

AN ITALO-AMERICAN ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH BY DANTE FREALLI.

CHAPTER I.

"Meets Felando," he said, indicating the elder of the two. The woman dreamily lifted her eyes, let them rest on the young man, and then turned to the man who stood next to her.

The negro had already passed, and the person was to put her head clear out, but only for an instant, for how many other peeping eyes than her own might be concealed by the two rows of curtains? It was a head with towed hair, yet not one to hide for shame on that account. Not only was the young face agreeable to see, but the reason of the gentle pressure, but the almost black hair helped it to be almost beautiful. Any man would have thought so, no matter how neatly general it may be with women to keep their faces as white as the night in the moon.

Relapsing once more into his earlier native speech, Murillo explained that the girl was of altogether Italian birth, that she had lived in America, however, ever since infancy, and that he was occupying the mother and daughter to Naples to restate them in the rich good fortune which belonged to them.

"What Miss Raymond, how do you do?" It was the crackling, explosive voice of William Ferguson. He had eyed the girl from the instant of her entrance, and now he crossed the car impetuously to grasp her hand.

"Oh, Mr. Ferguson," and there was no encouraging warmth in her response, "you seem glad to see me."

"I'm glad to see anybody from Strauss & Steinhardt," he replied. "Hildy do!" he picked up her hand again to give it another shake. Then he addressed the two Italians: "I've met Miss Raymond many a time in the Cincinnati stores, where she works it. Oh, we're old friends, aren't we?"

"We are acquaintances, I suppose," she somewhat sullenly assented; and then, beaming on Felix, she continued: "I'm going to Naples, and I've already told you about it—that he has found in me a long lost heiress."

"He spoke a few words to that meaning," Felix replied. "I will tell the whole of it to you. Pray be seated, gentlemen. There—now you are cozy, confidential party. All my life until two weeks ago I was Martha Raymond—adopted by the poor but honest Raymond family, who were also adopted by me. I never rightly knew where, until Mr. Murillo searched me out, and I had to go to work for a living. Well, it was a long time, but I'm glad to be home, and I'm glad to see you."

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both. Then Ferguson responded: "And why don't you believe she's the real Lucie?" "Because she does not seem to be Italian," he said, although you saw that the mother had the face of my people, and I recall the father as still more markedly Italian in looks.

"What's the matter?" Marsha carelessly inquired. "Like him?" "Pshaw! How could I help it? If I'm to be an Italian heiress, don't you see, I ought to fall in love with an eligible Italian. Why isn't Felix Bordenne exactly the right party?"

"My God!" he muttered in Italian, "here is the lost heiress of the Felandos." "What is it you're saying?" Marsha whispered, puzzled by his confused and bewildered manner.

"I'm saying," he slowly replied, without taking his eyes off the girl, "that she might be the real Lucia Felando. See?" "Marsha compared the two faces and figures, and saw that in every lineament, conformation and movement there was duplication. The difference lay only, aside from the ages, in the presence and absence of a facially illuminating intelligence.

"The girl was herself startled by the resemblance. She looked at her mother and then at the girl, and then she looked at the girl and then at her mother. She looked at the girl and then at her mother. She looked at the girl and then at her mother.

"I must be Lucia," Murillo whispered approvingly to himself; "and what if she should recognize her mother?" "What now?" Marsha demanded. "I believe that she sees Lucia. Look—a—"

His directions were obeyed, and he and Ferguson were left alone with the subject. The excluded persons saw him get a case of surgical instruments from his trunk, and he opened the drawers and reentered the house. They heard the locks turn to prevent them from intruding into the rooms where the wounded girl and the dead woman lay.

"Don't let him smother me!" he cried. "Oh, he choked me! He tried to kill me!" "Do not be afraid, were Felix's soothing words. "Nobody shall harm you. We are only making you comfortable."

"I'm glad to see you," she said, and then she turned to the man who stood next to her. "I'm glad to see you," she said, and then she turned to the man who stood next to her. "I'm glad to see you," she said, and then she turned to the man who stood next to her.

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The locomotive which had caused the trouble was rolled into a repair shop, and the engineer was suspended until an investigation had been made. The engine was rolled into a repair shop, and the engineer was suspended until an investigation had been made.

"The bodies of Mrs. Felando and Lucia had been lifted carefully from the track and carried into a farmhouse near by. A call for physicians had been responded to by Felix Bordenne, the only medical man on the train. He examined the two women with the calm professional quickness. Mrs. Felando was dead. He inferred that the shock alone had been fatal, or else that some accidental cause had been the cause of her death.

"How seriously is the young lady injured?" Murillo found the opportunity of asking in Italian. "Very seriously indeed," was the reply. "Can she recover?" "I do not think so."

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"What? She doesn't know she is Lucia Felando?" He hesitated, and then resolved to give her an urgent reason for silencing Lucia. "She seems to know as well as I do," he said. "I don't know what she means by that. I don't know what she means by that. I don't know what she means by that."

"The delay thwarted Murillo's purpose, without further alteration, for Felix entered the room. He was dressed in a suit of black, and he had a serious expression on his face. He looked at the two women and then at the man who stood next to him.

