

but the demon only cursed her and vanished into the opening of a volcano. She did not look at him as he poured his imprecations upon her, for she had read somewhere that were she to do so, she would instantly be turned into stone; so she closed her eyes and fled through space at the rate of many thousand leagues per minute. While thus darting about the heavens in her flight and fear, she alighted suddenly upon a comet, and was borne on its luminous surface over millions of leagues. As she was gazing, one day, at its six great tails extending for an infinite distance behind it, it was convulsed in one of those dreadful eruptions, of which we may sometimes dream, but never comprehend, on account of the vastness of the conception, and our own limited imagination. The particles of the brilliant body, now that an event had occurred changing its entire nature, sending its detached portions away in all directions, by spontaneous action, were gleaming with numberless hues and lights, as they flew past her.

She was also falling, now without the power of stopping her speed, or of turning her course, which caused her to believe she was within the attraction of gravity of some planet. She was about to close her eyes, and reconcile herself to her fate, as calmly as possible, expecting to behold, perhaps the rings of dread Saturn, appearing through the deep gloom below her, when the majestic form of Orion rose before her, holding the bloody skin of the lion high above his head. But she was falling past him; so, without hesitation, she reached forth her hand and seized upon one of the three brilliants of his glittering belt, he looked down upon her and she awoke.

So softly did this happen, that, as she gazed on the surroundings, so strange and sudden, she did not realize the fact that she had been sleeping, and only wondered by what magic, Old Orion had placed her in such a fairy-like apartment. She even looked all about her, expecting to see his shining belt and his still brighter eyes, in some part of the room; but in his stead she saw a black-haired, dark-eyed child, robed in purest white, with a wreath of pale roses on her brow. The child was evidently watching her, for as the señora opened her eyes, she glided softly to the bed side, and with a sweet smile presented an offering of many flowers, strewing them over the lady's face and arms, and indeed the whole couch.

"What may I do for my lady?" she asked in a soft musical voice.

"Where is—where is your grandfather—or your father, or the one who brought me here, little one?"

"Whom does the señora mean?"

"The man with the starry belt. To whose belt I caught when falling, falling—oh, so far!"

"The lady dreams! I am flesh like her; you are, we both are, near your own old home. Our friends will send my lady home, and that soon, so soon as you are well, but I fear the señora must not talk for she has been very ill."

"No, I am not ill! See, I can rise! but if I am near my home, where am I?" and she pressed her hand again upon her forehead, "am I now upon earth, or am I in the moon!"

"Di
her cat

A co

her mi

Castan

Oliban

ture—

chance

faces, a

a remen

pursuin

could re

of Orion

ried to

gypsy cl

"Plea

ill, and

will be s

be better

She re

choke he

ing the d

of whom

where I a

"The

for hours

horse he l

how you c

hours."

"But w

"My l

be friends

she is a fri

"Speak

in my ears

"Señorita

"Tell m

not know n

"Fearing

You fell fre

grandmama

would have

she be?"