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M. HOPKINS

By May Agnes Fleming



race, for her eyes fell beneath mine. and the hot blood mounted to her very brow.

"'And you are engaged to another,' I said, in a tone of passionate reproach. 'Oh, why did I not know this ?'

"'It is no engagement of my making, she said, in a low, trembling voice. 'I never saw Lord Villiers, nor he me. Our fathers wish we should marry, that is all.' " 'And will you obey?' I said, in a

thrilling whisper. "'No,' she said impulsively: 'nev-

"The look that accompanied the words made me forget all I had hitherto striven to remember. In an instant I was at her feet, pouring out my wild tale of passion; in another, she was in my arms, whispering the words that made me the happiest man on earth. It was well for us both the room was nearly deserted, and the corner where we were in deepest shadow, or the ecstasies into which, like all lovers, we went, would have led to somewhat unpleasant consequences. But our destinies had decreed we should, for the time, have things all our own way; and that night I urged, with all the elo- perfectly nappy. quence of a first, resistless passion. picture so worked upon her fears, continue the acquaintance. But she

my wife." eyes were full of bitter self-reproach at best, and in the outskirts of

hurried, as I did, that impulsive, garden fence, the chaise was warm-hearted girl into that fatal thrown, and we were both marriage. Then, in all the burning violently out. ardor of youth, I thought of nothing but the intoxicating happiness withpresent-of the joy, too intense, al- I managed to raise her from

ment. "All that day she remained in her room; while I rode off to a neighboring town to engage a clergyman to unite us at the appointed hour. Midnight found me waiting, at the head. trysting-place; and true to the hour. my beautiful bride, brave in the

"Two horses stood waiting. I lifted her into the saddle, sprung upon to my great alarm, that my wife, my own horse; and away we dashed, during my absence, had become serat a break-neck pace, to consum- lously ill, and was raving in the wild mate our own future misery. did not utter a word; but her face was whiter than that of the dead when I lifted hor from her saddle and her life was concerned; and, halfdrew her with me into the church.

ed by one solitary lamp, and by its | don for medical aid. But with all my light we beheld the clergyman, stand- haste, nearly twelve hours elapsed ing, in full canonicals, to sanction before I could return accompanied by heart. our mad marriage. Robed in a dark, a skilled though obscure physician. flowing dress, with her white face looking out from her damp, flowing, infant struck on my ear; and the midnight hair, I can see her before first object on which my eyes rested me, as she stood there, shivering at intervals with a strange presaging of ting with a babe in her arms, while

"It was an ominous bridal, moth- as I had left her. er; for, as the last words died away. dread, mystic hour-all proved too her; and to lose her was worse than much for my little child-wife, and death to me. with a piercing shriek she fell faint- | "The intense anguish and remorse ing in my arms. Mother, the unut- I endured at that moment, might terable reproach of that wild, agon- have atoned for a darker crime than ized cry will haunt me to my dying mine. I had never felt so fully,

proach that filled his dark eyes, as all the atonement in my power.

"We bore her to the vestry; but it illness severe, but not dangerous; and was long before she revived, and said that with careful nursing she longer still before, with all the se- would soon be restored to health. ductive eloquence of passionate love. When he was gone, I turned to the I could soothe her into quiet. "'O Reginald, I have done wrong willing to undertake the care of the

-I have done wrong !' was her sor- child. The promise of being well rowful, remorseful cry to all I could paid made her readily answer in the

home—the gipsy youth and the high- of the infant, and keep its existence born lady, united for life now by the a secret from every one, and, above mysterious tie of marriage. Now all, from its mother. For I knew that the last, desperate step was that she would never consent to give taken, even I grew for a moment ap- it up, and I was resolved that palled at what I had done. But I should not be the means of dragdid not repent.

"Three weeks longer we con- grace. tinued inmates of Everly "During the next week, I scarcely Hall; and no one ever suspected that ever left the cottage; and when she we met other than as casual acquain- was sufficiently recovered to use a tances. Looking back now on my pen, she wrote a few lines to the past life, those are the only days of principal of the academy, saying she unalloyed sunshine I can remember had gone to visit a friend, and in the whole course of my life and would not return for a fortnight, at she-she, too, closed her eyes to the least. Is she had ever been a petted !

