

THE
STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

WHICH OF THE TWO ?

CHAPTER III.

THE GYPSY'S VISION.

Vallandano de los Corahani paced backward and forward through the dark apartment several times.

Though he seemed unconscious of the presence of any one, an old woman and two children were fastening their quick glances upon him, as they sat upon two blocks of wood in the centre of the room.

"Callees!" he said, as he halted and faced toward them, "I am in trouble, my brother, Don Gomez, the knight of Badajoz is in much danger!"

"Ca," cried the hag, "is he the man who conquers the Carlists? Is he the friend of the Scse,—the well-wisher of the Caloré?"

"He is the child of the Xeres de la Errontera." The crone clasped her hands together, and remained for sometime looking earnestly at Vallandano, then she said in a husky voice,

"Mother Corahani told this in his *baji* years ago, looking at the cold stars. Ah, the Chabi is a wise Caloré; but she lost her *ro* like me, by the Busné. Ca, none could *hokkacar* like her *ro*, and none tell *baji* like the Chabi Corahani."

The Callees arose, and clasping each others hands they commenced a low wail in the Caloré tongue, that strange dialect of the Spanish and Portuguese gypsy, then, throughout all Spain, forbidden to be spoken, on pain of death.

They continued singing for sometime, in the same low, measured strain, and from the oft-repeated word *Busné*, thrown out in their most spiteful manner, one would conclude the import of the song to be the invocation of curses upon their nemies, by whom the *chabes* had lost their father, and the crone her husband.

At length the younger Callees sat down again, and the old woman approached the gypsy, who was so busied in the reflections of his own mind, that he had paid no attention to the solemn chant.

"Caloré," she said, in a sharp voice, "what does my brother propose to do? He seems determined upon a certain thing. Let him speak, that Cardeji's spouse