THE WITCH OF PRAGUE.

A Fantastic Tale.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of "MR. ISAACS," "DR. CLAUDIUS," "A ROMAN SINGER," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

If Keyork Arabian inclined to the psychic rather than to the physical school in his view of Unorna's witchcraft and in his study of hypnotism in general, his opinion resulted naturally from his great knowledge of mankind and of the unacknowledged, often unsuspected, convictions which in reality direct mankind's activity. It was this experience, too, and the certainty to which it had led him, that put him beyond the reach of Unorna's power so long as he chose not to yield himself to her will. Her position was in reality diametrically opposed to his, and although he repeated his reasonings to her from time to time, he was quite indifferent to the nature of her views, and never gave himself any real trouble to make her change them. The important point was that she should not lose anything of the gifts she possessed, and Keyork was wise enough to see that the exercise of them depended in a great measure upon her own conviction regarding their exceptional nature.

Unorna herself believed in everything which strengthened and developed that conviction, and especially in the influences of time and place. It appeared to her a fortunate circumstance when she at last determined to overcome her pride, that the resolution should have formed itself exactly a month after she had so successfully banished the memory of Beatrice from the mind of the man she loved. She felt sure of producing a result as effectual if this time she could work the second change in the same place and under the same circumstances as the first. And so this and everything else was in her favor. She needed not to close her eyes to fancy that thirty days had really passed between then and now, as she left the house in the affternoon with the Wanderer by her side.

He had come back, and had found her once more herself, calm, collected conscious of her own powers. No suspicion of the real cause of the disturbance he had witnessed crossed his mind; still less could he guess what thing she meditated as she directed their walk towards that lonely place by the river which had been the scene of her first great effort. She talked lightly as they went, and he, in that strange humor of peaceful, well-satisfied indifference which possessed him, answered her in the same strain. It was yet barely afternoon, but there was already a foretaste of coming evening in the chilly air.

"I have been thinking of what you said this morning," she said, suddenly changing the current of the conversation. "Did I thank you for your kindness?" She smiled as she laid her hand gently upon his arm to cross a crowded street, and she looked up into his quiet face.

"Thank me? For what? On the contrary—I fancied that I had annoyed you."

"Perhaps I did not quite understand it all at first," she answered thoughtfully. "It is hard for a woman like me to realize what it would be to have a brother, or a sister, or any one belonging to me. I needed to think of the man. Do you know that I am quite alone in the world?"

The Wanderer had accepted her as he found her, strangely alone, indeed, and strangely independent of the world, a beautifully singularly interesting woman, doing good, so far as he knew, in her own way, separated from ordinary existence by some unusual circumstances, and elevated above ordinary dangers by the strength and the pride of her own character. And yet, inexplicable inconsistent as he had grown of late, he was conscious of a vague curiosity in regard to her story. Keyork either really knew nothing, or pretended to know nothing of her origin.

"I see that you are alone," said the Wanderer. "Have you always been so?"

"Always. I have had an odd life. You could not understand it if I told you of it."

"And yet I have been lonely, too—and I believe I was once unhappy, though I cannot think of any reason for it."

"You have been lonely—yes. But yours was another loneliness, more limited, less fatal, more voluntary. It must seem strange to you—I do not even positively know of what nation I was born."

Her companion looked at her in surprise, and his curiosity increased.

"I know nothing of myself," she continued. "I remember neither father nor mother. I grew up in the forest, among people who did not love me, but who taught me and respected me as though I were their superior, and who sometimes feared me. When I look back, I am amazed at their learning and their wisdom—and ashamed of having learned so little."

"You are unjust to yourself."

Unorna laughed.

"No one ever accused me of that," she said. "Will you believe it? I do not even know where that place was. I cannot tell you even the name of the kingdom in which it lay. I learned a name for it and for the forest. But those names are in no map that has ever fallen into my hands. I sometimes feel that I would go to the place if I could find it."

"It is very strange. And how came you here?"

"I was told that the time had come. We started at night. It was a long journey and I remember feeling tired, as I was never tired before or since. They brought me here, they left me in a religious house among nuns. Then I was told that I was rich and free. My fortune was brought to me. That, at least, I know. But those who received it and who take care of it for me know no more of its origin than I myself. Gold tells no tales, and the secret has been well kept. I would give much to know the truth—when I am in the humor."

She sighed and then laughed again.

"You see why it is that I find the idea of a brother so hard to understand," she added, and then was silent.

"You have all the more need of understanding it, my dear friend," the Wanderer answered, looking at her thoughtfully.

"Yes, I can see it. I can see what friendship is. I can almost guess what it would be to have a brother."

"And never yet never thought of more than that?" He copied the question in his quiet and almost friendly tone, somewhat uncertain lest, as though fearing lest it might seem tactless and be unwelcome.

"Yes, I have thought of love also," she answered in a low voice. But she said nothing more, and they walked on for some time in silence.

