Was fired'and Tanored, dropping his gun, fell
heavily back with a last ory on his heavily back with a last orvon his lips, The Indian left hls position a
spot where his rival had dropped.
Just at this moment the negro had succeoded in freeing Morales.
Gitano sister is a widow," exclaimed the in the world but me. We must take good care or her brother, at all events.
Following the advice of his rescuer, he threw himself on the ground, wormed his way snake like to the hedge, and once on the other side ran as fast as his legs could carry bim to the city.
The calesero, unwilling to meet the Indlan, The calesero, unwilling to meet the Indian,
followed his master, after taking care to put followed his master, after
his earnings safely away.
On reaching the ppot where Tancred hal fallen, Quirino found the young man lying in a pool of blond. The ball had entered the chest and had poured from the wound
A cloul passed over the Indian's face. "He did not heven know that he murmured. me! Ought I to have revenged myself thus., Kneellng down by the body, he placed his hand over th
perfectly still.
"He is dead !" he exclaimed in a hollow voice.
Then rising from the ground he added fiercely:
"I have kept my oath 1 He was not guilty, yet I have killed him ! Now for the others, and, He turned to miserable Gitano
He turned towards the tree where he had
bound' Morales. The Gitano was gone! He could hardly believe his eyes. Rushing to the spot he saw the severed ropes.
"Clumsy fool that I am !

Clumsy fool that I am !" he cried pasnlonately. "I should have killed him at once.
But I'll ind him ! yes, by all the demons, find him I will !" And he started off In the direction of the villa rented by Morales.
fon, the Gitano was hurrying in one direcon, the attano was hurry
In $a$ quarter of an hour he reached the city,
and a few minutes brought him to the quay. and a fow minutes brought him to the quay. Here he fund Carrien standing by the palan-
quin, pale with impatienee and rage. For three
quarters of an hour she had waited without seeing quarters of an hour she had waited without seeing
anything of Tancred or Morales. In the mean. anything of Tancred or Morales.
time the " Marsouin " had salled.
time the "Marsouin "hach sifled " See," she cried, clutching her brother by the arm, "there is the "Marsouin," all sails set, eaving the harbor.
posure, his dusty torn clothes, and his trem bling hands.
"Ightened voice. "What has happened? where is Tancred?"
Morales did not answer. He looked confasediy about him, and seeing at a few paces from him a number of boatmen whose little crafts were
moored along the wharf, he drew a handful 'of moored along the wharf, he dre
"This for the men who put us on board that "essel," he cried.
The men shook their heads. There was but mall chance of catching up to the "Marsouin" by this time. One old salt,
mined to make the attempt.
"Senor," he said, "we'll try to do it, and please God we will do it. But getaboard quick.
If you wait five minutes our chance is gone If you wait five minutes our chance is gone.
She'll catch the wind just now, and be off like a gull.

You hear, Carmen," sald Morales. "Quick !"
Where is Tancred ?"
Quick, Carmen! This is a matter of life or death." Where is Tanored "" asked the girl once " Look sharp, senor !" cried the old boatmen.
Notime to lose.
Morales could wait no longer. Taking Carmen in his arms he placed her in the boat and gotin after her. The oars dipp
"Brother," exclaimed Carmen, clasping her hands, "do you wish to drive me mad? Where is Tancred ? Why do we not walt for him?"'
Morales did not care to hide the trath any longer.
"See," said he,'showing his bruised and bleeding wrists. "解 is only by a miracle that I es-
caped. Quirio discovered us! He is taking his revenge! He is behind us! Tancred is dead!
Oarmen uttered a cry of pain, pressed her
hand to her heart and slipped senseless to the hand to her heart and slipped senseless to the
bottom of the boat. Morales treated his sister's sorrow with much coolness. After all it was better as it was, he
reasoned, and now turned his attention to the "Marsouin
At first the boat had gained upon the merchantman, but when the latter finally caught the wind the boatmen gave up the chase as lost and proposed to turn back. Morales, however, with the fear of Quirino before him, absolutely declined. He would make one effort more. Tying his handkerchief to a boat-hook he stood improvised signal in the hope of attracting the attention of those on board. The men exchanged a smile over what appeared to them a useless effort. They laughed in their sleeves at the simplicity of the passenger in expecting that such
They were, however, wrong for once. Morales' extemporized flag caught the eye of Mathurin
Lemonnier, Thinking that the boat con-
talned the Chevalier de Najac he gave orders to
heave to. heave to. "See, see!" cried the Gitano, "I have succeeded ! They are waiting for us! Row, row,
my brave fellows. I will make it worth your my bra
The men bent to their oars with a will, and vessel. A rope the boat drew up alongside the
as lowered, up which vessel. A rope ladder was lowered, up which
Morales climbed with all the activity of a liber. ated monkey. Two of the boatmen followed with Carmen, whom they laid unceremoniously upon the deck. In his joy at effecting his escape Morales was for once generous and the three men
ture.

