

THE GITANA.

[Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.]

LXIV. (continued.)

"What other motive but jealousy could have impelled you to fight the Marquis de Grancey?"
 "The real motive must remain unknown."
 The officer did not insist, but said:
 "A few hours after the duel, you fled to Brittany, leaving your wife behind you."
 "My wife had just taken poison and I thought she was a corpse."
 "What was the cause of the pretended suicide?"
 "Madame LeVaillant refused to follow me to Havana."
 "Why this repugnance on her part?"
 "She alone can answer."
 "On reaching Brittany, you saw Miss de Kerven again?"
 "I did."
 "Did you tell her all?"
 "I did not."
 "Why not?"
 "I did not wish to pain her."
 "And you hastened your marriage with her?"
 "I did."
 "Without being positive of your wife's death."
 "I had no doubt of that."
 The interrogatory continued for a time longer and the feeling of the Court was evidently going against Oliver, when the hour for recess came.
 On the re-opening of the Court, two men pale and covered with dust were ushered into the presence of the Judge. They were Tancred and Quirino who had miraculously escaped from the frightful death prepared for them by Carmen, and who, hearing of Oliver's peril, had come, through a thousand obstacles, to save him.
 On seeing them Carmen knew that all was over. She exclaimed:
 "Drive those spectres away—I confess all—drive them away."
 "What do you confess?" asked the judge abruptly and eagerly
 "That I am not Annunziata Rovero."
 "Who are you then?"
 "Carmen Morales."
 "And next?"
 "That I am the wife of Tancred de Najac."
 "Not the wife of Oliver Le Vaillant?"
 "No."
 "And Don Guzman?"
 "Is my brother and accomplice."
 Without a moment's hesitation the judge made a sign to the guard who formed a circle around Carmen and Morales, while Dinorah flew into the arms of Oliver.

LXV.

THE STRAIN

Not later than a week later, the trial of Carmen and Morales took place. It was rapid and decisive. They were condemned to death. The sentence was without appeal. There was only the interval of a week between its promulgation and its execution.
 Brother and sister were allowed the privilege of mutual society. Throughout the Gitano preserved her character, whereas the Gitana was prostrate with discouragement.
 One day she said to him:
 "Do you want to be saved?"
 He looked up confused.
 "Have you your leather belt about you?"
 "Yes. By a special favor of Providence."
 "Take it off, and give me a few handfuls of money."
 Morales did as he was told.
 Then one of the keepers came and separated brother and sister for the day.
 "My friend," said Carmen to the man, "do you want to win this money?"
 And she showed four double louis.
 "If I may do so without danger," was the reply, "I am willing."
 "There is no danger. Only get me pen, ink, and paper."
 These objects were at once procured.
 Carmen wrote a few lines on which she traced the name of Quirino.
 "Bring this man to me," said she.
 "I will do so," answered the keeper.
 Two hours later the door of the cell opened, and Quirino stood on the threshold.
 He appeared impassible. He crossed his hands on his chest and said slowly:
 "You have called me. Here I am. What do you desire?"
 Carmen answered, radiant with beauty:
 "You loved me once Quirino. I have wronged you once. Life is sweet. Pardon me. Save me."
 The heart of the Indian was moved. The old voice, the sweet face, the form he had once loved came back to him overpoweringly.
 He could not stand the assault. After a vain resistance of a few minutes, he was completely conquered.
 "Carmen," he exclaimed, "all is forgotten and forgiven. What do you want?"
 "A poison, Quirino. A swift and sure poison." Quirino had one brief moment of frightful hesitation.
 He had the poison. Would he give it?
 No!
 "No, Carmen. You ask death. I will give you life."
 "What, you love me still, Quirino?"

