was fired and Tancred, dropping his gun, fell heavily back with a last cry on his lips.

The Indian left his position and ran to the spot where his rival had dropped.

Just at this moment the negro had succeeded in freeing Moralès.

"My sister is a widow," exclaimed the Gitano, as he heard the shot. "She has no one in the world but me. We must take good care of her brother, at all events."

Following the advice of his rescuer, he threw himself on the ground, wormed his way snakelike to the hedge, and once on the other side ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the city.

The calesero, unwilling to meet the Indian,

as last as his legs could carry him to the city.

The calesero, unwilling to meet the Indian, followed his master, after taking care to put his earnings safely away.

On reaching the spot where Tancred had fallen, Quirino found the young man lying in a pool of blood. The ball had entered the chest and had ledded in the right phoulder. lodged in the right shoulder. A stream of blood poured from the wound.

poured from the wound.

A cloud passed over the Indian's face.

"What had he done to me?" he murmured.

"He did not even know that he had injured
me! Ought I to have revenged myself thus."

Kneeling down by the body, he placed his
hand over the young man's heart. It was

perfectly still.

"He is dead!" he exclaimed in a hollow

Then rising from the ground he added fler-

cely:
"I have kept my oath! He was not guilty,

"I have kept my oath! He was not guilty, yet I have killed him! Now for the others, and, first of all, that 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

could hardly believe his eyes. Rushing to the spot he saw the severed ropes.

"Clumsy fool that I am!" he cried passionately. "I should have killed him at once. But I'll find him! yes, by all the demons, find him I will!" And he started off in the direction of the villa rented by Morales.

While the Indian was hastening in one direction.

tion, the Gitano was hurrying away in another, at a tremendous pace.

In a quarter of an hour he reached the city, and a few minutes brought him to the quay. Here he found Carmen standing by the palan. quin, pale with impatience and rage. For three quarters of an hour she had waited without seeing anything of Tancred or Moralès. In the meantime the "Marsouin" had sailed.

"See," she cried, clutching her brother by the arm, "there is the "Marsouin," all sails set, leaving the harbor."

Looking at Moralès she remarked his discom-

bling hands.

"Where have you been?" she asked in a frightened voice. "What has happened? where is Tancred?"

Moralès did not answer. He looked confusedly hands and sealing at a few paces from him

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 gold and silver from his pocket.

"This for the men who put us on board that vessel," he cried.

The men shook their heads. There was but small chance of catching up to the "Marsonin" by this time. One old salt, however, determined to make the attempt.

"Senor," he said, "we'll try to do it, and please God we will do it. But get aboard quick. If you wait five minutes our chance is gone. She'll catch the wind just now, and be off like a gull."

"You hear Cormon" "The Cormon "The Corm

You hear, Carmen," said Morales. "Quick!"

"Where is Tancred?"
"Quick, Carmen! This is a matter of life or death."

"Where is Tanored?" asked the girl once more. "I will not go without Tancred." "Look sharp, senor!" oried the old boatman. "No time to lo

"No time to lose."

Moralès could wait no longer. Taking Carmen in his arms he placed her in the boat and got in after her. The oars dipped into the water, and the boat skimmed away.

"Brother," exclaimed Carmen, clasping her hands, "do you wish to drive me mad? Where is Tancred? Why do we not wait for him?"

Moralès did not care to hide the truth any longer. longer.

"See," said he, showing his bruised and bleeding wrists. "In is only by a miracle that I escaped. Quirino discovered us! He is taking his revenge! He is behind us! Tancred is

Carmen uttered a cry of pain, pressed her hand to her heart and slipped senseless to the bottom of the boat.

Moralès treated his sister's sorrow with much After all it was better a reasoned, and now turned his attention to the "Marsouin."

"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 up in the stern-sheets and frantically waved his 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 a small display could attract any attention.

They were, however, wrong for once. Morales'

They were, however, wrong for once. Morales' xtemporized flag caught the eye of Mathurin emonnier. Thinking that the boat con-

tained the Chevalier de Najac he gave orders to

see!" cried the Gitano, "I have so reeded ! ceeded! They are waiting for us! Row, row, my brave fellows. I will make it worth your

The men bent to their oars with a will, and before very long the boat drew up alongside the vessel. A rope ladder was lowered, up which Morales climbed with all the activity of a liberated 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 rowed back well satisfied with their ven.

ture.
The hands of the "Marsouin" formed a circle round the inanimate form of Carmen, wondering, and pitying the fair young creature that lay there as dead.

there as dead.