The hands of the " Marsouin" formed a cirole ing, and pitying the fair young creature that lay ing, and pityin
thereas dead.
Morales fully understood the necessity of concealing his joy. Assuming a saddened look he
"Captain, in the name of humanity have my her cabin. And God grant that my carre may her cabin. And God
restore her to life!":"

## XXVI.

Morales' words and the tone in which they "Senor," said he, "you frighten me. Has any "Senor," said he, "you frighten me. Has any comes she in this condition? How is it that her h
you?
Mo
Morales covered his face with his hands and burst into a perfect (imitation of a) paroxysm of tears. this by this explosion of grief, " what is the mat

Alas !" murmured the Gitano, " I
"What, in Heaven's name?
"Thefmisfortune, the crime?", the catastrophe !
Oh, my God ! my sister will never survive it poor child! poor child l"
Morales'
Morales' sobs became so violent that they
seemed to threaten a nervous attack. The seemed to threaten a nervous attack. The
whole crew of the vessel pressed around him and the captain. The latter, in order to give the Spaniard time to recover from his emotion, had Carmen carried to her berth, and begged AnThen he returned to Morales.
"Senor," said he, "pardon me for trespassing on your grief, but my fears are so great that I of crimes and catastrophes, I fear something has happened to the Ohevalier de Najac. I beseech you to let me know the worst."
"Alas ! alas!" stammered Morales, "noble
and unfortunate young man! Tancred ! dear Tancred!" Fresh sobs interrupted his utter ance.

Well 9" asked Lemonnier, who was tremb ing like a lear!
"Murdered!
"Murdered !", sobbed Morales.
back with a gesture of horror. " murdered in a cowardly manner under my very eyes when I was unable to help him! Oh, misery, misery, misery !
Morales showed his
more,
"But
"But who," asked Lemonnier," was the inramous wretc
able crime?"
to Don't ask me now. I have not the strength to answer you. Later on you shall know all.
Just now I must attend to my sister. Poor dear child, only just married and a widow already the widow of a man whom she adored ! perhaps her grief will carry her off to join him."
The captain was compelled to delay further questions, and himself he oonducted Morales to his sister's cabin.
Carmen had just opened her eyes, but on re-
covering from her swoon she fell into a violent covering from her swoon she fell into a vilient
fever. She was quite dellirious, and incessantly repeated in a wearied broken volce
cred, I am waiting for you, why do you not come ?"
There
There was no doctor on board. Carmen's illness would probably be long and dangerous, perat a loss what stape captain But Annunzlata who had heard from her maid that a young lady
was on board at the point of death, determined, was on board at the point of death, determined,
without even asking the stranger's name, to tend her through her illness. The same day she took her place at Carmen's bedside.
"I shall save her !" she cried, with a pitying young and too beautiful to die yet. "Poor child, already unhappy ! We are sisters in age and in suffering. I know I shall love her
Leaving Annunziat.
us return to Morales.
On recovering from his paroxysm of grief the Gitano wont to the captain to whom he related a long story in which
strangely commingled.

