

LOVE.

—BY—

ABI. S. JACKMAN.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

He sat down upon the rustic seat beside Sir Lionel, and taking his hand, said earnestly:

"If I should die suddenly, Lionel, old friend, I leave my wife in your care. I have arranged everything so that in case of my death my property all goes to her. She will need some one to advise her and look after her interests, and I know that you will be her true friend for the sake of olden days. She has known sorrow and suffering in her life, and so have I. Life to me is no longer a pleasure. In truth it would be a welcome rest did death come to me so soon. She would be free, and if she should chance to meet one whom she loved—if there is such a thing as spirits being allowed to leave the other world and come back to this to bless the living—rest assured that I would come to her, for she is the only woman in the world whom I believe in or trust. She is above the deceit of the others, and if any one in this world deserves happiness she surely does. God bless her!"

Oh, how those kind words stung her heart as she listened! She felt like falling upon her knees before him and begging of him to take back all that he had said, for she was unworthy of his respect and esteem. But she did not, and from the calm expression of her perfect face no one would have dreamed of the storm raging in her heart.

CHAPTER XXX.

"TO-NIGHT AND A NEW LIFE BEGINS—WE WILL FORGET THE PAST, AND THE TIES THAT BIND US, AND LIVE FOR OUR DEAR LOVE'S SAKE!"

A beautiful, yet sad silence, wrapped them round—those three whose lives were such tragic stories of love and sorrow—and even the rippling, silver waters seemed to flow softer and fainter, and the nightingale's song was but an echo. Over Gabrielle's lovely face there crept a shadow, and her snow-white breast heaved with a strange unrest.

Sir Lionel glanced at Prince Cordonna's dark face, and the expression he saw there struck a tender chord in his heart. He half arose, and held out his hand, something like a sob of pain swelling in his throat, and then as if ashamed of his weakness, he drew back.

"I think in the lives of every man and woman there is a hidden grave," Prince Cordonna said in a low, clear voice, "no matter who they may be, or how worldly they are, and in after years, some hidden incident will bring it back so vividly that it seems but yesterday. Ah, well, I suppose every life is a well-played drama," and as though he had forgotten their presence, he murmured:

"I would go back, but the ways are winding, if ways there are to that land in sooth; for what man succeeds in ever finding a path to the garden of his lost youth?"

"But I think sometimes, when the June stars glisten, That a rose-scent drifts from far away; And I know, when I lean from the cliffs and listen, That a young laugh breaks on the air like spray."

"I would like to go back," he went on musingly, his dark, dreamy eyes fixed upon the star-lit heavens above, "just for one day. Oh, for one golden day of the long ago, when life was viewed through banks of rosy clouds, and she was true! Then I would be willing to lie down and die! Death would be sweet if I could hear her silvery laugh ring out as I breathed the last parting breath!"

A slight pang stirred Gabrielle's heart, for now she knew that he had loved another, and she was only second in his life. She had never loved him, she did not love him now, but it was only natural that a faint tinge of jealousy should for the moment sting her, even when her own heart was filled with a mad, passionate love for the handsome man beside her, for whom she was going to forsake all. Still, Prince Cordonna had been her husband, and she seemed to have the first claim on him, she whispered to herself.

"Do you remember our old friend Carl?" he asked Sir Lionel suddenly. "My thoughts have been with him to-night, and his sad fate. I cannot remember ever before thinking of him, and yet we were the best of friends."

"You speak of his sad fate," Princess Cordonna's clear, sweet voice questioned, and it sounded like a burst of music. "What was his fate? I would like to know."

"He was a noble fellow," Prince Cordonna answered warmly, "but he loved unwisely, and it was his death. He was madly in love with the wife of his dearest friend, a woman beautiful as an angel, and as false and treacherous as she was fair. It went from bad to worse, until they decided to elope, and on the very same night that they went away the husband was foully murdered. Of course, suspicion pointed to the couple, and they were followed, arrested and brought back and tried for murder. Everything was against them, and poor Carl was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced

to die. That he was innocent I am sure, and, then, the woman he loved proved herself a heroine. When she found that her lover would have to die for a crime of which they were both innocent, she stood up and declared before the world that she had taken her husband's life, and she was the one to be punished, and not her lover, who was so cruelly wronged. However, it did not save him, and poor Carl was condemned to death. The day that he was executed, at the very hour, she committed suicide, and they who had been so loyal in life were not separated by death. But the saddest part yet remains to be told. After they were both dead it was found that tramps committed the murder, and thus an innocent man's life was taken. Poor Carl, he was a great favorite with us all!"

