

THE REVIEW, RICHIBUCTO, N. B., MARCH 9, 1893.

bid time be still.

CHAPTER XXV.-Continued. She looked at him suddenly, and said very softly :

ABI. S. JACKMAN.

"I am sorry for you. We have both suffered so terribly that we can sympathize with each other."

"Yes," he answered, a choking sensation in his voice. "I think we can be a very model couple. But when shall we be married? 'The sooner the better, I think. Are you of the same mind "

"It might be better to marry at once," she said in a low voice that trembled as she spoke. "Better for us both for many reasons."

"Then let us say to-morrow night," he replied, looking searchingly into her eyes. "Or would you prefer to set the time ?"

" No." she said simply. "To-morrow night will do. As well to-morrow night as a week from to-morrow night," she added, smiling such a wan, hopeless smile that his heart ached for her.

"Very well, then it is all settled, and I will attend to everything myself. All you need think about doing is to dress yourself in the wedding robes that will be brought to your rooms to-morrow, and now, so that you may appear bright and fresh upon your bridal night, I think you had better retire," and he kissed her hand again.

He did not kiss her lips and she was glad of it. for it seemed to her that no one but Sir Lionel had a right to do that, and she respected Prince Cordonna more than ever for being so considerate.

She left him standing there alone, the soft lights that shone through the crystal globes, casting pale gleams upon his sad, dark face, and she fancied she heard a could no more blot the image of Sir Lionel he said, in his musical voice, and to this

she closed her eyes and slept, he was in my way, and awkwardly blundered upon her dreams, always tender and true, as he had been in their first days of happy courtship and love, and when the world was

dreamily upon the crystal waters of lake or river, there in the silvery depths she beheld that beloved face. The night winds whispered his name. The wild birds sang it, and when she buried her face in a bunch

of fragrant roses, she fancied that the dewhis lips moist with ardent love. When love, this beautiful woman, but, oh, so the grave closed over that fair bosom, and not until then, would she cease to think velous loveliness and grace !" of him.

the waving limes, and with her head resting upon one hand, she was idly dreaming of the past. The hammock swaved gently joyfully : to and fro, and inside she could hear her husband's tich, full voice singing one of possible that I behold your face again ?" her favorite songs, and she listened, a dull pain guawing at her heart.

"Oh, murmuring trees! Oh, fragrant

breeze ! Oh, waving, whispering limes ! Oh, there to be again with thee,

My love of olden times !"

" My love through all time and eternity !" she whispered in a sudden passion. "My own dear love, whom I love better Mannville, whom I thought had completethan my life, and, Heaven forgive me, I ly forgotten me! Sir Lionel, the Princess am the wife of one of God's own noble- Cordonna." men ! But I cannot forget him ! oh, I

the words :

"The mere sight of that beautiful face answered with a faint smile. "I was lost

Mannville from her heart, than she could woman whose heart was starving, the sound was sweeter by far than golden harp-strings Day and night he was with her. When | touched by an artist's hand. "I have lost

your private grounds."

She did not speak. She could not, for her sole desire was to fall upon her knees flooded with sunlight, he was with her still. | before him, and cry aloud : "Lionel, oh, Did she gaze up at the blue sky she seemed | Lionel, do you not know me, my darling ? to see his handsome face in the azure dome, Do you not remember these lips that you and when her lovely eyes were fixed have kissed so many times? Kiss them again, my beloved king, and then you will remember !"

And then she heard him whisper to himself:

"So like her and yet so cold! I must be mistaken, for Gabrielle has been dead wee petals kissing her beautiful face were for two long years ! She is like my lost much colder-so icy-in spite of her mar-

God only knows what would have hap-She was reclining in a hammock beneath | pened next, for she felt that she must touch him, or die, but Heaven saved her, for her husband's voice broke the silence by saying

> "Sir Lionel, my dear old friend, is it She turned her head quickly and saw Prince Cordonna and Sir Lionel standing with clasped hands, their faces beaming like those of two school-boys, and then with an expression that she had never before seen upon his face, her husband called to her:

