

## MY LOVE.

My love is like the red red rose,  
That breathes the sweet perfume;  
For in my love all charms repose,  
And I, those charms consume.

My love is no expensive wife,  
Tho' very dear she be;  
Three pence a day, upon my life,  
Is all she costeth me.

Of flowers and jew'ls, bonnets and lace,  
She never feels the need;  
No flowers at her command I place,  
Save, only one poor weed.

And yet not e'en the fairest girls  
Can with my love compare;  
Altho' she boasts no glossy curls,  
Not e'en one scrap of hair.

Thrice daily after every meal,  
I press her to my lips;  
And then as sweet a kiss I steal,  
As bee from lily lips.

May I all other earthly loves  
From my remembrance wipe;  
While loving one poor piece of clay,  
My beautiful my—pipe.

c. d.

## CARMALITA.

[Written for Saturday Night.]

So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,  
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and  
blowing asunder, parted by barriers strong;  
But, drawing nearer and nearer,  
Rushed together at last, and one was lost  
in the other. —Longfellow.

The sun shone fiercely down on the long yellow stretch of burning sand in the Arizona desert: the air was heavy with heat as I guided my horse slowly along, picking my way here and there among the tall green cacti to avoid the chollas, large balls of thorns that fasten themselves into the horse's hoofs and seem to wound them; the ground seemed covered with them, some too small to be seen at a distance. The Mexicans have a superstition that the horse is a magnet and attracts the chollas; it seemed so to me when suddenly Charlie reared, nearly throwing me, then stood still, trembling. I jumped down, and in his poor foot was a great prickly ball. He kept quite still while I drew it out, the blood staining the sand around him, but when I tried to start him again he was quite lame. What was I to do, out on the desert alone; in a few hours it would be dark. If I tried to walk I'd be lost in the dark. I who had always wished for adventures had found one at last; it was not as pleasant as I had thought. Poor old Charlie rubbed his nose against me, as if begging pardon for his lameness; how lonesome it began to feel as the sun set. I seemed to be alone in a great white world of sand the cacti looked dark in the gloom, and seemed to be guarding the desert with their branches stretched out, like giant's arms; now and then a lizard would slide past me, or a gopher would look at me with his bright little eyes, shake his head with a mocking look, then disappear in the gloom. It felt as if I had been there hours when I heard the distant sound of hoofs' feet. O how glad I was! but what if it should be going another way. I listened and nearer they came. An old Mexican with white hair and a sun-burned, weather-beaten face, riding a little burro, his long legs nearly dragging on the ground. As the donkey crept along he started as I came in front of him, and, in a mixture of English and Mexican, I made him understand, "Si, Si," he said with a grin as I showed him Charlie's foot, "Mucha

cholla woted, none eat," which meant I did not know there were so many chollas; then he told me it was very lucky for me he had just past, as there was going to be a sand storm. The sky had turned a yellowish red and the clouds seemed nearly touching us, but the Mexican told me we would reach the town in time, and after taking five or six more thorns from Charlie's hoof we started, old Esrobasa, as he told me was his name, watching the clouds with anxious eyes. We had been riding some time when he said, "This reminds me of a night some years ago; a very sad thing happened, and you might have shared the same fate." I asked him to tell me about it. "It is a long story," he said, "but if you like I'll tell it."

Once, a good many years ago when I lived in Mexican Town, in the house next to mine lived the belle of the Mexicans, a pretty girl with big dark eyes, fair skin, not dark as most of our girls; some said her father was an Englishman, but we never saw him, as she lived with her aunt; she was a great favorite with everyone, even the dogs used to follow her as she went through the town, and when she passed by China Town, the Chinamen sitting smoking with their opium pipes in front of them, their heavy little eyes twinkled and they often offered her Joss sticks or opium as a sign she pleased them, she would take them from them always with a smile. I often watched her when she thought herself alone, from my window; I could see the garden where she lay in her hammock eating the juicy pomegranates or picking grapes in the arbor. They had the prettiest garden in Mexican Town everyone said; down near the gate a stream flowed under a little bridge, great pieces of prairie grass waved like white feathers, the pomegranate trees were loaded with the ripe fruits, showing the blood-red fruit inside where they had burst open. There Carmelita, "Carma" they called her spent most of her time; the amusements of the other Mexican girls never seemed to please her; she never played the concertina or joined their dances, but every evening she was sure to be seen in the little church where the lower class of Mexican women always appeared with heavy shawls on their heads, looking like a crowd of nuns, with two or three dogs following even into the church; hairless dogs most of them, the color of a Maltese cat.

