

CHAPTER XXII-CONTINUED.

"What is justice?" she asked. Then she turned her head away again. "If you knew what justice means for me you would not ask me to be just. You would be more merciful."

"You exaggerate——"
"No. You do not know that is all. And you can never guess."

She relapsed into silence. Before her rose the dim altar in the church, the shadowy figure of Beatrice standing up in the dark, the horrible sacrilege that was to have been done. Her face grew dark with dread of her own The Wanderer went so far as to try and distract her from her gloomy thoughts, out of pure kindness

of heart. "You see, I the Wanderer said, gently, "I am to blame for it all."

"For it all? No-not for the thousandth part of it all. What blame have you in being what you are? Blame God in heaven-for making such a man. Blame me for what you know, biame me for all that you will

he said. "Be just first " 'I am no theologian."he said, "but I fancy that in the long reckoning the

intention goes for more than the act.' "The intention!" she cried, looking back with a start. "If that be true-

With a shudder she buried her face in her two hands, pressing them to her eyes as though to blind them to some awful sight. Then, with a short struggle, she turned to him again.

"There is no forgiveness for me in heaven," she said. "Shall there be none on earth? Not even a little from you to me."

"There is no question of forgiveness between you and me. You have not injured me, but Israel Kafka. Judge for yourself which of us two, he or I, has anything to forgive. I am to-day what I was yesterday and may be to-morrow. He lies theredying of his love for you, if ever a man died for love. And as though that were not enough you have tor-tured him-well; I will not speak of it. But that is all. I know nothing of the deeds or intentions of which you accuse yourself. You are tired. overwrought, worn out with all this

forgiveness," she said, interrupting on the carpet near her feet Israel "What is it, then?"

"I wish that the thing had not been done. I wish that I had not seen what I saw to-day. We should be where we were this morning-and he perhaps would not be here."

"It must have come some day." Unorna said. "He must have seen that I loved—that I loved you. Is now? How poor it sounds, now that I have said it! You do not even believe me."

"You are wrong. I know that you are in earnest."

"How do you know" she asked. bitterly. "Have I never lied to you. If you believe me you would forgive

"I have nothing to forgive." the Wanderer said, almost wearily. "I have told you you have not injured me, but him."

But it meant a whole world to me-no, for I am nothing to you-but if it cost you nothing, but the little breath that can carry the three words

-would you say it? Is it much to
say? Is it like saying, I love you, or, I bonour you, respect you? It is so little, and would mean so much."

"To me it can mean nothing, unless you ask me to forgive you deeds of which I know nothing. And then it means still less to me.

"Will you say it-only say the three words once?

"I forgive you," said the Wanderer quietly. It cost him nothing, and, to him, meant less.

Unorna bent her head and was si lent- It was something to have heard him say it, though he could not guess the least of the sins which she had made it include.

"It was good of you to say it," she said, at last.

A long silence followed, during which the thoughts of each went their own way. Suddenly Israel Kafka stirred in his sleep. The Wanderer went quickly forward and knelt down beside him and arranged the silken pillow as best he could.

When Unorna looked up at last she saw that the Wanderer was asleep. At first she was surprised, in spite of what she had said to him half an hour earlier, for she herself could not have closed her eyes, and felt that she could never close them again. Then she sighed. It was but one proof more of his supreme indifference. He had not even cared to speak to her. and if she had not constantly spoker to him throughout the hours they had ed together he would perhaps ve been sleeping long before now She bent down as she stood and uched his cool forehead with her

Sleep on, my beloved," she said

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in a voice that murmured softly and

She started a little at what she had done, and drew back, half afraid, like an innocent girl. But as though he had obeyed her words, he seemed to sleep more deeply still. He must be very tired, she thought, to sleep like that, but she was thankful that the soft kiss—the first and last—had not waked him.

"Sleep on," she said again, in a whisper scarcely audible to herself. Forget Unorna if you cannot think of her mercifully and kindly. Sleep on -you have the right to rest, and I can never rest again. You would forget. It would not matter then to you, for you would have only dreamed, and I should have the certainty—forever, to take with me always!"