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"But the time came when we were a secret marriage. I spoke of her forced to part. She went back to father's compelling us to part; of school, while I returned to London. his insisting on her marriage with I met her frequently at first; but her one whom she could not love: I drew father, after a time, began to think a touching description of myself, de- perhaps, that, for the son of an exvoted to a life of solitude and mis- iled count, I was making too rapid ery, and probably ending by com- progress in his daughter's affections, mitting suicide-which melancholy and peremptorily ordered her to disthat I verily believe she would have loved me well enough to disobey him; fled with me to New South Wales, and though I saw she looked forward had I asked it. And so I pleaded, with undisguised terror to the time with all the arder of a passion that when the revelation of our marriage was as strong and uncontrollable as would be made, we still continued to it was selfish and exacting, until she meet at long intervals.

promised, the following night, to So a year passed. One day, wishsteal secretly out and fly with me to | ing to consult her about something where I was to have a clergyman in | -we met at an appointed trystingwaiting, and then and there become place. She entered the light chaise I had brought with me, and we drove Once more he paused, and his fine off. The horses were half-tamed things little village, they took fright at "Mother, that was the turning- something, and started off like the point in my destiny. Looking back wind. I strove in vain to check them to that time now, I can wish I had On they flew, like lightning, until been struck dead sooner than have suddenly coming in contact with a

"I heard a faint cry from my companion, and unheeding a broken arm, in my grasp. I thought only of the which was my share of the accident, most, to be borne-and I steadily ground, where she lay senseless, and shut my eyes to the future. Had she bear her into the cottage. Fortunknown who I really was, I know she ately, the cottage was owned by an would have considered me unworthy old widow, to whom I had once rento touch even the hem of her gar- dered some slight service which secured her everlasting gratitude; and more fortunately still, my companion had received no injury from her fall, beyond a slight wound in the

> woman I went to the nearest suras we could resume our journey. Then I returned to the cottage; but found,

She delirium of a burning fever. "There was no doctor in the lage whose skill I could trust where mad with terror and alarm, I sprang "The great aisles were dimly light- on horseback, and rode off to Lon-

"As I entered, the feeble wail of an as I went in, was the old woman sitthe child-mother lay still unconscious

"Mother, what I felt at that momand we were pronounced man and ent words can never disclose. Discovwife, the harsh, dreadful croak of a ery now seemed inevitable. She must raven resounded through the vast, wake to the knowledge that he for dim church, and the ghostly bird of whom she had given up everything omen fluttered for a moment over was a gipsy; that her child bore in our heads, and fell dead at our his veins the tainted gipsy blood. Dis-Excited by the consciousness owned and despised by all her highthat she was doing wrong: the sol- born friends, she would hate me for unlighted old church; the the irretrievable wrong I had done

fore, the wrong I had done her; and No words can describe the bitter- with the knowledge of its full enor-

"The doctor had pronounced her old woman, and inquired if she was affirmative; and then we concluded a "We paid the clergyman, and rode bargain that she was to take care ging her down to poverty and dis-

duture and was for the time being, hild, accustomed to go and come

unquestioned, ner absence excited no surprise or suspicion; and secreted in the cottage, she remained for next two weeks.

"The time I had dreaded came a last. My better nature had awoke since the birth of my child; and I resolved to tell her all, cost what it might, and set her free. Mother, you can conceive the bitter humiliation such a confession must have been to me-yet I made it. I told her all how basely I had deceived her; how deeply I had wronged her. In that moment every spark of love she had ever felt for me was quenched forwer in her majestic indignation, her scorn, and utter contempt. Silently she arose and confronted me, white as the dead, superb in her withering scorn. All the pride of her proud race swelled in her breast, in loathing too deep and intense for words; but those steady, darkening eyes, that seemed scintillating sparks

of fire, I will never forget. " Tiere we must part then, Reginald Germaine; and on this earth we mus never meet again!' she said, in soice steady from its very depth of scorn. 'Of the match'ess wrong you have done me. I will not speak If one spark of the honor you once professed still lingers in your treast, e silent as regards the past. You have forever blighted my life; but

he world need never I now what we nce were to each other. If money is env object'-and her Leautiful lip surled with a contempt too intense for words-'you shall have half my wealth-the whole of it, if you will-I it only buys your silence. I will return to school, and try to forget the unutterable degradation into which I have sunk.'

parting:-in scorn and hatred on one side, in utter despair and undying remorse on the other. That day, she returned to school; I fled, to drown thought in the maddening whirl and tumult of London; and we have never met since. She is unmarried still. and the reigning belle of every gilded saloon in London; but I know she never will, never can, forget the abyss of humiliation into which I dragged her down. For her sake, to insure her happiness, I would willingly end this wretched existence, but that I must live for what is so dear to the gipsy heart-revenge! With all her lofty pride, what she will feel knowing that she is the wife of convicted felon, God and her heart alone will ever know."

