

# LOVE.

—BY—  
ABI. S. JACKMAN.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

"He is dead!" he answered hoarsely, his face growing as pale as the face of the dead before him. "He has been dead for some time!" and then a horrible thought flashed through his brain, causing his heart to grow sick with terror and his soul to faint at the mere idea, for like a flash he remembered how she had clung to him, refusing to let him enter the room where her husband lay dead! Oh, God in heaven! what a fearful thing it was! Could it be possible that she, his love, his life, was guilty of such a crime? Oh, no, no! It was madness! Surely he was insane to even think for one moment that she was base enough to do such a thing as murder her husband!

"Lionel! oh, Lionel! who could have done this fearful thing?" she wailed in agony, wringing her hands as she talked. "He was so good, so true, so kind! Who could be base enough to murder him?" He did not answer, but looking again at the gaping wound in the dead man's breast he cursed himself for doubting her, for the wound was not a fresh one. He had been dead some hours, and a feeling of relief swept over Sir Lionel's heart, for his darling was not guilty of the crime.

He was bending over the dead face, holding in his hand the blood-stained knife, when suddenly he felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, while a rough voice said: "Sir Lionel Mannville, I arrest you for the murder of Prince Cordonna, and this woman is your accomplice!"

He turned quickly, only to see the conservatory filled with men and women, whose angry faces told all too plainly that he need expect no sympathy from them, and the next instant a pair of cold steel handcuffs were snapped about his wrists.

Like a flash of lightning the whole miserable truth flashed before his eyes and he saw it all. The face of Leon Costello, the gypsy who had worked so much harm in Gabrielle's life, was among the crowd, and his mocking smile seemed to warn the accused man that all hope was gone.

In vain Sir Lionel protested his innocence, for the story of his love for his friend's wife had in some way become known and there was no pity for him.

Fate was against him in everything.

Gabrielle, who had been standing like a statue, her eyes fastened upon her lover's face, suddenly started forward, her eyes glowing with a light that those who saw it never forgot, and in a clear, sweet voice that had a ring of something more of heaven than of earth, in its silvery tones, she called out, holding up her fair, white arms for them to look on the cold handcuffs:

"Put the handcuffs on these wrists, men! I am the guilty one! Arrest me, for I murdered Prince Cordonna, and the man whose arms you pinion is as innocent of the crime as his little babe!"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

"MY LOVE FOR YOU, LIONEL, IS STRONGER BY FAR THAN THE FEAR OF DEATH. I WOULD RATHER DIE THAN LIVE WITHOUT YOU!"

There was a moment of awful silence, so weird, so intense, so thrilling, that the gentle whispering of the lime-trees outside sounded like the roll of distant thunder. Men looked into each other's faces, and women whispered among themselves that she was mad. They said that the shock had driven her insane, and in spite of the story that she was untrue to her husband and the handsome, fair-haired man before them was her lover, they pitied her.

She laughed aloud, a silvery, ringing laugh, and going close to Sir Lionel's side, repeated:

"Men, are you all blind? I say to you again that I am the one who murdered Prince Cordonna, and not Sir Lionel whose arms you pinion. Let him go free and arrest me, for look, here is the knife with which the deed was done," and she drew forth from the folds of her white robe the blood-stained weapon.

"Ethel will bless me," her heart whispered to her, "and my life does not count."

In one brief, fleeting moment she thought of all those things, and it seemed to her that hours must have passed while she stood there waiting for them to arrest her.

"Fools!" she panted. "Blind fools to arrest an innocent man when the real murderer stands before you, ay, when she has given herself up! Oh, fools! fools! fools!"

"Be silent, for God's sake, be silent!" Sir Lionel cried in an agony of grief and despair. "Gabrielle, are you mad?" and turning to those who were grouped about him, he gasped:

"Do not believe her, men, for she knows not what she says! She is mad with grief, and she is innocent! And I swear before God that I am innocent too! Take off these cursed things! Take them off, I say!"

He struggled fiercely to burst asunder the iron bands that bound his wrist, the veins standing out in great ridges upon his brow, and he set his white teeth, to think

that he, Sir Lionel Mannville, should be accused of such a fearful crime.

