ACCIDENTS

A vision seen by Plato the divine: Two shuddering souls come forward waiting doom From Rhadamanthus in the nether

is a slave-hunger has made him One is a King-his arms and jewels shine Making strange splendor in the disma cries the Judge, "and strip

them!
Let them come
With naught to show if they be coarse
or fine."

Of garn and body they are swift bereft; Such is Hell's law-nothing but soul slave, in virtue glorious, is held fit nose blest isles of peace where just kings go. The king, by vice deformed, is sent be

Chronicles of Count Antonio

By Authory Hope-Anthor of "A Prisoner of Zenda." Etc.

(Copyright, 1855, by Anthony Hope.) CHAPTER V COUNT ANTONIO AND THE SACRED BONES.

One tale there is concerning Count Antonio of Monte Veiluto, when he dwelt an outlaw in the hills which men tell with fear and doubt, marveling at the audacity of his act, and sometimes asking them-selves whether he would in very truth have performed what he swore on the faith of his honor he would do if he did not attain what he demanded of the duke. For the thing be threatened was such as no man of Forniola dare think on without



THE DUEE PACING UP AND DOWN, AND GNAWING HIS PINGER-NAILS.

martyr, Prisian, above and far beyon every other relic, and they are to us, as it were, the sign and testimony of God's enduring favor to our country. But much will a man do for love of a woman, and Antonio's temper brooked no obstacle; so that none knew all the truth of the mat-

In the third year of Count Antonio's outhwry, his highness the duke looked upon the Lady Lucia, and he chose from smong his lords a certain gentleman of great cetate, by name Lorenzo, and sent word to Lucia that she had spent too much of her youth pining for what could not be hers, and must forthwith receive Larenze for her hurband. But Lucia, being by now a woman and no more a timid girl, returned to his highness a message that she would look on no other man than Antonio; on this the duke, greatly inceased, sent and took her and set her in a convent within the city walls, and her know that there she should abide till her life's end, or until she should single till her filles end, or until she should obey his command; and he charged the abbess to treat her harshly and to break down her pride; and he swore that she abouid well Lorenzo, or, if she were obstinate, then she should take the vows of nun in the convent. Many weeks the ady Lucia abode in the convent, resisting all that was urged upon her. But at last, linding no help from Antonio, being sore beset and allowed no rest, she broke one day into passionate and pitful weeping, and hade the abbees tell his highness that, since imppiness was not for her in this world, she would seek to find it in heaven, and would take the vows, rendering all he estate unto the duke's hand.

But when it came to the ears of Count Antonio that the Lady Lucia was to take the veil on the morrow of the feast of St. Prisian his rage and affliction knew no "If need be," he cried, "I will attack the

city with all my men, before I will suffer

Now Martolo was a devout man, and had been much grieved when Antonio fell under the sentence of excommunication; yet he abose with him. And now be bowed 'My lord, in three days it is the feast of

St. Prisian, and the sacred bones will then be carried from the shrine in the church of the saint at Rilano to the city." For it was at Rilano that Pristan had suffered, and a rich church had been built on the spot. When I dwelt with my father I was accustomed to go forth with all people of my village and meet the sacred bones, and, linedling, receive the benediction from the lord archbishop as he passed, bearing the bones in their golden casket. And the like would I do this year, my lord."
"Go in peace, Martolo, but see that you

are not taken by the duke's men," said

New when Martolo was gone Count Anonio sat down on a great stone, and for a ong while he said nothing to Tommas But certain words out of those which Martolo had spoken were echoing through his brain, for they came again and again and again, and at last, looking up at Tommasino, who stood by him, he s

Commusino looked down into his eyes and then he laid a hand on his shoulder, and Antonio still looked up and repeated: "Who would lay hands on the sacred

fommasino's eyes grew round in wonder he amilled, but his smile was uneasy, and

he shifted his feet.
"Is it that you think of Antonio?" he asked in a low voice. "Beside it, it would be a light thing to kill the duke in his

Then Antonio cried, striking his fist on the paim of his hand: "Are dead bones more sacred than that living soul, on thick the duke lays hands to force it to

The people reverence the bones as God aself," said Tommasino, troubled. I also reverence them," said Antonio. and fell again into thought. But present he rose and took Tommasino's arm, of for a loss while they walked to and o. Then they went and sought out cerchosen men of the band-for the greater part they dared not trust in such matter, but turned only to them that were boldest and recked least of sacred hings. And to 10 of such Antonio opened his counsel, and by great rewards he pre-valled on them to come into the plan, although they were, for all their boldness, very sore alraid best they, laying hands on the bones, should be amitten as was he who touched the ark of the covenant.

