BY BRET HARTE,

CHAPTER V.

The two men kept their secret. Mr. Poindexter convinced Mrs. Tucker that the sale of Los Cuervos could not be effected

i the notoriety of her husband's flight been fairly forgotten, and she was forced to accept her fate. The sale of her diamends, which seemed to her to have realized a singularly extravagant sum, enabled her to quietly reinstate the Pattersons in the tienda, and to discharge in full her husband's liabilities to the ranchero and his humble retainers.

Meanwhile the winter rains had ceased. It seemed to her as if the clouds had suddenly one n ght struck their white tents and atolen away, leaving the unvanqu ished sun to mount the vacant sky the next morning alone, and possess it thenceforward unchallenged. One afternoon she thought the long sad waste before her window had caught : ome tint of gayer color from the sun et; a week . later she found it a blazing landscape of poppies, broken here and there by blue lagoons of lupine, by pools of daisies, by banks of dog roses, by broad outlying shores of dandelions that a cattered their lavish gold to the foot of the hills, where the green billows of wild cats carried it on and upward to the darker crest of pines. For two months she was dazzled and be vildered with color. She had never before been face to face with this spendthrit Californian F.ora, in her virgin wastefulness-her more than goddesslike prodigality. The teeming earth seemed to quicken andthreb teneath her feet; the few circuits of a plough around the outlying corral were enough to call out a jungle growth of giant grain that almost hid the low walls of the hacienda. In this glorious fecundity of the earth, in this joyous renewal of life and color, in this opulent youth and freshness of soil and sky it alone remained—the dead and sterile Past—left in

the midst of buoyant rejuvenescence and

resurrection, like an empty churchyard

skull a pturned on the springing turf. Its

bror zea adobe walls mocked the green vine

that embraced them, the crumbling dust of

ts court yard remained ungerminating and

unfruitful; to the to ousand stirring voices

without its dry lips alone remained mute,

unresponsive, and uncharged.

During this time Don Jose had become a frequent visitor at Los Cuervos, bringing with him at first his niece and sister in a stately precision of politeness that was not lost on the proud Blue Grass stranger. She retuin d their visit at Lo. Gatos, and there made the formal acquair tancs of Don Jose's grandmother—a lady who still regarded the decrepit Concha as a giddy muchnaha, and who herself glittered as with the phosphoresc nce of refined decay. Through this circumstance she learned that Don Juse was not yet fifty, and that his gravity of manner and sedateness was more the result of fastidious isolation and temperament than years. She could not tell why the information gave her a feeling of annoyance, but it caused her to regret the absence of Poindexter, and to wonder, also somewhat nervously, why he had lately avoided her presence. The thought that he might ledoing so from a recollection of tht inuencoes of Mrs. Patterson caused a little tremor of indignation in her hot pulses. "As if -- " but she did not finish the sentence even to herself, and her eyes filled

with tears. Yet she lai thought of the husband who had so cruelly wronged her less feverishly, less impatiently than before. For she thought she loved him now the more deeply, because, although she was not reconciled to his absence, it seemed to keep alive the memory of what he lad leen before his one wild act separated them. She had never seen the reflection of another woman's eyes in his; the rast contained no haunting recollection of waning or alienated affection; she could meet him again, and clasping her arms around him, awaken as with a troubled dream without reproach or explaration Her strong belief in this made her patient; she no longer sought to know the particulars of his flight, and never dreamed that her passive submission to his absence was partly due to a fear that something in his actual presence at that mement would have destroy-

ed that belief for ever.

For this reason the delicate reticeres of the people at Los Gatos, and their seclusion from the world which knew of her husband's fault, had made her encourage the visits of Don Jose, until from the instinct already alluded to she ore day summoned Poindexter to Los Cuervos, on the day that Dor Jose usually called. But, to her surprise the two men met more (r less awkwardly and coldly, and her tact as hostess was tried to the utmost their mutual discontent, and some other feelings she did not quite understand, po Don Jose rose before his usual hour, and with more than usual ceremoniousness de-

parted. with him?' said Poindexter, with quiet girlishness of spirit had given way to a cercoolness, as Mrs. Tucker turned her somewhat mystified face toward him. 'Or have you anything to say to me about him in

private?" mean," she returned with a slight tremer of stinctive delicacy and taste, but part of her good terms. I thought you were! Its very awkward." Without coquetry and unconsciously she raised her blue eyes under her lids until the cleer pupils coyly and softly hid themselves in the co ners of the brown lashes, and added—"You have both been so kind tome."

dexter, gravely. But Mrs. Tucker refused to accept the suggestion with equal gravity and began to laugh. The laugh, which was at first frank, spontaneous, and almost childlike, was becoming hysterical and nervous as she went on, until it was suddenly checked by Poindexter.

