

her lodging in King street, Covent Garden. It was a lodging over a print shop, the sign of which a giver quili, argent in guies dangled from the front of the house and creaked in the wind. The front room where she sat and lived commanded a fine view of the street; the back room in which she slept overlooked the churchyard of St. Paul's, where funerals all day long inclined the heart to wholesome meditation. Both in the front and at the back there was apparent to the senses the neighborhood of the market; since the time was late June and the season warm and fine, one perceived in mingled waves of fragrance the ned strawberry of yesterday; the decayed cherry of last week; the trampled peas and broken lettuce leaves; the pun-gent Spring onlos, last year's russets, the cabbage stalks, which lay in heaps and all the things which are offered for sale in that great market. It is not, taken al-together, an exhibitating fragrance; but the residents of King street are accustomed to it; they have it with them all the year round at every season; they no more complain of it than the people near Billingsgate complain of the smell of fish which hangs forever in the air.

The lady was a widow-quite a young sidow; not more than four and twenty-he weeds which spoke of her condition were so modified, so to speak, as to be token a widowhood of two years, at least; they signified by their shape, by the man-ner of wearing them, by some femiline cumning which would be difficult to explain-yet it was to be discorned-by an artful touch invisible yet perceptible-by the hand which pats the bow and smooths the strings and introduces some small change into the form; a confession of Christian resignation; perhaps, also, though this, be sure, the widow would never allow—she was herself unconscious

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CHAPTER I.

The lady sat at the open window of er lodging in King street. Covent Garden. It was a lodging over a print shop, he sign of which a Silver quill, argent in in the engine of time is a ticking—to consider dispassionately, and critically, yet with a certain sympathy any overtures which might be made—should such present themselve—of entering again upon the married state, which is consecrated by Holy Church, yet denounced by poet and satirist, as offering fewer prices than the state lotters.

This morning however, her face belied het dress. There was no look of Venus in its there was no softness of cossible

in it; there was no softness of possible love. Her face, comely and attractive, of the soft kind; her cheek like a peach; her eyes large, limpid and full of soft sunshine, was now disturbed and jangled, like a harpsichord out of tune, with anxiety and doubt.

It was full of care, and care may an observe and the gaming tables; much a face; it was full of trouble, and trouble was an emotion for which that face was not intended by nambled and they ought to be saved the play and drink in the night houses among the ribald company of the houses among the ribald company of the It was full of care, and care has no ture; her lips trembled, and they ought to have smiled; her cheek, which should have remained soft and touched with the tender bue of the wild rose in June, changed color as her thoughts went canaged color as her thoughts went wandering here and there, and always came back to the same point. Whatever that was, the tears gushed out and rolled down her cheek. Had there been any young man present of reasonable feeling for the sex he would have cast himself of the rest crying along that her face

or hope from their utterances, but as if to hear their repreaches; as if she could not choose but 'ook upon them. The letters were, in truth, accusing volons; they accussed the lady, yet not in words, of follies and extravagances; they warned her, too late, of what may happen to a woman left early in life without a a woman left early in life without a golde and counsellor; a woman who unsersementales nothing—it is a common falling with women—of the simple rules of compound addition and subtraction, and therefore goes on spending without comprehension of what her expenditure means until the day comes when she finds hetself at the end of her fortube, and with no means apparent of paying for her food and dress and lodging. These letters showed her that she was that most unfurtunate person—a woman in most unfurtunate person—a woman the debt, who cannot pay her debts; or if she pays, is left destitute, and has no friends who will pay for her. Tax end of such a woman is clear; she must take shelter in a prison, where in a short time the manner, the increases the desset the

mainer. the language, the dress, the thoughts of the polite world drop off from the residents, and they all become plunged together in the ruck of physical wants, physical suffering, and the sacrifice of all those scruples which, outside, raise mentally words to a blacker leave. and women to a higher level.

If bitterness and self-reproach and humiliation are the wholesome correctives for the soul, even though they come too late to save from open shame, then, indeed, leabel Weyland this morning was taking a soverage remedy against I know not how many plaguey disorders and diseases of the soul, such as vanity, self-concett, complacency, pride of family, pride of rank, the self-respect which is akin to arrogance, and the whole in-numerable tribe of cognate alliberts.