"I will relieve you now," he said politely to Marsha. "And I will relieve you," said Ferguson in a undertone to Murillo, with an emphasis which might or might not have expressed a suspicion that the Italian was more than merely meddlesome. "Morphine has done her work, and he took the vial from the other's hands."

"What is your name?" "Anita Felando," she replied. "No; Lucia was a child's name. I am Anita, wife of Daniel Felando. What am I saying? I am Lucia Denning, of course. Oh, my God!—it is all wrong. What has happened to me?—I feel as if I had stepped into unconsciousness."

"Withdraw, if you please," said Felix. "We must afford her perfect quiet." "But I can see no reason why she should be hurried away, and she had been the physician and two nurses who had been summoned. Ferguson met them, and took the woman to Marsha's room, and then he looked at the woman who stood next to him.

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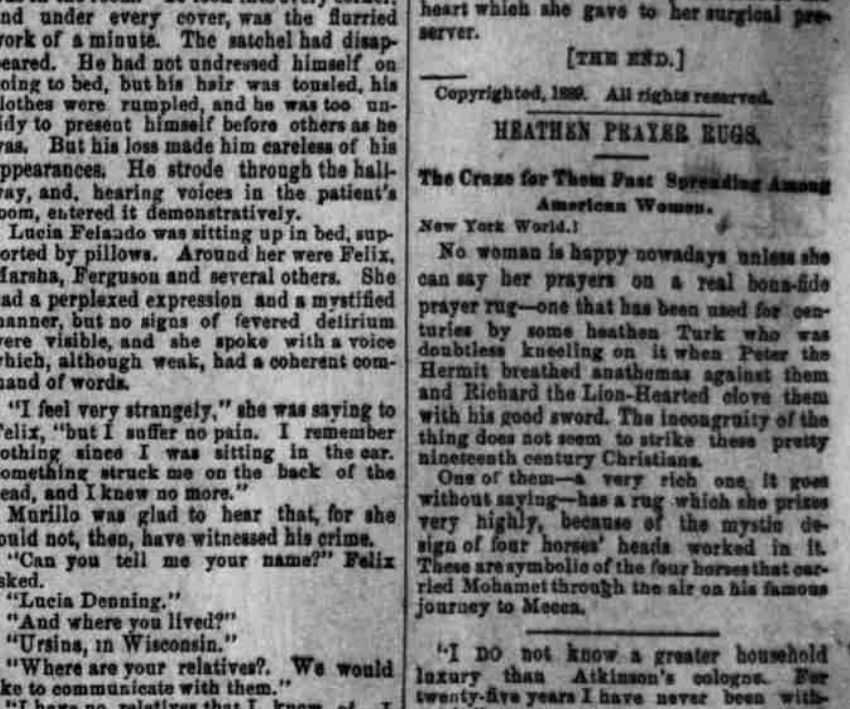
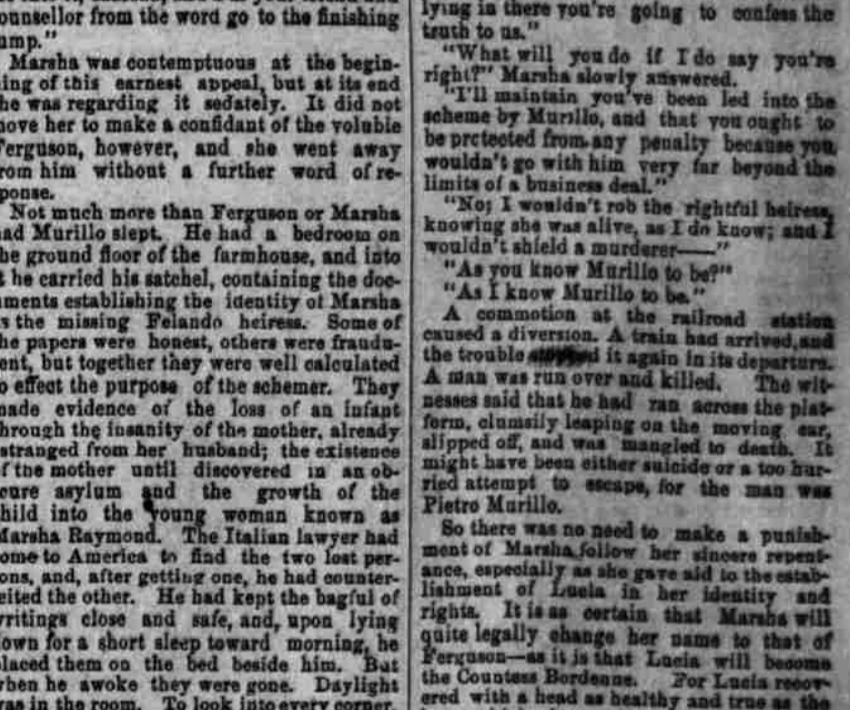
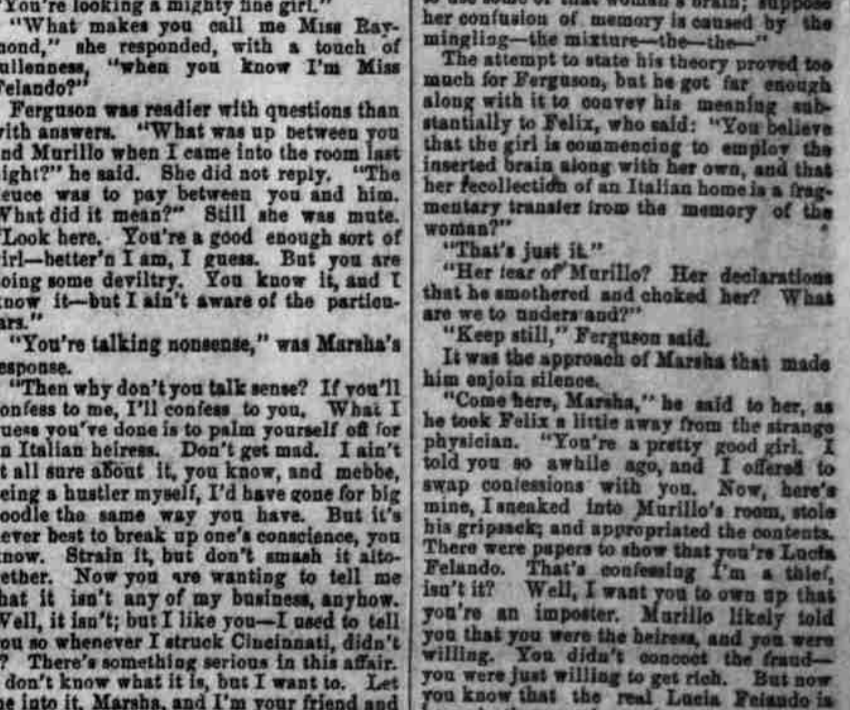
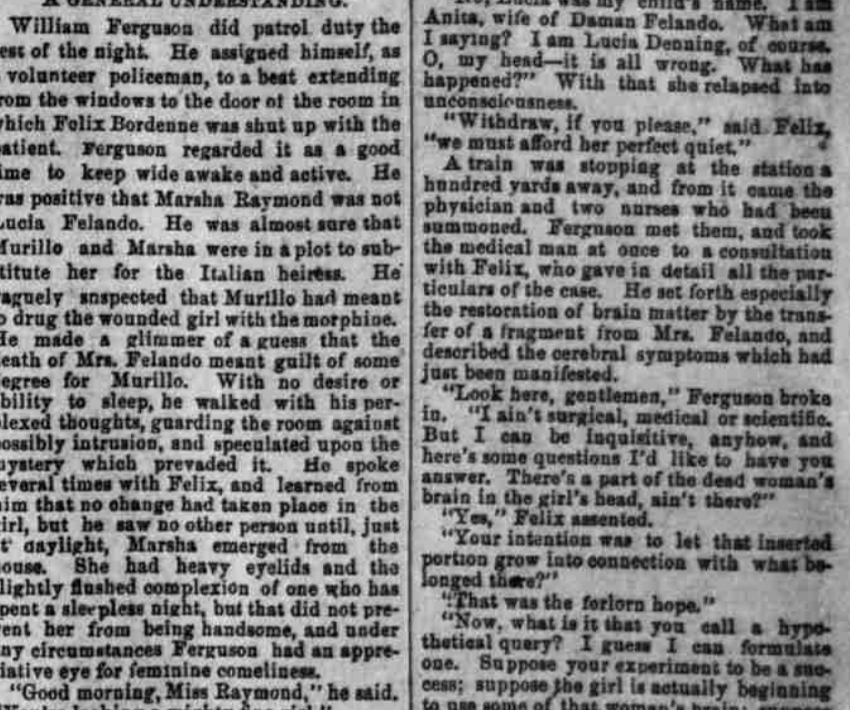
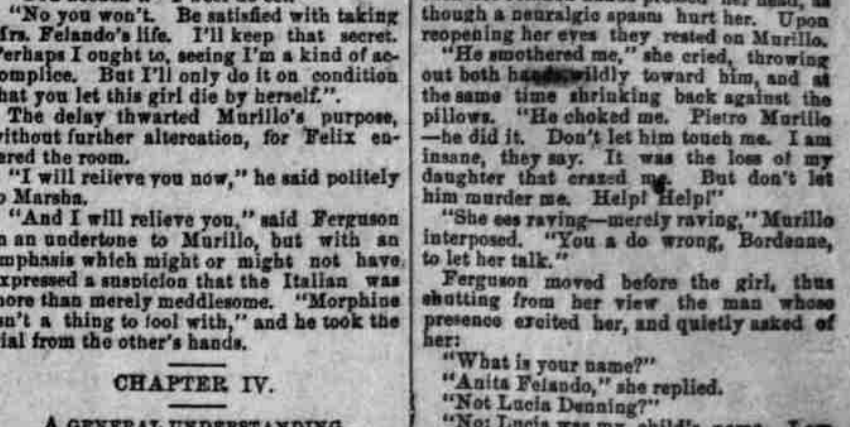