"I have had no difficulties with Don Jose Santierra," he said, somewhat coldly ignoring her hi arity; "but perhaps he is not in clined to be as polite to the friend of the husband as he is to the wife."

"Mr. Poindexter!" said Mrs. Tucker, quickly, her face becoming pale again. "I beg your pardon," said Poindexter, flushing; "butly, "that you are not friends, I see. It that to the country, that she was obliged to reason you have avoided this house?" it cliegting Her reserve and dignified a

you elsewhere," he replied, evasively." have been lately following up a certain clue rather closely. I think I am on the track of a confidente of of that woman." A quick abacow passed over Mrs. Tuck-

er's face. "Indeed!" she said, coldly, "Then I am to believe that you prefer to spend your leisure moments in looking after that creature than in calling here?"

woman who only four months ago was almost vindictively eager to pursue her husband's paramour? There could be but one answer to it-Don Jose. Four months ago Fe would lave smiled compassionately at it reflex of the sky above and seemed to rest from his cynical pre-eminence. Now he man aged with difficulty to stifle the bitterness of of the plans proposed by Poindexter to re-

"If you do not wish the inquiry carried on," he began, "of course--"I? What does it matter to me?" she

said coelly. "Do as you please." Nevertheless, half an hour later, as he was leaving, she said, with a certain hesita ting timidity, "Do not leave ne so much

a o e here—and let that woman go." This was not the only unlooked for sequel to her innocent desire to propit ate her only friends. Don Jose did not call again upon | Chervos they had evidently taken a shorter his usual day, but in his place came Dona cut without waiting to go on to the regular Clara, his younger sister. When Mrs. road which intersected the highway at right Tucker had politely asked after the absent | angles a mile further on. It was with som? D n Jose, Dona Cara wound her swarthy sense of annoyance and irritation that she gado Poindexter when my brother called?" | later the servent informed her that Mr. Patfriends," said the amszed Mrs. Tucker. | she entered the corridor, which in the dry and an officer," she added with some surprised to see that Mr. Patterson was not warmth.

call an oficial de policia-a chief of gendarmes, my sister; but not a gentleman-a cam- and ingenuity. arero to protect a lady."

reply, but the perfect and good natured [improved it wonderfully." sin pl city of Dona Clara withheld her. was obliged to restere him temporarily to | glcomy abstraction. his old footing. Meantime she had a bril-

Mr. Calhoun Weaver strived promptly, ostentatiously, cracularly, and cordially- Patterson, sei red into a sudden activity by Mrs. Tucker quickly. but a little coarsely. He had—did she re. Mrs. Tucker's white and rigid face. member?-expected this from the first. Spen- | the fr. zan truth and I kin prove it. For I cer had lost his head through vanity, and | kin swear that when that there young wohad attempted too much. It required fore | man was sailin' outer the Golden Gate Spensight and firmness as he himself-who had | cer Tucker was in my barroom; I can swear lately made successful "combinations" which | that I fed him, lickored him, give him a she might perhaps have heard of-well hoss, and set him on his road to Monterey knew. But Spincer had got the "big | that very night." "As to that woman-a devilish | "Then where is he now?" said Mrs. Tuckhandsome woman, too!-well, everybody er suddenly facing them. knew that Spencer always had a weakness best way to take it." Sitting before her, presperous, weak, egotistical, incompetent, as deliberately repeated. "Yes-trat'sunava lable, and yet filled with a vague kindliness of intent, Mrs. Tuckor loathed A sickening perception of her own weakness in sending for him, a new and aching serse of her utter isolation

