PIZZI.

By EDWARD MARSHALL.

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CHAPTER I.

The patrons of Moraldi's Italian table d'hote restaurant liked music with their dinner, and they liked good music. After old Pizzi and his daughter came they had it for one hour every evening. Pizzi played the guitar and Guilia played the mandolin—oh! how she played the mandolin! Moraldi's is an expensive restaurant. Dinner there costs a dollar and a half, and no better dinner is served in all New York. That is why the Pizzis played there. Pizzi, who had once been the leader of a great Italian orchestra, was still too proud to play for his dinner, although misfortunes had come thick and flakes in a snowstorm after rheumatism had tied his fingers. So he was paid three dollars and twenty-five cents in cash for his own and his daughter's work upon their instruments every evening, but only on condition that the three dollars should go back again into the till of the restaurant in payment for their meals. The twenty-five cents he invariably gave to the waiter.

Pizzi, the musician, and Pizzi, the diner, were different men. Pizzi, the musician, was at first a shrinking, timid old chap, who picked a simple accompaniment, with knotted fingers, on his guitar, rarely looking up and evidently most unhappy. Pizzi, the diner, was a grave seigneur. The music was always finished before the best of Moraldi's patrons left the restaurant, and when it was finished Pizzi's humility was finished with it. One of the best tables in the restaurant was always reserved for him, and he led his daughter to it with all the grace of an old-time foreign courtesy. He sometimes hinted that there was noble blood in his veins. His selection of viands was careful, and his manner perfect. To see Pizzi eat spaghetti—that dish which, to the vulgar, is so disconcerting—was a poem.

Later, though, after some one started the fashion of applause in the restauant, the old man's manner changed under the warming influence from humility to that of gratified pride. Pizzi, old, and not, now, too quick of perception, believed that all the hard clapping with which the diners followed each number was meant for him. It did not occur to him that his little daughter, whom he had trained, could be more pleasing than her master, and as the pleasant spattering of hands ceased he invariably struggled infirmly from

He Would Bow and Smile.

his seat and bowed and smiled as gracefully as he used to in the days when the audiences of great theaters had risen en masse to his music and time after time demanded his presence before the curtain. It was no longer Pizzi the musician, but Pizzi the great artist who played in the restaurant. He even attempted a guitar solo one night and never suspected that the applause which followed was philanthropic.

All this pleased Guilia. Her devotion to her father was her life almost. It was for his sake that she played in the restaurant and at other places where the reward was small. Guilia knew that she could win money and fame with her mandolin. The great dancer, la Carmencita, had once offered her a vast sum to play for her, but Guilia knew that her father would be crushed should she leave him, and she knew and sympathetically understood why the old artist did not realize the waning of his own powers and the waxing of hers. She could not bear to make the truth plain to him by accepting a triumph in which he did not share. Sometimes the desire to make money, so that she could buy creature comforts for his old age, was almost strong enough to make her change her resolution, but with a tactful realization that creature comforts were to him as nothing to his mental placidity she always finally decided to let him plod along in satisfied proverty which she uncomplainingly shared.

But there was one who was dissatisfied. That was Tom Johnson. Tom Johnson was a painter—a poor painter so far as money goes, a rich painter so far as ability and future prospects go. His studio was in the same building in which the Pizzis lived, and the delicate featured, brown-skinned Italian girl had become the ideal of his heart. Pizzi liked him, too, which was fortunate. From the lofty height of a great artist in one line, he believed that he saw in Tom the possibilities of a great artist in another line, and encouraged him with a patronage which would have maddened the Englishman had not his love for Guilia been so broad as to cover a multitude of things and blind his eyes to many annoyances. The delicacy which made Guilia permit her father to live in poverty because she thought comfort earned by other fingers than his own would be distasteful to him, Tom could not understand. When he dined with them it angered him to have Pizzi accept the applause that belonged to Guilia, but she kept him silent.

The cheerful effect of the applause at Moraldi's kept Pizzi in a very pleasant humor for a few weeks. Then he began to change. Guilia was the first to notice it, and it sent terror to her heart. With exquisite anguish she realized that her father was getting to be an old, old man, and that she soon must inevitably lose him. Even the knowledge that her after-life would be spent in the companionship of Tom Johnson, whom she also adored, could not comfort her. Often and often she tried to imagine what life would be after her father, with his querulous conceited childishness and his gallant old-time grace, had passed away; but each effort to picture such a situation resulted only in failure and a flood of tears.

And after the change began to come over the old man she could see the end approaching. Night after night she sat beside him in the restaurant, and there was woe in her heart as her fingers danced merrily over the strings when she saw that not even the applause could rouse him from the lethargy of age and weariness and discouragement. When to this indifference Pizzi began to add ill temper and sharp words, she knew not what to make of it and that night she wept for hours.

The first real outbreak came one evening when Tom Johnson dined with them. He brought it about through his clumsy kindliness. As they sat at table after the music had ended, Tom noticed that the old man seemed taciturn and gloomy. Of course, he believed that the playing nad wearied him, and he said:

"Why don't you stop playing, signor? It wearies you. Guilia alone would please as well—why don't you rest?"

