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The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

"Naught, father," answered Vincenzo bravely, though his heart was beating hot and thick. "Naught, save that that cannot fail us."

"No, Vincenzo; the wind blows eastward across the town," said d'Este, "There will be none for Visconti to take back to Milan."

"We shall light the sky bravely tonight," said Vincenzo, and bit his lip to keep it steady.

His father's dark face lit with a sudden proud smile that transfigured it.

"Some scouts say Visconti sends men to treat with us, Vincenzo—with us—"

"d'Este! This will be what he never reckoned on; the flames blowing from the walls shall be our flag of truce!"

The streets, the whole town, were in a panic. The wild terror of the whole countryside had found its voice inside the gates of Novara; there were six hundred men to defend the walls—and God! how Visconti lacked a town!

The sunlight that had rested along the walls when Conrad said farewell, lay along the floor now, a great square of gold that just tipped the table where Vincenzo's hand rested, and lay lovingly on his scarlet doublet, with its little foolish, vainly of ribbons, and that other hand among them, clutched nervously, almost desperately, in the poor crumpled finery.

d'Este took the crucifix from the wall and laid it on the table. Under it burned a candle, and he moved that too, standing it beside him, as he took his seat opposite his son.

Behind him was the open door, in front the symbol of his religion—both meaning one thing, that the crucifix lying there boldly on the rough, worn table told more plainly even than the power keys.

Vincenzo's eyes were on the missal, but not his thoughts; his ears on the strain for that sound he sets his teeth in readiness to hear—the call to the gates.

In the silence of the chamber, the noises from the street sounded distinct, painfully distinct—cries and cries. Poor souls! so near eternity, and fighting over a handful of goods! Presently all noises died away into faint murmuring—or had he lost his power to hear? Then all at once it came—the beat of the drums, the summons to the walls! Loud, or louder, wild, inspiring, the beat of the drums; and Vincenzo's heart bore them company.

They rose to their feet, the two d'Estes, and clasped hands across the table, the crucifix between them.

"God have mercy on our souls!" said Ippolito, and raised the pale, flaming candle.

"Amen," said Vincenzo, kissing the missal with cold lips.

The drums beat wildly, intoxicatingly, then suddenly stopped.

d'Este pushed back his chair; for a moment there was perfect stillness, then he laid the candle to the powder.

And Vincenzo d'Este was on his knees in the patch of sunlight, its glory full on his beautiful, upturned face.

TWO-STORY.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.

The Price of Dishonor.

He who was once the great Lord of Verona and a proud and stainless knight stood without Brescia, awaiting the price of his dishonor. It was mid-day, of a swarming heat, and great purple clouds lay heavily about the horizon, with a somberness that foretold a storm.

"That from me!" he cried, and rose in his stirrups with a shout. "That and my son, Della Scala!"

But Mastino was prepared; he stood erect and did not flinch.

Another rode by; bending his face close to him, he spat at him; both shattered their daggers on his shield, those daggers mounted by his arms that they carried as his soldiers. One tore from his neck the collar Mastino had hung there, and flung it at his feet with curses.

"Traitor, where is Ligozzi?" cried one, hurling an imprecation, and Della Scala took a step back with a cry wrung from him; but the man was gone, and the face of another Veronese was looking into his with utter loathing. Without a pause they dashed by, each hurling his dagger, and many some order or sign of Mastino's friendship, full upon that shield that hung on Della Scala's arm.

"That to cheer thee in thy shame!"

"That to make a necklet for Isotta d'Este!"

"This from me, who would have died for thee!"

The taunts were bitter and savage, and hurled in a fury of scorn and hate; but Mastino della Scala, save for that one movement neither flinched nor stepped out the way of the onward rush, but bore for a long hour of that summer day that wild ride past of the Veronese and the batter on his shield of the daggers that disdained to slay him.

"Stop! in the name of heaven stop!" shrieked Tomaso, and held his hands against his ears.

