

nothing to me.
real, that was
ah! it brought
your skill, your
you. It was

ion with a ges-
tivated the gaze
held each wit-
fictitious youth,
that seemed to
erchief she had
mass of brown
ut, gleaming in
gold. The two
seemed to have
exact was their
or and peculiar
that crowned

speechless with
Chata would
w herself away.
n the air Chata
rself before the
a bruised and
t El Toro.
ce. Even the
he thunderclap

accuses you,"
et revenge, to
—the child you
t your child!"
ata, who in the
ung to the pal-
t is she to the
oul was infused
from my heart,
love dies hard!
t for you. Be-
I knew her the

moment my eyes fell upon her, — yes, as you know her now. In whom but in our child could be reproduced this wonderful wealth of hair you used to call the siren's dower? In whom but in our child could reappear your own face, glorified, masked, by woman's softness? Ah, Doña Isabel and this Pedro were deceived; they thought it was the beauty of Herlinda that they saw. But I knew it to be yours. Ah, in all these weeks! have taught your child how to hate you; I have plucked out that root of love; I have made more real the fancied wrongs of which she has accused you. Trifles! trifles! trifles all! — the murder of a supposed father, the torture of an old man, the death of a base lover, — yes, that Ruiz to whom from her birth you destined her. But I, — I cry to you give back my innocence! give back my ruined life! give back my father, who by your act was killed as surely as though your hand had struck the blow! give me the young years of my daughter's life, those she squandered a beggar at your sister's gate! Ah, you cannot, you cannot! But I, — I can avenge my wrongs and hers."

Quick as a flash the infuriate woman levelled a pistol. Quick as an answering flash Chinita threw herself before her and sprang to her father's breast. A second shot following so quickly on the first that they seemed as one, a cry of agony, a scream of madness, the cries of women, the hoarse voices of men, made the garden a pandemonium of hideous sounds. The desperate woman, whose bullet had touched its mark harmlessly to Ramirez through the slender form of Chinita, fled madly. Ramirez, scarce conscious whether the blood which streamed over him was that of his daughter or his own, bore the wounded girl through the throng that pressed him, wildly calling upon his child, — alas, alas! his but for the brief span during which her warm young blood should leap from the deadly puncture in her breast!

Herlinda, the first to regain self-control even amid the intense revulsion of feeling through which she had almost instantaneously passed, tore into shreds some portion of her garments and strove to staunch the wound; but in vain. Chinita, with a smile which succeeded her first wild cry and stare of horror, motioned her away. She pressed her own fingers on the wound, raising her head