

was shining faintly in the heavens. But the man was alone—save his horse, he saw no living object.

“Maria Santissima!” he cried suddenly, as he saw the deep impression of the horses’ hoofs in the soft clay. “Viva le moderado! what is this?”

He examined the marks carefully, then listening for an instant, he knelt down and applied his ear to the ground, first one, then the other.

“Romi de Calli! I hear some one coming. I see Don Gomez hath been here; he hath fought the accursed Busn ; they have fought my brother. They have fled on the heath, they fly to the mountain homes of the Calor —Calor  spoken in the mountains, spoken by the fair daughters of Errate to her *ro*; but not in Cordova, not in Seville—Toledo. Egypt—business of Egypt calls me away this night—but no, Calor  leaves his brother, not even when the children of the sun shall call,—no, no! Where is my brother?”

He leaped quickly upon his horse, and by the next moment his long-legged animal had cleared the brambles, not more slowly than the two which preceded.

He was scarcely out of sight when two other horsemen drew their animals to a halt.

One of the men alighted, and, throwing aside his cloak, took a small lantern from his pocket and held it quite close to the ground.

“Diabolo, Don Nunez, I tell you, the truant is now safe in Cordova. Here are footmarks.”

He returned the lantern to its place, and remounting his horse they rode away at a brisk trot. As the light fell upon the two last individuals, it disclosed a far-different stamp of humanity from the two preceding men.

Their closely wrapped forms and sharp features showed them to be men of the world, men whom we must know before we can trust. They did not ride far, for, on lowering the lantern to the ground a second time, an exclamation of surprise burst from them both.

“What can have become of the mark, San Puebla; the road is too narrow, she could not ride in the brambles?”

“Toma, que se io? how should I know?” returned his companion, whereupon they dismounted, and went slowly backward, holding the lantern very closely to the ground, and leading their horses.

“O ciel! here are other marks—ah, *grand*—, *quel l’est*?”

“Well may you say ‘*quel l’est*.’ Here are signs of a horse jumping into the pathway, then leading out! See, the earth thrown about! Here are marks of three horses; still it is deception, it can be but one, leaping, struggling. Santa Christa, would Antonia prefer the heath to me! Well, she cannot surely survive long, if indeed she has taken to the thicket. But can we follow her? Why risk our valuable horses for a worthless piece of furniture? Well, I am glad she left us. It is well she feared us. Ola, ola, let us to Cordova, without further delay. To-morrow we will send some one to find her, but come!”

They again mounted their horses, and rode swiftly away, conversing on the events of the day.