They took no heed of him, in their mad fury did not even see the boy. But to Tomaso it was most terrible that Della Scala made no movement to defend himself; his

Mastino della Scala stood alone on a group of rocks scattered about the plain, that sent his tall figure up against the deep sky, erect and motionless.

All that was left of his army was behind him in the chestnut wood; half had been betrayed, half had been cut to pieces rather than yield. Some few—the lowest dregs of his camp, the men who cared not where or when they drew their swords, so they had food and drink—remained, to try their luck with him, now no better than one of themselves. Through all the miseries of that weary week his gallant band of Veronese, some two hundred, had stood by him, watching the others ambushed, attacked, surrounded, and destroyed, hearing of town after town that fell, and smiling scornfully at talk of treachery, accepting without question Mastino's silence. Was he not the son of Can' Gran' della Scala, and his name one with honor, the proudest name in Lombardy, the proudest badge in Italy, the ladder of the Scaligeri?

So had they stayed with scorn at thoughts of betrayal whispered among the baser residue, until that morning when he had summoned their leaders and told them, with a strange calmness, he had sold them, Verona and Veronese, for his wife's release—sold Lombardy for Isotta d'Este.

Then leaving them, standing silent and bewildered, Della Scala mounted to these rocks to await his wife—alone. His eyes were on the fields before him; he hardly noticed a slight figure that crept timidly to his feet—Tomaso.

"My lord!" the boy's voice faltered, and he kept his eyes turned away—"the Duchess hath started safely; I saw her mount her litter with glad eyes; they bade me hasten forward and tell thee so."

"Ah!"

The standard-bearer wrung his hands. "I loved thee!" he pleaded. "Save thy soul and say thou dost repent!"

Mastino's proud head was erect. (To be continued.)

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A NEW VEIL AND ITS ADJUSTMENT.

Since the small hat has established itself as a popular favorite in the present modes, the veil is but a matter of course. Novelty in these are continually making their appearance, and new forms of draping and adjustment are introduced with almost every new veil design. With those smart little mushroom shapes, which fit closely over the modish coiffure, the most fetching veil is similar to that pictured, a diamond mesh net with a floral border executed in machine chain stitching. The

upper edge of the veil is pinned easily around the crown of the hat and fastened in the back with a fancy pin. From this point the end of the veil drapes gracefully to between the shoulder blades, for its length is from one and one half to two yards. Then it is held in place at the back of the head with a long veil pin, which succeeds in drawing it snug enough that it may not be raised without removing the pin. It should be noted that the pin is placed several inches lower than it was earlier in the season, this arrangement making for a much prettier and more artistic headline.

calm face was awful. "Stop!" Tomaso shrieked again. "Stop!"

How many more, how many more! How many times more that rattle as the daggers struck the shield and then fell to lie bright in the sun? How many more furious faces, how many more bitter curses? How long would Della Scala stand there turned to stone? Tomaso crouched and hid his eyes. At last they came to an end! The last rode by, the standard-bearer, tearing the standard to rags with furious hands.

"Verona is no more!" he yelled. "The Scaligeri are no more, the standard is no more, the standard of Verona!"

He threw the twist of red and gold at Mastino's feet with a sudden wail in his voice. He was an old man, one who had served Mastino and Mastino's father well. He stopped his horse the first who had done so.

"Mastino della Scala! oh, why didst thou do this thing? Tell me thou repentest!" he cried.

Mastino looked into the old man's wistful face.

"Verona is no more; the Scaligeri are no more. Ride thee to the others, old man," he said.

The standard-bearer wrung his hands. "I loved thee!" he pleaded. "Save thy soul and say thou dost repent!"

Mastino's proud head was erect. (To be continued.)

SEVENTEEN DRUNKS

One Day's Police Court Record in a Maine Prohibition Town.

The following is last Monday morning's police court record in Portland, Maine, under the prohibitory law:

Colman McGrath, intoxication, 90 days county jail.

