

## A PAGAN OF THE SOUTH

eyes upon the unmoving form at her feet. The soldiers watched her, but no one fired. Her face was white, but in the eyes there was a wild triumph. She wanted death now, but these French soldiers had not the heart to kill her. When she saw that, she leaned and thrust a hand into the bleeding bosom of Henri Durien, and, holding it aloft, cried: "For this blood men must die!" Stooping again, she seized the carbine and levelled it at the officer in command. Before she could pull the trigger some one fired, and she fell across the body of her lover. A moment afterward Shorland stood beside her. She was shot through the lungs.

He stooped over her. "Gabrielle, Gabrielle!" he said.

"Yes, yes, I know—I saw you. This is the twenty-fifth. He will be married to-morrow—Luke. I owed it to him to die; I owed it to Henri to die this way."

She drew the scarred portrait of Luke Freeman from her bosom and gave it over.

"His eyes made me," she said; "they haunted me. Well, it is all done. I am sorry, ah! Never tell him of this. I go away—away—with Henri."

She closed her eyes and was still for a moment; so still that he thought her dead. But she looked up at him again and said, with her last breath: "I am—the Woman in the Morgue—always—now!"

THE END