

he bore a flask of wine. He pressed it to her pale lips and a few drops forced their way into her delicate mouth.

He looked eagerly about him, for a short time. They were, at least, two leagues from the town. Their horses had run a circuitous route; they had dashed about the rocks and glades for hours; they had been leagues to the westward, and were now nearer to Cordova than they had been before.

He pressed his hand thoughtfully upon his brow, then coming to a sudden conclusion he raised the unconscious lady in his arms, and motioning to his faithful horse to follow, commenced the descent of the mountain.

When he was but a boy, he had lost his way while strolling in the same vicinity, and he here recognized the very place where he had laid himself down, almost famished and quite unable to proceed. He was discovered however, by an old gipsy woman, who kindly took him to her lodge, and when she had placed a great quantity of provisions before him, which he commenced to devour with much the same mien that a hungry wolf assumes when beginning a repast,—with her keen eyes fixed upon him, she began questioning him in the crabbed *Gitáno*, not a word of which he then understood. He soon found out that the Zineali woman spoke Spanish and French, and was also skilled in *holkewar baro* or the *great trick*, which she claimed to have discovered when she was among the Moors.

It was, indeed, by this adventure that he gained his gipsy servant, Vallandano, who had followed him for years, and who was perhaps the most shrewd and cunning adviser he had known, since the cold earth had closed over his old guardian, Don Cardania de Angulio, some six years before.

By following the land-marks he remembered among the rocks about him, he soon emerged into an open space, surrounded by bleak cliffs on the one hand, and a forest of cork trees on the other.

Climbing up through a narrow path between two rocks of trap formation, he stood upon what appeared to be an abrupt terminus of the passage. He examined the dark walls for a moment, then, dislodging a wedge-shaped stone, which, in the moonlight, appeared immovable—a portion of rock swung backward, without a sound, disclosing a dark passage before him.

Don Gomez stooped low as he entered this place. The door of the cave swung as easily into its place again, as before it had opened for them, and they were in total darkness, enclosed on every side by solid rock, and possessing no means by which to obtain a light.

Peering through the gloom, the cavalier detected a few pencils of light streaming through some crevices, not many feet distant, and going quickly forward he rapped upon the wall with the hilt of his knife.

"Caramba!" was the surprised exclamation that broke from some one in the interior.

A sigh of relief fell from the young man as he heard this expression of the well-known Errate tongue, telling him, plainly as words can inform, that the