duce Antonio to the people till all his guards were collected and under arms, and the people restrained by a great show of force. Therefore he bade Antonio cover his face with his cloak, and Antonio, Lorenzo's sword being still at his breast, obeyed; and thus they rode through the gates of Forniola and came to the duke's malace; and Antonio He all that the duke

palace; and Antonio did all that the duke ordered, and babbled foolishly like a be-wildered child when the duke asked him questions, so that his highness laughed

mightily, and coming into the garden, sat down in his favorite place by the fish pond, causing Antonio to stand over against him.

"Indeed, Antonio," said he, "I can do other than bang you."

"If it be your pleasure, my lord."
"And then Lucia shall drink of this wor

that Antonio? You love not the obstinate

"In truth, no," laughed Antonio, "she

is nought to me!" And he put his hand to his head, saying perplexedly: "Lucia? Yes, I remember that name. Who was she? Was she aught to me, my lord?"

"Not thus should Antonio of Monte Vel-

"So he dies, I care not how," answere

giri?

luto have died."

A TOUCH OF FROST.

clay the leaves, the sepid rills The modely furrows were a summer habe; The cattle rested from the yellow rays. Beagh-ord and careless of the piping bills. No breath, no omes of the fur-off ills Shuddeved the sir. Today the hardened ways Lie drifted with the dead of number days; The year lies sheaved upon the autumn hills. There in the sun-burnt stacks the beauty

Of beam and shower, dawn, and silver dew, Whitper of woody dusk, and upward deeps Of monalight when the air is crystal blue. bending farmer gathers into heaps harcest with the summer woven through." —Harrison S. Morris.

Chronicles of Count Antonio

By Authory Hope-Author of "A Pris oner of Zenda," Etc.

(Copyright, 1986, by Anthony Hope.) CHAPTER IV. COUNT ANTONIO AND THE WIZ-

ARD'S DRUG. Now in the third year of his outlawry the heart of Count Antonio of Monte Velluto had grown very sad. For it was above the space of a year since he had heard news of the Lady Lucia, and hard upon two since he had seen her face, so closely did Duke Valentine hold her prisin Porniola. And as he walked to and fro among his men in this hiding in the hills, his face was sorrowful, Yet, coming where Tommasino and Bens sat together, he stopped and listened to their talk with a smile. For Bena cried

By the saints, my lord, it is even so My father himself had a philtre from him 20 years ago, and though before, my mother had louthed to look on my father, yet now here am I nine and twenty years of age and a child born in holy wedlock er tell me that it is foolishness, my "Of whom do you speak, Bena?" asker

"Of the wizard of Baratesta, my lord Ayc, and he can do more than make a love potion. He can show you all that shall come to you in a mirror, and make the girl you love rise before your eyes as though the shape were good firsh and

"All this is foolishness, Bena," said

Count Antonio.
"I have heard of this man before," con taued the count, "and marvelous stories are told of him. Now I leave what shall come to me in the hands of heaven, for to know is not to alter, and knowledge without power is but freeting of the heart

-but-" And Antonio broke off.
"Ride then, if you can, safely, and beg him to show you Lucia's face," said Tomo. "for to that I think you are mak-

'In truth I was, fool that I am," said

So Antonio, albeit that he was in parso Altionio, attent that he was in part ashumed, learnet from Bena where the winard dwelt on the bridge that is outside the gate of Barafesta—for the syndic would not suffer such folk to live inside the wall—and one evening be saddled his horse and role alone, to seek the wizard. The wirard, who was a very old man, and The wizard, who was a very old man, and isil and marvelously lean, met him at the door of the house, crying. "I booked for your coming, my lord," And he took Antonio's horse from him and stood it in a stable beside the bouse, and led An-tonio in, saying again, "Your coming was known to me, my lord," and he brought Antonio to a chamber at he back of th house, having one window, past which the river, being then in flood, rushed with noise and fury. There were many strange things in the chamber, skulls and the of animals from far-off countries. great jars, busins and retorts, and in one corner a mirror, half draped in a black

'And you knew that I rode hither to-

'Aye," said the wizard, "for the stars tols me of the coming of some great man, and I turned from my toil and watched for

"What toil?" asked Antonio. "See here is money, and I have a quiet tongue What toil? The wixard pointed to a heap of broken

and bent pieces of base metal.
"I was turning dross to gold," said he, in a fearful whisp Can you do that?" asked Antonio,

I can, my lord, though but slowly."