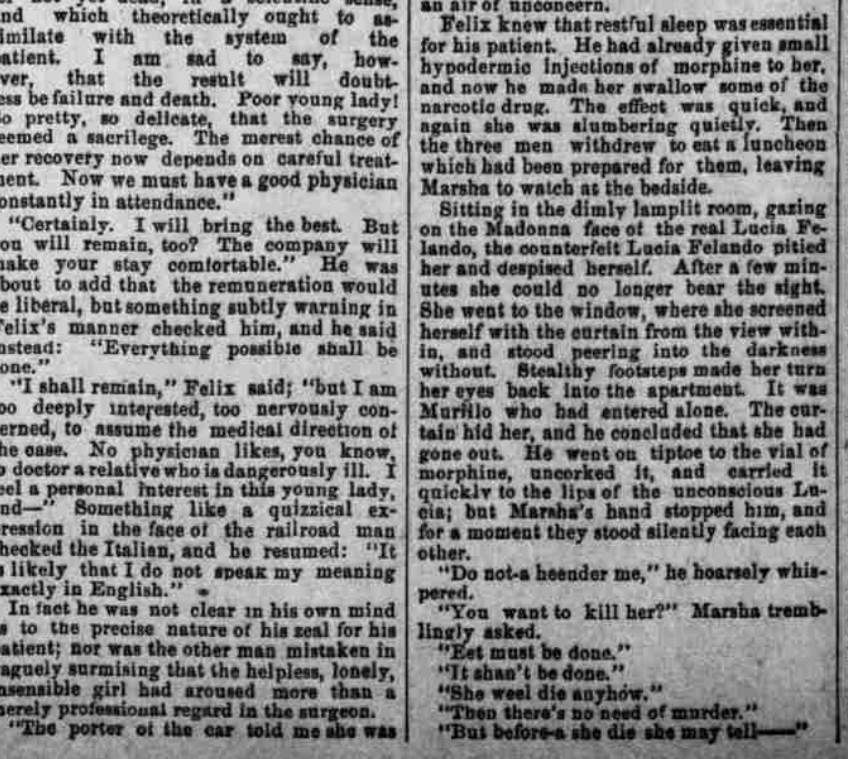
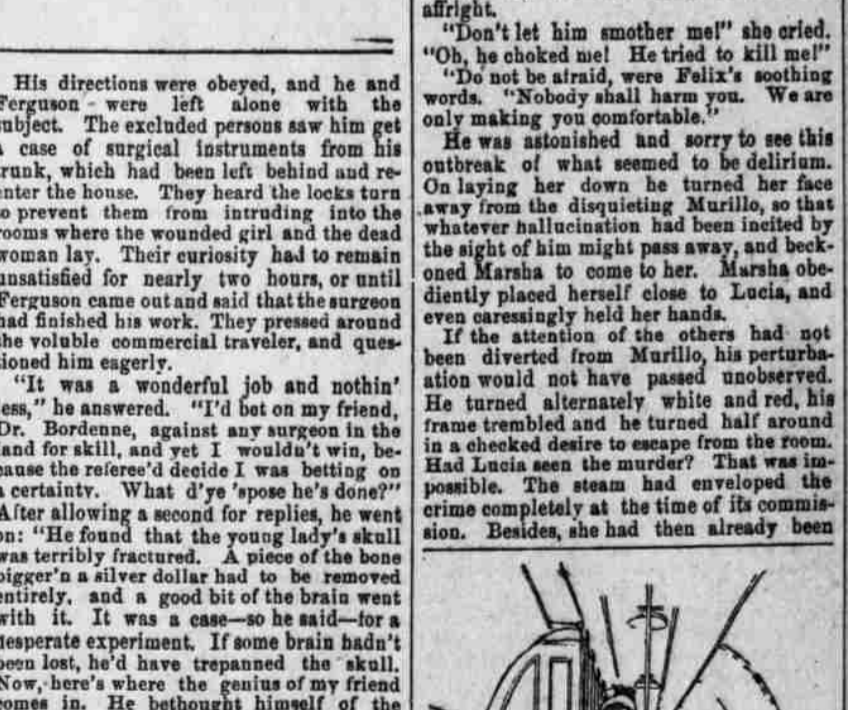
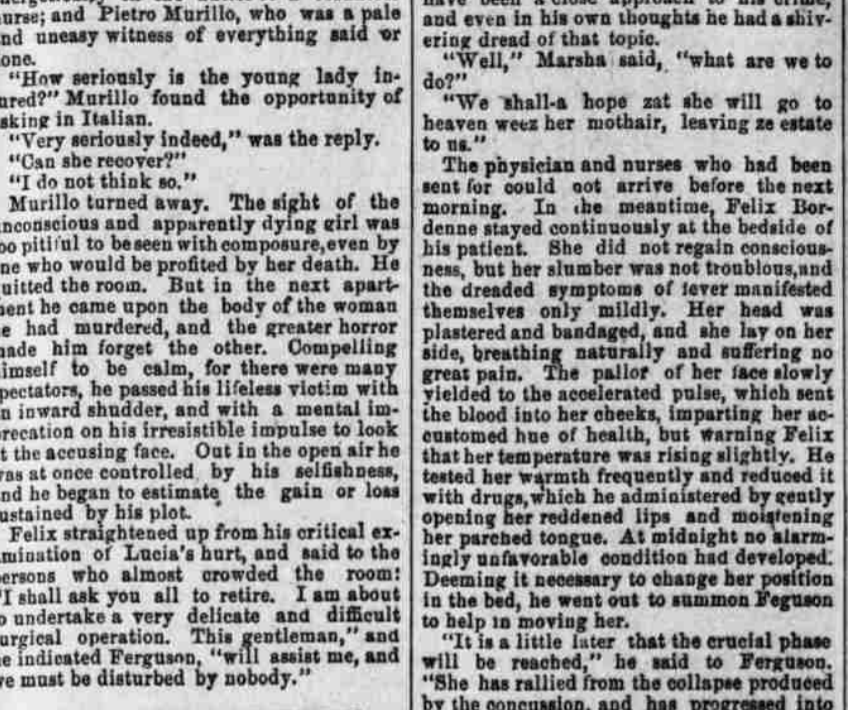
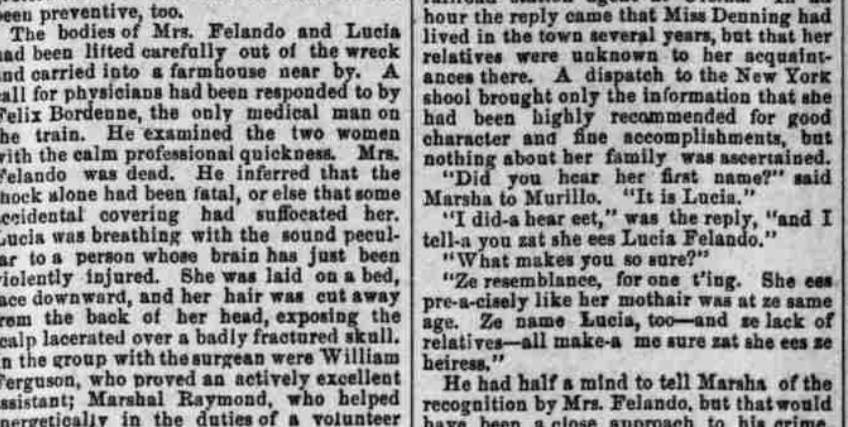
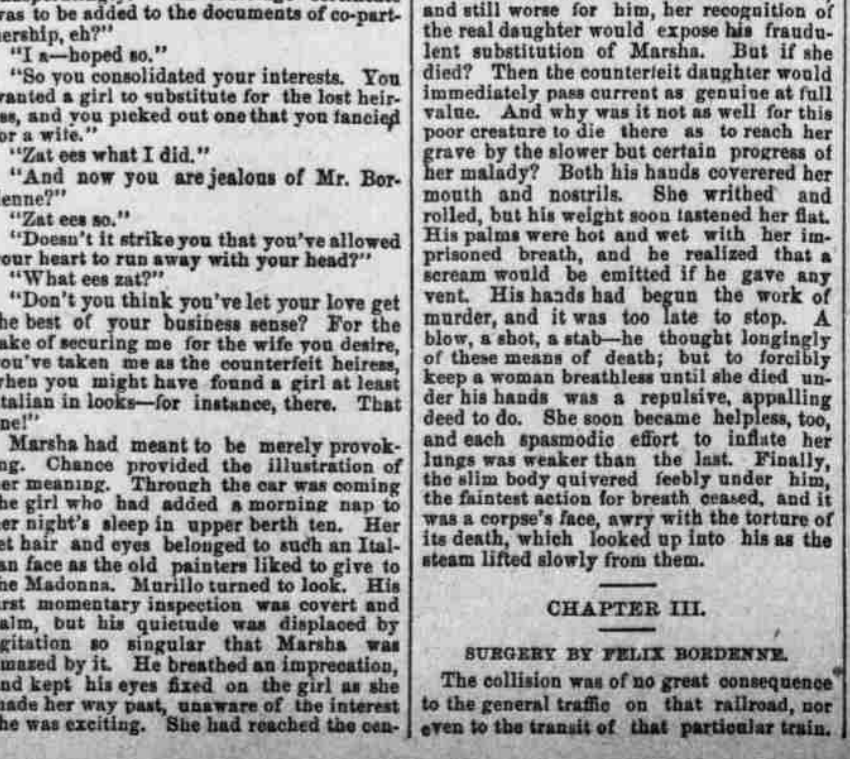
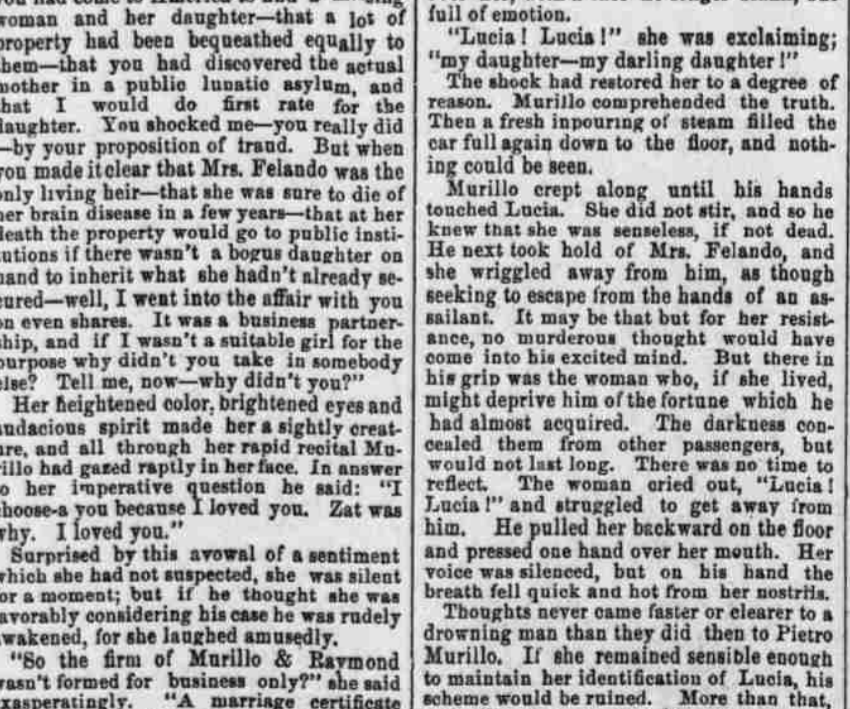
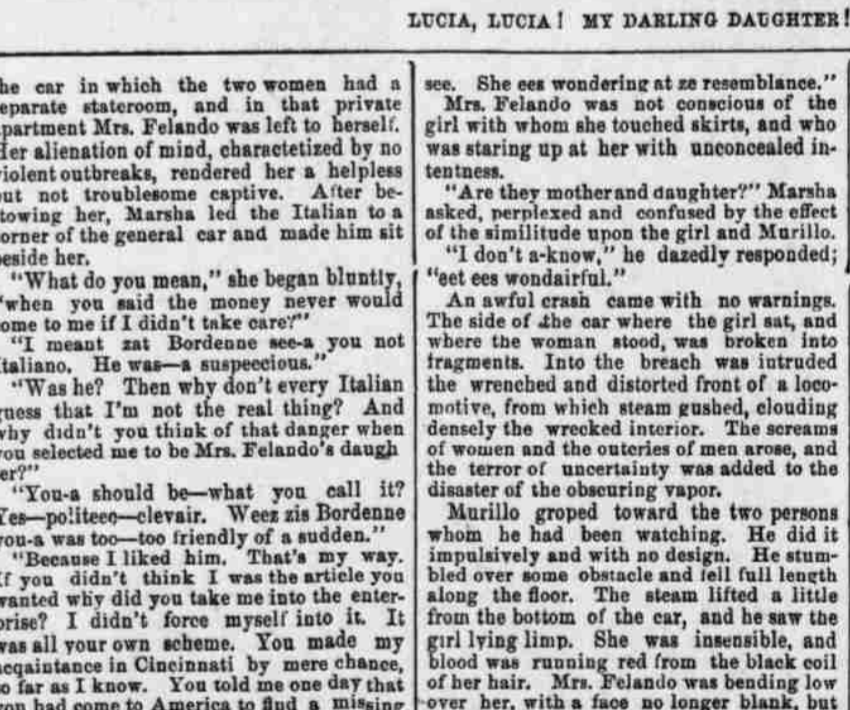
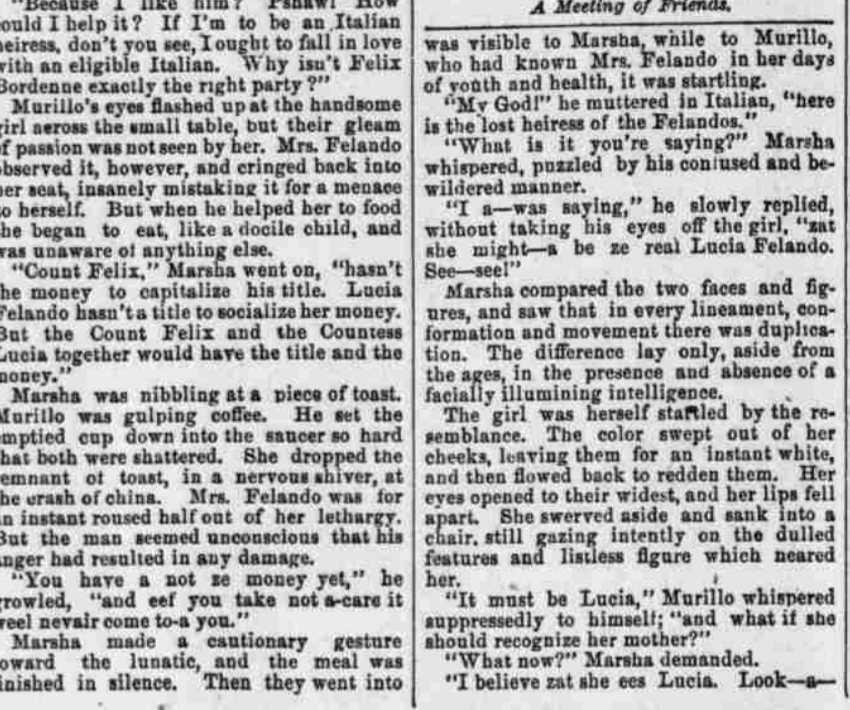
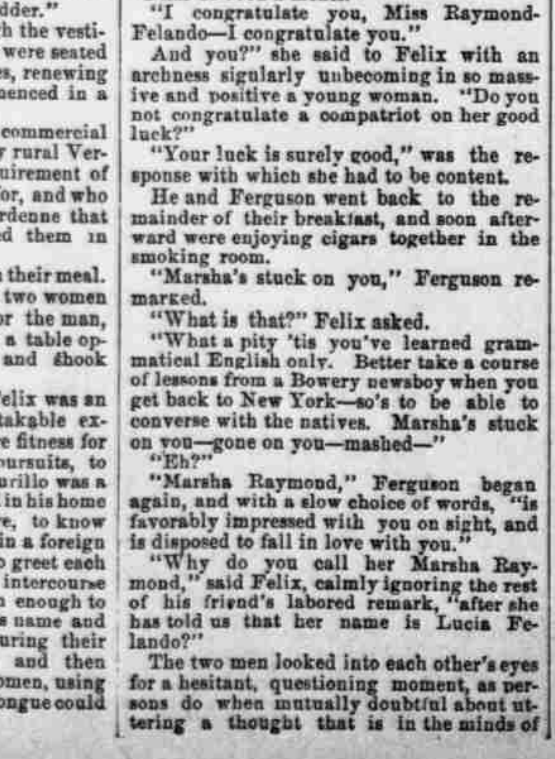
