

SUTHOR OF An ISARCS "On CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

"She calls herself a witch," answered Keyork with considerable scorn. "I do not know what she is, nor what to call her-a sensitive, an hysterical subject, a medium, a witch -a fool, if you like, or a charlatan, if you prefer the term. Beautiful she is, at least, whatever else she may not

"Yes, she is beautiful."

'So you have seen her, have you?" The little man again looked sharply up at his tall companion. "You have had a consultation -. "

"Does she give consultations? Is she a professional seer?" The Wanderer asked the question in a tone of surprise. "Do you mean that she maintains an establishment upon such a scale out of the proceeds of fortunetelling?"

"I do not mean anything of the sort. Fortune telling is excel ent! Very good!" Keyork's bright eyes flashed with amusement. "What are you doing here-I mean in this church?" He put the question sud-

"Pursuing-an idea, if you please to call it so."

Not knowing what you mean, I must please to call your meaning by your own name for it. It is your nature to be enigmatic. Shall we go out? If I stay here much longer I shall be petrified instead of embalmed. I shall turn into dirty old red marble, like Tziho's effigy there, an awful warning to fortune philosophers, and an example for the edification of the faithful who worship here."

They walked toward the door, and the contrast between the appearance of the two brought the ghost of a smile to the thin lips of the pale sacristan, who was occupied in renewing the tapers upon one of the side altars.

"So you were pursuing an idea," said the little man as they emerged into the narrow street. "Now, ideas may be divided variously into classes. as for instance, ideas which are good. bad or indifferent. If you have an idea upon any subject I will utterly annihilate it to my own most profound satisfaction: if you have none concerning any special point, I will force you to accept mine, as mine, or to die the intellectual death. That is the general theory of the idea."

"And what does it prove?" inquired the Wanderer.

"If you knew anything, answered Keyork, with twinkling eyes, "you would know that a theory is not a demonstration but an explanation. But, by the hypothesis, since you are not I, you can know nothing certainly. Now, my theory explains many things, and among others the adamantine, imperishable, impenetrable nature of the substance vanity, upon which the showman, nature, projects in fast fading colors the unsubstantial images of men. Why do you drag me through

"I passed through it this morning and missed my way."
"In pursuit of the idea, of course.

this dismal passage?"

That was to be expected. Prague is constructed on the same principle as the human brain, full of winding ways, dark lanes and gloomy arches,

all of which may lead somewhere, or may not. The self which you propose to preserve from corruption, since you think so poorly of the lodger and the lodging. I wonder that you should be anxious to prolong the sufferings of

the one and his lease of the other." "It is all I have," answered Keyork Arabian. "Did you think of that?" "That circumstance may serve as an excuse, but it does not constitute a

"Not a reason? Is the most abject poverty a reason for throwing away the daily crust? Myself is all I have. Shall I let it perish when an effort may preserve it from destruction?"

'So soon as you speak of enjoyment, argument ceases," answered the Wan-

"You are wrong, as usual," re-turned the other. "It is the other way. Enjoyment is the universal solvent of all arguments. Enjoyment!

Enjoyment is the protest of reality against the tyranny of fiction." "Have wisdom and study led you no farther than that conclusion?" Keyork's eyes brightened suddenly, and a peal of laughter, deep and rich,

broke from his sturdy breast and rolled long echoes through the dismal lane. But his ivory features were not discomposed, though his white beard trembled and waved softly like a snowy veil blown about by the wind.

"If wisdom can teach how to prolong the lease, what study can be compared with that of which the results may beautify the dwelling? What more can any man do for himself than to make himself happy? The very question is absurd. Is it for the sake of improving the physical condition or of promoting the moral ease of mankind at large that you are dragging me through the slums and byways and alleys of the gloomiest city on this side of eternal perdition? You admit that you are pursuing an idea. Perhaps you are in search of some new and curious form of mildew,

and when you have found it-or some-

CLEMINS, A ROMAN SINCE, OF

thing else -you will name your discovery fungus Pragensis or tryptogamus minor errentis'- he W nderer's toadstool.' But I know you of old, my good friend. The id a von pursue is not an idea at ai . at test specimen of the genia homo kno n as 'woman,' species 'ady. var ty 'true love,' vulgar designation 'sweetheart.