Sir Lionel felt as if an icy hand was clutching at his heart-strings while listening to that sorrowful tale, and he turned away his head, saying nothing.

Finally they entered the house together, and in a short time Sir Lionel bade them good-night, and as he clasped Gabrielle's hand within his own at parting he whispered:

"I will see you in the morning, my darling, and after that, when we again meet, it will be forever. There will be no more partings. Ah, my queen, how happy we shall be!"

A thrill of delight ran through her, and she bowed her head, unable to speak. As his tall, graceful form vanished from sight she clasped her hands over her heart murmuring:

"My love, my love, it is all for your dear sake!"

Then she went back to her husband, and as she entered he said to her:

"Come to me, dear, I want to talk to you!"

She crossed the room to where he was sitting in a deep easy-chair, and sunk upon a low, soft stool at his side, resting her elbows upon the padded arms of the chair.

He laid his hand reverently upon the beautiful head, and said very gently:

"We have been happy, have we not, my wife? Our life has been quiet and restful, and we can look back and say that it is far better for us both to have met than to have gone our separate ways alone. You have been all that a man could ask in a wife, when he knew that her heart was not his own, and I bless you for it. Has your life been peaceful and, in a measure, happy?"

"Yes, I have been very happy," she answered tremulously. "My life with you has been far happier than I ever expected, after—after—"

"I understand you, dear," he said gently as her voice faltered, "and I know how you feel."

Never since they were married had he been so kind and tender as he was on that night, the last they would ever spend together, though he knew it not. Her heart was torn and bleeding, for she knew that she was wronging a noble man, but no once did she dream of hesitating, for her love for Sir Lionel was too deep and strong.

When she reached her own room she knelt beside her dainty couch and prayed: "Heaven forgive me if I do wrong, but I cannot give him up! He is my God, my life and I must not falter now. Oh, Lionel my own dear love, you little dream that the Princess Cordonna, whose heart you have won, is Gabrielle Thornydyke, the girl who loved you so well, and whom you believe lying in her grave! I wish I might tell you, my darling, but I cannot, oh, I cannot!"

He could not forgive the girl who had deceived him because she loved him so, but he could forgive and love a woman whose husband was his friend, because he was blinded by his mighty passion.

When she sought her couch that night her sleep was calm and peaceful, filled with dreams of her lover, and yet ever beside him, she saw the pale, sad face of her husband, a reproachful light shining forth from his dark eyes.

When she opened her lovely eyes in the morning the warm sunshine was flooding the room in beauty and golden shafts of light. Sitting up in bed, her glittering hair falling over her polished shoulders in rivers of bronze, she remembered that it was the day of fate. Her snowy bosom heaved in rapture, gleaming like a pearl through the misty lace that covered it, as she realized that, when another morn dawned she would be in her lover's arms. No wonder then that she shrank back among the downy pillows frightened at her own happiness, longing for the hour to come when heart to heart they would stand drinking in the sweet madness of love, knowing that they need never again part.

All through the sunny hours of that golden, summer day she wandered about like one in a dream, her heart throbbing fiercely within her snowy breast as if it would be free. Outside the flowers gave forth their sweet fragrance, and the wild birds called softly to each other from the boughs of the waving limes. How calm and serene all nature was, and yet one of her children, the youngest and fairest, too, was moved by a passion stronger than the storm and tempest of old ocean when it is angry, and delights in destruction and death.

When the pearly twilight was creeping over the earth Lionel came to her, his blue eyes alight with hope and love, his lips wreathed in a smile that caused her soul to thrill with joy, and as he bent over the sweet, blushing face, he whispered:

"A few hours more and you will be mine own, my peerless queen! To-night and a new life begins. We will forget the past, and the ties that bind us, and live for our dear love's sake!"

In the fast gathering shadows she pressed her lips to his hand, her face pale with love, and in a voice low and solemn she said:

"Oh, Lionel! how can I prove to you my love? Words are powerless, empty, vain! Oh, what a beautiful, grand mystery love is!"

"Yes, my darling, love is a mystery," he answered passionately. "But we will fathom its mysteries, my princess! Together we will seek its hidden sweets, and we will laugh at the whole world from our kingdom of bliss! In other lands, away from all familiar scenes, and memory of the past, we will begin a new life in which love shall be the guide! Love shall be our master, and we must obey him! But he is a master that we shall be more than willing to serve, for his reins are garlands of sweetest flowers, and his commands are whispers of love and adoration! It will be like heaven to serve him, will it not, my darling?"