They came out upon the open place by the river which she remembered so well. Unorna glanced about her and her face fell. The place was the same, but the solitude was disturbed. It was not Sunday as it had been that day a month ago. All about the huge blocks of stone groups of workmen were busy with great chisels and heavy hammers, hewing and chipping and fashioning the material that it might be ready for use in the early spring. Even the river was changed. Men were standing upon the ice cutting it into long symmetrical strips to be hauled ashore. Some of the great pieces were already separated from the main ice and sturdy fellows clad in dark woolen were poling them over the dark water to the foot of the gently sloping road, where heavy carts stood ready to receive the load when cut up into blocks. The dark city was taking in a great provision of its own coldness against the summer months.

Unorna looked about her. Everywhere there were people at work, and she was more disappointed than she would own to herself at the invasion of the solitude. The Wanderer looked from the stone-cutters to the ice-men with a show of curiosity.

"I have not seen so much life in Prague for many a day," he observed.

"Let us go," answered Unorna, nervously. "I do not like it. I cannot bear the sight of people to-day."

They turned in a new direction. Unorna guiding her companion by a gesture. They were near to the Jewish quarter, and presently were threading their way through narrow and filthy streets thronged with eager Hebrew faces, and filled with the hum of low-pitched voices chattering together, not in the language of the country, but in a base dialect of German. They were in the heart of Prague, in that dim quarter which is one of the strongholds of the Israelite, whence he directs great enterprises and sets in motion its huge financial schemes, in which Israel, as a great spider in the midst of dark web, dominating the whole capital with his eagle's glance and weaving the destiny of the Bohemian people to suit his intricate speculations. For throughout the the length and breadth of Slavonic and German Austria the Jew rules, and rules alone.

Unorna gathered her furs more closely about her, in evident disgust at her surroundings, but still she kept on her way. Her companion, scarcely less familiar with the sights of Prague than she herself, walked by her side, glancing carelessly at the passing people, at the Hebrew signs, at the dark entrances that lead to courts within courts, and into labyrinths of dismal lanes and passages, looking at everything with the same serene indifference, and idly wondering what made Unorna choose to walk that way. Then he saw that she was going towards the cemetery. They reached the door, were admitted, and found themselves alone in the vast wilderness.

In the midst of the city lies the ancient burial ground, now long disused but still undisturbed, many acres of uneven land, covered so thickly with graves and planted so closely with granite and sandstone slabs, that the paths will scarcely allow two persons to walk side by side. The stones stand and lie in all conceivable positions, erect, slanting at every angle, prostrate upon the earth or upon others already fallen before them—two, three and even four upon a grave, where generations of men have been buried one upon the other—stones large and small, covered with deep-cut inscriptions in the Hebrew character, bearing the sculpture of two uplifted hands, wherever the Kohins, the children of the tribe of Aaron, are laid to rest, or the gracefully chiseled ewer of the Levites. Here they lie, thousands of dead Jews, great and small, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, neglected individually, but guarded as a whole with all the tenacious determination of the race to hold its own, and to preserve the sacredness of its dead. In the dim light of the winter's afternoon it is as though a great army of men had fallen fighting there, and had been turned to stone as they fell. Rank upon rank

HE PUT HIS HAND IN HERS.

they lie, with that irregularity which comes of symmetry destroyed, like columns and files of soldiers shot down in the act of advancing. And in winter, the gray light falling upon the untrodden snow throws a pale reflection upwards against each stone, as though from the myriad sepulchres a faintly luminous vapor were rising to the outer air. Over all, the rugged brushwood and the stunted trees interwine their leafless branches and twigs in a thin, ghostly network of gray, that clouds the view of the farther distance without interrupting it, a forest of shadowy skeletons clasping fleshless, bony hands one with another, from grave to grave, as far as the eye can see.

The stillness in the place is intense. Not a murmur of distant life from the surrounding city disturbs the silence. At rare intervals a strong breath of icy wind stirs the dead branches and makes them crack and rattle against the gravestones and against each other as in a dance of death. It is a wild and dreary place. In the summer, indeed, the thick leafage lends it a transitory color and softness, but in the depth of winter, when there is nothing to hide the nakedness of the truth, when the snow lies thick upon the ground and the twined twigs and twisted trunks scarce cast a tracery of shadow under the sunless sky, the utter desolation and loneliness of the spot have a horror of their own, not to be described, but never to be forgotten.

Unorna walked forward in silence, choosing a path so narrow that her companion found himself obliged to drop behind and follow in her footsteps. In the wildest part of this wilderness of death there is a little rising of ground. Here both the gravestones and the stunted trees are thickest and the solitude is, if possible, even more complete than elsewhere. As she reached the highest point Unorna stood still, turned quickly towards the Wanderer and held out both her hands towards him.

"I have chosen this place because it is quiet," she said, with a soft smile.

