

inmates of the cave were not brigands, but Spanish gypsies. He tore away a rough curtain that ingeniously covered the opening of the grotto, and stood confronting an aged woman, whose terrified expression bespoke both surprise and alarm.

"Ola, mother Corahani, dont fear me. I am alone, no Busné is following. Have you forgotten the boy of the Xeres de la Frontera, whom you saved from starving? I return, and bear a lady who fell from her horse. Look at her, good mother, and oh, tell me she is not dead! Save her, ask as much gold as you like, only save her! only say she is alive!"

The old woman drew a comfortable sofa from a dark corner, and motioned him to place her upon it, which he did, and the gypsy commenced her task. The Calli was a skillful nurse. She did many things to restore her; she surely exhausted her medical knowledge; for she even wore an alarmed expression as one means after another failed.

"Sese! there is warmth at the heart, she is now reviving, and lest she be frightened at these ugly walls and my uglier Caloré face, move the *charipé* (bed) into my little *ker*."

Another blanket was removed, and another apartment was presented. This room was of a circular form, and not far from twenty feet in diameter. The ceiling and walls were draped with snowy linen, effectually concealing every vestige of rock. The very curtain, before mentioned, was also lined with the same material. An oriental carpet lay upon the uneven floor of the room;—several massive forms stood about the apartment; a small bronze chandelier hung from the ceiling; and the entrance from the first to this part of the cave seemed like a transit from prison into freedom. The insensible senora was moved into the place, and when the wax candles were lighted, they retired to the outer room, preferring her to waken with none near her, whose appearance might give her a shock at beholding for the first time.

The Calli placed a small silver whistle to her lips, and blew a low shrill note, as she took a small white robe and a wreath of seemingly white roses from a box.

A little girl of five or six years came tripping into the apartment, at this summons.

She stopped and appeared much frightened at seeing a stranger in their home, and would have withdrawn, had not her grandmother motioned her to advance to her, which she did, throwing her arms about her neck and hiding her face in her bosom.

The wreath of white roses was placed upon her forehead, and the old woman whispered something in her ears, which, at first, seemed to startle her,—then, when the robe rested gracefully upon her, she drew the dark curtain and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

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