

LOVE.

—BY—
ABI. S. JACKMAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

The bright smile faded away from his handsome face and gave place to a look of sadness. She saw it, and started forward, and then drew back in alarm for so near betraying herself, her heart throbbing so madly that it almost burst through her fair bosom.

Her blood was as fire, and she could feel every nerve in her beautiful body quivering as if she had received an electric shock. A long, fluttering breath left her lips, and closing her eyes, she reached out one hand, eager, yet half afraid. In another moment she would touch him, and he would know all!

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU OF THE GIRL I ONCE LOVED, PRINCESS—SHE REMEMBERED YOU, BUT SHE WAS LIKE THE TROPIC SUN, WHILE YOU ARE LIKE THAT SAME SUNLIGHT ON ALPINE SNOW!"

But that one moment was destined never to be, and she lived to thank Heaven for it. She was maddened by her mighty love and the song that filled the night air with its sweetly sad echoes of the past, goaded her on, and she forgot everything else upon earth, saved that she loved this handsome man before her with a love that frightened her. It had grown tenfold stronger since the hour of parting over two long years ago, and now it was idolatry rather than love!

She did not touch him with her trembling fingers, for suddenly his voice broke the spell and she was saved! She drew back with a half-stifled sob, and then she heard him say:

"A beautiful song, but one that brings up sorrowful memories, do you not think so, princess?"

It seemed to her that it was a full hour before she could command herself to speak, but it was only an instant. What had she been about to do? she asked herself in terror. Great Heaven! from what had she been saved? Now that the wild, mad storm was past she was frightened at herself.

"Yes, it is a beautiful song, but a very sad one as you say," she answered, and her voice seemed to come from a distance as she heard it.

"We used to sing it years ago when we were in Paris," he said thoughtfully, his eyes fastened upon the waters of the fountain that rose and fell in shafts of colored light. "And then I sang it again in after years when I was so happy that I used to wonder if it could last forever—for you know, princess, that the most beautiful flowers fade and die the quickest, and the common blossoms live and flourish—I would sit in the pearly twilight, as we are sitting to-night, and sing it to the girl I loved. Ah, how I loved her, but I shall never see her again!"

A hand of iron seemed clutching at her heart-strings, but her voice was calm and composed as she leaned forward and asked in low tones:

"She is dead, then?"
"Yes," he answered sadly. "She is dead. For two years she has been lying in her grave, and I have been trying to forget."

"But why do you wish to forget her if you loved her?" she asked, a jealous pang shooting into her heart.

"It is better that I should forget her," he replied quietly, "both for her sake and my own," but he did not add: "And for my wife's sake, too," for something seemed to whisper to him that there was no need for him to tell this beautiful woman that he had married another while his heart belonged to his lost love.

She drew a long breath of relief. She was bound to another, but what mattered it so long as he was free?

"You—you must have loved her very dearly," she said desperately, her eyes seeking his face imploringly.

"I did love her," he answered, his voice growing very tender and earnest, "better than my own life. Only God above knows how dearly I did love her, and how the loss of her love darkened my life!"

"You lost her love?" the sweet voice echoed. "Do you mean that she ceased to love you? You?"

He looked at her in surprise, but the twilight shadows hid her face from his view, and then he answered slowly:

"No, she did not cease to love me, but we were parted by the cruellest fate that ever overtook two loving hearts. Somehow, that song has brought her back to me from the grave again to-night, and every time that I look at you, I think of her. I would like to tell you of the girl I once loved, princess. She resembled you, but she was like the tropic sun, while you are like that same sunlight on Alpine snow!"

She leaned closer to him—so close that the perfumed clusters of her bronze hair brushed his cheek for just one instant—and said, in a whisper:

"She is dead you say? Tell me all about her, for I am interested already."

