ABI. S. JACKMAN.

CHAPTER XXXVI .- Continued. "Hush, man!" the doctor said, his face pale with horror. "How can you jest when you are dying?"

get my punishment for it," he answered calmly. "But I can stand it," and reaching out one hand, he gasped;

"Let me sign it-quick, for I am dying !"

They placed the pen in his already stiffening fingers, and with an effort he wrote his name, and then tell back dead, nose and mouth.

and as he entered the room where his wife lay sleeping her long, last sleep, it seemed to him as if a happy smile lingered about the cold lips.

was astir when it became known that the beautiful woman who had been languishing in prison, and who was condemned to die, had been released, and there was great rejoicing.

Gabrielle herself was calmest of them all. When Sir Lionel took her hand in his, and led her to the side of the beautiful dead, she placed one hand upon the marble brow, and said quietly :

"Ah, Lionel, if I were only in her place !"

"No, no!" he answered, clasping her hand again. "You must not say that, Gabrielle, you have yet all to live for,

"Hush," she said, putting one hand over his lips- 'hush, Lionel!"

She bowed her head and kissed the icy lips, whispering low:

"Good-bye, dear, good-bye! You spoke truly when you said that you would never see me again."

She walked quietly from the room, and as Sir Lionel saw the graceful figure vanish, he little dreamed that it would be long, long years before he would see her again.

No one saw her as she stole softly away, and a few hours later, upon the deck of an outward bound steamer, a slender form stood, and through her tears, saw the shores of bonny old England fade slowly from her sight, while she said with a sob :

it hold for me, joy or sorrow?" But the roll of the waves was the only

answer to her query, and the future was hidden from her tired eyes. In the meantime, Lord Thorndyke and | you go ?"

Sir Lional were searching high and low for the lost one, but in vain. They did not find a single trace of her,

and at last, in despair, they gave up all hopes of ever finding her. Where was she? Where had she gone,

vanishing as completely as though she had been swallowed up by the great sea that moaned both day and night? Whenever Sir Lionel saw a lovely

flower-like face or a bronze-crowned head, he turned and looked after it with a sigh, wondering where his lost darling was.

But the months sped swiftly by, and she was not found, but he never gave up the search, but ah, how weary grew the long

CHAPTER XXXVII. "I HAVE SUFFERED ENOUGH, TAKE ME

IN YOUR STRONG ARMS, MY LOVE, AND HOLD ME THERE THROUGH ALL TIME AND ETERNITY !"

Night, dark, gloomy and desolate, was falling over the city of New York. A fine misty rain was beginning to come down like needles of steel, and the street-lamps glowed faintly through the fog, as if they and dying alone, lay the gypsy queen! were discouraged in their efforts to shine forth and brighten the general dreariness of the night itself.

A slender, dark-robed figure was toiling along one of the cheerless, dirty streets in the poorer quarter of the city, and as she | that I am your mother, and I am dying !" | itself, and yet I lived through it, knowing passed under the street-lamp, its sickly rays shone full upon the pale, sad face of treatment at the hands of this woman who just once, it would be ample recompense Gabrielle Thorndyke.

dark eyes that told how bitterly she had her own weakness, she laid one hand upon what that word was ?" suffered. Ah, how she was changed! She the cold brow, already touched by Death's He gazed into her tender eyes, and with was no longer the lovely young girl who icy fingers, and said gently : had knelt beside the crystal lake in old England so long ago, and gazing down into and it is best that you should make your its silvery depths, prayed that love might | peace with God. Those whom you have come to her; nor did she resemble at all wronged, you cannot help now, and it is the beautiful Princess Cordonna, who had all past and gone. We have all sinnedwealth and power and all that the human | we all have need of mercy, and-and you heart could ask for. Love had come to are my mother !" her, and so had sorrow, and the result was to be read in her despairing eyes.

cars rumbled, and with a deep sigh, drew brow. forth a key and let herself in, going up a flight of stairs that creaked dismally at you," the queen answered with a groan. once more applied the key, and then she life over again! But I cannot, oh I was in her own apartment, which consisted | cannot !" of a single room, serving as parlor, diningcure! Even the gypsy camp among the be comforted."

mountains had been a palace when compared to this, for there was plenty of fresh air, and at night the whisper of the fragrant trees lulled her to rest, and the blue sky miled down over her couch, sealing her tired eves with a star.

and sat down in the only rocking-chair that the room boasted, leaning her head | fast, she asked suddenly : upon one thin hand while the tears rolled slowly down her pale cheek.