Guilia saw the blunder before it had been fully spoken and laid a warning hand on Johnson's sleeve; but it was too late. The damage had been done.

For an instant old Pizzi gazed at Tom in silence. Then a red flush slowly rose on his yellow old face and his dull, old eyes took on the brightness of wounded pride and quick anger. Tom saw now, too. He quickly tried to correct his mistake.

"I beg your pardon, signor," he began to say, but the old man would not let him finish. He interrupted him with a sputtering which did not immediately develop into speech. Eventually it became the expression of one who has been cut to the quick. "That's it! That's it!" he exclaimed. "That's what you've both wanted! Oh, no; it's not me, the people, want—not me! It's Guilia! Si! Si! Si! Guilia! Not me!"

"I really beg your pardon, signor," Tom interjected, while Guilia tried to sooth her father as best she could. But the old man's anger grew instead oof dwindled. He would not be pacified. His tone grew louder and his face redder. Finally, in wrath, which drew the attention of everyone in the restaurant, he rose ajestically, and, waving his hand at Tom, commanded:

"Out of my sight! Out of my sight! You have insulted me!"

Guilia, almost beside herself, in an undertone beseeched Tom to say no more, but to do as he was told, and Tom shamefacedly put on his coat and hat and went out of the restaurant without a word.

After he had gone the old man sank into his seat again, exhausted. He would eat no more dinner, and after a short time he silently left the restaurant with his daughter.

He said never a word to her on the way home. When they reached the dark corridors of the studio building she held her hand out to him as usual to help him in the darkness, which was full of little steps and stairs, but he rejected it and stumbled on independently. As they passed through the gloom toward their little rooms a black figure, which Guilia knew to be the contrite Tom, approached and touched her hand. She gave his a distressed pressing. The old man did not notice.

The week that followed was a weary one. Not for one moment did Pizzi allow his resentment to relax. He would not speak to Tom, and once of twice when that thoroughly humble young man tried to speak to him he flew into an almost uncontrollable rage. To Guilia, too, he showed none of the little love attentions of the past. He was the stern parent now—he would no longer let her lead. The effort which he made to keep his tottering footsteps and his trembling mind in advance of her strong, young vigor was tremendous.

At the restaurant they played as usual. One afternoon before they went there, Guilia noticed a queer, cunning expression flit across the old man's face, and as they rode down in the horse car saw a sly smile hovering around his lips. Of late there had often been a wild expression in his eyes which had worried Guilia greatly. Constantly she watched the old man as a mother might watch a sick child, puzzling over each expression of his face, each inflection of his voice. This new look she could not understand.

In the midst of their music she learned what it had meant. Pizzi's slow old mind had concocted a plan for undoing what he thought was her unholy pride. In the midst of one of their most difficult numbers he stopped playing, leaving her to finish alone. Instantly she understood. He had decided to show her that if he did not play his pitiful accompaniment the people would not applaud; to prove to her that it was his art, not hers, which they admired.

Oh, how Guilia prayed, as she played out the number, that no hand clapping would follow its finish. It is doubtful it ever before a performer was so anxious not to receive recognition for her work. She tried to play badly, but when the music ended there came the same little tumult of spatting hands as before. There were probably not two people in the room beside herself and Pizzi who noticed that his guitar had been silent.

It was a dreadful blow to the old man. For a moment the disappointment of her success dazed him. Then his rage came with ten-fold the fury which had risen against poor Tom. He

For an Instant Old Pizzi Gazed at Tom.

grasped her wrist with his trembling hand so fiercely that the pick, with which she had been playing, fell from her frightened fingers to the floor, and hissed into her ear: "Oh, unnatural child! You have seen them and talked with them without my knowledge so that they would applaud your wretched music and ignore my art. Out upon you! You are an ungrateful daughter."

Poor Guilia! He had never spoken so to her before. His words cut like little knives. She could not answer.

[To Be Continued.]

DEFINING THE ISSUE.

Letter in Washington Post.

What is the great question upon which the country is rapidly dividing into two hostile camps, taking directly opposite sides? President Cleveland, in his late letter, puts the case this way: "Disguise it as we may, the line of battle is drawn between the forces of safe currency and those of silver monometallism." It is very clear that no issue can be joined upon such a declaration, since what is safe currency is itself a matter of dispute, which must first be settled before its defenders can possibly know how to draw a line of battle between themselves and anybody else. The president says he is for safe currency—which is true enough from his standpoint—while the millions of bimetallists in the United States, who do not agree with him at all, are just as much in favor of safe currency as he ever was or ever can be.