"Hush, Lionel!" she said gently, laying one hand on his arm, where it looked like a quivering snow-flake. "Hush! I repeat that I am guilty, and I ought to be punished for my crime. Do you not remember how I begged of you not to enter the conservatory to-night? You must have noticed my fright and agitation when you said that you were coming in here to find him," and she pointed toward the motionless form among the flowers. "Why did I beg of you not to enter? Why did I cling to you, and cry out that you must not enter? Why, oh, why? I can tell you, Lionel. Because I knew what awaited you within! But I am not base enough to see you suffer for a crime of which you are perfectly innocent and I am guilty! Answer me, and answer me truly! Did I not beg of you not to go into the conservatory? As you hope for mercy when you stand before your God, answer me truly!"

He made an effort to speak, but the words died in his throat, and his head fell forward upon his breast, while a bitter groan burst from his lips. Only Heaven could understand the anguish that filled his heart.

"You see he dare not utter a falsehood, and he is afraid to speak the truth!" she cried in triumph. "But he knows that every word I have uttered is true!"

"I will not answer you!" he panted desperately, lifting his head and looking at her with agony shining in his blue eyes. "Go ahead, men, and do your duty! She is mad!"

"No, she is not mad!" she cried, her voice ringing out like a bell, and her face took on an expression that it never wore before. "Listen to me! I was weary of the chains that bound me, even though they were gilded chains, and my life was a torture. My husband and I had a bitter quarrel, and in my blind rage I stabbed him! It was after I returned from—"

"Here the beautiful head drooped, and a sob heaved her breast while she looked appealingly at Sir Lionel, and then with an effort she went on. "I was a better friend than I was a wife, for when I learned that I was robbing my friend of the husband she loved, I turned my back upon the rose-hued future and came home. I came home to be met by my husband with reproaches and upbraiding.

It ended by my hand giving him a blow that killed him! I held this knife in my hand and I stabbed him, but as God hears me, I did not intend to kill him! But I am guilty and I shall be punished, so take me, for I am guilty, guilty, guilty!"

Her voice died out in a wild sob, and she reached out her hands for them to manacle. They all believed her a murderer, and she was led away while Sir Lionel was once more free!

As she was leaving the room she turned and looked back, and as her eyes fell upon her lover's pale, wretched face, she whispered imploringly:

"Let me speak just a few words to him before I go. I shall never see him again, and you surely will not refuse me that little boon."

The strong men could not refuse her that one last request, and she was allowed to return to Sir Lionel's side for a moment. She pressed her trembling lips close to his ear and whispered:

"My love for you, Lionel, is stronger by far than the fear of death. I would rather die than live without you! Oh, Lionel, my Lionel, at last I can prove to you how dearly I love you!"

A groan burst from his lips as he saw her led away, accused of a crime that her tender heart shrunk from, and he buried his face in his hands, whispering hoarsely:

"She has given herself up to save me! And she will die for me when she is innocent! What shall I do to save her? My God, what shall I do?"

He raised his haggard face up to the night-sky, and the great, burning tears rolled down his cheeks in streams, but the only answer to his wail of sorrow was the nightingale's song.

It would be too long and sad a story to follow the great trial that aroused all England. Suffice it to say that Gabrielle was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to die.

During the trial the whole pitiful story came out. When Lord Thorndyke learned that it was his child who was charged with murder, it almost broke his proud heart. The only thing that Gabrielle kept a secret was that the cruel gypsy queen was her own mother. For her father's sake she was silent.

Leon Costello, the revengeful gypsy, was wild with rage. He had counted on Sir Lionel being charged with the murder and that would be his first revenge. Then Gabrielle would fall into his hands, and he could torture her as he saw fit, but to meet death upon the gallows—he did not like the idea at all. He would much rather see her burned at the stake.

"Curse her!" he hissed, looking at his scarred face in a glass that reflected only too plainly the ugly scar. "Curse her! I would like to cut her heart out! And yet she has escaped me after all! But it will be a sweet satisfaction to know that she can never win another man's heart, for her days are numbered!"

