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The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

"It matters not for now," sid Visconti. 'Thy daughter loves me, painter, and none the less, I doubt not, that I am Duke of Milan; and she shall be my duchess, as I have vowed."

"Truly, the honor is more, I think, than she can bear," and Agnolo bowed to the ground.

"I have won a wife to myself—a wife who loves me for myself alone."

"Ah, she loves thee for what thou art not," cried Valentine aloud.

But Visconti took no heed of her.

"Think of thy daughter as a precious charge, Agnolo," he continued. "Meanwhile I leave one of my captains here on guard. That last attack on thee and thine came near costing me too dear.'

"My daughter——" began the painter, but Visconti interrupted him:

"Thy daughter will be my wife, painter; remember it, and heed her safety. And thou, Valentine, come with me, and I will tell thee in private how Count Conrad's folly lost Della Scala thy dear brother, and gave me the day—and an army." He turned to go; Agnolo made an impulsive movement forward, but checked himself.

"Tell Graziosa," said Visconti, "she is my duchess on the day my sister weds the Duke d'Orleans."

Visconti crossed the courtyard; the soldiers closed around him and his captive; Agnolo sprang forward, and drawing the little dagger he wore, hurled it after him.

It fell unheard, unseen, amid the trampling feet.

"Your hand—hurts me," gasped Valentine, suddenly very white and trembling.

A soldier was pulling Adrian's dead body from the gate to allow of the Duke's passing, and she, dragged in his grasp, had almost stepped on him. This was what it had ended in—Adrian had flung away his life for nothing.

Visconti's voice broke upon her.

"Take this cloak to hide thy garb; I could not have Milan see thee thus—even if thou hast lost all shame."

A ring of soldiers kept the crowd back, al lthe crowd the narrow streets permitted. The high morning sun sparkled on their halberds, spears, and armor; the dazzle of scarlet and gold from their trappings was blinding in its confusion, and Valentine hid her eyes—from that and the dead boy's face.

"A Visconti! A Visconti!" came the shout. The horses of the Paduans were champing impatiently, Visconti's charger reared between its holders-in.

"Now, where is my lord?" cried de Lana, riding up breathless through the noise and glitter—"I have been outwitted—"

"Hush!" said Visconti softly. "I am here, de Lana,—and so is she who outwitted thee," and he pointed to the cloaked figure beside him. "Take her ahead in secrecy, and swiftly, to the palace."

The command and the movement were lost in the confusion. The horsemen were forming up behind Visconti, the walls and streets crowded; from every distant window and house-top shouting spectators gazed on the gorgeous scene below.

Visconti drew his sword, and held its glittering cross high up against the sapphire sky.

"Now glory be to God, His angels, and San' Apollinare, my patron saint, that I am entered into my city again; and for my most miraculous escape, there shall be an altar of jasper and serpentine in the Lord's new church—and therein hear my vow!"

He lowered his sword and kissed the hilt then turning in his saddle to the men who had followed him as their new leader: 'Have I not led you well, Paduans" he cried, "safe into the fairest city of Lombardy? Do you repent you of following a Visconti through the proud gates of Milan—Milan that I have made more beautiful than Ravenna, and stronger than Rome? I am your leader now, knights of Padua, and Gian Visconti never yet led to aught but victory or turned against a foe he did not crush! Once already have I trampled Della Scala to the dust, and ridden through nine wide cities of his, and spoiled his palaces to pay my soldiers, with pay that men would die to win!

"I do not pay with ducats, Paduans, or measure my rewards with coin; follow me, and I will give you cities for your plunder, and nobles to hold for ransom. Like to the thunder will I circle Lombady, and city after city shall surrender me its keys, and the meanest soldier in my train shall gain him fame and riches from my spreading greatness such as kings might envy! Now, who but a faint heart would follow Della Scala, who lost into my hands his very wife? So long as there is a Visconti, he rules in Italy!"

Shout after shout, deafening, triumphant, greeted his words, the very air filled with the spirit of victory, the madness of triumph, the glamor of gold, the flash of scarlet, the high glitter of spears, that waved to and fro, the mad plunging of a thousand horses blinded with the dazzle of the sun and from the throats of the thronging army, from the throats of the thronging citizens, one wild cry arose: "Visconti! Visconti! San' Apollinare! Visconti and Milan! The Duke rides the city!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

The Secret Passage.

Standing on the steps of the old castle, Della Scala looked down on his diminished army; at least they were purged of traitors, he thought grimly; what remained were Veronese, and true.

At the news of Carrara's treachery d'Este had marched aside to Mantua, whither Vincenzo had been sent.

The sun was dazzling down, a glory of gold, sparkling on the still wet leaves, and the brilliant colors of the pennons the banners that floated above the tents.

Della Scala greeted Ligozzi and his son. Tomaso would have spoken eagerly, but his father hushed him.

