

thousand pieces with his blood-stained horns :—when, with the greatest ease, the fighter leaped to one side, and the mad animal buried his horns and hoofs in the ground where the *picadore* had crouched. A deafening roar of applause shook the vast amphitheatre, as this astonishing feat was accomplished, and casting his eyes over the immense throng, Gomez saw no one who was not now in a standing posture, leaning over the light rail with eyes intently fixed on the daring fighter ; but he himself was too excited over the unusual turn in the programme, to notice either the expressions or the excitement of the mass,—he could only shout his applause, and patiently await the termination of the grand finale. With a nimble foot the *picadore* ran to the great door of one of the barriers ; but the animal was close upon him. He had seized a mantle from the ground as he ran, and now shaking it before the enraged brute, he awaited his time. As the beast plunged upon him, while fire seemed flashing from his eye, with a light bound the Spaniard leaped over the animal, at the same moment dropping his mantle over the head of the bull. The mad beast, unable to check his speed, buried his horns in the wooden door, as he came upon it with a crash.

Thunders of applause now shook the amphitheatre, and these continued as each new scene of the fearful drama was enacted.

Once more the *picadore* seized his steel point ; he boldly met his foe in every manner of attack ; he played round him, with a fearlessness that astonished the bravest men ; he leaped over the animal's back repeatedly ;—he made himself at home upon the beast's shoulders, for several seconds at a time ; he seized the brute's horns ; and this all so quickly, that the bull could take no advantage of it. He accomplished feats that few present would ever witness again. He handled the frightened animal as he liked ; and the inquiring faces of the multitude seemed to ask the question how the conflict would end. The fighter appeared conscious of this. With another low bow, and an agonizing look toward one part of the throng near the lowest seat, he waved his hand solemnly, then turning toward the bull he stepped lightly forward. Looking his adversary in the eye for a second he hurled his point from him, and folding his hands before him, stood motionless as a statue.

He made no movement as the bull sprang upon him ; but as the white horn entered his bosom, he cast one triumphant glance to the same part of the spell-bound multitude as before, then looking up toward heaven he crossed himself. As the bull withdrew his horn now crimson with the life blood of the *espada*, whose body was tossed high in the air, a woman's shriek was heard above the din of voices, and as the dead fighter fell to the earth, a slightly-built female had clasped him in her arms. The bull was again preparing to plunge upon them, but the third *picadore* drew his sword and met him. With a great effort the enraged beast dashed upon him ; but he received the keen blade just before the shoulder, and as the fighter withdrew it, with a quiver the animal fell to the earth dead, the blood flowing in a wide stream from both mouth and nostrils.

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