

repeated to her. "That's easy said! He's played his last tune on the south veranda, I wager you."

But when at supper-time of this same eventful day the Senora was heard, as she passed the Senorita's door, to say in her ordinary voice, "Are you ready for supper, Ramona?" and Ramona was seen to come out and walk by the Senora's side to the dining-room, silent, to be sure—but then that was no strange thing, the Senorita always was more silent in the Senora's presence—when, Marda, standing in the courtyard, feigning to be feeding her chickens, but keeping a close eye on the passage-ways, saw this, she was relieved, and thought: "It's only a dispute there has been. There will be disputes in families sometimes. It is none of our affair. All is settled now."

And Margarita, standing in the dining-room, when she saw them all coming in as usual—the Senora, Felipe, Ramona—no change, even to her scrutinizing eye, in anybody's face, was more surprised than she had been for many a day; and began to think again, as she had more than once since this tragedy began, that she must have dreamed much that she remembered.

But surfaces are deceitful, and eyes see little. Considering its complexity, the fineness and delicacy of its mechanism, the results attainable by the human eye are far from adequate to the expenditure put upon it. We have flattered ourselves by inventing proverbs of comparison in matter of blindness—"blind as a bat," for instance. It would be safe to say that there cannot be found in the animal kingdom a bat, or any other creature, so blind in its own range of circumstance and connection as the greater majority of human beings are in the bosoms of their families. Tempers strain and recover, hearts break and heal, strength falters, fails, and comes near to giving way altogether, every day, without being noted by the closest lookers-on.

Before night of this second day since the trouble had burst like a storm-cloud on the peaceful Moreno household, everything had so resumed the ordinary expression and routine, that a shrewder observer and reasoner than Margarita might well be excused for doubting if any serious disaster could have occurred to any one. Senor Felipe sauntered about in his usual fashion, smoking his cigarette, or lay on his bed in the veranda, dozing. The Senora went her usual rounds of inspection, fed her birds, spoke to every one in her usual tone, sat in her carved chair with her hands folded, gazing out on the southern sky. Ramona busied herself with her usual duties, dusted the chapel, put fresh flowers before all the Madonnas, and then sat down at her embroidery. Ramona had been for a long time at work on a beautiful altar-cloth for the chapel. It was to have been a present to the Senora. It was nearly done. As she held up the frame in which it was stretched, and looked at the delicate tracery of the pattern, she sighed. It had been with a mingled feeling of interest and hopelessness that she had for months been at work on it, often saying to herself, "She won't care much for it, beautiful as it is, just because I did it; but Father Salvierderra will be pleased when he sees it."

Now, as she wove the fine threads in and out, she thought: "She will never let it be used on the altar. I wonder if I could any way get it to Father Salvierderra at Santa Barbara. I would like to give it to him. I will ask him. I'm sure the Senora would like it, and it would be a shame to let it go here. I shall take it with me. I thought these things were untroubled. A strange thing has happened on Ramona. Only four days; I can't be gone for four days!" these thoughts were going in her mind as she sang

which haunt one's memory and will not be still. She saw that Felipe looked anxiously at her, but she answered his inquiring looks always with a gentle smile. It was evident that the Senora did not intend that she and Felipe should have any private conversation; but that did not so much matter. After all, there was not so much to be said. Felipe knew all. She could tell him nothing; Felipe had acted for the best, as he thought, in sending Alessandro away till the heat of the Senora's anger should have spent itself.

After her first dismay at suddenly learning that Alessandro had gone had passed, she had reflected that it was just as well. He would come back prepared to take her with him. How, or where, she did not know; but she would go with no question. Perhaps she would not even bid the Senora good-bye; she wondered how that would arrange itself, and how far Alessandro would have to take her to find a priest to marry them. It was a terrible thing to have to do, to go out of a home in such a way; no wedding—no wedding clothes—no friends—to go unmarried, and journey to a priest's house to have the ceremony performed; "but it is not my fault," said Ramona to herself; "it is hers. She drives me to do it. If it is wrong the blame will be hers. Father Salvierderra would gladly come here and marry us if she would send for him. I wish we could go to him, Alessandro and I; perhaps we can. I would not be afraid to ride so far; we could do it in two days." The more Ramona thought of this the more it appeared to her the natural thing for them to do. "He will be on our side, I know he will," she thought. "He always liked Alessandro, and he loves me."

It was strange how little bitterness toward the Senora was in the girl's mind; how comparatively little she thought of her. Her heart was too full of Alessandro and of their future; and it had never been Ramona's habit to dwell on the Senora in her thoughts. As from her childhood up she had accepted the fact of the Senora's coldness toward her, so now she accepted her injustice and opposition as part of the nature of things, and not to be altered.

