

lance adroitly crosswise to bar the street, so that my comrades were, for the moment, stopped in their pursuit. Then I also ran, and they after me; but to catch her! There was no danger of doing so, with our spurs, sabres, and the lances with which Spanish cavalry is also armed. Besides, all the gossips of the quarter favoured her flight, and laughed at us while putting us on the wrong track.

"After various marches and counter-marches, we were obliged to return to the guard-house without a receipt from the governor of the prison. My men, to escape punishment, made known that Carmen had talked Basque with me, and it appeared by no means natural, to tell the truth, that a blow from the fist of so small a girl should have overthrown a young fellow of my strength. It was all too equivocal, or rather too clear. On coming off duty I was degraded from my rank, and sent for a month to prison. It was my first punishment since entering the service. Adieu to the quartermaster's gold lace, of which I had thought myself already the possessor!

"The first days in prison were passed very sadly. In becoming a soldier I fancied that I should at least be an officer. Longa, Mina, my compatriots, are captains-general; Chapalangarra, who is a negro, like Mina, and also like him a refugee in your country, is a colonel, and I have played tennis twenty times with his brother, who was a poor fellow like myself. And now, all the time that I had served, without even a reprimand, was merely time lost. Here was I, fallen into discredit, and to reinstate myself in the opinion of my superiors I should be obliged to work ten times harder than when I arrived as a conscript! And why had I incurred this punishment? For a jade of a gypsy who was making sport of me, and who, without doubt, was at that moment thieving in some corner of the city. Nevertheless, I could not prevent myself from thinking of her. Would you believe it, Monsieur? But her silk stockings full of holes, that she so fully revealed in her flight, were still before my eyes. I looked into the street through the prison bars, and among all the women who passed by, I did not see one who compared with this devil of a girl. And then, in spite of myself, I smelled the cassia flower that she had thrown to me, and which, dry and faded, still retained its fragrance. If there are sorceresses, that girl was one! One day the jailer entered and gave me a loaf of bread from Alcalá.* 'Here,' he said, 'see what your cousin sends you.' I took the bread, greatly astonished, as I had no cousin at Seville. 'Perhaps it is a mistake,' I thought, but the loaf was so appetizing, it smelled so good, that without troubling myself to know whence it came or for whom intended, I resolved to eat it. In cutting it, my knife encountered something hard. I examined it, and found a small English file that had been slipped into the paste before it was baked. In the loaf there was also a gold piece and two piastres. No more doubt, then; it was a gift from Carmen. To people of her race, liberty is the all in all, and they would set fire to a city to save themselves one day in prison. She was a shrewd woman, and with this loaf one scoffed at jailers. In an hour the thickest bar yielded to the little file, and with the two piastres, at the shop of an old clothes dealer, I exchanged my uniform for the coat of a civilian. You may well believe that a man who had often taken the eaglets from their nests among our rocks, could find little difficulty in descending to the street from a window less than thirty feet high; but I did not wish to escape. My honor as a soldier still remained, and to desert seemed to me a great crime; yet I was touched by this mark of remembrance, for when in prison it gladdens us to think that beyond the walls there is a friend interested in us. The gold piece mortified me. I should have liked to return it, but where to find the creditor? That seemed to me not very easy.

"After the ceremony of being degraded from my rank I believed that I should have nothing more to suffer, but still another humiliation was in reserve for me; this was, that on leaving prison, and being ordered on duty, I was posted as a sentinel like a common soldier. You cannot imagine what a man of spirit and sensibility experiences on such an occasion. I am sure that I should have preferred to be shot; then, at least, a man walks alone in front of his platoon, he feels himself to be of importance, and his figure fills every eye.