The arrest below was crowded with people; air day long and most of the and women to a higher level.

people; all day long and most of the night thore is a full and flowing tide of human life flowing up and down the street, which is not, however, one of the most fashionable resorts of London. In the morning, from 3 o'clock until noon, there are people of the market, the por-ters who carry baskets on their heads, the barrows filled with fruit and vegetables, barrows mined with trust and vegetaties, which are carried away to be hawked about the atreets of the city and suburbs; after moon there are the people who walk on the plazza, a crowd of well-dressed people, yet not like the beaux of the park; they are country people, members of Parliament, inwyers, actors of Drury Lane and Covert Garden, poets and wits in the evening they are the people who frequent the coffee-houses, the tavaris and the gaming tables; later on they are the people who take summer after place. No sooner have the rakes some away to bed that the market people hegin again, so that the whole four and twenty hours, there is in King street a continual flocking of people to Covent Garden and a continued noise of footsteps, voices, herrows draw, and correction to the

barrows, drays and carts, with the fre-quent fights of hackney coachmen, chair-men and the porters of the market. The lady looked out upon the street. The beaux walked delicately, their cloudfor the sex he would have cust himself at her feet, crying aloud that her face was made for happiness, and that he would himself, at any cost take upon himself, at any cost take upon than to see her once more freed from their needs, rudely pushing than to see her once more freed from the criers, in never-ending procession, bawled the consequences, if any, of her follies, if there had been follies; or of her missing them to see, if there had been misfortures.

On her table lay two or three open letters. She glanced at them from time to grind and kettles to mend; and the sales of the defaulting debtor; the prisons are little and at them from time to grind and kettles to mend; and the sales of the from the street. The beaux walked delicately, their cloud-ter of a city merchant; she knew what was thought, and said, of the debtor who was thought and who had be to cane hand the first the first had been on the fruit upon their heads

to time, not as if to derive consolation | hackney coach rattled over the stones; or hope from their utterances, but as if the brewer's dray, with its casks of heer, dragged heavily, grunting and groaning; ladies with dingle-dump hoops, fans hang-ing from their arms, and little caps tied modestly under their chins, slowly walked along the plazza where they would meet their gallants; old gentlemen, their age betrayed by the shaky knees, stapped in front of the fruit shops, of which there are many in King street.

The lady's Christian name was Isabel. Her surname was Weyland. She was, the widow of the late Honorable Ronald

The lady's Christian name was issued. Her surname was Weyland, She was the widow of the late Honorable Ronald Weyland, only brother of the Earl of Strainerick, in the Scottish Peerage, and one of Her Majesty's High Commissioners for the Hanaper, who died, unfortunately for his wife, when still no more than six and twenty. This bereavement fell upon her three years before the morning when we had her in Ring street. She had been living the life of a lidy of quality and fashion, without nulliclent means, and her present difficulties were the result.

She looked down upon the dear, deligntful splicing of a lidy of quality and fashion, without nulliclent means, and her present difficulties were the result.

She looked down upon the dear, deligntful splicing of the town; she looked but six pale manifest, fit is not paid if shall have to list of the recoving panorams at all, it was only to sak herself, with a minking shear, how long it would be before the sight of this free and chearful life, this contemplation of the world in action which fills the young with longing, inspires manhanced and makes old age forget its unread would be finally closed to her by the shifting of a door—in imagination she heard its hared would be finally closed to her by the shifting of a door—in imagination she heard its hared would be grained the crown below har; they were no longer common people, pretendeds of fashion, dent reps. they became glorified; happy beyond all words. Truth to say the current of life in King street is a turodia fashion, and the turning of a key in a look—in her mind she heard its hared when the heart its hared when the heart its hared when he heart its hared who has dealt with me for so long and on the store of the letter through for the tenth time, she laid it down upon the table that the morning with longing the honor for the letter followed the manifest of the letter followed the manifest of the letter followed the manifest of the letter fol

parent, pratiting over pebbles, in compart-son with the murky stagnation of the prison which awaited her.

For indeed, the hour had at last ar-rived; the time certain to those who live beyond their means when the Catchpole I will walt no longer. Pay me! or

me! I will wait no longer. Pay me! or ulac."
"Oh!" she grouned, "I have been a fool. Heavens! What a fool I have been!"
She had, indeed, yet at such a crists in her affairs, colf-reproach helped her not. A way had to be found—some way—any way—at borrowing, of raising money; of prolongling credit; some way—else her creditors—she shuddered and trembled.
She might write to them, she might call She might write to them, she might cidi upon them and plead with them. If they would forbear, she would, perhaps, at some future time—but she had no security to offer. If they would not forbear, if they took such revenge as was in their power, she would never be able to pay them. Alas! She was herself the daugh-ter of a city merchant; she knew what

full of peer wretches who would pay if they could; but being jacked up and for-bidden so work, example pay; she knew that an appeal to the mercy of her cred-ltura would only harden their hearts while it would humiliate her, with no re-

She thought of flight—but whither?
And when her slender stock was gone, what would she do next?
And again she clasped her hands and walled. "Alas! I have been a fool! What a foo! I have been?
She took up one of the letters and read it again, although she knew it by heart. The first was from a draper on Longato Hill. "Why," she mouned. "I have been a customer of the man ever since I was a widow. Yet he threatons me!" It was a widow. Yet he threatons me!" It was true that she had ordered many things of him and had paid for most; but then she had not paid for the jast things, which were costly. And now he had written to her, with words unmistakable.

