A Castilian Romance

ing golden beams from the actions on awapt over the plains of Andaia sa, along the screpentine line of green willows which marks the course of the Rio Guadalquevir, and All upon to thraids Tower of the great cathe rad of Hewille, many miles in the ackground. In their paths along the health of Hewille, many miles in the health of the himped river, those beams limmed a stricted of visat satures, indeed by whitened stone wall, and fatted with magnificent cattle finally, in a far corner of one of these velocities, they gought out the figure in young girl passing through nu arched stone gateway. As she turned from totoing the gate, she turned from totoing the gate, she threw back from her head and shoulders a darkies mantilla, and passed to grazing beat of the grazing through a satisfaction in lights and shardows upon the waving masses of dark chestout hair, upon the rolly health to take your fatter of the grazing deeply into the large, dark syes. That their touch was not new to her, her olive-tanned skin bore with the grazing deeply into the large, dark syes. That their touch was not new to her, her olive-tanned skin bore with constant and nover had they discovered such signs of distress in the lustrous oyes, undersecored darkly with ome towal fatigue, and painfully dry, as it cars were exhausted.

She gazed but a moment from group to group, then took several quick steps sowered a near one, crying out eagerly in tones which Juliet might have used to Romee.

"Sombro! Sombro!"

ol nk

to group, then took soveral quick steps toward a near one, crying out eagerly in tones which Julick might have used to Romeo.

"Bombro I Sombro!"

A pair of long glesming horns researching and the browsing herd, and a magnificent bull came toward the young girl at a brisk tret. The sun beams glinted upon his intensely dark coat as it swalled and sank under the play of powerful museles. His nock and shoulders were leconine in their massive strength, his legs and hind parters as sleek and symmetrical as those of a raceboras, but his forceionances was for the motient hid in check by that davot d love which, in their actions and expression, durab summisshow for those who love them.

In a moment the young girl's white arms were thrown around the animal show for those who love them.

"O Sombre," she murmured, "do you know what they are going to do." Papa wants to send you to the Plazid. Toros! I have begged him in vain spare you, but he is a hearties papa. Does he think, after Anita havening they only in from a tiny little black call to be such a beautiful tore, such a dear, good tore, that she can give you to those cruel pendores, those maddening capcadores, and the hearties papa. When the such a beautiful tore, such a dear, good tore, that she can give you to those cruel pendores, those maddening capcadores, and the hearties a matulor, to be tortured and mader-a, and killed for the amusement of bracal inous and women?

Sine was sobbing bitterly and the devoted beast, was striving vamily to turn his head far enough to lock the sur neck beaufing down upon he. Then the sobbing ceased, and she streked the strong shoulders with her small hand.

"Never fear, Sombre," she said, if they take you to Stvilla, Anita

sucked the strong shoulders with her small hand.

"Nevor fear, Sombro," she said, if they take you to Sivilla Anita will find a way to save you. Now let me wipe your mouth so that you may say good night."

With her delicate handkerchief she wiped the grass and earth stains from the big beast's mouth, then held out her hand. In deepest dumb brute do votion he thrust out his huge tongue and lieked tim little hand and arm. Thou she bent forward and kiesed him on the frowning, harry forehead between his eyes, and departed, waving a lest farewell with the handkerchief as she passed out through the gattant."

as slio passed out through the gateway.

Anita's path homeward lay through snother field, which, when she crossed it earlier, had been empty, but now a bord of cattle was moving through it in a roetless, zigays way which show ed that it was boing driven. Always fearless in the presence of cattle, Anita escarcely heeded the approach of this disgrunted hord, but hurried along, boiding her skirts up from time to imme as she crossed damp places. In doing as she displayed not only a pair of well-hooted little feet, but part of well-hooted little feet, but part of well-hooted interfeet, but part a low bellow of animal rago, and a low bellow of animal rago, and a rapid, heavy beating of hoofs on the soft turf; in one fearful backward clance she saw a great brindle bull thundering towards her, with horns close to the ground; then fear paralyzed her, and ehe tottered and foll ferward, burying her face in her hands, and meaning an incohorent Far across the field a young hords

hands, and moaning an mechoront prayor.