and help lessness, seemed to parslyze her. "Nat'rally you feel bad," he continued, with a large air of a profound student of human nature. "Nat'rally, nat'rally you're kept in an uncomfortab'e state, rot knowing jist how you stand. There ain't but one thing to do. Jist rise up, quiet like, and get a divorce agin Spencer. Hold on! There ain't a Judge or jury in California that worldn't give it to you right off the nail, without asking questions. Why you'll get it by detault if you warted to-you'll just lave to wark over the course! And then, Belle"-he drew his chair nearer her-"when you've settled down agan - well! -I den't mind renewing that offer I once made ye, before Spencer ever came round ve-I don't mind. Belte, I swear I don't! Honest Injin! I'm in earnest; there's my

Mrs. Tucker's reply has not been recorded to keep their evident antagonism from be- | Enough that half an hour later Mr. Weaver ing too apparent. The effort to reconcile appeared in the courtyard withtraces of tears on his fcolish fase, a broken falsetto voice, and other evidence of mental and moral disduced a no rvous excitement which called the | turbance. His cordiality and oracular preblood to her fair cheek and gave a danger- disposition remained sufficiently to enable ous brilliancy to her eyes-two circumstan- him to suggest the magical words "Blue ces not unnoticed nor unappreciated by her | Grass" mysteriously to Concha with an intwo guests. But instead of revniting them, | dication of his hand to the erect figure of the prettier Mrs. Tucker became, the more her pale mis ress in the door way, who waydistant and reserved grew the men, until ed to him a silent but half-compassionate farewell. At about this time a slight change in her

manner wes noticed by the few who saw her "Then my business does not seem to be more frequently. Her apparently invincible tain matronly seriousness. She applied herself to her housen li cares and the improvement of the hacienda with a new sense of duty and a settled earnestness, until by de-"I am sure I don't know what you both | grees she wrought into it not only her in-"I had no idea you were not on own individuality. Even the rude rancheros and tradesman who were permitted to enter the wal's in the exercise of their calling be gan to speak mysterionsly of the beauty of but seldom, and then accompanied by the one (r the other of her female servants, in long drives on unfrequented reads. Oa Sun-'Perhaps that is the reason," said Poin | days she sometimes drove to the half ruined mission church of Santa Inez, and hid herself during mass in the dim monastic shadows of the choir. Gradually the poorer people whom she met in these journeys began to show an almost devotional reverence for her. stopping in the coads with uncovered heads

You want to say," she interrupted cool- of ser condition to eligit le bachelore stran dothers to mistake her mational "I thought I could be of more service to for that of the Santierras, and in Don Bolls" the simple Mrs. Tucker was for it berself. Accustomed now almost entirely to the accents of another language and features of mother race she would sit to hours in the corridor, whose massive bronzed nolesure even her tasteful care could only make an embowered mausoleum of the past, or gass abstractedly from the dark embras-Poindexter was stopefied. Was this the ures of her windows across the stretching a'marjal to the shining lagoon beyond that terminated the estuary. She had a strange fondressfor this tranquil mirror, which under the sun or stars always retained the passive her weary eyes. She had objected to one deem the land and deepen the water at the emborcadero, as it would have drained the lagoon, and the lawyer had postponed the improvement to gratify her fancy. So she kept it through the long summer unchanged save by the statow of rassing wings or the lazy files of sleeping sea fowl.

On one of there afternoons she noticed slowly moving carriage leave the high road and cross the a'marjal skirting the edge of the lagoon. If it contained visitors for Los But Capt. Pondexter calls as one of my terson would like to see her alone. When "He is a gentleman, and has been a soldier | season served as a reception hall, she was alone. Near him stood a well dressed hand-"Ah, yes, a soldier of the law-what you some woman, gazing about her with goodhumored admiration of Mrs. Tucker's taste

"It don't look much like it did two years Mrs. Tucker would have uttered a hasty | ago," said the stranger cheerfully. "You've

Nevertheless she treated Don Jose with a inquiringly to Mr. Patterson. But that certain reserve at their next meeting, until it | gentleman's usually profound melancholy apbrought the simple minded Castilian so dan. peared to be intensified by the hilarity vi gerously near the point of demanding an ex- | his companion. He only sighed deeply and

