The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides

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WALTER C. GRANT,

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ALMANAC FOR JANUARY, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 5th day, 2h. 10m., morning, S. E.
New Moon, 12th day, 2h. 4'm., evening S.W.
First Quarter, 20th day, 8h. 14m., even. S. W.
Full Moon, 27th day, 9h. 18m., evening, S. E.

D M	DAY WEEK	SUN rises h m	SUN sets h m	Sun slow clock m s	Mo rises h m	High water h m	Day's length h m
1	Frid	7 40	4 19	3 58	8 3	even	30
2	Sat	40	19	4 25	9 4	1 57	30
3	Sun	40	20	4 54	10 5	2 4	31
4	Mon	40	21	5 21	morn	3 [illegible]	32
5	Tues	40	22	5 4[illegible]	0 6	4 30	33
6	Wed	4[illegible]	23	6 15	1 15	5 2	35
7	Thur	48	25	6 41	2 22	6 27	37
8	Frid	48	26	7 6	3 24	7 30	38
9	Sat	48	27	5 31	4 33	8 25	39
10	Sun	47	28	7 56	5 29	9 20	41
11	Mon	47	29	8 19	6 25	10 14	42
12	Tues	47	30	8 43	sets	10 59	43
13	Wed	46	31	9 5	5 52	11 42	45
14	Thur	45	33	9 27	6 48	morn	47
15	Frid	45	34	9 49	7 50	0 22	49
16	Sat	45	35	10 9	8 47	1 2	50
71	Sun	44	37	10 29	9 47	1 41	52
18	Mon	43	39	10 48	10 44	2 20	56
19	Tues	42	40	11 7	11 42	2 58	58
20	Wed	41	41	11 24	morn	3 39	59
21	Thur	40	42	11 41	0 44	4 23	9 2
22	Frid	40	44	11 57	1 45	5 12	4
23	Sat	39	45	12 13	2 49	6 6	6
24	Sun	38	46	12 27	3 54	7 5	8
25	Mon	37	48	12 41	4 59	8 7	9
26	Tues	36	50	12 54	rises	9 9	14
27	Wed	35	51	13 6	4 52	10 8	16
28	Thur	34	51	13 17	6 9	11 6	18
29	Frid	33	53	13 27	7 32	11 57	20
30	Sat	32	55	13 37	8 34	even	21
31	Sun	31	57	13 45	9 50	1 37	23

R. REDDIN
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:-- Great George Street
Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
September 3, 1866. tf

B. WILSON HIGGS
General Commission Merchant
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlottetown, ... P. E. Island.
May 27, 1867. 1y

ROBERT TAYLOR,
LOCK AND GUN SMITH
HILLSBOROUGH STREET,

BEGS to inform the Public that he has fitted up a NEW SHOP on the OLD STAND, and is now prepared to execute all orders with which he may be favored with promptness and dispatch.

Bell Hanging, Guns, Locks and Stoves Repaired.
Ch'town, July 20, 1868. 6m

CARD.
JAMES H. FRASER, M.D.
Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh
ACCOUCHEUR.
HILLSBOROUGH SQUARE.
Charlottetown, - - P. E. I.
October 19, 1868. pl tf

NEW PAINT SHOP!

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a new PAINT SHOP above the Carriage Factory of McPhail & Hunter, Kent Street, where all orders left, either in the

House, Sign, or Carriag Painting,

will be attended to with punctuality, neatness, and on reasonable terms.

FRANCIS McGRORY.
Painter.
McPhail & Hunter's Carriage Factory, Kent Street, May 4, 1868.

Grain! Grain! Grain!

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at
Coles's Brewery and Distillery,
☞ Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.

WANTED,

A FIRST CLASS COOK, for a Hotel. Apply at this Office. A liberal salary will be given.
Nov. 16, 1868.

CARD.

THE Subscriber begs to thank the public for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last year. Having enlarged and fitted up his establishment at the Old Stand, Lord's Wharf, is now prepared to execute with despatch all orders which he may be favored with in his line as SHIP and GENERAL BLACKSMITH. Fishermen will find Anchors of all sizes for Boats cheaper and better than can be found at any similar establishment in the City.
GEORGE H. FOSTER.
Lord's Wharf, Ch'town, Feb. 17, 1868. 1y

JOSEPH McKAY,
BUTCHER,
CORNER OF
Pownal and Dorchester Streets,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

N. B.—Constantly on hand, FRESH BEEF, LAMB & MUTTON. Also, PORK, Fresh & Salt
☞ VESSELS SUPPLIED TO ORDER. ☜

JOHN F. BRINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
May be consulted at the Office of
John T. Jenkins, Surgeon.
RESIDENCE:
Mrs. BOYYER's, Great George Street,
Nov 16, 1868. tf

JAMES F. WHITE
COOPER
Tremain's Red Building, Queen's Wharf.

FISH, Pork, and Beef Barrels, constantly on hand.
200 PORK BARRELS will be sold if applied for immediately, Cheap for CASH or approved notes of hand.
Ch'town, P. E. I. August 3, 1868. 1y

A. HERMANS.
GUN-SMITH,
Bell-Hanger and Tin-Smith,

BEGS to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has again commenced business on DORCHESTER STREET, next door to the Reading Room Building, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, with neatness and despatch.

—ON HAND—

A Neat Assortment of Tinware Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.,

including the patent BON TON COFFEE POT which received the Gold edal Prize at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Also BON TON LANTERNS, which will surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few WATER COOLERS on hand which, together with a large variety of other STOCK will be sold cheap for CASH.

Mr HERMANS is Agent for
SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,
a new, economical and superior article used in washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent. is guaranteed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of Laundry Maids, &c.
Ch'town, July 1868.