"The news is most important, my lord," he said, "best tell it you in private." Then, unable to restrain himself, he added in a whisper. "Oh, the saints and angels be praised, I think we have Milan!"

Mastino della Scala, as he led the way back to the castle trembled, almost with awe. It was a sign from heaven.

As they gained the chamber, and Ligozzi closed the door, Tomaso burst out into his tale, half-crazy with delight.

"It seems you have success," said Mastino quietly.

But he seated himself at the extemporized table, and with his hand shaded his face; it was almost more than he could bear.

"The passage leads into Milan," said Ligozzi breathlessly. "It is large enough to admit an army, and opens into the house of one who is our friend. That, my lord, is why we have been so long. The good fortune is miraculous, for we were brought out into the house of a man mad against Visconti, and thinking of nothing but revenge. He alone knows of this passage, and through it will admit your men."

"Ah!" Mastino drew a deep breath and raised his eyes. "God hath heard me, Ligozzi."

"It was true," cried Ligozzi. "Oh, lord, he was indeed here. Only this morning he re-entered Milan, Carrara's army behind him; returned in time to stay his sister, who loathes her enforced marriage, and—and——" he suddenly faltered in his recital as Tomaso laid his hand upon his shoulder.

Mastino looked at them keenly.

"And what?" he asked.

"I was going to say, lord, that in his absence, Valentine Visconti, trying to escape, was recaptured by the Duke himself in this Agnolo's house."

"Is it for that he hates Visconti?" asked Della Scala.

"Nay, my lord, he hath other wrongs;" and Ligozzi proceeded to relate the tale the little painter had poured into his ears that morning.

" 'Not for naught did I conceal that passage!' he cried to me. "My lord, truly it was not for naught, seeing we shall thereby slay Visconti!"

"This man, Agnolo he is to be trusted?" said Mastino.

"If ever man was! He would see Milan in ashes, and Visconti were among them."

"And the girl?"

"I did not see the girl, but methinks she has the same cause to hate Visconti."

"And that no one should know of this passage, it is strange," mused Della Scala. "Thou art sure there is no trap, Ligozzi? Much disappointment makes me wary."

"I will stake my life there is no trap, my lord, and that this man, Agnolo Vistarnini, is dealing with the truth."

"Vistarnini," repeated Mastino. "Methinks I know the name—a painter, didst thou say?"

"A painter, my lord; the house is near the western gate."

"The western gate! I remember. It was the day I found von Schulembourg. Truly I think we may trust the man that I remember," and Mastino faintly smiled. "There is no guile in him—nor in his daughter; poor lady! she was happy then!"

"Visconti has left a guard of soldiers to protect the house; but not so many that they will not be easily disposed of. Vistarnini speaks them fair, they have no suspicion."

Mastino rose and held out his hand. "So thou hast done it, my friend, thou and thy son. I owe thee much, Ligozzi. A poor man's thanks are but an halting gift; some day, however, the Duke of Verona shall tell thee what his gratitude is worth, my friend, I thank God, Ligozzi, for one friend!"

. . . . . .

In a thick wood near Milan, a man on a white horse was slowly picking his way through the dense undergrowth. The trees were close, and in their dark shadow the place was nigh as black as night.

Great tufts of flowers grew in the cool shadows. There were no signs of life, save the birds whirring through the leaves, the plants nodding in the breeze.

(To be continued.)

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Starrat, Ont., Feb. 16, 1906.

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



COATS TOP S PRING GOWNS.

Although the three-piece tailor-made—the coat, skirt and blouse costume—is well in the forefront of things fashionable, the dressmaker-made gown that makes its street appearances with a wrap topping it is the choice of many modish folk for the spring season. There are many points of convenience to command this style, chiefest of which is the readiness with which one's street toilette is so made. The charming wrap that is pictured is one that will be readily copied by the home dressmaker. There is a bias fold or seam down the center back, which affords sufficient fulness to hang well from the shoulders. The side seams are widely gored, while the sleeve is of the plain coat variety, with a plain cuff for a finish. The original is in a very pale shade of moonlight blue broadcloth, with stitched folds of a dark chocolate brown cloth around the collarless neck and down the fronts for trimming, little ball buttons of knotted silver braid and tiny loops of the same lightening the effect of the dark cloth trimming.

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In the rush, hurry and worry of modern times, we overwork the heart. Is it any wonder then that there comes a breakdown of this wonderful little engine, when such a continued strain is placed upon it day after day. There are many forms of heart trouble and the slightest derangement of this important organ is extremely dangerous. To strengthen the weak heart it is necessary to use a remedy that will act upon the heart tissue, restore and revitalize it and at the same time tone up and invigorate the nervous system, we have such a combination in

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GRAU LEFT HALF A MILLION

Report That He Had Lost Fortune in Recent Money Panic is Denied.

