

ASAINI IN PANN.

Continued from Thursday.

"Ah, then, you have yourself prepared Signora Elena for it?" asked the countess.

"Oh, no, unfortunately I could not succeed in doing so," answered he, with a comical sigh, "but she has promised to come to church this evening. The lord bishop will be there, you know. The church is beautifully dressed. The clergy and choir-boys will wear their finest vestments. Oh, your excellency must see it! It will be fine. And after the service, when the people are gone and the church is dark I think—I think she'll not refuse. And if she should be so foolish, the lord bishop will have a serious word to say about it."

The countess could not help laughing, and the old gentleman laughed heartily with her. The count also laughed, but rather sheepishly, and said:

"So it seems that this unfortunate kiss is to be solemnized as a sacred ceremony in the presence of the clergy. I beg your pardon, reverend father, but this arrangement does not altogether meet my views."

"Oh, excuse me," said the padre, politely. "Your excellencies will make what arrangements you please. That is, if your offer was made in sober earnest."

The count glanced at his wife. How gladly would he have withdrawn his offer if she had only raised her eyes to him in loving reproach.

But she was not looking at him. The same ironical smile was still on her lips. So he hastened to reiterate that he was quite in earnest in the foolish affair. The padre bowed deferentially and begged for a written assurance that the count's offer was made in good faith.

"Pardon me," said he, shrugging his shoulders; "I myself do not doubt your sincerity, but Signora Elena might fancy that somebody was trying to play a bad joke upon her, and the lord bishop also might—"

"Certainly," interrupted the count, impatiently. "Just as you please. Will you be kind enough to dictate what you wish me to write? My Italian is not quite equal to the occasion."

The man writes later Padre Sebastiano bowed himself out with the valuable document in his pocket and calling down heaven's choicest blessings on the heretical heads of the count and countess.

When evening came, the bells announced with joyful clamor the approach of St. Elena's festa. The day's heat had been succeeded by a cool, refreshing sea-breeze, and the count, weary with climbing about the rocky streets, sat smoking in the balcony.

The countess came out and said, still with the same ironical smile:

"Well, don't you hear the bells calling you? St. Elena is waiting for her deliverer."

Count Dietrich tossed his head angrily and tugged at his mustache. But after a moment's reflection, he answered quite meekly, "Yes, I am ready. Are you going with me?"

"Oh, no indeed! I would not be so indiscreet as to interfere with your amusements."

The count sprang to his feet and his eyes flashed. He took two steps toward his wife.

"Do you know, Lore, I— He had almost humbled himself to make the suicidal confession, "you know, Lore, I have made an awful fool of myself. But just in time he noticed her calm, superior smile, and his words remained unspoken. He seized his hat and with a stiff little military bow, he left the fast darkening room.

With grim determination in his look, like a noble criminal determined to carry out his sentence, he walked down the street to the church. The whole population seemed collected in front of the cathedral. Tall poles, wound with red, white and green, and the scaffolding for the fireworks, were already erected in the piazza. Count Dietrich pushed his way through the crowd. The flat-roofed rotunda was crowded and on the grand altar was the richly gilded shrine of St. Elena, still with closed doors. The bishop and a numerous assemblage of priests all in gold-embroidered vestments stood about the altar, bowed their heads, and prayed in monotonous unison.

At the close of the ceremonies the clergy formed a procession and made a short visit to each of the saints in the little side chapels. The count stood leaning against one of the slender Moorish pillars which supported the low gallery which ran round the rotunda.

The gay procession passed; everybody bowed deeply, some women fell on their knees and tried to kiss the bishop's hand outstretched in blessing. Just behind the bishop walked Padre Sebastiano, his kindly old face full of anxious lines. His eyes were searching here and there over the heads of the crowd. Ah, now he catches sight of the eccentric German gentleman. He touches his arm in passing and whispers:

"I am in despair, my dear sir! she will not do it. The God-forsaken creature! She is in such a fit of her tyrant's anger, that even the promise of all manner of heavenly blessings cannot move her."

