

evident from his small white hand, and the fine texture of his clothing; still there was something about her that reminded him forcibly of some one she had known years before, but *who*, was beyond her powers of conjecture.

Suddenly the soft hand clasped one of her own, and held her fast; slowly the eyes unclosed and she beheld before her DON NUNEZ DE CASTENELLO!

She tried to flee from his grasp, but he held her as in a vice. How changed he was!

"Don't leave me, for God's sake!" he said. "I have wronged you, but heaven knows, I have suffered for it. I have seen your ghost every night since you fled from us. Don't leave me, though; stay with me until I go. I will not detain you long. You are very young and have seen but little trouble in your short day until now, so listen to what I may tell you. I was an unworthy friend of your noble father. I once saved his life, and he, when he died, consigned you, his only child, to my keeping, with the promise that my nephew, Señor Olibanzo, should claim your hand at eighteen years of age, *provided you desired it*. But why should I tell you of this, when I have hated you all your life, because I hated your father and mother! And yet I see devils champing upon me with their great teeth if I do not confess this to you." A convulsion seized him at this juncture; when he was again calm he spoke in a more subdued voice. "I ought not to tell you the rest and yet I must. I must reveal it before I die! Señor Olibanzo was not Olibanzo at all, *but he was my own son*! What was more, he was married, and only desired you that he might obtain your money, when you should be deposed; but the bandits have put an end to his life, and I suppose I have been only spared to make this confession to you. I am not glad to see you, for I hate you. I was your father's rival! I would curse you if I dared. Your father's possessions are yours, but what is that noise I hear without? I have listened to it for hours. It sounds like the clashing of arms, and I am sure I heard the hoot of an owl. I fear it is Jean! It was he, curse him, who has played upon me so long." Louder grew the din outside. The battering ram at last accomplished its work, and a score of loyalists leaped into the apartment. Antonia had never witnessed a scene of this kind before, and although she knew the badges worn by the invaders to be friendly, she was not fully assured until Don Gomez had caught her in his arms. Don Nunez was dead.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

The bewitching moonbeams peeped through the roof of the vine-covered bower, which stood by the river bank, upon a beautiful maiden kneeling at her devotions. They fell softly upon her clear brow and upon her long golden hair, which the evening breeze sent floating from her in waving ringlets. The low sound of the waves as they dashed upon the rocky, pebbly beach, or as they

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