"My dear wife, come here and let me introduce you to my old friend, Sir Lionel

"I am most happy to meet the Princess cannot ! He is as dear to me as the day Cordonna," Sir Lionel said graciously, on which we partel. Lionel, my love, bending his head over the white hand he ah, how I long for your love and kisses !" clasped, little dreaming how often he had Suddenly the sound of a well-remem- held that beautiful hand in days gone by. bered voice fell upon her ear, and she "But I am afraid my abrupt entrance has thought she was dreaming, for she heard startled you, princess. You look pale." "It did startle me a little at first," she

"My dear boy, you must come right into

the prince said, as delighted as a child, and

his usually calm' sad face was all aglow

with happiness. "Of all the friends I had

seen since I left there. It makes me think

of the days when we were young and free

from all cares. I was some years older

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smothered groan as she ascended the winding stairway that led to her suite of rooms.

"You may go, Lizette." she said to the girl, for she wished to be alone. "I will not need you to-night."

Alone she knelt down beside the open window, and leaning her head upon her arm, tried to think what it all meant. Was she dreaming, or was it real? Could it be that on the morrow she was to wed Prince Cordonna? Why, it was only a little while ago that she had knelt down thinking that the morrow would see her the wife of her own dear love, and now another was to take his place; and then, with a shudder, she remembered that her hands were stained with Leon Costello's blood. It was the first time that she had cast a single thought upon him, and even then she whispered :

"I am glad that he is out of my way at last. He it was who wrecked and ruined my whole life, and now, thank Heaven, even though my hands are red with his blood, I am free !"

Her sleep was calm and peaceful that night, and when the morning sunlight kissed her eyes, she opened them, thinking that it was her wedding day.

The bours crept slowly past, and when the stars twinkled in the evening sky, and the silver moon poured her mellow light over all living things, Lady Gabrielle was once more robed in the snow-white gar ments of a bride. As she cast a parting glance at herself before going down below, where they were awaiting her, she clasped her hand: together, crying out with a wail of pain :

To-night sees us further apart than ever. I shall live, my darling, but my heart is dead within my breast !"

She went to her bridegroom, and like one in a dream she listened to the solemn words that made her the wife of the man beside her, and not until she felt his kiss upon her lips for the first time did she realize that she was no longer Lady Gabrielle Thorndyke, but the Princess Cordonna.

* . * Two years have passed away since the night that Lady Gabrielle became the Princess Cordonna, and in spite of the great sorrow that clouded her life, she had not been unhappy. Her life had been tranquil and serene, far from unhappy, and she re-

spected and honored the man whose name

she bore more and more each day. They had traveled from one end of the world to the other, the entire two years being spent in travel, and at last longing for home and familiar scenes, they had returned to England, and were settled for the summer in a grand old place, many miles from Thorndyke Hall. Gabrielle's heart was hungry for the beautiful lanes and blossoming hedges, and she had no fear of being known, for in two years she changed from a slender girl into a woman whose beauty was enough to drive any man mad with despair, for she was more like a beautiful statue of ice into which life had been just breathed, than a creature of flesh and blood. She had been lovely as a poet's dream when Sir Lionel Mannville won her girlish love, but nowah, now words would fail to describe her ! Did she love him still, you will ask, gentle reader ? Does the golden sun ever cease to shine, even though it is hidden beneath dark, frowning clouds for days at a time? Do summer winds ever hush their ceaseless murmur, and yet they sink that only seemed to mock her. into mute silence at night-fall ? No, she

brings back the memory of my poor, lost in day-dreams when you spoke to me." Gabrielle !" He did not dream what an effort it was

She sprung to her feet with a stifled cry, for her to utter those words so quietly, and the next moment stool face to face | and he little guessed that the mere touch with Sir Lionel Mannville ! of his hand had set her blood on fire.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"SO LIKE HER, AND YET SO COLD! I MUST BE MISTAKEN, FOR GABRIELLE HAS BEEN DEAD FOR TWO LONG YEARS !"

