A TALE OF LOVE AND JEALOUSY AND A TER-

RIBLE TEMPTATION. The close of a golden day at Sorrento. Maud Annesley stood in the garden of Tasso's villa, which, as the traveller knows. is perched like a ses-bird on the summit of the tall cliffs and looked out scross the sunlit waters to where Ischia showed beautiful and unreal, as a fairy barrine moored on the shining waves.

A lovely girl, this Mand Annesley, with a face at once tender, sensitive and proud, with marvellous brown eyes and sunnybrown hair, with grace in every movement, with perfect hands and feet, and, in point of character, as capricious, spoiled and uncertain as her compatriots alone can be vet still remain bewitching. As full of good qualities as she was of faults, a handle of inconsistencies so opposite that she sometimes herself said, laughingly, she wondered that she held together.

There she stood, leaning her arms on the railing and gazing down the dizzy height where the galls circled to and fro, while she looked wistfully over at the purple island, and was haunted by a sudden, foolish fancy that it seemed like the land of the lotus-eaters, where she might sit down and rest forever, could she only reach its happy shore. She had been spending a gay day with a gay party. She had been the centre and chief attraction for all the men. She had been in the wildest spirits and was handsomer than ever. And now she stood there in the sunset and sighed and looked dreamy and pre-occupied, as if care and trouble had come to her at last.

Howard Crofton, grave and sedate as befitted his nine and twenty years, strolled idly out upon the villa terrace, and saw her standing there in the magic light, and called her hard names and himself a fool, which no doubt he was, so far as concerned her, sensible as he usually proved himself in other respects.

It was the second week in June. For a whole month Crofton had been living in a blessed dream; and now that it was rudely disturbed he felt himself an aggrieved individual, as, indeed, I think he had a right to think himself.

He had come to Sorrento, meaning to remain for a few days and then go back to Naples, and drift away northward; but he found Maud Annesley and a pleasant party, and here he was still. He had known Maud's auut long before, when he was a mere boy, and she received him like an old friend, for his mother's sake; and, thus introduced, he and Maud had naturally glided into a rapid and agreeable intimacy. Censorious people called Maud's mildest manners with men flirting of an outrageous sort ; but, she was gentler and less papricious with Crofton than her aunt had ever seen her with any man, but. like wise woman, the elder lady held her peace.

Just a week before this day Crofton's cousin and her spouse appeared, a cousin like most people's given to interference and governing; and of all the girls that lived. Mrs. Grosvenor hated Maud Annesley the worst. She disliked girls in general, as women often do who have been beauties and have since grown thin and skinny and vellow; but she detested Maud! They had met in Paris two years previous, and Maud had laughed at her airs and graces, and Mrs. Grosvenor had been obliged to play second to this brilliant creature, who seemed to fascinate men at will. So she took refuge in hating the girl, and perhaps found a kind of consolation therein.

Soon afterwards the San Arpinos came down from Naples and took possession of their villa; and, to the disgust of the stately old dowager, young San Arpino, the heir to a dukedom and a rent-roll enormous for Italy, and one of the handsomest men the peninsula could boast, flung himself anew straight at Maud Annesley's heart, or head, or feet, as you please. He had done this the previous winter in Rome, much to the disgust of his stately mother, the Duchess. Mand had, it is true, been the most admired girl there. But she had not a large fortune, and, even if she had, the San Arpinos, for a wonder, would not have needed her wealth. They had enough of their own, and more. They were proud. They boasted two sustained titles, and a descent, which they traced back almost to Nero, or Romulus himself, for what I know.

From the moment that San Arpino appeared Maud Annesley had completely changed in her conduct towards Crofton. There had been no letting him down easily; no attempt at pretence. She turned haughty and insolent and stony, and was never so charming and womanly to San Arpino as when Crofton was by to see. And this was the creature whom he had loved, had believed in; before whom he had poured his heart and soul, and let her know that he had done so! He had never put his secret into words, but he knew that she had seen it clearly enough. had given him the tacit encouragement which any woman can do when she pleases, and yet remain perfectly feminine and delicate. False and despicable she proved in every way, and he had loved her! He loved her still, in spite of his pain and wrath. He learned the whole truth from his cousin, heard the story of the past winter, heard of San Arpino's devotion. Maud's efforts to win a ducal coronet and the old dowager's race and masterly diplomacy to prevent such a consummation. He, Crofton, had been flirted with from sheer wantonness, or else regarded as a pis aller. Maud afterwards had thought of liking him and his fortune. because she believed the young Duke out of her reach. But the instant the Neapolitan reappeared and proved that his devotion was as strong as ever, strong enough to make him rebel against the mother who had always ruled him imperiously, then Maud flung off the mask and let Crofton see her