Carma never missed mass, and her admirers waited at the door for the pleasure of walking home with her; it never seemed to matter to her which it was, she was as nice to one as to the other; some complained that she did not seem to care at all for her own people, and blamed her father's being English, and it was true she seemed happier when away from the Mexicans; she had come to Mexican Town a few years before with her aunt, from Los Angeles, where she had been to an English school; most of her friends shook their heads wisely and said it was a great mistake as she might despise her own people later, but if she despised them she never showed it. Some times she would have me to clean up the garden in the autumn, take away the fallen fruit, and she always gave me a large basket of fruit she picked instead of those from the ground.

Carma would often saddle her pony and ride out alone, sometimes staying away for hours. One day when she had been longer than usual I heard that her pony had taken fright and she had been saved by a young cowboy who caught her from her horse as she fell. After that I often saw the cowboy in her garden or riding with her. I heard he was a college man who had come out to be a cowboy for the fun and adventures. He was not strong looking at all, tall, fair, with sun-burned skin and blue eyes, just the opposite to Carmelita. As the days went on they seemed to become greater friends, he always at her side. I wondered how it would end, as he had to go back East soon, I heard him say, I noticed "Carma" on Sunday in the little church, her expression

seemed so puzzled and sad, as she bent her head now and then over her book. One afternoon I was sitting near my window dozing when I heard voices in the garden, I listened, one sounded angry, the other sad. I looked up and saw Carma and the cowboy. I understood English well and I knew he was vexed, she trying to pacify him; then they went into the house and I never saw them together again.

About six o'clock her aunt came running in to me, to say Carma was out riding and a sand storm was coming up. I came to the door. The sky was heavy and yellow, the air hot; everything was still, not a sound; we seemed to be waiting for something awful to happen; a leaf in the street stirred, then another, then a piece of paper flew past; we heard a sound like something tearing and a great wall of yellow dust came rolling up the deserted street. I pulled Carmelita's aunt in, and shut the door, just as the storm burst; from the window the town looked one great mass of smoke as the dust whirled here and there, dragging everything along with it, then the lightning flashed, the thunder sounded like pistol shots from a gigantic pistol, even the house shook. My neighbor sat in a corner shaking with fear for her niece. "Carma," she moaned to herself. It was not very long before the storm blew over as suddenly as it came, but no Carma, the stars shone out brightly, the air felt fresh, the leaves of the cotton trees looked green again, as the rain had washed the dust from them. We waited and waited, till a passer by told us he had seen Carma riding down near the station, but perhaps in the dark of the storm she had lost her way and gone out on to the desert. I and some others with our horses and torches rode out to find her. As we went along we set the large cacti on fire till the desert was a blaze of light, and Carma could have seen us at a great distance. After riding a little while we saw a dark spot behind the mosquito bushes, and on coming nearer it proved to be Carma's pony lying stiff and dead, near him was his mistress, her face turned up to the stars, one hand beneath her head. She must have died at once, as her face was as peaceful as I remember her in the little church at her prayers, but on her temple was a great dark spot where her pony in his struggle must have kicked her. We carried her home in a sad procession, our dark figures moving slowly along the grey sand the red light from the burning cacti shining on us, and as the light flickered on her dead face she seemed to laugh. Well we buried her a few days after in the little cemetery out of town. Every one in Mexican town followed, all the girls in white walking behind the coffin in a line. When we reached the graveyard many were weeping as they remembered her, and as it is the Mexican custom to open the coffin before it is lowered into the earth, the lid was put back, and we looked on her face for the last time, when I heard a cry, and right across the coffin fell her friend, the cowboy; no one had seen him come. We lifted him tenderly, for he had fainted, and carried him into town. I never saw him again, but next year, on the very day Carma died, they found him on the desert, in the place where she had fallen, dead, his face buried in the sand. He had laid there till he smothered. Some said he blamed himself for her death at coming to meet him at the station at the last, she had wandered into the desert and died; we never know, but we never forgot Carma and her blue-eyed cowboy, finished the Mexican with a sigh, as he rubbed one rough hand against his eyes.

While he had been talking the clouds had cleared and the stars shone out as brightly as on the night of Carma's death, and as I rode home through Mexican town past the little adobe church, grey in the moonlight, by the small house, where I could see the men gathered around tables gambling, a favorite Mexican amusement, and women in highly colored dress dancing to the concertina, I wondered if any of them remembered Carmelita.

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