But I pass from this point to say that the forces of silver monometallism are not on one or the other side of Mr. Cleveland's line of battle. There are no silver monometallists in this country to form a line of battle for anybody. There is no room for doubt on this question. Whether any country is bimetallic or monometallic on gold or silver is determined by the law of that country, and whether any set of men are gold monometallists or silver monometallists or bimetallists depends upon the legislation they favor for their own country. This was a bimetallic country from the beginning up to February 12, 1873, because by law, by its own independent action, both gold and silver were received at the mint and coined into full legal tender money. During all this time it was lawful for any persons to bring to the mint gold bullion and silver bullion in any quantity and have the same coined into money, which, whether silver or gold, was, as the law had it, "a lawful tender in all payments whatsoever." This was bimetallism. It was, as Mr. Carlisle put it in his speech of 1878, "unlimited coinage of both metals upon terms of exact equality," and his declaration at the same time, that "no discrimination should be made in favor of one metal and against the other" was strictly complied with during all those eighty years.

The act of 1873 took away from silver its right to unrestricted and unlimited coinage, so that in the last twenty-two years it has not been lawful for any person to bring silver bullion to the mint for coinage; no silver was coined except on government account, and since the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act coinage of full legal tender silver has practically ceased. Now, these people whom Mr. Cleveland calls the "forces of silver monometallism," demand that the coinage law of equal rights to silver and gold, taken away by the act of 1873, be restored precisely as it was from 1792 to 1873. They ask not one line of new legislation. If they be silver monometallists, then this country for the first eighty years of our constitution was silver monometallic. Will Mr. Cleveland make that assertion? This country is now gold monometallic because gold may be coined into full legal tender money without limit or restriction, while that right is denied silver. The United States will be silver monometallic when unlimited and restricted coinage into full legal tender money is accorded silver and denied gold, making conditions precisely opposite those now prevailing. Do you know any persons of sane mind in this country who favor legislation denying coinage to gold and putting all the burden of primary money upon silver? I do not know of any; but if you do, they, and they only, may be properly enrolled in what Mr. Cleveland styles "the forces of silver monometallism."

The issue, then, is between those who favor the law as it was from 1792 to 1873, and those who favor the law as it has been from 1873 to 1895, between those who demand the unrestricted coinage of both gold and silver into standard money of full debt-paying power, at the ratio of 16 to 1, as was the law of 1873, and those who would accord the right to gold and deny it to silver, as is the law of 1895; in short, between the advocates of gold and silver, with equal debt-paying power—the bimetallists—and the defenders of gold only as standard money—the monometallists.

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For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a.m., 12.45, 5.00 p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m.

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Binghamton and way stations, 12.27 p.m.

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Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 9.15, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p.m., via E. & W. V. R. R., 3.41 p.m.

For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, and 6.07 p.m.

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ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila., Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

"The D. L. & W."

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, day, July 30, all trains will arrive at new Lackawanna avenue station as follows:

Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m.

For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate ints at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.20, 2.38, 4.00, 5.10, 6.08, 9.18 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.14, 3.14, 3.39, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 6.35 a.m. and 3.24 p.m. Also for Honesdale, Hawley and local points at 6.35, 9.45 a.m., and 3.24 p.m.

All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a.m. and 3.41 p.m.

New York, Ontario and Western Railway

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894.

North Bound.				South Bound.		
205 Local Pass	203 N Y Day Exp	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday)	202 Local Pass	204 Ontario Day Ex	206 Local Pass
	P M		Arrive Leave		A M	
....	7 25	....	N Y Franklin St	....	7 45	....
....	7 10	....	West 42nd St	....	7 55	....
....	7 00	....	Weehawken	....	8 10	....
P M	P M		Arrive Leave	A M	P M	
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junc.	6 00	2 05	....
8 10	1 00	....	Hancock	6 06	2 11	....
7 58	12 56	....	Starlight	6 18	2 22	....
7 51	12 46	....	Preston Park	6 25	2 31	....
7 45	12 40	....	Como	6 28	2 41	....
7 38	12 35	....	Poyntelle	6 40	2 50	....
7 33	12 18	....	Belmont	6 45	2 58	....
7 22	12 03	....	Pleasant Mt.	6 55	3 06	....
7 19	f11 59	....	Uniondale	f6 58	3 09	....
7 08	11 49	A M	Forest City	7 10	3 19	P M
6 51	11 34	9 15	Carbondale	7 24	3 34	5 34
6 48	f11 30	9 12	White Bridge	7 27	f3 38	5 37
f6 45	....	f9 00	Mayfield	f7 32	f3 43	f5 43
6 41	11 23	9 03	Jermyn	7 34	3 45	5 45
6 35	11 18	8 57	Archibald	7 40	3 51	5 51
6 32	f11 15	8 54	Winton	7 43	3 54	5 54
6 29	11 11	8 50	Peckville	7 46	3 59	5 59
6 25	11 07	8 44	Olyphant	7 53	4 04	6 04
6 21	11 03	8 41	Dickson	7 54	4 07	6 07
6 19	11 00	8 39	Throop	7 56	4 10	6 10
6 14	11 00	8 36	Providence	8 00	4 14	6 14
f6 13	f10 57	8 33	Park Place	8 02	f4 17	6 16
6 10	10 55	8 30	Scranton	8 05	4 20	6 20
P M	A M	A M	Leave Arrive	A M	P M	P M

All trains run daily except Sunday.

f. signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.

Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.

J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt.
T. Fitzcroft, Div. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.

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