He threw himself into a seat, and shading his face with his hands, sat silent; but the convulsive heaving of his strong chest, his short, hard breathing, told more than could ever do, what he felt at that

my child to your charge, I wished to see you to-night, mother," he said, at last, without looking up. "She does not dream of its existence, she was told it died the hour of its birth. and was buried while she was still | ters beneath. One plunge, mother; try to think it is your son, Reginald, and forget the miserable rebound of a roused tigress she convict whom you may never

Still no reply, but oh, the fixed, burning gaze of those spectral eyes

"Mother, you must leave me now,"

"Leaving her in the care of the old | hollow, so unnatural that it seemed | the parapet, a female form, in light, to issue from the jaws of death. "I flowing garments, was borne on, as strength of her love and woman's geon, had my wounds dressed, and will not go. I defy Heaven and earth, if by the night-wind, and stood gazmy horses disposed of until such time and God himself, to bear me from ing down into the gloomy waters

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

No words can describe the piercing anguish, the utter woe that rived that wild cry up from her tortured

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 have letters to write, and many matters to arrange before to-morrow's sun rises. I am tired, too, and want to rest; for it is a long time since sleep has visited my eyes, mother. "Sleep," she bitterly echoed, "and

when do you think I have slept? Look at these sunken eyes, this ghastly face, this haggard form, and ask when I slept. Think of mighty wrong I have suffered, 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 so under the same roof, with menials to come at his beck, he can sleep. Yes, ness of his tone, the undying self-re- mity, came the resolution of making he sleers now! but the hour comes when that sleep shall last forever Then my eyes may close, but never

> "You are delirious, mother; blow has turned your brain." "Delirious, am I?" she said, in he deep bell-like tones, that echoed

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dying 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 command; and remember, when far away, you leave one behind you who will wreak fearful vengeance for all we have both

"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

"Never-never!" she fiercely hissed through her clenched teeth. "May God forget me if I ever forget my vow! Reginald, if I thought that man could go to Heaven, and I by some impossibility could be saved too, I would take a dagger and send my soul to perdition, sooner than go there with him."

Upturned in the red light of the Iblamp, her face, as she spoke, was lamp, her face, as she spoke, the face of a demon. "Strong hate, stronger than

death!" he said half to himself, as he gazed on that fiendish face. "Farewell then, mother. Will you fulfill my last request?" "About your child?-yes."

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

"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 one word she pressed one hot, burning kiss on his handsome brow; and then the door opened, and she flitted out in the darkness like an evil shadow. The heavy door again swung to: the key turned in

CHAPTER VII.

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. There were not many abroad at that hour; but those she passed, paused in terror, "To tell you this story, to commit and gazed after the towering form, with the wild face and wilder eyes, that flew past like a lost soul turning to Hades. She stood on London bridge, and, leaning over, looked down on the black, sluggish was unconscious. In this pocket-book you | thought, as she looked over, and all will find the address of the woman this gnawing misery that seems catwho keeps it: tell her the count-for | ing her very vitals might be ended as such she knows me-sent you for forever. One hand was laid on the it. Take it with you to Yetholm, rail-the next moment she might have been in eternity; but with the

> sprung back. "No; I will live till I have wrung from his heart a tithe of the misery mine has felt," she thought; and then, a dark, lowering glance on the black, troubled waters below, filled

up the hiatus. Dusky forms, like shadows from he said, "for the few hours that are the grave, were flitting to and fro, left me, I would like to be alone. It brushing past her as they went. She is better for us both that we part knew who they were-the scum, the off-casts, the street walkers of Lon-"I will not go!" said a voice so don. While she stood there, clutching beside her. One fleeting glimpse she "Mother, it is my wish," he said, caught of a pale, young face, beautiful still, despite its look of unutterable woe; and then, with a light rus-"You tle, something went down, far down, into the waves beneath. There was a sullen plunge, and the gipsy leaned over to see. By the light of one of the large lamps she saw

darker shadow rise through the darkness to the surface. For an instant that white, wild face, 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 Clutching her breast fiercely at intervals, with her dark, horny fingers, as if she would tear thence the guish that was driving her she flew on, until once again found herself before the brilliantly lighted mansion of Earl De Courcy. Swelling on the night air, borne to her ear strains of softest music, as if to mock her misery. Gay forms were flitting past the windows and, at intervals, soft, musical peals of laughter mingled with the louder sounds of gayety. Folding her arms over her breast, the gipsy leaned against a lamp post, and looked, with a steady smile, up at the illuminated "marble hall" before her. Her commanding form, made more commanding by her free, flery costume, stood out in bold relief, in the light of the street lamp. Her dark face was set with a look fairly terrific in its intensity of hate. smile curling her thin, colorless lips -Satan himself might have envied her that demoniacal smile of quenchable malignity! gorgeous

Moving through its of the dark, vengeful glance would, if it could, have pierced those of instruments respectfully solicited festivity, would arise the haunting given by either J. J. WETHERUP lips, those up-raised hands, pleading & Risch Piano Co., Ltd., 32 King-st. vainly for the mercy he could not west, Toronto. grant. Amid all the glitter and gay- IN SEWING MACHINES - The ety of the brilliant scene around him, Rotary Standard, The New Williams, he could not forget the pleadings of The Domestic and the Wheeler & that strong heart in its strong agony. He thought little of her threats -of her maledictions; yet, when some

(Continued on Page 3)

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