“Andrea? Andrea Bianca with you? Where is he? Lead me to him.”

“He is here, signor,” and the peasant’s shawl dropped from his shoulder.

“Here? Where? Jest no longer, but lead the way! By heavens! it is Andrea himself!” and he grasped the disguised youth’s hand.

“Santa Maria! How came you in such a plight? Come this way; I hear footsteps, and we shall be interrupted. Andrea Belloti, and I not know him! If I had not been fasting since this time yesterday, I should say I had stayed too long at the bottle.”

Rapidly Andrea recounted the circumstances of his summons; flight and hope for protection.

“And you judged me fairly. Andrea,” replied his hearer, when he had finished, “and having put me to the touch shall not find me wanting.”

“I knew it, Victor; my heart told me so.”

“But you cannot rest here; the toilers will be on your track, hear me! are—but with the aid of the Saints we will foil them. I have a manor house forty leagues from here. Once within its portals you can bid Carbonari and the Devil defiance. But you must change your garb. Here, wait in the sacristy a moment,—and he opened the door, which, after they had passed through, he locked, putting the key in his pocket,—“while I go for a fitting costume.”

“See here!” and Victor entered with a complete hunting-suit for a lady of rank. “Here is the good father’s basin for your ablutions, and I for the nonce will be your lady’s maid. There! Half of Italy is now removed from your face, and Donña della Costa herself would be jealous if she should see me.”

“And who, pray, is the fair Donña?”

“Ah! there hangs a tale. Let it suffice you to know that she is the inamorata of one who fondly loves her. I must convey her news of your sudden departure. We were to meet today at this very place. I will vie with Shakespeare on our way, and make sonnets for you on her eyebrows. But adieu to jesting; the horses await;” and taking his friend’s arm, he led him from the building.

As they passed out a woman stepped from behind one of the pillars, and watched them mount and drive away.

Tall and graceful in figure, over which a light mantilla fell, part of which was drawn around a face that showed a pair of eyes dark and flashing, and a countenance beautiful even in its set expression of passion. She leaned for a moment against the doorway, and then recovering herself drew from her bosom a letter, which she tore into a hundred pieces.

(To be continued.)

Books That Have Hurt Me.

We are all reading nowadays in the reviews and magazines the opinions of various men of note as to “what books have helped them.” Everybody, from the literary man up to the bank president, has told “How I was Educated,” and added his mite to the bursting treasury of directions for achieving culture and success. We have thought that THE TECH, too, should participate in this glorious work of raising the public standard and educating the taste of the people, and we have therefore taken pains to write to some of the shining lights of the day, asking them to give to the world, What books have hurt them.

It is important that we should know what have been the stumbling-blocks, as well as the stepping-stones, in the paths of these great people. The kind and prompt answers which we have received go far to show that men in high places are not forgetful of their less fortunate brethren, but are always ready to lend a handful of sympathy and advice. It is hoped that our readers may be warned, as well as interested, by these records of human frailty. Many a man, now a stranded wreck on the shores of Time, looks back to reading a certain book as being the first downward point in his career. It is but a step from the library to the gutter, as well as to the palace. A book has been the fatal obstacle to scores of men who are still struggling in vain for fame and honor.

A rare opportunity is afforded us just now for the scrutiny of private thought, for which