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curse you, die !"

of laughter, fled through the trees, mut- fore." tering to herself:

will go to look for his bride, and he willfind when they found me, a little helpless her waiting for him by the spring under babe. The gypsy queen, who was always the big rock. But, oh, what a greeting he as kind and gentle as a mother, called me will receive! Ha! ha! ha!"

And Firefly, poor, pretty, helpless little Firefly! She could feel those cold, slimy coils upon her neck and shoulders as she that the snake was ready to strike at the and she has been so kind to me !" least movement on her part. Oh, pitying the world lay before her, unexplored, missed," while he muttered to himself : unseen, a great, wonderful mystery! And so well! It was too cruel!

She closed her eyes and tried to think of a prayer, but her brain was too near the verge of insanity, and each time that her white lips attempted to frame the that awful rattle of doom would drown

"I shall never know him now," she thought, her heart and soul both filled with the image of the beautiful dreamface. "I shall never hear the sound of his voice, nor look upon his handsome face, my own dear true love! Oh, God, be kind, and let me meet him in the other | child." world with the same smile upon his lips as they wore when I saw his face in my dream, shining forth from the star, handsomer far than any god of old! Let him be mine in heaven, for he can never be in this world !"

A sudden noise sounded close beside her. It was the sound of approaching so!" footsteps, and they came nearer and nearer, and then finally ceased. The and then looking into Firefly's eyes he snake lifted its ugly head, hissing savage- | said proudly :

"Good God!" she heard a man's voice saying in horzor and dismay. "It is a rattlesnake! How can I save the girl !" She dared not cry out, but a new hope sprung to life within her breast, and she prayed silently:

"Heaven show him the way to save

"Remain perfectly motionless," she shoot. I seldom miss my aim !"

firmly together, and an instant later the sharp report of a rifle rang out upon the air, and the writhing, wriggling body of the monster lay in its death agony on the ground, its fearful head blown to atoms.

The stranger threw down his smoking rifle, and springing forward lifted the, fainting form of little Firefly in his arms

"In the name of Heaven, girl, how came you to be in such danger ?"

"Take me away," Firefly panted. "Oh, for God's sake take me away from this awful place."

She lifted her eyes up to his face, and a startled cry burst from her lips, for it was the face that she had seen at sunset the night before coming down the mountain pathway, and it had affected her strangely to even look upon it then

"I know you," she cried, covering her face with both hands, every nerve in her body quivering wilh excitement, and with a feeling that was half joy, half pain. "I know you and yet you are a stranger to me. Oh, who are you! Speak, and tell me who are you ?"

The loose sleeve had fallen away from one round bare arm, and in the first streak of rose-tinged dawn that was creeping above the tall mountain, all things were plainly discernible, and the stranger was gazing into Firefly's lovely face with a looked as if there was no chance of breathless, intense glance, as if he sought to trace a likeness that he remembered

Suddenly he caught the fair arm in both his hands, crying out :

"My God, that tiny red scar upon your arm tells it all, and you are my long-lost child Lift up your face and let me look in your eyes, little one," and he put his hands underneath the dimpled chin, and after looking in the timid eyes for a moment, clasped the girl in his arms, cry- ing light. ing joyfully

"My child, my darling child, after all your father, little one, your father who all these weary years has mourned you as dead, but now, thank God, I have found you, and you shall never leave me. Look at me, darling. Does not your heart tell you that I am your father?" and he little Firefly?" covered Firefly's face with kisses.

"My father ?" she repeated, with a sol of jox. "My father? Can it be that I have some one to love me at last! Ob, is it true, or is it a dream from which shall awaken only to find myself in m) lonely tent again, alone and unleved, a ful not to hart Firefly !"

poor, wandering gypsy?" "It is true," he answered, a proud, happy light shining forth from his fine exes. "As true as there is a Heaven above. Oh, my child! my child! can I exer be thankful enough? Look," he added, pushing the flowing sleeve away from her arm and pointing to a tiny red

mercy from me. What mercy and you scar upon the fair flesh near the shoulder. show me when you robbed me of all I "There is the mark that was on your arm held most dear upon earth! Now die, when you were born. You can see it is a perfect firefly. I do not think that an-She upset the box and, with a wild burst other babe ever had that birthmark be-

. "How strange," she answered; "for "Her fate is sealed. In the morning he | Firefly is the name the gypsies gave me by that name, and I know no other."

"Where is the gypsy queen ?" he asked, his face darkening.

