ABI. S. JACKMAN

CHAPTER VII. - Continued

"I will look once more, and see if cannot behold his handsome face. my love, my love, you are my own true love, come to me soon, for something tells me that you are near."

Again she gazed with dim, soft eyes into the clear waters, the beauty that the mirror-like surface reflected causing her heart to thrill with pride and joy.

"I am glad that I am beautiful," she whispered. "Glad for his sake. Ah, my adored king, how your love will fill my life, how I long for your kisses, your tender, loving smiles. Come to me soon, my love, my all."

She stretched out her dimpled hands as if beckoning her unknown lover from over the lake, her lips parted in a smile of such perfect happiness that her face was absolutely dazzling, and some one saw her kneeling there in her pure, young loveliness, her bronze hair glittering in the rays of sunlight, her rose-bud lips parted in a smile-some one whose heart was gentle and tender, whose eyes were like bluebells, whose face was handsome as the gods of old-and as he looked, his heart gave a great, mad throb of passionate love, and a longing to fold this fairy-like little creatures close to his breast swept over him, and he murmured low :

"Ah, little fairy queen, I wonder who you are? Surely you are flesh and blood but you look more like a flower of fancy than you do a human being. I have dreamed of such a little beauty as you are, all my life, but I never expected to meet you. You are the ideal I have been looking for, for long years. You haunted my boyish dreams, and when I grew to manhood, I dreamed of the same beautiful face and exquisite form. Little love, little darling, you must, you shall be mine."

He crept softly up behind her and she, gazing down so earnestly into the water with her wine-brown eyes, saw the face that had haunted her dreams for many a night, and her tender little heart gave a great thrill, half joy, half fright as, spring- and springing to her feet, stood facing the ing to her feet, she cried .

"The beautiful dream face of my love! The face I saw in the heart of a little been hidden, listening to those fond

He looked into her sweet, blushing face. Their eyes met, and with a great cry of love he gathered her close in his arms, instinctively stepped to his loved one's murmuring :

me that you love me. Ah, you need not hag would contaminate her. hide your pretty face, for I know you do What a sight she was, standing there love me. Look up, sweetheart, and let underneath the bright, golden sunlight, me hear the sound of your voice-that her bowed head crowned with mazes of musical voice that I have so often listened matted white lair, surmounted by a gaudy to in my dreams, but never heard until red turban, her fierce black eyes darting

gazed into his tender eyes, her soul thrill- working in fearful rage, while her yellow, ing and throbbing with bliss. Oh, how his fang-like teeth showed plainly through warm, clasping arms caused her heart to her lips, as she laughed a fiendish, mocking flutter as she lay upon his breast, saying laugh. to herself that this was life and love.

some head. "Kiss me, sweetheart, for the have disturbed a pair of cooing lovers, I first time."

And then their lips met in one long kiss | world !"

do not know, you cannot understand, but of one of them brought back the memory you will some day. Oh, you will! We of her folly! were made for each other. Surely God "Woman, what do you want here?" intended it to be so. I do not even know demanded the handsome unknown, his your name, and yet I love you, I love eyes ablaze with anger, as his arms tighten-

A shower of kisses fell upon her face close to him. and brow, and she knew that the dream of "I want to read the future for you and her life was realized at last. Trembling your lady love, my fair young gentleman," and throbbing with the one great and grand the wicked-looking old crone answered, love that comes once into every true wo- mockingly. "Surely you are anxious to man's life, she leaned against him like a look ahead and see what the long, bright tender, swaving flower, her beautiful head years have in store for you and yours? pillowed upon his breast, listening to the Let the old gypsy tell you all, kind sir. regular beating of the heart whose every for she knows. Ah, yes, she knows! I throb was love for her.

handsome head, whispering fondly .