Far across the field a young hords ban, in broad combrero and short packet, riding a strong horse hither and thither in brisk canters to round at stragding cattle in rear of the bord, had seen the girl enter from the adjoining pasture, and had metantly resisted hor danger. Even before the maddened bull had charged upon his mended viotim, the horseman, with an agonised expression in English, had given his steed rein, and was rading at breaknesk speed along the flank of the advancing bord to throw buself botwoen it and Aoita. When the angry bull broke from the rest with his murderous intent, the horseman etc his beardless lips hard upon one another and lifted from the pommes of his seadlest he coils of a long

latiat. The next moment, with a with plunke between the infariated "uill—a plunge before which the mass of swerving forms swerved away. In a tumbiting, josting mass like beill—divides beaten back from a chil—the young man rode on till nearly abreast of the mad animal. There was a quek sweep of the hand containing the coiled lariat, a straightening out of the coile as they swiched through the air, until a single remaining loop seemed to flust for a moment like a hale above the charquig beast's head, then fell around the spreading horns Instantly the lariat tightened, the intelligent horse fell back almost upon his haunches, sluding many yards through the soft turf, the large buil's inwerted head sweng abruphly under his loft forefoot, has long horns ploughed deeply into the ground and his body rolled onward in a sidewise concreasit, and llung itself out at full lingth, perfectly himp. So closse was the beast to his intended vetum that clode as orarch from his hoof fell upon her dress.

The young man sprang from his horse, and bitted the almost funiting gri in his arms, excluming in Spanish and with unmistabile terms of endearment—

"Anita, are you hurt."

Blie clung to him as a castawey would to a suddenly discovered spar, trembled violently from head to foot, then slid to the ground unconscius. Dropping down bes de hor, he raised her to a reclining position in his arms, cro away the maintila from her head and shoulders, and fanned her with his birse, favels esombere. Meanwhile his borse, having uspected and snorted over the failen built, came forward and come hardly audoble words of tunder greeting, form which she broke off to struggle shruptly to her feet, crying its apprehension.—

Holders he 2.

" Where is be?"

"There; dead and harmless."
"Are you sure? How did you kill

"Are you sure? How did you kill him?"
"I trake his neek—one of my cow boy tricks learned on the plains at home. D in Alora, will be furious, for it was 15, 8, 1, and he was advertised for the Plazs do Toros next

Sunday."
Antta clasped her hands and asked, with bated breath, for her heart seem ed to cease beating:—
"And was—was Sombre advertised,

too?'
"Yes, haven't you seen the posters'

"Yes, havon't you seen the posters? There is one on the outer gateway; but here, I have one in my poskut. He de w from an inside pocket of his short jecket a bright red stose covered with black letters, and held it up before her. Pressing one hand to her threat, and leaning eagerly forward. Anita read, with burning eyes, the words that stamped upon her mind as a dreadful certainty what had existed there before only as a vague dread.

No, there was no mistaking the import of those terse, abbreviated Spanish sontences.

PLAZA DE TOROS DE SEVILLA. PLAZA DE TOROS DE SEVILLA.
Suuday, the 17th of May,
ANNIVERSARY OF THE KING'S
BIRTHDAY.
SIX BULLS TO BE VILLED.
The two magnificent brother bulls sol
and somers, and others very ferocious,
ADMINST
THE INTERPED MATADORES
LARIA FO, THE AMERICAN,

AMADOR OF SEVILLA.

As her eager eyes flushed down the sheet, the blood rushed to her for-ward and her hands elenohed and un-

ward and her hands clenched and unclenched.

"It is cruel of them, cruel," she
murmured, then, with a little gasp:

"Ah! Lariato—that is yourself.
Listen,"—cultreatingly,—"yea will
gare him; you will spare my
Sombre!"

"They do not permit me to fight
Don Atonzo's bulls. Orlando re
plied, "for I raise them, and they
wou'd not fight me. Amador will
fight Sombre!

"No, not" the young girl cried,
with tense voice, her hand gripping
his arm, "you must fight Sombre.
That wicked Amador will kill him!"
"But so would I, Anita, or be killed
by him."
Anita was silent for a time, think-

"But so would I, Anits, or be filled by him."

Anits was silent for a time, thinking fast. Suddenly sine exclaimed "Orlando, do you love me enough to put faith in a promise which will seem to you impossible of fulfit mont?"

He took her in his arms impulsively. "God knows I do!"
"Don't-don't!" sine said, gently pulling away; "but listen; I refused to be engaged to you until you were reconciled to those parents in New York from whom you ran away so fooliebly.—"

York from whom you ran away so footishly—"
"Who drove me out from wealth and luxury without cause!"
"Hush!'she said, "don't interrupt me. I take back that condition, muske one which will involve not your pride, but your faith in me. If Sommers one to the Plass de Toros, you must fight him, and must spare him, even if they his sand jeer at you."
Orlando grew very white.

"I cannot hear their pers' he said, "death is caser?! Pertags the man ager will let me fight Sombre, for you raised him, and I can tell thom that have searcely seen him. I will fight him, Anita, and I con your sake I will let him kell ma'.

"No, 'chando, for this is my promise, even in the last actremity. Sombre shall not harm you!

"And then, Anita?"

