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The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.
BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

The Pride of the d'Estes.

No news! So many days, and still no news!

Ippolito d'Este spoke in an anxious voice, leaning in the wide-cut window of the watch-tower that rose above the gates of Novara.

"I would we had not sent those last men," said Vincenzo gloomily.

He was seated at the table, his head resting in his hands. The chamber was large and dark, built of rough stone for strength and defense, fixed with narrow windows, and set with three doors—one into the narrow stairs, standing open, one on either side of it, shut. The walls were bare of arras. Vincenzo's armor lay piled in a corner, and a great crucifix, a red praying haecock beneath, hung near one of the windows.

"How many have we, my father?" asked Vincenzo, rising.

"Six hundred trained soldiers," was the brief answer.

"And the townsfolk?"

"Are the townsfolk," replied d'Este, "and useless."

Novara had been stormed and taken from Visconti some months ago, and the d'Estes, fixing their headquarters there, had foraged the country around as far as the ramparts of Magenta, a large town held by Visconti's men.

For these fatal ten days, disaster after disaster had reduced the Modenese hold to a mere handful; and when Mastino, sending word he was in desperate straits, had called out all the Veronese that manned the town, they were practically defenseless, in the midst of a country where Visconti's arms were everywhere triumphant.

They dared not leave the town; behind its walls was the only chance of safety. They knew not what positions Visconti held, nor what positions Della Scala. Since that last appeal for aid, they had had no message, no sign from him. Scouts sent out had not returned; one company advancing from the walls, to find no sign or trace of Mastino, was surrounded and cut to pieces—the few who escaped returning to Novara with ghastly tales. Visconti's arms seemed everywhere victorious. The country was laid waste—and not by their allies.

But the d'Estes' hope was still in Della Scala. Urgent messages were sent to his camp outside Milan, and when neither answer nor messengers returned, the Duke of Modena grew sick at heart indeed.

He had not mentioned all his fears to his son, though Vincenzo could not but know their strait desperate.

"If we hear not today," said d'Este slowly, "I shall think there is treachery; not one messenger has returned—treachery, or some misfortune to Della Scala."

"Then are we lost indeed!" cried Vincenzo. "So far from Modena—so near Milan—only, what of the army that is with Della Scala—our army, his and ours?"

"What army we had with us," replied Ippolito, still looking with anxious eyes on the level country, "I sent to Della Scala—he was in sore need. What men we had outside the town have melted away like snow."

Vincenzo began to pace the room impulsively—a slender figure in a scarlet velvet doublet, his great black eyes bright and angry.

"Shall we not make a sortie, my father? Shall we not dash out and fight, seeing for ourselves what has become of Della Scala?"

Ippolito turned and looked at him, with a yearning love lighting his dark face.

"I am waiting, Vincenzo. I have sent trusty scouts to Brescia. This silence cannot last long now; either Mastino or Visconti march this way—and in either case we shall be ready to receive them, Vincenzo."

The younger d'Este lapsed into silence. Ippolito, too, was quiet, and the pause was broken by an officer entering.

"The Count von Schlenbourg," he began.

"Conrad!" cried Vincenzo, springing up.

"Has he news?" asked his father, eagerly.

"I know not, my lord," replied the soldier. "He is riding unattended, and craves a passage through the town."

"He is riding away!" said Vincenzo—

"away from Milan!"

"I must see him," said d'Este, with a darkening face, "at once."

As the soldier left, Vincenzo looked at his father eagerly.

"What may this mean, that Count Conrad rides away?"

"We lie on the route to the Empire. The German, maybe rides home from a losing cause."

"I never thought such of Conrad," began Vincenzo, when the door opened and the Count himself stepped into the room, brilliant, gay as ever, well armed, the double-headed eagle on his breastplate, and the black and yellow of the Empire floating from his helm.

"Now we'll meet, my good lords," he cried, "and fair fortune smile on you! I would ask the favor of a good horse—I am on my way to Germany."

"You leave the fight?" asked d'Este.

Conrad nodded.

"For better men—I faith, I've tried all know-no man is asked to break his head against a brick wall for nothing—not while the sun shines, and there is such a place as his own land to see again!"

"You used not to hold such language, Conrad," said Vincenzo, with some reproach.

"I have tried everything," cried Conrad, gayly. "I tried to rescue the Lady Valentine, I tried to kill Visconti, I tried to make him kill me—I have failed. My Lady Valentine is married, and is set out for France."

"For France!" interrupted d'Este.

"Then must the country indeed be in Visconti's hands if his sister and a wedding-train set out for France!—what news, Count, surely there is some news?"