"My precious unknown love, why are what you know not." you afraid to lift you eyes and let me Those burning black eyes seemed to look into their loving depths? Are you mesmerize the young man, and, like one afraid to let me know how much you love in a dream, he held out his hand. He was me? Ah, I think you are.'

one hand, so that he could look into her of his darling growing weaker and weaker eyes, and with her heart throbbing close he could not have put out his hand to against his breast, she answered in a help her had his very life depended upon

whisper "I love you, oh, I love you."

laugh, "and I-I adore you, my fairy the withered old crone was master of the queen. Come, sweetheart, and sit amonthis lovely bed of blue-bells, and listen to me while I tell you of my love for you." out before you fair and smiling, all sweet moment she found herself in the midst of You believe that love—the love you have until Death's cold hand shall, with its icy the nodding blue-bells whose azure faces known for only a few brief, fleeting hours seemed to smile a glad welcome back at -will make life a heaven upon earth to her, and he, her unknown, persistent lover, you. You think that the warm kisses knelt before her, his adoring eyes seeking whose loving touch you have felt upon her face while in musical tones he breath- your lips to-day for the first time will cause the cold breath of a marble statue to now how you ever lived without her, for heave with rapture.

daring lover before in all the world? she know that I am speaking the truth when asked herself; and who could resist him I tell you that she will never be your when he pleaded so earnestly for her love, wife! It is not so to be! You shall be in his mellow, musical voice? Like a parted from the one you love so wellresistless torrent that sweeps all before it, parted by the most cruel fate that ever his love swept over her heart and she clung came between two loving hearts !" to him, returning kiss for kiss.

than the flowers in whose midst you dainty rose-hued hand within her own, nestle," he cried, kissing the white hands said with a piercing look into the startled he held within his own; "your eyes are face: like the stars that shine at night in the "And you, my pretty one, you love blue heavens above. Your mouth is your handsome wooer with all your young sweeter by far than any rose that ever heart; ay, you love him far better than bloomed, and your kisses-ah, your kisses, you do your own life, but it all ends in they are light as the summer wind, yet sorrow and darkness and tears. There is warm as the tropic sun, and they are all a shadow hovering over your bonny head mine-mine. Tell me, darling, that my |-the shadow of a man's dark, handsome kisses are the first to mar the freshness face—the face of the man you are bound and bloom of your pure lips? I know to by ties that only death can sunder. well they are the first, and yet I long to Ah, my pretty, I can read the future. hear you say yes."

so near her own, and, dear Heaven, how lover. I can see-for I know." see loved him! It was only a little while since she had first heard the sound of his voice that was now the power to make her soul leap with rapture. Never before, until to-day, had she looked into those true eyes, and for the first time in her young life she realized what divine love

and whispered to him that now he must to the frightened girl, and yet how could never leave her again. She forgot that she be and know the awful secret that she did not even know the name of this darkened her young life? She belonged handsome wooer-she forgot that she was to the hated band of rovers, and the very Lady Gabrielle Thorndyke, the heiress of fact was enough to cause Gabrielle to Thorndyke Hall-she forgot everything loathe her. Why, oh, why, had she ever bonny young lover better than her very istence? life, and she could not live without him, now that she had tasted love's kisses.

And he leaned down his head to whisper sweet words unto her, his mouth again seeking her ripe, red lips, when suddenly oh, kind Heaven, how she loved him ! upon the balmy summer air there fell a sound that caused the blood to settle in icy waves around the hearts of those two fond lovers.

CHAPTER VIII.

"LISTEN TO ME WHILE I TELL YOU THAT YOU WILL NEVER BE THE WIFE OF YOUR HANDSOME LOVER !"

With a startled little cry, Gabrielle broke away from her lover's warm embraces, queer-looking creature who suddenly emerged from the thicket, where she had lovers' tender words.

She was indeed a repulsive and unwelcome arrival, and the tall, handsome man side, and drew her close to him in a ten-"My little princess, my own darling der, protecting manner, as if he feared love. Look up and speak to me and tell that even the mere presence of that vile

flashes of fire at the young girl who faced Then she raised her perfect face, and her so fearlessly, her dark, wrinkled face

"Ha, ha, ha!" rang through the still "Kiss me," he said, bending his hand- ness of the green wood. "Ha, ha, ha! see! Fools, like all the rest in the

of rapture-a kiss that seemed to melt The young girl shuddered and clung their souls into one-and he whispered closer to her lover. The horrible old creature before her was one of the hated "Ah, little one, how I love you! You band-a gypsy! And, oh! how the sight

ed about that slender, swaying form so

am only a vagabond gypsy, but I see your For some moments the golden silence life and the life of her you love just as it was unbroken, and then he bowed his will surely be. Give me your hand, sir, and I will show you how well I know

powerless to resist the old woman, and He raised the sweet, blushing face with although he could feel the trembling form

it. Those awful eyes, filled with such a strange fire, cast a spell over the dazed "I know you do," he said, with a happy | brain of the fond lover, and for the moment