Hardly knowing why he did so, he laid his hands in hers and looked kindly down to her upturned face.

"What is it?" he asked, meeting her eyes.

She was silent, and her fingers did not unclasp themselves. He looked at her, and saw for the hundredth time that she was very beautiful. There was a faint color in her cheeks, and her full lips were just parted as though a loving word had escaped them which she would not willingly recall. Against the background of broken neutral tints, her figure stood out, an incarnation of youth and vitality. If she had often looked weary and poor of late, her strength and freshness had returned to her now in all their abundance. The Wanderer knew that he was watching her, and knew that he was thinking of her beauty and realizing the whole extent of it more fully than ever before, but beyond this point his thoughts could not go. He was aware that he was becoming fascinated by her eyes, and he felt that with every moment it was growing harder for him to close his own, or to look away from her, and then, an instant later, he knew that it would be impossible. Yet he made no effort. He was passive, indifferent, will-less, and her gaze charmed him more and more. He was already in a dream, and he fancied that the beautiful figure shone with a soft, rosy light of its own in the midst of the gloomy waste. Looking into her sunlike eyes, he saw there twin images of himself, that drew him softly and surely into themselves until he was absorbed by them and felt that he was no longer a reality but a reflection. Then a deep unconsciousness stole over all his senses and he slept, or passed into that state which seems to lie between sleep and trance.

Unorna needed not to question him this time, for she saw that he was completely under her influence. Yet she hesitated at the supreme moment, and then, though to all real intents she was quite alone, a burning flush of shame rose to her face, and her heart sank within her. She felt that she could not do it.

She dropped his hands. They fell to his sides as though they had been of lead. Then she turned from him and pressed her aching forehead against a tall, weather worn stone that rose higher than her own height from the midst of the hillock.

Her woman's nature rebelled against the trick. It was the truest thing in her and perhaps the best, which protested so violently against the thing she meant to do; it was the simple longing to be loved for her own sake, and of the man's own free will, to be loved by him with the love she had despised in Israel Kafka. But would this be love at all, this artificial creation of her suggestion reacting upon his mind? Would it last? Would it be true, faithful, tender? Above all, would it be real, even for a moment? She asked herself a thousand questions in a second of time.

Then the ready excuse flashed upon her—the pretext which the heart will always find when it must have its way. Was it not possible, after all, that he was beginning to love her even now? Might not that outburst of friendship which had surprised her and wounded her so deeply be the herald of a stronger passion? She looked up quickly and met his vacant stare.

"Do you love me?" she asked, almost before she knew what she was going to say.

"No." The answer came in the far-off voice that told of his unconsciousness, a mere toneless monosyllable breathed upon the murky air. But it stabbed her like the thrust of a jagged knife. A long silence followed, and Unorna leaned against the great slab of carved sandstone.

Even to her there was something awful in his powerless, motionless presence. The noble face, pale and set, as under a mask,

Between two tall gravestones stood a man.

the thoughtful brow, the dominating features were not those of a man born to be a plaything to the will of a woman. The commanding figure towered in the grim surroundings like a dark statue, erect, unmoving, and in no way weak. And yet she knew that she had but to speak and the figure would move, the lips would form words, the voice would reach her ear. He would raise this hand or that, step forwards or backwards at her command, affirm what she bid him affirm, and deny whatever she chose to hear denied. For a moment she wished he had been as Keyork Arabian, stronger than she; then, with the half-conscious comparison, the passion for the man himself surged up and drowned every other thought. She almost forgot that for the time he was not to be counted among the living. She went to him and clasped her hands upon his shoulder and looked up into his scarce-seeing eyes.

"You must love me," she said; "you must love me, because I love you so. Will you not love me, dear? I have waited so long for you."

The soft words vibrated in his sleeping ear, but drew forth neither acknowledgment nor response. Like a marble statue he stood still, and she leaned upon his shoulder.

"Do you not hear me?" she cried in a more passionate tone. "Do you not understand me? Why is it that your love is so hard to win? Look at me! Might not any man be proud to love me? Am I not beautiful enough for you? And yet I know that I am fair. Or are you ashamed because people call me a witch? Why, then, I will never be one again, for your sake! What do I care for it all? Can it be anything to me—can anything have worth that stands between me and you? Ah, love—be not so very hard!"

The Wanderer did not move. His face was as calm as a sculptured stone.

"Do you despise me for loving you?" she asked again, with a sudden flush.

"No. I do not despise you." Something in her tone had pierced through his stupor, and had found an answer. She started at the sound of his voice. It was as though he had been awake and had known the weight of what she had been saying, and her anger rose at the cold reply.

"No—you do not despise me, and you never shall," she exclaimed, passionately. "You shall love me, as I love you—I will it, with all my will! We are created to be all, one to the other, and you shall not break through the destiny of love. Love me, as I love you—love me with all your heart, love me with all your mind, love me with all your soul, love me as man never loved woman since the world began! I will it, I command, it—it shall be as I say—you dare not disobey me—you cannot if you would."

