THE GYPSY QUEEN'S VOW

By JANIE O'BRIEN.

"Mother, it is my wish," he said, calm-

(Continued.)

"Yours, Reginald?" she cried, in voice of unutterable reproach. "You wish that I should leave you? For fifteen years I have given you up, and in one short hour you tire of me now. O Reginald, my son! my son!"

anguish, the utter woe that rived that wild cry up from her tortured heart. He came over, and laid his small, delicate hand on hers, hard, coarse, and

black, with sun, wind and toil. "Listen to me, my mother!" And his low, calm, soothing tones were in strong contrast to her impassioned voice. "I am not tired of you-you wrong me by thinking so; but I have letters to write, and many matters to arrange before tomorrow's sun rises. I am tired, too, and want to rest; for it is a long time since sleep visited my eyes, mother."

"Sleep," she bitterly echoed, "and when do you think I have slept? Look at these sunken eyes, this ghastly face, her that demoniacal smile of unquench. SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLARS Think of the mighty wrong I have suffered, and ask when I shall sleep again!"

"My poor, unhappy mother!" "He can sleep," she broke out with a low, wild laugh. "Oh, yes! in his bed of down, with his princely son under the same roof, with menials to come at his beck, he can sleep. Yes, he sleeps now! bat the hour comes when that sleep shall last forever. Then my eyes may close, but not before!"

"You are delirious, mother: this blow has turned your brain."

"Delirious, am I?" she said, in her deep the silent cell. "If undying hate, if unresting vengeance, if revenge that will never be satiated but by his misery, be delirium, then I am mad. I leave you now, Reginald, since such is your com-before him, and he shuddered with a mand; and remember, when far away, you leave one behind you who will wreak fearful vengeance for all we suffered."

"Mother, Lord De Courcy is not so much to blame after all, since he believes me guilty. I am not alarmed by your wild threats; for I know, in the course of time, this mad hate will grow less."

"Never-never! May God forget me if I ever forget my vow! Reginald, if I thought that man sould go to Heaven. and I by some thinesibility could be saved too toward take a dagger and send my soul in perdition, sooner than go

Upturned in the red light of the lamp, her face, as she spoke, was the face of a

he and half to himself, as he gazed on that fieldish face. Farewell, then, other: Will you fulfil my last request?" "About your child?_yes."

Thank you, dearest mother. If so lost a wretch as I am dared invoke Heaven, I would ask its blessings on

"Ask no blessing for me!" she fiercely broke in: "I would hurl it back in the face of the angels, did they offer it."

Folding her mantle around her, she knotted the handkerchief, that had fallen off, under her chin, and stood ready to depart. The young man went to the door, and knocked loudly. A moment after, the tramp of heavy feet was heard in the corridor approaching the door. "It is the jailer to let you out. Once

more, good bye." Without a word she pressed one hot, burning kiss on his handsome brow; and in the darkness like an evil shadow. The heavy door again swung to; the key turn-

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOTHER'S DESPAIR "Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung From forest-cave her shrieking young, And calm the ionery noness—
But soothe not, mock not, my distress."
—Byron. And calm the tonely lioness-

Away through the driving stormthrough the deepening darkness of coming morn - through the long, bleak, gusty streets-through alleys and courts, and lanes, whirled on like a leaf in the blast that knows not, cares not, whither it goes, sped the gipsy queen, Ketura. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish waters beneath. Oue plunge, she thought, as she leaned over, and all this gnawing misery that seems eating her very vitals might be ended forever. One hand was laid on the rail-the next moment she might have been in eternity; but with the rebound of a roused tigress she sprung back.

waters below, filled up the hiatus.

was borne on, as if by the night wind, sent a thrill of terror to the very heart and stood gazing down into the gloomy the earl. waters beside her. One fleeting glimpse she caught of the pale, young face, beauwoe; and then, with a light rustle, something went down, far down, into the waves beneath. There was a sullen plunge, and the gipsy queen leaned over to see. By the light of one of the barge lamps she saw a darker shadow rise through the darkness to the surface, For an instant the white, wild face

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Aug. 6, 1884.

JAMES S. NEILL,

glared above the black bosom of the Thames, and then disappeared forever and with a hard, bitter smile, terrible to

see, the dark, dread woman turned away. Away, again through the labyrinth of the city, leaving that "Bridge of Sighs" far behind-away from the dark dens and filthy purlieus to the wider and more fashionable part of the town, sped the gipsy queen. Clutching her breast fierce ly at intervals with her dark, horny fing ers, as if she would tear thence the anguish that was driving her mad, she still flew on, until once again she found herself before the brilliantly-lighted man-No words can describe the piercing sion of Earl De Courcy. Swelling on the night air. came borne to her ear strains of softest music, as if to mock her misery Gay forms went flitting past the windows, and, at intervals, soft, musical peals of

> of gayety. Folding her arms over her breast, the gipsy leaned against a lamp. Selected by men of great experience post, and looked, with a steady smile, up at the illuminated "marble hall" before her. Her commanding form, made more commanding by her free, fiery costume, stood out in bold relief in the light of the street lamp. Her dark face was set with a look terrific in its intensity of hate, THESE BOOKS WILL BE FOUND And that smile curling her thin, colorless lips-Satan himself might have envied

able malignity.

