A Romance of the

for I am old, and my thoughts do not come as rapidly as they did when Beatrice. I was twenty years.

and able to work from early dawn unbringing the soft dark mysterious nigh have been just eighteen years old. that enfolded us in her embrace. I is a blessed thing to rest from toil.

miles of fine rolling country, and on the doctor and then came to tell the How delicious the lingering twilight was fair and beautiful, fraught with one, Padre Paul, was born; the wothe very brow of the steep cliff above master. "I can't get anything out of laden with the thousand and one some divine whispering of a more man Lupe, threatened by Dario, gave the river's bank, stood the hacienda her," I heard him say, "beyond the smells of earth and trees, and the glorious and eternal spring.

The river's bank, stood the hacienda her," I heard him say, "beyond the smells of earth and trees, and the glorious and eternal spring.

I struck off from the main path, and a box and sent it adrift on the river. where the senor lived alone — until — vandera at an hotel near the Mexican day by the warm sun. I thought of began to advance cautiously. I was been acting as labella that she has labella that she has been acting as labella that she has been acting as labella that she has been acting as labella that she has labella that sh but I am anticipating, Caro. It was border. She has not a pleasant face, the senorita, all fire and sweetness; barefooted, and long experience had a long, low Mexican building that had been put up by the Mission Fathers great many strange things."

The was border. She has not a pleasant face, and long experience had surely the master must tell her of his love now. Not now after all; for even without a sound. After advancing in as I struck a flint to light my pipe. ruins; but the senor bought it with the land, and had it restored, and "until then let old Maria take all when I was no older than you are ous, there is no danger." now, little one. The broad gallery, now I was young still, Caro, and curious, and I remember that old and down the lovely river, and for the lovely river. and down the lovely river, and for maria was my mother's own aunt, so as soon as I reached there, all of us where I now was, and the lovely river, and for determined to try and find out talking at once. It was Padre Paul where I now was, and where it was master's hacienda. The gun I had

to our beautiful country where men live so long they forget how old they had gone home, and was just going and we were gone almost as soon as only in the Senorita Candita, and peeping broken down place it was—and seeing no signs of old Maria I concluded she had gone home, and was just going and we were gone almost as soon as only in the senorita Candita, and peeping the said the master, "scour the cliffs," and we were gone almost as soon as only in the senorita Candita, and peeping the said the master, and the said the said the master, and the said the said the said the master, and the said the said the master, and the said t are, Caro.

the door of the hut opened, and the world but their two selves, and then I remembered woman stepped out. I was hiding behind a tall pecan tree, where she hind a tall pecan tree, where she ful climber could beat a retreat with near. a pipe with me when we talk over the could not see me; but the moon was out being discovered, especially in Ah! the beautiful young senorita! syears gone by. But the senor—oh yes—he meant to go home again some at the full, so that I saw her, and the deepening twilight. By whom was the shot fired? Like a flash the an-white stuff, and on her head was a white stuff, and on her head was a white stuff, and on her head was a state of the carry mass. What glad and thankful hearts we had, you can well imagine, little aday; but he never did. After ten years before, Caro, there had swer came to me—Dario the convict; wide brimmed sombrero of Mexican Blessed Mother. Oh! it was heaped have gone back to his own country to and a Mexican, one Dario Cavaros become the great lawyer he meant to was known to have committed the senora Wenthave been; but by that time he had crime. He was never found, but his get to the bottom of it. Two weeks now, Caro; but it quickens my heart worth felt. She, the Blessed Madre, no wish to go. I heard him tell the portrait and that of his wife was passed, during which the master had to think of her as she looked that Padre that the magic enchantment of posted everywhere. The woman had sent to the city for a detective to day, The master, too, was attired hearts of the pain and the glory of him; and that his roots were sent to the city for a detective to day, The master, too, was attired hearts of the pain and the glory of him; and that his roots were sent to the city for a detective to day, The master, too, was attired hearts of the pain and the glory of him; and that his roots were sent to the city for a detective to day, The master, too, was attired hearts of the pain and the glory of him; and that his roots were sent to the city for a detective to day, The master, too, was attired hearts of the pain and the glory of him; and that his roots were sent to the city for a detective to day. him; and that his roots were set too head, close to the roots of her hair, which she was said to keep covered by a large planted again. So I grew up on his drawing the hair low down on her brow. It was this face, the scar in the good Padre that she would see "How lovely these will be for the good Padre that she would see "How lovely these will be for the soil to be easily trans- which she was said to keep covered by den and mysterious disappearance of the woman Lupe. She stole away one dark night after having promised the good Padre that she would see "How lovely these will be for the me, and where we all loved the senor; full view, that I was looking at now For such a good master he was. Not -Lupe Cavaros beyond a doubt. Why one of us but would have moved had not the Padre recognized her? Meaven and cart's to serve him, Caro. So interested was I that I leaned women under the sweet senora's in- Christians," said the master. "How at think the master grew rich, he built forward and stumped my foot against the tree; the woman heard and looked all, he restored the church that the ed in my direction, just as I hastily Padres had bull over a hundred years withdrew. Nuestra Senora de Gaudalupe "Is that you, Dario?" she said, twas called. It stood then, as it softly, in our Spanish dialect. Here does now, mellow with age, half-cov- was confirmation sure, and I scarceered with vine and with its frescoes ly breathed, fearing she would addimmed by time; but beautiful! Many vance, but receiving no answer she before, about sun down, and had been continued the senorita. "An!" and came from afar to visit the shripe of presently withdrew into the hut, and Our Lady, where the senor had placed I made haste to slip away. What were she, Susana, was better, and anyway Overhead Bob White began calling a lovely marble figure of the Blessed they doing here, the woman, and that Milother and her Son, before which a villain Dario? They boded no good to light was always burning; in thanks- our peaceful little village I knew.

