concuració pias your indy mip a gam a smet. A hat shall we play for?

In love said my lord, and began to

CHAPTER S.U.

MARY LEE.

Lineading has a herd of red deer the mgus undulations of the down, it took the gipsies out a few minutes to withdraw from company-ground, where the tents were already pitched by wives and comrades, the kettles already singing over the twinkling fires of their brouge. They travelled fast, trembled like a leaf. at a long awinging trot, shifting their bundles from one to another as they went. Fin forgive, Fin, and they never forget. party, the former arguing that it was the post of danger, and, on this consideration, though she seemed unwilling to lag she might put out of her mind. lahand the others, musting that the gul should bear bim company.

mesero had not failed to notice the change, ner was at in his nature to keep silence when arouse,! Looking suspiciously in his Company daty, that may be thus rendered.

" In the month of flowers, between the showers, The curkee sings all day

But the maiden weeps, while the Romany sleeps and the Gorgio gallops away. The soon, too soon, they are fading in June, and

the cuckoo, lus changed his say. And the maiden in dead, and the spring-time fled, when the Gorgio galloped away.

His voice was rich and mellow, yet something of harsliness in his tones betrayed the discord within.

"What do you mean?" asked Wait, her black eyebrowe coming down in an augry scowl over her black eyes.

"You can interpret it yourself," was his solumbes in the 'bropen pickers' country

long ago ?"
He spoke in Rumany, and she replied in at their own gipsy tongue as in that of the Al utiles, with whom she had passed so n any Years.

I remember," said Weit, careles ly. What of that?"

I's looked hurt, and a figure gleam shot u lus dark eyes.

hato was a little gipsy girl on those and hills, he answered, "who came to her fault and its punishment. cips, by for every earthly thing she want ed, frozz a bunch of violets in the ditch to a wa tired, who stroked his face every mornwhen he lay down to sleep.

y t a man, nor grown to man's stat i. but a man in heart, and a giant 1. vel is like the oath of a Stanjey or a Lec."

It was so long ago! pleaded Waif, in and knives drawn, too, for a chance word rather a trembling voice. "You were all from Mary Lee. "You were always very good to me, Fin. I won't deny at , but it was so long ago."

and tender, while he repeated her words.

or hing Charles, or hing James, none of them will put a fowl in the Romany kettle, nor a broad piece in his palm but for service rendered and risk run. We must help curselves, Thyra, take what we want, and keep all we can. Our hand may well be against every man, for is not every man's hand against us? For ages we have been a race apart, and we must continue so for ever. No Romany lad may wed with the noblest lady of the Gorgios, and for the Romany lass who listens to love in another tongue, we do not shaine her before our people, but we con-ceal her, Thyra, we hide her away, where neither father nor mother, uncle nor aunt, the scene of their late outrage. In less Romnay nor Gorgio, shall ever find her than an an hour it had approached their own again !"

His voice had grown thick and hoarse while drops of sweat stood on the tawny face, now turned to ashen gray. Waif

"I know it," she said; "our people never

There was a ring of pride in the last sentenco-tribute to the absent lover, whom even now she could not bring herself to wish

They walked on in silence. She had taken his hundle, and thus laden carried it with a Wast was anxious and preoccupied, stop as free and untiring as his own. They stangely unlike herself. The black Vardro-were half a mile behind the other gipsies, were half a mile behind the other gipsies, pacing side by side in the moonshine over the lonely down. A light twinkled from a solitary farm many a mile away, and once only was the stillness broken by the houest bark of a sheep-dog. The calm pure air, the sweet summer night, the quiet, the expanse, were all suggestive of those dreams which have so large a portion in life's reality. Her thoughts were far away beyond that western horizon, with the gray horse and its rider. She absolutely started when her companion's voice roused her from the abstraction

in which she was plunged. He had been watching her narrowly. Fin Cooper was as dexterous a gipsy as ever stalked a red-deer, noosed a hare, or swung a kettle. Versed in the lore, as in the malpractices of his people, he knew how to tell fortunes by cards or palmistry; to interpret the patren of his comrades, the signs of the zoninc, even the stars of heaven; but he could "Thyra, do you remember the not read a woman's heart. This was the red Quantock hills, and the deep leavy last moment he should have chosen to inculcate a lesson of fidelity and obedience on his

promised wife.
"Thyra," said he, while she turned on the same language. It stung him to observe him a pale and dreamy face, "did your that she could not express herself so readily people never tell you the story of Mary