He kept hold of the count's sleeve and drew him gently along. Suddenly he grasped his high, domed hat, and the count took from the padre's grasp and stood as if rooted to the spot. Yes, it was she! and she was far, far prettier close at hand than at a distance. He had never seen such fabulously innocent, childish eyes in a woman's face, and it seemed far less idiotic and reprehensible to have offered one thousand lire for a kiss from those lips, than it had done half an hour ago.

After the procession had passed, he stepped forward intending to speak to the devout little beauty, but she seemed to recognize him and a burning blush suffused her pale cheeks.

She rose hastily, drew her black lace veil over her face and slipped away in the crowd. After a moment's hesitation, the count followed her. He wanted to make her some flattering speech, to see those soft cheeks reddened once more, and those wonderful eyes raised to him in gratitude, when he should tell her that he renounced the kiss never given willingly, and that he would redeem the saint's image even without so sweet a reward, for no other reason than that her name was also Elena. But he had hesitated too long; she had already disappeared in the crowd. The count elbowed his way recklessly out, but she was nowhere to be seen, neither on the steps nor in the piazza. Could she have slipped out by another door? He ran around the church. No, there was no other entrance. Perhaps she was still inside. He entered the cathedral again. Choir-boys and acolytes were extinguishing the lights. She was not there.

But wait, what was that? A slender female form with a black lace mantle over the head! Ah, there she was at last! She stood before the pulpit in earnest conversation with a black cock which could hardly be seen, but which Padre Sebastiano now the old gentleman turned around. It was indeed he. The sound of footsteps had attracted his attention and when he recognized the count, he opened the little bronze door under the pulpit steps and pushed the lady through.

The count rushed up, seized the good priest by the arm and in his excitement said to him in German: "What have you done with her? why do you hide her from me? Am I to have my kiss or not?"

Padre Sebastiano placed his broad back against the door and waved the excited man gently away. A broad smile lighted up his kindly face and he cooed softly to him, "Gently, gently; be quiet, be quiet, my son! She has changed her mind, the little pigeon. You shall have your kiss, excellency, but not here in this lighted church. The poor little thing is too timid."

"Of course, of course; in outer darkness, if she likes it better," cried the count impatiently. Then he tried to get hold of the door handle.

"Excuse me a moment. Do you happen to have the one thousand lire by you? If so, I must beg you to—"

and with an insinuating smile he held out his open hand.

The count felt in his breast-pocket and said with an angry shrug: "How suspicious you Italians are. Well, I'll pay in advance," and hastily took a red bank-note from his pocketbook and pressed it into the hand of the priest, who now drew aside.

Now at last the road was clear. Padre Sebastiano himself threw open the little bronze door for him. His heart beat faster than on the day when, as an ensign, he had fought his first duel. The door closed behind him. It was very dark, but by the faint gleam of light from the little shuttered window, he could see a shadowy form. He whispered softly, "Signora Elena!"

A garment rustled, the shadowy figure slipped toward him, and the next moment he felt a pair of soft warm lips against his own. Two arms were thrown about his neck, and the delicate little hands clasped behind his head.

His expectations were more than realized. Never in her most loving moments had his Lore kissed him so tenderly, so fervently. Ah, these hot-blooded southern women know how to love! It would be a pious mission, a work of humanity to rescue this lovely creature from that horrible, ogreish miser. He clasped her closer and warmly returned her caresses.

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tered down from every wall and noisily top on the crimson canopy above it, and at night, when in the piazza great two-wheels whirled whizzing and spluttering, the magnificent rockets rose high in the air and illumined the narrow valley and the dark sea with a glittering rain of gay balls and glowing sparks; when the band played its loudest and the children shouted with delight none in the whole joy-intoxicated city shared in the festivities with such devout gratitude to the blessed St. Elena as the blond German and his radiant little wife.—Translated from the German of Ernst von Wolzogen, for Short Stories, by Mrs. J. M. Lancaster.

THE DEAL WAS OFF.

Russell Sage, the New York Millionaire, Wouldn't Bid Twelve Dollars.

Wall street has another joke on frugal Russell Sage. Some time ago a clothing store was opened in the building under the offices in which Mr. Sage carries on his varied business, and the financier stopped in the other day.

"Just dropped in to look at your stock," warbled the financier as he entered the store. One of the finest \$12 suits was brought out and Mr. Sage ran his hand over the texture. It was smooth, soft and light. Just what he wanted.