She paused, but this time no answer came. There was not even a contraction of the stony features.

"Do you hear all I say?" she asked.

"I hear."

"Then understand and answer me," she said.

"I do not understand. I cannot answer."

"You must. You shall. I will have it so. You cannot resist my will, and I will it with all my might. You have no will—you are mine, your body, your soul and your thoughts, and you must love me with them

"BE SILENT!" HE EXCLAIMED.

all until you die—until you die," she repeated fiercely.

Again he was silent. She felt that she had no hold upon his heart or mind, seeing that he was not even disturbed by her repeated efforts.

"Are you a stone, that you do not know what love is?" she cried, grasping his hand in hers, and looking with desperate eyes into his face.

"I do not know what love is," he answered slowly.

"Then I will tell you what love is," she said, and she took his hand and pressed it upon her own brow.

The Wanderer started at the touch, as though he would have drawn back. But she held him fast, and so far, at least, he was utterly subject to her. His brow contracted darkly, and his face grew paler.

"Read it there," she cried. "Enter into my soul and read what love is, in his own great writing. Read how he steals suddenly into the sacred place and makes it his, and tears down the old gods and sets up his dear image in their stead—read how he sighs, and speaks, and weeps, and loves—and forgives not, but will be revenged at the last? Are you indeed of stone, and have you a stone for a heart? Love can melt even stones, being set in man as the great central fire in the earth to burn the hardest things to streams of liquid flame! And see, again, how very soft and gentle he can be! See how I love you—see how sweet it is—how very lovely a thing it is to love as woman can. There—have you felt it now? Have you seen into the depths of my soul and into the hiding places of my heart? Let it be so in your own, then, and let it be so forever. You understand now. You know what it all is—how wild, how passionate, how gentle and how great! Take to yourself this love of mine—is it not all yours? Take it, and plant it with strong roots and seeds of undying life in your own sleeping breast, and let it grow, and grow, till it is even greater than it was in me, till it takes us both into itself, together, fast bound in its immortal bonds, to be two in one, in life and beyond life, for ever and ever and ever to the end of ends!"

She ceased, and she saw that his face was no longer expressionless and cold. A strange light was upon his features, the passing radiance of a supreme happiness seen in the vision of a dream. Again she laid her hands upon his shoulder clasped together, as she had done at first. She knew that her words had touched him, and she was confident of the result, confident as one who loves beyond reason. Already in imagination she fancied him returning to consciousness, not knowing that he had slept, but waking with a gentle word just trembling upon his lips, the word she longed to hear.

One moment more, she thought. It was good to see that light upon his face, to fancy how the first word would sound, to feel that the struggle was past and that there was nothing but happiness in the future, full, overflowing, overwhelming, reaching from earth to heaven and through time to eternity. One moment, only, before she let him wake—it was such glory to be loved at last! Still, the light was there, still that exquisite smile was on his lips. And they would be always there now, she thought.

At last she spoke.

"Then, love, since you are mine, and I am yours, wake from the dream to life itself—wake, not knowing that you have slept, knowing only that you love me now and always—wake, love, wake!"

She waved her delicate hand before his eyes and, still resting the other upon his shoulder, watching the returning brightness in the dark pupils that had been glazed and fixed a moment before. And as she looked her own beauty grew radiant in the splendor of a joy even greater than she had dreamed of. As it had seemed to him when he had lost himself in her gaze, so now she also fancied that the grim, gray wilderness was full of a soft, rosy light. The place of the dead was become the palace of life; the great solitude was peopled as the whole world could never be for her; the crumbling gravestones were turned to polished pillars in the temple of an immortal love, and the ghostly, leafless trees blossomed with the undying flowers of the earthly paradise.

One moment only, and then all was gone. The change came, sure, swift and cruel. As she looked, it came, gradual, in that it passed through every degree, but sudden also, as the fall of a fair and mighty building, which, being undermined in its foundation, passes in one short minute through the change from perfect completeness to hopeless and utter ruin.

All the radiance, all the light, all the glory were gone in an instant. Her own supremely loving look had not vanished, her lips still parted sweetly, as in forming the word that was answer his, and the calm, indifferent face of the waking man was already before her.

"What is it?" he asked in his kind and passionless voice. "What were you going to ask me, Unorna?"

It was gone. The terribly earnest appeal had been in vain. Not a trace of that short vision of love remained impressed upon his brain.

With a smothered cry of agony Unorna leaned against the great slab of stone behind her and covered her eyes. The darkness of night descended upon her, and with it the fire of a burning shame.

