ABI. S. JACKMAN.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued. "I am glad," she answered simply, and then as she turned to leave him, she held

out one fair hand and murmured "Farewell, Lionel, my dear, dear love. Do not think that I am leaving you thus because I do not love you. It is because I love you better than my own life that I go. Oh, Lionel! God grant that in time we may be reunited, both wiser and better for our self-sacrifices, and the sorrow we have passed through! Farewell, my love, my life !"

She cast a long, lingering look of love upon him and then walked slowly away, her voice floating to him, borne on the evening breeze like sad, sweet music.

It was then that he realized that she would soon be beyond his reach, and his heart gave a great throb of love and passion. With a bound he was at her side again, and reaching out both hands imploringly, said eagerly:

"I am merciful, Lionel-more merciful to you than you are to yourself. And you must abide by my decision, dear," and again she started to leave him.

"You shall not go! you must not!" he panted, springing after her, and she, frightened at the sight of his pale determined face, flew like a bird to the edge of the restless sea, and turning back for a second, cried

"Lionel, do not come one step nearer I love you, but I swear that if you lay one hand upon me I will spring into the sea!"

'I will come no nearer," he answered, stopping suddenly and looking at her with such sorrow in his gaze that she could have cried aloud in her pain. "I will go away where you will never see me again. Oh, Gabrielle, my dear, lost love, good-bye forever !"

"Good-bye, Lionel," she answered with a sob, clasping both hands over her bosom. "Good-bye, and God bless you!"

A mighty sob was his answer, and he turned and walked slowly away, never once looking back at the spot where his love, his life, was standing, looking like a grief stricken lily in the silvery moon-

She watched the tall, graceful figure vanish from sight, and her heart went with it. Then, with a cry filled with such heartache and longing that the sad sea waves paused to listen, she wailed :

"He has gone and left me alone! my love has left me alone! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do without him?"

She raised her sorrowful, questioning eyes up to the star-lit sky, but there was no answer to her wail of heart-hunger, and stretching out her arms, she sobbed :

"Shall I ever look upon his dear face again? Shall I ever hear the sound of his voice that to my ears is sweetest music? I have sent him from me for his own good, that the whole tribe shrinks from me in but my heart is breaking, my heart is disgust. Even Lauretta, who once loved breaking for him !"

from the spot where she had put aside love | ruled them as if by magic! Ah, the palefor duty, and for a few short, fleeting faced devil! I will burn her at the stake moments the luminous rays of moonlight | for her falseness and deceit, and her lover fell upon two who were both walking with his blue eyes and fair hair, shall meet away from each other, and yet longing his fate upon the grim and ghastly gallows! with all their hearts to lie in each other's I will teach her how a gypsy can hate!" arms again. Then, as the silvery sea sobbed and moaned in pity for the broken love-dream, the moon hid her smiling face | edged, wicked-looking knife, he chuckled : behind a fieecy bank of floating clouds, and did not show herself again that night. Your silvery throat will swell with melody see if he will pity us and let us go free

The same tiny stars that had witnessed the final parting of the two whose love was a curse, were shining in sparkling rays over Prince Cordonna's magnificent home, and he, the master of all this beauty and grandeur, was walking to and fro in the midst of the bloom and fragrance of the conservatory, his face pale and thoughtful, his eyes fixed upon the glittering fount that tossed its crystal waters up with a merry little laugh, seeming to ask him why he

"I cannot shake off this gloomy, morbid | ment, he whispered : feeling," he said to himself, his dark eyes roving from first one flower to another. "And I feel it more to-night than ever. It may be because Lionel has not been here to-day, and it does not seem natural without him. Then Gabrielle has kept her room all day, and I have not seen her since last night. She must be in her room, for when she has one of her severe headaches she told me never to disturb her. I believe, though I will go and see if there is anything I can do for her, It must be lonely to remain in one's room for so long and not see any one," and he started to leave the conservatory and go to his wife's room. Little did he dream that his wife was miles away with her lover and his friend whom he loved and trusted as a brother.

