### SOMEWHERE!

Is there not somewhere in this great, wide earth,
A gentle heart that thinks this night of me?
Some one to turn away from scenes of mirth
To muse in solitude and revery.
Or scenes in which we mingled in the past,
On hopes in which we joined, long since gone by;
Is my face pictured as they saw it last?
And are I thus pleased for with a yearning sigh?
These fancying fancies doth some loved one share?

Somewhere! Somewhere!

I draw aside the curtain for a view
Of starry worlds in Heaven's broad, moonlit dome,
And as these ardent eyes their ranks pursue,
The question rises: In some far-off home
Do clear eyes Dian mine as they skyward steal—
Eyes that I love, yet never more may see,
And though we drift apart, do they still feel
A loneliness because star from me?
This night does one soul for my presence care?

Somewhere! Somewhere!

'Tis hard to be forgotten—hard to know
Things will go on the same though we should die,
Birds sing as merrily, flowers as thickly grow
Around our homes, though in our graves we lie!
The eye our absence makes will soon be filled,
The tears some eyes may shed, soon cease to flow;
Then let us strive, before our hearts are stilled,
To stamp our image, as we onward go,
So deep (though dead) that hearts for us will care!

Somewhere! Somewhere!

# THE WOMAN IN RED.

## A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS

### CHAPTER XVI.

FRANCESCA DONATI—THE MAGICIAN.

We have spoken of a pair of sparkling eyes which glanced through an opening in one of the drawing room curtains when the strangers reached the piazza of Count Donati's house. They set beneath the brow of the renowned beauty of Genoa, Francesca Donati.

A finer form none knew; a more captivating blonde and sweeter girl than the lovely and beloved Francesca found her hope in the neighborhood of Genoa. She was sharp-witted, too, and as joyous as a young fawn; happy-contented, compassionate, and friendly with all and to all around her; and in the pride of glorious womanhood.

But Francesca was romantic, as well as sprightly and happy, and beautiful. She saw the stranger through the drawn blinds; and thought his attire was none of the best, and his person covered with dust, she conceived a strong desire to know more about him, and woman-like she I wished to be with he said before entering the house. For despite his disguise, the heart of Francesca told her she had seen him before.

And who was this strange but haughty stranger? and what was the secret he possessed, which had so extraordinary an effect upon the uniform imperturbable and stoical old Count? These were the questions which at once suggested themselves to the nervous and excitable girl; and she resolved to obtain some satisfactory answers to them. Nevertheless, Count Donati had no disposition to unravel any of this apparent mystery. On the contrary, he instantly made up his mind that Francesca should know nothing of the matter; and he resolved also to get rid of his visitor at the earliest possible moment.

"First of all, young man" said Count Donati, when they had become seated in the side-room to which they had retired—"first of all, since you come with authority from Rodolpho, as you say you do, what is your name?"

"That matters very little, Count, since my visit here is purely upon business, and my stay must of necessity be limited. I am the agent of Rodolpho, and you have seen my badge of authority—which you do not question, of course?"

"By what right can Rodolpho thus attempt to filch me, and of such an enormous sum?"

"I did not ask him that. His orders were, 'Go and seek Bernardo, now styled Count Donati, who dwells near Genoa. He is a gentleman of great wealth and lives at ease. I have benefitted him in times past, and he knows me. Tell him I am owed by twenty thousand ducats at once, and must have so much. I helped to make him the fortune he now enjoys, and he knows it; he will not refuse you.' I am only obeying his orders."

"Admit that I do refuse?"

"Then Rodolpho will come in person to see you.

"Let him come, then."

"What, Count! do I understand—"

"That I will not submit to such a demand."

"It is but a loan."

"I shall decline; I cannot do it."

"Can, but will not, Count."

"Enough!" said he, with a frown. "I am not disposed to embark in any such enterprise."

"It is well count. I have finished my errand; I will at once return, and if it please you to order my horse. There is a long ride to accomplish between me and Rodolpho; but I know the nature of his necessities just now, and he will await my return with anxiety. Since you refuse to respond to his requests, too, I shall be the more in haste."

And with these words the traveler rose to depart. His manner was immediately oriented; but when he at last reached the carriage-post, near the terrace, no one but the party well acquainted with the form and mettle of the beast would have suspected it to have been the same dust-covered animal which had an hour previously stood before the outer gates of the Count's mansion.

She was a magnificent Flemish mare, with a dash of Normandy blood in her veins; all muscle, compactness, strength, and beauty. She had been well cared for, and carefully during the time she halted for her master's pleasure; and when she was handed round to the door again, it was with difficulty the groom could control her. She pranced and danced and plunged in his hands, and would have discharged her kilogoner at last, but for a sharp voice she so delicately heard behind her: "Hi, Peri, hi!"

The beautiful creature quickly pointed her small thin ears toward the portal of the mansion, and, arching her full round neck, she responded to that well-known voice in a self-satisfied whinny, as if she would have said, could she have spoken, "Ah, master, I knew you would come;" and on the instant, the capricious Peri was quiet as a lamb again.

"By St. Mark," exclaimed Count Donati, glancing at the beautiful quadruped in readiness to be mounted, "you are borne by a fine steed! I give you good-day, young man; and trust, if you ever have occasion to call again that you will make your business not only more acceptable to me, but more profitable to yourself."

"Farewell, Sir Count," responded the young man cheerfully. "We shall meet again, be sure of it."

With his attendant, the stranger sprung into the saddle, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

Notwithstanding the fact that the old Count returned again to his dream, and relighted his cigarette, he was evidently ill at ease after the interview. He knew Rodolpho, and he secretly feared him; yet his cupidity prompted the course he had now chosen, and he determined to abide the result of his refusal to loan so enormous a sum. By his means were ample to accomplish an accommodation for five times the sum, at a moment's notice, if he desired so to do.

He tossed about uneasily till night fell, and then retired to his own private apartment in a very ill-humor, for he repented having been so peremptory and thoughtless, all things considered.

Francesca had heard the stranger's voice, she had seen his face, and she had been interested in the mystery in him at the first sight. She noted his sudden departure, with reluctance, too; but his graceful carriage, his fine form and manly unity, had left a deep impression. Besides, her heart whispered that it was no stranger, but her old lover, Count Claudio.

This lovely girl was generous-minded to a fault; and she would have gone boldly to Count Donati, her protector, and asked the traveler's name and business; but, for the first time, she observed that her old friend shunned her at evening, and she felt certain that he did not desire her to become acquainted with either one of the other. She kept her desire a secret, therefore, for awhile, resolved, when the right opportunity presented, that she would satisfy herself on the subject.

On the third day succeeding that the visit we have described, all Genoa was al ve with excitement in reference to the arrival of a strangely-named personage—one Ferdinand Bleter, as he called himself, a celebrated magician and juggler. His reputation had but recently preceded him in this city, and he was highly lauded, and his feats were said to be of the most singular and astonishing character. His performances were described as being highly entertaining and decorous, it was also stated that many of his feats were of a philosophical and interesting chemical character, such as had astonished the world wherever he had appeared thus far. His exhibitions also, were conducted on a scale magnificence, in appointments and appurtenances, such as had never before been witnessed. Such was reputation, the Signor (who professed to be a Spaniard) was said to be altogether unrivalled.

Such a reputation and such inducements for display, naturally stirred up the sluggish spirits of the inhabitants of the town with lively interest. Business the magical wonder of the age, who had dropped in upon them in a moment when most unexpected, and in the town to compete with him. The nobility turned out *en masse* to witness the strange performances which and astonishing deeds he exhibited. He