"Not much I care to repeat," replied Conrad. "Only rumors—all the country I rode through, from here to Milan, seems to swarm with Visconti's men—I saw no sign of Della Scala—there were wild tales abroad, and wild sights."

"On my honor, Count, you might have come with better information than this—days have we been waiting with no sign nor word."

"Yon Mastino, would you say?" asked Conrad, eagerly.

"From Mastino. Have you not heard or seen aught of him?" cried Ippolito.

Conrad looked at d'Este's intent face, and from him to Vincenzo, waiting expectantly for his answer.

"I—I cannot say I have," he answered.

"But as I tell you, I heard nothing save rumors."

"And they?"

Conrad fingered his yellow sash unasily.

"One said Modena had fallen—"

Ippolito gave a sudden cry.

"Modena!"

"Aye," said Conrad, regretfully. "And Ferrara and Verona—so I heard—"

"Mastino is dead!" cried d'Este, and Vincenzo echoed the cry wildly.

"Mastino is dead!"

"I know not," said the Count. "I cannot tell—only this, Visconti marches this way—and once more—a good horse. Vincenzo, Saint Hubert has saved me once—I dare not ask him again!"

"Modena fallen," murmured d'Este, unheeding Conrad's words. "And Verona—Mastino dead—Visconti marches on Novara!"

"My father, we are lost indeed!" cried Vincenzo, with a white face. "If Mastino be dead—"

"If!" said the elder d'Este, sternly. "There is no if, Vincenzo."

The boy looked around bewildered, and his eye fell on Conrad, waiting by the door.

"I will give orders for thy horse," he said. "Come with me—" and he led the way from the room. Conrad paused in the door, but Ippolito waved him aside sternly.

"Fare you well, Count. Vincenzo will see to your needs; meanwhile I have other things to think of—" and he strode past them, swiftly ascending the stairs to the soldiers in the higher chamber of the watch-tower.

Vincenzo, leaning on the stair-rail, with very bright eyes, looked after his father, and then toward Conrad with a sudden

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE MODISH ELIZABETHAN RUFF.

The neck puff appears again this season as the fashionable accessory to the dressy costume. Though white and some delicately colored ruffs, such as pale blue and pink, are seen, black is much the favorite for both day and evening wear. Thick Elizabethan ruffs, which stand up smartly about the neck, are particularly suited to the woman with a long, slender neck, and broad, cape-like effects are made especially for those to whom these fuller ruffles are so unbecoming. The plain, coarse Brussels nets are being used even more than the finer malines which we saw so much of last year. Dotted nets are also used, the dots usually about the size

wistful smile. "I almost would I were to be riding gayly across a summer plain, away—away—this castle has grown gloomy of late—there is horror in the air." He shook the feeling off, speaking gaily. "Well, be glad thou art on thy way, Count Conrad, and in exchange for the horse, take, for my sake, with thee the little page Vittore. He is very young, and not of Lombardy."

(To be continued.)

YOUR BLOOD UNHEALTHY IN THE SPRINGTIME.

You Should Cleanse the System at Once With Proper Medicine.

Spring house-cleaning is the solemn duty of every good housekeeper—this time, let it commence with your own system. All the organs are depressed, the liver is slow, kidneys are unhealthy. In consequence you are listless, vitality is low, color is bad, appetite poor and you need medicine.

This is just the time to use Ferrozone; it excites splendid appetite, gives digestion splendid aid, supplies nourishment for all weak organs. At once you feel buoyant and strong. Nutritious blood courses through your veins, supplies strength and life, makes you tingle with animation and ambition.

No more headache. None of that tired languor. You feel like doing things because Ferrozone completely renews and strengthens your whole system.

For spring debility no medicine on earth gives such quick, lasting benefits as Ferrozone. It has raised thousands from downright weakness, gives them perfect health simply because it contains the fortifying elements that rundown systems require.

One week after using Ferrozone you'll feel like new, you'll appreciate what real robust health means. In a month you'll eagerly credit the push your vigor and spirits have received. Ferrozone is more than a tonic because its work lasts, its benefits remain and are not temporary. It restores health where other treatments fail, and especially in the springtime it should be used by every man, woman and child. Try it, 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold by all dealers.

WESTERN MINE OFFICIALS

SIGN TWO YEAR AGREEMENT

Ottawa, May 6—The Hon. Rodolph Lemieux, minister of labor, received the following despatch this afternoon from W. L. McKenzie King, deputy minister of labor:

"Fernie, B. C., May 6, 1907. "Hon. Rodolph Lemieux, minister of labor, Ottawa:

"Am pleased to inform you that an agreement has been reached between the executive of the United Mine Workers and the operators, as a result of the conciliation proceedings of Tuesday last, and was endorsed upon a referendum vote by a majority of 377 out of a total vote of 1871 in the different mining camps. The result of the voting having been officially announced on Saturday, the operators signed the agreement during the afternoon. All the members of the executive board of the United Mine Workers met in conference this morning, and authorized their officers to sign. They have just come to my room at the hotel and added their signatures to the agreement."