takable.
"Madam: I beg respectfully to call your immediate attention to the very large account now standing unpaid in my books. I find that it is now nothing less than 255 Sn lid. I must, therefore, most re-

She was interrupted by the servant of the house, who came to tell her that Mr. Futton was below and begged the honor of speech with her. — The writer of the letter followed the maid upstairs and entered without fur-ther ceremony. He was a man of short stature and of appearance displeasing. Although he was dressed as a citizen of Although he was dressed as a citizen of substance and position, his face was marked by intemperance; his short neck threatened and the Balliff murmured, and lay in folds over his lace cravat; his the creditor, a truculent and relentiess cheeks were red and swollen; his nose person, held out his hand and said: "Pay was painted—these are all indications of cheeks were red and swollen; his nose was painted—these are all indications of strong drink. Moreover, his voice was thick and his shoulders unsteady, as if, which was indeed the case, he had recently come from a tavern. It is not uncommon for a respectable citizen to show signs of drink in the evening-perhaps in the afternoon; but it is not (happily)

you have received my letter?"
"Sir, I have received it. I have read it.
Here it is on my table."

your brains a little you will remember that promise of six months' credit, of which only six weeks have expired. My answer, sir, is that I must take that credit. I want that credit, and I must have it."

"Madam, as regards that promise," his voice grew thick, "I cannot remainder it How, then, can I allow it?"
"Elr," the lady's temper began to rise, "I perceive that you do not intend to re-

member that promise. I have, therefore, nothing more to say-I have no answer to give. You will do what you please. But I demand that credit."

The man's manner changed. He be-came suddenly cringing, and he tried to be persuasive. He leaned over the table and myed a smile which became a fixed 'Madam," he said, "I am most unwilling

to press you. But my own affairs-"Your own affairs, sir?" "My own affairs, madam." He hesttated and spoke at random. "They ere in confusion-I know not what may happen. In fine, I am urgently in want of the money."

"Can A substantial citizen of Ludguta Hill be in urgent want of £95?"
"You mistake, madam." He rose up with dignity. "Every man in business in sometimes pressed, it is not the amount;

"I must take the credit you promised.
I am sorry for your position."
"As for my position, it is more than assured. I am a citizen, a freeman of the Drapers Company; my affairs are on a large scale. I am considered as the equal of any merchant," he assured her, with swelling words and looks. "I must take that credit," she per-

"Madam," his face became purple; "J must have that money." He banged the table with his fist. "I say that I must have that money."

Now here the lady made a great and grievous mistake, for she ought to have referred the question to her attorney; there was nothing unusual in a credit of aix months, and what was more important, the debt would have been found on tant, the debt would have been found on examination to be due to the man's cred-itors and not to himself. For, instead of being a prosperous tradesman, as he as-sorted, he was nothing better than a man of straw, who intended to get this money for himself and to defraud his creditors. The man, in a word, might threaten, but he could do nothing. This, however, the 'ady did-ont know.
"Go," she said. "You may do what you

The man healtated. The lady pointed to Her face and manner were hard and unbending. 'You will take the consequences," he

said:

"Gof" Again she pointed to the door.

"You will take the consequences of robbing—yes, of robbing—a substantial city merchant. Madam, a substantial—"

The lady rose. He sald no more, but She sank back into her chair. "O"

she groaned again. "What a fool! What a fool! What a fool I have been!" She took up the second letter. It was from her dreasmaker, a certain Mrs. Brymer, and was much shorter, yet to the

same effect.

"Madam: I am most sorry to trouble you or any of my customers. I can walt, usual for a man of business to betray "Madam: I am most sorry to trouble his indulgence in the morning. "You or any of my customers. I can walt, "Madam," he said, "I came to ask if as a rule, for a long time, but your bill is now, I find, upward of £70; this is too large a bill to run on any longer. The necessities of my business compel me to "And what, madam, may I ask, is your ask for payment as soon as is convenient to yourself. It is with the greatest "My answer, my answer—Mr. Fulton, I have not yet thought of the answer. The letter only arrived this morning. Perhaps in a month or two—"

Intent to yourself. It is will the asswer. It is will the asswer. The about noon. We may perhaps, find means to adjust this difficulty quietly and means to adjust this difficulty quietly and

"The letter is not threatening like the other," Isabel murmured, "but I know the woman. She is very resolute. I am

ton. What will she say when I contess the whole to her?"

She started and turned pale. For there was a step on the stair-the sound of A step may be a sound of terror to a debtor. There was the step of her drossmaker-the creditor who was going to call at 12. What should she come for, but to beg, what scoule are come for, but to beg, to accuse, and to threaten?

