

versation, for his mind was full of material for meditation, conjecture, wonder, and bewilderment.

Why, he thought, had Dolores deserted him? How had she become acquainted with Katie? And Harry—to which of these two was he making himself so infernally agreeable? Whichever it was, it seemed equally bad. Ashby felt bitterly resentful against all of them. Katie seemed to be the worst. She might have contrived, he thought, to give him some sign. But then he recollected that on the previous evening he was tracking Dolores when he ought to have gone on Katie's trail. As for Dolores, he thought that she might at least have shown herself when he was wandering through the streets in the morning hours. But perhaps she expected to find him in the neighbourhood of Katie. Evidently he himself had acted like a fool in leaving the hotel. As for Harry Rivers, he could not help feeling as though this was the worst of all. Harry had it now all his own way: a gay, careless, impulsive dog—a fellow who would forget the whole world while under the influence of a pair of bright eyes—a fellow who was even now, perhaps, trying to cut him out. The miserable humbug, also, by a most abominable chance, had both these girls. Both! Insatiate monster! would not one suffice?

Thus Ashby chafed, and fumed, and, I am sorry to add, swore terribly; but all the while the train kept rolling on and on, until at length the Ebro valley was reached. Here the scenes that opened to view were most attractive. Far away on either side was a broad plain, dotted with towns and villages, and filled with olive-groves and vineyards, where cattle, and sheep, and goats grazed peacefully, and shepherds, goatherds, and vine-dressers stared lazily up as the train rolled by. The distant horizon was everywhere terminated by lofty mountains—on the south, the circling range of the Sierra de Grados; on the north, the long line of the Pyrenees and the Asturian mountains; their sides covered with foliage, their summits crowned with snow. It was a ground, too, which was rich in associations of history and romance, the arena of gallant struggle and heroic effort for many and many an age; a place that called up memories of Hannibal with his conquering armies; of Rome, with her invincible legions of Charlemagne, with his Paladins; of Abd-er-Rahman, with his brilliant Saracens; of the steel-clad Crusaders; of the martial hosts of Arragon; of the resistless infantry of Ferdinand and Isabella; of the wars of the Spanish succession; of the redcoats of Wellington; through all the ages down to the time of the story, when Don Carlos was standing among these northern mountains, as Pelajo stood more than a thousand years ago, leading on his hardy warriors to battle against all the rest of Spain.

So the train rolled on—past the numerous stations; past the towns and villages; past the long groves and vineyards; past