in her true colors. He was going on the morrow. The torture of the last five days had grown insupportable. Besides, now there was no longer and contemptible to remain, a laughingscorn to himself.

He had been horribly treated, and his sense of justice revolted against this. He was a man slow to anger, but he was furious now. Had the girl shown the least consideration for his feelings he could did not love this handsome boy, who was zled by his position, she might be urged on to make the attempt."

opportunity. But she turned upon him a bitter laugh. with absolute cruelty; she seemed to have way that female ingenuity can contrive.

To-day they had all been on an excursion, up among the lovely Sorrente hills. Crofton could not remain behind, for fear fashion. this girl should think he lacked courage to support her heartless cruelty, and she had made such a day for him that he thought a soul in purgatory might pity him.

So now he was going away. As he stood on the terrace and he caught sight of her as unhesitatingly as you have flung me." standing telow him, in her matchless beauty, a wild desire crossed his mind to speak, to let all his misery and anger find vent. She deserved it, deserved to hear the verdict of a true, upright heart, which her treachery had lacerated. He did not stop to consider. He was too nearly mad to be hindered by scruples or ideas which would have influenced him as another time.

He strode down the steps, hurried before she was aware of his presence. The least addition of color rushed into her cheeks, a second's confusion into her eyes, as she turned and perceived him. But both signs disappeared so quickly that he almost fancied they had not been there. She looked a little wearied, bored by this more cruel than a dagger thrust, and said,

move when you might sit still?" "You seem to share a portion of it," he answered, trying to imitate her indiffer-

"Oh, I came out to get rid of the people," ste replied. "One might as well be an animal in a menagerie, one never gets a moment to oneself."

" Probably I disturb you then," said he. "I am too well brought up a young person to contradict my elders," she replied laughingly.

"Still, truth now and then makes an agreeable variety in this world, even if not of laughing voices from the old square, polite," he retorted, losing his ill-assumed indifference.

"I think you are misanthropical or cross," said she. "I dislike either mood so I will leave you." He stood straight in her path, and fixed

his eves on her with a look of such iron music in the salons and gay groups standdetermination that she remained motion-" It is possible that what I have to say

may not be agreeable," returned he, slowly: but I mean to say it, all the same. I am going away to-morrow

" Does that come under the head of dis agreeable truths?" she interrupted, with a of late to detest her, with her headlittle shrug of her shoulders. "Not to you, certainly, or to me, ' he answered.

"So much the better; then ben voyage!" " But, before I go, there is something wish to say "

Last words are so fatiguing," she murspoke just as the dying people in novels begin their confessions. I forgot it was day there. Crofton could not escape staying only a journey you were looking forward

If I were dying " he cried out passion ately, "you and I could not be separating more irrevocably."

" Partings are hard things," sighed she -meeting people again."
"I wonder," he exclaimed, smiting his

hands together in uncontrollable excitement-"oh, I do wonder if you are a living, listened to young San Arpine, who had flesh and blood woman, or one of those snow creatures, animated by a spell, such came to the hotel as usual. as the old legends tell of !"

compliment, and feels surprised that the at once upon Maud to sing. are determined to make me regret your departure.

lent.

"I have been here a whole month," he

continued, not noticing her words. She took advantage of the slight pause calmly, to add: "Yes, a whole month!" and her voice implied that the period had seemed very long indeed.

cruel mockery. "From the first time we met I made no

effort to hide my feelings. I could not have done so if I would. I loved you, Maud ing, rather hoping that the pleasure seekers Annesley, and you knew it." He was not looking at her now. He had

turned partly away and was staring out remember one. Up came a servant to across the sunlit sea. Had he seen her say that everybody had gone down to the gained the other side, and looked over. suddenly. But fate was against them both must come. and he saw nething. "You know," he hurried on, "that my

devotion was not the idle homage a man often done when wearied and wounded, pays a beautiful woman. You knew that and yet forced to meet the petty exigencies my whole heart had gone out towards you, of life with a smiling front. His cousin, and tacitly you accepted it. You did a very Mrs. Grosvenor, had sent him word that wicked thing! I have no hesitation in she was too miserable with her neuralgia as truly and unselfishly as I did you. That from her questions and surmises, her sighs I was deceived is no shame to me.'