As though the words carried meaning with them to his sleeping senses, a look of supreme and almost heavenly happiness stole over his sleeping face. But Unorna could not see it. She had turned suddenly away, burying her face in her hands upon the back of her own chair.

"Are there no miracles left in heaven?" she moaned, half whispering lest she should wake him, "Is there no miracle of deeds undone again and of forgiveness given-for me? God! God! That we should be forever what we make ourselves!"

There were no tears in her eyes now: as there had been twice that night. In her despair that fountain of relief-shallow always, and not apt to overflow—was dried up and scorched with pain. And, for the time at least, worse things were gone from her, though she suffered more. As though some portion of her passionate wish had been fulfilled, she felt that she could never do again what she had done, and felt that she was truthful now as he was, and that she knew evil from good even as Beatrice knew it. The horror of her sins took new growth in her changed vision.

.. Was I lost from the first beginning?" she asked, passionately. "Was I born to be all I am, and foredestined to do all I have done? Was she born an angel, and I a devil from hell? What is it all? What is this life, and what is that other beyond it?"

Behind her, in his chair, the Wanderer still slept Still his face wore the radiant look of joy that had so suddenly come into it as she turned -what shall I say? It is natural enough, I suppose——"

"You say there is no question of raise her head nor look at him, and Kafka lay as still and as deeply unconscious as the Wanderer himself. By a strange destiny she sat there. between the two men in whom her whole life had been wrecked and she alone was

waking. Tho dawn came stealing on, not soft and blushing as in southern lands, but cold, resistless and grim as ancient fate; not the maiden herald of there any use in not speaking plainly the sun with rose-tipped fingers and gray, liquid eyes, but hard, cruel, sullen, a less darkness, following upon greater and going before a dull,

sunless and heavy day. The door opened somewhat noisily, and a brisk step fell upon the marble pavement. Unorna rose noiselessly to her feet, and hastening along the open space came face to face with Keyork Arabian. He stopped and looked up at her from beneath his heavy brows with surprise and suspicion. She raised one finger to her

"You here already?" he asked. obeying her gesture and speaking in a low voice. "Hush! hush!" she whispered, not

sasisfied. 'They are asleep. You will wake them." Keyork came forward. He could move quietly enough when he chose.

He glanced at the Wanderer. "He looks comfortable enough." he whispered, half contemptuously. Then he bent down over Israel Kaf-

ka, and carefully examined his face. To him the ghastly pallor meant nothing. It was but the natural result of excessive exhaustion.

"Put him into a lethargy," said he, under his breath, but with authority in his manner. Unorna shook her head. Keyork's

small eyes brightened angrily.
"Do it," he said "What is this caprice? Are you mad? I want to take his temperature without waking

Unorna folded her arms. "Do you want him to suffer more?" asked Keyork, with a diabolical smile. "If so I will wake him by all means; am always at your service; you know.

"Will he suffer if he wakes naturally P"

"Horribly-in the head." Unorna knelt down and let her hand rest a few seconds on Kafka's brow. The features, drawn with pain, immediately relaxed.

"You have hypnotized the one," grumbled Keyork, as he bent down gain. "I cannot imagine why you bould object to doing the same for the other.'

"The other?" Unorna repeated, in "Our friend, there. in the arm "It is not true. He fell asleep

Keyork smiled again, increduously this time. He had already applied his pocket thermometer and looked at his watch. Unorna had risen to her feet, disdaining to defend hersei against the imputation expressed in his face. Some minutes passed i silence.

"He has no fever," said Keyor's looking at the little instrument. will call the Individual and he wil take him away."

"Where?" "To his lodgings, of course. Where else?" He turned and went toward the door.

In a moment Unorna was kneeling again by Kafka's side, her hand upon his forehead, her lips close to his ear "This is the last time that I will

use my power upon you or upon any one." she said quickly, for the time was short. "Obey me, as you must. Do you understand me? Will you obey?"

"Yes," came the faint answer. as from very far off. "You will wake two hours from

now. You will not forget all that hus happened, but you will never love me again. I forbid you ever to love me again! Do you understand?"
"I understand."