The winard laughed harshly.

"Let them that pulse love seck that," said he. "It is not for me."
"I would it had been, then had my errand here been a better one. For I am come but to see the semblance of a

winned frowned as he said: I had looked for a greater matter. For you have a great enemy, my lord, and I have means of power for freeing men of And Count Antonio, knowing that he

spoke of some dark device of spell or power, answered:
"Enough! enough! For I am a man of quick temper, and it is not well to tell me

of wicked things lest I be tempted to an-ticipate beaven's punishment."
"I shall not sile at your hands, my lord," the winard. "Come, will you see

what shall befall you?"
"Nay, I would but see my lady's face;
for a great yearning for that has come
ever me, and, for all I take shame in it,

"how shall see it, then and if you see more it is not by my will," said the wigard; and he quenched the lamp that burst on the table and fluog a handful of some powder on the charcoal in the store; and the room was filled with a thick when small me wire. thick, sweet-smelling vapor. And the wizard tore the black cloth off the face of the mirror and bade Antonio look alreadily at the mirror, and Antonio looked till the vapor that enveloped all the room cleared off from the face of the micror, and the wizard, laying his hand on Antonio's shoulder, said: "Cry her name thrice," And Antonio thrice cried

name thrice." And Autonio thrice cried "Locia," and again waited. And something came on the polished surface of the mirror, but the winard mattered low and angely, for it was not the form of Lucia nor of any maiden; yet presently he cried low, "Look, my lord, look!" and Autonio, looking, saw a dim and shudowy face in the mirror; and the whard began to filing his body to and fro, uttering strarge whispered words, and the uttering strarge whispered words, and the sweat steed in beads on his forchead. "Now, new!" he cried. And Antonio, with beating heart, fastened his gaze on the mirror. And as the story goes (I veuch not for ii), he saw, though very dimly, the face of Lucta; but more he also saw, for beside the face was his own face, and there was a rope about his neck, and the half-shaped arms of a gib-het seemed to hover above him. And he shrank back for an instant.

What more you see is not by my will." said the winted.

"What shall come is only by God's ill," said Autonio. "I have seen her will," said Antenlo, face. It is enough."

"But the winard clutched him by the rm, whispering in terror: "It is a gibbet, and the rope is about

"Indeed, I seem to have worn it there these three years, and it is not drawn tight yet, nor is it drawn in the mir-

"You have good courage," said the winned, with a grim smile; "I will show you more," and he flutte another powder on the charcoal, and the shapes passed from the mirror. But another came, and the winned, with a great cty, and markening with a great cty. fell suddenly on his knees, exclaiming: "They mock me, they mack me! They said what they will, not what I will. Ah, my lord, whose is the face in the mir-

ror?" and he seized Antonio again by the

"It is your face," said Antonio, "and it is the face of a dead man, for his jaw has dropped, and his features are drawn and

And the wisard buried his face in his hands, and so they rested awhile till the glass of the mirror cleared, and Antonio felt the body of the wizard shaking against his knee. But on the instant, as he moved, there came a sudden loud knocking at the door of the house, and he stood still. And the wizard lifted his

"They will beat the door down if you do not open," said Antonio. "I will hide myself here behind the mirror, for I cannot paus them without being seen, and if I am seen here it is like enough that the mirror will be proved right both for you and me."

So Antonio hid himself, crouching down

behind the mirror, and the wixard, hav-ing lighted a small, dim lamp, went on trembling feet to the door. And present-ity be came back, followed by two men. whose faces were hid in their cloaks. And one of them sat down, but the other stood and flung his cloak back over his shoul-ders, and Antonio, observing him from behind the mirror, saw that he was Loenzo, the duke's favorite

And Lorenzo spoke to the wizard, say-Why did you not come sooner?"