The pallor and softness left her face. The beautiful features looked hard, as if carved out of marble. "Don't stop!" she cried. "You had

more to say-finish it !" and art! It amused you to attempt a sort awnings, were ready. Into the smaller of With each new slide the body would go of Lady Clara Vere de Vere play with an the two San Arpino was assisting Mand faster—faster! When it reached the plat- go—to let him die before your eyes! I was honest heart! You succeeded perfectly. Annesley just as Crofton appeared. In his form the impetus would be so great that almost a murderer, you perceive." If that knowledge be any triumph to you, dizziness and the uncertain state of his even had San Arpino consciousness left he take it.

considering whether to accept success which was of such slight value.

"You do not deny the truth of what I have said. You cannot !" he exclaimed. "In any case, I would not," she cried; and now she confronted him with a face aunt among them, with whom Crofton was Let him go! Let this false woman crouch portable. Besides, now there was no longer and clear me in your estimation, I'd not speak rather harassed this morning, and was less her ambitious hopes, to gain which she it. No, not if my soul's safety depended stock for all about—and worse, an object of on its utterance. Believe what you will.

forgive you! Never!" right to pardon on your side," he answered, he descended the shore; their eyes had Always he was gazing down. He could see You do love that man." consideration for his feelings he could right to partion on your side, he answered, have made excuses for her. He knew she trying to speak calmly, since she had met. Then she had turned quickly away. Maud Annesley's white face, her frantic she turned her face quickly away. He shad some words from the aunt made Crofton efforts to free herself, the helpless body saw her bosom heave, her breath come

" I have nothing more to say. I will concried as possible, in hurting him in every corones. It is the true English girl's ambi-thereon. tion!" he sneered.

> treatment of me. Love is always an excuse. comfortably resting in the broad veranda was at hand and a But you do not. You love nobody but of the Quintisana Hotel, which looks out and fainted away. yourself. He any higher rank were within your reach, you would fling this boy aside "Yes. I love nobody but myself," she

exclaimed. "You are right there! " And boast of it?"

She turned and walked away without another word. He made no attempt to follow - why should he? They had nothing more to say to one another in this world. He had only one prayer to offer, where she was concerned—it was that even in the through the garden, and came upon her next he might be preserved from the eight of her.

He waited till she had crossed the terrace, and disappeared into the house; then he hurried off through the lane-like streets, past-the little square, where the villagers were collected, as usual, at that hour, and so up the path which runs along intrusion, but she gave him a sweet smile the ravine towards the hills above. The sun set in a blaze of glory. The sea shone indolently, " How can you have energy like the pavement of the city the Prophet enough left, after the day's fatigues, to saw in his vision. It deepened from opal mysterious. The moon came up and trailed a pathway of golden light across the billows which seemed to lead away into heaven. The hills loomed shadowy and black. The welcome it in its course. A single nightinfaint breeze brought, ever anon, the sound where the villagers still gossiped. All was quiet and peaceful, save in his heart, where the tempest raged with awful might.

It was late when Crofton returned to the Tasso, but he was not able to get up to his rooms in safety. There were laughter and and behave like ordinary mortals under the a march on us after all, Mr. Crofton. I galling restraints of civilization.