"I alone will lay bands on the golden

Now when the feast of St. Prisian was come, the ford archbishop, who had ridden from the city on the eve of the feast, and had lodged in the house of the priests who served the church, went with all his truin into the church, and, the rest standing afar off and veiling their eyes, took from the wall of the church, near by the high altar, the golden casket that held the bones of the blessed St Prising. And he weamed the blessed St. Prisian. And he wrapped the casket in a rich cloth and held it high before him in his two hands. And when the people had worshiped, the archbishop left the church and entered his chair and passed through the village of Rilano, the priests and attendants going first, and 12 of the duke's guard, whom the duke had sent, following after. Great was the throng of folk, come from all the country round, to gaze upon the casket and on the procession of the lord archbishop. A party of peasants all, save one, tall and powerful men, wearing peasants' garb and having their faces overshadowed by largs hats, who knelt as the casket passed, but dessed St. Prisian. And he wrapped the hats, who knelt as the casket passed, but they then arose and marched shoulder to shoulder, behind the men of the duke's guard, a peasant behind every pikeman. At the bounds of the village the great-

er part of the people ceased to follow the procession of the sacred bones, and, having received the archbishop's biess-ing, turned back to their own homes, where they feasted and made merry. wetted by the water. And on hearing this order, the tallest among the peasants put his hand up to his hat and twisted the feather of it between his thumb and his foreinger, while every man of them this order, the tailest put his hand up to his hat and the feather of it between his thumb and his foresinger, while every man of them drew a great dagger from under his habit and held it behind his back. Again the tailest peasant twisted the feather in his hat, and, without speech or cry, the peash hat, and, without speech or cry, the peash hat, and forward. Six of them selzed worthy of love in Count Antonio, yet loved him because he defied the duke, and about midnight, having drunk much wine, into the square and gathered totallest peasant twisted the feather in his hat, and, without speech or cry, the peasants duried forward. Six of them seized the pikes that lay on the ground, the remaining six leaped like wildcats on the backs of the pikemen, circling the necks of the pikemen, circling the necks of the pikemen with their arms, pulling them back and coming near to throttling them, so that the pikemen, utterly amaned and taken full at disadvantage, staggered and fell backward, while the peasants got on top of them and knelt on their breasts and set the great daggers at their hearts. While this passed on the road, the remainder of Antonle's band—for such were the peasants—rushed into the stream were the peasants-rushed into the stream and compelled the unarmed pikemen to set down the architshop's chair in the midet, so that the water came in at the windows of the chair, and the procession, held at bay with their own pikes, sought to draw their peniards, but Antonio cried, "Siay any that draw!" And he came to the chair and opened the foor of it, and, using as little force as he could, he laid hands on the casket that held the sacred bones and wrested it from the feeble hands of the archbiscop. Then he and his men, standing in line, stepped backwards with the pikes leveled in front of them, till came out of the water and on to the dry road again. Antonio, with the casket in his hands, spoke in a loud voice: "I thank God that no man is dead over this business, but if you resist you shall die, one and all. Go to the city. Tell the duke that I, Antonio di Monte Veliuto, have the bones of the blessed St. Prisin and carry them with me to my hiding place in the highest parts of the hills. But if he will swear by these bones that I hold, and by his princely word, that he will not suffer the Lady Lucia to take the vows, nor will constrain her to wed any man, but will restore her to her own house and to her estate, then let him send the archbishop again and I will deliver up the sacred bones. But if he will not swear, then, as God lives, tomorrow at midnight I will cause a great fire to be kindled on the top of the hills—a fire whose flame you shall see from the waits of the city—and in that fire will I consume the sacred bones, and I will scatter the ashes of them to the four winds. Go and hear the message that I give you to the duke." suffer the Lady Lucia to take the vows, nor

