities of North Dakota known to the outside world and that North Dakota's big exposition from Sept 26th to October 16th will be a winning success, is a foregone conclusion.—Flasher Hustler.

The Devils Lake World tells about a woman who threw a rock at a house being convicted of cruelty to animals. Some people have puzzled over why a hen crosses the road. Now they will have to figure out when a hen an animal?—Fargo Forum.

That's a easy kernel—when she's made a goat for meretricious jokers on the vaudeville stage and in the newspaper offices.

An eastern policeman was suddenly taken ill after his tour of duty near Convent and attributes the cause to an over dose of the recent popular song "All Alone." There have been times when we have felt a little sick ourselves during the rendition of some of these popular airs and it wasn't "all alone" either.

The efforts of Devils Lake's new weather man during the few months he has been here were generally regarded as a success until recently, when it is easy to see that unless he uses his influence his work will be a decided frost.

Poor Andy Miller! He is getting his right and left ever since he made his appearance at the press meeting at Devils Lake. Shouldn't do this, boy. Andy will never come again.—Lankin Reporter.

The Devils Lake Inter-Ocean refers to Attorney General Miller as the unbeatable one. Wait until after the next primaries. When Andy goes up against the thirteen inch guns of the state press he will think he has been in a scrap all right.—Cooperstown Courier.

Jesse—There will be a host of 'em who will remember and to consider unpardonable a traitorous act to a party ticket to which he is a part. It'll be a "safe and sane" system of dope used, too, alright, alright.—Harvey Herald.

The stock holders of the Valley City Times-Record are not satisfied at the way the paper is being handled and it is more than likely that Editor Packard will soon be among those who are "leaving our midst." A man who so persistently knocks everything and everybody as does Packard and a few others we might mention, cannot last in any community for any length of time. A newspaper is more or less dependable upon the editor's personality and once he loses the respect of the community his usefulness is over.

An item of news that has been widely circulated is to the effect that North Dakota corn makes particularly fine whiskey. At the risk of giving the White Ribboners offense we can't help but remark the slogan of "patronize home goods" applies here with full force and effect. And in passing it is proper to add that there are some mighty fine jugs of whiskey in this state.—Ryder Journal.

Thirty years in the newspaper arena of the state is the record of the New Rockford Transcript and Editor Olson who has been responsible for its success in recent years displays a well written birthday notice at the head of his editorial column. Olson is one of the best in the business and has a host of friends among the newspaper fraternity.

If the Journal would hesitate in the middle of the list it is running of available Republican candidates and tell us what they are, we would be glad to see them. It is getting all the good offices filled with Republicans and we are afraid there won't be even a justice of the peace bullet left for the old standby.

The Valley City Times-Record is the latest of the near-Democratic sheets to line up for Andy Miller per-election promises of last year. The scheme is working out on schedule but it will be hard to fool the dear people with any such dope as that.

We knew Sam Clark couldn't keep away from it. He is now writing poetry in the capitol at Bismarck in opposition to a young lady in a neighboring department and the "little gems of thought" are being published in the Bismarck Tribune.

After looking over the list of names of the prominent insurgents, including Andy Miller, present at the last Fargo Tribune, "is a safe bet that every last man of them will be a candidate for some office—any old office will do.

Many of the gun clubs throughout the state are offering liberal rewards for the apprehension of anyone guilty of breaking the game laws. This is an excellent move as it will aid the good sportsmen and keep the few who are inclined to step over the line laid down by the state within their limits.

Despite the fact that Congressman Hanna has made no announcement regarding the possibility of his being a candidate for governor, he is receiving some splendid notices in the press of the state.

The state meetings that are being held by the Insurgents are hardly in keeping with the principles they advocated a few years ago when they denounced as heartily as possible the meetings that were then held by a number of the leading Republicans.

The Devils Lake World is forging right to the front. The World is a newsy sheet and is improving with each issue. "Heinie" Mitchell looks after the editorial end and it is quite evident that he is on the job early and late.—McHenry County Tribune.

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MIKE SAW MINOT.
(From the Wolford Mirror.)

The editor of this great family journal journeyed to Minot Monday and spent twenty-seven cents cash, for that's what it costs to register—on a chance of drawing a winning number in Uncle Sam's grand raffle of Fort Berthold land.

We were accompanied to the realms of chance by Dave E. Carlson, the gentlemanly erstwhile editor of the Bottineau Courant, who like himself, was willing to risk his all before the draw in the hope that the blind goddess might switch the cut and slip him a choice quarter section of land from the top, middle or bottom of the deck.