The Wanderer stared collily at his companion.

"The vulgarity of the designation is indeed only equaled by th to your taste in selecting it," he said . o y. Then he turned away, intend g to leave Keyork standing where he was.

But the little man had alread epented of his speech. He ran query to his friend's side and leid one and upon his arm. The Wanderer paused and again looked down.

. Is it of any use to be offended with my speech? Am I an acquain ance of yesterday? Do you imagine that it could ever be my intention to annoy you?" The questions were asked rapidly, in tones of genuine anxiety. "Indeed, I hardly know how I could

suppose that. You have always been friendly-but I confess-your names for things are not-always-" The Wanderer did not complete the

sentence, but looked gravely at Keyork, as though wishing to convey very clearly again what he had before expressed in words.

"Come, forgive my lack of skill, and do not let us quarrel. Perhaps I can help you. You may know Prague well, but I know it better. Will you allow me to say that I know also whom it is you are seeking here?"

"Yes. You know. I have not changed since we last met, nor have circumstances favored me."

"Tell me-have you really seen this Unorna and talked with her?" "This morning."

"And she could not help you?" "I refused to accept her help until I had done all that was in my power

"You were rash. And have you now done all, and failed?"

"I have." "Then, if you will accept a humble suggestion from me, you will go back

to her at once." "I know very little of her. I do not altogether trust her-"

"Trust her! Power of Eblis-or Does the wise man trust himself? spoke. Never. Then how can he dare trust anvone else?'

"Your cynical philosophy again," exclaimed the Wanderer.

"Philosophy? All wisdom is vanity, and I hate it! there shall be no end." Autology is my study, autosophy my ambition, autonomy my pride, I am I, one, indivisible, central! Oh I! Hail and live forever!"

Again the little man's rich bass voice rang out in mellow laughter. "You are happy, Keyork," he said. You must be, since you can laugh at

yourself so honestly." "At myself? Vain man! I am laughing at you, and at every one else, at everything except myself."

"Can you tell me nothing more of her? Do you know her well?" "She does not offer her help to

every one. You would have done well to accept it in the first instance. "I had supposed, from what you of clairvoyance, or hypnotism, ormes-

merism-whatever may be the right term now-a-days." "It matters very little," answered

have made but a poor figure in a tournament of modern terminologists. No. Unorna does not accept remuneration in the open spa ce. for her help when she vouchsafes to give it."

"And yet I was introduced to her name."

"That is her fancy. She will see any one who wishes to see her, beggar, gentleman or prince. But she only answers such questions as she pleases.

Keyork Arabian was silent, as though he were reflecting upon Unorna's character and peculiar gifts before describing them to his friend. The Wanderer preferred the little man's silence to his wild talk, but he was determined, if possible, to extract some be dear to him in life. further information concerning Unorna, and before many seconds had cried, as he knelt. elapsed he interrupted Keyork's meditations with a question.

"You tell me to see for myself," he said. "I would like to know what I tried to draw back her hand; then as am to expect. Will you not enlighten

"What?" asked the other, vaguely,

as though roused from sleep. "If I go to Unorna and ask a consultation of her, as though she were a common somnambulist, and if she designs to place her powers at my disposal, what sort of assistance would I

most probably get?" "Of two things, one will happen," he answered. "Either she will herself fall into the abnormal state, and will answer correctly any questions you put to her, or she will hypnotize you, you will yourself see-what you wish to see."

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"You yourself. The peculiarity of the woman is her duality, her double power. She can, by an act of volition. become hypnotic. clairvoyant-whatever you choose to call it. Or, if her vis tor is at all seus tive, she can reverse the s toation. ... nd play the part of a hypnotizer. I never heard of a like case.