"You will only forget that I have told you this, though you will obey You will see me again, and if you can forgive me of your own free will, forgive me then. That must be of your own free will. Wake in two hours of yourself, without pain or sickness."

Again she touched his forehead, and then sprung to her feet. Keyork was coming back with his dumb servant. At a sign the Individual lifted Kafka from the floor, taking from him the Wanderer's furs and wrapping him in others which Keyork had brought. The strong man walked away with his burden as though he were carrying a child. Keyork Arabian lingered a moment.

"What made you come back so early?" he asked. "I will not tell you," she answered.

drawing back. "No? Well, I am not curious You have an excellent opportunity now. "An opportunity?" Unorna repeated

with a cold interrogative. "Excellent," said the little man, standing on tiptoe to reach her ear. for she would not bend her head.

'You have only to whisper into his ear that you are Beatrice, and he will believe you for the rest of his life." "Go!" said Unorna.
Though the word was not spoken

above her breath, it was fierce and commanding. Keyork Arabian smiled in an evil way, shrugged his shoulders and left her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

After carefully locking and bolting the door of the sacristy, Sister Paul turned to Beatrice.

"You are angry, my dear child," said Sister Paul. "So am I. and it seems to me that our anger is just enough. 'Be angry and sin not.' I think we can apply that to ourselves." "Who is that woman?" Beatrice asked. She was certainly angry, as

the nun had said. . She was once with us," the nun answered. "I knew her when she was mere girl-and I loved her then, in spite of her strange ways. But she has changed. They call her a witch

and indeed I think it is the only name for her." "I do not believe in witches," said

Beatrice, a little scornfully. "But whatever she is, she is bad. Sister Paul shook her head sorrow-

fully, but said nothing. "My child," she said at last, "until we know more of the truth and have better advice than we can give each other, let us not speak of it to any of the sisters. In the morning I will tell all I have seen, in confession, and then I shall get advice. Perhaps you should do the same. I know nothing of what happened before you left your room. Perhaps you have something to reproach yourself. It is not for me to ask. Think it over.

"True. I will tell you. Sister Paul, I am 25 years old. I am a grown woman, and this is no mere girl's love story. Seven years ago-I was only 18 then-I was with my father, as I have been ever since. My mother had not been dead long thenperhaps that is the reason why I seemed to be everything to my father. But they had not been happy together, and I had loved her test. We were traveling-no matter where-and then met the man I have loved. He was not of our country-that is, of my father's. He was of the same people as my mother. Well-I loved him. How dearly, you must guess and try to understand. I could not tell you that. No one could; I began gradually, for he was often with us in those days. My father liked him for his wit, his learning, though he was young, for his strength and manliness, for a hundred reasons which were nothing to me. I would have loved him had he been a cripple, poor, ignorant, de-spised, instead of being what he was the grandest, noblest man God ever made. For I did not love him for his face, nor for his courtly ways, nor for such gifts as other men might have, but for himself and for his heart-do

you understand?" "For his goodness," said Sister Paul, nodding in approval. "I un-

derstand." "No," Beatrice answered, half impatiently. "Not for his goodness, either. Many men are good, and so was he—he must have been, of course. No matter. I loved him. That is enough. He loved me, too. And one day we were alone in the broad spring sun upon a terrace. There were emon trees there—I can see the place. Then we told each other that we loved -but neither of us could find the words-they must be somewhere,

