



By S. LEVETT YEATS.

CHAPTER I.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

"I do not drink with a thief!" D'Entragues spoke in clear, distinct tones, that rose above the hum of voices, and everyone caught the words. In an instant the room was still. The laughter on all faces died away, leaving them grave; and twenty pairs of curious eyes, and twenty curious faces, were turned toward us. It was so sudden, so unexpected, this jarring discord in our harmony, that it fell as if a bolt from a mangonel, or a shot from one of Messer Navarro's new guns, had dropped in amongst us. Even that, I take it, would have caused less surprise, although for the present there was a truce in the land. Prospero Colonna turned half round in his seat and looked at me. Our host and commander, old Ives d'Alegres, who was pouring himself out a glass of white vernaccia, held the decanter in mid-air, an expression of blank amazement on his blue eyes. Even the Englishman, Hawkwood, who sat next to me, was startled out of his habitual calm. Every eye was on us, on me where I sat dazed, and on D'Entragues, who was leaning back lightly, a forced smile on his face, the fingers of one hand playing with the empty glass before him, whilst with the other he slowly twisted his long red mustache. I was completely taken aback. Only that afternoon I parted from D'Entragues, apparently on the best of terms. We had played together and he had won my crown; but he knew the word of a Saveli. On leaving, Mme. D'Entragues asked me to join her hawk party for the morrow, and he urged the invitation. I accepted, and backed my new perruque against D'Entragues' old hawk Bibbo for ten crowns, the best of three flights, and the wager was taken. Never, indeed, had I known him so cordial. I did not like the man, but for his wife's sake was friendly to him. Of a truth, there were few of the youngsters in Tremouille's camp who were not in love with her, and some of us older fellows too, though I hid our feelings better. I was grateful to madame. She had been kind to me after the affair of San Miniato, when a Florentine pike somehow found its way through my breastplate. Indeed, I may say I loved my recovery to her nursing. In return I had been of some service to her in the retreat up the valley of the Taro, after Fornovo—she called it saving her life. In this manner a friendship sprang up between us which was increased by the opportunities we had of meeting whilst the army lay inactive before Arezzo. Long years of camp life made me fully appreciate the society of a woman, remarkable alike for her beauty and her talent; and she, on the other hand, felt for me, I was sure, only that friendship which it is possible for a good woman to hold for a man who is not her husband. I do not for one moment mean to imply that Doris D'Entragues was perfection. I knew her to be wayward and rash, sometimes foolish, if you will; but withal a pure woman. I soon found she was unhappy, and in time she got into a way of confiding her troubles to me, and they were not a few, for D'Entragues was what all men knew him to be. Finding that I could be of help to madame, I avoided all difference with the husband, and for her sake was, as I have said, friendly to him. Perhaps my course of action was not prudent; but who is there amongst us who is always guided by the head? At any rate, I expended my fault, and paid the price of my folly to the end of the measure. As I sat in the now silent supper-room with the man's words buzzing in my ears, a curious recollection of a scene that occurred about a month ago came back to me. Madame and I had overridden ourselves hawking, and I had dismissed her at her request and gathered for her a posy of yellow coronilla and scarlet amaryllis. This, in her quick, impulsive way, she held to her husband's face when we met him, a half league or so on our way back, saying: "See what lovely flowers Di Savelli has given me! He snatched them from her hand, and flung them under his horse with an oath, adding something which I did not catch. Madame flushed crimson, and the incident ended there, for I did not care to press the matter. It all came back to me now, in the oddest manner, as I sat staring at D'Entragues. He had come in late to the supper, and after greeting D'Alegres, slipped into the seat opposite me in silence. Across him two men were discussing a series of thefts that had recently disturbed us. They were not common thefts, such as are of daily occurrence in a military camp; but were the work of some one both daring and enterprising. Even then the matter would not have attracted the attention it did but for the loss of a ruby circlet by Duchess de la Tremouille, which, besides its intrinsic value, was the gift of a king. Mme. de la Tremouille made an outcry, and the duke, as the matter touched him, was leaving no stone unturned to find the thief. It had come to be that every robbery in the camp was put down to this one light-fingered gentleman; and Visconti, one of the two men who were discussing the question, was loudly lamenting the loss of a rare medallion of which he had just been relieved. Throughout their conversation D'Entragues, though once or twice addressed, spoke no word, but maintained a moody silence. When the wine was circling round I, being warmed, and wishing to stand well with the husband of madame made some rallying allusion to our match for the morrow, and offered to drink to him. His reply is known. The silence which followed his speech was so utter that one may have heard a feather fall; and then some one, I know not who, laughed shortly. The sound brought me to myself, and in fury, hardly knowing what I was doing, I jumped up and drew my dagger, but was instantly seized by Colonna and Hawkwood. The latter was a man of great size, and between him and Colonna I was helpless. "Give him rope," whispered Hawkwood, and his voice was kind, "this is not an affair to be settled with a poniard thrust."