According to this story, which we do not care to repeat at length, a young Indian prince, clent Kings of the Islands of Cubs, Immensely Wealthy, and so on, was deeply in love with hts came furious and vowed to taike frightfal bevenge if Carmen were to bestow her hand upon
any one else. Carmen, her future husband, and

Don Guzman himself were all included in the Hhreat. After this Quirino disappeared from Havana, and his menaces were forgotten. Car-
men married the Chevalier de Najac. The manner of and the circumstances attending this marriage Morales told in his own way. He then
related how the Indian prince, having heard of
Carmen's marriage and of her intended deparcarmen's marriage and of her intended deparband and her brother; how herself, her hus. part defeated brother, how the scheme was in part defeated, the young girl having passed by a for her, with half-a-dozen of his most devoted captured by this horde of savages, dragged into forest noar the city and tied to trees; how the Chevaller fell under a score of knives, and how at the last moment Morales himselfhad escaped
the same fate through the courage and devotion he same fate throngh the courage and devotion
of a faithful calesero.
The story was perfectly touching, quite dram. atic, and almost likely. The wounds on Morales wrists, however, offered indisputable proofs of
its correctness. So Mathurin Lemonnier acits correctness. So Mathurin Lemonnier ac-
cepted it all as gospel, and pitied with his whole generous heart unhappy Tancred, unfortunate ative soon got wind and before long everyone on board had it by heart. When Annunziata heard it, and learnt who her patient was, she
redoubled her attentions. It seemed to her that redoubled her attentions. It seemed to her that
the two of them had something in common.
Carmen's illness lasted for many days, but the Jaws of death. Finally she began to mend Her youth and vigorous constitution asserted themselves. When she was restored to consciousness, the first
Jose's daughter.
If the simple reader imagines that Carmen' hiness was brought on by grief at the loss of her usband superinduced by affection he mas as Well learn at once that he is entirely mistaken.
The girl, as we already have said, could not help The girl, as we already have said, could not help
liking her handsome young husband. But the liking her handsome young husband. But the
true reason of her grief was the overthrow of all her ambitious projects, the orumbling of the magnincent castles in the air she had so clevery, and so laboriously constructed, that they bid rium become realities. her lips.
long interview Morales closeted himself with her and in a low volce, for fear of indiscreet ears, Quirin the true history of the adventure with Quirino. He took care, however, to exaggerate very considerably the angry expressions used by
the Chevalier on learning his wife's and brotherine law's real rank in lifo.
"In short, my poor sister," concluded the band as lost mought for a scandalous dissolution of the marriage would have been the esult of the information volunteered by tha Wretch Quirino. As it is you are the widow of
the Chevalier Tancred de Najac. As it would have been the Church would havedissolved you
Carmen replied with a flood of tears, but in eality her brother had judged her correctly. In Tancred were he alive would have been nothing to her, and that she had really gained by his
She was careful to let no one, not even Mo-
rales, see what was going on in her mind, and she continued to play, as oleverly as ever, the omedy of despair.
During her convalescence a great intimacy had been struck up between the two girls, and
when Carmen was well enough to leave her bed the two became mourning they spent their days in Annunziata' ittle saioon, and theif evenings under the awn-
ing which the captain had had stretched over the quarter deck. They exchanged experiences and condolences with one another. Don Jose' Carmen treated her friend to a remarkabl which of statements respecting her early life,
gonor, if not to her veracity, at Which did great honor, if
least to her imagination.

## The Gitana, notwithsta

The Gitana, notwithstanding her show of sym. pathy and abundant conster could hardly restrai "Strange child," she thought "shen in suffing.
France to join her betrothed, a young, hand. some, and enormously wealthy man, and she complains of her fate ! she is unhappy ! What should I be, I whose projects have all proved hopes have made shlpwreck? What should I say ? Ah I why am I not in thls child's dace My heart breaks with bitterness at the thought
of this happiness which awaits her and which she refuses to recognise. It is something more than mere scorn I feel for this foolish Annun lata who blubbers and whines over her splendid an insult to me ! Her pretended unheppiness is a mockery of my misfortune."
And when the young orphan would throw herself on Carmen's bosom, crying: "Oh ! you ove me ! Your heart oan understand all tha mine is suffering !" the GItana would clasp her
in her arms and answer with a shower of