A tap at the door, and her visitor turned the handle and came in.

It was, in fact, from other than the dressmaker, Mrs. Brymer, author of the abort epistic you have heard, Isabel ball rose; she gnaped out certain words than the not hold the same tack in her chair, sick and faint with terror. She had never before been durined, and she knew not what her oreditars could do.

The woman was plainly dressed, was a little woman, and now old. face was lined and seamed with a thousand crow's feet. It was the face of a woman much occupied with affairs, shrewd and hard. It was also stamped with the wisdom that comes to women by experience and affairs, looked very wise, and as inscritable as an oracle. She stood in the door for a minute, looking with curiosisy at her distomer, as if she would learn the whole truth from her face. Then she advanced a step, closed the door softly and rapped the table, not threateningly, but softly with her knuckles, "Weil, madam?" she said. Mrs. Weyland inclined her head. She could not speak.

"I am very sorry, madam, to be im

"If you can give me time-" Mrs. Brymer --everybody knows her shop in Monmouth street-there is no more celebrated dressmaker in the whole of London-smiled quietly. There was no appearance of threatening about the woman; she was not uncivil or disrespect-ful, but her face expressed her resolu-tion—she was come to get her money.

"You ask for time, madam. Truly, I would give you with pleasure as much time as you please—all the time there is -if you can show me how much the better you would be, if you had it-or how much better I should be. Take time, madam, if you please, but it is not the reasonable to ask what security you have to offer in case I give you time." "No, it is not unreasonable. And yet-and yet-O! Mrs. Brymer, what answer am I to make?" She began to cry again.

Mrs. Brymer took a chair and planted it opposite to her customer. Then she sat down firmly and with resolution. "Now," she said, "I have come for an explanation and a confession."
"A confession?" Mrs. Weyland made a

show of sitting upright with indignation. "Madam, I know a few things, but not all. I know that you are rulned; you have lost, I believe, the whole of the fortune that your husband left you it was £4000-at the card table; you are in debt to others beside myself; if you can-not pay what you owe-but, indeed, I am sure that you know the terrible alterna-

"Mrs. Brymer," Isabel replied, with some dignity, "if you know all this, there is no necessity for you to rehearse it; nor is there any necessity for me to confess my affulrs to you."
"They are my own affairs. Your lady-ship owes me the sum of £30-with some

shillings and pence. I can no more afafford to pay it."
"Then, I do not understand—"
"Madain, I will be plain with you. Let me know exactly the state of your af-

fairs, and I may be able to help you, but on conditions. "The only help I want is money or

time, and that you cannot give me."
"There are other ways besides finding money or time. Let me remind your ladyship that if you do not get help, and cannot pay your debts, the end is certain. You can, therefore, do no harm to your affairs by letting me know the truth, and you may find it to your advantage. My reason for offering to help you is nothing in the world but to get payment of my claim."

(To Be Continued.)

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Author of "The Stickit Minister."

THE FIREBRAND & A Story of the Early Carlist Uprising.

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CHAPTER XLIX -(Continued.) than en From Sarria to Espluya, in Francots, Concha raged through the villages like fire through Bummer grass. The Abbeybe friars, the accumulated treasure of centuries, the power of pit and gailows, of servitude and holy office all these were to end on the 20th of the month. Mean-time, a man was being tortured, done to death by ghouls-a friend of El Sarria. a friend of Jose Maria—nay savior of two Queens, and the beloved of Generals and Prime Miniaters! Would they help to

save him? Ah, would they not!

Other rumors came up, thick and rank as toadstools on dead wood. There was such an one of the village of Espiena, such an other of Campillo in the nether Francoli-they refused the friars this and the other! Well, did they not enter the monastery walls, never to be heard of

Given the ignorant prejudices of vilagers, the hopes of plunder awakened by lawless time and uncertain government, Conchs, a propheters, volleying threats and prophesylngs, and what wonder is it that in an hour or two a band of 1000 men was pouring through the gates of the great abbey, clambering over the tiles and with fierce outcries diving down to the leepest cellars. But from galeway to gateway not a brother was found. All had been warned in time. All had dedeepest cellars.

parted, whither no man knew.

El Sarria, by his reputation for desperate courage, for a while kept the mobifrom deeds of violence and spollation.

But still Rollo was not found.

Concha, pale of face and with deep circles cles under her eyes, ran this way and that, her fingers bleeding and bruised. In her despair she flung herself upon one obatacle after another, calling for this door and that to be forced. And strong men followed and did her will without halt

But of all others it was the cool, practical John Mortimer who hit upon the trail. He remembered how on their first visit to Montblanch, Rollo himself, at a certain place, near the door of the stron room in which the relics were kept, and declared that he heard a sound like a group. And there in that very place Concha was driven wild by hearing—she knew not whence—the voice of her leve. It seemed to her that he called her name.