The whole room was in an uproar now, all crowding around us; D'Entragues half-risen from his seat, his hand on his sword, and I quivering in the grasp of my kind enemies. Old Ives d'Alegres rushed forward. "Silence, gentlemen!" he called out, "remember I command here. Saveli, give up that dagger; D'Entragues, your sword. Now, gentlemen, words have been used which blood alone cannot wash out. M. d'Entragues, I await your explanation!" "Liar!" I shouted out, "you will give it to me at the sword's point," and big Hawkwood's restraining arms tightened over me. "Thanks," replied D'Entragues, "you remember the sword at last; a moment before I saw in your hands your natural weapon." "A truce to this, sirs! I await you," interrupted D'Alegres. "Your pardon," said D'Entragues. "Gentlemen, you want an explanation. It is simple enough. We have a thief in our midst, and he is there." "A thief!—Di Savelli!" called out a dozen voices, and Ives d'Alegres said: "Impossible! you are mad, D'Entragues." "No more, sir, than you, or anyone of us here. I confess, though, I thought I was mad when I first knew of it, for this man has been my comrade, we have fought side by side, and he has borne himself as a gallant soldier. I thought I was mad, I say, when I first knew of this; but the proofs are too strong." "What are they?" D'Alegres spoke very shortly. "You shall have them. You all know there have been a series of unaccountable thefts amongst us lately. The duchess's rubies have gone. Hardly a lady but has lost some valuable, my wife, amongst other things, a bracelet. The thief did not confine his attentions to the fair sex; but visited us men as well. They were not common thefts. From the circumstances attending them, the robber must have known us intimately, and had easy access to our quarters. Up to now the matter has been a mystery. A lot of people have been wrongly suspected, and two poor wretches are now swinging on the gibbet, condemned for nothing that I know of." "It was done by my orders, sir," said D'Alegres, "the matter is beside the point." "I stand corrected, general. Some little time ago a fortunate chance revealed to me who the culprit was. I made no sign, but set to work until complete proofs were in my hands." "You have said so before. Why beat about the bush? If you have proofs, produce them." "A moment, sir. May I ask any of you to state what your most recent losses have been?" "My medallion by Cimabue," put in Visconti, in his drawing voice. "Fifty fat gold crowns in a leather bag," grumbled Hawkwood, "the residue of Abbot Basilio's ransom. God send such another prize to me, for I know not how to pay my lances." There was a little laugh at Hawkwood's moan, but it soon stilled, and, one by one, each man stated his latest loss. "Gentlemen, you interrupt M. D'Entragues. Let us end this painful scene." "There is but one thing more, sir. I ask you now to have this"—D'Entragues indicated me with an insolent look—"this person's quarters searched." Whilst he was speaking, D'Alegres gave a whispered order to a young officer, who left the room immediately, although with a somewhat discontented air at being sent away. As D'Entragues finished, the door was opened, a couple of files of Swiss infantry entered, and with them Braccio Fortebraccio, our provost-marshal. At a sign from D'Alegres one of the files surrounded me, the other D'Entragues, and Braccio called out in a loud voice: "Ugo di Savelli, and Crepin D'Entragues, I arrest you in the king's name!" "At your service, provost," said D'Entragues, with a bow, "my sword is already given up. May I ask, sir," he continued, turning to Alegres, "if you will put my proofs to the test?" "At once, provost, lead your prisoners to M. di Savelli's quarters." "Thank God!" The expression burst from me, so great was my relief. I was sure of being acquitted, and madame or no madame, I should kill D'Entragues the following day, even though I knew Tremouille had sworn to hang the next man caught duelling within the jurisdiction of his camp. We were, as I have stated, at Arezzo, and had passed the winter there, in the truce following the expulsion of the duke of Bari from Lombardy. It had, however, become necessary to menace the pope, who was hilt deep in intrigue as well as crime, and Tremouille leaving Signor d'Amboise in Milan, marched south, and with the aid of our Florentine allies held the Borgis and Spain in check. Acting under the advice of Trevulzio, Ives d'Alegres, and others, the duke had not entered the town; but kept us in camp near Giove, outside the walls. The gates of the city and the citadel were, however, at the same time strongly garrisoned, and Trevulzio held command within. It was all the more urgent to keep the main body of the troops outside the walls, as they were composed, with the exception of a few French regiments, mainly of mercenaries, and by holding the town with picked men, upon whom he could rely, Tremouille would be able, in case of any change of front on the part of his mercenaries, to have them between two fires. Ives d'Alegres, who then acted as lieutenant general to the duke, was immediately in command of the camp, and had fixed his headquarters in a large villa, the property of the Accolti, and it was here that the supper, which ended so disastrously for me, was given. My quarters were but a bow-shot or two away, in the direction of the town. When we reached there I was surprised to find at the door my servant Tarbes in the hands of two of the marshal's men, a half troop of French lancers drawn up before my tent, and my own small condotta of ten lances, which I had raised for the war by pawning my last acre, all under guard. As if any attempt at rescue were possible! I saw in a moment that this accounted for