"I have heard something about her," she stammered, with a frightened look. "She died, didn't she ? or was lost? I-I forget the rights of it.

"I will tell it you now," said he. " Take every word to heart, Thyra, and forget rather the mother that bore you, than Mary Lee's

" She was a beautiful gipsy-girl, sister, such another as yourself, with eyes he stars, bit of mistletoe on the topmost branch of the and a voice to coax the bird off a tree. She and oakstree, who stretched her little arms lived with her grandam, old Mother Lee, for land to arry her on the tramp when she and her uncle, a stern, thick-set Romany. who seldom spoke, and nover smiled. They "g at suntae, and hissed him every mgirt said he killed a squire's keeper before their tribe came south out of the pointo-country, For that kille lass the gipsy boy would have been sold and out, as for silver, that the ship which carries its light, rather than await a manifestation, have shed all the years old and five—pot a time, when I was a little lad, I've seen feet. a fime, when I was a little lad, I've seen feet. Mary litting the kettle off its hoo, before their tent; and if it hadn't been for you, to his love for the comely, delicate Thyrn, and the word of the Lovels, I should gaps, girl. So he legged hard of father, have thought her the likeliest lass that ever and mother, uncles and name, and he went put a bodkin in a knot of black heir; so did anto her tent with a gift, and prayed of her a good many more—Stanleys, Hearnes, me ple that they would give humselflyrs to Coopers; she might have had the pick of the forbidden race—which, for all his Romany he has with They promised. They were them, busides the best of her own tribe, and pride and Bomany prejudices, he could not of the old black race, and the promise of a the complest of the comely Lovels to boot, I've seen many a good round fought, ay,

from Mary Lee.

behalf of Mary Lee.

"The moon had gone down, and the false dawn was peeping between the stems of the old oaks, when I caught sight of a square, thick figure threading the track among the trees that led to the Lees' camp. I leaped up losses of the great game in which every player and took him by the hand. He was tremb-ling all over. 'You are welcome back Uncle Ryley," says I. 'You have made a long journey, uncle; have you returned empty handed, or did you find what you went to seck 2

" The shoes are worn from my feet, brother,' was his answer. 'For three days and three nights I have gone without food or rest; but I took what I wanted, Fin, and I can hold up my head once more among

my people.'
" Did you hear any news of Mary?' was my next question, and my heart rose to my mouth while I asked it, for he was a strong, fierce man, who would strike with fist or steel it he was angered, and never give you a chance. I could scarce believe it was Ryley Lee who answered in that weak, low voice, with a check that had turned gray, like the askes of a woodfire in the dim morn-

ing light. " It is well with her,' was all he said, but you will see Mary in our tents no

"' She is dead!' burst from my lips, for there seemed a smell of blood in my nostrils and the pale streaks of down grew crimson between the trees.

"It is well with her," he repeated, turning from mo into his tent. "Mary Lee has left her people-dead or alive we shall see her

"Then I knew she had paid the price it costs the Romany maiden who loves a Gorgio too well!"