"Well!-go on, then," said the woman liant idea. She would write to Calhoun laughing and nudging him. 'Go on-in-Weaver, whom she had avoided since that | troduce me-can't you? Den't stand there memorable day. She would say she wished like a tomb store You won't? Well, I'll to consult him. He would come to Los | introduce myself." She laughed again, and Cuervo. He might suggest something to | then, with an excellent imitation of Patterlighten this weary waiting-at least, she | son's lugularious accents, said: Mr. Spencer would show them all that she had still old | Tucker's wife that is-allow me to introduce friends. Yet she did not dream of returning | you to Mr. Spencer Tucker's sweetheart that to her old Blue Grass home. Her parents had | was! Hold on! I said that was. For, true died since she left. She shrank from the as I stand here, ma'am-and I reckon thought of dragging her ruined life be ore | would'nt stand here if it wasn't truethe hopeful youth of her girlhood's compan- haven't set eyes on him since the day he left

"Its the Gospel truth every word," said

They looked at each ct'er and then looktrat way-and he would say-but if she | ed at Mrs. Tucker. Then both together ra-

didn't care to hear any more about her, plied slowly and in perfect unison. "That's | Tucker hastily, with a blush of confusion. well, perhaps she was right. That was the | -what - we-want - to-k now." They seemed so satisfied with this effo.t thet they what-we-want-to-know."

of her husband's guilt and the unexpected revelation to her inexperience, that in suggestien and appearance there was nothing beyond the recollection of that guilt that was really shocking in the woman-between the extravagant extremes of hope and fear suggested by their words, there was somathing so groterquely absurd in the melodramatic chorus that she with difficulty suppre sed a hysterical laugh.

· The t's the way to take it," said the woman putting her own good-humored interpretacion upon Mrs. Tubker's express on. "Now look here! I'll tell you all about it." She carefully selected the most comfortable chair, and sitting down, lightly crossed her hands in her lap. "Well, I left here on the 13th of last January on the ship Argo, calcolating that your husband would join the ship just inside the heads. That was our arrangement, but if anything happened to travent him, he was to join me in Acapulco. Well! He didn't come aboard, and we sail ed without him. But it appears now he did attempt to join the ship, but his boat was capsized. There now-uen't be alarmedhe wasn't drowned, as Patterson can swear to-ro, cate thim! not a hair of him was hurt -but I-I was bundled off to the end of the earth in Mexico, alone, without a cent to bless me. For, true as you live, that hound. of a Captain, when he found, as he thought, that Spencer was nabbad, ha just confiscated all his trunks and valuables and left me in the lurch. If I hadn't met a man down there that offered to marry me and brought me here I might have died there, I rocken. But I did, and here am. I went down there as your husband's sweetheart; I've come back as the wife of an honest man, and I reckon it's about square!"

There was something so startlingly frank, so hopelessly self-satisfied, so contagiously good-humored in the woman's perfect moral unconscious ness that even if Mrs. Tucker had been less presceupied her resentment would have abated. But her eyes were fixed on the gloomy face of Patterson, who was this garden of the almarjal. She went out | beginning to unlock the sepulchres of his memory and disinter his deeply buried

'You kin bet your whole pile on what this Mrs. Capting, Baxter es used to be French Ines of New Orleans hez told ye Ye can take everything she's onloaded. And its only doin' the square thing to her to say she hain't done it out o' no custed! ness, but just to satisfy herself, now shows with gusty shadows from the arborn Then. married woman and past much foolishhees. with closed eyes, dropping her hands to her for her to pass, or making way for her in the tienda or plaza of the wretched town with dumb courtesy. She began to feel a strange lease of widow hood, that, while it at times brought tears to her eyes, was not without a certain tender solace. In the sympathy and the noncessary but truthful quickly to the certain tender solace. In the sympathy and the noncessary but truthful quickly to the certain tender of the certain tender solace. In the sympathy and the noncessary but truthful quickly to the certain tender of the certain tender solace. In the sympathy and the noncessary but truthful quickly to the certain tender of the wiew, with the unnecessary but truthful quickly to the gateway, looked out, re- from antiquity and the peripatetic particular truthful truthful truthful truthful quickly to the gateway, looked out, resimpleness of this impulse she went as far as minutize of his class, adding to the particuture turned to the corridor, unlocsening and tak- phers, who studied and discussed in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in off her lars already known that the following week in our large week i parents, but with such a fatal accenting of he visited the Summit House and was arrested to the corridor, unlocsening and taking of he visited the Summit House and was arrested to the corridor, unlocsening and taking of he visited the Summit House and was arrested. parents, but with such a fatal accenting of he visited the Summit House and was sur- her beauty, and dangerous misinterpreting prized to find that Spencer had never been by a deliberated the parents as learned theories while perpendicular the same and was sur- she walked. Here she paused, then, slow- ating the walks of the gymatsium. her beauty, and dangerous misinterpreting prised to find that Spencer had never been ly and deliberately re-arranged the chairs delphia Times,

