

at the sunset, and listening. Ramona had said, "I will call you when I am ready." But she did not do as she said. She told Margarita to call.

"Run, Margarita," she said. "All is ready now: see if Alessandro is in sight. Call him to come and take the things."

So it was Margarita's voice, and not Ramona's that called, "Alessandro! Alessandro! the supper is ready."

But it was Ramona who, when Alessandro reached the doorway, stood there holding in her arms a huge smoking platter of the stew which had so roused poor Juan Can's longings and it was Ramona who said, as she gave it into Alessandro's hands, "Take care, Alessandro, it is very full. The gravy will run over if you are not careful. You are not used to waiting on table;" and as she said it, she smiled full into Alessandro's eyes—a little flitting, gentle, friendly smile, which went near to making him drop the platter, mutton gravy, and all, then and there, at her feet.

The men ate fast and greedily, and it was not, after all, much more than an hour, when, full fed and happy, they were mounting their horses to set off. At the last moment Alessandro drew one of them aside. "Jose," he said, "whose horse is the faster, yours or Antonio's?"

"Mine," promptly replied Jose. "Mine by a great deal. I will run Antonio any day he likes."

Alessandro knew this as well before asking as after. But Alessandro was learning a great many things in these days—among other things a little diplomacy. He wanted a man to ride at the swiftest to Temecula and back. He knew that Jose's pony could go like the wind. He knew also that there was a perpetual feud of rivalry between him and Antonio in matter of the fleetness of their respective ponies. So, having chosen Jose for his messenger, he went thus to work to make sure that he would urge his horse to its utmost speed.

Whispering in Jose's ear a few words, he said, "Will you go? I will pay you for the time, all you could earn at the shearing."

"I will go," said Jose, elated. "You will see me back to-morrow by sundown."

"Not earlier?" asked Alessandro. "I thought by noon."

"Well, by noon be it, then," said Jose. "The horse can do it."

"Have great care!" said Alessandro.

"That will I," replied Jose; and giving his horse's sides a sharp punch with his knees, set off at full gallop westward.

"I have sent Jose with a message to Temecula," said Alessandro, walking up to Fernando. "He will be back here to-morrow noon, and join you at the Ortega's the next morning."

"Back here by noon to-morrow!" exclaimed Fernando. "Not unless he kills his horse!"

"That was what he said," replied Alessandro nonchalantly.

"Easy enough, too!" cried Antonio, riding up on his little dun mare. "I'd go in less time than that on this mare. Jose's is no match for her, and never was. Why did you not send me, Alessandro?"

"Is your horse really faster than Jose's?" said Alessandro. "Then I wish I had sent you. I'll send you next time."

CHAPTER VII.

It was strange to see how quickly and naturally Alessandro fitted into his place in the household. How tangles straightened out, and rough places became smooth, as he quietly took matters in hand. Luckily, old Juan Can had always liked him, and felt a great sense of relief at the news of his staying on. Not a wholly selfish relief, perhaps; for since his accident Juan had not been without fears that he might lose his place alto-

gether; there was a Mexican, he knew, who had long been scheming to get the situation, and had once openly boasted at a fandango, where he was dancing with Anita, that as soon as that superannuated old fool, Juan Canito, was out of the way, he meant to be the Senora Moreno's head shepherd himself, To have seen this man in authority on the place would have driven Juan out of his mind.

But the gentle Alessandro, only an Indian—and of course the Senora would never think of putting an Indian permanently in so responsible a position on the estate—it was exactly as Juan would have wished; and he fraternized with Alessandro heartily from the outset; kept him in his room by the hour, giving him hundreds of long-winded directions and explanations about things which, if only he had known it, Alessandro understood far better than he did.

Alessandro's father had managed the Mission flocks and herds at San Luis Rey for twenty years; few were as skilful as he; he himself owned nearly as many sheep as the Senora Morano; but this Juan did not know. Neither did he realize that Alessandro, as Chief Pablo's son, had a position of his own not without dignity and authority. To Juan, an Indian was an Indian, and that was the end of it. The gentle courteousness of Alessandro's manner, and his behavior were set down in Juan's mind to the score of the boy's native amiability and sweetness. If Juan had been told that the Senor Felipe himself had not been more carefully trained in all precepts of kindness, honourable dealing, and polite usage, by the Senora, his mother, than had Alessandro by his father, he would have opened his eyes wide. The standards of the two parents were different, to be sure; but the advantage could not be shown to be entirely on the Senora's side. There were many things that Felipe knew, of which Alessandro was profoundly ignorant; but there were others in which Alessandro could have taught Felipe; and when it came to the things of the soul, and of honour, Alessandro's plane was the higher of the two. Felipe was a fair-minded, honourable man, as men go; but circumstance and opportunity would have a hold on him they could never get on Alessandro. Alessandro would not lie, Felipe might. Alessandro was by nature full of veneration and the religious instinct; Felipe had been trained into being a good Catholic. But they were both singularly pure-minded, open-hearted, generous-souled young men, and destined, by the strange chance which had thus brought them into familiar relations, to become strongly attached to each other. After the day on which the madness of Felipe's fever had been so miraculously soothed and controlled by Alessandro's singing he was never again wildly delirious. When he waked in the night from that first long sleep, he was, as Father Salvierderra had predicted, in his right mind; knew every one, and asked rational questions. But the overheated and excited brain did not for some time resume normal action. At intervals he wandered, especially when just arousing from sleep; and, strangely enough, it was always for Alessandro that he called at these times, and it seemed always to be music that he craved. He recollected Alessandro having sung to him that first night. "I was not so crazy as you all thought," he said. "I knew a great many of the things I said, but I couldn't help saying them; and I heard Ramona ask Alessandro to sing; and when he began, I remember I thought the Virgin had reached down and put her hand on my head and cooled it." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