At the foot of the broad, winding stairway he paused, and then turning back, said slowly

disturb her She may be sleeping, and I

had better let ber remain quiet." room, and not knowing how to make the time pass more quickly, seated himself a the piano, letting his hands wander caressingly over the ivory keys, and a burst of low, sweet music filled the room.

umph as though the pain had been swiftly swept away by the melody that filled the

Presently he touched the keys softly, and began to sing, his deep, rich voice filling the room with lingering echoes that penetrated even the shadows of the grove outside where a dark form was crouching | they are not fit for this world !" behind the trees, and a pair of glittering black eyes gleamed like stars of fire through the tender, green foliage.

"Oh, murmuring trees oh, fragrant breeze! Oh, waving, whispering limes!

Oh, there to be again with thee, My love of olden times!"

The beautiful words reached the ears of the one hiding like a thief from all eyes, and he hissed through his set teeth:

"Fool! you are singing the last song that you will ever sing! Sing on then, my brave Prince Cordonna, sing on! You are safe and secure you think, free from all dangers to-night, but little you know ! When to-morrow night wraps the world close in her dark wings, you will be lying dead. Your true and trusted friend, Sir Lionel Mannville, will be in a prison cell, charged with your murder, and the beautiful woman whom you call wife will be in a cell, too, as her lover's accomplice. She thought her blow with that knife had killed me, but she does not dream that I still live and pant for revenge. I swore to repay her, and I shall not break my oath! Oh, no! Our race never breaks an oath!

The moonlight, creeping in between the green leaves, fell upon the evil, dark face of Leon Costello, the gypsy who had been | Even the warm sunshine did not arouse the bane of Gabrielle's life. His beauty him from his dreamless slumber, and the was scarred and marred by a hideous red mark across the entire side of his face, and the once handsome, but now repulsive countenance was something fearful to look her dusky robe served to conceal the

"Curse her, it is to her that I owe this!" scarlet scar made by Gabrielle's knife on the night that she defended herself, and for the supposed murder she was ordered to be stoned to death by the gypsies, but he did not die, although severely wounded in the face and breast. He lived, but his dark beauty was gone forever, and the leve within his fierce heart seemed turned to bitterest hate, and his sole thought day and night was for revenge upon the girl whose life he had well-nigh wrecked.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I AM THE GUILTY ONE! ARREST ME, FOR I MURDERED PRINCE CORDONNA, AND LITTLE BABE!"

When his hand touched his scarred face the gypsy seemed to loose all control of himself, and throwing up his hands in devilish hatred and rage, he raved hoarsely :

"Curse her, curse her! I will tear her limb from limb for that night's work! She has made me such a hideous object me, cares for me no longer, and I am an She turned and walked slowly away object of pity for them all. I, who once He cursed and raved there alone like a

> manaic, and then drawing forth a keen-"This is for you, Prince Cordonna! to-night for the last time on earth. This with our love. I shall tell him at once." true friend of mine will silence it for evermore. Ha, ha, but revenge is sweet !"

Meanwhile, all unconscious of his danger Prince Cordonna played on in the dusky shadows. dreaming the lost, dead dreams of youth over again, and then growing weary of music, he arose, and going to the window, pushed aside the flowing lace curtains and looked out at the grassy lawn bathed in mellow moonlight. The air was filled with the liquid song of the nightingaie, and leaning his head against the case- to listen in mute, tearless agony.

"The nightingales are singing to-night more sweetly than ever before. I never heard so many of them together. Ah, how lover point to her husband's dead body,

He closed his eyes and memories of other days came back to him, and still in the moonlight outside the nightingales sang on, and the cowering form of the gypsy crouched behind the green shrubbery, waiting to strike the fatal blow.

Suddenly a strong desire to be in the midst of his beloved flowers seized Prince only sleeping! Oh, Lionel! He is not Cordonna, and he entered the conservatory | dead !" throwing himself carelessly upon the couch where Sir Lionel had last seen him.

odor of a thousand blossoms soon lulled him into a peaceful drowsiness, and he closed his eyes with a sigh of relief, while fainter and fainter grew the song of the me !" silvery-throated nightingales outside.