"How much?" he asked.

"Twelve," said the salesman.

Mr. Sage felt again. The market was weak across the street in the stock exchange, so feeling his way Mr. Sage bid \$10.

"We have only one price here, Mr. Sage."

"Ten dollars and two shillings."

"Not under \$12, Mr. Sage."

"Ten dollars and four shillings," bid Mr. Sage.

"Nope," responded the salesman.

"Well," said Mr. Sage, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you \$10 and 6 shillings and carry them upstairs myself."

"No, Mr. Sage, that won't do," said the salesman. "But I'll sell you a call on this suit at \$11.50 for 50 cents, good for one week."

But the salesman was playing against Mr. Sage's long suit here and the financier quit.

"I guess the warm weather won't last long, anyway," he said, "and I'll get along with this and my other suit very well."

"All right, Mr. Sage," answered the salesman, and the great deal was off.

England's Poisonous Snakes.

There are 1,500 different species of snakes known to naturalists, and only four kinds of snake or snake-like creatures are to be found in England. Of these, but one is poisonous, and it is very rare. The ordinary snakes to be found in the countries inhabited by civilized man are harmless, and but few of the poisonous snakes are deadly in their poison, even though the effects may be serious. A study of snakes and their ways would do much to do away with the educated fear of the reptiles that most people have.

Woman's Curiosity.

She—Women haven't a bit more curiosity than men, so they haven't.

He—No, but it is manifested in different lines. For instance, a woman might own a sewing machine for years without finding out how it is made, but she wouldn't have a seamstress in the house a week without knowing all about her.—Indianapolis Journal.

Why They Do It.

Mrs. Hauton—Don't you know, my dear, it is extremely bad form to turn and look after a gentleman in the street?

Daughter—Yes, but mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking; that's all.—Town Topics.

A Company Chair.

Visitor—The maid says your mamma will soon be in, so I will wait for her. Won't you sit down and talk to me, my little man?

Little Man—Yes! I like to talk.

"Well, take this chair by my side."

"Oh, no, that's too uncomfortable to sit in long. That's for visitors."—Good News.

Long Past That Time.

"Death me!" said the boy, interrupting the conversation at a few minutes after 12 o'clock, "I believe it must be time for me to go."

"Oh, no! it can't be," said the tired girl, emphatically, "that time won't come around again till to-morrow evening."—Chicago Record.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

Ab—Whad fo' yo' goin' marry dat ol' Sally Ann, Mose? She's jes' bout free times yo' age.

Mose—I low yo' doan' know Sally Ann's got de fines' water-millon patch in de kentry, does yo'—Judge.

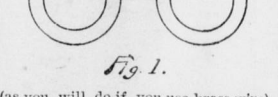
CLEVER LINK PUZZLE.

If You Follow These Instructions You Can Make One Yourself.

The puzzle is simply of construction. To succeed, however, you must pay careful attention to my instructions.

You require two pieces of steel wire (or brass, if you prefer) $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch thick and $\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. Carefully round the ends with a file, or by rubbing them on a piece of tile or brick.

Bend the wire to the shape of A and B respectively Fig. 1. If you use steel wire you can bend it to shape cold.



(as you will do if you use brass wire), but in case of stout steel wire it may be better to heat it a dull red, and gently hammer it round an iron rod of the required size. You can get the required turn with pair of pliers, or by any other means your ingenuity may suggest.

One reason why I prefer steel wire is that you can nicely burnish the links, either with emery powder or by simply rubbing between the hands. If you happen to have a lathe and burnishing wheel, why, there you are.

Another reason—and an important one—is that the steel link can be made of finer wire than I have given, and still retain the required stiffness necessary to prevent them being forced together, in fact, no force is required at all.

I must now call your attention to some important points, unless you observe which you will fail to gain the desired end. First, take particular note that the ends A and B overlap the bends from which spring the straight ends. Though not shown in the illustration, it must be distinctly understood that the ends A and B do not touch the bends, there being a space between them almost the width of the wire.

