THE EASTON GAZETTE.

VOL. 81. NO. 24. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY MAY 8, 1897 $1.50 PER YEAR

JULIETTE.

A Romance of the "Land of the Eternal Blue."

JULIETTE STADELLI had reached her twentieth year. She was a beautiful girl, of medium height, well proportioned, and with an Italian vivacity which added grace to her movements. Her magnificent dark hair and brilliant eyes, of a lustrous black, captivated every one. Only two things lessened the charm of this face; a too heavy chin and the too long distance between the upper lip and the finely modeled nose. This gave to the lower part of the face a rather coarse expression; but when she smiled, showing her even, white teeth, this defect was forgotten.

She was not exactly approved of in the strict society of Villotte. Her hoidenish manners, her free way of speaking, her ostentatious and eccentric dress, betraying a desire to attract attention, displeased the mothers, while her beauty excited the jealousy of her marriageable daughters. They called her ill bred and frivolous. However, on account of her great musical talent and her fine voice, she was received everywhere, and there was scarcely a social entertainment to which she was not invited.

We young men were all in love with her. When she sang we gathered around her; we vied with each other to get her as a partner in waltzes and quadrilles, and, when the dance was over, we waited at the corner of the deserted street where she would pass with her mother, that we might see her black eyes flash again in the starlight.

Juliette enjoyed this enthusiastic homage, without thinking more of one than of another. She took pleasure in surrounding herself with these adorers, but had no marked preference for anyone of them, which was maddening as far as I was concerned.

I loved Juliette with all the ardor of my twenty-five years, and also with the sincerity of a youth who feels his heart beat seriously for the first time. Like all men desperately smitten, I fancied that Mlle. Stadelli was the only woman I could love, and that without her my life would be aimless and not worth living. Moreover, her careless and cruel coquetry made me suffer terribly. I could not resign myself to the uncertainty in which she was pleased to leave us. The promiscuous smiles which she distributed indifferently roused my anger. My disposition was not as amiable as those of my rivals, and this state of doubt caused me intolerable anguish. A distinct understanding, adverse as it might prove, seemed to me preferable to the anxiety that tormented me, and, despite my natural shyness, I made up my mind to explain myself candidly to Juliette on the first occasion.

This was not an easy matter. She received us willingly at her home, but cleverly avoided remaining alone with us. However, I went one day in advance of my companions, and found her by herself in the little drawing-room, seated at the piano.

As I closed the door with a throbbing heart Juliette looked around, and, seeing that I was alone, ran her fingers noisily over the keys, then held out her hand to me in an absent way.

"Oh, it's you!" she said. "You come at an unfortunate moment. I've got the blues. You can't imagine how weary I am of molding in this hole of a Villotte!"

She nervously struck a last chord, then got up, threw back, with a familiar gesture, the dark curls hanging over her forehead, and leaned her elbow on the piano.

"Think," she went on, with irritation, "we live but once, and I am losing this precious short time buried in the country!"

"Do you wish to leave us?" I asked tenderly and sadly.

"I wish," she cried, breathing quickly, with nostrils dilated, "I wish to go out into the world, to have rank, a mansion, paintings and jewells; to be the proud and envied queen of an artistic circle. Yes, I wish all that, and I am ready to sell my very soul to anybody who will give it to me!"

The displeasure was scarcely encouraging for one who had merely his heart to offer. Indeed, I felt myself very humble and insignificant after this exposition of ambitious desires. However, I protested timidly.

"All this is not worth the joy of loving and being loved. And if you knew, Juliette, how I love you!"

She looked at me in a confused way, then began to laugh.

"You? Oh, my poor friend, my poor friend, you are mad! Never speak of it again," she added, returning to the piano. "Let us have a little music; that will drive away your sentimental mood. I am goint to sing you a barcarolle that I doted on when I lived in Venice with my father." And without paying any more attention to me she began:

"La barcheta ye a la riva."

Her fine contralto voice vibrated through the silent room, while between the verses I heard the water of the brook that ran swiftly past the house purling plaintively like a sob. The cruel disdain of the proud girl wounded me deeply, and my eyes filled with tears. I felt that I was about to appear ridiculous, and I would not let her see my sorrow.