"I was posted as a sentinel at the colonel's door. He was a good fellow, a rich young man who liked to amuse himself, and his house was filled with all the young officers, many citizens and women—actresses also, it was said. As to myself, it seemed to me that the whole city had made this door a rendezvous for the purpose of looking at me. The colonel's carriage drove up, with his valet on the seat. But what do I see? Who is it that alights?—the *gitanilla*. This time she was adorned like a shrine; bedizened, all gold and ribbons, a spangled dress, blue satin shoes, also spangled, flowers and gold lace in abundance. In her hand was a tambourine. Accompanying her were a young and old gypsy woman—there is always an old one as leader; then an old man, also a gypsy, with a guitar, which he was to play for them to dance. You know that society often amuses itself by summoning gypsy women to dance the *romalis*, peculiar to their people. Carmen recognized me, and we exchanged glances. At this moment I wished myself a hundred feet below the earth. '*Agur laguna*' (good-day, comrade), she said. 'My officer, you are mounting guard like a conscript!' and before I could find a word in reply she was in the house. All the guests were in the *patio*,† and notwithstanding the crowd I could see through the grating nearly all that occurred. I heard the castanets, the tambourine, laughter and *bravas*; at times I perceived Carmen's head, when she leaped with her tambourine. Then again I heard the officers make remarks to her that suffused my face with crimson, but of her replies I heard nothing. From that day I believe I began to love her in earnest, for several times the impulse seized me to rush into the *patio* and sabre all these coxcombs with their gallant speeches. My torment lasted a full hour; then the gypsies came out and the carriage carried them away. Carmen, in passing, again looked at me with those eyes that you know, and said in a very low tone: 'Countryman, when one likes good fried fish he goes to Triana to eat it at the house of Lillas Pastia.' Light as a kid she sprang into the carriage, the

coachman whipped up his mules, and the joyous band went off I know not where.

"You can well imagine that on coming off duty I went to Triana but first I was shaved and brushed as if for parade day. I found her at the house of Lillas Pastia, a gypsy, black as a Moor, where many citizens went to eat fried fish, especially since Carmen had there taken up her quarters.

"Lillas,' she said, as soon as she saw me, 'I shall do nothing more to-day. To-morrow it will be day.* Come, my countryman, let us take a walk.' She drew her mantilla before her nose, and we were soon in the street.

"Mademoiselle, I believe that it is you whom I must thank for a present sent to me when I was in prison. The bread I have eaten, the file will serve to sharpen my lance, and I keep it in memory of you; but the money there it is.'

"Bless me! he has kept the money,' she exclaimed, bursting into a laugh. 'However, so much the better, for I am hardly in funds; but what matters it? The dog that travels on does not die of hunger.† Come, let us eat of everything. It is your feast.'

(To be continued.)

SPEAK SOFTLY.

Speak softly, gently ever!

There is no wiser part;

For harsh words pierce like steel

The yearning, loving heart.

As gems reflect in brightness

Every fitting beam,

Let words reflect in kindness

Love's sunny, love-lit gleam.

Speak softly, gently ever;

There is no better plan—

For angry words can never

Effect what kind ones can.

For, oh! a soft word spoken

May move the stubborn soul,

That still would prove defiant

Should words of thunder roll.

Speak softly, gently ever!

Words breathing naught save love!

And soon our blighted Eden

Will bloom as realms above!

For faith and fond affection

In true love-knot entwined,

With firmer cords than temper'd steel

Each happy heart can bind.

A POEM WITH A POINT.

Only a pin; yet it calmly lay,
On the tufted floor, in the light of day;
And it shone serenely fair and bright,
Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a boy; yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin;
He stopped for a while, with a look intent,
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair; but upon its seat,
A well-bent pin found safe retreat;
Nor had the keenest eye discerned,
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man; but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair, fizz! bang! pop!
He leaped like a cork from out a bottle,
And opened wide his valve de throttle.

Only a yell; though an honest one,
It lacked the element of fun;
And boy and man, and pin and chair,
In wild confusion mingled there.

WE have received from Warwick & Son, of Toronto, the following publications:—*Sunday at Home*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Boys' Own Paper*, *The Girls' Own Paper*. These are published at the low rate of \$1.50 a year for each periodical and are replete with interest. *The Sunday at Home* and *The Leisure Hour* are so well known and appreciated as to require no commendation from us. *The Boys' Own Paper* and *The Girls' Own Paper* are comparatively new and of high merit, and will doubtless do much to stop the sale of hurtful literature. They are recommended by the well-known writer, George Augustus Sala.

* *Manana será otro día*—Spanish proverb.

† *Chuguel sos pircela, cocal tercla*. Dog that travels finds bones.—Gypsy Proverb.

* Alcalá de los Panderos, a market town two leagues from Seville, where they make delicious rolls. They are said to owe their excellence to the water of Alcalá, and are brought every day in great quantities to Seville.

† The greater part of the Seville houses have an interior court surrounded by porticos, in summer the place of assembling. This court is covered by a linen awning which is kept wet during the day and removed at night.