those strong beautiful words that could tell how we loved. We told each other-

"Without your father's consent?" asked the nun. almost severely. Bea-

trice's eyes flashed. "Is a woman's heart a dog that must follow at heel?" she asked, fiercely. "We loved. That was enough. My father had the power but not the heart, to come between us. We told him, then, for we were not cowards. We told him boldly that It must be. He was a thoughtful man who spoke little. He said that we must part at once, before we loved each other better-and that we should soon forget. We looked at each other, the man I loved and I. We knew that we should love better yet, parted or together, though we could not tell how that could be. But we knew also that such love as there was between us was enough. My father gave no reasons, but I knew that he hated the name of my mother's nation. Of course we met again. I remember that I could cry in those days. My father had not learned to part us then. Perhaps he was not quite sure himself. At all events the parting did not come so soon. We told him that we would wait forever if it must be. He may have been touched, though little touched him at the best. Then, one day, suddenly and without warning, he took me away to another city. And what of him? I asked. He told me that there was an evil fever in the city and that it had seized him-the man I loved. He is free to follow us if he pleases, said my father. But he never came. Then followed a journey, and another, and another, until I knew that my father was traveling to avoid him. When I saw that I grew silent and never spoke his name again. Farther and farther, longer and longer, to the ends of the earth. We saw many people; many asked for my hand. Sometimes I heard of him from men who had seen him lately. I waited patiently, for I knew that he was on our track, and sometimes I felt

that he was near." "Unorna met me after compline tonight. I could not but speak to her and then I was deceived. I cannot tell whether she knew what I am to him, but she deceived me utterly. She told me a strange story of her own life. I was lonely. I cannot tell how it was. I began to speak, and then I forgot that she was there, and told

"She made you tell her by her secret arts," said Sister Paul, in a low voice.

"No-I was lonely, and I believed that she was good, and I felt that I must speak."

"Her evil arts-her evil arts," repeated the nun, shaking her head. "Come, my dear child, let us see if all is in order there, upon the altar. If these things are to be known they must be told in the right quarter. The sacristan must not see that any one has been in the church."

. "You must help me to find him. she said, firmly. "He is not far

"Help you to find him?" she stammered. "But I cannot-I do not know-l am a raid it is not right-an affair of love-"

"An affair of life, Sister Paul, and of death, too, perhaps. This woman lives in Prague. She is rich and must be well known-Well known, indeed. 200 well known—the witch they call ber."

"Then there are those who know her. Tell me the name of one person only.'

"There is one, at least, who knows her," she said at length. "A great lady here—it is said that she, too, meddles with forbidden practices, and that Unorna has often been with her; that together they have often called up the spirits of the dead with strange rappings and writings. She knows her, I am sure, for I have talked with her, and she says it is all natural, and there is a learned man them sometimes, who explains how all such things may happen in the course of nature-a man-let me see he has a godless name, too, halfheathen and half-Christian, and no one knows his country-let me see; let me see-it is George, I think, but not as we eall it, not Jirgi, nor Jegor, no, it sounds harder-Ke-Keyrgino, Keyork-Keyork Arabi-

"Keyork Arabian!" exclaimed Beatrice. "Is he here?"

"You know him?" Sister Paul looked almost suspiciously at the young girl. "Indeed I do. He was with us in

Egypt once. He showed us wonderful things among the tombs. A strange little man, who knew everything, but very amusing." 'I do not know. But that is his

name. He lives in Prague." "How can I find him? I must see him at once-he will help me."

"I should be sorry that you should talk with him," she said. "I fear he is no better than Unorna, and perhaps worse."

She had taken the lamp again and was moving slowly toward the door. They left the church by the nuns staircase, bolting the door after them and ascended to the corridors and reached Beatrico's room. Unorna's door was open, as the nun had left it, and the yellow light streamed upon the pavement. She went in and extinguished the lamp, and then came

back to Beatrice. It was late when she opened her eyes, and the broad cold light filled the room. She lost no time in thinking over the events of the night, for everything was fresh in her memory. Half-dressed, she wrapped about her a cloak that came down to her feet, and throwing a black veil over her hair she went down to the portress lodge. In five minutes she had found Keyork's address and had dispatched one of the convent gardeners with a note. Then she leisurely returned to

Twenty minutes had scarcely passed, and she had not finished dressing when Sister Paul entered the room. evidently in a state of considerable anxiety.

"He is there!" she said, as she came

"Who is there? Keyork Arabian?" Sister Paul nodded, glad that she was not obliged to pronounce the name that had to her such an unchristian sound.