"There was one here with me," said the wizard, whose air had become again "And he is gone. For we would be

umph, the duke and Lorenzo having drawn their swords, ran upon him; and the duke planted his foot upon his neck,

at last I have him! Bind his hands, Lo-And Lorenzo bound Antonio's hands as

he lay there, a log for stillness. And the duke turned to the wizard, and a smile bent his lips. When the wizard of Baratesta beheld the look that was on Duke Valentine's face, he suddenly cried about, "The mir-ror, the mirror!" and sank in a heap on the floor, trembling in every limb. For he remembered the aspect of his own face in the mirror, and knew that the hour of his death had come. And he feared mightily to die. Therefore he besought the duke very piteously and told him again that from his hand alone could the again that from his hand alone count the drug receive its potency. And so earnest was he in this that at last he half won upon the duke, so that the duke wavered. And, as he doubted, his eye fell upon An-tonio; and he perceived that Antonio was

recovering from his swoon.
"There is enough for two," said he, "in the phini; and we will put this thing to the test. But if you speak or move or make any sign whatever, in that moment you shall die."

Then the duke poured half the coof the phial into a glass and came to Lo-

of the phial into a glass and came to Lo-renzo and whispered to him:
"If the drug works on him, and the wizard is proved to lie, the wizard shall die; but we will carry Antonio with us; and when I have mustered my guard I will hang him in the square, as I have sworn. But if the drug does not work, then we must kill him here. Therefore, if the operation of the drug fail, run him through with your sword when I give the "He is not to be seen, 'answered the wizard, 'utterly alone here you cannot be." And when he heard this, Lorenzo turned pale, for he did not like this midthrough with your sword when I give the signal."



"But no man is here," said the wiz-

A low, hourse laugh came from the man A low, nonthe laugh came tracks of the who sat.

"Tricks of the trade, tricks of the trade,' said he, and Antonio started to hear his voice. "He sure that where a prince, a courtier, and a cheat are together the devil makes a fourth. But there is no need to turn pale over it, accesse."

And when the wizard heard, he fell on is knees; for he knew that it was Duke Valentine who spoke. "Look you fellow," pursued his high-

ness, "you owe me much thanks that on are not hanged already; for by put-ng an end to you I should please my elergy much and the Syndic of Baratesta not a little. And if you do not obey me conight, you shall be dead before morn-

"There is a certain drug," said the duke. turning round toward the wizard, "which f a man drink-or a woman, Lorenzo-he can walk on his legs, use his arms and eem to be waking and in his right mind, yet is his mind a nothing, for he knows not what he does, but does everything that one being with him may command, and without and without seeming reluctance, and again, when bidden he will seem to lose all power of movement and to lack his senses. I saw the thing once when I so-journed with the Lord of Florence."

"Aye, there is such a drug," said the

"Aye, there is such a urug," said the wizard.
"Then give it to me," said the duke, "and I give you your life and 30 pieces of gold. For I have great need of it."
Now when Antonio heard the duke's words he was seized with great fear, for he surmised that it was against Lucia that the duke meant to use this drug, and makelessiv he loosened his sword in its

miselessly he loosened his sword in its sheath, and bent forward again to listen.
"And though my purpose is nothing to you, yet it is a benevolent purpose. Is it "It is your will, not mine, my lord,"

said Lorenzo, in a troubled voice,
"Mine shall be the crime, then, and
yours the reward," laughed the duke For I will give her the drug, and she

not be openly forced. And anger burnt hotly in him. And he swore that sooner than auter the thing to be done, he would kill the duke there with his own hand, or himself be slain.

"And you alone know of this drug now, they say," the duke went on, "for the wizard of Florence is dead. Therefore give it to me quickly."

But the winard answered: But the winard answered:
"It will not serve my lord that I give you the drug. With my own hand I must give it to the person whom you would thus affect, and I must tell them what they should do."
"Give it to me, for I know the appearance of it." said the duke.
Then the winard having again protested, went to a certain shelf and from some

went to a certain shelf, and from some hulden recess took a small phial and came

with it to the duke, saying:
"Blame me not if its operation fails."
The duke examined the phial closely and

also smelt its smell. "It is the same," said he; "it will do its work."

work."