"After all, I do not see why it should not be so," said the Wanderer, thoughtfully. "At all events, whatever she can do is evidently done by hypnotism, and suca extraordinary experiments have succeeded of late-

"I did not say that there was nothing bu by notism in her process." "Wnat then? Magic?" The Wan-

derer's lip curled scornfully. "I do not know," replied the little man. spealing slowly. "Whatever

her secret may be, she keeps it, even when speaking in swep." "I will go." an-wered the Wan-

derer, after a moment' hesitation. "Very good," said Keyork Arabian. "If you want to find n again, come to my lodging. Do you know the house of the Black Mother of God?"

"Yes-there is a legend about a Spanish picture of our Lady once preserved there--."

"Exactly, it takes its name from that black picture It is on the corner of the Fruit market, over against the window at which the Princess Windischgratz was shot. I live in the upper story. Good-by." "Good-by."

CHAPTER IV.



FTER the Wanderer had left her Unorna continued hold in her hand boo she had

a am token up, orlowing the printed lines mechan call from left to ight, from the top of the page to the foot. "Is it he?" she

asked aloud in a voice ringing with the ov and the fear of a passion that has waited long and is at last approaching the fulfillment of satisfac-

"Is it he? Is it he? Is it he?" she repeated again and again.'

She did not see the dark red squares of marble, alternating with the white and the gray, but as she looked a face and a form rose before her, in the contemplation of which all her senses and faculties concentrated themselves.

"Are you indeed he?" she asked. speaking softly and doubtfully, and yet unconsciously projecting her stro g will upon the vision, as though to force it to give the answer for which she longed.

And the answer came, imposed by the effort of her imagination upon the thing imagined. The face suddenly became luminous as with a radiance within itself, the shadows of grief melted away, and in their place trembled the rising light of a dawnany other powers! Who talks of trust? ing love. The lips moved and a voice

> "I am he, I am that love for whom you have waited, you are that dear leaned far back, withdrawing her face one whom I have sought throughout the world. The hour of our joy has struck, the new life begins to-day, and

Unorna's arms went out to grasp the shadow, and she drew it to her in her fancy and kissed its radiant face. "Na veky vekuy! To ages of ages!"

she cried. Then she covered her eyes as though to impress the sight they had seen upon the mind within, and, groping blindly for her chair, sank back

into her seat. "Ah, but I will!" she exclaimed.

'And what I will-shall be."

As though she were satisfied with the promise thus made to herself, she smiled, her eyelids drooped, the tenston of her frame was relaxed and she sank again into the indolent attitude in which the Wanderer had found her. said of her, that she made a profession A moment later the distant door turned softly on its hinges and a light foot-fall broke the stillness. There was no need for Unorna to speak in in order that the sound of her voice Keyork, gravely. "I used to wonder might guide the newcomer to her reat Adam's ingenuity in naming all treat. The footsteps approached living things, but I think he would swiftly and surely. A young man of singular beauty came out of the green shadows and stood beside the chair

Unorna betrayed no surprise as she looked up into her visitor's face. She knew it well. In form and presence without even giving my feature the youth represented the

noblest type of the Jewish race. Israel Kafka stood still, gazing down upon the woman he loved and drawing his breath hard between his

parted lips. "Well?" She interrogated. Under an irresistible impulse he

fell upon his kness beside Unorna, covering her marble hand with all his lean, dark fingers, and pressing his forehead upon them, as though he had found and grasped all that could "Unorna! My golden Unorna!" he

Unorna looked down upon his bent head. As though collecting her thoughts she closed her eyes, as she

he held it still, she leaned back and spoke to him. "You have not understood me," she said, as quietly as she could. "Not-understood?" he repeated in

Unorna sighed and turned away, for the sight hurt her and accused her. "No, you have not understood. Is it my fault? Israel Kafka, that hand

startled, broken tones.

is not yours to hold." "Not mine? Unorna!" Yet he could not quite believe what she said "I am in earnest," she answered. "Do you think I am jesting with you,

or with myself?" Israel Kafka still knelt beside her. motionless and hardly breathing. "I have been mistaken," Unorna continued at last. "Forgive-forget

Israel Kafka rose to his feet and irew back a step from her side.