"If I love you!"
 They fell into each other's arms.
 It was a rapturous spectacle.
 They parted at length. But they understood each other thoroughly. Alas! so Quirino thought.
 The next morning, a monk appeared in the Gitana's cell.
 Quirino opened his ample dress, drew therefrom a bundle of ropes, a second religious costume and a costume of guardsman.
 "Have you any weapons?" whispered Carmen.
 The Indian displayed two poniards. The Gitana took one, hiding it in her corsage.
 The door of the cell opened. Quirino rushed on the keeper, bound him hand and foot and then gagged him.
 Then Carmen put on the religious dress brought by Quirino, drawing the hood over her sweet face. She afterwards released Morales who donned the guardsman's uniform.
 Slowly, carefully, and at length successfully the three crept out of the prison bounds.
 Quirino was in an ecstasy of joy.

LXVI.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Carmen had agreed with Quirino that they should fly to England. Thence they would proceed to Havana and there be happy once more. Meantime they stopped at an inn, on the outskirts of Nantes.
 In Quirino's absence, Carmen had an interview with Morales.
 "We must go to Paris," said she.
 "Impossible!"
 "But we must."
 "And poor Quirino? you don't mean to reward him?"
 "Impossible. Paris is the future field of our adventures."
 "How shall we manage?"
 "Flee to Havre first. I have jewels and money enough left. Get a vehicle of some sort and let us start at midnight."
 Morales did as he was bid.
 At midnight, brother and sister leaped into a light calèche and sped away in the darkness.
 The next morning they were on their way to Paris and safe from all pursuit.
 Quirino finding how much he had been duped was for a time inconsolable.
 To assuage his grief, he went to his friend Tancred. The latter took him aboard his coaster and they sought the Bay of Biscay in Spain.
 Weeks passed.
 One day the two friends were looking seaward. They spied an embarcation making toward them.
 As it approached, they distinguished a young woman standing on the poop. She was surpassingly beautiful.
 Quirino noticed the stupefaction of his friend.
 "What is it?" he inquired.
 "ANNUNZIATA!" exclaimed Tancred.
 "What?"
 "It is the daughter of Don José or her ghost!"
 The boat deflected from the coaster and put direct to shore.
 Tancred could not withhold his impatience. He must solve this mystery.
 He put out his boat and went ashore. He then walked to the nearest hamlet. The first house he came to was that of a fisherman who told him whom the boat containing the girl belonged to.
 "It is Juan Mondego," said he.
 Tancred and Quirino went thither direct.
 Annunziata was standing alone on the threshold. When she spied M. de Najac, she uttered a cry, put her hands to her heart and fell senseless into the Frenchman's arms.
 When she recovered, she was calm. All was explained. The story of the wreck of the "Marsouin" was recounted. She had been picked up on the beach by the Mondego family, and had remained among them, believing that all her companions were lost. The Mondegos were profoundly ignorant and she herself had no desire to go beyond the confines of their poor village.
 The sequel is soon told. Why multiply pages in unfolding the stories of the heart? Tancred had no difficulty in obtaining from the ecclesiastical authorities a release from his marriage with the infamous Carmen.
 Need we add that he had no difficulty in renewing his old love with Annunziata?
 Their marriage had been blessed of Heaven for a long time when Tancred's vessel cast anchor in the waters of St. Nazaire.
 The young couple landed in a boat and were shown the farmhouse of Dinorah.
 They were alone. Quirino, broken down by his last disappointment had set sail for Havana.
 At the moment when Tancred and his wife entered the charming enclosure, the sun was setting in clouds of purple and gold.
 Oliver and Dinorah, locked arm in arm, came forward to meet them.
 "My friends," said Tancred, "I present you one who is risen from the dead. Annunziata Rovero, my adored wife!"
 "She will be our beloved sister," responded Dinorah and Oliver.
 And they opened to the young woman their arms and their hearts.
 Tancred and Annunziata were happy. And so were Oliver and Dinorah.
 Jocelyn guided the steps of two young angels, on the greenward, beautiful and blond as their mother.

THE END

SAVED FROM A WRECK.

It seemed like a presentiment! At least there was something very remarkable in the fact that my countrymen and fellow-travellers, Dous Manuel and Domingo, should have altered their plans at the last moment of leaving England, and instead of returning to Peru, their native country, via New York, as had been previously agreed, decided to go by the more direct way of Jamaica. A thousand miles more or less is no consideration with such travellers as we Peruvians are, and although New York is a little out of the way to South America, my friends did not hesitate on that account. However, it was finally arranged that my companions should return to Peru by the Jamaica route, and that I should meet them there after touching at New York, where my wife and family were residing. Some valuable works of art, which my fellow-travellers had purchased during our ten months' wanderings in Europe, were to have gone with me to New York; but here again the finger of fate seemed to interpose, and labelled them "glass with care," direct to Peru by sailing vessel.