D'Entragues' late arrival at the supper; but entering the tent sure of the results. A dozen blazing torches threw a clear enough light, and D'Alegres briefly requested the provost to begin the search. The practiced hands of the field police did this very effectively, but to no purpose, and I felt that the faces of all were looking nervously towards me. D'Entragues seemed friendly, and his sallow cheek was pale. "Send for Tarbes," he said, and at a word from the provost my knave was led in. This man was a Spaniard, whom I had taken into my service, some little while ago, on the recommendation of D'Entragues. Except on one occasion when he lost, or maybe stole, a pair of silver spurs, for which I cuffed him roundly, he had served me well. At the present moment he seemed overcome with fear, trembled in every limb, and refused to look at me. "Signor Tarbes," said the provost, "do you know what the wheel is?" The man made no answer, and Braccio went on: "Signor Tarbes, we want a little information which I am persuaded you possess. If you give it freely we will be merciful; if you prevaricate, if you attempt to conceal anything, we will do to you what we did to the death hunters after San Miniato—you remember?" "Speak freely, Tarbes. There is no fear," I added. "Even your master, the excellent cavaliere, advises you, and I must say advises you well," continued Braccio. "Signor Tarbes, you will now show us," and he rubbed his hands together softly, "where the valiant knight, Ugo di Savelli, keeps his prizes of war, the spoils of his bow and spear—I was going to say fin—"



Opened the valise and spread the contents on a high camp table.

"Have a care, sir," said D'Alegres, sternly, "you are here to do your duty, not to play the jester." Braccio shrunk back at his look, and the general turned to Tarbes: "In brief, we want to know, if your master, M. di Savelli, has any concealed property here? Will you answer at once, or do you prefer to be put to the question?" "I will speak—say anything, my lord—only have mercy. I swear what I say is true. His excellency, my master, has nothing beyond what you have seen—and what lies in the leather valise under this rug." Now this rug in question lay flat on the turf, on which my tent stood, and at the time of the search D'Alegres and others were standing on it. Owing to this, and to the crowded state of the tent, it had happened to escape the attention which it would doubtless have received sooner or later, for nothing ever passed Braccio's eyes. In a moment the rug was swept aside, and, as the torches were held to the turf, it was evident that it had been dug away and then replaced somewhat carelessly. Braccio was in his element. "Pouff!" he exclaimed, "a clumsy amateur after all! I thought better of his valor. Here! give me a pike! And hold the torches so!" With the sharp point of the pike he quickly cleared away the turf, and stooped

