

# Schumacher



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moment the man was silent. Upon the bed lay some thing, and in his hand was a little locket, which his had worn when she was stolen. He turned to Therese—"at you are dying and beyond punishment is the only rea— saved you from imprisonment. Tomorrow my lawyer will estigate this case for me. In the meantime you had bet— back with me to the castle," he said, turning to Naomi. ne cloak over that ridiculous costume; no one must see you t the castle."

moved towards the door. Naomi threw herself to the bed— Mother Theresa, I will not go. I will stay with you," she

Mother Therese was silent for the first time to her cry— quietly slipped away.

father caught her roughly by the arm. She arose to her saw Theresa was dead. Sobbing quietly, she left the car— th him.

had not thought her father would receive her like this. ight she would have the same loving tenderness and care received from Therese and the people of the caravan. When her better, perhaps he would love her more. Her mother be different; she would love and welcome her, soothe her d heart.

m far back in the forest came the sobbing sound of a violin ll from the darkness—a cry of some one in pain. She irresolute. It was Francisco; he was calling to her to give e people—the father who was so cold to her, and the mother not know—and go back with him to the old life.

paused—she would go back. The man at her side paused, d looked at her. She looked so beautiful with the silvery the rising moon, shining softly upon her sad, white face, ne beautiful tragedy queen in the Opera Comique—but more ul. There might be possibilities, in her; she might marry He caught her gently by the arm.

ome," he said, softly, "you are tired; the carriage is wait— us."

e allowed him to lead her to the waiting carriage, in silence o her in—and they drove on. She leant back in the luxu— carriage. Her father sat opposite; he had shut his eyes and k upon his face did not invite conversation. Naomi won— f her mother would receive her like this. She felt so sad and roken, and with difficulty kept back the sobs which arose in oat.

(To be continued.)

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