I wished afterwards that I had adopted the same precaution with regard to a small leather bag that contained various presents for my friends in South America, beside many little treasures which I had collected abroad.

I had my choice of steamers for New York, as two were about leaving Liverpool for that city. Both had alike the reputation for fast sailing and cabin comforts, but the fates decreed that I should embark in the one which I will call the "Arcadia," and I accordingly secured a berth in the saloon department of that vessel.

I am an old traveller, and therefore nothing was omitted in my list of requirements for a voyage by sea, except a life-preserver which I had intended purchasing in London, but which, in the hurry of my departure, I had forgotten. My portmanteau was, as usual, stowed away in a place in my cabin; the leather bag, containing my money and valuables, was consigned to the care of the purser; and before I retired to rest, an old sock—in which I was accustomed at night to place my silver match-box, my gold repeater, a couple of valuable rings, and a little loose cash—was deposited under my pillow. Like most of my countrymen, I am an inveterate smoker, and I had not forgotten to provide myself with a goodly supply of cigars of the best brand, together with a few packets of Havana cigarettes.

The "Arcadia" was not altogether what I should have considered a clean and perfectly sound vessel; indeed this was her last voyage before putting into dock for repairs. However, I fed and slept well, and the speed at which we started left nothing to be desired.

We steamed out of Liverpool, and on the following day we had already made three hundred and forty-four miles. On the next days, however, we were caught in a strong gale, which rent some of our sails and retarded our progress. But on the morrow there was a calm, and notwithstanding this we made only 244 miles. On the next day, with the weather still in our favor, we made but 189 miles. The passengers now began to comment upon the tardiness of the steamer, and many were of opinion that the coal supply was deficient, and when three days later we found that we had made at the rate of 189 miles per twenty-four hours, we twitted our captain good-naturedly about the stingy allowance of coal.

We were a merry party, and fraternized much during the tedious voyage, occupying the hours by playing chess, cards, and other games, and laying wagers as to the number of miles the steamer was making per day. Three of the saloon passengers, whom I will call Mr. Welch, Mr. Sant, and Mr. Kew, were especially friendly with me—perhaps because I was a foreigner, and contributed largely towards maintaining the hilarity on board. They also helped me to consume the good Havana cigars which I had brought.

On the last day of that memorable month, the fact could not be concealed that the "Arcadia" was either deficient in coal or that the supply was of inferior quality, and upon the morning of that day it was resolved to make for Halifax. At twelve o'clock our captain gave orders to change the route and put the ship's head northwards. It was only after the mischief was done we learnt that the steamer had at that moment already passed Halifax by 160 miles! "The "Arcadia" was then sailing at the rate of thirteen miles an hour.

My friend Mr. Welch, whose destination was South Carolina, signified his intention to land at Halifax, and continue the rest of the journey to New York by rail. He advised me to follow his example, and, as I was heartily tired of the sea-voyage, I willingly agreed to accompany him. Other passengers joined in our scheme, and discussed with us as to the best means of carrying out our plan. But man proposes and

I retired early to my berth on the evening of a very memorable day, and slept somewhat more soundly than I had hitherto done. The thought of awakening on the morrow off Halifax and continuing the journey by land was a delightful prospect, and I soon began to dream that I was already in the bosom of my anxious family.

Long before daybreak I was awakened by a strange noise, as of machinery in violent motion. At first I took no notice of the sounds, for I attributed them to the hauling up of stinders

from the furnaces below. Upon their being repeated, however, I threw on a few clothes, tripped into my slippers, and entered the saloon. Here I was met by one of the stewards, who, in great agitation, informed me that the steamer had struck. I thought at first he was only joking, and that he meant that the vessel was "on strike," and had refused to go on. His real meaning was, however, soon made clear to my understanding. The steamer had struck on a rock and was fast sinking!