Men ran for crowbars and for hammers. The floor was forced up by mere strength of arm. The dislocating of a heavy stone gave access to an under-

the way, a bar of iron like a weaver's beam in his hand, The searchers found themselves in a strange place. The vaulting which they had broken through so rudely enabled them to scramble downward through form covered with moth-eaten black. grouning which Concha had heard was allent, but El Sarria held up his hand for silence, they could bear something scuttling away along the dark passages like rats behind a watuscot.

ground passage, and men swarmed down one after the other, El Sarria leading

Without regarding for the moment something vague and indefinite which hay stratched out on a strange mechanism of wood, El Sarria derted like a sleuth-hound on the trail up one of the passages into which he had seen a fugitive disappear.

was no long chase. The pursued led to the right under a low archway. The passage opened suddenly upon a kind of a gallery, one side of which was supported on pillars and looked out upon the great gulf of air and space of the verge of which the monastery was

The quarry came into view as they reached the sunlight, dessied and blinking you, Concha!"

—a smallish, lithe man, running and Who would have believed that this swift dodging with terror in the eyes of him. and resolute Rollo, this firsbrand adven-

Then Luis Fernandez, knowing his

our, screamed like a rabbit taken in a And through the manifold corridors of the abbey and up from underground rang the dread word "Torture!" "They have been torturing him to death in their accuracy prisons. Kill! Kill! Death to the friars wherever found!"
For the billed mouths of downtrodden villsgers, long dumb, had at last found a tongue.

Ramon Garcia looked once only the face which glared up at him. In that glance Luis Fernandes read his fate, Without a word of anger or any sound ER Sarria waited to the nearest open ar-cade of the gallery and threw his enemy over with one hand, with the contemptu-ous geture of a man who Sings carrion to the dogs.

Luis Fernandes fell 600 feet cleur and scarce knew that he had been hurt. "God grant us all as merciful a death, cried Concha, "little did he deserve it."

They untied Rollo from the trestit work of the rack which the miller of Sarria had used to gravity his revence. At nest he could not stand on his feet. His hands trembted like aspen leaves, and he had perforce to sit down and lenn his head

against Concha's shoulder.
"Nay, do not weep, little one," he said. "I am not hart. You came in time. But there he smiled) another turn of that wheel and I would have told them all." Meanwhile the hammers were clanging At the sight of Rollo's pale, drawn face, the populace went wild. Their mad clamor rose to heavon. All that night the great above or Mountbianch, with its garniture of stall and chapel, curven recedes and painted picture, went hinzing to the skies.

to the skies.

At such times men knew no half measures, drew no me distinctions. For, cepetality in Spain, revolution were never yet effected with a spray of rosswater. The great order of Our Lady of Mountplance, which had sendingd a thousand what. which had endured a thousand years, perished in one day for the vengeance of Luis Fernandez and the madness of

the priest Anselmo.

But in the sacristy of a little chapel by
the gate, safe from the spoilers' hand, but lit irregularly by the bursting flames, and to which the wild cries of the loano-clasts penetrated, Conoha sat nursing

From time to time he would done off, awaking with a start to find his hand chapped in that of his betrothed. Her ear was very near his lips, and when he wandered she southed him with she tender creanings of mother over a sick child, meaning and cooling over him with in-articulate love, her hands a hundred times fifted to caress him, but ever futtering aside lest they should awake the belove

om his repose."
"Who is it" he said once, more clearly than usual, yet with some remains of fear in his eyes very pitiful to see, "It is I-Concha."

"It is I-Conena,"
Ah, how sort, how tender at such times a woman's voice can be. The wind in the bariey, the dove calling her mate, the detant murmur of a shellered nea here are not one half so sweet. The angels' voices about the throne—they are not so human. Children's voices at play—they have known no sorrow, no so. They are not so divine.

not so divine.
"It is 1-Loncha."
"Ah, beloved, do not leave me—they may come again."
"They cannot. They are dead."
Keen as the clash of raplers, triumphant as trumpets sounding the charge, rang the veice that was earstwhile so soft, so ten-

"AU the same, do not leave me! I need

tightly and smiled. She would have apoken, but could not. "Ah, I knew that would not leave me,"

he murmured, turning a little toward her. "It was foolish to ask." Then he was elient for a moment, and

asked, wearily.
For answer Concha threw open the door

and the new-risen sun shown upon his The morning is here," she said, with all

the giory of it in her eyes.

CHAPTER I.