"Good-bye, Juliette," I murmured. "Good-bye!" I fled hastily, while, without disturbing herself, she continued her song. At the foot of the stairs I still heard her sonorous voice, which filled the house:

"O, Venezia, benedeta,
No te vogio piu lazar. . ."

Notwithstanding my humiliation I still loved Juliette passionately, but I swore to myself that I would never see her again.

We all know what such oaths are worth, but this time heaven charged itself with removing the cause of possible perjury:

Several weeks later we learned that Mlle. Stadelli was married to a very rich old man with an aristocratic name. Thus her ambitious dreams were realized. Directly after the wedding ceremony she left Villotte, and all was over.

It took my wound a long time to heal, and at the end of the year I left Villotte for Paris, where I knew that Juliette was with her husband; but I did not try to see her, for I feared a relapse. I heard her spoken of at great intervals. She had become a fashionable woman, and I occasionally read in the papers accounts of the beautiful Mme. de R.'s receptions. Our mutual friends, who had kept up their acquaintance, maintained that all did not go on well in the R. household, and that the old husband complained bitterly of the life his young wife was leading. The following year I learned that Juliette had left home in company with an Italian painter with whom she had fallen in love at Florence, the preceding winter. This gave rise to a great scandal, and for many months the select set in which she moved talked of nothing else. They said that Juliette had scarcely reached Rome before her lover deserted her and that she had gone on the stage. Then, as society soon forgets the absent, all talk about Juliette ceased. Years passed, throwing on her adventure their layers of oblivion.

Time had also done its work for me. The remembrance of Juliette was not extinct, but it slept profoundly, and it took nothing less than the enchantment of Venice to awaken it, after twenty odd years.

That Venetian barcarolle she had sung the last time I saw her, although I had not heard it since, now effected the same magic resurrection as the coming of the king's son to the sleeping beauty's palace. Again Juliette's face arose in its spring-like beauty of former days. I fancied I saw it appear on the balcony of the palace in front of me, among the red geraniums on the terrace, with those dark, flashing eyes, the dilating nostrils, the scornful mouth, and the dark, glossy hair half hanging down. She haunted me all day over this dream like city, so propitious to mysterious avocations. She followed me over the threshold of the old palace on the Grand Canal and along the lagoons. The slender and swift gondolas gliding over the calm waters seemed to me to carry under the black lace coif the phantoms of my dead youth.

In the evening, after dining alone in the gay little restuarant of Capello Nero, near a window overlooking the lagoon, I found my good friend, the gondolier, Francisco, and asked him to take me to the Rialto.

The weather was very mild, and night had fallen.

As Juliette's barcarolle said, the water of the Grand Canal was black as jet, the sky was enameled with stars, and afar, in the first rays of the rising moon, the islands were swimming in a silvery haze.

The hotels were brilliantly lighted, the palaces on both shores were lost in shadow, and described in the starry heavens a confused mass of roofs.

In the midst of this imposing mystery of gloomy water and black places, the black gondolas passed with a ghost like motion. You could distinguish only the bow of the boat, the blinking little lanterns hanging at the same, and the gondolier swaying from side to side in silhoutte. The personality of the voyagers stretched out on their leather cushions was as vague as in a dream.

This darkness, these spectres of sleeping palaces, this almost imperceptible sound of the water touched by the oars, all this magic of floating things, fleeting and uncertain, helped still more to plunge me into a strange world of hallucination.

Before the old Giustiniani palace, now, the Hotel de l'Europe, half of the canal was covered, by gondolas grouped around a long boat, from which music floated on the night air.

I ordered Francisco to go as near as possible to the musicians.

In the midst of the gondolas, pressed one against the other, the large boat stood alone, gayly illuminated with colored lanterns, which the moving water rocked gently.

From my position, I could not see the performers distinctly, their confused faces being mixed up in the yellow glare of the lanterns; but I could distinguish the profile of a tall man with a soft felt hat who was standing, wrapped in his cloak, in a theatrical attitude.