When we entered the place of registration the first person who entered was a flossy bunch of calves, who, on receipt of two bits, gave us a printed blank, a small ticket and a pleasant smile. We quickly found out what the blank and ticket were for, but we're still wondering why the female smiled.

Advancing to the counter we presented our blank to a suave gentleman, who pointed to a line near the bottom and gently murmured "sign here."

After our John Henry had been attached he started a series of rapid-fire questions as to our residence, age, height, weight, politics, religion, naturalized or denaturalized, plain or colored, male or female, married or free, and if we'd swear to the whole smear. When we politely assured him that we would either swear to, or at, any old thing for a homestead he asked for our ticket, which we then found out was a receipt for the two-bits we gave the doll near the door.

He tossed the ticket into a box, slipped the blank into an addressed envelope and handed it to us with instructions to put a two cent stamp on it. In reply to our inquiries if two one-cent stamps would answer the purpose just as well, he incidentally mentioned something about yaps, whatever they are, and replied in the affirmative.

On leaving the building we were approached by a body snatcher who insisted that we should make an auto trip, at fifteen bucks a throw, out to the reservation so as to take in its general contour, but we promptly, immediately, unhesitatingly and emphatically refused to be a party to any such con tour, as our interest in the reservation was still denoted by the minus sign.

Seeking cheap and harmless recreation we wandered about the Minot City, but on account of the solitude our Tribby soon strayed from the straight, narrow and moss-grown path of virtue and sought that broad, smooth and well-worn one that leads to high-balls, hilarity and headache.

The nearest thing we could find to the "glitzy palaces of vice," as the preacher calls them, were the pool rooms, and in most of these the gilt was badly tarnished and fly-specked. In one of them we ran across an old game masquerading under the name of "he-horse" poker, at least that's what the dealer called it, "with checks a dollar bundle and twenty to the bundle." The players at this interesting and profitable (for the house) game were an Irishman, a Jap, a Chinaman, a coon, two Norwegians and a couple of white men, and the way the checks fluctuated back and forth between the players, with a constant stream going into the "kitty," was anything but slow. Another game, not quite so popular was called "black jack," where the players ask the dealer to "hit me again."

Leaving the pool rooms we meandered through the streets looking for excitement, but everything was as quiet as a dead rabbit, so we retired for the night.

Minot used to have the reputation for being about the warmest little cup of tea in the dining room, but things have changed in the past few years, and it is now a staid, respectable city, with more factions and churches than any other town of its size in the state.

DAFFYDILES.
With Apologies.

The Journal says that a man who cuts down the weeds in his lawn is a good citizen. If the weeds were cut down how would John Bloom?

If he had no keys how could George Locke?

If Devils Lake were Paris and there was a fight in sight, would Earl Duell?

Hunting season is here; one sportsman says his dog is no good. Will Fred Traynor?

Speaking of fairies, if Churches Ferry likes Penn does she like Ed-moer?

If claims were plentiful at Edmore would Sam Schell?

If there is no undertaker at Churches Ferry would Stansberry?

A Broken Contract

Being a Romance of Northern Italy
Half a Century Ago
By LUIGI CAPRONI
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

This is a true story. It occurred in northern Italy during the spring of 1861, when in America the southern states, one after another, were leaving the Union and wheeling into Confederate line; when northern men were drilling for a great war and hurrying forward to occupy those states that were part loyal to the north and part ready to join the southern side.

In the land where the story was enacted a crisis that was to result in the formation of a nation was taking place. Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, were endeavoring to draw together the different parts of Italy and unite them in a nation. Garibaldi had brought in the islands of Sicily and Naples, attaching them to the kingdom of Sardinia; Rome hung in the balance; Venice was still under the domination of Austria.

In Turin, the capital of Piedmont and of so much of Italy as had been thus far united, in the villa of one of these aristocratic families whose titles have come down from medieval times, two elderly men, Count Bertinetti and Baron Mettucci, sat in conference.

"I think," said the baron, "that I can do better for my daughter than to marry her to your son, both in the way of title and fortune. Nevertheless, since we are old friends, I yield the point and give my consent."

"I am delighted, baron, at the prospect of uniting our families," repeated the other. "I take it that we shall have no trouble with the young people. They have never seen each other, but since they have both been brought up to obedience in the choice of a mate I am sure they will make no opposition. My son might rebel if he had made an attachment, but I have heard from him recently, and he assures me that he has no preferences and will accept the bride I provide for him."

"And I assure you, count, that my daughter will obey me. Besides, she has had no opportunity to form any attachment. She is still in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Milan, where she is finishing her education. I intend to present her to society at the coming Tote ball."