Then a loud and cruel laugh rang through the chilly air, such a laugh as the devils in hell bestow upon the shame of a proud soul that knows its own infinite bitterness. Unorna started and uncovered her eyes; her suffering changed in a single instant to ungovernable and destroying anger. She made a step forwards, and then stopped short, breathing hard. The Wanderer, too, had turned, more quickly than she. Between two tall gravestones, not a dozen paces away, stood a man with haggard face and eyes on fire, his keen, worn features contorted by a smile in which unspeakable satisfaction struggled for expression with a profound despair.

The man was Israel Kafka.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Wanderer looked from Unorna to Kafka with profound surprise. He had never seen the man, and had no means of knowing who he was; still less of guessing what had brought him to the lonely place, or why he had broken into a laugh, of which the harsh, wild tones still echoed through the wide cemetery. Totally unconscious of all that had happened to himself during the preceding quarter of an hour, the Wanderer was deprived of the key to the situation. He only understood that the stranger was for some reason or other deeply incensed against Unorna, and he realized that the intruder had, on the moment of his appearance, no control over himself.

Israel Kafka remained where he stood, between the two tall stones, one hand resting on each, his body inclined a little forward, his dark, sunken eyes, bloodshot and full of a turbid, angry brightness, bent intently upon Unorna's face. He looked as though he were about to move suddenly forward, but it was impossible to foresee that he might not as suddenly retreat, as a lean and hungry tiger crouches for a moment in uncertainty whether to fight or fly, when, after tracking down his man, he finds him not alone and defenseless as he had anticipated, but well armed and in company.

The Wanderer's indolence was only mental, and was moreover transitory and artificial. When he saw Unorna advance he quickly placed himself between her and Israel Kafka, and looked from one to the other.

"Who is that man?" he asked. "And what does he want of you?"

Unorna made as though she would pass him. But he laid his hand upon her arm with a gesture that betrayed his anxiety for her safety. At his touch, her face changed for a moment and a faint blush dyed her cheek.

"You may as well ask who I am," said the Moravian, speaking in a voice half-choked with passion and anger. "She will tell you she does not know me—she will deny my existence to my face. But she knows me very well. I am Israel Kafka."

The Wanderer looked at him more curiously. He remembered what he had heard but a few hours earlier from Keyork concerning the young fellow's madness. The situation now partially explained itself.

"I understand," he said, looking at Unorna. "He seems to be dangerous. What shall I do with him?"

He asked the question as calmly as though it had referred to the disposal of an inanimate object, instead of to the taking into custody of a madman.

"Do with me?" cried Kafka, advancing suddenly a step forwards from between the slabs. "Do with me? Do you speak of me as though I were a dog—a dumb animal—but I will—"

He choked and coughed, and could not finish the sentence. There was a hectic flush in his cheek and his thin, graceful frame shook violently from head to foot. Unable to speak for the moment, he waved his hand in a menacing gesture. The Wanderer shook his head rather sadly.

"He seems very ill," he said, in a tone of compassion.

But Unorna was pitiless. She knew what her companion could not know, namely, that Kafka must have followed them through the streets to the cemetery and must have overheard Unorna's passionate appeal and must have seen and understood the means she was using to win the Wanderer's love. Her anger was terrible. She had suffered enough secret shame already in stooping to the use of her arts in such a course. It had cost her one of the greatest struggles of her life, and her disappointment at the result had been proportionately bitter. In that alone she had endured almost as much pain as she could bear. But to find suddenly then her humiliation, her hot speech, her failure, the look which she knew had been on her face until the moment when the Wanderer awoke, that all had been seen and heard by Israel Kafka was intolerable. Even Keyork's unexpected appearance could not have so fired her wrath. Keyork might have laughed at her afterwards, but her failure would have been no triumph to him. Was not Keyork enlisted on her side, ready to help at all times, by word or deed, in accordance with the terms of their agreement? But of all men Kafka, whom she had so wronged, was the one man who should have been ignorant of her defeat and miserable shame.

"Go!" she cried, with a gesture of command. Her eyes flashed and her extended hand trembled.

There was such concentrated fury in the single word that the Wanderer started in surprise, ignorant as he was of the true state of things.

"You are uselessly unkind," he said gravely. "The poor man is mad. Let me take him away."

"Leave him to me," she answered imperiously. "He will obey me."

But Israel Kafka did not turn. He rested one hand upon the slab, and faced her. As when many different forces act together at one point, producing after the first shock a resultant little expected, so the many passions that were at work in his face finally twisted his lips into a smile.

"Yes," he said, in a low tone, which did not express submission. "Leave me to her! Leave me to the Witch and to her mercy. It will be the end this time. She is drunk with her love of you and mad with her hatred of me."

Unorna grew suddenly pale, and would have again sprung forward. But the Wanderer stopped her and held her arm. At the same time he looked into Kafka's eyes and raised one hand as though in warning.

"Be silent!" he exclaimed.

"And if I speak, what then?" asked the Moravian with his evil smile.

"I will silence you," answered the Wanderer, coldly. "Your madness excuses you, perhaps, but it does not justify me in allowing you to insult a woman."