there, nor had by turning from the one to the other, corral, and a moment later &

the Found to wast't where he ought to ourt words with which it was delin be I got to lookin elsewhere. I knew the track of the hoss I lent him by a loose sho :. I examined, and found he had turned off the high road somewhere beyond the lagoon, jist as if he was makin' a bee line here. "Well," said Mrs. Tucker, breathlessly.

"Well," said Patterson, with the resigned tene of an accustomed martyr, "mebbee I'm a God-forsaken idiot, but I reckon he did come yer. And mebbe I'm that much of a habitocal lunstic. but thinking so, calkilated you'd know it without tellin'.

With their eyes fixed upon her, Mrs. Tucker felt the quisk blood rush to her cheeks, although she knew not why. they were apparently satisfied with her ignorance, for Patterson resumed, yet more

"Then if he wasn't hidin' here beknownst to you, he must have changed his mind agin and got away by the embarcadero. The only thing wantin' to prove that idea is to krow how he got a boat, and what he did with the hoss. And thar's one more idea, and ez that can't be proved," continued Patterson, sinking his voice still lower, "mebbee it's accordin' to God's laws."

Unsympathetic to her as the speaker had of betraying my secret in this," he all D n Jose, Dona Cara wound her swarthy sense of annoyance and irritation that always been and still was, Mrs. Tucker felt coldly, as he took another letter from arms around the fair American's waist and watched the trespass, and finally saw the replied, 'But why did you send for the abo- vehicle approach the house. A few moments a vague chill creep over her that seemed to pocket and han led it to Don Jose. be the result of his manner more than his It seemed briefer and colder, but words, "And that idea is?" she suggested neither. It reminded Poindexter that with pale lips.

"It's this! Fust, I don't say it means government of her affairs into her own has much to anybody but me. I've heard of henceforth. She abindoned all the these warnings afore now, ez coming orly ture and improvements she had puting to folks ez hear them for themselves alone, Caervos to him to whom she now knew and I reckon I kin stand it, if it's the will | was indebted for them. She could not the of God. The idea is then -that-Spencer him for what his habitual generosity in Tucker-was drownded in the boat-the ed him to do for any woman, but she idea is"-that it was no living man that forgive him for misunderstanding her kim to me that night, but a spirit that kem any other woman-perhaps she should Stiffening slightly, Mrs. Tucker turned out of the darkness and went back into it! like a child. When he received this No eye saw him but mine-no ears heard | would be already on her way to he him but mine. I reckon it weren't intended home in Kentucky, where she still home it should." He paused, and passed the be able by her own efforts to amats on flap of his hat across his eyes. "The pie, to dis harge her obligations to him. planation which implied too much that she | rubbed his leg with the r.m of his hat in | you'll say is agin it" he continued in the same tone of voice-"the whiskey is agin it woman," said Don Jose, scanning Paint -a few cuss words that dropped from him, ter's face. "It is possible she rejains in accidental like, may have been agin it. All eh?" the same they might have been only the little signs and tokens that it was him."