Paul. Ah! now I come to our story, mystery myself. Caro. A strange history was his:

Ah! those two were friends, even to the woman looked at me and then windows of light, and search every I was there and saw it all, so you "Once on Monday," said the me in the evening twilight, when my shrank away as if in mortal fear."

work was done, I would see the Padre work as done, I would see the Padre work was done work work was done work was

me, you are too young for your mind er?" for now she rises before me, the sen-of Padre Paul's fair, handsome face, Why had not I thought of it before? the tragedy that was to come. orita who came to the haclenda in the his splendid figure and firm tread, the I rolled myself up in my blanket. It seemed only a second later that

the English senora; hever a case of the same rank as Padre hills.

It was the whole country that loved was pure Mexican, the woman of Euresting soundly until the first rosy dawn broke over the distant blue dead, lay the man, Dario Cavaros, while near by stood the detective the profit on his present flock of chickens. He should to his wife. "I'll rush liness or sorrow that she did not have been of the same rank as Padre hifls. fort and the skill to relieve, that I moved away from the gallery and You are afraid there is not going a smoking revolver in his hand.

employment was cultivating cotton, passed. The sweet English senora, free from work the next day. of which he had thousands of acres, with her fair, pale face, that we all "Have it as you will, Santos," he there, supported by the Padre, her San Rafael Canon of which he had thousands of acres, with her lair, pare lace, that said, "you have worked hard for sweet, pale face and startled eyes was an Italiano, and at the time I loved so well, was the first to alight said, "you have worked hard for sweet, pale face and startled eyes am telling, he had been twenty years She moved away with the Padre weeks; doubtlessly you rascal, you showing what a shock she had receiv-

You asked me to tell you a story, in Texas. He married a Spanish while the master lingered to assist want to go up the river and see the ed. little one. What shall it be? About lady, so his children, though all Am- the senorita. two young senoritas, Candita and he bade her welcome.

"When she is better we may find possible care of her. As long as the had come.

giving for his own recovery, the senor | Should I tell the master? No, I de-

But I was not through with the re- on the mystery." when a little one, an infant, he had velations of that night, Caro. Reach- Well, all Mexicans were not old "Carissima," he said, and then revfound floating in a box on the ing home I found Padre Paul on the Maria, Caro, and I began to form a erently, tenderly, he commenced tellriver. That was the feast of the gallery with the master, and they plan which I thought would lead to ing her the story ever old, ever new, good profit over our expenses." Conversion of the Blessed Apostle were talking. As I passed some the finding of those two, in hiding which I waited not to hear to the Paul, and the good people who dis- thing the Padre said about the wo- somewhere not far away. One night, end. Softly I arose and stole away; vously, "I know you will make fun of covered him and took him home, man made me listen intently, so while the heat it was excessive, drove me that I felt nothing deeper, even when thing very singular in the night shed ing childless, and named him for the knew well the master, who was ever ing a blanket, I rolled myself up in I won your grandmother, Caro. indulgent to me, would not send me it, and lay down under a tree. There

