

CLELIA'S FORTUNE.

A Tale of Romance and Adventure in Sunny Italy.

[Translated from the German of A. Keis.]

Beppo did as he was told, and the stout boatman appeared. I paid him generously for the wine. "How many boats have you, Geronimo?" I asked him. "Two, Signore."

The table d'hote at the Hotel de la Croce di Malta, whose picturesque location attracts travellers irresistibly, was but sparsely filled. It happened to be the day on which the coasting steamers depart, and the only one of the month on which no steamer from Marseilles or Leghorn had arrived.

The gentlemen at the large table showed their good taste in this orderly directing their attention to the smaller table; for no sight could be prettier and more attractive than that of the reader undoubtedly has long guessed whom I mean.

at which a traveler took his solitary meal. Why had not this traveler taken his seat at the large table? Fishermen are and will be originals.

The dinner had progressed uninter-uptedly and was near its termination when the waiter entered and handed the Cavaliere a letter, which had just been brought by a porter.

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He stepped back in surprise. That was a thing I had not even thought of. "Well—with her own hand then?" she asked.

paper, and was so deeply lost in the proceedings in Parliament as not to notice that look. After a while—the dining-room being then almost entirely deserted—the waiter approached him, bringing him coffee at several decanters of wine and cordials.

Half an hour might have elapsed, when the waiter a man made his appearance, his bearing full of indignation. He stepped up to the table, and without saying a word he laid a tumbled-looking note by the Briton's abstruse.

"Very well," was the latter's whole reply, while he quickly pushed four napoleons, held in readiness all this time, towards the waiter, pocketed the note, and deliberately went on with his reading.

Meanwhile the Cavaliere was impatiently pacing up and down the Acquasole. He was closely scrutinizing the few promenaders taking their walk at that hour of the day, arresting his steps now and then to cast a searching glance along the path ascending the hill.

He took a slip of paper from his pocket and could not help laughing at seeing how his fair correspondent had murdered the language of Petrarca. "It is the first time I have seen her handwriting!" he went on soliloquizing.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The harbor seemed to be alive that night. Hundreds of boats, moored near the custom house, were on the alert for the messengers. The moment one of those showed himself he was immediately surrounded by a crowd of boatmen.

The Cavaliere left the hotel in company with the ladies and walked straightway to the landing. His mother leaned on his arm. Paula was a few steps in front of her, and Clelia, dressed entirely in black, walked by her side.

He seemed bent upon a steed-chase with the mail boat; his brassy arms were working with heroic energy, and he won the race by half a minute. After helping his passengers on board he caught up their baggage in an incredibly short time, received his fare from Salvati, and pushed off shoreward.

The confusion and noise incident to the last minutes before a steamer's departure are too well known to need a lengthy description here. The screw was already in motion, and Salvati still vainly looking for the steward to unlock their staterooms.

The steamer had already passed the bar, nearly a quarter of an hour had elapsed since they left the anchorage and the swell of the Mediterranean was beginning to make itself felt before Salvati returned to the ladies to inform them that their state-rooms were ready for them.

"It is getting cold," said Paula at last, after the family had been sitting there for nearly half an hour and the steamer reached the open sea. "We had better go below," replied her mother.

"We have gained our point so far, and ought not to annoy her unnecessarily." "I do not wish her to stay out here alone," was the son's reply in the same low tone.

"Who are you—and where is Clelia?" shrieked Salvati furiously. "Caspis neng" (I do not understand), repeated the strange girl in the purest Genoese patois.

"But who are you?" again asked Salvati in pure Genoese. "My name is Annunziata Peona," she replied. "I am the daughter of the boatman who rowed you on board, and on a journey to an aunt of mine at Leghorn."

"But Clelia—where is Clelia?" cried Paula and her mother. The young Genoese made them no reply. Salvati stood there like a marble statue, his face ashy pale, his eyes shooting fire, his hair standing bolt upright.

The reader has probably guessed in what manner Clelia had been freed from Salvati's grasp. The indefatigable reader of the Times at the table d'hote was none other than myself, and the voluble tongue of Beppo Mangini was the only one capable of imitating a Genoese porter.

Such things, I believe, can only be done in Italy, the country where money is a never-failing "open sesame," and where people are easily bought. During that memorable day I had been able to procure the services of the railroad conductor, the boatman and his daughter, the waiter at the hotel, and five or six more boatmen.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

What can money do to cure a man with a headache?—[George Macdonald.] Action and care will wear down the strongest frame; but guilt and melancholy are poisons of quick dispatch.—[Thomas Paine.]

NEGATIVE FACTS.

A Scotch printer invented the postage stamp. In Switzerland goats are trained to tend the flocks of sheep. The largest gun on earth does not weigh more than 116 lbs.

The estimated population of the District of Columbia is 233,493. The Japanese make artificial tortoise shell with the whites of eggs. The climate of China is said to be growing not only colder, but drier.

Australia has entered the world as a silver producer, and turned out in 1858 500,000 ounces of silver—most of it from a single mine, the Broken Hills, or \$10,600,000 a year.

Mortgage Sale.

By virtue of a mortgage deed executed on the 1st day of December, 1888, by T. B. Phillips and wife, M. F. Phillips, to George Brewer, and duly recorded in the Registry of Union county on book 6, page 184, and duly transferred and assigned to the undersigned by the said George Brewer, I will sell for cash, on the premises on Monday, January 21st, 1891, at 12 o'clock, the tract of land conveyed in said mortgage deed lying on the waters of Richardson Creek, in New Sal m town-ship, adjoining the lands of E. T. Betts, Dr. Narace and others, containing 12 acres, more or less.

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