"She is dying," Firefly replied, sadly leaned out over the spring, and she dared | "Nay, she must even now be lying dead, not move, for she could see in the water and I have forgotten her very existence,

"Never mind," he answered, a look of Heaven! must she die such a fearful, relief coming over his proud face. "She agonizing death? She was so young, and is only a gypsy, and will not be long "How foolish of me to dream for a

she must die alone in the heart of a gloomy | moment that it is- Pshaw! she had wood, out of sight of all eyes, and never | been dead for years," and he dismissed all see another sun set, nor moon rise, beyond unpleasant thoughts from his mind, and, the tall mountains she had learned to love taking Firefly's face between his two hands, he said tenderly:

"Do you know, my little wood sprite, that you are one of the richest heiresses in all England to-day? And does the thought that you are Lady Gabrielle words she wished to send up to her God, Thorndyke, of Thorndyke Hall, cause and often its very best friends, because your heart to thrill with pride, my little

"I am far prouder of my handsome father than I am of all the titles in the world," she answered with a fond smile. "But have I a mother! Oh, I hope so!"

"No," he replied, after a moment's hesitation. "You have no mother, my

"Is she dead ?" the girl asked, her bright eyes filling with tears. "Is my poor mother dead ?"

His face grew deathly white and with an effort he answered :

"Yes, she is dead," and under his breath he added: "God knows I hope

For a moment silence reigned over all,

"You are the last of a grand old race, and it rests with you alone to see that no stain shall blot its fair, white fame. But you are a Thorndyke, and I know that you have their pride. I shall look forward to your making a brilliant marriage, for you are beautiful enough to win any man's heart. But come now, let us be off. My horse is near by, and we will be far away before the sun rises beyond the heard the voice say eagerly, "and I will hills. Cast your farewell glance upon the wilderness that has been your home She did not answer, but set her teeth so long, for you are bidding it good-bye

> But even as he uttered these words a great cry arose, and a dozen dusky forms surrounded them, and the foremost among them was Leon Costello, the gypsy bridegroom whom the bride had entirely forgotten. At the sight of his dark face a wild cry of terror and dismay broke from Firefly's lips, and she stood clinging to her father's arm, trembling in every limb, her heart throbbing madly.

CBAPTER V.

YOU HAVE KILLED HIM! OH, FATHER ABOVE! YOUR HANDS ARE STAINED YOUR FELLOW-CREATURES !"

The wood seemed to be alive with darkfaced, scowling gypsies, and little Firefly could feel the hot breath of Leon Costello scorching her face like the blast from a furnace, as he pressed nearer and nearer, his black eyes filled with a murderous light. Oh, how utterly she loathed and despised him at that moment! How could she ever have been so blind as to fancy that she cared for him, the swarthy, A 6000 TAPESTRY LOUNGE FOR \$6,00. repulsive gypsy?

"Down with the pale-faced dog of an Englishman!" he shouted, and all the rest of the band joined him, closing in around Firefly and her father until it.

"They will kill us! My God, they will kill us!" Firefly gasped. "We shall never get out of this wood alive!"

"Trust to me," her father whispered hastily. "Only obey me and all will be well. My horse is stationed not far from here. Look, you can see him through the timber," and he pointed to an opening in the trees, where the form of a white horse could be seen plainly in the early morn-

"Men, will you allow this dog of an Englishman to steal little Firefly from Custom Boot and Shoe Walter. these long years of separation! I am us?" Costello yelled, his face purple with rage and jealousy. "Will you let him escape with the pride of our band? Answer me! Shall we punish this insolent stranger who has dared enter the privacy of our grounds and attempt to steal bonny

"Yes, yes, we will punish him!" how! ed a dozen infuriated voices. "We will kill him for his boldness and badness !11

"At him, them !" Costello spricked hoarsely. "Spring upon him, my men, and tear him limb from limb, but be care-

TO BE CONTINUED.

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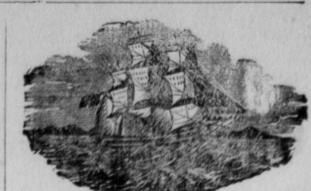
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Daily Mail

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Train connects with I. C. R. Express for Halifax and accommodation for Campbellton, leaving Moneton at 10.25 and 10.30 respectively. Also with C. R. express from Halifax and accommodation from Campbellton due at Humphrey's at 14.55 and Monoton at 14.40 respectively.

Express for St. John arrives in Monoton 10.20 and leaves Moneton for St. John at 15.10.

E. G. EVANS.

Moneton, N. B., Oct. 21st, 1892.

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, on Saturday, the 20th day of August next, hetween the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent. Bounded on the east by Queen Street, on the north by the McDermott property, on the west by land leeded to Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of and occupied by Thomas G. Richardson. the same having been seized and taken by wirtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Dosithe Richard against the said Caleb

The above sale is further postponed until Saturday, the 24th day of December next at the same time and the

3 to city

Sept.

Jo Ho & Allen de de Char Title Man No Ba