Thus ended the princely abbey and its inmates. And so it stands unto thus day. a desolation of charred beams, desecrated altars, fire-scarred walls, roofless and ergrown, to witness if I lie. Time that carcely yet set its least finger-mark upon t. Under the white-hot Southern sun. and in that dry, upland air, Montblanch may remain with scarce a change to many a bundred years. Esquetra's ham mer strokes are plain on the stones. The crowbar holes wherewith Sarria drove out the flagstones over the tarture chamberonce called the place of the holy office-these any man may see who chooses to journey thither on mule back, joiling tartams, or by the plain song office of heel

As to the brethren they had had, thanks to Rolio Blair, due and sufficient warning. They had mounted their white mules and ridden over the mountains into France, by a secret way long settled upon and hild with friendly relays of food and equip-

Only the Father Confessor, the gloom; viving his ancient functions of inquisitor in chief, or from poison self-administered, was never rightly known or indeed inquired into. Men had other things to think of in those days. On the day which followed the great

spoliation, a man limped painfully and slowly along the ravine beneath the still smouldering turrets and gubies of Mont-Thirty yards or so beneath him he saw

a congregation of vultures, the national and authorized scavengers of Spain. Bo thickly did these unboly fowls cluster that the man, being evidently curious, was compelled to throw several stones among them before he could induce them to move that he might catch, a glimpes of their Then having made his observation, he

ruen seving made his observation, so said: "Ash, brother Luis, you that were so clever and despised poor Tomas, giving him ever the rough word and the biller jest, hath not that same poor Tomas the best of it now? He at least shall not be meat for vultures yet awhite. No, he will drink many a good draught yet—that is, when he hath sold the freehold of the mill and disposed of any outlying properties that are left. Luis liked red wine, I liked witte mid aguardiente. Ha, ha, Luis will never again taste the flavor of the Vai de Penns he was so fond of—and the more will be left for Tomas."

He stood and meditated awhile. Then he struck his pockets lugubriously. "I wish I had a cup of good aguardente

now," he muttered,
Anon his face brightened as he looked at the dark object among the vulture fois, "Carkanba! I have it. It will help me over a difficulty. Brother Luis' pockets were always well lined. The birds have

But he was no match for his pursuer, and before he had gained the end of the gallery the giant's hand closed upon the neck of his enemy.

But he was no match for his pursuer, and burner of ours, would have been brought so kind and fraternal to take such things in the place where the Abbot's great chair deep-bearded veteran, his chest blazing in the place where the Abbot's great chair deep-bearded veteran, his chest blazing with decorations.

The pounger man, whose hair gives one I knew him. It was Don Baltasar promise of early threads of gray, enters manded.

to the body-for indeed he had been rough-ly used by the mob before they brought him to El Sarria, that the outlaw might do with him as with his brother For they wanted to see the sight. The vul-tures, slowly and reluctantly, withdrew

as she settled his head more easily on an extemporized pillow, he glanced toward the closed shutters of the little sacristy.

"When will the morning come?" he asked, wearily.

"When will the morning come?" he asked, wearily. a men quiet and harmless. For Ramon Garcia said to me, with a wave of his hand. There is the door. Get through it hastily, and let me see your face no more. Then to the robber crew he said: Without his brother, senors, this fellow is a serpent without the fahis, harmless as a blade of grass among the stones. which the goats nibble as they wag their beards."

So after a pause this most respectable man finished his task and went his way, jugiting full pockets and pleasing himself with medications upon the abiding usefulness of a good character and of being in all things blameless, humble and a man of peace.

There dwells an old peasant now Montblanch, who will guide you over the place for a real, and show you the place before the great altar where Ramon Garcia. sometimes called Bi Sarria, cast himself down. Then he shows you where the Abbot stood, when he stopped the pursuit of the outlaws, to his own ultimate undo-

ing.
"Yes. Excellency," he says, in a voice
like green frogs croaking in the Spring.
"true it is as the sormons preached last
Easter Day. For these dim old eyes saw It-also the chamber of the relics I will show you, and the cloisters with the grave of the Father Confessor Anselmo." Last of all (but this will cost another real and is worth the money) the peas-ant guide shows you the place of the holy office. That black stain against the wall is where they burnt the last rack in Spain. One or two great wooden wheels, with scarce a spoke remaining, loom up, imag-ined rather than seen, in the dusky shadowe above.

ows above.

"This way along a passage (take care of your honorable head), and I will show you the window from which Luis Fernaudes was cast forth like the evil beast he "And was enything ever heard there-after of the Prior or the Erethran" you ask, looking ground on all the wasted

lender. The old man shakes his head, but there is comething in his eye which, if you are wise, causes you to allo him a piece of

"Nothing more," he says; "pething!"
Then, looking about him cautaously, he adds: "But upon a certain eyeding near to the fime of sundown there bains one all clad in poor garments of leather, worn and frayed. He wore a broad bat, and the names of many holy places were cut on his star - altogether such a wander-

on lils staff—altogether such a wandering nilgrim the man was as you may see at any fair in Spain.