Her answer was a smile that maddened him, and then they parted to wait for the night to grow deeper and the hour which was to seal their love.

Once Sir Lionel went softly to the great arched door of the conservatory, and he gently retraced his steps, for there among the flowers that he loved so well, Prince Cordonna lay sleeping upon a velvet couch, the silver moonlight falling in mellow rays across his face, and with the ripple of the fount outside mingled the nightingale's sad sweet song.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"AM I DREAMING, OR IS THE STARSHINE ON THE WATER SLOWLY DRIVING ME MAD? TELL ME, LIONEL, MY KING, IS IT BUT A DREAM?"

When the moon again smiled down upon dew-wet roses and sleeping song birds, Gabrielle and her lover were miles away from home and husband, forgetful of his existence. At last they were together, and as he gazed into that perfect face, he swore to himself that he would rather die with her than live without her.

They were sitting upon a huge rock, close by the evermurmuring waters of the blue, star-lit sea, and as far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen save the dimpling waves and the long, glittering stretch of white sand where they were sitting.

"At last we are alone, my queen!" he whispered, drawing her close to his breast and covering the red, quivering lips with kisses. "We are safe from pursuit now, for no one would ever dream of looking for us in this dull old town on the seacoast. To-night we will rest here, and to-morrow we will resume our journey. Ah, my beautiful one, lift up your sweet mouth and kiss me!"

She threw both white arms around his neck and kissed him over and over again, whispering:

"Oh, my love, my love, this one hour alone with you is worth a life-time of anguish and loneliness!"

"But there will be neither anguish nor loneliness, my darling, for we are together now, and sorrow cannot come where love is!"

"I know," she answered simply, and then silence fell upon them both, and the murmur of the shimmering sea seemed to approve of their love.

"My darling," he said solemnly, looking into her clear eyes, "my own beautiful princess, would it make you love me any better were I to tell you that I have left a wife and child forever, for your dear sake?"

Silver sea and golden starshine melted into one fearful mass of beauty as she listened to him, and holding out her hands in a blind, and appealing manner, she whispered piteously:

"Lionel, was it your voice that told me you had a wife and child? Or was it the moan of the sea that I have just heard? Tell me, Lionel, tell me!"

She looked into his eyes, and, oh, such a look of hunted terror was in their lovely depths! A sob fell from her lips, and she repeated:

"Tell me, Lionel, my love, oh, tell me before I die!"

"It is true," he answered, and he drew her closer to him. "But you, my darling, you have my love!"

She put aside his clinging arms, and rising to her feet in a dazed manner, pressed her hand wearily to her bosom, saying slowly:

"You have a wife and child, Lionel, and I—I have robbed that innocent little child of its father! Heaven pardon me, for I am beyond all pardon from man!"

"My darling, why do you take it to heart so?" he asked in alarm, going to her and attempting to take her hands that had grown strangely cold. "Wife and child are nothing to me when compared with you, my peerless love."

"Do not touch me, Lionel," she said, drawing her hands away from him, and there was something in her voice that he dared not disobey, and then she fixed her eyes upon a distant white sail that appeared like a snow-flake far out at sea, while he stood watching her, wondering if she had gone mad.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY,
The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.



William A. Lehr
of Kendallville, Ind., says Hood's
Hood's Sarsaparilla is

King of Medicines

And His Cure Was

Almost a Miracle

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Gentlemen: When I was 14 years of age I was confined to my bed for several months by an attack of rheumatism, and when I had partially recovered I did not have the use of my legs, so that I had to go on crutches. About a year later, Scrofula, in the form of

White Swellings,
appeared on various parts of my body, and for eleven years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed six years. In that time ten or eleven of these sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. Several times pieces of bone worked out of the sores. Physicians did not help me and

I Became Discouraged
I went to Chicago to visit a sister, as it was thought a change of air and scene might do me good. But I was confined to my bed most of the time. I was so impressed with the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in cases similar to mine that I decided to try it. So a bottle was bought, and to my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better. This strengthened my faith in the medicine, and in a short time I was

Up and Out of Doors

To make a long story short, I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a year, when I had become so fully released from the chains of disease that I took a position with the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since that time have not lost a single day on account of sickness. I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I endorse

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for it has been a great blessing to me, and to my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of all medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, No. 9 North Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

Hood's Pills cure Biliousness.