Now, after Antonio and his men were gone, the archbishop's train stayed long by the stream on the road, lamenting and fearing to go forward. Yet at last they went forward to the city, where they came toward evening; and a great con-course of people awaited their coming there and the duke himself sat on a lofty seat in the great square, prepared to receive the sacred boncs and go with them to the cathedral, where they were to be and the hottest with him, and mocked exposed to the gaze of the people at high the pikemen, and one of the pikemen sud-

"Before the sun sets tomorrow the Lady Lucia shall take the vows," and he with his train took their way, the pikemen clearing a path for them to the palace. And now, indeed, was slience, and all marveled and were struck dumb that the duke said naught concerning the bones of St. Frisian, and they searched one an-

other's faces for the meaning of his words. Surely never, from that day until this hour, has such a night passed in the city of Forniola. For the duke sent or-ders for every man of his guard to be ple, asking cunningly whether it con-cerned the people of Forniola more that the blessing of St. Prislan should abide the blessing of St. Prisian should abide with them or that a reluctant maiden should be forced to take the veil; and some grew bold to whisper under their breath that the business was a foul one, and that heaven did not send beauty and love that priests should bury them in convent walls. And the girls of the city, ever most bold by reason of their help-lessness, stirred up the young men who courted them, leading them on and saying. "He is a true lover who risks his When the procession had gone something lessness, stirred up the young men who more than a mile from the village of courted them, leading them on and say-Rilano, it came where a little stream ing. "He is a true lover who risks his crosses the highway; and the officer of the guard bade six of his men lay down their pikes and go lift the archbishop's for my sake, but none such have I," with chair over the ford, lest he should be

rangued them, and more came around: and when at last Peter cried, "Give us back the sacred bones," a thousand voices answered him, "Aye, give us back the bones!" And when the pikemen would have seized him, men, and women also, made a ring around him, so that he could not be taken. And sober men also, of age and substance, hearkened to him, saying "He is a knave, but he speaks truth now." So that a very great throng assembled every man having a staff, and many also knives; and to those that had not knives the women and girls brought them, thrusting them into their hands; nay, sundry priests also were among the people mounting and wringing their hands, and saying that the favor of St. Prisian would be lost forever to the city. Presently the whole mass began to move, like a great wave of water, toward the palace of the duke, where the pikemen stood in ranks, ready now to go against Antonio. Peter cried boldly: "Where is the duke?" But the captain of the guard came forward, sword in hand, and bade Peter he still, cursing him for insolence, and shouted that the people should disperse on pain of struck him lightly with the flat of his sword. But Peter, with a cry of rage, saying to Bena: "He had need to be a struck the captain a great blow with his thin man, Bena, that passes between you staff, and the captain staggered back, blood flowing from his head. Such was the beginning of the fray, for in an instant the pikemen and the people had joined the other

came forth on the topmost step of the portice. And when the people and him, they censed for a moment to assail the pikemen, and cried out, "Give us back the scred bones!"

"Scatter these fellows!" said the duke o the captain of the guard.

"My lord, they are too many. And if we scatter them now, yet when we have gone against Count Antonio they may do what they will with the city." Then Peter, the furrier, came forward,



ANTONIO CARRIES OFF THE CASKET OF SACRED BONE

chair down before the duke's seat. prosperity of the duchy and the favor of heaven to it rested in the presence among them, and the faithful preservation and veneration of those most holy relies. And the archbishop, having ended the message, cried, "God pardon my lips that repeat such words," and fell on his knees before Duke Valentine, crying, "Justice on him, my lord, justice," And many in the throng school his cry; but others, and among them many of apprenticed lails, who loved Anionio, mutered ticed lails, who loved Antonio, muttered man," man," Now taken the sweetheart from him." and they looked on the duke with no favorable

Then Duke Valentine rose from his seat

And they set the archbishop's | denly thrust Peter through with his pike, chair down before the duke's seat.