"I have restored M. d'Entragues his sword." "There is still another," and the provost pointed to Tarbes. "Pah!" exclaimed D'Alegres, "hang him out of hand—come, gentlemen!" One by one they went out. Not another look did they give me. I heard the tread of feet, and the sound of voices in eager conversation, dying out in the distance. I stood as in a dream. Tarbes had been dragged away speechless, and half fainting. When he was outside he found voice, and I heard him alternately cursing D'Alegres and D'Entragues and screaming for mercy. Braccio touched me on the arm. "Come, signore," he said, "you, at any rate, have a few hours left."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPANESE HUMOR.

Some Stray Samples of That Have Been Found in the Newspapers.

The Japanese newspapers make nearly as much use of jokes as the American press and, in spite of the differences of languages and customs, American jokes are thoroughly enjoyed by the Japs when translated into their tongue.

An example of Japanese humor is the story of two deaf men who, meeting each other one morning, indulged in this dialogue:

First Deaf Man—Good morning. Are you going to buy sake (rice wine)?

Second Deaf Man—Oh, excuse me; I thought you were going to buy sake.

A toper, feeling "headachy" after a spree, had fallen asleep. He dreamed that he had found a sack of sake and licked his chops before tasting it. "How delicious!" he exclaimed. "It would be proper to report the find at police headquarters, but a windfall like this sakes—no! no! Well, shall I take a glass? No, there will be nothing lost by waiting until I warm it. He was just going to set it to warm when the midday gun awoke him, whereupon he ruefully exclaimed: "Oh, what a pity it was I did not drink it cold!"

Another story is about a dog: "You told me that when a dog barked he would leave off if one wrote 'tiger' on his palm and kept his fist clinched.

"A European dog barked at me as I was coming home late last night. So I stuck my fist out and just look how I got bitten."

"Oh! Probably it was a dog who had not yet learned Japanese writing."

In the Pursuit of Fashion—Two young men having met in front of a haberdasher's shop, one of them waved his hand and cried out:

"I have much to say, but business calls me home. I must put off the conversation for a few days, when I will see you at your house."

The other asked him what this business might be; whether any of his family had been taken ill.

"Oh, no," replied the first young man. "I have been getting a kerchief which my wife commissioned me to buy. The reason why I said I couldn't stop is that it would be an awful thing for her to fall behind the fashion while I was loitering on the way."—Chicago Chronicle.

Cornwall's Buried Treasure.

The fortune of a Croesus lies buried under the sands and rocks near Gunwalloe, in the Lizard district of Cornwall. In 1574 a Spanish ship, bearing a freight of \$17,000,000 and many bars of gold to London for safe custody that could not be found in Spain, was wrecked amid the sand and rocks some distance from the shore—a cruel, murderous-looking shore. This more than a fortune has been buried since. A part of the treasure was once secured by an enterprising Cornishman (the government claiming its toll), and more than one band of speculators has tried to rob the sea of its spoil and has been defeated by the great Atlantic rollers and driven home out of pocket, but yet not without hope. There is some talk of making another search for this hidden wealth; but Cornishmen have been so bitten in many ventures that they may well button up their pockets.—London Outlook.

An Appreciative Reader.

Thomas Scott, the celebrated commentator on the Bible, published an edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress with explanatory notes. A copy of this work he benevolently presented to one of his poor parishioners. Meeting him soon after, Mr. Scott inquired whether he had read it.

"Yes, sir," was the enthusiastic reply. "Do you think you understand it?" "Oh, yes, sir," the parishioner answered, with the unexpected and disappointing addition, "and I hope before long I shall understand the notes."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Paper of Tricks.