Kafka's anger took a new direction. Even madmen are often calmed by the quiet opposition of a strong and self-possessed man. And Kafka was not mad. He was no coward, either, but the subtlety of his race was in him. As oil dropped by the board in a wild tempest does not calm the waves, but momentarily prevents their angry crests from breaking, so the Israelite's quick tact veiled the rough face of his dangerous humor.

"I insult no one," he said, almost deferentially. "Least of all, her whom I have worshiped long and lost at last. You accuse me unjustly of that, and though my speech may have been somewhat rude, yet may I be forgiven for the sake of what I have suffered. For I have suffered much."

Seeing that he was taking a more courteous tone the Wanderer folded his arms and left Unorna free to move, awaiting her commands or the further development of events. He saw in her face that her anger was not subsiding and he wondered less at it after hearing Kafka's insulting speech. It was a pity, he thought, that any one should take so seriously a maniac's words, but he was nevertheless resolved that they should not be repeated. After all it would be an easy matter if the man again overstepped the bounds of gentle speech to take him bodily away from Unorna's presence.

"And are you going to charm our ears with the story of your sufferings?" Unorna asked, in a tone so cruel that the Wanderer expected a quick outburst of anger from Kafka in reply. But he was disappointed in this. The smile still lingered on the Moravian's face when he answered, and his expressive voice, no longer choked with passion, grew very soft and musical.

"It is not mine to charm," he said. "It is not given to me to make slaves of all living things with hand and eye and word. Such power nature does not give to all, she has given none to me. I have no spell to win Unorna's love—and if I had, I cannot say that I would take a love thus earned."

He paused a moment and Unorna grew paler. She started, but then did not move again. His words had power to wound her, but she trembled lest the Wanderer should understand their hidden meaning, and she was silent, biding her time and curbing her passion.

"No," continued Kafka. "I was not thus favored in my nativity. The star of love was not in the ascendant, the lord of magic charms was not trembling upon my horizon, the sun of earthly happiness was not enthroned in my mid-heaven. How could it be? She had it all, this Unorna, here, and nature, generous in one mad moment, lavished upon her all there was to give. For she has all, and we have nothing, as I have learned and you will learn before you die."

He looked at the Wanderer as he spoke. His hollow eyes seemed calm enough and in his dejected attitude and subdued tone there was nothing that gave warning of a coming storm. The Wanderer listened, half interested, and yet half annoyed by his persistence. Unorna herself was silent still.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORST IN TEN YEARS.

That's What is Said of the Great March Snow Storm in Western Kansas.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 25.—Dispatches from Kansas state that the worst snow storm of the season is raging in that state. In Colorado the snow is three feet and a half deep.

A dispatch from Atchison says that the Central branch division of the Missouri Pacific is not moving a wheel to-day, on account of the snow blockade. The snow is particularly bad in the west end of the state, where the country is covered to a depth of ten inches on a level. Several trains have been caught between stations and among them the pay train and a passenger train. The company manages to provide the crews and passengers with food, but with difficulty. A snow plow started out this afternoon, but as fast as it cleared a pathway the snow drifted in behind it and the attempt was abandoned, leaving the plow engine to "die" in a drift. Superintendent Rathburn says it is the greatest snow storm the road has experienced in ten years.

A dispatch from Wichita, Kan., says that a 'Frisco passenger train is stuck in a drift near Bentley, and near Allsworth a Missouri Pacific train is fast. Unless some extremely cold weather follows the storm it is not expected that crops will be injured. The snow is very deep throughout the entire state, and the scarcity of feed will make it very severe on stock. There is bound to be great loss to stock unless the snow disappears rapidly.

FOOLED THE OFFICERS.

Postmaster Koehler Swallowed That Fatal Dose While His House Was Surrounded by Minions of the Law.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

MERRIVALE, BOSQUE COUNTY, TEX., March 24.—The death of A. F. Koehler, the late postmaster at Greenock, four miles from here, has revealed so many frauds and such high-handed rascality that the county is filled with indignation. Koehler committed suicide Friday by taking laudanum while the house was surrounded by men who failed to get him to open the door, or even to get one word from him. He has been stealing registered letters, selling the same property several times, practicing all manner of fraud and rascality lately, and, when caught up with, ended his life as above stated. The United States court had an indictment against him for extortion, for which he was under bond to appear at the April term.

An Ex-Minister Dead.

LANCASTER, PA., March 25.—Dr. James P. Wickersham, ex-minister to Denmark, under Cleveland, is dead.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

—READ WHAT THEY SAY OF THE—

Gazette's Cook Book

WEEKLY GAZETTE ONE YEAR AND COOK BOOK ONLY $1.50.

READ THE TESTIMONIALS.

