

"I am then still in the mountain, and may be yet dreaming."

"Yes; you are still in the mountain, and among those who will save you. Who can there be among those living in the mountains who would befriend and save you?"

"Alas, I know not! There are but gypsies and brigands living in the mountains, but even there I must be content. Yes, child, more contented than among my enemies!"

"My lady is not among brigands; but my grandmama is here, and my señora can see her, but my grandmama is dark and ugly, and I fear my lady will be frightened!"

"O yes; let me see her, she has done so much for me!"

The curtain moved and mother Corahani entered the apartment.

"Well, how does my daughter to-day?"

At a sign from the Caloré the little girl retired, and she commenced looking with a self-satisfied air at her charge, though with a kindly expression beaming from her dark eyes. She was probably much pleased with the convalescent appearance of her patient, or it might have been the prospect of receiving a large sum of money from Don Gomez for her success, that caused her to take unusual pains to acquaint the señora with a great many strange stories, that were flying unchecked over the land, relating to all classes, and yet interesting none.

"It has been four score years and ten since I was a *chabi* of your age, daughter, four score and ten. Much sorrow and misery I have seen in my long day, and I can sympathize with all who suffer. You are young and I am old. You have no husband and were never married. I have been a *romi* and a mother, but my *ro* was killed by our enemies, and my children have all died around me, all but this one, my grand-child; and we live alone,—all alone, by ourselves, only when my friends come to see me on matters of Egypt. Ah, this is a strange land, a strange life! You have seen misery, daughter! You have no fond parents to mourn your sorrows with you, or to share your griefs. You are alone; but you will not always be so! I looked at the stars last night, and I saw your fate written in the eternal heavens! I was born under Mars, my daughter, and as I gazed, my ruling star, described one circle in the dark sky and fell, eclipsing the red star of my birth. So I am not long for these rocks, and now my great sorrow is—when my gray locks bleach on the cold rocks—what will become of my *chabi*!"

(To be continued.)

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