Then Count Antonio, who believed no more than the duke what the winard had said, was very sorely put is it to stay quietly where he past for if the duke rodaway now with the phial he might well find means to give it to the Lady Locia before any warning exall he conveyed to efore any warning could be conveyed to ier. And aithough the danger was great, out his love for Lucia, and his fear for her, overcame his pradance, and suddenly he eapt forth from behind the mirror, drawng his sword and crying:

ing his sword and crying:
"Give me that drug, my lord, or your life
must answer for it."
But fortune served him ill, for as the
duke and Lorenzo shrank back at his sudden appearance, and he was about to spring upon them, bebold his foot caught in the folds of the black cloth that had been over the nuirror and now lay on the ground, and falling forward, he struck his bead on the marble rim that ran around the charcoal stove, and baying fallen with great force lay there like a man dead. And with loud cries of tri-

Now Antonio was recovering from his swoon, and he overheard part of what the duke said, but not all. As to the death of the wizard he did not hear, but he understood that the duke was about to test the effect of the drug on him, and that if it had no effect he was to die, whereas if its effect of the drug on him, and that if it had no effect he was to die, whereas if its effect of the drug on him, and the river, and his body clove the water as an arrow cleaves the wind. whereas if its operation proved sufficient he should go alive, and he saw here a chance for his life in case what the wizard had said should prove true. "Drink, Antonio," said the duke softly

"No harm comes to you. Drink; it is a refreshing draft."

And Antonio Grank the draft, the wigard

looking on with partied lips and with great drops of sweat running from his forchead and thence down his cheeks to his mouth, so that his lips were sait when he licked them. And the duke, having seen that Lorenzo had his sword ready "What would my lord, the duke?" asked with the danger from the belt in his hand, and he cried to Antonio, "Rise." And Antonio rose up. And the wigard started a step toward him, but the duke showed his dagger and said to Antonio: "Will you go with him to Forniola, Antonio?" And Antonio answered, "I will go." "Do you love me, Antonio?" asked the

duke. "Aye, my lord," answered Anto-"Yet you have done many wicked things

"True, my lord," said Antonio "Is your mind then changed?"
"It is, my lord," said Antonio.
"Then leap two paces into the air," said the duke. And Antonio straightway

"Go down on your knees and crawl," and Antonio crawled, smiling secretly to

Then the duke bade Lorenzo mount Anonio on his horse, and he commanded he wizard to follow him; and they all went out where the horses were, and the three mounted and the wigard followed: and they came to the end of the bridge, and the duke turned sharp round and rode by the side of the rushing river. And, uddenly pausing, he said to Antonio

"Commend thy soul to God and leap And Antonio commended his soul to God

and would have leapt in; but the duke caught him by the arm even as he set spurs to his horse, saying: "Do not leap!" And Antonio stayed his leap. And the duke, desirous to make a "For I will give her the drug, and she shall wed you."

Then Antonio doubted no longer of what was afoot, nor that a plot was laid whereby Lucia should be entrapped into marriage with Lerenzo, since she could family trial, cried again to Antonio: "Fling yournelf from your horse." And Astonio, having his arms bound, yet flung himself from his horse and fell prone upon the ground, and lay there sorely bruised

"It is enough," said the duke. "You Hed, But the wizard cried: "I lied not, I lied set, my lord. Slay me not, my lord. For

But the duke caught him by the throat and drove his dagger into his breast, till the fingers that held the dagger were buried in the folds of the whard's doub-let; and the duke pulled out the dagger, and, when the wizard fell, he pushed him with his foot over the brink, and the body fell with a loud splash into the river be

Then the duke set Antonio again on his se, and the three rode together toward

Now, Antonio was puzzled what he should do, for, having been in a swoon, he knew not whether the duke had more of the potien, nor could be tell with certainty whether the potion would be powerless against the senses of a weak girl as it had red against his own. And he said to

"I pray you, my lord, give me more of "I pray you, my lord, give me more of that sweet drink. For it has refreshed me and set my mind at rest from all trouble." "Nay, Antonio, you have had enough," said the duke, bantering him. "I have another use for the rest." And they were now nearing the gates of Forniols. Then Antonio began to moan pitifully, saying: "These bands burt my hands." and he "These bands hurt my hands," and he whined and did as a child would do, feigning to cry. And the duke laughed in bitter triumph, saying to Lorenzo: "In-

renzo, to the officer of the guard and bid him fetch hither the Lady Lucia, and we will play the pretty comedy to the end."