At the monent of my arrival everyone in the boat began to sing in chorus a Neapolitan air, accompanied by violins, guitars and mandolins. There was a pause, then one of the musicians, leaping from gondola to gondola, took up a collection, which he carried in his hat to the man draped in the cloack. The

(Concluded on seventh page.)

Dr. Councell's
Pharmacy

Moreland Building.
Successor to John C. Henry.
Pure Drugs, Perfumery, and Toilet Articles.
Full Line Key West and Domestic Cigars.
Only Merck's Chemicals used in All Prescriptions.
Physician in Constant Attendance At Store,
Prescriptions Compounded Only by a Graduate of Medicine.
Office in rear of Store. 1vt997

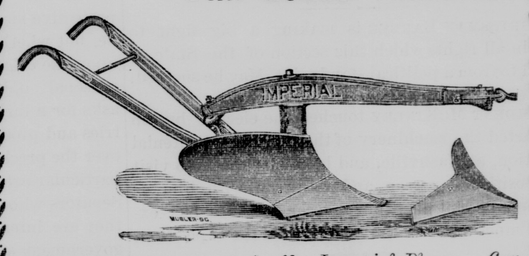
Cash Racket Store
is now ready for business and the unsurpassed
Rouss Bargains Arrive Daily.
Most everything under price and lots of goods at half price. See
1, 5, 10 and 25ct Counters,
they will surely surprise you. The largest and cheapest line of Pocket Books and Belts ever in Easton
Some Very Cheap Dress Goods, Fine Shirts for 25 Cents.
Ladies' Shirt Waists From 35cts Up,
Mattings Selling Very Cheap,
Save You Money on Sewing Machines.
If we do not save you money on anything you want we do not ask you to buy. A call will be appreciated.
J. E. SHANNAHAN.



Do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and think you can get the best made, finest finish and MOST POPULAR SEWING MACHINE for a mere song. Buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing. There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the NEW HOME.
WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.
The New Home Sewing Machine Co.
ORANGE, MASS. BOSTON, MASS. 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEXAS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ATLANTA, GA.
FOR SALE BY
J. E. Shannahan.

PATENTS
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C.A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Gibbs Imperial Plows Still Leads Them All.



We are now agents for the Imperial Plows. Can also refer you to parties who bought them last year. We
Guarantee Them To Be The Best Made
Lightest Draft and easiest on the operator of any plow on the market. If same cannot be made come up to the above guarantee we will refund the money. Also see us on the following for we can save you money:
Hames, Rope and Chain Traces, Back Bands
Rope Lines, Single Trees, Hame Straps.
NEVIUS & FRAMPTON.
Agents for Burpee's Garden Seed.

T. H. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.
ANNOUNCE
That they are now prepared to show you the largest and most attractive stock of Dress Gooos, Trimmings, Millinery, Notions, Etc., they have ever carried and all at the very lowest of prices. Our Dress Goods Department never was so attractive. Everything to
Make a Lady a Handsome Dress
and kinds to suit all purses from the poor to the rich. A handsome lot Linens, Fine Organdies and many other kinds of Wash Material, You would do well to buy now as it will be impossible to get them later.



When clothed in perfect fitting
Royal Worcester Corsets

Our Notion Department
Is always complete. The best line of Hosiery to be found anywhere and at the lowest prices. Select your Corsets as you do your Shoes, get those those that fit. We can show you several leading makes. None better than the Royal Worcester Corsets.
Ladies' Kid Gloves, all kinds and styles from 75c up to $1.50
House keepers usually want to brighten their home in the Spring with a new Matting. We have them in all grades and prices from 10c yard up. Window Shades, all colors. Give us a call, we will be glad to show you our stock. We think we can save you money by trading with us.
All the Spring and Summer Novelties Handsome and more Stylish than ever. Come take a look, it will cost you nothing. Everybody welcome.
Your Friends,
T. H. Hollingsworth & Co.

RENSSELAER BICYCLES
GIVE SATISFACTION.
Fitted with Morgan & Wright or Vim Tires, Detachable Sprockets, Wood or Metal Handlebar.

GUARANTEED. Don't buy a wheel until you have seen a '97 RENSSELAER. $75.00.
Best Value Ever Offered. Catalogue Free.
ERWIN M'F'G CO., Greenbush, N. Y.