Meanwhile in her lonely cell, Gabrielle was sitting, her eyes fastened upon the stone floor, knowing when another day dawned she would be in eternity. It was

her last night on earth, and she longed for peace and rest as she had never longed before.

"I am so tired," she said with a weary little sigh. "So tired that I will welcome death, even though I die for a crime I am innocent of. But I could not see him die when I love him so, and Ethel needs him. She and her child are far nearer and dearer to him than I am or ever was! But he loves me. That I know, and I am glad, for it will make the way easier for me to go along."

She was silent a moment, and then lifting her eyes, she whispered softly:

"If Lionel could only go with me! Ah, it would have no dread for me then!" Presently she fell to dreaming, and her face wore the same tired, sad look that had clouded the lovely features a few moments before. The red mouth had a sorrowful droop, and the cheeks were thin and pale.

"After all, it will be sweet to lie under the waving grasses at rest, knowing no pain, nor weariness, nor woe," she said with a smile. "All will be peaceful and calm. All this heartache and longing and strife will be over, and I shall sleep so sweetly after these days and nights of pain. It is my fate, that is all! My life was mapped out for me when I was born, and I—well, I have but followed it. What is to be, will be, and it is for his dear sake!"

She did not hear the door of her cell softly open, and she was not aware of the presence of any one until she felt a gentle hand laid upon her head, and starting to her feet, she saw before her the lovely face of her friend, Lady Ethel Sommerville, who was now Sir Lionel's wife!

A glad cry broke from her lips, and as she felt those tender arms enfold her, and she pillowed her tired head upon the gentle breast, she sobbed aloud like a little child.

"Gabrielle, my friend, my more than friend!" Lady Ethel sobbed, kissing over and over again the sweet face. "Were it not for you my husband would be here in this cell, condemned to die on the morrow. But, oh, Gabrielle! how can we save you? God knows we have moved heaven and earth to gain your freedom, and the thought that you will die when you are innocent is breaking my heart!"

Her tears were falling thick and fast upon the lovely gleaming hair, and she felt as if she could not, must not, let this true friend die, and God help her, how could she save her?

"Hush, Ethel!" Gabrielle answered quietly, smiling through her tears. "It is better so, dear. I have wronged you enough. And yet you forgive me and pity me. It is more than I deserve."

"You must not say that, dear," Lady Ethel answered softly, falling upon her knees before the slight little figure and covering her hands with kisses. "He loved you first, and you had a better right to his love than I did, and he thought you were dead when he married me. Oh, Gabrielle, what a sorrowful mistake it has been all the way through!"

"Yes," Gabrielle said, with a sob. "Yes, Ethel, but it will soon be over with now. We will all be better off when I am gone. I am eager for a little rest and peace, and I will soon have what I long for. And you, my dear, true friend, may God bless and watch over you!"

Lady Ethel's sobs were filling the air with sorrowful echoes, and clasping Gabrielle in her arms once more, she whispered:

"Good-bye, Gabrielle, my dear, dear friend! I shall never see you again, but may a kind Heaven bless you! Farewell forever!"

She could say no more, and with a heart-breaking sob, rushed from the cell.

She had spoken truly. She never saw her friend again, but life was far different for her than she had ever dreamed. Little did she know what lay before her as she left the cell in which her friend was confined, never to see the golden sunlight again!

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

"A NEW LIFE LIES BEFORE ME—WHAT DOES IT HOLD FOR ME, JOY OR SORROW?"

While Gabrielle was in her lonely cell on the last night of her life, Sir Lionel was walking to and fro upon the vine-shaded veranda of his home, mad with hopeless sorrow and bitter despair. He had racked his brain with a thousand useless schemes to save the girl he loved from her terrible doom, and now he was almost insane at his many failures.

"My God! my God! must she die, and I stand by, unable to lift even one finger to save her?" he groaned, lifting his hands to his hot, throbbing brow as he leaned against the massive carved pillar and closed his aching eyes, listening to the song of the nightingales. "Is there a God that he can see so much misery, and still let it go on?" and his bloodshot eyes were raised to the clear star-lit sky over his head.