We all regret to-day what we did yesterday. Will we regret the day after to-morrow, what we do to-morrow? Is it not the only safe way to do nothing at all?

Life is a sad riddle. There is, at last, only one way out—to give it up. A hog may act the part of a man without knowing it. A man can never act the part of a hog without knowing it.—Hardware.

Quack-Quack!

Great Editor—Why in the world don't you advertise your address in the newspapers? Eminent Physician—People would think me a quack. Why don't you sign your name to the articles you write for your paper?

Great Editor—People would think me a goose.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Double Portion.

"She married him to spite a girl friend." "But she afterwards divorced him." "Yes; that was to enable him to marry the same girl friend and enjoy more spite."—Philadelphia, North American.

VANITY OF GREATNESS.

One Young Man Who Found Out That He Never Would Be Missed.

"You seemed depressed this evening," said Hamblin, as Flag, who was generally on pretty good terms with himself, lit his eighth cigarette and then threw it away, after taking two whiffs. "Yes, I am," was the reply. "There's no use trying to be anybody in this world." "Oh, come, brace up," Hamblin urged. "What's gone wrong? You ought to be ashamed to let yourself be cast down, after the streak of good luck you've had. Here you are on the sunny side of 30, and a firm doing a business of \$1,000,000 a year has made you its chief buyer, with a salary that would keep three or four good-sized families in luxury. You've had a trip to Europe at the house's expense and you—"

"Hold on," Flag interrupted, "you've struck the very thing that bothers me. You know Miss Dilliver—that beautiful, stately girl I introduced to you one night in the Burkwells' box?" "I called on her last evening. I used to call there every week or two, before I started across to the other side. Well, more than three months had elapsed since I had seen her last. Of course, I concluded that my trip was an apology enough for the fact that I had not called lately, so without any ado I began talking about my experiences in Paris. What do you think she said?" "She only guessed."

"Why, have you been out of the city?"

HE DID NOT HAVE IT.

How a Joking Judge Salted Down a Delightfully Fresh Young Man.

William Lightfoot Vischer tells this characteristic story of Hon. Isaac Parker, famous as the terrible judge at Fort Smith, Ark., who probably sentenced more men to be executed than any other judge that ever lived. This was not, however, because he was so unrelentingly severe, but because he had the hardest and most numerous lot of criminals to deal with that ever came within the jurisdiction of such an official. One day when there was an unusually large batch of culprits to be sentenced, the judge looked compassionately over his spectacles at one young scamp, and said:

"In consideration of the youth and inexperience of this prisoner I shall let him off with a fine of \$50."

Before the judge had done speaking the very fresh young man coolly stretched his right leg and ran his hand into his trousers' pocket on one side, remarking nonchalantly as he did so:

"That's all hunky, judge; I've got that much right here in my jeans."

"And one year in the penitentiary," concluded the judge. Then looking over at the convict in a quizzical sort of way, he added:

"Do you happen to have that in your jeans?"—Woman's Home Companion.

His Motto.

A New York merchant recently advertised for an office boy. The first lad that went to try for the position was asked what his motto in life was.

"The same as yours, sir," answered the lad.

"How do you know my motto?" asked the manager.

"It tells you on the door, sir; it says push!"

The boy was employed at once.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Never be at your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.—Town and Country Journal.

Some persons have done a great deal to run down cyclists and, on the other hand, some cyclists have done a good deal to run down other persons.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

"Evil Dispositions Are Early Shown."

Just so evil in the blood comes out in shape of scrofula, pimples, etc., in children and young people. Taken in time it can be eradicated by using Hood's Sarsaparilla. In older people, the aftermath of irregular living shows itself in bilious conditions, a heavy head, a foul mouth, a general bad feeling.

It is the blood, the impure blood, friends, which is the real cause. Purify that with Hood's Sarsaparilla and happiness will reign in your family.

Blood Poison—"I lived in a bed of fire for years owing to blood poisoning that followed small pox. It broke out all over my body, itching intensely. Tried doctors and hospitals in vain. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. It helped. I kept at it and was entirely cured. I could go on the howltops and shout about it." Mrs. J. T. Williams, Carbondale, Pa.