## Wses. Whis

While Carmen and Annunziata were exchang ing their tendernesses, the Gltano,or rather Senor
Don Guzman Morales y Tulipano, was dolng all n his power to dispel the ennui of a long a yage on a vessel carrying no passengers.
Notwithstanding his brilliant pasition
Spanish noblemen and a wealthy proprietor oondescended to treat the captain on a footing
of perfeot equality, and the latier, we are bound
to confess, felt himself highly honored by such a mark of distinction. The pair took their meals private saloon.
Naturally a gourmand, and very expert in matters oulinary (llke nearly all of his race who from time immemorial have preserved the secrets of unheard off but exquigite dishes, and toothsome sauces, unknown to ordinary mortals, Dumas at the time of his last tour in Spain,) the Gitano dine tour in Spain, hints to the cook; and at times himself super. intended the preparation of certhin mesterious viands worthy of the table of a crowned head. Mathurin Lemonnier knew what is good, and he was happy to be in a position to admit that Derf Guzman's oulinary efforts were more than perfection. The worthy man would rub his
hands and thank his stars for having givenhim such a pleasant companion as the Spanish gentleman, whose presence on board a
whiled away the tedium of the voyage.
Whiled away the tedium of the voyage,
After the evening repast, amply washed down with rare old Xeres and Oporto, the two men would take the air on the poop. They then $\mathrm{ra}^{-}$ turned to the captain's cabin,
man was affable enough to
they the worthy Norman. Towards midnignt of his cabin held a Morales in the retiremen sundry flasks of French cognac and Jamaios rum. Then he would go to his bed and indulge bright dreams for the future.
Since he was no longer afrald
Since he was no longer afrald of Quirino the Nothing seemed to him difficult or imen He too was beooming ambitious.
True the death of the Chevalier de Najac had robbed him of the support he had relied upon for making a brillitant appearance in the worlay for higher honors than ever
In his long conversations with Mathurin Le ${ }^{\circ}$ monnier he had acquired some largely at the not very exach notions of what went ments of His Majesty Louls XV. At that time deal of the retgn of Cotillon 111 .
"Who knows?" he thought. "Harre is not very far from Paris, and Paris is Havre is n . sailles. However beautiful the reigning favo rite may be, my sister Carmen is more beau
tiful still. The widow of the Chevalier de Najao is just as good as the wife of a small country gentleman, and the role of Count Jeandu Bar would suit me to a dot. The King is a
He is weak, they say. There would be the power of a clever favorite who $k$ to rule him. Did not Louis XIV, the
Louis XIV, become the husband of ol tenon? Nothing is impossible in th And thereupon Moralils went to sloep and
dreamed that Louis XV was oalling him brother" in-law.

## $\overline{\mathrm{xxv}}$.

the silver casket.
The "Marsoun,", warted by favoring mind Was about ataming he end of
 anchors into the still waters of Havre basin. Never had the frank and open
ance of Mathurin Lemonnier offered expression of contentment; because th seaman had never brought his vessel
with a cargo more preclous in the eyes He knew that the arrival of Annunziant would be a great event for Phillip Le and would cause him an immense jog because to the fatheriy embraces wich $h$ would bestow on the daughter of Don Jood would
One day, within sight of Cape st. Adrian jutting forward from the extremity of Gallol the breeze which had so steadily propelled ind vessel over the broad bill
denly fell and was succe "Zounds!" exclaimed the masts. "this will delay us stood at the helm and was blowing us Nevertheless, his vexation bore no
uneasiness. He dined merrily with
and both, according to the ap the cards and to their nightly hab which the Gitano always won, thanks b wonderful skill with wh
remain faithful to him
All at once, the door of the cabln where whe wo men were seated opposite each other art mate displayed his slightly lowering face. "What may be the matter $7^{\prime \prime}$ " what uneasy."
"Why so ?"
"It seems to me I see something in the sK" and on the sea which is not quite satisfactors
Come up on deck a moment if you ${ }^{\text {ens }}$, Come up on deck a mom
Captain, and you will see."
*The Parisians, and after them the whold French people, adopted a Joke said to have
nated with the King of Prussia, who nickname Madame de Chatesuroux, Cotillon I.; Md de Pompadour, Cotillon II.; and Mdmed