laughter mingled with the louder sounds

Moving through his gorgeous rooms, Earl De Courcy dreamed not of the dark, vengeful glance that would, if it And will be sold at the LOWEST RATES could, have pierced those solid walls of stone to seek him. And yet ever before him, to mar his festivity, would arise the ont often occur, but when they do, those distended eye-balls, those blanched keep your children interested; to do lips, those upraised hands, pleading that you must have Good Books. vainly for the mercy he could not grant. Amid all the glitter and gayety of the brilliant scene around him, he could not forget the pleadings of that strong heart bell-like tones, that echoed strangely in of her threats—of her maledictions; yet, in its strong agony. He thought little when some hours later he missed his son

from the gay scene, dark thoughts of assassination-of the unfailing, subtle poisons gipsies were so skilful in, arose vague presentiment of dread. But his son had returned safe; and now the ting with a bevy of fair ladies.

"Oh! she was positively the most de lightful old thing I ever saw!" exclaimed A full Supply of Coll egeBooks BOOTS. the gay voice of gay little Miss Clara Jernyngham. "Just like 'Hecate' in 'Macbeth,' for all the world-the very beau ideal of a delightful Satanic sorceress! I would have given anything-my diamond ring, my French poodle, every single one of my lovers, or even a 'perfect love of a bonnet'-to have had her tell my fortune. I fairly dote on all those delightfully mysterious, enchanting, ugly old gipsies who come poking round, stealing and telling fortunes. What in the world did she want of you

A shadow fell darkly over the brow of the earl for a moment, as he recollected that dark, impassioned woman pleading for her only son; but it passed away as quickly as it came, and he answered. with a smile :

"To tell my fortune of course, httle bright-eyes. Am I not an enviable man?" "And did she really tell it? Oh, how delightful! What did she say, my lord?' "That I was to propose to Miss Clara ernyngham, who was to say with plea-Jernyngham, who was to say with pleasure, my lord!'-that I was to indulge her with 'loves of bonnets' and French

"Now, I don't believe a word of it," said Miss Clara, pouting, while a peal of silvery laughter arose from the rest. "I wouldn't be a mere countess at any price. I'll have a ducal coronet, if I die for it. They stand the change of climate, You know the old Duke of B____, my lord?" she added in a mysterious whisper then the door opened, and she flitted out "Well, he's not quite right in his mind, poor man, and I am going to propose to hawked about the country. him the first chance. The family diamonds are superb, and I will become them beautifully, you know. This is VIOLINS, strictly entre nous, though, and if you don't tell, my lord, you shall have an invitation to the wedding, and drink my

health in his grace's old wine." And, with her pretty little face all dimpled with smiles, Miss Clara danced away to a window near, and lifting the

heavy curtains peeped out. The earl had bowed, and with his hand on his heart, had promised, with befitting gravity, to preserve the young HOUSE PAPER ejaculation from Miss Clara's rosy lips

brought him again to her side. "Oh, my lord! only look!" she cried. "There is that dark, dreadful gipsy we were talking of, herself. Only look at that awful face; it is positively enough to make one's blood run cold. Could she have heard us, do you think, my lord?"

At any other time the gay little lady's undisguised terror would have amused the earl; but now, with that dark, stern, "No; I will live till I have wrung from terrible face gleaming like a vision from his heart a tithe of the misery mine has the dead, in the fitful light of the streetfelt," she thought; and then a dark, lamp, he felt his very blood curdle. It lowering glance, on the black, troubled rose before him so unexpectedly, as if Piano Instructors, Organ Instructors, she had risen from the earth to confront Dusky forms, like shadows from the him, that even his strong heart grew for grave, were flitting to and fro, brushing a moment appalled. Her tall form loompast her as they went. She knew who ing up unnaturally large in the uncertain HALL'S BOOK STORE they were—the scum, the off-casts, the light; her unsheltered head, on which the street-walkers of London. While she rain mercilessly beat, her steady, burnstood there, clutching the parapet, a ing, unswerving gaze fixed on the very female form, in light, flowing garments, window where they stood-all combined,

(To be Continued.)

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8 10 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John— Express for points West and for Freder-icton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton Woodstock, and all points North and South. 3 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for Fredericton.

8.30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Night Express for points West, and for St. Stephen. Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North. 2 00 P. M. From Fredericton Accommodation for St. John.

6 25 A. M.—From Fredericton—Passenger and 9 00 A. M.—From Fredericton for points West 7 20 A, M.-From Gibson for Woodstock and points North,

ARRIVALS: 30 A. M., at St. John—Out Express Train from all points West, and from St. Steph., a, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North. 10 10 A. M., at St. John, Water Street-Express from Fredericton.

5 40 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, Frederictor, and all points North and South. 4 35 P. M.—At Fredericton, from McAdam and points West, North and South. 00 P. M. At Fredericton-Accomedation from 11 50 A. M.—At Fredericton—Passenger and Ma

35 P. M.—At Gibson from Woodstock and points Pullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Drawing Room Cars or Day Trains to and from Bangor. Berth's secured at ticket office, Water street.—G. A. FREEZE, agent. Ne Train leaves St. John Saturday night or Sun-A train arrives at St. John from the West Sun-day morning and a Train leaves for the West Sun-day night.

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