"And very humbly the penibent asked permission of me to view the ratus. So knowing him for a pligrim and thinking that perchanne he desired to say a prayer before the great alter (and also because I had no great expectations of a gift). I let him go his way, unattended, and so forgot about him. But when I came up out of my vegetable garden a little after numes to close the great sate, such being the order of the Governor of the province, who pays me a yearly supend it duron it is, and very little, but depend upon generous charity of those who, like your no need of golden ounces, nor do they who pays me a yearly stipend it dures the key to the strong box hidden in the ravine. Ah! I remember that he carried it about his neck. These can do no good now to Luis, or indeed for the matter of membered of this pligrim. I went in that to any vulture alive. It were only search of him, and io! he stood weeping

Varein-of a surety, the last Abbot of him as well as I knew my old dame. Montblanch. For many years I had known and through his tears he also know that I knew him. So he said presently: 'Reveal not that I came thither, and I will thee-this-together with my bless-And with one hand he gave me a golden ounce worth 60 pesetas—and more in these bad times. And with the other, as I kneeled down (for I am a good Christian), he bestowed upon me his episcopal blessing with two fingers, outstretched, being, as you remember, a bishop as well

Then after he had stood awhile and the sun was quite gone down, Baltasar Vareia, Abbot of Montblanch-the last they say of \$4, went out into the darkness, weeping very bitterly."

In another southern province far from the village of Sarria there is a white house with sentinels before it. They do not slouch as they walk nor tean bent-backed against a pillar when nobody is looking, as is the went of Spanish sentries elseas is the wont of Spanish sentries else-where. It is the house of the Governor of the once turbulent Province of Va-lencia. The Governor is one General Bigin Duke of Castellon del Mar and hat-ted grandee of Spain, but he is known from Murcia even to Tarregom as "Don Fallo". For he absoluted the sufferen-Rollo." For he has cleared the southern countries of Carlists, and put down the Red Republicans of Valencia and Cartagens with jovial good humor, breaking their heads affectionately with his stout oak staff when they rloted. They had been accustomed to be shot in batches, and rather resented the change at first, as reflecting on their seriousness. However, they have grown to understand the fire-brand General and to like him. Usually they favor him with a private message a day or two before they intend to make a revolution. Whereupon Rollo goes him-self into the woods and cuts himself a new sitck of satisfactory proportions. In this manner he has survived an abdieation, two dictatorships and a restora-tion with the undiminished credit, holding his province easily and asking from Mad-

rid neither reinforcements of soldiers not f, money. His wife is not receiving today, but in English fashion there are a few friends who drop in for dinner, habitues of the house, beloved comrades of Don Rollo's, with whom (for the Senora Concha is the old Concha still) his wife filtre a little, chats a great desi and gives them the best advice, in return for boundless admi-ration and delight in her beauty and wit. "Dolores," she says to a friend who has arrived and sits patiently folding her little hands on a sofa, "It was pretty of you to come in such a lovely gown—just to please these poor old bachelors. Here, Stienne, hold the baby, and be sure not to drop him, sir. There—what did I tell to drop him, sir. There—what did I tell you! You have made him cry! Monster! Well, he shall be sent away, sweetest pet, that he shall! He is a buffalo of the marilman, a tiger of the jungle, an ogreout of a storybook—that he is, sweetest! There, La Giraida, take the darling away! Oh, and give him-but stay-I will come, too, size the little villain may how! till midnight."

She continues to talk quickly as she goes the door. "What a voice-just like his father's when he is in the place of arms and the men do not please him: There, aweetest (she goes behind the curtain), there!" And, contented, the young man stills that parade voice of his into gentle mur-murings like those of a bee within the

bell of a flower.

Presently a tall young man comes striding in in a plain uniform with the starred shoulder straps of the highest tank. Behind him is a broad-chested,

with swift impetuosity, dashing a chance servitor out of the way and opening the

inner door as if a gust of wind had been 'Where is Concha?" he eries, as soon as he enters.
"Here!" replies a voice, a little muffled,
"Here!" replies a voice, a little muffled, It is true, from a neighboring room, "No