ame a priest, and then the senor, all last night," said the Padre. "Old heavens seemed to have a thousand gress having been necessarily good friend he was, got him Maria was so frightened, she sent her eyes turned toward the earth. How for fear of discovery. ated to Our Lady of Guadalupe. grandson for me; and when I arrived, easy for the myriads of shining ones: It was not for me, little one, after

run on such things. But you want Lupe Cavaros the rathous most as the charge of the cavaros the rathous me, "search the San Rafael Canon!" air was still, as if all nature dreaded noon. That is usually the time it thing. pring time of her youth, and who lived there, happy and honored, many be sure, little one, and then all they must be. I heard the master of a sudden it flashed on me that say he could not understand how the say grancho, with her father and sister where? My mind then was too connight, not even a freight, and if she arms went echoing through the canon. The Secretary wentworth the Secretary wentworth the Secretary wentworth the secretary will be seen anywhere. Some one who looked like him, but seen anywhere. No train left that one, the while the noise of the fire-arms went echoing through the canon. The secretary wentworth the secretary wentworth the secretary will be seen anywhere. I sprang to my feet and commenced ought. the Senora Wentworth, fused to say, but it was later that I had started to walk she must have I sprang to my feet and commenced ously. the had cared for the motherless knew! Not the son of Dario and Lupe, been seen on the way. "To-morrow," to run, just as the master and the dren since their own mother died. that I was sure of now, the former I thought, so I went to sleep again, senorita dashed past me. But I was least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed, followed by Tilly ens Mr. Lively saw that at least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed, followed by Tilly ens Mr. Lively saw that at least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed, followed by Tilly ens Mr. Lively saw that at least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed, followed by Tilly ens Mr. Lively saw that at least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed, followed by Tilly ens Mr. Lively saw that at least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed, followed by Tilly ens Mr. Lively saw that at least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed, followed by Tilly ens Mr. Lively saw that at least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed, followed by Tilly ens Mr. Lively saw that at least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed, followed by Tilly ens Mr. Lively saw that at least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed, followed by Tilly ens Mr. Lively saw that at least a closed were crawling over each other the chicken shed the chicken she

That night they entered the shed to was about going to my quarters for the night when the sound of carriage the had recourse to her, and many a time I have seen them come out of some miserable hut where I would not some miserable hut where I would not have wanted your grandmother to go, have you must not anticipate wanted they entered the stared theorem as smoking revolver in his half open eyes, to be a happy ending to this story, "Lupe Cavaros," I heard the Sen-tube of the young found. "Lupe Cavaros," I heard the Sen-tube of the young found. That night they entered the stared though mis half open eyes, to be a happy ending to this story, "Lupe Cavaros," I heard the Sen-tube of the young found. "Lupe Cavaros," I heard the Sen-tube of the young found. That night they entered the stared though mis half open eyes, as saint by our fell the young foun

sit down with my pipe before I begin; ian and Spanish names. Three boys, flash and smile at him, and I heard courting your grandmother then, am Lupe Cavaros, and that man -Joachim, Roberto and Rafael, and the a tone in his voice that was new, as Caro.

the Senora Wentworth, on the mor- fiesta," said the senorita. row, he being anxious to bring the "The feast of Our Lady Help of foot. The Padre and the master nothing here like that."

questioned old Maria, who had been "Something worse," I thought nursing the sick woman. She, Maria, thinking of Dario. had seen the woman Susana the night "Father Paul will be de zhted. told she need not come again, as she paused, "listen to that bird." of her.

And the Parroco, the good Padre glory there was, of unravelling the "but even that unusual occurrence in how the two pair of hands became a Mexican did not throw any light entangled, and the flowers were for-

Who he was no one had ever been away.

Was no moon, but the stars were the other end of the canon, my prowalking up the path that bor- lovely child! 'Curse it,' said Dario with such millions of windows in the I was creeping along on hands and ran up to tell me about a baby that off a plank or two in the flooring, the cliff, and always there was and then he stole it, the poor baby heavens, the blessed saints could know knees, heedless of the coarse grass was crying somewhere there. I was but nothing was to be seen. welcome for him from the senor, and drowned it in the river, oh my all that passes here below. So I lay and brambles, when the sound of car-He came wearily to the house and and thought, and then I must have loved Jonathan.

She said a great deal more in the slept and dreamed. How long I slept loved Jonathan.

She said a great deal more in the slept and dreamed. How long I slept loved Jonathan.

She said a great deal more in the slept and dreamed. How long I slept loved Jonathan.