Morales fully understood the necessity of concealing his joy. Assuming a saddened look he turned to Lemonnier.

"Captain, in the name of humanity have my unfortunate sister, Madame de Najac, carried to her cabin. And God grant that my care may restore her to life!"

XXVI.

CARMEN AND ANNUNZIATA.

Morales' words and the tone in which they

words and the tone in which they were uttered astonished the worthy captain.

"Senor," said he, "you frighten me. Has any misfortune happened to your sister? How comes she in this condition? How is it that her husband, the Chevalier de Najac, is not with

Moralès covered his face with his hands and burst into a perfect (imitation of a) paroxysm of

"Senor, senor," continued Lemonnier, touched by this explosion of grief, "what is the mat-ter?" "Alas!" murmured the Gitano, "I have

"What, in Heaven's name?"

"Themsfortune, the crime, the catastrophe!
Oh, my God! my sister will never survive it!
poor child! poor child!"

poor child! poor child!"

Moralès' sobs became so violent that they 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 Annunziata's waiting-woman to attend to her. Then he returned to Moralès.

"Senor," sald he, "pardon me for trespassing on your grief, but my fears are so great that I

on your grief, but my fears are so great that I must satisfy myself. When I hear you speak of crimes and catastrophes, I fear something has happened to the Chevalier de Najac. I be-

seech you to let me know the worst."

"Alas! alas!" stammered Moralès, "noble and unfortunate young man! Tancred! dear Tancred!" Fresh sobs interrupted his utter-Tancred !" "Well?" asked Lemonnier, who was trembing like a leaf.
"Murdered!" sobbed Moralès.
"Murdered!" exclaimed the captain, falling

back with a gesture of horror.

"Yes," continued the Gitano in a faint voice,
"murdered in a cowardly manner under my
very eyes when I was unable to help him! Oh, misery, misery, misery!"

Moralès showed his bleeding wrists once

"But who." asked Lemonnier," was the in ous wretch who committed this abomin-crime?"

Don't ask me now. I have not the strength "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 conducted Morales to his situation, and himself he conducted Morales to

his sister's cabin.

his sister's cabin.

Carmen had just opened her eyes, but on recovering from her swoon she fell into a violent fever. She was quite delirious, and incessantly repeated in a wearied broken voice:

"Tancred, Tancred, where are you? Tancred, I am waiting for you, why do you not come?"

come ?'

There was no doctor on board. Carmen's ill. ness would probably be long and dangerous, perhaps fatal. Both the captain and Morales were at a loss what steps to take. But Annunziata, who had heard from her maid that a young lady who had heard from her maid that a young lady 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 look at the pale face of the sufferer; "she is too 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 Annunziata to watch by Carmen, let us return to Moralès.

On recovering from his paroxysm of grief the

us return to Moralès.

On recovering from his paroxysm of grief the Gitano went to the captain to whom he related a long story in which truth and fiction were strangely commingled.

According to this story, which we do not care to repeat at length, a young Indian prince, named Quirino, a direct descendant of the ancient Kings of the Islands of Cubs, immensely wealthy, and so on west deaply in love with the wealthy, and so on, was deeply in love with his sister, had proposed, and on being rejected be-came furious and vowed to take frightful re-venge if Carmen were to bestow her hand upon any one else. Carmen, her future husband, and

Don Guzman himself were all included in the threat. After this Quirino disappeared from Havana, and his menaces were forgotten. Carmen married the Chevalier de Najac. The Havana, and his menaces were forgotten. Carmen married the Chevalier de Najac. The manner of and the circumstances attending this marriage Moralès told in his own way. He then related how the Indian prince, having heard of Carmen's marriage and of her intended departure set an infernal snare for herself, her husband and her brother; how the scheme was in part defeated, the young girl having passed by a different road to that where Quirino was in wait for her, with half-a-dozen of his most devoted followers; how Tancred and Don Guzman were captured by this horde of savages, dragged into a forest near the city and tied to trees; how the Chevalier fell under a score of knives, and how at the last moment Moralès himselfhad escaped the same fate through the courage and devotion of a faithful calesero.