And the duke sat with the phial in his hand, smilling at Antonio, who crouched hand, smilling at Antonio, who crouched hand, smiling at Antonio, who crouched at his feet. And Antonio drew himself on his knees quite close to the duke, and looked up to his face with a foolish.empty smile. And the dake, laughing, buffeted him again. Then with a sudden spring he was upon the duke, and he seized the philtre from the duke's hand and seized the

duke's head in his hands, and wrenched his law open, and he poured the contents of the phial down the duke's throat; and the duke swallowed the potion. Then Antonio fixed a stern and commanding glance on the duke, nailing his eyes to the duke's, and the duke's to his, and he said in a voice of command: "Obey! You have drunk the potion!" And still he kept his eyes on the duke's. And the duke, much amazed, suddenly began to tremble, and he sought to rise; and Antonio took his hands off him, but he said: "Sit there, and move not." Then, although Antonio's hands were no longer upon him, yet his highness did not rise, but after a short struggle with himself, sank back in his seat, and stared at Antonio like a bird fascinated by a snake. And he mouned: "Take away your eyes; they burn my brain. Take them away!" But Antonio gazed all the more intently at him, saying, "Be still, be still." And holding up his arm in enforcement of his command. And Antonio took from the duke the sword that he wore and the dugger wherewith the duke had killed the wizard of with the duke had killed the wizard of Baratesta, the duke making no resist-

ance, but sitting motionless with bewild-ered stare. Then Antonio said: ered stare. Then Antonio said:
"Be still and speak not until I return
and bid you," and he suddenly left the
duke and ran at the top of his speed
along under the wall of the garden, and came where the wall ended, and there was a flight of steps leading up on the top of the wall. Running up them, Antonio stood for a moment on the wall, and the river ran 50 feet below. But he heard a cry from the garden, and beheld Lorenzo rushing up to the duke, and behind Lo-renzo the captain of the guard and two men, who led a maiden in white. Then Count Antonio, having commended him-self to the keeping of God, leapt head-

as an arrow cleaves the wind.

Now Lorenzo marveled greatly at what
he saw, and came to the duke crying: "My lord, what does this mean? Antonic "My ford, what does this mean." Antonio files!" But the duke answered nothing, sitting with empty eyes and lips set in a rigid smile; nor did he move, "My lord, what alls you?" cried Lorenzo. Yet the duke did not answer. Then Lorenzo's eyes fell on the fragments of the phial which lay broken on the rim of the fish pond where Antonia had flute it, and he pand. pond, where Antonio had flung it, and he cried out in great alarm: "The potion! Where is the potion?" And the duke did not answer. And Lorenzo was much bewildered, and in sore fear; for it seemed as though his highness' senses were gone. And Lorenzo said; "By some means he

has drunk the potion And he ran to the duke and caught him by the arm and shook him violently, seeking to arouse him from his stupor and calling his name with entreaties and crying: "He escapes, my lord, Antonio es-capes: rouse yourself, my lord - he es-capes!" But the duke did no more than capes!" But the duke did no more than lift heavy, dull eyes to Lorenzo's face in puzzling inquiry. And, seeing the strange thing, the captain of the guard hurried up, and with him the Lady Lucia, and she said, "Alus, my lord is ill!" and, coming to his highness, she set her cool, soft hand on his hot, throbbing brow, and took perfume from a silver flask that hung at her girdle and wetted her handkerchief with it and bathed his brow, whispering soft words to him as though he had been a sick woman.

But Lorenzo cried angrily, "I, at least have my senses!" And he said to the captain of the guard, "I must needs stay with his highness, but Antonio of Monte Veliuto has leapt from the wall into the river. Go and bring him here, dead or

Spaniard, by name Coroqua, and he was young, of high courage, and burning to do some great deed. And he ran swiftly through the hall and called for his horse. and drawing his sword, rode alone out of the city, and across the bridge, seeking Antonio, and saying to himself, "What a thing if I take him! And if he slay me-why, I will show that a gentleman of Andalusia can die."

Yet he thought for an instant of the canned the plain and he beheld a man unning some half-mile away; and the man seemed to be making for the hill on which stood the ruins of Antonio's house that the duke had burnt. Then Coroqua set spurs to his borse, but the man, whom by his stature and gait Coroqua knew to be Antonio, ran very swiftly, and was not overtaken before he came to the hill, and he began to mount by a very steep, rugged path, and he was out of sight in the trees when Coroqua came to the foot. And Coroqua's horse stumbled among the stones and could not mount the path, and Coroqua leaped off his back and ran on foot up the path, sword in hand. Coroqua segme in sight of Antonio hand. Once he came in sight of Antonio round a curve of the path, three parts of the way up the hill. And Antonio was leaning against the trunk of a tree and leaning against the trunk of a tree and wringing the water out of his cloak. And Coroqua drew near, his sword in hand, and with a prayer to the Holy Virgin on his lips. And he trembled not with fear, but because fate offered a great prize and his name would be famed throughout Italy if he slew or took Antenno of Monte Velluto; and for fame. onio of Monte Velluto; and for fame, even as for a weman's smile, a young man will tremble as a coward quakes for