"How easy it is for you!" exclaimed the Moravian. "How easy! How simple! You call me, and I come. You let your eyes rest on me, and I kneel before you. You sigh, and I speak words of love. You lift your hand, and I crouch at your feet. You frown-and I humbly leave you. How ea-y!"

"You are wrong and you speak foolishly. You are angry and you do not weigh your words.

"Angry! What have I to do with so common a madness as anger? I am more than angry. Do you think that, because I have submitted to the veering gusts of your good and evil humors these many months, I have lost all consciousness of myself? Have you promised me nothing? Have you given me no hope? Have you said and done nothing whereby you are bound?" "I never gave you either pledge or

pr mise," answered Unorna in a haruer tone. "The only hope I have ever extended to you was this, that I would one day answer you plainly. I have done so. You are not satisfied. Is there anything more to be said? I do not bid you to leave my house forever, any more than I mean to drive

you from my friendship." "From your friendship. Ah, I thank you. Unorna, I most humbly thank you. For the mercy you extend in allowing me to linger near you, I am grateful. Your friend, you say? Ay, truly, your friend and servant, your servant and your slave, your slave and your dan Your friendship-I have no words -- danks."

"Take it, or take a as you will." Unorna glanced ... is angry face and quickly lookes ay.

"Take it? Yes, and more too, whether you will give it or not," answered Israel Kafka, moving nearer to her. "Yes. Whether you will, or whether you will not-I will have all, youp friendship, your love, your life, your breath, your soul-all or nothing.'

"You are wise to suggest the latter alternative as a possibility," said Unorna, coldly, and not heeding his approach.

The young man stood still and folded his arms. "Do you mean what you say?" he

asked, slowly. "Do you mean that I shall have not all, but nothing? Do you still dare to mean that, after all that has passed between you and me?" Unorna raised her eyes and looked

steadily into his. "Israel Kafka, do not speak to me of daring."

But the young man's glance did not waver. The angry expression of his features did not relax.

"Where is your power now?" he asked suddenly. "Where is your witchery? You are only a woman, after all-you are only a weak woman."

Very slowly he drew nearer to her side, his lithe figure bending a little as he looked down upon her. Unorna from his as far as she could, but still trying to impose her will upon him.

"You cannot," he said, between his

teeth, answering her thought. Men who have tamed wild beasts alone know what such a moment is like. A hundred times the brave man has held the tiger spellbound, and crouching under his cold, fearless

To draw back, to let his glance waver, to show so much as the least sign of fear, is death. The moment is supreme, and he knows it.

Unorna grasped the arms of her chair, as though seeking her physical support in her extremity. Between her and her mistake the image of what should be stood out, bright, vivid and strong. A new conviction had taken the place of the old, a real he repeated. passion was flaming upon the altar whereon she had fed with dreams the sem lance of a sacred fire.

"You do not really love me," she

said softly. Israel Kafka started, as a man who untruth which filled the words broke down his guard, sudden tears veiled the penetrating sharpness of his gaze and his hand trembled.

"I do not love you? I! Unorna-Unorna!"

cry of horror and stupefaction. But gently, as he had done before. Israel her name, when he spoke it, sounded Kafka sat motionless in his chair, as the death moan of a young wild an- staring at her with unwinking eyes. imal wounded beyond all power to Yet the man was alive and in the full

turn at bay. She knew that the struggle was over and that she had gained the mastery, though the price of victory might be a broken heart.

"You thought I was jesting." she said in a low voice. "But there was no jest in what I said-nor any unkindness in what I meant, though it is all my fault. But that is true-you never loved me as I would be loved."

"Unorna-" "No-I am not unking. our love is young, fierce, inconstant; mail ter- own words. rible, half boyish; ready to turn into hatred at one moment, to melt into tears at the next-"

"It pleased you once," said Israel Kafka in broken tones. It is not less love because you are weary of it, and

of me." "Weary, you say? No, not weary and very truly not of you. You will believe that today, tomorrow you will still try to force life into your belief -and then it will be dead and gone like all thoughts which have never entered into the shapes of reality. We have not loved each other. We have but fancied that it would be sweet to love, and the knife of truth has parted the web of our dreams, keenly, in the midst, so that we see before us what

have been is yet lingering near."