The story was perfectly touching, quite dramatic, and almost likely. The wounds on Moralès' wrists, however, offered indisputable proofs of its correctness. So Mathurin Lemonnier accepted it all as gospel, and pitted with his whole generous heart unhappy Tancred, unfortunate Carmen, and the inconsolable brother. The narrative soon got wind and before long everyone on board had it by heart. When Annunziats

rative soon got wind and before long everyone on board had it by heart. When Annunziata

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 the two of them had something in common.

Carmen's illness lasted for many days, but under Annunziata's care she was snatched from the jaws of death. Finally she began to mend. Her youth and vigorous constitution asserted themselves. When she was restored to consciousness, the first face she saw was that of Don José's daughter.

If the simple reader imagines that Carmen's illness was brought on by grief at the loss of her

illness was brought on by grief at the loss of her husband superinduced by affection he may as well learn at once that he is entirely mistaken. The girl, as we already have said, could not help liking her handsome young husband. But the true reason of her grief was the overthrow of all her ambitious projects, the crumbling of the magnificent castles in the air she had so cleverly, and so laboriously constructed, that they bid fair to become realities. In the moment of her triumph the cup of success was dashed from

her lips.
As soon as Carmen was strong enough to bear a long interview Moralès closeted himself with her and in a low voice, for fear of indiscreet ears told her the true history of the adventure

told her 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 brother-in-law's real rank in life.

"In short, my poor sister," concluded the Gitano, "you might have looked upon your husband as lost to you, for a scandalous dissolution of the marriage would have been the infallible result of the information volunteered by that wretch Quirino. As it is you are the widow of the Chevalier Tancred de Najac. As it would have been the Church would have dissolved your union."

Carmen replied with a flood of tears, but in reality her brother had judged her correctly. In her grief it was a great consolation to know that 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 Morales, see what was going on in her mind, and she continued to play, as cleverly as ever, the comedy 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 unseparable. Clad in deep mourning they spent their days in Annunziata's little saloon, and their evenings under the awning which the captain had had stretched over the quarter deck. They exchanged experiences and condolences with one another. Don José's daughter told the story of her bereavement, and Carmen treated her friend to a remarkable carmen treated her friend to a remarkable string of statements respecting her early life, which did great homor, if not to her veracity, at least to her imagination.

The Gitana, notwithstanding her show of sym

rathy and abundant tears, could hardly restrain her contempt for her companion in suffering.

"Strange child," she thought, "she is going to France to join her betrothed, a young, handsome, and enormously wealthy man, and she complains of her fate; she is unhappy! What should I be I whose protests have all proved. complains of her fate! she is unhappy! What should I be, I whose projects have all proved abortive, whose plans have miscarried and whose hopes have made shipwreck? What should I say? Ah! why am I not in this child's place! 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 Annundate who hlubbors and which seems to seem the seems. zlata who blubbers and whines over her splendid future. I despise her, I hate her! Her tears are an insult to me! Her pretended unhappiness is a mockery of my misfortune."

And when the young orphan would throw herself on Carmen's bosom, crying: "Oh! you love me! Your heart can understand all that mine is suffering!" the Gitana would clasp her in her arms and answer with a shower of

While Carmen and Annunziata were exchanging their tendernesses, the Gitano, or rather Senor Don Guzman Moralès y Tulipano, was doing all in his power to dispel the ennui of a long sea voyage on a vessel carrying no passengers.

Notwithstanding his brilliant position as a

Spanish noblemen and a wealthy proprietor, he condescended to treat the captain on a footing of perfect equality, and the latter, we are bound

to confess, felt himself highly honored by such a mark of distinction. The pair took their meals together; the ladies being served apart in the

private saloon.