Crofton had told his old owl of a cousin of his proposed departure. He was glad to escape her society, for he had grown almost shakings, her Cassandra prophecies, and now her "I told you so's," expressed in intended to go away, and they were all perfectly unconscious that his attempts pered dismally, " Is he dead? Have I killed eager to detain him. A portion of the at friendship were neither desired nor party was to set off in the morning on an welcome, though indeed Crofton was too going to row over to Capri and spend the his hurt a secret. He chose Capri, howwas to make one of the Amalfi party. While all the talk and merrimens went

could see this Mand Annesies through the open windows. She stood out on the terrace, with the full moonlight glorifying her face, as she talked and escaped from his dowager mother, and

Down in the gardens below, an Italian "Why, that's really very pretty!" she boy began playing Neapolitan sea-songs on said, in the tone of one who is receiving a his guitar. Half a dozen people called Without speaker had tact to offer it. "I see you hesitation she complied, and her rich contralto voice floated into the rooms. unearthly in its sweetness, and shook Nothing but a woman, and a woman of Crofton's very soul. He could stand it no society, could have been so perfectly well more; so he cast one other look out into ored and yet so horribly ironical and inso- the glory of the night, and saw her standing there in her beauty, while the young Italian Duke gazed into her face with a passionate devotion he made no effort to admiring her courage, indeed. Though he made, for he found it difficult to speak rooms, hoping that he had bidden Maud present no real danger if care were exer-Annesley farewell forever.

The night he spent was tragic enough. But in this prosaic world tragedies more Again he went on, without heeding her frequently meet with an anti-climax than a was the usual one.

He was late in appearing the next mornmight have forgot him and gone off. But agony, so mad with fear, that for an instant face he must have noticed how it changed shore, but he was waited for there, and Maud Annesley was clinging to the frag-

So off he set, cursing acquaintances and the misfortunes of the persons she liked.

Crofton reached the shelving shore that "Only to compliment you on your skill village. Two boats, with bright-colored "Is it worth while?" she retorted, as if misunderstood, and so had chosen the ried straight over the edge into the awful very expedition of which she was to make abyss.

a member. Amalfii. The boat in which Crofton a score of devils tugged at his heart and seated himself held staid elders. Maud's whispered awful suggestions in his ear. shaken by anger. "If one word would a favorite. But she looked grave and there and see him perish, they said; see cordial to him than her wont. The boat had so recklessly marched over a human in which Miss Annesley and San Arpino, heart, smitten from her, just when they It is a matter of indifference to me! Your with a few other youthful people were seemed secure of fruition! This was what a laugh. "You can say nothing worse of respect would not be worth the having. seated, took the lead; and as he sat in the the demons urged upon Howard Crofton's You have been rude—insolent. I will never bow, Crofton could hear her gay laugh soul, and I should lie if I denied that he forgive you! Never!" bow, Crofton could hear her gay laugh soul, and I should lie if I denied that he ring out across the waters, but he did not hesitated. He did hesitate. The tempta-"It is a little odd to hear you put the once turn his head. She had seen him as tion was almost irresistible in its strength. only her own age; but size might be daz- deny would be so useless that it is wise not comprehend that neither she nor Maud sliding on—on! had understood he was te make one of the

"He knews us so well!" she cried, by the exertion of the morning the whole there. laughing again in the same low, mirthless party listened approvingly to somebody's proposal that they should climb the cliff "Did you love him I could excuse your which rose in front of them, as they all sat cross the Salerno Bay.

On foot, or on donkeys, as each person pleased, away they defiled, up the narrow villas, cosy peasants' cots, vine-wreathed walls, but always mounting up and up, the path; but by this time nobody thought of grand panorama spread out below.

They were now not far from the top. Here it was necessary to dismount and look over the famous abyss down which the Emperor Tiberius had a playful habit of flinging his guests when he wearied of their society or craved a little excitement. white breakers of the ever-restless sea. Here some adventurous Capriot, lately rethe party were English, it was necessary to patronize the smiling wretch and let tints to amethyst, then grew dark and him prove by the exorbitancy of his the land of the free.

Crofton wandered off, turned an angle of to the sea; and the sea answered, as if to hermit lives and wheedles centesimi out of the pockets of stray visitors. But just trailing coat and-had saved his rival. gale awoke in the orange grove, and sang now the hermit was down at the restauhis heart out in a passionate plaint. The rant drinking surreptitious glasses of red wine in the kitchen; so Crofton was left to gaze and marvel undisturbed.

Presently the sound of voices roused them. He heard Maud Annesley's merry laugh, and turning, found himself face to face with her and San Arpino.