Fate had brought them face to face once more-the two who had loved each other so madly in the past, who loved each other now-and for the first time in two long, dreary years of heartache and loneliness they gazed into each other's eyes !

She stood looking at him, her eager eyes fastened upon his face, that never for a moment had been absent from her mind. either waking or sleeping, one fair hand pressed to her breast, as if she fain would stifle those wild heart-throbs before he heard them. Ah, kind Heaven ! how well she remembered that dear face ! How many times she had kissed the lips beneath the drooping, silken mustache and pillow. ed her head upon his breast, listening to to the passion-laden throbs of his heart ! And as her great and mighty love arose within her, almost overpowering her with its fierce strength, she felt as if she must throw herself into his arms and tell him that she loved him still-that she had loved him through all !

And he stood like one suddenly awakened from a dream, his eyes fastened upon her lovely face in wonder, his own face very pale. For a moment he thought that "Lionel ! oh, my love, farewell forever ! | the beloved dead had arisen from her grave and confronted him, for, in spite of her sin, Gabrielle was still the one love of his life. He had never forgotten her, nor

could he ever, and his first impulse was to spring forward and clasp her in his arms. But calm reason returned, and he told himself that this beautiful woman, with her cold, marble-like beauty, could never be his lost love, and besides, the girl who was to have been his wife was dead. For two years she had been sleeping with the other dead-and-gone Thorndykes in the old family vault, and he had seen her as she lay in her coffin. Why, of course she was dead, and he was weak and foolish to be startled by a mere resemblance. But even then he could not remove his gaze from the bronze head and clear, calm eyes. And thus they met. Ah, me! what a

tangled web life is ! With a fierce hot throb at her heart she

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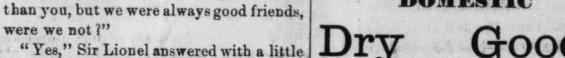
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"Yes," Sir Lionel answered with a little laugh. "We were always the best of friends."

were we not ?"

"Let us all go into the conservatory," said the prince. "It is very pleasant CANTERBURY STREET, there."

He offered his arm to his wife, with all the grace and tenderness of a lover, and slipping the other arm through that of his friend they entered the large, circular conservatory that was like a garden in fairyland.

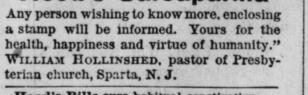
Gabrielle seated herself under a buge orange-tree that shadowed her completely, and where she could feast her eyes to her heart's content upon the beauty of the face that forever dwelt within her heart. She sat there and listened to the sound of his voice, closing her eyes and fancying she was back, living over again those days when love filled the cup of happiness to overflowing.