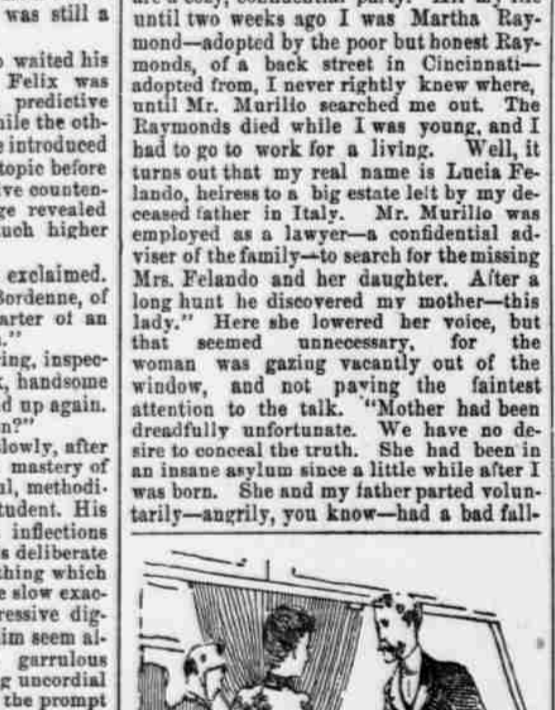
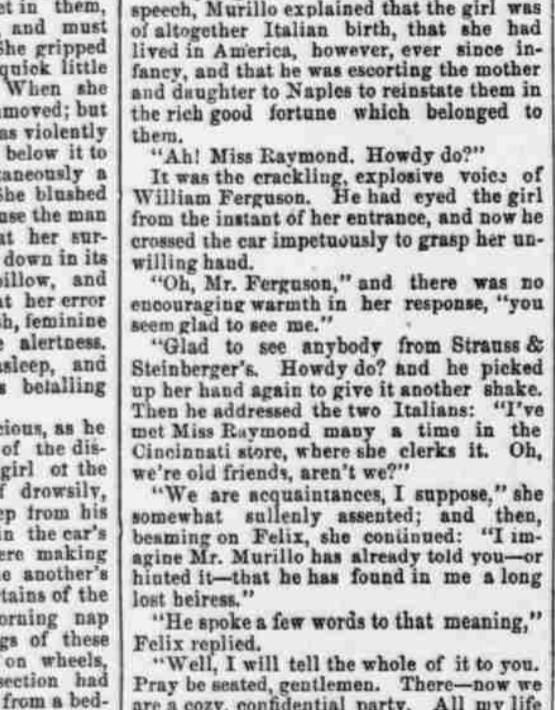
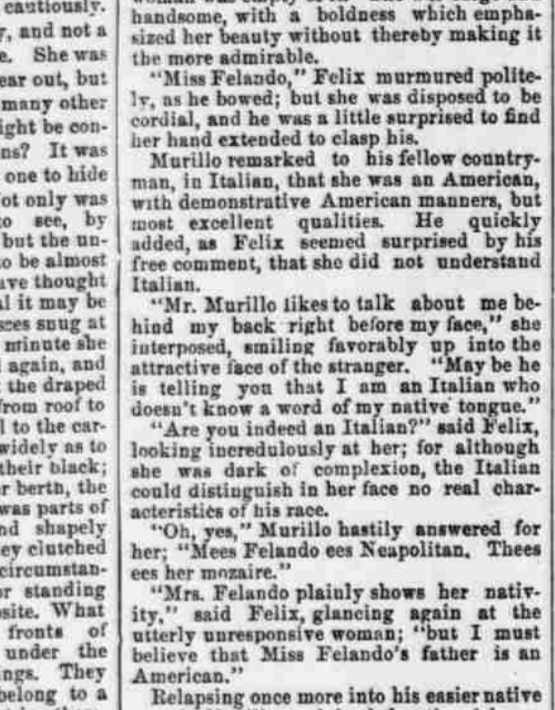
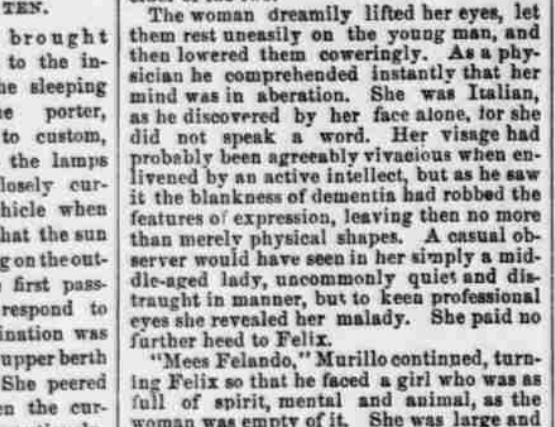
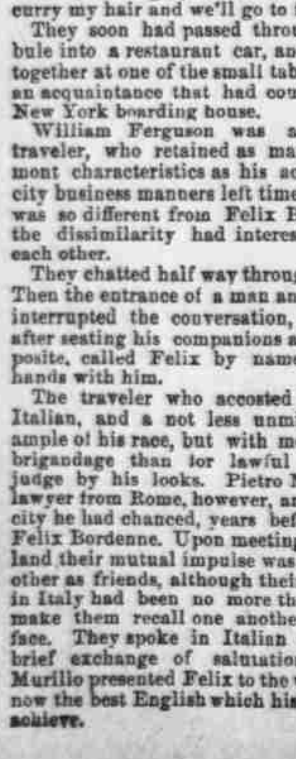
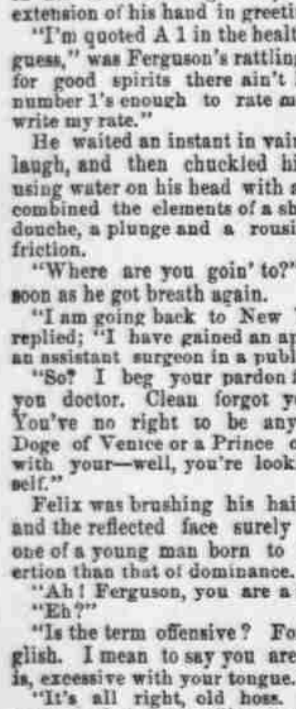
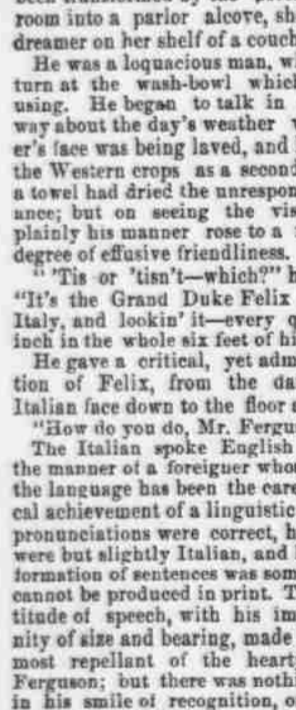
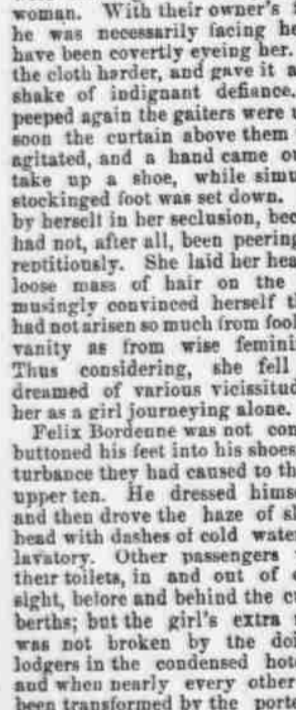
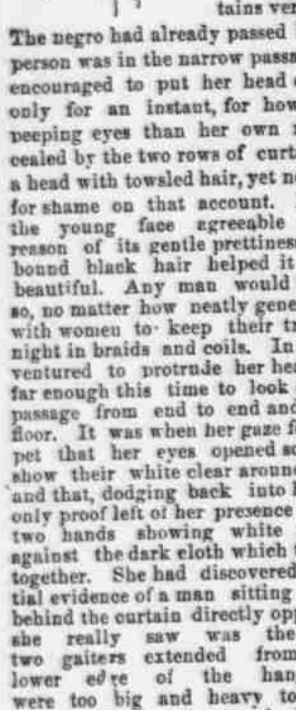
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Copyright, 1889. All rights reserved. HEATHEN FRAYERS. THE CROSS FOR THEM THAT STRUGGLED AMONG AMERICAN WOMEN. No woman is happy nowadays unless she can say her prayers on a real house-side prayer rug—one that has been used for centuries by some heathen Turk who was teaching his disciples on it when Peter the Hermit preached among the Greeks. The heathen and the Lion-Hearted chose their with his good sword. The incongruity of the thing does not seem to strike these pretty nineteenth-century Christians. One day, without saying a word, she arose very quietly, because of the mystic design of four horses' heads worked in it. These are symbols of the four horses that carried Mahomet through the air on his famous journey to Mecca.