You may now proceed to put the puzzle together. If you carefully study

Fig. 2 you will easily succeed; not, however, if you have A and B too close to their respective bends. Also, if you have too much space the links will "fall" together. What you want is to so regulate this space that you—knowing "how it's done"—will difficulty to accomplish the feat. It will then test your friends' ingenuity before they succeed.

To take the links apart again—well, suppose you exercise your ingenuity.—Golden Days.

PROMPT COURTESY.

A Quality That Will Transform a Door Into a Gentleman.

Boys, rid yourself of that false shame that makes you shrink away when there is a book to be picked up, a door to be opened, some one to be assisted.

I recently saw a young woman returning from a shopping expedition laden with a number of packages. Suddenly she tripped and one of her purchases fell to the ground. Behold her in a most awful predicament, when a bell rang, and on the instant a bevy of boys rushed from the schoolhouse near by.

Their bright eyes grasped the situation at a glance—the young woman standing helplessly, arms and hands encumbered, the little brown parcel lying at her feet. Their kind hearts told them what to do, but shame, fear, a sort of cowardly timidity held them back. With one accord they stopped, looked at one another, then passed silently on. There was not a lad in that crowd whose fingers did not actually itch to pick up that bundle, yet not one dared to do it.

Boys, I beg of you, let your hands, your feet, your voice, be the willing agents of that great master of politeness, the heart.

You see an aged person trying to mount the steps of a car. Your heart whispers: "Help." Obey its impulse; go offer your strong young arm. Your teacher drops a pencil; quick as a flash return it to her. Your very willingness will make her feel stronger and better.

The truly polite boy is a good son, for politeness teaches him the duty and respect he owes to his parents. He is a grateful brother to his sisters, always returning a pleasant "Thank you" for any kindness received at their hands.

This world would be better and brighter if our boys would obey as readily as they feel the charitable impulse that rises in their hearts to assist the helpless and lend their strength to the weak. It is this prompt courtesy that will transform the awkward, boorish lad into the polished, ever grateful gentleman.—N. Y. Observer.

The Difference in Voices.

One's surprise at the fact that no two persons' voices are perfectly alike ceases when one is informed by an authority on the subject that, though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice, there are 417 different numbers of 17,592,186,014,417 different sounds. Of these fourteen direct musical notes produce 16,383, and 90 indirect musical notes produce 173,741,823, while all in cooperation produce the total given above.

TOUCH OF THE PLAYER.

Important Paper on the Subject by a Boston Pianist.

Pianists and Piano Manufacturers Are Interested Alike in This Theme—The Key and its Control Explained and Illustrated.

In the recent reports of the annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National association at Saratoga was published an interesting but somewhat inadequate account of a paper read by B. J. Lang, pianist, of Boston, upon "Piano Touch."

In commenting upon the paper, the critic of the New York Tribune, H. E. Krehbiel, said: "From a pedagogical point of view this subject as presented by Mr. Lang is far away the most important matter in the scheme of the convention."

Since Mr. Lang's lectures in Boston last winter there has been much agitation of this subject of pianoforte touch, especially in periodicals devoted to the subject of music.

Wishing to present an authoritative article upon the matter, Mr. Lang himself was applied to by the Boston Herald and supplied the following:

"In our day it is rare to find the pianist whose acquaintance with his instrument goes beyond its keyboard. As the result of this, of two most valuable inventions applied to pianofortes during the last ten years, depending for their effect upon the use of an additional pedal, one has been given up altogether and the other, though retained by the best manufacturers, has not yet been made use of in the concert-room by any player of my acquaintance."

"I do not deny that where emotion and ability of the right sort exist the greatest normal possibilities of the present instruments are brought out, but I do declare that this is almost invariably accomplished without enough intelligence regarding the means employed. The emotion of the player and the reaction upon himself of what he produces is too often the beginning and the end of the matter."

"Proof of all this is to be found in the stormy objection to the assertion that by pressing an individual key one can get only variety in quantity of tone, but never variety in quality."