But Mrs. Baxter's ready laugh somewhat rudely dispelled the infection of Patterson's gloom. "I reckon the only spirit was that which you and Spencer consumed," she said cheerfully. "I den's wonder you're a little mixed. Like as not you've misunderstood his plans." Patterson shook his head. "He'll turn up yet alive and kicking! Like as not then. Poindexter knows where he is all the

"Impossible! He would have told me," said Mrs. Baxter looked at Patterson without

speaking. Patterson replied by a long lugubrious whistle. "I don't un lerstand you,"said Mrs. Tucker

drawing back with cold dignity. "You don't?" returned Mrs. Baxter. "Bless your innocent heart! Why was he so keen to hunt me up at first, shadowing my friends and all that, and why has he dropped it now he knowsr I'm here, if he didn't

know where Spencer was?" "I can explain that" interrupted Mrs. "That is-I--"

"Then mebbee you kin explain too," broke in Patterson with gloom significance, "why he has bought up most of Spancer's Between the shock of meeting the partner | debts himself, and perhaps you're satisfied it isn't to hold the whip hand of him and keep him from coming back openly. Pr'aps you know why he's movin' heaven and earth to make Don Jose Santierra sell the ranch, and why the Don don't see it at all."

"Don Jose sell Los Cuervos! Buy it, you mean?"said Mrs. Tucker. "I offered to sell it

Parterson arose from the chair, looked despairingly aroun I him, passed his hand sadly across his forehead, and said: "It is come! I knew it would. It's the warning! It's suthing betwirt jim jams and doddering idiocy. Here I'd hev been willin' to swear that Mrs. Baxter here told me she had sold this yer ranch nearly two years ago to Don Jose, and now you-"

chilled them. She was standing upright and rigid, as if stricken to stone. "I command you to tell ter's shoulders, with the addition of a dot to this subject

her blizing eyes upon the woman. Even the ready smile faded from Mrs. and a hard won fight screly wounded it Surgeon Hayes Baxter's lips as she replied hesitatingly and door of a Blue Grass farmhouse. And submissively: "I thought you knew already that Spencer had given this ranch to me. I cold it to Den Jose to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis," I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis," I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis," I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis," I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis," I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis," I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis, "I told you I should live to get the money for us hand in Lis," I told you I should live to get the money for us had not get the money for us h to go away with. It was Spencer's idea pay you."

"You lie!" said Mrs. Tucker. There was a dead silence. The wrathful blood that had quickly mounted to Mrs. Baxter's cheek, to Patterion's additional bawilderment faded as quickly. She did not lift her eyes again to Mrs. Tucker's, but slowly raising herself from her seat, said. " wish to God I did lie; but it's true. And it's true that I never touched a cent of the money, but gave it all to him!" She laid her hand on Patterson's arm, and said, "Come! let us go," and led him a few steps toward the gateway. But here Patter on paused and again pressed his hand over his melancholy brow. The necessity of coherently and legically closing the conversation impressed itself upon his darkening mind. Then you don't happen to have heard any thing of Spencer?" he said, and variabled with Mrs. Baxter through the gate.

Left alone to herself, Mrs. Tucker raised her hands above her head with a little cry, interlocked her rigid fingers, and slowly brought her palms down upon her upturned face and eyes, pressing hard as if to crush out all light and sense of light before here She stood thus for a mement metionless and out and fleeking her white morning dress

Monte- and adjusted the gay en draped them and quietle chamber.

Two days afterward the Capt. Poindexter was tenad sered the corridor. Haniles decrepit Concha who seemed to disorganized by its contents, and s gazed silently upon the vasant bone fresh and redolent with the delie perfume of its graceful occupus no dark eyes filled with unacoustons ture. Bit his reverie was intermiel the sound of jingling spurs without with old humor struggled back into his on Don Jose impetuously entered. The ard started back, but instantly room

"So I find you here. Ah!-it is wall? said passo sately, producing a letter his bosom. "Look! Do you call this Look how you keep your complet! Poindexter coolly ook the letter, I tained a fewwords of gentle dignity fram Tucker, informing Dun Just that the oaly that instant learned of his just die upon Los Cuerves, tendering him her tude for his delicate intentions, but no ing out with respectful firmness that must know that a moment's further it ance of his courtesy was impossible. "She has gained this knowledge inp

word of mire," said Poindexter, cue Right or wrong, I have kept my proto you. I have as much reason to a zun had again deceived her, she must the

"She does not spank of her husband.