BEST COOK BOOK OUT.
DEXTER, TEX., Feb. 20, 1891.
Fort Worth Gazette:
Your premium cook book received. We are well pleased with it. All the recipes tried have given perfect satisfaction. I regard it as the best cook book on the market, as we have five different cook books, and I can cheerfully say that your book is the best and cheapest one of them. Yours with respect. O. P. ELLIOTT.

THE BEST SHE HAS SEEN.
HURST, TEX., Feb. 17, 1891.
The Democrat Publishing Company:
SIRS—I think the cook book worth three times the cost and the best that I have seen. Would not part with it for twice the price.
MRS. F. R. HILL.

ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY.
SIPE SPRINGS, TEX.
DEAR SIR—The book is entirely satisfactory, and everyone who sees it admires it. I think it is worth twice the money I gave for it. Many thanks to you for the book, as well as for your worthy paper. C. H. TURNER.

WORTH MORE THAN IS ASKED.
LANHAM, HAMILTON COUNTY, TEX., Feb. 16, 1891.
Fort Worth Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:
The cook book is more than you claim for it, and worth much more than the price paid for it, without counting a year's reading of the best Democratic paper in the state. I don't see how you can sell such a valuable book for so little money. I would not be without THE GAZETTE one year for twice what the book and paper cost. Pleased beyond expectation.
G. W. BULMAN.

COULD NOT DO WITHOUT IT.
CUBA P. O., TEX., Feb. 15, 1891.
Fort Worth Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:
DEAR SIRS—Your cook book came safe to hand several days ago, and am well pleased with it, as it is a great help to any person keeping house. We could not well afford to do without it now. Yours as ever.
W. K. BOATWRIGHT.

FOR RICH AND POOR.
SMITHFIELD, TEX., Feb. 20, 1891.
Editor Gazette.
We have two or three cook books, but not being a stockholder in any national bank, nor interested in the Louisiana state lottery, I have not been able, financially, to utilize them to any great extent. But I find in the Household, or GAZETTE cook book, scores of recipes well adapted to the household of limited means, plenty of cheap, simple and healthful recipes; while, if one wishes to indulge in something more expensive and stylish, there are plenty rich and delicious enough to give a tobacco sign the dyspepsia. My wife is well pleased with it, not only for the cooking recipes, but for many good things in the other departments. If you will renew your request for about two years, I will tell you better what I think of it, for it will take fully that long to test the hundreds of recipes contained in this very valuable book.
[illegible] B. NICHOLS.

ALL LADIES SHOULD HAVE IT.
ROUND [illegible], TEX., [illegible]
The Democrat Publishing Co.:
SIRS—I have received your valuable cook book and I think it is a book all ladies should have that have cooking to do. Those that do not could learn how, and I think the price is very low. My wife is very much pleased with ours, and would not take twice the price of her's. I am yours respectfully. [illegible] HAMBY.

HIS WIFE IS WELL PLEASED.
BELTON, TEX., Feb. 20, 1891.
Publishing Company:
GENTS—The cook book came through in due time; have had high living ever since. Book cannot be excelled in the money invested. My wife is well pleased. Yours with respect.
A. WELLER.

WORTH THREE TIMES ITS COST.
LADONIA, FANNIN COUNTY, TEX., Nov. 15, 1890.
Fort Worth Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:
DEAR SIR—The cook book is worth three times the cost. I would advise all young married couples to buy it and the encyclopaedia.
W. P. FERRY.

SO MUCH PLEASED.
[illegible] ACTON, TEX., Feb. 15, 1891.
Editor Gazette:
DEAR SIR—I received the household cook book as a premium to THE GAZETTE. My wife is well pleased with it. Much success to THE GAZETTE in her undertaking. Very respectfully, C. G. GARDNER.

HIGHLY PLEASED.
VALLEY MILLS, TEX., Feb. 16, 1891.
Democrat Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:
The household cook book, sent my father as a premium with the Weekly GAZETTE, was received in good order. I have tried it and am highly pleased. Think it or the paper either worth the money paid for both. Respectfully,
JUNO SCRUTCHFIELD.

AGREEABLY SURPRISED.
To the Gazette.
Must say that I was agreeably surprised when I received your cook book. It is much better than expected. Besides so many excellent recipes for cooking I find other valuable information as well. Best wishes to THE GAZETTE.
THOS. J. CHAPMAN.

GETS THE PAPER FREE.
LAWNDALE, TEX., Feb. 12, 1891.
To the Editor of the Gazette.
We are in receipt of your Household cook book sent as a premium with the Weekly GAZETTE at the low price of $1.50. We are well pleased with the book. My wife is never at a loss to cook a meal when the book is in the kitchen. The book is worth the money, so we get THE GAZETTE free. Hoping the paper much success, I remain, yours as ever,
V. W. COWART.

WORTH MORE THAN IT COST.
BRAZOS, PALO PINTO CO., Feb. 13, 1891.
To the Gazette.
DEAR SIR—I have examined your Household cook book and will say I am pleased beyond expectations; would not be without it for ten times the cost. Success to the GAZETTE.
MRS. S. C. DABNEY.