"Two years!" she whispered, choking Are you my mother?" back a sob. "Two long years since I last "Well, I murdered him, and now I will looked upon his face! Has he forgotten me, I wonder? Have they all given me up for dead? Ah, me! how I have suffered in those years, only the dear Lord knows! I have tried to be patient, and atone for my sin, but at times it has been so hard-so hard !"

She bowed her head upon the rough table and sobbed aloud. Poor, weary, the blood gushing in torrents from his heartsick Gabrielle! She had borne enough in those two years to atone torall Sir Lionel turned away, sick at heart, sins, and yet her heart longed so for her lover that at times she wondered why she did not die. Night after night she had lain on her bed, praying to forget, and yet ever before her eyes arose the smiling face The next morning the whole country of the one she loved so well, and with a shudder of painful delight she recalled the passionate kisses branded upon face, neck | brielle's fingers in her thin hands. "Reand brow by that same tender mouth, and | member I am dying, and in spite of all she would cry out for him to come back to her, for God help her, she could not forget! She would whisper that if he would come to her for just one little hour and kiss her eyes to blindness, then she would be willing to die!

> It all rushed over her as she sat there, and lifting her head with a cry of stifled pain, she whispered :

forget their sorrows, but my efforts have all been in vain. Oh, what a relief death | the moment she was a true mother, smiling would be! But I suppose I must wait and be patient!"

Among the poor in that locality, Mrs. Noble, as she was known, was looked upon as little less than an angel. She it was who cared for the old and helpless and nursed the sick, and when there was no money with which to pay doctor's bills, and now and then buy a shroud or coffin -from her own scanty purse, she supplied all. Such acts of mercy and kindness helped to heal her broken heart, and bring forgetfulness if but for a little while.

There came a soft tap at the door, and with a sigh she arose and opened it. A small, thinly-clad girl stood there, shivering, a look of fright on her face, but the kindly smile with which she was greeted. "A new life lies before me. What does drove away all fears, and in a piping voice

> "If you please, Mrs. Noble, a woman sent me after you. She is awful sick, and she wants me to bring you with me. Will the pulseless breast, and then bending low

and donning her worn hat and shawl once more, she followed the girl down the stairs and into the street.

Her small guide conducted her through several dark streets and lanes, and finally ushered her into a miserable tenement, leading her down a pair of rickety steps inte a damp, dark cellar.

At first she could see nothing, and then as her eyes became used to the darkness, she beheld the figure of a woman, stretched out on a bed of rags over in one corner face with burning kisses. of the wretched den, and she could hear her moans of agony every now and then.

"I am glad you have come," she said hoarsely, and to Gabrielle there seemed to be a familiar ring in her voice. "For I am dying, and my life has been one long career of sin and folly. I cannot right those whom I have wronged, but I can make a confession to you, and that will ease my guilty conscience."

She turned her ghastly face toward Gabrielle, and as she did so a cry burst from the girl's lips, and she started back in dismay, for there before her in rags and filth. "You !"-she cried, shrinking back-

"Yes, it is I"-the dying queen went

on-"I, the most wretched, miserable creature in all the world, but in spite of

Like a flash the memory of her cruel

"You have only a few hours to live,

She uttered that last word in a low, stifled voice, as though it was a very hard She halted before a dingy-looking brick task, and yet she leaned down and laid one house, past whose door the noisy street- hand very gently on the dying woman's

"I do not deserve kind words from every step. At the top of the landing she | "Oh, God! if I could only live my wasted

"It is too late to think of the past now," room, sleeping-room and kitchen all in Gabrielle answered softly. "Think only one. The small apartment was neat and of the future, and repent in time, for it tidy, although poorly furnished, but oh, has been said that repentance makes the what a home for one who had been used human heart even better and braver than to every luxury that money could pro- it was before it sinned. Think of that and by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner

"God will not listen to a sinner like me who repents only at the last moment!" the grief-stricken woman wailed.