Suddenly a light touch fell upon his arm, and turning quickly he saw his wife standing before him, her eyes red with weeping.

"What is it, Ethel?" he asked, his voice growing tender, for he had learned to look upon her as little less than an angel since she had known all, and yet had forgiven him.

"Do you know that this is her last night upon earth?" she whispered, hiding her face upon his breast and sobbing aloud. "Oh, Lionel! she has given her life for your happiness and mine!"

"I know it, dear," he answered hoarsely



Mrs. M. E. Merrick,  
Of Toronto, Ontario, Cured of  
Catarrh and Neuralgia

Good authority has said that "neuralgia is the cry of the nerves for pure blood." The prompt action of Hood's Sarsaparilla on the blood, combined with its toning and strengthening effect upon the nerves, make this a grand medicine for neuralgia and also for catarrh, etc. We commend this letter to all having such troubles, and especially to

**Suffering Women**  
"For a good many years I have been suffering from catarrh, neuralgia and

**General Debility**  
I failed to obtain permanent relief from medical advice, and my friends feared I would never find anything to cure me. A short time ago I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. At that time I was unable to walk even a short distance without feeling a

**Death-like Weakness**  
I overtook me. And I had intense pains from neuralgia in my head, back and limbs, which were very exhausting. But I am glad to say that soon after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I saw that it was doing me good. When I took 3 bottles I was entirely

**Cured of Neuralgia**  
I gained in strength rapidly, and can take a two-mile walk without feeling tired. I do not suffer nearly so much from catarrh, and find that as my strength increases the catarrh decreases. I am indeed a changed woman, and am very grateful to

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
for what it has done for me. It is my wish that this my testimonial shall be published in order that others suffering as I was may learn how to be benefited. M. E. MERRICK, 57 Elm Street, Toronto, Ont.

**Hood's Pills** cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

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)

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**CUT STONE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS FURNISHED TO ORDER.**

**A LARGE STOCK OF MARBLE ALWAYS ON HAND.**

Correspondence solicited.

**J. H. LAWLOR & CO.**  
CHATHAM, N. B.

**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, between 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 deeded to Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of land occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Dosithe Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.

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

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

The above sale is further postponed until Thursday, the 25th day of May next, at the same time and place.

Wm. Whetten,  
Sheriff.

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

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**

1892 -- WINTER ARRANGEMENT -- 1893  
On and after Monday 17th October 1892 the trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**WILL LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.**  
Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax, 12.25  
Accommodation for Campbellton, 13.12

**WILL LEAVE HARCOURT.**  
Through express for St. John and Halifax, (Monday excepted), 5.26  
Accommodation for Campbellton, 12.46  
Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax, 13.06

Through Express for Campbellton, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago, 21.00  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.  
D. POTINGER,  
Chief Superintendent.  
Railway Office,  
Moncton, N. B., 20th Oct. 1892.

# FISHING SUPPLIES.

EDINBORO ROPEVIE SALMON, TROUT, MACKEREL & HERRING TWINES, LINEN GASPAREUX & SHAD TWINES, HEMP LINES, COTTON NETS, COTTON TWINES, HOOKS, LEADS, CALKS, SISAL & MANILLA LOSTER TWINES, TIN PLATE, BLOCK TIN, BAR COPPER, PIG LEAD, MANILA ANCHORS, 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.

**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 collection 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.

**E. C. COLE,**

**MERCHANT TAILOR &**

**GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTER,**

PALMER BLOCK,

178 MAIN STREET,

**MONCTON.**

April 6th, 1893.

N. B.—Our Mr. C. S. Cole is now visiting Kingston and Richibucto with full range of Samples of Cloths for Spring and Summer. Please reserve your order until you see him. E. C. COLE.

USE

**Dart's Wild Cherry Emulsion,**

—OF—

**Cod Liver Oil.**

Tasteless, Pleasant, and Efficacious. Cures Consumption, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the Lungs. Useful in Debility and Weakness of the System.

FOR SALE BY

W. W. SHORT, Druggist, Richibucto.

E. BABINEAU, St. Louis.

**Subscribe for THE REVIEW,**

**Only \$1.00.**