The Count Antonio stood as though sunk in a reverie, yet, presently, hearing Coroqua tread, he raised his eyes, and smiling kindly on the young man, he said:
"What would you with me, sir? For I do not think I knew you."

that he strove to smother lest it should THEPRESIDENT'SWIFE wound the young man's honor. wound the young man's honor.
"David slew Gollath, my lord," said
the Spaniard with a bow.

The Count Antonio held out his hand to the young man and said courteously. "Sir, your valor needs no proof and fears no reproach. I pray you suffer me to go in peace; I would not fight with you, if I may avoid it honorably. For what has happened has left me more in the monel for thisking than for fighting. the mood for thinking than for fighting Besides, sir, you are young, and far off in Andalusia, loving eyes and maybe sparkling eyes, are strained to the hori-

zon, seeking your face as you return."
"What is all that, my lord?" asked Corcqua. "I am a man, though a young one;
and I am here to carry you to the duke." And he touched Antonio's sword with his,

And then Lucia shall dribs of this defend drug also, and she will be content and obedient, and will gladly well Lorenzo. Let us have her here now and give it to her without delay. You do not fret at the obstinate of the obstina saying, "Guard yourself."
"It is with great pain and reluctance that I take my sword, and I call you to witness of it; but if I must, I must," and the count took up his position and they

Now, Coroqua was well taught and skillful, but he did not know the cunning which Antonio had learned at the the strength and endurance of the count And Antonio would fain have wearled Then Lorenzo wondered greatly, and the doubts that he had held concerning the power of the wisard's drug melted away, but he did not laugh like the duke, but looked on Antonio and said sadly to the duke, sinking his voice:
"Not thus should Antonio of Monte Velhim out and then, giving him some slight wound to cover his honor, have left him and escaped; but the young man came at him impetuously and neglected to guard himself while he thrust at his enemy; once and again the count spared him, but he did not know that he had received the courtesy, and, taking heart from his im-munity, came at Antonio more fiercely again, until at last Antonio, breathing a the duke. "Indeed, I love to see him a wittess fool even while his body is yet alive. O rare wizard, I go near to repenting having done justice on you! Go, Lorenzo, to the officer of the guard and bid sigh, stiffened his arm and, waiting warily for the young man again to uncover him-self, thrust at his breast, and the sword's

not killed him."

And on this speech came the voice of

supported him, stanching the blood from

the wound and crying: "God send I have

Tommasino, saying carelessiv:
"Here, in truth, cousin, is a good
prayer wasted on a Spaniard."
And Antonio, looking up, saw Tommasino and Beno. And Tommasino said: "When you did not come back we set out to seek you, fearing that you were fallen into some snare or danger. And, behold; we find you with this young spark; and how you micsel his heart, Antonio, I know not, nor what Giacomo, of Padua, would say to such bungling." But Antonio cared not for his cousin's vords, which were spoken in the banter

that a man uses to hide his true feel-ings; and they set themselves to save the young man's life. But as they tended nim, there came shouts and the sound of horses' hoofs mounting the hill by the winding road that led past Antonio's Then they laid the young man down

Antonio stripping off his coat and mak-ing a pillow of it, and Bena brought the horses, for they had led one with them for Antonio in case there should be need of it, and they were but just mounted when 20 of the duke's guard appeared 300 yards away, ascending the crest of the hill. And they set spurs to their horses and fled. And the duke's quard returned together to the city, carrying the young Spaniard, Coroque, their captain. But as they drew near to the gates Coroque opened his eyes and murmured some soft syllable name that they could not hear, and having with failing fingers signed the cross, turned on his side and died. And they brought his body to the great hall of the duke's palace.