"He will listen to any one of His children who repents," was the low reply. "No matter how much they may have She removed her faded hat and shawl, sinned, He is always loving and forgiving," and then, while her breath came thick and

> "You are dying now, and surely in your last hour you will tell me the sacred truth.

> "I am your mother," was the slow reply. "But, oh, dear God! what a

> A groan burst from Gabrielle's lips, and she buried her face in her hands. She had hoped against hope for so long!

> "Does-does your father know that I still live ?" faintly asked the dying woman, and her eyes burned with an eager, rest-

"No, he thinks you are dead," Gabrielle answered, her voice trembling. "He believes that you were drowned years and years ago when you first left him."

"Better so," was the feeble reply. "Better so, and you will never reveal to him the truth? Promise me that you will never let him know how and where I died!" and she turned and grasped Gamy sins and follies, I am your mother !" "I will never tell him," was the slow answer. "He shall never know."

A smile crept about the pale lips, and then she turned her fast glazing eyes upon that beautiful, patient face beside her and a look that must have come from heaven. lit up her own face. All that was good and noble and true in her nature shone "I have tried to forget by helping others forth from her sunken eyes, and she was a mother indeed! Sins were hers, but for upon her child. The weak lips moved. and the girl kneeling beside her caught the faint words :

"Good-by e and God bless you, my dear

With a wild sob, Gabriell threw herself down beside the frail form sobbing:

"Oh, mother, mother!" That sacred name was the last sound that met the ears of the dying woman, and with one gentle sigh she closed her eyes and her spirit passed upward to a kind and merciful God. She, who had wrecked a husband's life, and for years ruled the lawless

gypsy band was dead Gabrielle arose, her face pale and set, and to the girl who entered the room she

"I will send the undertaker to care for the body. Remain here until he comes." She crossed the poor, thin hands that once had hurled cruel stones at her, over kissed the cold lips and left the dead sleep-"Yes, I will go with you," she answered, ing that long, dreamless sleep that knows no waking.

Like one whose brain is dazed she returned to her cheerless room, her eyes dim with unshed tears, and entered. Some one was there before her, and he arose from the chair where he was sitting, the lamplight falling upon his fair hair, turning it into living, burning gold.

"Gabrielle, Gabrielle, my darling," he cried, and the next moment she was folded in his arms, while he covered her sweet

"Lionel, am I dreaming?" she sobbed, nestling close to his breast, and then as she looked up into his eyes, and saw the tender light in their blue depths, she whispered :

"I have suffered enough. Take me in your strong arms, my love, and hold me there through all time and eternity!"

"I will, sweetheart," he answered passionately. "I will never let you go from me again. I have searched for you all over the world, and I have followed you across the silvery sea that seemed to tell me where you were. And now, my darling, you are mine to have and to hold for evermore, for to-night sees us man and

"Ah, Lionel!" she whispered, leaning her head against his breast. "I am happy at last! I have sinned and I have suffered! I have borne the tortures of hell that if I could feel your kiss on my lips was her mother, ru-hed like a whirlwind for it all! Away down in my heart a tiny, She was poorly clad, and there was a through her brain, and for the moment silvery voice kept singing, and its song was world of sorrow and misery in her great, she drew back, and then, as if ashamed of one sweet word. Can you guess my king,

a shower of burning kisses, answered:

THE END

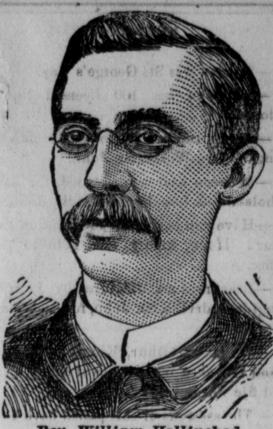
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The above sale is further postponed until Saturday, the 24th day of December next at the same time and place.

until Friday, the 24th day of March next at the same time and pl

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Sheriff's office, Richibucto. March 24th, 1893.

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