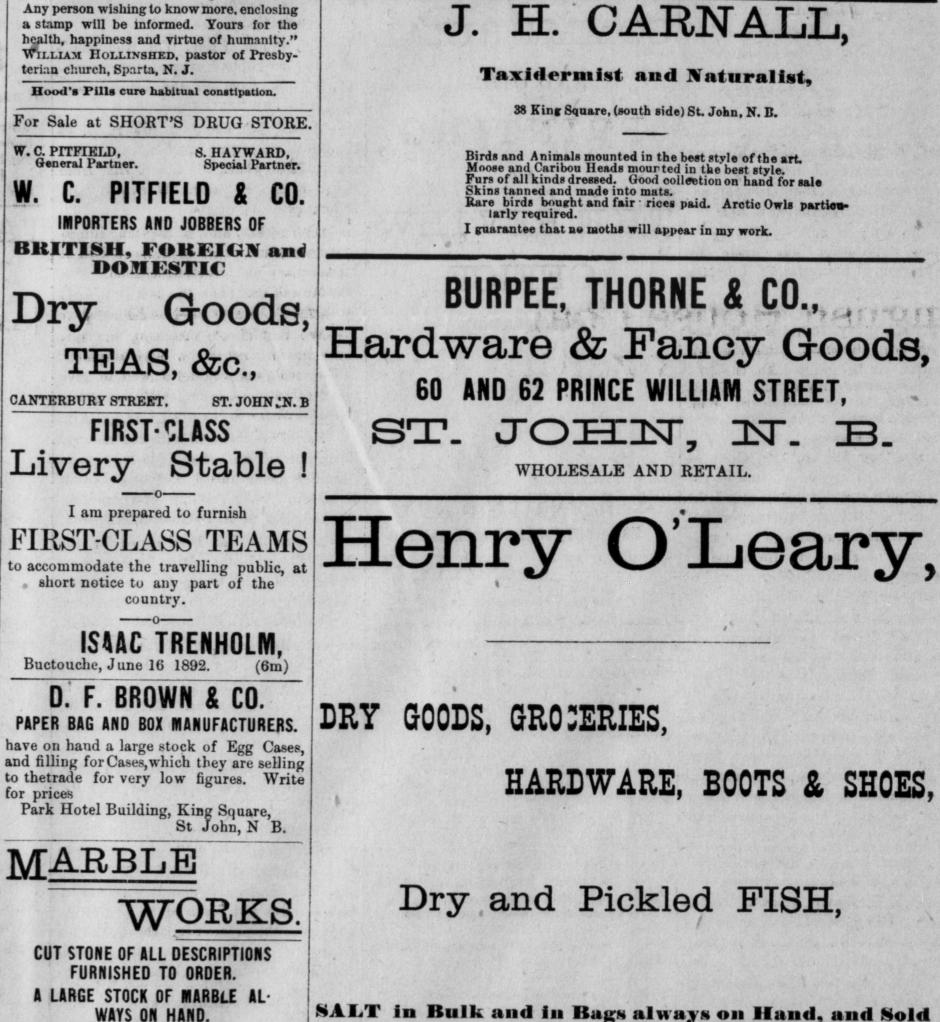
"I do not like the nightingale's song,' Sir Lionel said slowly, his eyes fixed intently upon the pale face of the Princess Cordonna, and his voice mingled with the splash of the fountain. "For I always seem to see a face from out the dead and buried past-a face fair and sweet as an angel's, but forever lost to me! And I have no right to even think of her, and

He did not finish the sentence, but sighed deeply. And she, sitting so near him, pressed her hands tightly over her aching heart, unseen and aided by the blessed shadows that hovered over all.

"It is strange how sometimes a triffe will open a wound," Prince Cordonna said thoughtfully, " and I do not believe that there is a heart in the world but has in its secret depths a hidden grave."

Sir Lionel said nothing, but he looked at the lovely woman, whose face was faint-





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heard that rich, tenor voice chanting over and over again the song she loved so well, but, oh, how it hurt her at that moment

"Oh, nurmuring trees, oh, fragrant breeze, Oh, waving, whispering limes! Oh, there to be again with thee, My love of olden times !"

Why did he sing that song ? she asked herself in anguish. Oh, why did he not

And then he spoke, and a thrill of delight, mixed with keenest pain, swept through her, for she remembered how her entire being used to quiver at the sound of that voice in the old glad, happy days! Oh, God ! was it true ? she asked herself | brielle, watching Sir Lionel, saw a bright with a mute wail of pain. Was it true that she was the wife of another, and her lover, with his blue, tender eyes and bonny,

golden hair stood before her as brave and again : handsome as ever, and-he could never "Oh, murmuring trees! Oh, fragrant

breeze again be her own.

heart.

She turned away her graceful head, closing her eyes to shut out the picture "Pardon me, but I have lost my way,"

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

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ly visible in the misty twilight, and he wondered if she had a hidden grave in her "Will you sing for me, prince ?" he ask. ed suddenly, turning to the other. "You remember your voice was the envy of all the others in Paris, and you would sing for us when we had tired of all other amusements. Sing something that you used to sing, and it will bring back old days." Prince Cordonna arose and went inside, and presently the notes of the piano filled color desired.) the air, and then he begun to sing a jolly drinking song that they used to sing in Paris when they were a merry, careless group, fearing nothing or nobody, and Gasmile creep around his lips, and his foot kept time to the music. Gradually the strain changed, growing sweet and low and sad, and then he sung received.

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