Maud and Crofton had managed to pass had appeared as oblivious of his contiguity was captured, and forced to talk and laugh of him, she said gayly, "So you had stolen a march on us area un., thought we were the first up."

it was necessary to speak. "Oh, drinking sour wine and listening to

our naturalized compatriot's enormous fibs," she answered. San Arpino spoke pleasantly to Crofton words and looks. Naturally, by the time in his quaint, broken English. He was he reached the house, everybody knew he always civil, even cordial, and apparently

mured. "I beg your pardon; but you expedition to Amalfi. The others were just a man to visit Miss Annesley's sins upon a rival. At this place the descent on the Salerno still animated by the natural desire to keep the point called Tiberius' Leap; but the will come to himself presently." descent did not, as these, commence from ever, when he heard that Maud Annesley the top. A steep path led down some

> dicularly to the sea. After a brief conversation, Crofton walked away to the opposite side of the summit, to survey the ruins, leaving the was in a mood when some wild, reckless performence possessed an irresistible attraction to her. She and San Arpino stood looking down at the stunted pine that clung to the platform of rock, and swung its ragged branches about, as if imploring to be re-

> leased from its perilous position. "I want to go down there." Maud said. " I am sure nothing but a mountain goat has ever stood under that tree. I want my

name cut on the trunk." San Arpino was as young and reckless as herself. He offered no opposition-rather conceal. Then Crofton passed from the difficult, however, the path seemed to but I wish you'd stay."

A few minutes later, Howard Crofton, standing on the opposite side of the cliff, which looked out seaward, was roused from consummation, and Crofton's experience his gloomy meditations by a cry so wild haunt his dreams. It was Maud Annesley's veice again; but so changed, so sharp with Annesley. when one wants forgetfulness people always it rooted him to the spot where he stood. form, and trying to disengage her dress expeditions in his heart, as all of us have so from a trailing vine which held her fast. She was in safety. He saw that. But he saw, too, the prostrate form of the young she was to marry the young fellow. Italian, sliding helplessly and slowly towards the narrow platform of rock from whence the precipice began.

acknowledging my weakness. I honor to join the party. There was a slight conmyself that I could love any human being solation in that. He should at least be free the path, the better to aid Maud, had slipped and had struck his head so violently and corkscrew glances, always trying to against a projecting stone that it knocked worm his secret out of him, she being one him almost senseless. He was slipping of those people who enjoyed groaning over down now-down, down, Maud unable

to extricate herself so as to rush to his aid. Crofton saw it all, in the brief second he spreads below the rocky descent from the stood motionless, and a hundred years seemed to pass in that whirling space. faculties on the previous evening, he had could not save himself! He would be car-

And Howard Crofton saw this, and dur-Most of the wild young ones had gone to ing that instant, which seemed an eternity,

But after one moment of hesitation and "I told you yesterday that love was

harshly had her conduct afforded the least not stop you for the world," she said, with would like to dwell on its loveliness and its of what was passing, Crofton turned as marvels! But you shall go visit these dashed down the descent. He saw while wonders, or read of them in faithful running all the while that by taking a more a savage pleasure in rendering the blow as gratulate you, if you like, on winning a memory, since I have not leisure to dwell circuitous path, one a little further on, he cruel as possible, in hurting him in every corones. It is the true English girl's ambithereon. It was late in the afternoon. Unwearied Arpino. The one hope was to seize him

Away he ran. At the sound of his voice Maud Annesley raised her head, comprehended that help was at hand and sank back on the mosa

On Crofton dashed—on—on

Vines trailed about his feet and almost threw him down. Stones, dislodged by road, winding in and out among little his careless steps, nearly crushed his feet. He fell-was up again dashing on-on ! Always he could see that prostrate body view widening and beautifying with every sliding down—down! It was going faster step. At last the road became a mere now! Oh, he should be too late, and this man's death would lie at his door! He the way, in the delight of watching the had hesitated, and now he should have this awful c ime upon his soul through all eternity!

On, on! The way seemed endless. The pine tree shook its deformed arms. The wind surged suddenly up with a moaning cry. The voice of the sea responded in a hoarse shout of triumph, as if exulting over It was a bald, bare precipice, good 700 feet its prey. The dazzling sweep of sunlight in height, down which they fell into the on the white rock blinded him. But he could always see that form sliding downdown, each half second an age, each step turned from England, had established a in that frantic race he ran against death, little refreshment place, and, as most of as difficult as some mad flight the soul takes through the horrors of a nightmare.