Then the archbishop, his robes still damp and greatly disordered, his limbs trembling in anger and in fear, raised his voice, and all the multitude in the square were silent while he declared to his highress what things Count Antonio had done and rehearsed the message that he had sent. And when the archbishop told how Antonio had sworn that as God liveth he would scatter the asks of the sacred some sto the winds, the men caught their bones to the winds, the men caught their beef free or we will burn the valace." And and the fellow fell dead, on which a great would scatter the ashes of the sacred bones to the winds, the men caught their breath with a gasp and the women murmured affrightedly. "Christ sace us," and the archbiabop came suddenly and threw himself on his knees before the duke, besching him that no more blood might be shed, but that the Lady Lucia should be shed, but that the Lady Lucia should be set free. And the duke, now greatly afraid, sent hastily the lieutenant of the guard and 10 men, who came to the conpassor to it rested in the presence delay carried her with them in her hed

Now the people brought the Lady Lucia to her own house, driving out the steward, whom the duke had set there, and this done, they came to the archbishop and would not suffer him to rest nor to de-Then Duke Valentine rose from his seat and stood on the topmost step of it, and hay one hour before he set forth to carry the called sundry of his lords and officers around him, and then he beckoned for silence and said:

would not state nim to rest nor to determine the neck. Here they found the hay one hour before he set forth to carry the and Lorenzo, running up, cried aloud:

"We bring the promise." We bring the promise. We bring the promise. But scarcely had he spoken these words

to ask the duke's pleasure, and Lorenzo, coming to the duke, prayed him to send 190 pikes with the archbishop. "For," said he. "your highness has sworn nothing concerning what shall befall Antonlo; and so soon as he has delivered up the boxes, I will set upon him and bring him alive or dead to your highness." But the duke would not harken.

Lorenzo therefore got from the duke leave for but 10 men to go with the archbishop, and to go himself if he would.

Yet had the Duke Valentine known what passed on the hills while the city was in

Yet had the Duke Valentine known what passed on the hills while the city was in turnuit, it may not be doubted, for all his vexation, that he would have sent the 200 whom Lorenzo asked; never had he a fairer chance to take Antonio. For when the count and those who went with him to Rilano were asleep, Antonio's head resting on the golden casket, a shepherd came to the rest of the band and told them what had been done and how all the country. the rest of the band and told them what had been done, and how all the country was in an uproar. Then a debate arose amongst the band, for though they were lawless men, yet they feared God and thought with great dread on what Antonio had sworn, so that presently they came all together, and roused Antonio, and said to him:

"My lord, you have done much for us, and it may be that we have done somewhat for you. But we will not suffer the sacred bones to be burnt and scattered to

the winds. "Except the duke yields I have sworn it, as God lives," answered Antonio.
"We care not. It shall not be-no-not
though you and we dig:" said they.

"It is well; I hear," said Antonio, bow-"In an hour," said they, "we will take the bones, if you will not yourself, my lord, send them back."

"Again I hear," said Antonio, bowing his head; and the band went back to the fire round which they had been sitting, all save Martolo, who came and put his hand in Antonio's hand.

Now, the rest of the band being gone back to their fire, and the night being very dark, in great silence and caution, Antonio, Tommasino, Martolo and their fellows-being 13 in all-rose from their places, and, taking naught with them but their swords (save that Antonio carried the golden casket), they stole forth from the camp , and set their faces to climb yet higher into the heights of the hills. None spoke; one following another, they climbed the steep path that led up the mountain side, and when they had been going for the space of an hour they heard

a shout from far below them.
"Our flight is known," said Tommasino.
At length they came to the place which
is now named "Antonio's Neck." There the rocks came nigh to meeting and utterly barring the path; yet there is a way that one man, or at most two, may pass through at one time. Along this narrow tongue they passed, and, coming to the other side, found a level space on the edge of a great precipice, and Antonio, point-ing over the precipice, they saw in the light of the day, which now was dawning, the towers and spires of Forniola very far

away in the phin below.