"Where is he? I did not think he could come so soon. Oh, Sister Paul, do help me with my hair! I cannot

"He is in the parlor, down-stairs," answered the nun, coming to her assistance. "Indeed, child, I do not see how I can help you." She touched the black coils ineffectually. "There! Is that better?" she asked in a timid way. "I do not know how to do it-"

The convent parlor was a large bare room, lighted by a high and grated window. Plain, straight, modera chairs were ranged against the wall at regular intervals.

Keyork Arabian was standing in the middle of the parlor waiting for Beatrice. When she entered at last he made two steps forward, bowing profoundly and then smiled in a deferential manner.

"My dear lady," he said, "I here. I have lost no time. It so happened that I received your note just as I was leaving my carriage after a morning drive. I had no idea you were in Bohemia." "Thanks. It was good of you to

come so soon." She sat down upon one of the stiff chairs and motioned to him to follow her example.

"And your dear father-how is he?" inquired Keyork, with suave politeness as he took his seat. "My father died a week ago,"

Beatrice, gravely. Keyork's face assumed all the expression of which it was capable.

"I am deeply grieved," he said, moderating his huge voice to a soft and purring sub-bass. "He was an old and valued friend."

There was a moment's silence; Keyork, who knew many things, was well aware that a silent feud, of which he also knew the cause, had existed between father and daughter when he had last been with them, and he rightly judged from his knowledge of their obstinate characters that it had lasted to the end. He thought, therefore, that his expression of sympathy had been sufficient and could pass muster.

"I asked you to come," said Beatrice, at last, .. because I wanted your help in a matter of importance to myself. I understand that you know a person who calls herself Unorna, and

who lives here." Keyork's bright blue eyes scrutinized her face. He wondered how much she knew.

"Very well, indeed," he answered, as though not at all surprised. "You know something of her life, then. I suppose you see her often,

do you not?" "Daily, I can almost say."

"Have you any objection to answering one question about her?" "Twenty, if you ask them, and if I know the answers," said Keyork, wondering what form the question would take, and preparing to meet a surprise with indifference.

"But, will you answer me truly?" •My dear lady, I pledge you my sacred word of honor," answered, with immense gravity, meeting her eyes and laying his hand

upon his heart. "Does she love that man-or not?" Beatrice asked, suddenly showing him the little miniature of the Wanderer. which she had taken from its case and

had hitherto concealed in her hand. She watched every line of his face, for she knew something of him, and in reality put very little more faith in his word of honor than he did himself, which was not saying much. But she had counted upon surprising him. and she succeeded to a certain extent. His answer did not come as glibly as he could have wished, though his plan was soon formed.

"Who is it! Ah, dear me! My old friend. We call him the Wanderer. Well, Unorna certainly knew him when he was here."

"Then he is gone?" "Indeed, I am not quite sure," said Keyork, regaining all his selfpossession. "Of course I can find out for you it you wish to know. But as regards Unorna I can tell you nothing. They were a good deal together at one time. I fancy he was consulting her. You have heard that she is a clairvoyant, I dare say."

carelessly, as though he attached no importance to the fact. "Then you do not know whether

she loves him?" Keyork indulged himself in a little discreet laughter, deep and musical. "Love is such a very vague word." he said, presently.

"Is it?" Beatrice asked, with some

coldness. "To me, at least," Keyork hastened to say, as though somewhat confused. "But, of course, I can know very little about it in myself, and nothing about

it in others.' Beatrice began to understand that Keyork had no intention of giving her any further information. She relected that she had learned much in this interview. The Wanderer had been and perhaps still was in Prague. Unorna loved him and they had been frequently together.

"Will you be so kind as to make some inquiry and let me know the result to-day?" she asked.

"I will do everything to give you an early answer," said Keyork. "And I shall be the more anxious to obtain one without delay in order that I may have the very great pleasure of visit | betting was twenty to one.

her room and set about completing ing you again. There is much I would like to ask you, if you would allow me. For old friends, as I trust I may say that we are, you must admit that we have exchanged fewvery few-confidences this morning. Command all my service. I will come

again in the course of the day. With many sympathetic smiles and half-comic inclinations of his short, broad body, the little man bowed himself out.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Unorna drew one deep breath when she first heard her name fall with a loving accent from the Wanderer's lips. Surely the bitterness of despair

was past, since she was loved and not called Beatrice.