"Yes, she is dead," he answered sorrowfully. "But the saddest thought of all is the terrible manner in which she met her

death. Had she died peacefully in her home, surrounded by loving friends, it would not seem so fearful, but to be found dead in the lake, right in the grounds of her own home, her beautiful face all burned and disfigured with vitriol—oh, I cannot bear to think of it!"

A low cry burst from her lips, and she started to her feet, whispering hoarsely:

"Drowned? and her face all burned away by vitriol? Oh, what a fate—what a cruel fate for a young girl to meet with! But are you sure that it was she? How could you tell when her face was disfigured so?"

"She was dressed in her bridal robes," he replied, "and then her hair was untouched. It was by her hair that we recognized her. It was of a peculiar color; yes, I would know that hair wherever I saw it."

She sat there before him, stunned and dazed, but she said not a word. So they all believed her dead. They did not dream that she was alive, and so near them.

"Was it on her—her wedding-night that she was drowned?" she asked, her lips trembling, "and did she have any friends—any parents who were left to grieve for her?"

"It was on her wedding night that she met with such an awful fate," he answered gravely, "and she left a father who mourns for her."

"A father who mourns for her?" she repeated. "Has he forgiven—I mean has he forgotten her yet? And she was drowned on her wedding-night? Poor young girl! Oh, poor young girl!"

The hot tears were falling from her eyes like rain, and she had unconsciously clasped her hands before her in her lap. Then she suddenly remembered that she must be calm. She must not give way to her feelings like that. She must be her own brave self again, the beautiful, peerless Princess Cordonna, before whom all men bowed in admiration and homage and all women envied. Gabrielle Thorndyke, with her faults and her follies and her pitiful sin and sad history, was dead. She was lying in her coffin, so they all believed, and he—her love, her king—had just told her that he knew her by her wonderful hair. The face he had kissed so many times was scarred and burned so frightfully that he did not know it. Yes, she was dead—dead to friends and the world for evermore!

"What if it should be that it was not the girl you loved whose body was found in the lake?" she questioned eagerly, her breath coming thick and fast from between her scarlet lips. "What if it should prove to be some poor young girl who had met with foul play on her wedding-night?"

He shook his head sadly, and then an eager light burned in his eyes, and he whispered:

"Ah, kind heaven! if it could be so, if it would only come true! If I might be allowed to look upon her face just once more, and hold her in my arms for one little moment!"

A stifled sob burst from her lips, but she smothered it, and in a voice that was so low he could scarcely hear it, asked:

"Would you forgive her? Would you take her to your heart again?" and then seeing what a great mistake she had made, she added: "There is something back of it all that you have not told me. I know it! She sinned in some way, but you are too noble and true to her memory to tell me! Am I not right? Ah, I can see by the look in your eyes that I am! But would you take her to your heart and whisper to her that she need never leave you again, if she should come back to you from the grave? Answer me, Sir Lionel!"

The passionate sorrow and entreaty in her voice was pitiful. She watched him as if her very life depended upon the answer that would fall from his lips. A death-like silence hovered over them. He sighed heavily, and then answered simply, for he suddenly remembered one who had a greater claim upon him than any living person had, yes, greater than she whom he believed sleeping in her grave ever had, and the words he uttered were like death to the beautiful woman who almost crouched before him, waiting for his reply.

"I—I could not," and she heard them while her heart seemed turning to stone within her breast.

She turned away her head, saying nothing, but somehow she loved him better than before, and at that moment she would gladly have given her life, if he had turned to her, and taking her in his arms, pressed one long, lingering kiss upon her lips, such as he used to in those happy, golden days gone by!

He was singing again, and she sent up a fierce, mute prayer to Heaven, praying that she might fall dead among the roses there at the feet of the man she adored, but Heaven did not heed her prayers, and she listened in silence to the words:

"Unless you can die when the dream is past,
Oh, never call it loving!"