FOR SALE AT SHORT'S DRUG STORE.

FIRST-CLASS Livery Stable!

I am prepared to furnish

FIRST-CLASS TEAMS

to accommodate the travelling public, at short notice to any part of the country.

ISAAC TRENHOLM,

Buctouche, June 16 1892. (6m)

THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES

AFTER YEARS OF TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

AN INTERESTING HISTORY.



STATEMENT OF MR. WM. MCNEEL.

For eight years I was troubled with a sore on my leg which resulted from having it broken. The doctors kept me in bed five months trying to heal it up, but all to no purpose. I tried all sorts of salves, liniments, ointments, pills and blood medicines but with no benefit. In 1883 it became so bad that I had to sit on one chair and keep my foot on another for four months. I could not put my foot on the ground or the blood would rush out in a stream and my leg swelled to twice its natural size.

ELEVEN RUNNING SORES

developed on it which reduced me to a living skeleton (I lost 70 lbs. in four months). Friends advised me to go to the Hospital; but I would not, for I knew they would take my leg off. The doctor then wanted to split it open and scrape the bone, but I was too weak to stand the operation. One old lady said it had turned to black erysipelas and could never be cured. I had never heard of Burdock Blood Bitters then, but I read of a minister, Rev. Mr. Stout, who had been cured of a severe abscess on the neck by B.B.B., after medical aid had failed, and I thought I would try it. I washed the leg with the Bitters and took them according to directions. After using one bottle I could walk on crutches, after taking three, I threw away the crutches, took a scythe and went to work in the field. At the end of the sixth bottle my leg was entirely healed up; pieces of loose bone had worked out of it and the cords came back to their natural places again. That was nine years ago and it has never broken out since. I can walk five miles to-day as fast as anyone, and all this I owe to B. B. B., which certainly saved my leg, if not my life. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Give B. B. B. a trial, it will cure you as it did me.

Yours truly,
Wm. McNEEL, St. Ives P.O., Ont.
Mr. F. C. Sanderson, the druggist of St. Marys, Ont., certifies to the entire truthfulness of the remarkable statement made by Mr. McNeel and says that several other wonderful cures have been made in his district.

FISHING SUPPLIES.

EDINBORO' ROPEVIE SALMON, TROUT, MACKEREL & HERRING TWINES, LINEN GASPHEREAUX & SHAD TWINES, HEMP LINES, COTTON NETS, COTTON TWINES, HOOKS, LEADS, CALICO, SISAL & MANILLA LOSTER TWINES, TIN PLATES, BLOCK TIN, BAR COPPER, PIG LEAD, MANILLA and SISAL ROPE, BAY STATE COPPER PAINT, TACKLE BLOCKS, ANCHORS, COMPASSES, BOAT NAILS, SAIL DUCK, OIL CLOTHING, OAKUM, &c.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,

MARKET SQUARE. - - - - St. John, N. B.

WONDERFUL BARGAINS.

BOYS' CAPE OVERCOATS, from \$2.50 up.

BOYS' TWO PIECE SUITS, from \$1.50 up.

BOYS' THREE PIECE SUITS, from \$3.25 up.

In ordering state the ages of the boys, and we will be sure to SUIT you.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 12th, 1892. JOHN CALDER, 33 Charlotte St.

RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.

—WHOLESALE—

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS,

44 & 46 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 8.

J. H. CARNALL,

Taxidermist and Naturalist,

38 King Square, (south side) St. John, N. B.

Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art.

Moose and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style.

Furs of all kinds dressed. Good pollution on hand for sale.

Skins tanned and made into mats.

Rare birds bought and fair prices paid. Arctic Owls particularly required.

I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

BURPEE, THORNE & CO.,

Hardware & Fancy Goods,

60 AND 62 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Henry O'Leary,

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES,

Dry and Pickled FISH,

SALT in Bulk and in Bags always on Hand, and Sold

Very Low for Cash.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK BEFORE BUYING ELSE-

WHERE.

CROTHERS, HENDERSON & WILSON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Carriages, Sleighs, Track Sulkies, &c.

SULKIES A SPECIALTY.

REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES PROMPTLY DONE.

OFFICE and SHOW ROOMS, 43 & 45, North Side } WATERLOO ST.
FACTORY, 42 & 44, South Side,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Subscribe for THE REVIEW.

Only \$1.00.