She said a great deal more in the slept and dreamed. How long I slept loved was still same strain," said the Padre, "all I do not know, but I awoke suddender loved in the oven at the slept and thought, and then I must have loved when it is same strain, said the Padre, "all I do not know, but I awoke suddender loved in the oven at the slept and thought, and then I must have loved in the slept and thought, and then I must have loved when it is same strain, and thought, and then I must have loved in the oven at the slept and thought, and then I must have loved in the slept and thought, and then I must have loved in the slept and thought, and then I must have loved in the oven at the slept and thought, and then I must have loved in the slept and thought in the oven at the slept and thought, and then I must have loved in the slept and thought, and then I must have loved in the slept and thought, and then I must have loved in the slept and thought, and then I must have loved in the slept and thought in the slept and the senor, with his youth and the white showing such lead to the showing such lead to the senor, with his youth and the showing such lead you see any maybe some one was hurt over at Mrs. Liveley nervously. some lovely senorita? Ah! little you suppose that woman is my moth- seemed like the whisper of some saint some errand of mercy, and that he Dietrich's, but the crying goes on evin my ear; for I sat up, and like a was taking her home; so there we ery day between ten o'clock in the disgusted tone that his wife would run on such things. But you want Lupe Cavaros the Parroco's mother! lightning flash the thought came to all were in the canon, and the very morning and four o'clock in the afternot ask him if he had heard any-

circled the hacienda; and with him Dario are hiding in the Canon! Now scream was on her knees by the dead long-drawn, feeble, sad and distresswas the Senora Wentworth and the you rogue, you must not anticipate man, rocking back and forth, but at ful cry as faint as a whisper, yet the senora's voice she perfectly distinct.

"Look here!" cried Mr. Lively, bits of mutton, dozed under the children's ghosts." bench, never looking at a chicken.—

called Dr. Godone - though his chief my master, and so I saw all that ter who gave me all the afternoon feet. Perfectly quiet now, she turned

fair Juanita. the San Rafael Canon! Well, let me ericanos by birth, had both the Ital- I saw the senorita's glorious eyes Then I laughed; for, yes! I was woman said, "and you are right. I

"I will leave the ladies here for I had asked for a holiday; but to though you know it not - is your The youngest senorita was but fif- half an hour," said the Doctor, search the canon. You know the son! Yes, it was seventy years ago, and teen years old at this time, and the while I despatch an errand further up place, Caro. High rocky cliffs on each The Master, the Padre and the I was a young man, tall and strong, other—the Senorita Candita — ah, the road," so he drove away, and I, side of what was once a branch of Madre Santisima! if she had not been forgetting myself, stood there like the river, but long since dried up. The with a cry, but the poor senora could born of the sunset and starlight, the obo I was, looking at those two. | cliffs extended then as they do now, til the purple shadows deepened on sparkle of the river and the sweet odor of the pomegranate, she would said the senor, who seemed for all within this space stood gigantic the world unconscious of my pres- boulders of rock, fine old trees, and So it was one spring, the month of ence, "the peaches are ripening, and luxuriant vegetation that ran riot; derful, the Padre was the dear senthe Blessed Madre, that I heard we may find some I can give you." what was once the river's bed, was ora's son. She, who, until then, had thought not of it then, Caro, but it Padre Paul tell the senor that a So they moved away, and I sat now a rough wagon path. The whole child Veers ago the woman I was strange woman had come to the vil- down on a nearby stone waiting for spot was lonely, wild and romantic, It was the Senor Joseph Waring I lage, in whom he was much interest- the wagon to return so I could close fit hiding place for any one who shunworked for; tending the great herds of ed. Very ill she had been, alone in and fasten the gate for the night. | ned pursuit. As I entered the canon, Cattle that roamed over his rancho. a little hut near the river's bank, and the padre, who was afraid of the fev-A magnificent place it was, enclosing er for the rest of his flock, sent for abundant the fast ripening fruit was! through the trees; nature that day

as I struck a flint to light my pipe, this manner for some distance, I sat So the dear senora, bereft of husband on the still night air came the report down under a high ledge of rock to something out," replied the master; of a pistol, that sent me flying to-consider my plans. If the man and ward the cliff from whence the sound woman were there they must be, I cienda and the good God brought decided, very near the exit of the can-Startled, alarmed, the master and on, where a series of high boulders, blue hills that extended range on range, as far as the eye could reach.

