

very mountains to tremble. I think the villains believed we three went down under the rock.

Well, we first bound up your bleeding arm, and undressed you, placing you on your couch. Then Coadujoz went to one opening and I to the other, then we both, at the same time, set fire to the dry stubble and vines that always run over the mountain. We saw the bright flames leap up, and surround the summit, when we rolled back the stones to the openings and returned to you. Coadujoz has gone to see what has become of the villains, but if any of them are spared I will never believe a *baji* (fortune) again."

"But what became of the person with his legs crushed?"

"Ah, he too is dead. He told me he was formerly a priest or a Madridati friar, but when the monasteries were given up he became a brigand. He died praying to Maria Sanctissima. I gave him my crucifix which he kissed many times, and pronounced an eternal absolution upon me; but I fear that if all he told me about himself be true, he would search long before he could find a priest who would dare to absolve him! Here is the Bishop's charm, which, on account of his wickedness, it seems, has failed to save him, and he has died like any other person who did not possess it."

Don Gomez took the charm and laid it upon his pillow. It was cased in a small silken bag with a golden cross hanging from it. Vailandano advised his master to not attempt to read the charm, but to keep it as a shield for himself; but he left the apartment soon after to seek his friend, and the knight opened the charm. Two neatly folded papers were there; one of them was marked by a deep red cross, which he opened and found to contain a Latin prayer "addressed to the Blessed Virgin," who was invoked to shield the bearer from all harm. With a sigh, Don Gomez refolded the parchment and laid it beneath his pillow. The greater paper was written in bad Spanish, and being on paper and that of an inferior quality, it was much injured by exposure to the air and rain, still it was intelligible.

The cavalier little dreamed when he opened this paper, that there was that contained within, which would change the course of a life by reading it!

It ran thus: "There is but one thing I shall die regretting. Ten years ago a wealthy seigneur brought a young damsel to the Convent of St. Jesu near Madridati. He gave a large sum for her support at the Convent school for a certain number of years, mysteriously intimating that if she died whilst young, a larger sum would be forthcoming. The Lady Superior was horrified at a proposal of this kind, but I managed the business by pretending to the guardian that I had deposed her, and the convent was thereby much enriched. Well years flew by, and when she was taken as a novice, I was, of course, her confessor. Her father and mother had died in her infancy, her guardian never came to see her, and she seemed at last to grow contented with her lot, and was never heard to complain or even to sigh for the outer world. She once confessed to me that there was buried deep within her heart, a pure love, which

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