Unorna scarcely knew that it had not been she who had parted from him so long ago. Yet she was playing a part, and in the semi-consciousness of her deep self-illusion it all seemed as real as a vision in a dream so often dreamed that it has become part of the dreamer's life.

She had really loved him throughout all those years; she had really sought him and mourned for him, and longed for sight of his face, they had really parted and had really found each other but a short hour since; there was no Beatrice but Unorna, and no Unorna but Beatrice, for they were one and indivisible and interchangeable as the glance of a man's two eyes that look on one fair sight; each sees alone, the same-but seeing together, the sight grows doubly fair:

"And all the sadness, where is it now?" she asked. "And all the emptiness of that long time? It never was, my love—it was yesterday we met. We parted yesterday, to meet to-day. Say it was yesterday-the little word

can undo seven years."
"It seems like yesterday," he said. "Indeed, I can almost think so now, for it was all night between. But not quite dark as night is sometimes. It was a night full of starseach star was a thought of you, that burned softly and showed me where heaven was. And darkest night, they say, means coming morning-so. when the stars went out, I knew the

sun must rise." "And why should it not last? Is there any reason in earth why we two should part? If there is-I will make that reason itself folly, and madness, and unreason. Dear, do not speak of this not lasting. Die, you say? Worse, far worse: as much as eternal death is worse than bodily dying. Last? Does any one know what forever means, if we do not? Die we must, in these dying bodies, of ours, but part—no. Love has burned the cruel sense out of that word, and bleached its blackness white. We wounded the devil. parting, with one kiss, we killed him with the next-this buries him-ah. love, how sweet----'

There was neither resistance nor the thought of resisting. Their lips met, and were withdrawn, only that their eyes might drink again the

draught the lips had tasted. Truth or untruth, their love was real, hers as much as his. She remembered only what her heart had

been without it. He spoke tenderly, but with the faintest echo of sadness in his voice. The mere suggestion that such thoughts could have been near her was enough to pain him. She was silent, and again her head lay upon his shoulder. It must be so easy to be faithful when life was but one faith. In that chord, at least, no note rang false.

"Change in love-indifference to you!" she cried, all at once, hiding her lovely face in his breast and twining her arms about his neck. "No, no! I never meant that such things could be-they are but empty words. words one hears spoken lightly by lips that never spoke the truth, by men and women who never had such truth to speak as you and I."

"And as for old age! What is it after all? A few gray hairs, a wrinkle here and there, a slower step, perhaps a dimmer glance. That is all it is-the quiet, sunny channel between the sea of earthly joy and the ocean of heavenly happiness." "Yes," she said. "It is better to

think of it so. Then we need think of

no other change." "There is no other possible," he answered, gently pressing the shoulder upon which his hand was resting. "We have not waited and believed, and trusted and loved, for seven years, to wake at last-face to face as we are to-day—and to find that we have trusted vainly and loved two shadows.'

She said nothing. By merest chance he had said words that had waked the doubt again, so that it grew a little He made the last remark quite and took a firmer hold in her unwilling heart. "To love a shadow," he had said. "To wake and to find self not self at all."

But she knew it was only a doubt, and had it been the truth, and had Beatrice's foot been on the threshold, she would not have been driven away by fear. But the light had begun. "Speak to me, dear," she said, "I

must hear your voice-it makes me know that it is all real." "How the minutes fly!" he exclaimed, smoothing her hair with his band. "It seems to me that I was but just speaking when you spoke."

"It seems so long-" checked herself, wondering whether an hour had passed or but a second. [TO BE CONTINUED].

Eurus, one of the most successful race-horses that ever campaigned in the country, has been retired. A trifle short of first-class, he dropped into many soft spots, winning between \$75,-600 and \$80,000 in the four years he was in training. His most notable victory was the Suburban of 1887, when, ridden by Davis, he beat a big field, including Oriflamme, Richmond, Hidalgo, Rataplan, Barnum, Linden and Ben Ali, The