People troubled with sick and nervous headaches will find a most efficacious remedy in Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver, restore healthy action to the digestive organs, and thus afford speedy and permanent relief.

THE VALUE OF

AYER'S Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is recognized in the fact that hundreds of so-called blood-purifiers are constantly appearing in the market. That these preparations are NOT so good as

AYER'S is well-known to the profession. Ayer's is now and always has been the Superior Medicine for

the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood. Its record of wonderful cures, during the past 50 years, is

a guarantee that it cures others and will cure you.

"Leading physicians in this city prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have sold it for eighteen years, and have the highest regard for its healing qualities."—A. L. Almond, M. D., Druggist, Liberty, Va.

"Ayer's remedies in this part of the State enjoy an envied reputation, and although I am not in the habit of recommending proprietary medicines for indiscriminate use, yet I cannot hesitate to look favorably on such reliable standard preparations as Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. These are really superior preparations."—O. A. Stimpson, M. D., C. M., Thompson, Pa.

"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of scrofula. Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."—Wm. O. Jenkins, Dewese, Neb.

"I recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to my customers in preference to any other. Physicians are using it in their practice."—C. H. Lovell, Druggist, 350 Main St., Dallas, Texas.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Has cured others, will cure you

Professional Cards.

C. J. McCABE, BARRISTER and SOLICITOR.

Office: 69 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO. TELEPHONE 1436. Money to Loan. Conveyancing. 20-ly C. J. McCABE, B.A.

O'DONOHUE, MACDONALD & CO. Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, NOTARIES, &c.

OFFICE—DUFFERIN CHAMBERS, 100 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Special attention to Quietling and Investigating Titles. Money to Loan. Money Invested. HON. J. O'DONOHUE, Q.C. HUGH MACDONALD

ANGLIN & MINTY, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.

OFFICES: MEDICAL COUNCIL BUILDING, Corner of Bay and Richmond Streets, (Next door to the City Registry Office), TORONTO, CANADA. FRANK A. ANGLIN. GEO. D. MINTY. MONEY TO LOAN. MONEY INVESTED

FOY & KELLY, Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

OFFICES Home Savings and Loan Co.'s Buildings, 74 Church Street, Toronto. J. J. FOY, Q.C. H. T. KELLY

MULVEY & McBRADY, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c

PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY, Room 67, Canada Life Building, 46 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO. Telephone 706 THOMAS MULVEY. 17-6m L. E. McBRADY.

QUINN & HENRY, Barristers, - Solicitors, - &c

OFFICES—No. 6, MILLICAMP'S BUILDINGS, 25 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephone 1159. J. M. QUINN F. P. HENRY.

Macdonell, McCarthy & Boland, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.

Offices—Quebec Bank Chambers, No 2 Toronto street Toronto. A. C. Macdonell B. O. L. W. C. McCarthy W. J. Boland.

C. P. LENNOX L.D.S. C. W. Lennox, D.D.S., Philadelphia :: L. D. S., Toronto :: O. P. LENNOX & SON.

:: Dentists :: ROOMS A AND B, YONGE ST. ARCADE, TELEPHONE 1846 :: TORONTO

DR. MCKENNA, 274 SPADINA AVE TELEPHONE 2993. U.S.M.

J. J. CASSIDY, M.D. TORONTO.

Residence, 69 BLOOR ST. EAST, Office, 70 Queen St. East. OFFICE HOURS: 9 TO 11 A.M., 2 TO 6 P.M. TELEPHONE 3544.

POST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS.

OFFICES: Rooms 28 and 29 Manning Arcade, T. A. POST. Toronto. A. W. HOLMES

A. J. McDONACH, DENTIST,

Office and Residence 274 SPADINA AVE., Three doors south of St. Patrick St. Telephone 2492.

COSGRAVE & CO.

MALTSTERS, Brewers and Bottlers. TORONTO.

Are supplying the Trade with their superior ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention, Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE No. 264.

BOECKH'S STANDARD BRUSHES FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING HOUSES.

THE DEAF HEAR SOUND DISC WHEN THE DEAF PERSON CAUGHT BY SCARLET FEVER, COLDS, MEASLES, CATARRH, &c BY THE USE OF THE INVISIBLE DISC WHICH IS GUARANTEED TO HELP A LARGER PERCENT OF CASES THAN ALL SIMILAR DISCS COMBINED. The same for Ear-Plugs, &c. to the eye. Positively reliable. Free monthly without removal. E. A. WALKER, 111 Bridgeport, C. W.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.