I was plentiful that week, and it was not until several days later that one evening I wentworth," he said; "the bullet me, fall down behind the ledge of rock, and it was not until several days later that one evening I was ten years old when the senor more open. I was just about to ad- master's hacienda. The gun I had "Some one fired a shot at Mrs vance when the sound of voices made rame to Texas. He had been a great got away from the rancho, and startstudent in Dublin, they said, but his health broke down and then he came I reached the little hut—a miserable of the pillars. sigh of relief-it was the master and tective, who was hiding near by, also "Santos and you Pietro and Jose," the Senorita Candita, and peeping

further up the river to find her, when he spoke. But we found nothing; the oblivious to all the world but their

but why had he aimed for the Senora straw, shading her peerless face from high with the pure white blossoms. he was sound and strong and might been a horrible murder in the city, but why had he aimed for the Senora the was sound and strong and might been a horrible murder in the city, wentworth, the good God alone knew. The worth the moster Lam old Surely, the Madre must know all, I citement was occasioned by the sud- a basket in which the senorita was Curtis in The American Messenger.

idea that some dark plot was on "No," said the senorita, "we have

the senora from the Godone rancho to his mate; the sun, just vanishing was coming to see her and take care behind the western cliff, touched the senorita's dark hair; the master put Thaddy echoed. "Yes, mamma turned

Should I tell the master? No, I decided not. I wanted the glory, if stolidity," I neard the master say, ing her pick the blossoms. Somegotten

Half an hour later found me near luck."

It was a mixed household at the Golone hacienda; the Doctor—he was "Hold the horses, Santos," said his own way. It was the good maslone hacienda; the Doctor—he was "Hold the horses, Santos," said his own way. It was the good maslone hacienda; the Doctor—he was "Hold the horses, Santos," said his own way. It was the good maslone hacienda; the Doctor—he was "Hold the horses, Santos," said his own way. It was the good maslone hacienda; the Doctor—he was "Hold the horses, Santos," said his own way. It was the good maslone hacienda; the Doctor—he was "Hold the horses, Santos," said his own way. It was the good mas-

to the Senora Wentworth who stood

"You call me Lupe Cavaros," the pointing to the Padre Paul with an But it was not to see Juanita that almost dramatic gesture-that man-

Senorita Candita all sprang forward bear no more, and I was just in time to catch her as she fainted.

Yes, little one, it was all too wonchild. Years ago the woman, Lupe, had lived with senora; and Dario, that wicked one, was the Senor Wentthen senor was away and the little

the Senor Wentworth returned, he was taken ill with a fever and died. and home, had to work, and in course of time, she came to the Godone ha-Padre Paul to the same country; truly His ways are marvellous, Caro.

heard in the canon was his, aimed for the senora, but the woman, Lupe, had knocked it upward, just as he fired, and at the same moment the defired to save the senora's life, killing the man instantly. And so it was a tragedy and two romances all within one hour, Caro.

It was the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, the next day when we all assembled for the early Mass.

The Ghost at Liveley's

Pike, stood a little red house, like a huge box, with a sloping roof over fluence. I must not forget, Caro, little we think, in these times of it. In the yard the grass was so that the woman gave her name as peace, of what the Christians suffered green, the old-fashioned flowers so gay.

Susana, which confirmed me in my from the Turks." as it was, neat and clean on the inside.

The woman of the house was small and nervous, but wholesome looking, while a girl and boy held to her skirts as she talked to her husband. "We must look at the brooder, this afternoon," said the man.

"I turned the eggs yesterday," interrupted the woman, and Tilly and the eggs yesterday."

"How many chickens are in the vard now?" "Six hundred." answered the moth-

"In two weeks they'll bring us fif-

for the chickens. I'm afraid," she he went outside, but could not hear said wearily, "it foreruns some bad the noise. Soon as he was inside he

"Oh, now, now!" laughed her husslow band, "You have seen enough signs, or marred us years ago. What have dered to the house. He was going to

"I wonder if its noise can be heard

master had summoned from the city, The reason for his visit to the wood- them to market to-morrow." shed went out of his mind while he That night they entered the shed to



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"William," began the woman ner- the children closer to him. And his sleepy eyes were wide and alert. He and thought "No trick here!" Then For particulars write to

could hear it again. "This beats all," he muttered. "What can make that noise. The chilgood and bad, to have either made us dren began to whisper and were or-

He came wearily to the house and

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in the debris of the box, and, onfinding they were alone, began long quavering cry that had haunted