NEW YORK, April 17—Ever since the death of Maurice Grau in Paris there have been repeated rumors in this city that he had lost in speculation most of the money he made at the Metropolitan Opera House. When Mr. Grau retired and went abroad to live he was said on good authority to have more than $500,000. The fact that he died in Paris on March 14, the day of the panic, gave rise to the stories concerning his loss of fortune. One report was that he had lost all except $80,000.

I. Lichtenauer, the broker and banker, was for many years Mr. Grau's most intimate friend and business adviser.

"Mr. Grau left an ample fortune," he said yesterday, "although his investments were all in this country, and he died on the day of the recent panic. His holdings amounted to more than $500,000, and his widow and daughter will have all they need."

SHOULD LEARN HOW TO DRESS

Duke of Cirella Says American Women Are Generally Over-Dressed --- Too Many Diamonds.

PARIS, April 18—The Duke of Cirella, of world-wide fame as "Cir," the Parisian cartoonist, has just arrived in Paris after a lengthy visit to the United States for the purpose of studying American society and making character sketches.

"I regard the American people very highly and greatly admire the beauty of their women," he said tonight, "but in my opinion they should come to Europe for a course of study in the art of dressing.

"The American women are overdressed. They wear too much jewelry, especially in the daytime. They would do well to copy the women in French society in the matter of dress, and to learn that to overdress is not to dress well."

"Cir" made a great number of general sketches and studies of distinguished Americans which are soon to be exhibited. His sketch of J. Pierpont Morgan is said to be "very spiritual."

The Americans have no need to fear that "Cir's" pencil will make them grotesque, as he is too finished an artist and too much of a gentleman for that.

SAYS THAT GIRLS WORK OVER VATS

Woman Asserts They Are Displacing Men in Milwaukee Breweries.

CHICAGO, April 17—Irene Osgood, of Northwest University Settlement declared before the Women's Trade Union League at Hull House that women are fast displacing men in the breweries and tanneries of Milwaukee.

"In 1903 a certain big tannery in Milwaukee employed only two women," she said. "I went through the same place recently and there were 300 girls working there. I found, also, that the wages of the men in that place had bee reduced 20 cents a day as a consequence."

Miss Osgood deprecated the influx of women into the breweries, where, she said, work among the vats and in the malting rooms was morally injurious to the girl employes. The young women receive from $2.75 to $6.50 a week, she asserted, for long hours and hard labor.

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Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

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Dr. Shoop's Restorative

At the monthly meeting of the International Brotherhood of Railway Employes Lodge No. 143, held in Foresters' Hall, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. J. Davis; vice-president, W. H. Sproul; secretary-treasurer, J. McGillvray; conductor, Thos. Hasting; inner sentinel, J. Cotter; local pro. board, J. McGillvray, T. Hasting, F. W. Morton.

When the mouse has had enough the meal is bitter.—Dutch.

RE-UNITED BY DEATH

Pathos Surrounds This Story of Young Toronto People.

(Mail and Empire, Toronto.)

A peculiar coincidence, coupled with one of the most pathetic stories ever heard in real life, has developed with the death early yesterday morning of Dr. G. Arthur Roberts, of 6 Clarendon avenue, son of George R. Roberts, for so many years connected with the Baptist Book Room and prominent in church circles. Dr. Roberts was a dentist, with office at 1 Bloor East, and had made great progress in his profession, being considered one of the most promising young men of the city. His death was made the subject of a reference yesterday morning by Rev. J. D. Freeman, of Bloor street Baptist church, who spoke in very high terms of the deceased and dealt on the sad circumstances surrounding the death.

Dr. Roberts had been engaged to marry Miss Lottie Tarr, daughter of Mr. Tarr, of Collier street, and a member of the Bloor street church. All arrangements for the marriage had been completed, and the prospective bridegroom had built the residence on Clarendon avenue which it was intended they should occupy. On the very eve of the wedding, however, Miss Tarr was taken ill and it was found necessary that she should undergo an operation. The desired result was not obtained however, and after lingering for some months, the patient succumbed in the early part of the winter. The body was taken to her old home in Ottawa and placed in a vault pending interment in the spring.

Dr. Roberts had never been very sturdy and the death of his fiancee affected him greatly. He took a trip to the south for the benefit of his health, but had returned some three or four weeks ago, and while ailing to some extent, had not been considered dangerously ill. His death on Sunday morning was, therefore, in the nature of a severe shock to his friends. It was ascribed to an affection of the heart, which had evidently been accentuated by his affliction. The death of his sweetheart was on his mind to the last, as during his wanderings on Saturday night he constantly referred to her. Arrangements had already been made in Ottawa for the removal of the remains of Miss Tarr from the vault in which they were placed to their final resting place on Tuesday afternoon, and yesterday it was decided that the body of Dr. Roberts should be conveyed to the grave at the same hour. Thus will be consummated the decree of fate, which, after stepping in at the eleventh hour and preventing the culmination of their earthly happiness, has permitted the reunion of their souls.

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