"Who wove that web, Unorna? You or I?" He lifted his heavy eyes and gazed at her coiled hair.

"What matters it whether it was your doing or mine? But we wove it togeth-r-and together we must see the truth---'

"If this is true, there is no more 'together' for you and me." "We may yet glean friendship in

the fields where love has grown." "Friendship-the very word is a wound! Friendship-the very dregs and lees of the wine of life! Friend-

ship-the sour drainings of the heart's cup, left to moisten the lips of the damned when the blessed bave drunk their fill. I hate the word, as I hate the thought!" Unorna sighed, partly, perhaps, that he might hear the sigh and put

his vanity, but partly, too, from a sin-cere regret that he should need to suf-paused, holding the key as though fer as he was evidently suffering. She had half believed that she loved him. and she owed him pity. Women's hearts pay such debts unwillingly, but they pay them, nevertheless.

"I am sorry," said Unorna. "You will not understand-"

two faces, and two hearts, two minds, stuff, and fast asl-ep. two souls-it is enough, my undersighed before you spoke. It was not for me-it was for yourself. You never felt pain or sorrow for an-

He was trying to grow cold and to find cold words to say, which might lead her to believe him stronger than he was and able to master his grief. But he was too young, too hot, too changeable for such a part.

"You are wrong, Israel Kafka. You would make me less than human. If I had promised, if I had said one word-and yet, you are right, too, for I have let you think in earnest what has been but a passing dream of my own thoughts. It was all wrong, it was all my fault-there, lay your hand in mine and say that you forgive, as I ask forgiveness."

He was still standing behind her, leaning against the back of her chair. Without looking around, she raised her hand above her shoulder, as though seeking for his. But he would

not take it. "Is it so hard?" she asked, softly. 'Is it even harder for you to give than for me to ask? Shall we part like this-not to meet again-each bearing a wound, when both might be mand. who e? Can you not say a word?"

"What is it to you whether I forgive you or not?" "Since I ask it, believe that it is much to me," she answered, slowly turning her head until, without catching sight of his face, she could just e where his fingers were resting on her chair. Then, over her shoulder, she touched them, and drew them to her cheek. He made no resistance.

"Shall we part without one kind thought?" 'ls this friendship?" asked Israel Kafka. Then he sank upon his knees beside her and looked up into her

"It is friendship-yes-why not? Am I like other women?"

Then why need there be any parting?" "If you will be my friend, there need be none. You have forgiven me now-I see it in your eyes. Is it not

true?" He was at her feet, passive at last under the superior power which he had never been able to resist.

"Sit beside me, now, and let us talk," she said.

Like a man in a dream, he rose and sat down near her. Unorna laughed, and there was something in the tone that was not

good to hear "You are only my slave, after all," said Unorna, scornfully. "I am only your slave, after all,"

"I could touch you with my hand and you would hate me and forget that you ever loved me." "You would hate me and forget that you ever loved me," she repeated,

dwelling on each word as though to struck unawares. The monstrous impress it upon his consciousness. "Say it. I order you."

"I should hate you and forget that I'ever loved you," he raid, slowly. "You never loved me."

"I never loved you." Again Unorna laughed, and he The first word broke from him in a joined in her laughter, unintellistrength of his magnificent youth, supple, active, fierce by nature, able to have killed her with his hands in the struggle of a moment. Yet she knew that without a word from her he could neither turn his head nor

move in his seat. "I must ask him," she said, unconsciously. "You must ask him," repeated

Israel Kafka from his seat. For the third time Unorna laughed aloud, as she heard the echo, of her "Whom shall I ask?" she inquired

contemptuously, as she rose to her feet. The dull, glassy eyes sought hers in painful perplexity, following her face

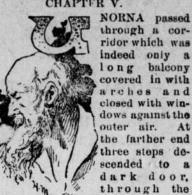
as she moved. "I do not know," answered the powerless man. Unorna came close to him and laid

her hand upon his head. "Sleep, until I wake you," she The eyelids drooped and closed at

Unorna's full lips curled as she looked down at him. "And you would be my master!" she exclaimed.

is, though the ghost of what might Then she turned and disappeared among the plants, leaving him alone.

