

was but conjectured, upon seeing him felt assured of being in the right track. here were to be seen the swells in their tandems the nib sprigs in their gigs, buggies, and dog carts and the tidy ones on their trotters, all alive and leaping. mirth and merriment appeared spread over every countenance, though expectation and anxiety were intermingled here and there in the features of the real lads of the fancy; many of whom, upon this very interesting occasion, had bets to a considerable amount depending upon the result of the day. the bang up blades were pushing their prads along in gay style, accompanied by two friends, that is to say, a biped and a quadruped. the queer fancy lads, who had hired hacks from the livery stable keepers, were kicking up a dust, and here and there rolling from their prancers in their native soil; while the neck or nothing boys, with no prospect but a whereas before their eyes, were as heedless of their personal safety as they were of their creditors property. jaded hacks and crazy vehicles were to be seen on all sides here lay a bankrupt cart with the panels knockdin, and its driver with an eye knockd out, the horse lamed, and the concern completely knockd up, just before the period when the hammer of the auctioneer was to be called in, and his effects knockd down. there was another curry the coal make sure of the money. of the same description, with a harum scarum devil of a half bred, making his way at all risks, at a full gallop, as unmanageable in his career as his driver had been in his speculations; dust flying, women sprawling, men bawling, dogs barking, and the multitude continually increasing. scouts, scamps, lords, loungers and lacqueys coster mongers from to the hill fields and the bloods from bermondsey, completely lined the road as far as the eye could reach, both hopelessly unmarried woman to you, my dear oh, child, you need not protest a kinder opinion i am just caleb hunters spinster sister to the people of this village. but to to myself, barbara, i am at times the same girl who waited, roses in her hair and roses in her cheeks, for him to come, so that i might tell him that i was his, body and soul. and he never came oh, my dear, i do not mean to break down like this, for you have your own heart ache. but i trusted to reason. i told myself that to morrow would be soon enough. and when to morrow came they let me go to him. he died very bravely, barbara, to save the life of another. since you are so sure, i can tell you this without seeming to warn you without being accused of attempting to influence you. but now you know why i say that every woman, if heedlessness for which she is perhaps not to blame will not let her consider the happiness of the man she loves, should still take care that she does not barter for an hour of quickened pulses the happiness of her whole life. i was innocent enough. it was harmless play to me. but i have paid and paid and paid i would not have you, whom i cherish, rise each morning and wonder why you had to be the only one to suffer out of thousands who played the same way. and now will you please forgive me this uncontrolled moment i usually inflict them upon no one; i hide them in my room. but, barbara, i was so proud of him so sure so positive that he was the only man in the world and i lost my chance to tell it was no hour for idle grief. carlos kissed the cold lips hastily embraced his weeping sister his love. the horses he inquired. they are close at hand among the trees. come, then we must not lose a moment we must go hence. come as he uttered these words, he wrapped the serape around the corpse, lifted it in his arms, and passed out of the rancho. the others had already preceded him to the spot where the horses were concealed. carlos saw that there were five of these animals. a gleam of joy shot from his eyes as he recognised his noble steed. antonio had recovered him. antonio was there, on the spot. all were soon in the saddles. two of the horses carried rosita and catalina; the other two were ridden by antonio and the groom andres. the cibolero himself, carrying his strange burden, once more sprang upon the back of his faithful steed. down the valley, master inquired antonio. carlos hesitated a moment as if deliberating. no, replied he at length. they would follow us that way. by the pass of la nina. they will not suspect us of taking the cliff road. lead on, antonio: the chapparal path you know it best. on the cavalcade started, and in a few minutes had passed the borders of the town, and was winding its way through the devious path that led to the pass of la nina. no words were exchanged, or only a whisper, as the horses in single file followed one another through the chapparal. an hours silent