There in the great hall sat Duke Val-entine; his face was pale and his frown heavy, and he gazed on the dead body of the young man and spoke no word Yet he had loved Coroqua, and out of love for him had made him captain of his guard. And he passed his hand wearily across his brow, murmuring, " cannot think, I cannot think." And the Lady Lucia stood by him, her hand rest-ing on his shoulder and her eyes full of tears. But at last the strange spell which lay on the senses of the duke passed away; I is eyes again had the light of reason in them; and he listened while they told him how Antonio had himself escaped and had afterward slain Coroqua on the top of the hill where Antonio's house had tood. And the duke was very sorry for Coroqua's death; and he looked on them

all, saying:
"He made of me a log of wood, and not a man. For when I had drunk and looked in his eyes, it seemed to me that my eyes were bound to his, and that I looked to him for command, and to know what I should do; and that he was my god, and without his will I could not move. Yes, I was then to him even as he had seemed to be to me, as some day.' we rode from Baratesta. And even now I am not free from this strange affec-tion, for he seems still to be by me, and if his voice came now, bidding me do anything, by St. Prisian, I should arise and do it. Send my physician to me. And let this young man lie in the chapet of the Blessed Virgin in the cathedral, and tomorrow he shall be buried And when I am well, and this strange affection is passed from me, and hangs no more like a fog over my brain, then I will exact the price of his death from

my debt."

But the Lady Lucia, hearing this, said boldly "My lord, it is by your deed and through your devices that this gentleman has me his death, and the blame of it is yours

and not my Lord Antonio's."

At her bold and angry words Duke Valentine was aroused, and the last of his languor left him, and he glared at her his air composed and his manner as it was wont to be. For the spell had passed, and he was his own man again.

Such is the story of the drug which the wizard of Barntesta gave to Duke Valentine of Forniola. To me it seems a strange tale, but yet it is well attested and stands on as strong a rock of tes timony as anything which is told con-cerning the count. The truth of it I do not understand, and often I ponder of it wondering whether the wizard of Baratesta spoke truth, and why the drug which had no power over Count Antonio bound the senses and limbs of the duke in utter torpor and helplessness. And once, when I was thus musing over the story, there came to my cell a monk of the abbey of St. Prisian, who was an old man and very learned, and I went to walk with him in the garden, and, coming to the fountain, we sat down by the basin, and knowing that his lore was wide and deep, I set before him all the story, ask-ing him if he knew of this strange drug. But he smiled at me, and taking the cup that lay by the basin of the fountain, he filled it with clear, spurkling water and drank a little, and held the cup to me,

"I think the wizard of Baratesta would have wrought the spell as well with no other drug than this." "You say a strange thing," said L.

"And I do not marvel," said he, "that the duke had no power over Count An-tonio, for he knew not how to wield such power. ower. But neither do I wonder that mind of the duke to his will. I warrant you, Anselm, that the wonderful drug was not difficult of compound." Then I understood what he meant, for

he would have it that the drug was but a screen and a pretense, and that the power lay not in it but in the man that gave it. Yet surely this is to explain what is obscure by a thing more ob-scure, and falls thus into a fault bated

of the logicians.

(To be continued.)

She prayed for snow, that she thereby Might have a sleigh ride with her swain; And when the coulds o'creast the sky He prayed as ardently for rain.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS A BELLE BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Woman of Refinement, Culture and Bright Intellect, She Died of Surrow and Melancholy.

In recalling the wife of Abraham Lincoin, it is difficult to determine whether she shaped to any great extent the life of the war president or not. A biographer of the latter says 'there is no doubt that much of Lincoln's success was in a that much of Lancoln's success was in a measure attributable to Mrs. Lincoln's acuteness and the stimulus of her indu-ence," and again he remarks that "If his wife had been otherwise, he might never have been president." But the latter assertion isn't as charitable as it sounds, for it argued that domestic infelicity threw Lincoln into the turmoil of politi-

I asked Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, what he remembered of Mrs. Lincoln. Mr. Carpenter lived at the White House for several months, and was intimated acquainted with the president's domestic

"Mrs. Lincoln." he said, "was a much eleverer woman than the public gave her credit for. There is no denying a quality and quantity of high-spiritedness in her temperament that made itself felt.

"Mrs. Lincoln was a Miss Toid, you know, of Kentucky. Her great-grand-father, General Andrew Porter, was major-general of the Pennsylvania militia. General Levi Todd, another ances- abroad, in an unhappy state of health and

the wind, and her whole attitude abso-lutely intropid. As soon as Mr. Lincoln realized her dangerous position he at once made her come down. Later, when Fort Sievens had been captured, Secretary Stanton, whom Mrs. Lincoln accused of not serviding authoring torses at this not providing sufficient forces at this fortification, said: "Mrs. Lincoln, I want a picture of gou standing on the ramorts reviewing the rebel troops."