John O'Hara, intoxication, 30 days county jail.

Lawrence Kelley, intoxication, 30 days county jail.

James Riley, intoxication, \$3 and costs.

Andrew McCarthy, intoxication, \$3 and costs.

Bartley Welch, intoxication, \$3 and costs.

Michael Corbett, intoxication, \$3 and costs.

Robert Fuller, intoxication, \$3 and costs; stayed.

Charles W. Jollymore, intoxication, \$3 and costs.

William Fitzgerald, intoxication, \$3 and costs; stayed.

Michael Gordon, intoxication, 30 days city house.

Stewart Graham, intoxication, \$3 and costs.

Harry Callahan, intoxication, \$3 and costs.

Michael J. McCormick, intoxication, \$3 and costs.

James H. Hicks, intoxication, \$3 and costs.

John A. Barry, intoxication, 30 days county jail.

On Wednesday, April 10, at the residence of the bride, Oran Parkway, Harriet A. Wallum was united in marriage to Dr. Elmer E. Megaw, grandson of A. E. Smith, of West End. Rev. Dr. Hart performed the ceremony. The bride received many handsome presents.

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Miss Katherine Grey is home from Havana and New York.

BROUGHT TO TERMS BY COMPETITION

Bell Telephone Company Very Kind Now to People of Ontario Town.

An Uxbridge, Ont., letter says:—"The Uxbridge & Scott Telephone Company, a co-operative institution, is asking permission to come into the town of Uxbridge. The town council has appointed a committee to look into the question of telephone and report at the next meeting of the council."

"As soon as the Bell Telephone Company heard of the move of the Uxbridge & Scott Telephone Company they approached the town council and said that they had made arrangements with Doctors Bascom and McIntock, who own a telephone line reaching out into the township, so that farmers could rent their phones for \$12 and have the use of the list of telephones, or the town subscribers can use the wires free of charge to outside points, and in return for this concession they ask that the town give the Bell telephone Company a five-year lease and cut out all the other companies. Besides the Bell Telephone Company agrees to put in two corporation telephones free and establish a night service."

"Thus it will be seen that for years, while the Bell Telephone Company held the monopoly, they were prepared to hold the citizens of the town of Uxbridge up and exact from them the last dollar for service, but as soon as competition appears on the ground the Bell Telephone Company hastens to cover and is prepared to underbid the competing lines, but only on condition that competition is held out and a five-year franchise is given the Bell monopoly."

"The citizens of Uxbridge are not in the mood to accept the Bell Telephone Company's offer favorably. Should that company take over the control of the town, it will not be long before they will be making the users of telephones in Uxbridge sweat for their folly in granting a five-year franchise. Besides, it is held by prominent citizens that the town of Uxbridge has no right to grant an exclusive franchise to the Bell Telephone Company, and has no right to restrain the progress of a competing line in favor of the Bell Telephone Company."

ASSOCIATED CHARITIES

At the regular meeting of the Associated Charities yesterday afternoon routine business was transacted. Mrs. C. H. Hall, secretary, presented her monthly report. The facts were: Communications received, 250; number requesting employment, forty-

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seven; seeking aid or relief, twenty-three; ladies' aid, three; women wanting work by the day, forty; experienced nurses, eight; request for girls to go to country, ten; wanted to adopt children, two; recommended to employers, thirty-nine; records given, twelve; cases investigated, twelve; relief secured for sixteen; advice given, twenty; sick men sent home, four; men wanting night lodgings, twelve; sent elsewhere for employment, men, twenty-five; women, twenty-five; boys, five; young girls, five.

Twenty applications were received for common laborers but no men could be found to take the places. Mrs. Hall commented on this as very creditable to St. John.

He who is truthful, just, merciful, kindly, does his duty to his race, and fulfills his great end in creation, no matter whether the rays of his life are not visibly beheld beyond the walls of his household or whether they strike the ends of the earth.

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