"Then I will leave my father a house and go to you. Din Alonz will never lorgive, and I shall become an outcast like yourself. We will buy Sombre with my money, and have anough loft to take us to your dear America. We will go to these places anough the total the come a ranchero, and Embro will be come a ranchero, and Embro will be come a ranchero, and Embro will be the patracto for ur herds."

The may shook he head. "I have tried that once, and failed!

"Alt," she said, caily. "but you had neither Sombre not Anita, and, waving but a ki-a, she ran cil across the field, that pertuen of it being now free from cattle.

"In Samlay afternoon, May 17-th, 189—a sindl party of American sightseers left, the Gran II-tel do Mad the start of the Gran II-tel do Mad the start of the though the chaperon, an austero, aristorauc looking woman, had unmetakably castlian centures. She was dressed with the elegance and simplicity of wealth and good breeding, and had a nervous habit of raising a lorginete to he pool, and the lags, and was speaking to repoularly acrower neges whenever a stranger passed her, as if always hoping to see some one whom she had long sought. The gentlemen of the party wore the uniform of the New York Yaoli Olib. In fact, a hand some steam yaolit had left these people at Malaga, and was good wasting them at Cad z.

The party reached the Plaza late. Amidor do Sevilla had kelled several built, and now there was a short in termission, during which ologant Spanish cavaliries were making courtly work and the gate of the one of the party work the father, had not been were the surface of the one, and was a short in termission, during which long lances at rest. The par

coloured ribbons
Anita gripped her ohair and gasped:
"Sumbro"
Coming from a darkened pen, Som bro had trotted eagerly forward, expecting to find himself once more in its beloved pastures, and he pau-ed bewildered in the great glare of light. What meant those tiers of people which seemed to reach the sky? Winst meant those horsemen facing imm with spears in such a sinster manner? What meant those stingling pains in his shoulders? Sombre stood in the middle of the ring with tead raised high and tail slowly last leading his flauks. Hither and thither he turned with nervous abruptness and stood at gaze. Funsilly, he lowered his grand head and sindfied fresh, warm blood, the blood of his own kind! In an instant Sombre calised that he was to be the victim of some dreadful tragedy prepared by human hands. With gathering rage in lowered his keen horne close to the ground, gave a deep, hearse bellow of defance and flung clod after clod with his forefest high above his back. Then there flaunted toward him a red object, at which he charged, but it swept aside, and a new sting of pain was felt in his neck. Something with long, bright streamers was hanging therand winging abont, gouging and tearing in his flesh as it owning and warm blood was tricking down his neck. Again and again he obarged, but each time, the red thing vanished and there was more pain; more torturing harbs hung in his neck and maddened him.

Presently a horseman advanced with horse and

Sombre found that it was not intented that they should Ruching appearance of the struck auch a blow that they were forced backwards twenty fire and both gave a sericant of pain. The peador was dragged away with a broken leg deepite his shoct trouble in the rise, lay lifeless for Nembre to make it rise, lay lifeless for Nembre horizon had pierced its heart. Instantly a great orly wont up from that vast crater of humanity.

Burkey Brave, Toro!—Brave Bondrett!

Sombre understood that hie was applauded, and trotted around the ring Looking up at hie admirers. Portapatafter sill, he was expected to do the killing and not be killed, but why torture him with the maddening barbat. More than once he carried that grand applease, then his tormentors disappeared, and he stood alone love.

Man and and a sale of the barba shind to it.

Manwhile, Lartate, after a dash of water in his face, had struggled to his feet and hurred towards her.

"God bit's you be was asping to go, the first of the put-tel past him with a standard and put and applease, then his tormentors disappeared, and he stood alone love.

Man and a substant least coloured the man and and a sale of water in his face, had struggled to his feet and him with the maddening barba. More than once has a first of the water of the ring with one hand uplified, Anta was that they reached every ear of the ring with one hand uplified, Anta was that they have the article of the ring with one hand uplified. Anta was that they reached every ear of the ring with one hand uplified, Anta was that they reached every ear of the ring with one hand uplified. Anta was that the past of

they had departed, and longing to go, too.

And now through the archway there advanced a young man, tall and attitution, in green spangled jacket and knee brevelinds, in green shirt. Il-sit coloured stockings, and buckled shoes. On his left arm hung a searlet manile and in his right hand he earned a long, keen aword I diske other mats dure, he wore no wig, but his own har carried in soft briwn waves above a pa'e, classic, beardless face.

Ly in her stall, the obaperon of the yacotting party nervously raised her increment, the huttered pale and arcse half from her seat, but sank back again, nummuring under herbreath:—"Impossible I I am foolish, but it looks like him!"