"The accompanying diagram shows that portion of a key and its action which is hidden when the parts of a pianoforte are in their proper place. Five rude descriptions would designate A as the pin upon which the key hinges or rides; B as the brass capstan, which, being screwed into the key, serves, though unconnected with aught else,

to push upon the entire action, and thus set in motion the extremely delicate mechanism that sends the hammer to strike the string, this same mechanism making it practically impossible for the player to control the hammer otherwise than to impel it to the string, the rebound and its own weight securing its fall. C is the hammer jack, which actually is in contact with the hammer itself. E is at the point where the key depresses the damper lever. F is the damper, and G represents the strings, which are set in vibration by the blow of the hammer."

"A glance at this mechanism shows to the most careless observer the reason why it is most universally conceded that a delightful pianoforte touch is obtained not through striking this thing called key, but by creasing it, pressing it, persuading it, as it were, and all ways in treating it as a means to an end, and not the end itself."

"It is true that were the action made as was an instrument that Helmholtz discusses in one of his essays, and were it arranged so as to be somewhat out of proper condition, it would, if it were conceivable that one could appreciate the fact that overt ones below the higher octave continue to sound after the fundamental has died away, a difference could be made in quality. It is this fact, that it is conceivable that an instrument could be made whose single tones would have difference in quality, that renders the discussion of this subject interesting."

John Sebastian Bach refused to adopt the use of pianofortes in place of the clavier, for the single reason that he preferred variety in quality to variety in quantity if he could not have both. There is no apparent limit to the variety of effect that one may obtain in combining tones, but the great gain that would be ours if we could command variety in quality where the use is made of individual tones only is incalculable.

"Where so much is accomplished on old and primitive lines, it is my belief that vastly more can be done when the manufacturer has the artist's practical collaboration."

"It is marvellous, this power of the pianist to produce gradations in color, tones which are as sparkling as fire and others that are as dull as lead, with this thing called touch, this quality that individualizes the playing of an artist and so largely goes to characterize his ability for good or for bad; but, if cause and effect were thoroughly understood, I believe that what now is done almost entirely from impulse and emotion might be accomplished with far more security and open up grand possibilities. There is enough that is subtle in all branches of art without leaving unlearned that which is tangible and can be brought into intelligent use."

Diagram showing piano key, hammer and string.

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The Difference in Voices.

What We Are Now Doing for You!

Selling dress gingham at 5c per yard. Plain dress goods, 5c per yard. Sterling calicoes, 6c per yard. Remnant calicoes, 4c per yard. Remnant outing flannels, 4c per yard. Remnant linings, 5c per yard. White cambric, 8c per yard. Homespun blankets, 75c per pair. Gray blankets, 6c per pair. All-wool blankets, \$2.00 per pair. Horse blankets, \$1.25 per pair. Sheeting, two and one-half yards wide, 1c per yard.

Good muslin, 5c per yard; twenty-one yards, \$1.00. Good quilts, 5c each. Boys' suits, \$1.00.

Underwear Very Cheap.

Men's fine calf shoes, \$1.75; worth \$3.00. Ladies' shoes, from \$1.00 up. Boys' overcoats, five to thirteen years, \$1.25. The best bargain of all! Selling fifty-cent dress goods for 25c for the balance of this month.

Good double shawls, \$2.50. Beaver shawls, \$3.25. Lace curtains, 4c; worth 75c. Children's grain shoes, numbers ten to two, \$1.00. Wall paper very cheap. All colors of window shades, 25c. Curtains, poles, 3c each. Furniture and carpets. Look at this! A good couch, \$4.00; better, \$1.50 up to \$15.00. A large oak bedroom suit, eight pieces, \$25.00. Large center tables, solid oak, \$1.25 to \$3.50.

We carry complete lines of all kinds of furniture, and will give ten per cent off to cash buyers.

Did you see our \$16.75 oak side boards? Carpets, from 25c a yard up.

Groceries and Provisions.

Six bars Lenox soap, 25c. Six pounds oat meal, 25c. Five pounds ginger cakes, 25c. Two cans salmon, 25c. Five cans corned beef, \$1.00. Good oolong tea, 25c; five pounds, \$1.00. Four pounds good raisins, 25c. Three pounds mixed cakes, 25c. Four pounds oyster biscuits, 25c. Soda biscuits, by the barrel, 40c.

Yours truly,

J. C. BERNER.

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—15 FRONT STREET.—

CAPITAL, - \$50,000.

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Dr. H. W