During all these hours, during the coming and going of these crowds of fears, sorrows, memories, anticipations in Ramona's heart, all that there was to be seen to the eye was simply a calm, quiet girl, sitting on the veranda, diligently working at her lace-frame. Even Felipe was deceived by her calmness, and wondered what it meant,—if it could be that she was undergoing the change that his mother had thought possible, and designated as coming "to her senses." Even Felipe did not know the steady fibre of the girl's nature; neither did he realize what a bond had grown between her and Alessandro. In fact, he sometimes wondered of what this bond had been made. He had himself seen the greater part of their intercourse with each other; nothing could have been farther removed from anything like love-making. There had been no crisis of incident, or marked moments of experience such as in Felipe's imaginations of love were essential to the fulness of its growth. This is a common mistake on the part of those who have never felt love's true bonds. Once in those chains, one perceives that they are not of the sort full forged in a day. They are made as the great iron cables are made, on which bridges are swung across the widest water-channels,—not of single huge rods, or bars, which would be stronger, perhaps, to look at; but of myriads of the finest wires, each one by itself so fine, so frail, it would barely hold a child's kite in the wind: by hundreds, hundreds of thousands of such, twisted, re-twisted together, are made the mighty cables, which do not any more swerve from their place in

the air, under the weight and jar of the ceaseless traffic and tread of two cities, than the solid earth swerves under the same ceaseless weight and jar. Such cables do not break.

Even Ramona herself would have found it hard to tell why she thus loved Alessandro; how it began, or by what it grew. It had not been a sudden adoration, like his passion for her; it was, in the beginning, simply a response; but now it was as strong a love as his,—as strong, and as unchangeable. The Senora's harsh words had been like a forcing-house air to it, and the sudden knowledge of the fact of her own Indian descent seemed to her like a revelation, pointing out the path in which destiny called her to walk. She thrilled with pleasure at the thought of the joy with which Alessandro would hear this,—the joy and the surprise. She imagined to herself, in hundreds of ways, the time, place, and phrase in which she would tell him. She could not satisfy herself as to the best, as to which would give keenest pleasure to him and to her. She would tell him as soon as she saw him; it should be her first word of greeting. No! There would be too much of trouble and embarrassment then. She would wait till they were far away, till they were alone, in the wilderness; and then she would turn to him and say, "Alessandro, my people are your people!" Or she would wait, and keep her secret until she had reached Temecula, and they had begun their life there, and Alessandro had been astonished to see how readily and kindly she took to all the ways of the Indian village; and then, when he expressed some such emotion, she would quietly say, "But I too am an Indian, Alessandro!"

Strange, sad bride's dreams these; but they made Ramona's heart beat with happiness as she dreamed them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNTOLD MISERY—WHAT A WELL-KNOWN COMMERCIAL TRAVELER SUFFERED AND HOW HE WAS CURED.—GENTLEMEN,—About five years ago I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time travelling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co. Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine and when the third bottle was finished, I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of Dyspepsia.

Signed, T. S. McINTZE

NOTE: No More.

Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.

## NASAL BALM

It is a certain and speedy cure for Colds in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

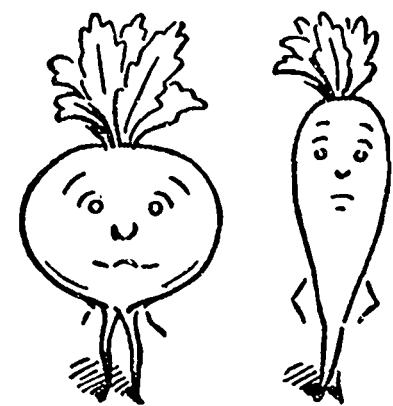
Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as head-ache, partial deafness, hoarseness, small, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should use no time in procuring a bottle of Nasal Balm. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by deafness, insanity, and death. Nasal Balm is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

## CATARRH

PILES "ANAFESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price \$1. By Druggists or mail. Sample Free. Address "ANAFESIS," Box 216, New York City.



### PURELY VEGETABLE

—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're a compound of refined and concentrated botanical extracts. These tiny, sugar-coated Pellets—the smallest and the easiest to take—absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick and Bilious Headaches, Dizziness, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels.

They cure permanently, because they act naturally. They don't shock and weaken the system, like the huge, old-fashioned pills. And they're more effective. One little Pellet for a corrective or laxative—three for a cathartic.

They're the cheapest pills you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

For a perfect and permanent cure of Catarrh, take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer \$500 reward for an incurable case.

### Howarth's Carminative Mixture.

This Medicine is superior to any other for Disorders of the Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething, or other causes.

GIVES REST TO CHILDREN, AND QUIET NIGHTS TO MOTHERS AND NURSES.

Prepared according to the original formula of the late John Howarth. Manufactured and sold by

S. Howarth Druggist 243 Yonge St

Whaley, Royce & Co., IMPORTERS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE Music Engravers and Publishers. Band Instruments, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Band and Orchestral Music. Cheaper THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE in the trade. Send for catalogue BAND INSTRUMENT REPAIRING A SPECIALTY 153 YONGE STREET TORONTO

### FARMERS TEXAS BALSAM

Is the only rapid and certain healer for Stitches, Cuts, Galls, Sore Shoulders and all Wounds on

HORSES AND CATTLE.

Ask your dealer for TEXAS BALSAM, and take no other. Or sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents, by

C. F. SEGSWORTH, No. 6 Wellington East, Toronto, Ont.

### EMPRESS HOTEL

339 YONGE STREET, Corn. Gould Street, TORONTO.

TERMS: \$1.00 & \$1.50 per day.

Street Cars from Union Station pass every 3 minutes. R. DISETTE, Proprietor, Telephone 277.