"District President Sherman informs me that the board has issued instructions for the men to return to work immediately. All mines in the district should be operating tomorrow. The conciliation board will meet this afternoon to receive notification from the parties that their differences have been satisfactorily adjusted, and that a contract has been signed covering the conditions for two years."

(Sgd.) "W. L. MACKENZIE KING."

The annual meeting of the Loyalist Society will be held tonight in the office of D. R. Jack. Arrangements for the annual service in Trinity church will be made. The service will be in the evening of May 19 and the preacher will be Rev. Samuel F. Watson, of Akron, Ohio, a lineal descendant of Rev. Dr. Cook, who was the first clergyman to minister to the Loyalists here.

HONOR FOR PRINCIPAL OF KINGSTON SCHOOL

Prof. D. W. Hamilton Will Receive Degree of Ph. D. from the U. N. B.

D. W. Hamilton, principal of the Consolidated school at Kingston, has received the good news that the faculty of the University of New Brunswick has awarded



Prof. D. W. Hamilton.

him a Ph. D. (Doctor of Philosophy) degree, which will be conferred on Enticement day, May 30.

Mr. Hamilton's thesis *The Weeds of New Brunswick*, will probably be published in bulletin form by the department of agriculture.

Let me send you free for Catarrh, just to prove merit a Trial Size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. It is a snow white creamy, healing antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

Miss Genevieve Holland, of Boston, sister of Rev. W. J. Holland, is visiting in the city.

"IAN MACLAREN" DIED YESTERDAY

Blood Poisoning Caused the Death of Famous Scotch Author.

Burlington, Ia., May 6—Dr. John Watson (Ian MacLaren) died at 11.15 a. m. today at Mount Pleasant, Iowa. The cause was blood poisoning from tonsillitis. He was taken ill at Mount Pleasant, April 25.

Rev. John Watson, D. D., better known by his nom de plume of Ian MacLaren, was the oldest son of the late John Watson, of H. M. civil service. He was born in Manningtree, Essex, Nov. 3, 1850. He was educated in the Stirling Grammar School and graduated M. A. from Edinburgh University. He also attended the New College, Glasgow, of which he was first charge as assistant to Rev. Dr. Wilson, Barclay church, Edinburgh. The other pulpits occupied by Rev. Dr. Watson were that of Logiehead Free church, which he was inducted 1875; Free St. Matthew's, Glasgow, of which he took charge in 1877, and Salford Park Presbyterian church, Liverpool, where he preached from 1880 to 1905. Besides these pastoral charges Dr. Watson was appointed Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale University, 1896, and moderator of Synod in the Presbyterian Church of England in 1900. He was a very prolific writer and it is perhaps, safe to say that his reputation as a stylist is second only to that of Stevenson. His books have enjoyed a wide circulation on both sides of the Atlantic. A list of his works, with the date of publication is as follows: *Beside the Bonny Briar Bush*, 1894; *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, 1895; *Kate Carnegie and Those Ministers*, 1896; *A Doctor of the Old School*, 1897; *Afterwards and Other Stories*, 1898; *Rabbi Sanderson*, 1898; *Young Barbarians*, 1901, and *His Majesty Baby*, 1902. Besides these Dr. Watson was the author of a number of religious works as follows: *The Upper Room*, 1895; *The Mind of the Master*, 1896; *The Cure of Souls* (Yale lectures on practical theology) 1896; *The Potter's Wheel*, 1898; *Church Folk*; *Doctrines of Grace*, 1900; *The Life of the Master*, 1901; *The Holy Virtues*, 1903, and *The Inspiration of Faith*, 1905.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss. Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

EARL GREY TO ADDRESS HALIFAX CANADIAN CLUB

Halifax, N. S., May 7—The secretary of the Canadian Club of Halifax has received a letter from the governor general stating that he will visit Halifax about the first week in August when he will deliver an address before the club. The governor general sails for England this week.

The men's Bible class, which has been conducted so successfully by Rev. G. A. Kuhnring, in the school house of St. John's church, closed last evening for the summer months. A very hearty vote of thanks proposed by George E. Fairweather and seconded by A. L. Law, was tendered Mr. Kuhnring by A. H. Hanington, who had been called to the chair, and was replied to, after which the doxology was sung. Mr. Kuhnring announced that he hoped to re-open the class during October next and due notice will be given the members.

John A. Humble, of Stanley, was re-interred at the Victoria yesterday.

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