She whispered to herself, that it was true—unless one died when love grew cold, it could never be called love, for it was too hard—too cruel! Alas! poor Gabrielle!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I LOVE YOU! THIS IS MADNESS, I KNOW, BUT WHETHER IT BE RIGHT OR WRONG, I LOVE YOU BETTER THAN MY OWN LIFE!"

The summer days glided swiftly by on golden wings, and Sir Lionel's visits to the

Prince and Princess Cordonna became more and more frequent. He always came alone, and he never spoke of any one save Lord Thorndyke, whom he said was passing his life in solitude, growing old and sorrowful long before his time.

Ah, how these words would cause Gabrielle's poor heart to ache! She longed to visit her old home, and yet she dared not, for she feared that she would betray herself. She had grown tired of the gay world, and she was seeking rest and quiet in this beautiful, secluded home, longing for what she well knew would never come to her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

An Excellent Number.

A number of real gems are contained in the latest issue of THE LAKE MAGAZINE, the best monthly ever published in Canada. "Translations," by H. M. Stromberg, is the first article, a thoughtful, beautifully written study, that cannot fail to be pleasing and beneficial. Strong and brilliant is the article on "Co-Education of the Sexes in Relation to Evolution," by Mrs. Elizabeth Johnston of Picton. Refutation of the arguments would be difficult.

"The Development of the Theory of Energy," by J. M. Clark, M.A., LL.B., is a clever contribution to scientific literature. "That Franchise Question, from a woman's standpoint," by Edith J. Archibald, President Maritime W.C.T.U., treats with vigor and clearness the advanced side of woman's suffrage. "The Interim," by Helen A. Hicks. Joe T. Clarke contributes a cleverly written and novel "Defence of Cain, who Slew his Brother."

A variety of other matter, well selected complete one of the best numbers yet issued.

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A Surprise Party.

A hunter and a wolf had an interesting mutual surprise party themselves in the hills near Helena, Mont., a few days ago. The hunter, arrayed in a heavy wolf-skin overcoat, fur side outward, was examining some traps set the previous night. He was stooping over one, rearranging the bait, when there was the sound of a fierce growl and a heavy weight fell suddenly on his back, bearing him to the ground so that he barely missed being caught in his own trap. He managed to shake himself free and, recovering his feet, found facing him a full-grown buffalo wolf. The wolf seemed quite as much surprised as the hunter, and they looked at each other for some seconds before the fight, which ended in the death of the wolf, began. The brute evidently was fooled by the overcoat and the hunter's stooping position, and mistook him for another wolf.—Ex.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

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Belgium's First Breach of Promise.

For the first time in the history of Belgium, the principle of a monetary compensation for breach of promise of marriage has just been established. The judges of the Court of Appeal were grudging in their admission of the principle, but there is no doubt as to the meaning of their judgement. The test case was of a young woman who, through her father, brought a breach of promise action against a young Dutchman residing in Brussels. The father obtained a verdict for 5,000 francs damages, plus 8,000 francs for what was called "moral prejudice." In their judgement the judges said that either of the two parties to an engagement might back out of it, although not at the last moment. In this case they consider the wedding day had actually been fixed.

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He was going to propose to her, and he prefaced his proposal with the following conundrum:

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"Is it so?"

"It is."

"In what respect?"

"Chicago contains only the world's fair, but this house contains the world's fairest."

His proposal was favorably received.—N. Y. Press.

Rebecca Wilkinsen, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which did me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy; I consider it the grandest medicine in the world." A trial bottle will convince you. For sale by W. W. Short, druggist.



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A Waste of Money
but finding it would comfort her, I began taking it. In a few days the bloating began to subside, I seemed to feel a little stronger, but thought it only fancy. I was so weak I could only take ten drops of Sarsaparilla at first. In two weeks I was able to sit up a few minutes every day. In a month I could walk across the room. One day I asked what they were to have for dinner, and said I wanted something hearty. My mother was so happy she cried. It was the

First Time I Had Felt Hungry for Two Years

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