Steeper became the inclined plane. It was now slippery with moss, over which charges that he had profited by his stay in the body sped, faster still, lifted almost from the ground twice, and flung on—on. Another bound, a wilder rush and Crofton the path where a great rock shut out the had reached the tree, and flung one arms pale glory of the evening sky domed in the house and the gay party, and toiled on up about the trunk, to steady himself, and whole. The soft murmurs of the brook to the top, where, among the ruins, rises a with the other hand and his feet struck at sounded through the stillness, as if calling small chapel, in which a make believe the body as it neared him, seized an arms helplessly extended, planted his feet on the

When Maud Annesley came to her ser she was half lying on a stone bench at the side of a little chapel. Further on she saw San Arpino, supported in the hermit's arms, while Howard Crofton bathed him forehead and employed such means as were at hand to restore him to consciousness

The hermit had returned just as Crofton caught San Arpino in that frantic clutch. the day without exchanging a word. She Between them the two had carried the insensible man up the rocks, and then returned ing about the long corridors. Of course, he as only a woman can. But now, at sight to place Maud Annesley beyond the reach of danger.

The unconscious party below were still resting at the little house near the Leap. Now and then the wind brought up the murmur of their voices and laughter. Maud raised herself. She was weak and

tottering. But she managed to reach the spot where the two men were at work over the senseless form. The first sign Crofton had of her presence was when her voice, close to his side, whis-

him ?" Crofton turned. A bitter response rose to his lips, but the sight of her white face

checked it. "There is nothing wrong but a few for one excursion or the other, for he was side was rocky, but little less steep than at bruises and a broken arm," he said. "He

So he did. He was a little wild and inco herent in his talk at first, but he was soon twenty feet to a little platform of rock, able to recall what had happened, to smile whereon grew a crooked fir tree; from at Maud and to mutter a few broken words thence a sheer wall of cliff plunged perpender of thankfulness to Crofton.

After a while the loiterers below were summoned. Crofton quickly silenced their eager questions and useless terror. San Arpino pronounced himself well enough to young pair to themselves. Maud Annesley be put on a donkey so as to make the descent of the mountain, and Crofton walked by his side, and supported him in the saddle. Fortunately, when they reached the village, the English surgeon from Ana Capri was there. San Arpino's broken arm was set, and his wounds dressed. It was better that he should not run the risk of returning to Sorrento. By good luck his mother had gone up to Naples for a few days, so that the accident could be kept from her.

"Will you stay with me to-night?" San Aprino asked of Crofton. "They'll send my man and my value over by the boat.

Of course, no refusal was possible. Crofton was occupied in the wounded man's chamber when the party sailed. The moon had risen before he quitted it. San Arpino was very comfortable and had failen asleep. Crofton left the surgeon and agonized that for years after it used to sitting by him and went out on the terrace. He came face to face with Maud

"Miss Annesley!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had been gone for hours.' "Oh," she cried bitterly, lifting her pale face. "I may not be human, but I am not quite a fiend. Did you think I could leave ments of rock, half way down to the plat- this man, whom my wicked recklessness had led almost to death?"

After all it was only natural that she should remain, Crofton said to himself, for "He is asleep, they told me," she said,

presently. "Yes, everything is going well."

"I know-Dr. Green told me." She stopped for an instant, then exclaimed wildly: "Oh, Mr. Crofton, if heaven had not sent you there! Let me thank you -"There is no necessity," he replied.

coldly. "I have no right to thanks, either." " You ".

"Wait. Let me finish. Miss Annesley, when I saw that man sliding down, down to death, my first impulse was to let him She covered her face with her hands and

sat silent. " I need not have told you this," he went on. "But it is better. Perhaps it may serve as a warning to you, not to use your

beauty and your fascinations to break another man's heart, as you did mine." She looked up now. But he continued resolutely. "Shall I tell you what stopped me?-

what made the temptation powerless when it was at its height ?" "Oh, tell me," she said, with a ghost of

me than you have done. Go on." "Because to-day" (his voice shock slightly now), " to-day I became convinced that, in one respect, I had wronged you.

and go.

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