Scrofula Sores—"My baby at two months had scrofula sores on cheek and arm. Local applications and physician's medicine did little or no good. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him permanently. He is now four, with smooth fair skin." Mrs. S. S. Wooten, Farmington, Del.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It Beats the Band. The newest and most inspiring piece of sheet music, arranged for piano, is "The Pioneer Limited March," composed by Capt. Frederick Phinney, Bandmaster United States Band, Chicago, published by S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.; distributed only by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Enclose fifty (50) cents and address J. T. Conley, Asst. General Passenger Agent, 365 Robert St., St. Paul, Minn.

Her Maiden Aim. Hoax—So young Goldrox has taken a wife. What was her maiden name? Joax—Her maiden aim seems to have been to marry Goldrox, and she proved an unusually good shot for a woman.—Philadelphia Record.

Crecent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Opens February 23. In the Ozark Mountains. Delightful climate. Beautiful scenery. Unequaled medicinal waters. Cheap excursion rates. Through sleepers via Frisco Line. Address J. O. Plank, Manager, Room H, Arcade, Century Building, or Frisco Ticket Office, No. 101 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

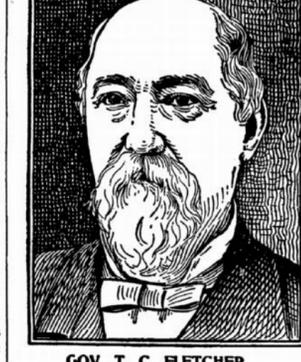
Keeping It Up to the Last. Dix—I understand Windig, the attorney, is seriously ill. Hix—Yes; I met his physician this morning, and he says he is lying at death's door. That's just like a lawyer.—Chicago Evening News.

Some people are constantly so busy that you can't get them to do anything they ought to do.—Washington Democrat.

MISSOURI'S WAR GOVERNOR

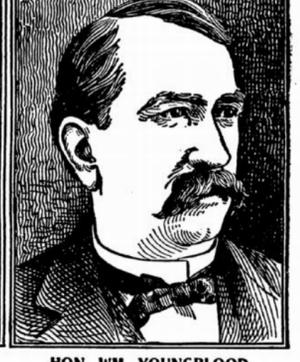
Restored to Health By Pe-ru-na.

A LETTER FROM THE AUDITOR OF THE INTERIOR



GOV. T. C. FLETCHER.

Hon. Thomas C. Fletcher, the noted war Governor of the State of Missouri, is a great friend of Pe-ru-na. He writes: The Pe-ru-na Drug Mfg Co., Columbus, Ohio: Gentlemen—For years I have been afflicted with chronic catarrh, which has gone through my whole system, and no one knows the torture and misery I have passed through. My doctor has prescribed various remedies, and I have never found any relief until I was persuaded by a friend to use Dr. Hartman's Pe-ru-na. After the use of one bottle I feel like a new man. It also cured me of a dropping I had in my throat, and built my system up generally. To those who are suffering with catarrh I take pleasure in recommending your great medicine. Very respectfully, Thomas C. Fletcher.



HON. WM. YOUNGBLOOD.

Treasury Department, Office of Auditor for Interior, Washington, D. C., Dec 10, 1893. The Pe-ru-na Drug Mfg Co., Columbus, Ohio: Gentlemen—I've often heard of your great medicine and have persuaded my wife, who has been much of a sufferer from catarrh, to try Pe-ru-na, and after using one bottle she has wonderfully improved. It has proved all you have claimed for it, and I take pleasure in recommending it to anyone who is afflicted with catarrh. Yours, Wm. Youngblood, Auditor for the Interior. Catarrh in its various forms is rapidly becoming a national curse. An undoubted remedy has been discovered by Dr. Hartman. This remedy has been thoroughly tested during the past forty years. Prominent men have come to know of its virtues and are making public utterances on the subject. To save the country we must save the people. To save the people we must protect them from disease. The disease that is at once the most prevalent and stubborn of cure is catarrh.

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