

**COUNT FALCON OF THE EYRIE: A
NARRATIVE WHEREIN ARE SET
FORTH THE ADVENTURES OF GUIDO
ORRABELLI DEI FALCHI DURING A
CERTAIN AUTUMN OF HIS CAREER**

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Count Falcon of the Eyrie: A Narrative Wherein Are Set Forth the Adventures of Guido Orrabelli Dei Falchi during a Certain Autumn of His Career by Clinton Scollard

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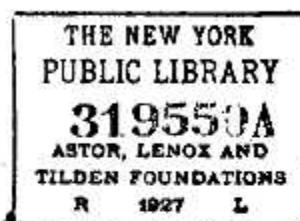
CLINTON SCOLLARD

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THE DEVOTION OF ELISABETTA.

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To
George Emerson Brewer, M. D.,

MY DEAR GEORGE :

Though we never wandered together through the lovely land wherein the scene of this narrative is laid, yet, in the by-gone time, we were companions upon many a pleasant path. It is in memory of those halcyon days that I inscribe to you these pages.

C. S.

CHAPTER I

Back from the Wars

ALL the bright-starred September night we lay becalmed. With the languid lipping of the water upon the sides of the brigantine were mingled the groans and curses and prayers of the wounded who cumbered the cabins, and were sprawled in every conceivable posture about the decks. Above, the sails and cordage hung as flaccid and lifeless as the raiment upon the form of one stark in death.

We were a body of broken men,—the remnant of a splendid armament which one of the great admirals of Venice had hurled against the Turks to be shattered by sea and decimated by land. We had left our comrades on the beaches of Candia, by the shores of Cyprus, under the frowning promontories of Epirus, and in the rocky wastes of the Morea. We were sore and maimed and bitter at heart, and the sharp sword of defeat had pierced each of us to the soul.

With the red sun rose an inspiring breeze from out the east that rippled the sea into waves of delicate crimson and gold, bellied the limp sails, and bore us, ere-long, swiftly on our homeward course. The sick