Waif had changed color more than once during the above recital; but though she looked very pale now, there was a firm, hard expression in her face that denoted some fixed purpose no consideration should set aside.
The hawk does not mate with the barn-

door fowl," said she, " and the Romany chal marries with the Romany chi, for surely we are one people; but this affects neither you nor me, I'm. If gipsies cannot trust each other, how shall we hold our own against the Gentiles? Mary Lee was a good-for-nothing hussie, Uncle Ryley a cruel, blood-thirsty monster; and her we are at the camp. Take your bundle, Fin, I ve carried it till I'm tired. Yes; I'll shake hands with you. Good-

might"
Extricating herself impatiently from the embrace of her affiauced husband, who succeeded, however, in pressing his lips against her brow, she disappeared within one of the tents, leaving Fin Cooper outside, a prey to contending feelings, among which jealousy for pure fun, and lay in his hand a flower of and suspicion were in the ascendant. He no terrestial growth, fresh and tragrant, but loved the gul, or that he was quite sure, aud in such a character, love is a fearful motive power for good or evil. It pessesses also a keen instinct of reciprocity, not to be conceived, and few conditions are more piti able that that of a strong wilful temperament, persuading itself, against its own convictions, that it is not exchanging gold able person to partake of a bottle by day-

The gipsy would have been angered, even warned him of that which his heart began to tell hun too plainly, though he dared not admit it to himself, who had hinted that Thyra loved another, and that other, one of but acknowledge superior in every respect to his own. But he knew it, nevertheless, and only waited an opportunity to avenge himself on the rival, whom he had identified, alminutes, and brought her the battle-money detach Waif from her unworthy and impost leration."

you, Thyra. I watched nearly as long on farthest. When accomplished, it mattered little what had became of the messenger. Perhaps the sooner he was set uside the bet-What was the cost of a man and horse, ter. valuable as might be the latter, compared with the interest at stake, with the gains and waged life and fortune on the result?

Parson Gele, wearying sadly of London, and longing for his moorland hills, found money in his pockets." Limself no longer put off with mysterious limts, and unnutelligible jargon; out, to use his own metaphor, was laid on the line, like a bloodhound resolving to track it, inch by inch, till he pinned his quarry by the throat.

Many misgivings had the Parson during this, perhaps the most unpiersant week he ever spent in his life. Orthodox in his opinions, however lax in his practice, it Orthodox in his went cruelly against the brain to believe that 'how did you leave your friends in the in seeking Katerfelto's assistance he was West?' 'You don't remember me, Doctor,' tampering with the powers of darkness, laughs the other, as comely a wench as you'll tampering with the powers of darkness. Many a time, after his coarse pot-house supper, was his sleep haunted by grotesque visions of the evil one, carrying to eternal torment a figure in boots, bands, and cassuck, that he recognized for his own. His knees used to shake, and his short grizzled hair to stand on end, when the Charlatan, leading him into a dark room, bade him wait patiently, while inquiries were made of certain intelligences that ought to have done with things on earth, yet betrayed a marvelous interest in earthly trifles, early follies, and earthly cares. The minutes seemed lengthened into hours while he sat motionless, expecting every moment to behold the pale violet gleam of a corpse-light, to feel the faint flutter of spirit-fingers, catch the faint breath of spirit-whispers-worst of all, to be threatened with the person manifesta. you've any more to say in my matters, out tion of some obtrusive spirit itself.

of humor, and enjoyed a joke for its own sake, even though he had none with whom to share it, used to describe at length the dicipline, the gradations, the daily life, scenery, and vegetable productions of the spiritworld; counting its spheres, explaining its habitants.

The Parson's nerves were of no sensitive fibre. He possessed his share of buil-dog Give him a beef-steak, a tankard courage. of ale, and.

" Had a Paynim host before him stood, He had charged them through and through;"

but he was not proof against dangers of which he had no experience, and could form no conception. The crowning dread of his life at this period was the apparation of some lummous figure, clad in misty robes of white prepared to answer his questions evasively in a hollow whisper, lift him bodily into space wet with the dews of another world. he felt that it did not !

It was, therefore, with no slight feeings of relief, that on his last visit to Deadman's Alley, he found the Charlatan dressed to go abroad, and was invited by that unaccount-

"Your servant, sir," said the Parson. flinging his shovel hat in the corner, while to bearing of steel, by any comrade who had he filled his glass without a second bidding. This looks like pusiness, Doctor, at last. Indeed, I am sick to death of the town life, and the town ways. But for your message, I should have been on the good bay naghorse, half a day's journey towards Exeter by this time."