"That is all right, she quickly retorted; "If you had placed a few more old women like myself there, you wouldn't have been

"Was Mrs. Lincoln fond of entertain-ing?" I asked Mr. Carpeoter.
"No. It was a remarkable fact that she was less hospitable than any pre-vious mistress of the White House. No one could ascertain the reason of this. "She was extravariantly food of dress."

She was extravagantly fond of dress. and had more gowns than opportunities to wear them, considering how little so-cial life she allowed herself. Chests were kept filled to the brim with finery, if only rolls of rich material that she might ome day make up. You remember that after the assassination she came to New York to dispose of her clothes at auction ng that congress had not allowed ier a sufficient appropriation.

"She was a devoted mother, fairly idel-izing her boy 'Taddie' (Robert Todd Lincola). The loss of their son Willie was a grief too deep for the president or herself

"Mrs. Lincoln's personnel was very pleasing. She was short, measured by her tall, lanky husband, with brown hair, blue eyes, fair skin and plump, round figure. She was a convert to spiritualism before her iteath, and even during the administration held several seances with noted Her later years were spent



MRS. ARRAHAM LINCOLN.

or, was one of the first settlers in Ken- | with limited means. Congress gave her

tor, was one of the first settlers in Kentucky, and successor to Daniel Boone. Her father was a bank president, and served with distinction in both branches of the Kentucky legislature.

"She was a very brilliant woman, and an excellent linguist, using French as capitly as her native tongue. In Springfield, Ill., where she moved when a girl, Miss Todd was undoubtedly the belie of the town. Her very nexty face lighted up Time had no healing in his wings for her serrow, and she died broken-ficarted. She had no daughter, and her mind, without any intimate woman relative to confide in, town. Her very pretty face lighted up so attractively, her tongue was so ready and she carried herself with such buoy-ant independence that her presence at any to relieve her troubled spirit."
HARRYDELE HALLMARK. social function assured the beaux a charming time. As a dancer she was dis-tinguished among the girls of her set, and, n fact, possessed such a number cial graces and was so superior to Lin coln in culture that her love for him created great surprise at the time. Never mind,' she used to say in the first days of her married life, when they boarded at

sight into the motives which actuate men and fine power of analysis. It may have been these gifts that enabled her to look behind the physical clumsiness of her finnce and thus appreciate his mental and

moral greatness. "A cruel injustice done Mrs. Lincoln," ontlinued Mr. Carpenter, "was on ac ount of her Southern birth, it being fre quently urged that she aided and abetter no more like a fog over my brain, then I will exact the price of his death from Antonio, together with the reckoning of all else in respect of which he stands in Lincoln was too attached to her husband to espouse any cause not his.

"You remember the story of their mar-

ot very clearly," I said. "Why, you know, Lincoln, the groom,



THE WANTED TO DANCE WITH ME THE WORST WAY-AND HE DID.

was missing on the day first arranged for the ceremony. He was found some days afterward in a serious mental condition, and Mr. Speed took him to Kentucky for a year and a half. His non-appearance was a deep mortification to the belle of Springfield, and she fancied the world was pointing the finger of scorn at

"Miss Todd's first meeting with her fu sure husband has been humorously de-scribed by her. 'He met me at a party,' she said, 'and at last came awkwardly forward and said, 'Miss Todd, I want to dance with you the worst way," And with a twinkie in her eye she added: And he surely did, " Lincoin's dancing, it may well be imag-

Lincoln's dancing, it may well be imagined, was not the piece de resistance of

his accomplishments.

Mr. Stanton, who was secretary of war, used to tell how she took the wind out of his salls once. When Early's division was approaching and firing on Fort Stevens, the fort was not very well protected as history knows and the meal. tected, as history knows, and the pres-dent and wife drove out there one after-noen. Mrs. Lincoln was very inta-vested, and went out on the ramparts to view the situation. She was in full view of the Confederates, her skirts blowing to

iousness, sick headache, dizziness, dyspepsia, bad taste in the mouth, heartburn, torpid liver, foul breath, sallow skin, coated tongue, pimples, loss of appetite, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them. One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write B.F. Allen Co., 365 Canal

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