"Perhap: in one way she has never him. Don Jose," said Poindexter signife

Don Jose's face flushed, but he reta carelessly, "And the rancho -naturally will not buy it now?" "On the contrary, I shall a nide by my

fer" said Poindext r quietly. D n Jose eyed him narrowy, and h said, "Ah, we shall co sider of it," He did consider it, and accepted the

fer. With the full control of the h Capt. Poindexter's improvements, so in nitely postponed, were actively pushed ward. The thick walls of the haciends the first to melt away before them : the lines of corral were effaced, and the breath of the summer trade winds swept interruptedly across the now leveled in to the embarcadero, where a newer the ure arose. A more vivid green alone me ed the spot where the crumbling adobe of the casa had returned to the parent that gave it. The channel was despined lagoon was drained until one evening magic mirror that had so long reflected weary waiting of the Blue Grass Pend lay dull, dead, lustreless—an opique qu mire of noisome corraption and decay m put away from the sight of man forever. this spot the crows—the titular tenun Los Cuervo 3—assembled in tumultuous grass, coming and going in mysterious de or laboring in thick and writhing mann, if they were continuing the work of provement begun by human agency. 80 nad they done their work that by the a week only a few scattered white on remained glittering on the surface of quickly drying soil. But they were bones of the missing outcast Spencer To

The same spring a breath of war in ever a foul decaying quagmire of the land before which such passing deed were blown as a vapu. called men of all rank and conti to battle for a nation's life, and Stop!" said Mis. Tacker in a voice that the first to respond were those ict) to the in England a boyish hands had been placed the mit right to the tit honor. It returned the epaulets to Panelle. Wagers to me what this means!" she said, turning only star, carried him triump antly to their reduced a most and left him at the end of a summer's ord Manafield. woman who sought him out and minute to his wants said timidly as she lett

[THE END.]

Ingleside Keflections.

I have a morbid love of truth, It is many know. It is evenfalse to use a microco when all others employ a field.glass.

There is a wide distinction between and the intelligent discussion of character There is an element of the ridiculous man who is graceful at all times and is

A child's questionings seriously ans sapply the chief's basis for that child's

How I hate an Irish woman. She occup the whole atmosphere. She breather the air; and leaves one gasping, farled

The one thing which most agitate world is that dreadful question of expension We wish for God, for He completes to We wish for love for that completes like ISan Francisco Ingleside.

The Antiquity of Advertising.

In all ages people seem to have need reminded of their wants and the adva

Wat pun, and watched. ers J. L. Ho ad frem a in at Fond du ily and, connin fum band nes called herself Lifurcated EFFEMINATE. sas about 30 \

Waupun for a began courting ertie Fuller, wh widow living i After & shr muried, an i the brice's m wedding it and that the gre village gossips The Lews spi leading ps pers despatches in its peculiar ir editorial orli tors and newspa decided to lea at the deal to Il place named living under an . Ful er took u find out for here

HUSBAND WAS

invoked the ai couple, ovortak el. See induced But they fled right of for ser ed of the case, a tigation, felt sat sno other than h began see rohing After com ered them, and a " proved to be t She refused t at first, but h arrest decided urn to her abs r children. Ger ther's home in W ned to live until ed to talk to out contended to th n. Hudson took h arned to their for inois. Last fall ther, and she s bois was the chil a has never been

epter was enact m in the north ere Gertie Fuller nan named Lehm Maine, Wis., wh A HSITORI Chevalier, gener Eon, was born of France, in 1728. illiant parts, a w aptible on vario hed diplomat and period he ry to the British th the Court de m as amhas: adcr n for his not retu probable, that th England was hi ent of Louis XV. a pension. D I

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THAT D'EO pere were certain voice, and he v stairs of galla eme caution wit ogth it began t er and underwr eren hondred bout six years be tood engaged to henever it sho hevalier D'Eon his cause three s cases, two of wh rofession, positiv

radiction that D A VERDICT WAS or the plaintiff : cide on a point e Vergennes, or a letter which that it was should assume neaning the dres unction was rep iving in France end of his lor as looked upon my in the Fre England still bere till his dece se folly of those doubt by an he body. Why

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