MANY VALUABLE RECIPES.
ARLINGTON, TEX., Feb. 10, 1891.
Fort Worth Gazette.
The cook book I received as a premium for one year's subscription to THE GAZETTE I consider worth fully the amount of the cost of the paper and book, $1.50. Outside of instructions for cooking there are many valuable recipes. I found one recipe I paid $1 for. Success to THE GAZETTE. An old subscriber.
M. J. BRINSON.

WORTH DOUBLE THE PRICE.
GORDON, PALO PINTO COUNTY, TEX., Feb. 11, 1891.
DEAR SIR—When I received your cook cook I was surprised to think how you could bring out such a valuable book for 50 cents. It is worth $1 with so many valuable cooking recipes, and medical recipes, and canning recipes, and many other valuable recipes. This book ought to be in every home. I wish every housewife had this book in her house. It is valuable to any one, and I would not be without it for $1.
J. B. GIBBS.

BEST FOR THE PRICE.
PANHANDLE OF TEXAS, LAKEVIEW, HALL COUNTY, TEX., Feb. 19, 1891.
I have received the Household Cook Book; have used the same and will say it is the best book for the price ever offered. I would recommend it to every family wishing a good cook book. Wishing you success with same, I remain yours truly, W. Z. HARAWAY.

WELL PLEASED WITH IT.
QUITMAN, TEX., Feb. 14, 1891.
DEAR SIR—My wife is well pleased with the cook book so far as she has tried it, and says she would not be without it for twice the money if she could not get another. Yours respectfully, R. B. CAVE.

BETTER THAN RECOMMENDED.
WESTON, TEX., Feb. 12, 1891.
Mr. Editor.
DEAR SIR—The cook book given as a premium with THE GAZETTE is far superior to what I expected. It is more than it is recommended to be, not only a cook book, but full of good recipes for diseases which children are subject to. I believe it would cost at least $1, or perhaps $1.50, at a bookstore. H. F. DOUGLAS.

JUST THE BOOK.
BRECKINRIDGE, TEX., Feb. 14, 1891.
Weekly Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:
GENTLEMEN—Your cook book, given as a premium, came safely to hand and was well received. Mrs. Trammell expressed herself well pleased with its contents, being just such a book as she has long needed. It is nicely bound and is a handsome present.
D. B. TRAMMELL.

QUITE A HELP.
ALEXANDER, TEX., Feb. 15, 1891.
Editor Gazette:
Received your cook book, and think it quite a help to young housekeepers. Besides the recipes for cooking there is other valuable information. MRS. J. M. MILLER.

THE BEST SHE HAS CONSULTED.
ALBANY, TEX., Feb. 14, 1891.
The Democrat Publishing Company, Fort Worth, Tex.:
My wife claims she never had much need for a cook book, her mother having taught her that a necessary qualification to insure a comfortable, pleasant home was to know how either to properly prepare a meal herself or have it done, and I take pleasure in testifying that her mother was correct. However, this cook book received from you is the best one she has consulted, and we think you deserve thanks for distributing so useful a present. Respectfully, etc., P. A. GRAHAM.

JUST AS REPRESENTED.
DAVIS' POOR FARM, THROCKMORTON COUNTY, Feb. 14, 1891.
To the Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:
SIR—Your cook book came to hand all right and it gives entire satisfaction; just what you represented it to be. Could not do without it. Yours truly, E. P. DAVIS.

WORTH MANY TIMES ITS COST.
PAINT ROCK, TEX., Feb. 15, 1891.
Fort Worth Gazette:
I received the "Household Cook Book" that my husband got as a premium with THE GAZETTE. I am delighted with the book. I have tried a number of the recipes in it and find them to be good, and can safely say it is far superior to any book of the kind I ever saw, and is worth many times what it cost.
MRS. JENNIE M. REAVES.

EVERY FAMILY OUGHT TO HAVE IT.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Feb. 17, 1891.
To the Gazette:
DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your cook book, forwarded me as premium to the Weekly GAZETTE. I am well pleased with the book and think that every family ought to have it. It is a better book than I expected for the money. No one need be without it for it is cheap at the price. Yours respectfully,
GEORGE H. BOYD.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.
WAXAHACHIE, TEX., Feb. 14, 1891.
Democrat Publishing Company:
I received the cook book and am well pleased with it and think it would be a good investment for every household. Yours,
MRS. G. H. CUNNINGHAM.

ALONE WORTH THE PRICE OF BOTH.
CASTROVILLE, TEX., Feb. 12, 1891.
Democrat Publishing Company, Fort Worth, Tex.:
GENTLEMEN—I must say that I think the cook book alone worth the $1.50. However, your paper is the best weekly paper published in Texas in my estimation, and I think it ought to be one of the home comforts in every house in