"You think that the future stretches He lifted her in his arms, and the next blossoming flowers and wild bird songs. ed words of love and devotion that would never grow cold, and you are wondering she is so beautiful, so bright, and she loves or go down to my grave unwedded. If

Did ever a young girl have such a brave, you in return. But listen to me and

And then she turned suddenly to the "Little queen, little love, you are fairer pale, trembling girl, and catching the

Listen to me while I tell you that you Oh, what a beautiful, tender face it was will never be the wife of your handsome

A fiendish laugh breaks from her lips, and she drops the little hand as if it were a red-hot coal, and stands facing the horor stricken girl, who could only stare at her in terror and dismay.

Who was she, the wicked-looking old creature, with her snowy hair and black eyes, that glittered with a strangely, She laid her curly head upon his breast familiar light? She was an entire stranger else upon earth save that she loved this allowed the gypsy to mar her entire ex-

She raised her eyes and looked into the frank, noble face of her unknown lover, and her girlish heart swelled with love and pride in her breast. How she loved him,

"You think I am uttering only idle words," the harsh, hateful voice of the old woman went on. "But one more word before I go. You will be the wife of one man only, and that man is-a gypsy."

With a burst of mocking laughter she vanished in the midst of the green waving wood, the ecno ringing through the soft, mild air like the clang of a rusty bell, and Gabrielle, sick and faint at heart, felt her limbs tremble beneath her own weight, while a dark mist crept over the golden

"Look at me, darling, and tell me that you are not frightened," her lover said, in low, tender tones, lifting the sweet face with his hand so that he might read what lay hidden in the dark depths of her beautiful eyes. "Surely, my precious little princess, you do not cast even a single thought upon that wicked old gypsy's idle words, for she is an impostor like the rest of her tribe. You marry a gypsy? ha, ha, ha! the very idea is too amusing. You will marry one of your own class-one who thinks that the sunlight grows dim beside the light of your loving smile, your bright eyes; one who would gladly lay his heart bare beneath your pretty feet, and kiss them every time they trod upon it-you will marry one who would hold you in his arms through life and death and molder in the same grave with you. That one, my darling, now holds you close to his breast. He is the only man who will ever be your husband. Raise your sweet, red lips, my queen, and let me kiss-my wife."

Oh, beautiful, sacred words, how they thrilled her through and through, causing her very soul to leap with rapture. His wife! Her handsome, noble lover's wife! Surely no other young girl ever had the love of one so good, so true, so brave, and she clasped her round arms about his neck, whispering passionately that heaven itself could never be one-half so fair and blissful a dream of happiness as it was to be clasped in her true lover's arms, and feel his heart throb against hers. It was good to be a snowy-winged, calm-browed angel, she said sobbingly to herself, but it was far better to be with the one she loved so well, and let him draw her very soul

through her lips with his warm kisses. "You must never leave me," she said, pantingly. "You must stay with me while life lasts, for I could not live without you now, my king, my hero. I never knew until to-day how much a kiss could mean. I never dreamed of the transformation it could bring about as if by magic. You have taught me a lesson that I shall never forget, even in the other world—the wonderful lesson of love."

He could not speak. His eyes filled with tears, and a great lump arose in his BRITISH, FOREIGN and throat. Her words, so filled with love and faith, touched his heart, and his emotion mastered him for the moment, but with an effort he controlled himself, and falling upon his knees before her, he canght her hand within his own, and covering it with kisses, murmured :

"My beautiful love, only God above knows how I love you, and He will surely deal with me as I deal with you. Listen to me, dear, and hear what I say, and know that my heart shall be ever the same of l' ut not of love, oh, my queen Those chilling finger-tips, cold and cruel though they may be, can never silence the tiny voice of love! I love none but you. I shall call you by that holiest of all holy names-the heaven-born name of wife-



Miss Lettie Huntley

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