

days. But, strangely, the voice of Scandal died before the record of her heroic lover.

As the train passes and Tlaltelzingo looms in the distance, many an eye is strained to catch a glimpse of the frail figure of a woman who often stands upon the sunlit balcony over the archway. As she, draped in black, remains motionless, a child plays around her. He is the son of Pedro Ortiz, the step-brother of Cosme Rul; now christened with his name. Sometimes a young girl leads the child away or lays her hand gently upon the lady's arm. But Carmen, if she it is, takes no heed or only lifts her eyes or hand towards the fatal mountain. She seems but a dream-woman in this tragedy of to-day. Even the tale itself is deemed to be but one of the myths of this changing land. Her own people are silent when strangers ask whether it be true or false. And, by the curious traveller, as the train rushes into the commonplace way of opening settlements and crowded cities the passion and folly of the lady of Tlaltelzingo are forgotten, or confused with the legend of the romantic past.

THE END