Golden dreams came to bim. Dreams "No, after a second thought I will not of other days when hope was fair and bright, and gorgeous sunshine filled the sky. His stern, grave tace relaxed, and a He wandered aimlessly into the drawing- lovely smite wreathed his lips. Low, broken murmurs fell softly upon the subdued, fragrant air, and once the name "Lucile," floated like an echo over all. By and by the nightingales ceased their

Hour after hour he sat there, playing on | song, and the splash of the water as it fell and on, now weird, sad and fanciful strains back into its basin again was the only that seemed the moan of a broken heart, sound that broke the deathlike stillness and then swelling into gladness and tri- that reigned through the flower-filled conservatory.

> The sleeper did not awaken when a dark gliding form stole into the room, and bending over him with gleaming knife raised on high, bissed:

> "Die, poor, trusting fool! Men like you who trust their friends should die, for

> The keen blade was held aloft for an instant, and then it descended, and the hot blood spurted forth in jets and stained the murderer's hands. Again it was plunged into the breast of the helpless victim, and with his lips still wreathed in that happy, peaceful smile, and the echo of the name of one he loved filling the air, his spirit went out alone into the great unknown.

The murderer drew back, and with a wicked laugh, laid the blood-stained weapon close beside the lifeless form, whispering in fiendish glee:

"They will find the knife here and suspicion will fall at once upon Sir Lionel Mannville, for his name i. on the handle. Now, my beautiful Gabrielle, the next blow will be at you !"

He crept from the room, and like a spirit vanished from sight in the shadows of the wood, and the pallid mocn beams, creeping in at the casement, fell upon a white, dead face from which all life had fled, and once more the nightingales began to sing a sorrowful requiem for the dead.

All night long the motionless form lav there, watched over by the twinkling stars and the sad-faced moon, and when the morning dawned, it was lying there still. song of the wild birds outside fell upon unheeding ears.

Presently night again came / down, and ghastly face and rigid form that would never again bend over the piano, drawing and he touched with one hand the ugly forth, with slender, supple fingers, strains of sweetness that would enchant the very

> It was night, and a thousand sweet odors made the air heavy with fragrance, when a slight form stole up the broad, winding stairway that led to her own room. Her heart was heavy with pain and weariness, and she felt as if she would rather die than

"I will go to him and tell him what a guilty, sinful wife I have been," Gabrielle whispered as she robed herself in a dress of purest white, for the garments that she wore when she went away with her lover were dusty and soiled. "And he may do with me as he sees fit. Ah, how weary 1. am of life !"

A deep sigh finished the sentence, and she turned away from her mirror and left the dainty chamber, going slowly down the stairs, little dreaming of the horror that awaited her below.

"I am likely to find him in the conservatory," she said, and she turned her steps in that direction, a favorite resort of his as she well knew.

At the door a tall, familiar figure suddealy confronted her, and she drew back with a cry of alarm that gave place to surprise as she saw before her the handsome face of her lover.

"Lionel!" she gasped, wondering if she was dreaming. "Lionel, what are you

"I am here to see him," and he nodded his head in the direction of the conservatory, while his voice took on a ring of passion. "I am here to tell him the whole pitiful story from beginning to end. and

"Lionel!" she panted, springing after him, and clutching at his arm, she made a frantic attempt to hold him. "Oh, Lionel, you must not, you shall not, go in

But he only strode past her, and she clasped her hands tightly over her heart to stifle its wild throbbing. She was terrified beyond measure, at what she could not say, but the feeling of terror was still there, and she crept closer to the door

Suddenly a wild cry of horror disturbed the silence of the night, and then she rushed into the conservatory only to see her and hear him cry out:

blood !"

A shriek of terror burst from her lips, and she threw herself upon her knees beside the cold form, wailing:

"No, no, no! He is not dead, he is

She did not observe that her white dress was stained and soiled with blood, and The ripple of the fount and the sweet looking imploringly into her lover's face,

> "Lionel, is he dead? In pity's name, is he dead? Tell me for God's sake, tell

(TO BE CONTINUED) -400-

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