My first impulse was to fly for safety to a high part of the vessel, and trust in Providence for my deliverance. Recollecting, however, that death from exposure to the cold was said to be even worse than death from drowning, I returned to my cabin for my heavy overcoat and travelling cap. I bethought me also of the old sock, which besides my watch, rings, and match-box, contained twenty-three sovereigns, and thinking these might prove of service, I gathered them together and stuffed them hurriedly into a pocket of my warm overcoat, where I found also a few cigars and cigarettes. There was no time for any further preparations. The water was already rushing in torrents down the cabin stairs, and before I had had time to reach the deck my feet were soaking.

The scene on deck was indeed terrible. The door of the steerage cabin had been thrown open, and the emigrants were pouring out like ants from a beehive ant-hill. Women and children were running wildly about in all directions, and rent the night air with their shrieks and piteous cries for help.

Alighting on the quarter-deck I encountered Mr. Sant in the act of putting on a life-preserver and near the wheel-house the last of the signal rockets was being fired.

Instinctively, or as if inspired, I clung to the broad wooden rail on the starboard or right-hand side of the steamer, for in that moment the vessel suddenly heaved over, and threatened to precipitate me into the sea. I now fell on my knees and, in my native language, implored Heaven to forgive my sins, and protect my beloved wife and children. I fancied then that I saw my dear family standing in the centre of the deck before me, and the illusion was only dispelled when I observed that the deck was so much out of the horizontal that I was forced to hold fast to the rail in order to save myself from falling forwards. I clung for very life to an iron bar of this rail, for the steamer had heeled over again, and stood as they say "on her beam-ends."

I thought it strange that she should have fallen with her deck seawards, when the waves and wind were inclining her to the land side. If, however, she had fallen in the opposite direction, every soul on board must have perished.

Wearied with grasping the rail of the steamer, I ventured to change my place of safety, and for this purpose moved cautiously towards the hurricane or bridge deck, which is the highest part of a vessel. Seating myself upon one of the iron props of the bridge, I felt the waves as they dashed against the upturned hull, and I heard a voice repeatedly cry, "Take to the rigging!" I, however, did not avail myself of the invitation, for I could observe indistinctly that the rigging was already black with people, and it was besides difficult to approach that quarter of the steamer. Light was issuing from the port-holes of the hull beneath me, but this was presently extinguished by the waves as they dashed into the little windows. I myself soon became thoroughly drenched with water, my feet and hands were numbed with the cold, and my slippers parted company.

Suddenly I lost my hold and fell. I now thought that my end was indeed approaching; but by a miracle I presently found myself seated saddle-fashion on the wooden rail below. Again I thanked Heaven for my safety, and as I was uttering the words, a voice near me asked whether I was addressing him.

"No," I replied; "I am praying, and I recommend you to do the same."

"What language do you pray in?" he inquired.

"In Spanish," I answered, "but you can pray in your own language, you know."

The waves still beat with fury against the wreck, and now daylight began to appear, and gradually revealed the objects around. Land—so dreaded a few hours since, so welcome now—was distinctly visible. The steamer appeared to be enclosed in a kind of semicircle of land.

In turning my head I beheld my friend Mr. Sant, whom I found to be the person who had last addressed me.

"Are you Señor O——?" he asked.

"I am."

"Oh! we are lost—we are lost!" he exclaimed.

"On the contrary," said I, "I believe we are saved."

"Saved for the moment only!" he said.

The poor fellow had neither hat nor coat on, and was shivering with cold. Water was dripping from his head, and his watch-guard hung loosely from his waistcoat. He told me that he had offered one of the sailors fifty dollars for a life-preserver; that the man had accepted his offer, but Mr. Sant's hands were so numbed with cold that he was unable to extract the coin from his fob. The sailor therefore followed my friend's directions, and helped himself. The life-preserver, however, proved of no service, nor had a life-preserver been of any use to George, one of the attendants of the saloon, who had tried to avail himself of one. His body was then floating under my gaze.

(To be continued.)