"Do they use you so badly, then?" asked Katerfelto with a smile, while he scaned him keenly from under his bushy eyebrows. "Do they not treat Abner Gale with proper resays very good to me, Fin. I won't deny that the best of us! When Jack it was go long ago."

"And she won't deny to much as throw most to certainty, with John Garnet, alias peet as a West-country gentleman, a noted away a look on the best of us! When Jack Galloping Jack, the highwayman. Even sportsman, and a pillar of the Church? In Marshall beat the Google lightweight in fifty now, he thought it might not be too late to said truth, it is a perverse and ignorant generation."

rise in North Devon! I wish I was back there now. I will be back there next week if I'm alive I'

" But surely, Doctor," observed Katerfelto. with a covert smile, "a man of your presence finds no difficulty in making acquaintances and even friends. The Londoners are not an inhospitable people, and are said to be exceedingly kind to a stranger if he has but

" King enough !" answered the other, " so long as it costs nothing. They'll find fair words, I grant, and plenty of them, at the rate of a guinea a-piece. It was but yesterday two ladies gave me good-morrow from their coach so heartily, I made sure I must have met them on Taunton race-course or may to in the Cathedral close at Exeter. Welcome to London, Doctor,' says one, see this side of Devizes, 'but I haven't forgotten you, and wish I could.' So I off with my hat, and up into the coach without another word, thinking for sure I had fallen among friends at last, and would you bolieve it? the first was an old harridan that might have been my mother, and the second hussy had scarce a tooth in her head, besides being raddled with red paint, and smelling of brandy fit to knock you down! Nay, I have done with your London once for all. It I make good speed, I'll be home in time for Dulverton Feast. I'll have no need to look about for friends there, and I can tell you, Doctor, I've been parched with strong ale and heady port, till I long for a gallon of cider, if it costs me five shillings a quart. Now we'll go to business, by your leave. If on of some obtrusive spirit itself. with it! Any way, bad or good, let us settle Katerfelto, who possessed a strong sense | up and part friends!"

I have constrained those to do my hidding who can furnish the intelligence you require," answered Katerfelto solemnly. To-night, if you have the courage."

" Nay, nay !" interrupted the Parson, his ! jolly face blauching at the suggestion, " your; mysteries, and insisting strongly on the word is quite enough, Doctor. I neither doubt you nor them. Name your price, and habitants.

"Go home, then," continued the Charlatan, "with what speed you can make-Amongst your own West-country hills you will find your enemy and the slayer of your, kinsman, John Garnet by name; a proper youth, able-bodied and an expert swords-man. If I bade you spare him, would you listen oue moment to my plea?

He was not listening now. "John Garnet," he repeated, "John Garnet," grinding thesyllables between his teeth as he branded the name into his memory.

"Look out, John Garnet, and keep your hands up the first time you come across Abner Gale!

Katerfelto had seen too much of mankind It and their worst passions, to be easily movnever dal appear to him, and very thankful ed; but he felt his blood curdle while he marked the Parson's rubicand cheek turn to a sallow white. If ever there was murder in a man's face, he read it now. Perhaps for one short moment he felt compunction, better out of the way," thought Katerfelto, and things must take their course."

Thus it fell out that the West-Country parson was riding steadily homeward over Marlborough Downs the same evening Lord Bellinger's coach was rifled by the gipsies. and its owner left a captive in the thraidon of his own word of honor till the moon rose.

Notwithstanding the nature of his errand, Abner Gale seemed in high health and spirits.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HEAVY LOAD .-- On Monday last Mr. Jacob Ostrander, Orwell, in his wagon drawn by two horses, took a load of brick weighing in the gross 8020 lbs., from Orwell to the new English Church, St. Thomas. The combined weight of the horses was 2010 lbs.