Bhe could have spoken the words aloud without being heard, for the whole audience was yelling like mad:—"Lariated Lariated al Americanol!

aloud without being heard, for the whole audience was yelling like mad—

"Larateo! Lariato e! Americano!!" Pauring under the archway, the matudor swept his aword in mittery satute, bowing low his handsome head. Then, with lowered sword point, he stepped into the arena and faced his antagonist. Upon all fell an awful silence, for Luriato and Som bre were met in an awful struegle to the death!

The man and bull were alone in the ring. Orlando would nove per int a human being to be within helping distance during his encounters. For a time the combatants stood motionless, eyang ach other intenty. Then came steattly movements hith: an 'thinker, then thindering desperate ch- yes and graceful harbre dith accapes. At last, in one great thorage, Sombro's horns tore the earliet mantle from Lariato and surpring it half around the ring as a streaming red banner, the bull ground and trampled it in the dirt. A slight hissing was noticeable in the wast sudience, which turned to thundering app ausowhen Luriato contempt that it is the dirt. A slight hissing was noticeable in the wast sudience, which turned to thundering app ausowhen Luriato contempt that it is the dirt. A slight hissing was noticeable in the wast sudience, which turned to thundering app assowhen Luriato contempt that it is the dirt. A slight hissing was noticeable in the wast sudience, which turned to thundering app assowhen Luriato contempt that it is was standing in the midst of the great luries of size of a six a tage for which had so long mate vived. He was standing in the midst of the great wall, white Sombre across the ring, was 'in the glaring sunight. The audience understood the entireling wall, white Sombre across the ring, was 'in the glaring sunight. The audience understood the estuation and become breatbless.

source understood the situation and become breathless.

Sombre, dripping with blood and perspiration, his flanks swelling and failing in his great gasps for breath, his eyes half blinded by the dust and giare, slowly realized that he was wasting his effort upon a mere textile fabric, while his real attagonist stood tauntingly before him. Turowing up his head his gave the matador one brief glance, as if to measure his distance, then, with head low down, he charged upon him. Lariato's long, keen blade was lowered confidently to its death dealing slant. The whole audience arose on messe and craned forward.

Just as the murderous sword point

forward.

Just as the murderous sword-point seemed about to sink through the bull's shoulders into his very heart, a despairing coman's cry, unheeded by the onlookers, reached the matador's cars.

Cars.
Then a mighty hiss, like the whist

cars.

Then a mighty hiss, like the whist Img of a great wind, interspersed with nouts and jeers, went up from the exsporated spotistors, for the built thundered on, with the sword searcely penetrating an inch into the tough muscles, standing upright between his esteadlers and swaying from side to side, while Laristo, with a quick step aside, stood disarmed.

Coming to a standsill far beyond his antagonist, Sombre shook his vast body, and the sword spun high into the air and fell toward the centre of the ring. Laristo took several steps toward it, tottered, and fell forward prone upon the ground in a swon, for he had been gitevously brused With a great exultant roar, the built rustied back to complete its victory. The hissing and hooting was hushed, and groans of heror swelled through the sir.

Suddenly, just as the animal had gathered full neadway in his murderous charge, a slight, white gowned fixure glided through the capondores exit into the ring, and a clear, ringing voice pronounced one word:

"Sombre!"

At the sound of that voice the

ing in his flish as it awing, and warm blood was tricking down his neck. Again and again he charged, but each time, the red thing vanished and there was more pali; more terturing barbs hung in his neck and maddened him.

Presently a horseman advanced with lowered spear. Surely horse and rished toward the girl. Capellowed and rushed toward the girl. Capellowed and rushed toward, fluoring their red capes, but she waved them back.

Vintage of the Pope's trarden

The a motion of the great lead was been the read in a motion of the great lead was contracted to barby. It is not a vary fand-institutions of joy, licking but dress, and arms, and ands and subject of throats around them strices do at a vary fand-institution of joy. Including her dress, but Auth was blind to it.

Meanwhe, Latant, after a dash of water in his face, had struggled to his feet and hurred towards her.

"God blues yill be was saying but the public past him with a gradient murmuring. What I have something to say to them.

Stanling at the centre of the ring with one hand uplified, Anta wated for all new. Quelly the audience and Jerstood that mate, graceful appeal D laying till not a sound was heard. The read of the recent of the ring with one hand uplified, Anta wated for sell new. Quelly the audience and Jerstood that mate, graceful appeal D laying till not a sound was heard. The read of the first head of the recent of the ring with one hand uplified, Anta wated for sell new. Quelly the audience and Jerstood that mate, graceful appeal D laying till not a sound was heard. The season of the High taken was an advantage of the season of the space of the first of the space of the space of the first of the space of th Pope Lee has taken advantage of

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