The Tote ball, held every spring at Turin, was given for this very purpose of introducing debutantes of aristocratic families. Fresh from their convents, dressed becomingly, animated with this first view of the social world, they formed a scene charming to look upon. They were all, or nearly all, soon provided with husbands and were themselves nothing to do with the provision, married immediately and might thereafter receive all the attention they liked from the hosts of admirers who crowded about them.

"My son," replied Count Bertinetti, "is now traveling, but will arrive in Turin for the ball. I suggest that the first meeting between the two young people take place on that occasion. There will be a great advantage in such an introduction. The music, the array of beautifully dressed young women and well-groomed young men, the adornment and perfume of flowers, the ripple of chat, mingled with laughter, all will conspire to seduce the senses, and that, you know, baron, when we were young men one always found alluring in a matter of love."

"I agree with you, count. My daughter leaves the convent in a few days, and I will give directions to her mother that she be kept like a bird in a cage till she is set free in the ball-room."

This closed the interview, and the two friends separated.

Within a few days after the meeting in which was arranged one of those marriages of convenience without love, common among the aristocracy of Europe, young Count Giuseppe Bertinetti alighted from a post chaise at his father's door and entered the house.

"Ah, my son," exclaimed the older man, kissing his offspring on both cheeks, "I am delighted to see you again."

"I am glad to rejoin you, father, though I admit that I have had a delightful trip."

The next will be your wedding journey, my boy. My negotiations with my old friend, Baron Mettucci, have resulted in the betrothal of yourself to his daughter."

The young man's brow darkened ominously. His father saw the change of expression and said anxiously, "Giuseppe, you appear to be disappointed."

Giuseppe made no reply.

"Did you not write me," pursued the father, "not a week ago that you had no preference as to whom you should marry and would leave the matter to me?"

"I did. But a single evening has changed all that. I came by way of Lake Maggiore. The moon was full and unclouded. On one side the peaks were bathed in its soft light, on the other they were black. I sat on deck with a young girl I had just met whose beauty, whose—"

"Fool!" interrupted the father. "How long did the moonlight last? No later than dawn. And how long must you live with a wife? Till you are parted by death, for in our church, as you know, there is no divorce. For this dissolving moonlight, for this face of a young girl, doubtless softened by it and which will soon belong either to a fat or a skinny old woman, you will throw away a splendid opportunity."

The interview ended, as all such interviews are bound to end, in a quarrel. But Giuseppe stood firm as a rock. His attachment to the girl who in a few hours had won his heart was too strong for the father who had bargained him and brought him up. The boy declined to accede to the marriage that had been arranged for him.

went to the baron's villa and told the story.

"Do you mean, count," asked the baron, "that I am to suffer, through my daughter, this insult from you, my old friend?"

"What can I do?"

The baron drew down the corners of his mouth, closed his lips tight together and finally spoke:

"Be it so. The contract is broken." It was only the next evening that the Tote ball took place. There was to be no introduction between Giuseppe and Bianca Mettucci. Indeed, the girl's father, had he been present at the ball, would have considered a request for an introduction an additional insult. Giuseppe had no thought as to the girl being present and if he had would have naturally kept out of her way. He found many a rosebud to flirt and dance with, but refrained. He was thinking of her he had met on Lake Maggiore.

Suddenly his eye lighted. There on the floor, waltzing with a young lieutenant, was the object of his thoughts. He followed her with his eyes and as soon as she ceased to dance approached and spoke to her. She received him with a smile of delight and, nodding a dismissal to the lieutenant, walked away with Giuseppe.

During their promenade the young count said to her:

"Do you know that at this ball I was to have been presented to a girl to whom I had been contracted in marriage?"

"And I was to have met a young man whom my father had accepted as a husband for me. My betrothed declined the match."

"Are you glad he did so?" asked Giuseppe in a low voice, pressing the hand that rested on his arm.

"Yes," said she in a still softer voice. Giuseppe was thrilled with delight.

"Who was to have been your fiancee?" he asked presently.

"A son of Count Bertinetti."

"What?" exclaimed Giuseppe, turning his eyes upon her in wonder and in horror.

She repeated the name.

"And you are Bianca Mettucci?"

"I am."

"Heavens! What have I done?"

"What do you mean? Explain."

"I have refused to marry you."

It was the girl's turn to look surprised, but she said nothing. Indeed, there was nothing to say. Her young heart had gone out to the first man she had met after leaving the convent under the influence of the scenery of the beautiful Italian lake bathed in moonlight. But, slight as may be the spark that kindles love, it may lead to the bursting of a flame. And so it was with both these young people.

"I will go to your father at once," said Giuseppe. "I will withdraw my refusal. I will!"

"No, no, not now. Papa is terribly angry. I fear he will never get over the insult that he considers has been