Naturally a gourmand, and very expert in matters culinary (like nearly all of his race who from time immemorial have preserved the secrets of unheard off but exquisite dishes, and toothsome sauces, unknown to ordinary mortals, secrets which were communicated to Alexander Dumas at the time of his last tour in Spain, the Gitano deigned to impart some valuable hints to the cook; and at times himself superintended the preparation of certain mysterious

hints to the cook; and at times himself superintended the preparation of certain mysterious
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
Don Guzman's culinary efforts were more than
perfection. The worthy man would rub his
hands and thank his stars for having given him
such a pleasant companion as the Spanish gentleman, whose presence on board agreeably
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 returned to the captain's cabin, where Don Guzman was affable enough to win a few please
man was affable enough to win a few please

man was affable enough to win a few plees from the worthy Norman. Towards midnight they separated, and Moralès in the retirement of his cabin held a long and solitary carouse over sundry flasks of French cognac and Jamaios rum. Then he would go to his bed and indulge the bright drapme for the church where the control of the country flasks. rum. Then he would go to his in bright dreams for the future.

in origin dreams for the future.
Since he was no longer afraid of Quirino the
Gitano feared nothing and no one, not even God.
Nothing seemed to him difficult or impossible.
He too was becoming ambitious.
True the death of the Chevalier de Najac had
robbed him of the support he had relied upon
for making a brilliant appearance in the world.

for making a brilliant appearance in the world, but this did not discourage him, and he looked for higher honors than ever.

In his long conversations with Mathurin Lemonnier he had acquired some largely developed, if not very exact notions of what went on the transport and in the private anarty.

loped, if not very exact notions of what went at the French court and in the private apartments of His Majesty Louis XV. At that time people in the provinces were talking a great deal of the reign of Cotillon III.

"Who knows?" he thought. "Havre is not very far from Paris, and Paris is close to Versailles. However beautiful the reigning favorite may be, my sister Carmen is more beautiful still. The widow of the Chevalier de Najad is just as good as the wife of a small country. is just as good as the wife of a small country gentleman, and the role of Count Jean du Barry would suit me to a dot. The King is a widower. He is weak, they say. There would be no how how the power of a clever favorite who knew how the power of a clever favorite who knew for to rule him. Did not Louis XIV, the Main-Louis XIV, become the husband of old tenon? Nothing is impossible in this world! I say it, and I believe it, caramba!" And thereupon Moralès went to sleep and dreamed that Louis XV was calling him brother.

in-law. XXVII.

THE SILVER CASKET.

THE SILVER CASKET.

The "Marsouin," wafted by favoring wind, was about attaining the end of its voyage; the coast of Portugal was already in sight; in a few weeks she would enter, with full sails, into the English Channel, and at length would cast her anchors into the still waters of Havre basin.

Never had the frank and open countenance of Mathurin Lemonnier offered a lovelier expression of contenument; because the worthy seaman had never brought his vessel into port with a cargo more precious in the eyes of a ship with

with a cargo more precious in the eyes of a owner. He knew that the arrival of Annungiate owner. He knew that the arrival of Annunsian would be a great event for Phillip LeVaillant, and would cause him an immense joy, not unmixed, however, with a profound grief, because to the fatherly embraces which would bestow on the daughter of Don would be joined tears shed for the death of his old friend.

One day, within sight of Cape St. Adrian, jutting forward from the extremity of Galick, the breeze which had no the extremity of Galick, the breeze which had so steadily propelled the vessel over the broad bills. vessel over the broad billows of the ocean, such

vessel over the broad billows of the ocean, and deally fell and was succeeded by a dead calmow "Zounds!" exclaimed the Captain as be gazed upon the sails hanging flacoid along hymasts. "this will delay us and it is a great play for we were advancing as if Æolus himself for we were advancing as if Æolus himself stood at the helm and was blowing us onward."

Nevertheless, his vexation bore no trace of Nevertheless, his vexation bore no trace of uneasiness. He dined merrily with Morsh's and both, according to their nightly habit, token the cards and began that eternal which the Gitano always won, thanks be to wonderful skill with which he forced chance to wonderful skill with which he forced chance

wonderful skill with which he forced chance to remain faithful to him.

All at once, the door of the cabin where the two men were seated opposite each other gas two men were seated opposite each other gas partially opened, and in the aperture the mate displayed his slightly lowering face.

"Well, Peter Hauville," asked Mathurin, "what may be the matter?"

"The matter is, Captain, that I am somewhat uneasy."

"Why so?"

"It seems to me I see something in the sky."

"It seems to me I see something in the sky and on the sea which is not quite satisfactory.

Come up on deck a moment if you please, Captain, and you will see."

The Parisians, and after them the whole French people, adopted a joke said to have originated with the King of Prussia, who nicknamed madame de Chateauroux, Cotillon II.; Mdme de Pompadour, Cotillon III.; and Mdme du Barry, Cotillon III. *The Parisians, and after them the