-stay where you are! I shall be back in a moment," "Ah, Etlenne-John, how are you? Have they given you any breakfast? Etienne, any more loves? There are four pretty girls in the Pinta Villarasa. I saw them on the balcony, as I rode through with

the Sagunto regiment the other day-"
"Trust him for that!" comes the voice
from behind the curtain. "My Lord Duke," says Etlenne, in a master-of-ceremonies' voice, "so long as am permitted daily to gaze upon the

beauty of your incomparable wife, how can this heart turn from that to the admiration of any meaner object?"
"What nonsense is he talking now?" asks Concha, returning demurely. know at least three girls of this City of Valencia who have the best reasons for expecting M. de Saint Pierre to make pro-

posals for the honor of their hands. B what can you expect of such a wretch? Well Master Effenne" savs Rollo. 'you will now have a chance to Mistress Concha and make some fair Castillan happy. For I must send you im-mediately with these dispatches to Madrid. You will stay a week and return with the answers. That will give such a lady-killer ample time to bring matters to a head with the most hard-hearted of the senor-

itms of the capital." "Ah," sighs Etienne, kissing a hand to Concha, as he appeared to take his leave, 'your husband wrongs me. He who hath so much, misjudges me who have so lit-tle. Truly, I shall soon be able to say,

turning about the old catch: My soul is in Valencia, My body is in Madrid!

"Well, John, this is great eccing," said Rollo, when Etienne had departed to see about horses and an escort; "what in the world has brought you hither? Surely your father cannot want you to make another £1900 in order that you may have the right to attend his twirling spindles 8:10 every morning to 5:30 every

night? answer, "even though my father insisted upon pocketing every penny of the profit on the Abbot's priorato. Strict man of on the Abbot's priorato. Strict man of business, my father! He said it would teach me in the future to be spry about getting my goods shipped, And when I explained, he only said that what had been possible for him here in England, sitting at case in his armchair, ought to have been possible for me, on the spot, and with money in my pocket."

"And what did you do?" asked Rollo, enling. "Well, at any rate, I struck him for a

commission on having secured the order, and the convent onlone were good for the

John blushed and looked down at the Gorcarpet. They had a carpet at the Gorernor's house though in her heart Cancha always wanted to have it up when
any one came, lest they should treat
upon it.
"No," he said slowly, "the fact is I
think you spoiled me a bit for staying at
home, for mill hours and—that cori of
thinks you spoiled me a bit for staying at
home, I am to be forested assent the said colly, "you can come
thinks."

thing. So now I am to be foreign agent up when you like—when you have quite and buyer. I've been taking lessons in the language, and if you can put any business in my way I shall be glad."

When you like—when you have quite finished your politics—just to look at baby. He has not seen you since morning!

As he spoke he pointed to a detail of the wiry little Valencian soldiers, in their white undress blouses and bragas, "Now, John," he went on, "I can't get stuff here that won't tear the first time they do the goose-step or even sneeze ex-tra hard. The contractors are thieves, every man Jack. What can you do for

more coming on, down in the huertas and is an order, indeed. Wait! I will let you know my best possible in a moment."

And he pulled out a notebook crammed with figures, "I can give you very good terms, indeed," he said, after a moment. Concha jumped to her feet and clapped her hands, "Oh," she cried joyously, "and I know Benor de Mendia, the head of the cu all about getting it through, and all my dress stuffs as well. It will be quite an addition to our income, if Don Juan sells

you the stuff cheap."

For an instant Rollo looked a little indignant, and then went up to his wife and Rissed her, "My dear," he said, "you can never understand. We don't do these things in our country."

At which John grinned incredulously, "I have done business in Glasgow," he said suggestively.
"At any rate," said Rollo, nettled, "I don't do them." Here Concha pouted adorably and kicked

a footstool with her slippored toe, which certainly was not doing her any harm. "I am sure we are very poor," she cried, "I wish that wretch, Esquerra, whom they have made a General, had given us much more than he dld. I think you ahould write to him, Rollo."

"Better keep in with Enquerra," laughed the Governor; "you and I are rich enough, Concha, and baby shall have an ivory ring to cut his teeth upon. 'have one new dress a year, and always enough vegetables in the garden with which to toes up a salad. Oh, we shall live, spoilt one, we shall live! And he kissed her, not heeding the oth

"But why must we keep in with Exquerra?" said Concha, still unsatisfied. "He was an executioner once."

"Well," said Rollo, "the fellow has been at his old trade again, it seems. He may be dictator any day now. They say he has ended the war in the north-murdered It of his own brother-generals and bought 14 of the other side. Bravo, Ez-querra, I slways knew he would do some-thing in the fine old style one of these days! But 14 at a time is epic, even for

"And so the war is ended-well, that is always one good thing, anyway!" said Concha, careless of the means. "Come, Dolores, let us go and look at the babes These people want to talk politics. They don't want us. It's easy to see that! So, taking the arm of Dolores Garcle So now I am a partner in the firm | (who had glanced once at her husband

th a good quarter interest." when he came in and never looked at him "And what are you doing here? More again), little Concha walked to the door onions?" laughed hip friend.

John blushed and looked down at the wife of a grandee. Then, in her old flash-