Then he charged Tommasino and all of them to biasy themselves in collecting such dry sticks and brushwood as they ould, and there was abundance near, for the fir trees grew even so high. And one of the men also went and set a snare, and presently causht a wild goat, so that they cursing him for insolence, and shouted that the people should disperse on pain of his highness' displeasure. "Where is the duke?" Let him come out to us!" cried Peter, and the captain, despising him, struck him lightly with the flat of his

It was but three hours short of noor

blood flowing from his head. Such was the beginning of the fray, for in an instant the pikkemen and the people had joined battle; men cried in anger and women in fright; blood flowed and many on both sides fell and rose no more.

Lorenzo then besought the duke, telling him that all the city was in arms, and that the conflict would be great. But the duke still said: "She shall take the yows!" Nevertheless, he went with Lorenzo, and came forth on the topmost step of the portico. And when the people saw him, they censed for a moment to assaul the treat pile of wood, and resting also the great pile of wood, and resting now on the top of it the golden casket that held the sacred bones. And he naid to Antonio:

"My lord, we love you; but, sooner than that the bones should be burnt, we will kill you and all that are with you."

And Antonia answered: "I also love you, Sancho: yet you and all your com-pany shall die sooner than that my oath shall be broken."

shall be broken."

Then Sancho went back through the neck, and took coursel with his followers, and they made him their chief, and promised to be obedient to all that he ordered. And he said: "Let two run at their highest speed through the neck; is may be well they will die, but the bones must be saved. And after them two more, and again two. And I will be of

of the first two, although he prevailed that he should be of the last two. And the six being chosen, drew their swords, And Antonio, hearing their feet, said to

"A quick blow is as good as a slow, Bena." And even as he spoke the first two came to the opening of the neck. But Antonio and Benn struck at them before they came out of the narrowest part or could wield their swords freely; and the second two coming on Bens struck at one and wounded him in the breast; and he wounded Bena in the face over the right eye; and then Bena siew him; while Antonio siew his man at the first shove. And the fifth man and Sancho, the sixth, coming on, Antonio cried loudly:

"Are you mad? We could hold the seck against a hundred." But they would not stop, and Antonio slew the fifth, and Bena was in the act to strike at Sancho, but Antonio sud-denly dashed Sancho's sword from his hand and caught him a mighty buffet, so that he fell sprawling on the bodies of

the five men that were dead.

"Go back, fool; go back!" he cried.
And Sancho, answering nothing,
gathered himself up and went back, for he perceived now that not with the loss of haif of his men would he get by An-tonio and Bena, and beyond them stood

Tommasino, with 10 whom he knew to be of the stoutest of the band. Then Sancho's company took counsel again; for, much as they reverenced the sacred bones, there was none of them eager to enter the neck. Thus they were at a loss, till the shepherd who had come along with them spoke to Sancho, say

"At the cost of a long journey, you may come at him, for there is a way round that I can lead you by. But you will not traverse in less than 12 or 13 hours, taking necessary rest by the way."

Therefore he left 15 men to hold the neck, in case Antonio should offer to re-turn back through it, and with the rest he followed the shepherd in great stealth and quiet; by reason of which, and of the rock between them, Antonio knew not what was to be done, but thought that the whole company lay still on the other side

of the neck. Thus the day were to evening, as the archbishop with the Lord Lorenzo and the guards came to the spur of the hills; and here they found a man waiting, who cried to them: "Do you bring the duke's promise to the

ount Antonio?"
"Yes, we bring it," said they. "I am charged," said he, "to lead the archbishop and one other after the count." But since the archbishop could not climb the tills, being old and weary, Lorenzo constrained the man to take with him four of the guards besides, and the four bore the archiehop along. Thus they were led through the secret tracks in the hills, and came at last to the entrance of the neck. Here they found the 15 and Lorenzo, running up, cried aloud:

"We bring the promise! We bring the promise!" not climb the kills, being old and weary

other side of the neck, and Lorenzo, draw-ing his sword, rushed into the neck, and passed unturt through the mouth of the neck and the 15 followed after him, while the guards supported the archbishop in their hands, his chair being too wide to pass through the neck. And when they all thus came through, wild and strange was the sight they saw. For it chanced that at the same time Sancho's company had completed their circuit, and had burst from behind upon Antonio and the 12. And when the 12 saw them, they retreated to the great pile and made a ring around it. and stood there ready to die rather than allow Sancho's men to reach the pile. And it was then midnight, and the time of Count Antonio's oath. And Count Antonic stood on the top of the great pile; at his feet lay the golden casket containing the sacred bones, and in his hand was a torch. And he cried aloud, "Hold them, while I fire the pile!" and he leaped down and came to the side of the pile and laid his torch to the pile. And in an instant

the flames shot up, for the pile was dry. Now, when Sancho's men saw the pile alight, with shouts of horror and of terror they charged at the top of their sp. against the 12 that guarded the pile. A Lorenzo and his men also rushed, the cries of Sancho's company, toget And with the answering defiance of the 12, drowned the cries of Lorenzo; and An-tonio and the 12 knew not that Lorenzo was come. And the flames of the pile grew, and the highest tongue of flame licked the side of the golden casket. Bu Antonio's voice rose above all as he stood aye, almost in the ambit of the fire, and

"Hold them a moment, Tommasino-a moment, Bena, and the thing is done." Then Lorenzo tore his casque from his head and flung down his sword, and rushed unarmed between Antonio's men and Sancho's men, shouting louder than he had ever thought to shout: "The promise! The promise!" And at the same moment (so it is told—I but tell it as it is toid) there came from heaven a great flush of lightning, which, siding the light of the flames, fully revealed the features of Lorenzo. Back fell Sancho's men, and Antonio's arrested their swords. And then they all cried, as mor cry in great joy: "The promise! The promise!" And for a moment all stood still where they were. And the flames leaped higher; and as Antonio had said, they were seen by the great throng that gazed from the city walis, and they were seen by Duke Val-entine as he watched from the wall of the garden

Then the Count Antonio leaped on the Then the Count Antonio reaped on the burning pile, though it seemed that no man could pass alive through it. Yet God was with him, and he gained the top of it, and, stooping, esized the golden casket and flung it down clear of the pile, even at Lord Lorenzo's feet; and when Lorenzo sought to lift it the heat of it blistered his hands and he cried out with pain. But Count Antonio, choked by the smoke, his hair and eyebrows scorched by the fire staggered half way down the pile and then sank on his knees. And there he had died, but that Tommasino, Bena and San-cho, each eager to outstrip the other, rushed in and drew him forth, and fetched water and gave it to him, so that he breathed again and lived.

But Lorenzo, having perceived that the greater number were against Antonio, cried out to Sancho's men: "Seize him and bring him here!" But Sancho answered

we have no quarrel with my lord An-tonio," and he and his men went and laid down their swords by the feet of Antonio, where he lay on the ground, his head or Torumasino's lap. So that the whole band were now around Antonio, and Lorenzo had but four with him.

But Count Antonio, raising himself

"Is the archbishop here?" Then Lorenzo went and brought th rehbishop, who coming, stood before An tonio, and rehearsed to him the oath that Duke Valentine had taken, and told him how the Lady Lucia was already free and in her own house, and made him aware also of the great tumult that had hap-pened in the city. And Antonio listened to his tale in silence. Then the arch bishop raised a hand toward heaven, and spoke in a solumn and sail voice: "Behold, there are 19 of the duke's guard

dead in the city, and there are 12 of the townsmen dead; and here in the opening of the neck there lied dead five men of those who followed you, my lord. Twentythose who followed you, my lord. Twentyand-seven men are there that have died
over this business. I pray more have not
died in the city since I set forth. And for
what has this been done, my lord? And
more than the death of all these is there.
For these sacred bones have been foully
and irreligiously stolen and carried away,
used with vile irreverence and brought into imminent hazard of utter destruction; and imminent hazard of utter destruction; and had they been destroyed and their ashes scattered to the four winds, according to your blasphemous cath. I know not what would have befallen the country where such an act was done. And for what has this been done, my lord? It has been done that a proud and violent man may have his will and that his passion may be satisfied. Hence included is the breaken or your fied. Heavy indeed is the burden on your

soul, my lord; yes, on your soul is the weight of sacrilege and of much blood." The archbishop ceased and his hand dropped to his side. The flames on the pile were burning low, and a stillness fell on all the company. But at last Count Antonio rose to his feet and stood with his elbow on Tommasho's shoulder, leaning on Tommasino. His face was weary and sad, and he was very pale, save where in one spot the flame had scorched his cheek to an angry red. And looking round on the archbishop, and on the Lord Lorenzo, and on them all, he answered sadly:

"In truth, my lord archbishop, my bur den is heavy. For I am an outlaw, and excommunicated. Twenty and seven men have slied through my act, and I have used the sacred bones foully and brought them into imminent peril of total destruction according to my oath. All this is true my lord. And yet I know not, For Al-mighty God, whom all we, whether honest men or robbers, men of law or lawless, humbly worship, Almighty God has his humbly worship, Almighty God has his own scales, my lord. And I know not which thing be in those scales the heavier—that twenty and seven men should die and that the bones of the blessed St. Prisian should be brought in peril, aye, or whould be utterly destroyed—or again that one weak girl, who has no protection save in the justice and nity of man should be in the justice and pity of man, should b denied justice and bereft of pity, and that no man should hearken to her weeping. Say, my lord, for it is yours to teach and mine to learn, which of these things should God count the greater sin? And for my self I have asked nothing, and for my friends here, whom I love—aye even those I have killed, for my oath's sake, I loved— I have dared to ask nothing. But I asked only that justice should be done and mercy regarded. Where, my lord, is the greater

But the archbishop answered not a word to Count Antonio, but he and the Lord Lorenzo came and lifted the golden casket, and, no man of Antonio's com-pany seeking to hinder them, they went back with it to the city and showed it to the people; and after that the people had rejoiced greatly that the sacred bones which they had thought to be destroyed were safe, the archbishop carried the gold-en casket back to the shrine in the village of Rilano, where it rests till this day (To be continued.)

THE ONE.

The summer of our love is done, The shining summer soft with flowers; Past are our days of sky and sun, Of golden light and August showers.

We drift in winter. All the day Is palely silent; and the night Forgets. . forgets. And our de Lies buried in a shroud of white

I love thee none the less, altho'
The wintry gloom my true heart fills;
I bend my patient thoughts unto
The spring, with all her daffodils.
—Pall Mail Gasette.

FOR ALL POINTS EAST. LEAVE | PRIVIT FINTE AND I STR. | ARRIVE The Fast Mail, vin.
Hunting ton, Sait:
Lake Omaha ordansan City, or vin Spokana, Minneapolis
and St. Paul, with
through service to
Eastern cities.
For Pend cton, La
Grande, Baker City.
Walls Walls, Dayton, Colfax, Pullman, Moscow and
idaho mining points.
Local Mixed Train
for Hood River. The
Dalles and intermediate stations.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULES

Columbia River Route Two-boat daily service for Astoria and way points. T. J. Potter leaves Portland 7 A. M., except Sunday; leaves Astoria 7 P. M., T. J. Potter leaves Portland . A. M., except Sunday; leaves Astoria ? P. M., except Sunday; leaves Portland ? P. M., except Sunday; leaves Astoria 6:45 A. M., except Sunday; leaves Astoria 6:45 A. M., except Sunday.

On Saturday nights the R. R. Thompson will leave Portland at 10 o'clock.

Williamette River Route.

Williamette River Route.
Steamers Ellmore and Modoc, for Oregon City, Salem, Corvallis and way points, Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 A. M. Returning from Corvallis following day at 8.30 A. M. lying in Salem all night, leaving for Portland at 6 A. M., Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Yambill River Route.

Yambill River Route.
Steamer Hoag, for Oregon City, Dayton, McMinnville and way stations, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 A. M.; returning the following days.

Snake River Route.

Leave Riparia 10:30 A. M. Mondays and Fridays; leave Lewiston 8 A. M. Sundays and Wednesdays.

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Steamship Queen, for San Francisco, at 8 P. M., Pebruary 22, March 4, 14, 24. Steamship Columbia, for San Francisco, at 8 P. M., February 27, March 9, 19, 20. Steamships sail from San Francisco at 10 A. M., the day following departure from Portland Portland, Ocean steamers sail from Ainsworth

All river steamers depart from Ash-street dock.

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