CHAPTER V.



thickness of a massive wall, showing that t this point Unorna's house had at some former time been joined with another upon it an interpretation soo hing to building beyond, with which it thus hesitating whether -ne should put it in the lock, and then with an impatient frow . opened the door and went in. She assed though a small, well lighted vestibule and entered the room beyond.

In one of the lounges, not far from "I have understood enough-I have the window, lay a colossal old man, understood that a woman can have wrapped in all ose robe of warm white

He was a very old man, so old, instanding need go no further. You deed, as to make it hard to guess his age from his face and his hands, the only parts visible as he lay at rest, the vast body and limbs lying motionless under his garment as beneath a heavy white pall. He could not be less than 100 years old, but how much older than that he might really be it

was impossible to say. Unorna came to his side. There was something of wonder and admiration in her own eyes as she stood there gazing upon the face which other generations of men and women, all long

dead, had looked upon and known. Unorna had hesitated at the door, and she hesitated now. It was in her power, and in hers only, to wake the hoary giant, or at least to modify his perpetual sleep so far as to obtain from

him answers to her questions. She drew back at the thought, as though fearing to startle him, and then she smiled at her own nervousness. To wake him she must exercise her will. Strange faculties were asleep in that ancient brain, and strange wisdom was stored there, gathered from many sources long ago, and treasured unconsciously by the memory, to be recalled at her com-

The man had been a failure in his day, a scholar, a student, a searcher, after great secrets, a wanderer in the labyrinths of higher thought. In his 100th year he had leaned for breath against Unorna's door, and she had taken him in and cared for him, and since that time she had preserved his life. For his history was known in the ancient city, and it was said that he had possessed great wisdom in his day. Unorna knew that this wisdom could be hers if she could keep alive the spark of life, and that she had employed his own learning to that end. Already she had much experience of her powers, and knew that if she once had the mastery of the old man's free will, he must obey her fatally and unresistingly. Then she conceived the idea of embalming, as it were, the living being, in a perpetual hypnotic lethargy, from whence she recalled him from time to time to an intermediate state, in which she caused him to do mechanically all those things which she judged necessary to pro-

long life. Seeing her success from the first she had begun to fancy that the present condition of things might be made to continue indefinitely. Since death was today no nearer than it had been seven years ago, there was no reason why it might not be guarded against during seven years more, and if during seven, why not during 10, 20, 50? She had for a helper a physician of consummate practical skill a man whose interest in the result of the trial was, if anything, more keen than her own; a friend, above all, whom she believed she might

trust, and who appeared to trust her. But in the course of their great experiment they had together made rules by which they had mutually agreed to be bound. They had of late determined that the old man must not be disturbed in his profound rest by any question tending to cause a state of mental activity. They hoped, and believed, that the grand crisis was at hand, and that if the body did not lose strength and vitality for a considerable time, both would slowly, though surely, increase, in consequence of the means they were using

to instil new blood into the system. She hesitated, therefore, well knowing that her ally would oppose her intention with all his might, and dreading his anger, bold as she was,.. almost as much as she feared the danger to the eld man's life. On the other hand, she had a motive which the physician could not have, and which, as she was aware, he would have despised and condemned. Two very powerful incentives were at work, two of the very strongest which have influence with mankind, love and a superstitious belief in an especial destiny of happiness, at the present moment on the very verge of real-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Army Desertions Decreasing.

Recent statistics on army desertions show that this great evil is gradually lessening. The desertions for the year ending on the 31st ult. were a lither command, and instantly the man's tle less than 8 per cent of the actual breathing became heavy and regular. enlisted strength, a reduction of about 1 per cent from the corresponding period of the previous year, or the half of 1 per cent for the month of