GOOD FIRES.

NOW selling at the Gas Works a quantity of very superior COKE at FIVE PENCE per Bushel. N B Coke will last longer and give a greater heat than Sydney Coal.
January 20, 1868. isl

A Fortune for Sale!

IN consequence of the death of the Proprietor, the Subscriber is instructed to offer for positive Sale, that beautifully situated well known pooperty, the

Half Way House, Vernon River,
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Land consisting of about 40 acres, is in that state of cultivation that it has been for some years past, and will for years to come, yield a clear net profit, more than sufficient to pay the interest on the amount of purchase money asked for the whole establishment. As a money making investment this is an opportunity seldom equalled in these Provinces, which fact can be positively proved to any person about purchasing. The Stock of Liquors and Stock of Goods in the Store can be taken or not at the option of the purchaser.

For particulars, address,
GEORGE ADAMS,
Half-way House, Vernon River. May 18, 1868. tf

NOTICE!
Postage Stamps.

FROM and after this date Postage Stamps will be sold at this office only between the hours of 10 a m and 4 p m.

Persons wishing to post Letters before or after these hours, can procure stamps at the Stores of

D. Laird,	H. A. Harvie,
E. Reilly,	Mrs. Bremner,
Mrs Stamper,	G. Hubbard,
J. D. McLeod,	Theoph. DesBrisay,
Jas. DesBrisay,	H. Haszard,
G. & S. Davies.	T. O'Connell.

THOS. OWEN, P. M. G
General Post Office, Charlottetown, Dec 7, 1867. 3g

WOOL. WOOL.

CASH PAID for WOOL, on delivery at the Store of H. J. CALLBECK
Charlottetown July 13th, 1868. tf

TO LET!

THE HOUSE and SHOP in KENT STREET, lately occupied by Mr JOHN HUDSON, with large STABLE, COACH HOUSE and WAREHOUSE attached. Apply to
W. E. DAWSON,
WILLIAM DODD,
Assignees of
JOHN HUDSON.
Ch'town, Sept. 7, 1868.

Cheapest School Books
AT
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
Sept. 7, 1868. Queen Stree

MAKE YOUR OWN YEAST.

CHOICE NEW HOPS for family use, in QUARTER, HALF and POUND PAPERS. For Sale by
W. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Ch'town September 18, 1868.

SOLE LEATHER

100 Sides No. 1 New York SOLE LEATHER,
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.
May 8, 1868.

FOR SALE!
Stoves. Stoves
CONSISTING OF

The Yarmouth Cook Stoves, for Wood, (different sizes.)

Yarmouth Niagara	do	do
Yarmouth Waterloo	do	do
Yarmouth	do do	for coal
Yarmouth Cook	do	do

(The above have all Metal Boilers.)

The Improved Magician Cook, for Coal,
Lady Franklin do
And Box Stoves of different sizes, for Churches, School Houses, &c., &c.

All the above are Nova Scotia Castings. Persons wanting Stoves will do well to call and examine.

TERMS.—Terms made known.
HEYMAN J. P. TERLIZZICK.

P. S.—Hourly expected. Pails, Brooms, Winter Apples, Onions and Groceries. Will be Sold Cheap.
H. J. P. T.
Upper Queen Street, Nov. 30, 1868. 2m

Dissolution Notice.

THE Copartnership hitherto existing between STANFORD WELLS & JAMES PHILLIPS, of Charlottetown, Marble Workers, has been dissolved by mutual consent.

The business will in future be conducted under the name of
JAMES PHILLIPS.

The Subscriber has constantly on hand a supply of
Italian and American Marble
FOR
MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES,
TOMBS,
TABLETS,
TABLE TOPS,
&c., &c.

A superior style of Workmanship to any on the Island. Terms moderate.
JAMES PHILLIPS.
Charlottetown Marble Works, Nov. 7, 1868.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
—AND—
BOOK-BINDING
IN EVERY STYLE
—AT—
W. H. BREMNERS.
Kent Street, Nov 9, 1868. 3m

"LONDON HOUSE."
Established 1820.

THE Subscribers beg to inform their customers, that they have REMOVED from DODD & ROGERS' building, to their

New Brick Store.
AT THE
OLD CORNER, QUEEN SQUARE

where they have just opened one of the largest Stocks of
British, Foreign, & West India Goods
ever imported into the Colony.
G. & S. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Nov. 23, 1868.

FELT BOOTS.

LADIES' FELT BOOTS.
Do do SLIPPERS Fir Bound,
Gent's do Grecian SLIPPERS,
Do do Carpet do

Boots & Shoes in Large Variety.
W. E. DAWSON.
Ch'town, Dec. 21, 1868.

WANTED,

BY the Subscriber, on the Convent Grounds 214 Tons of Good Building STONE, for which the HIGHEST PRICE will be PAID in CASH on delivery.
JOHN CORBETT,
Pownal Street
Ch'town, Pownal Street, Dec. 14, 1868.

MAILS.
Winter Arrangement!

THE Mails for the neighboring Provinces and the United States will, until further notice, be closed at this Office every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland, and the West Indies, will be closed every alternate Friday and Monday, at 7 o'clock, p. m., as follows, viz:—

Friday, December	25,	Friday, March	5,
Monday, do	28,	Monday, do	8,
Friday, January	8,	Friday, do	19,
Monday, do	11,	Monday, do	22,
Friday, do	22,	Friday April	2,
Monday, do	25,	Monday, do	5,
Friday, February	5,	Friday, do	16,
Monday, do	8,	Monday, do	19,
Friday, do	19,	Friday, do	30,
Monday, do	22,	Monday, May	3.

Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor's, via Bedeque, will be closed every Tuesday and Friday, at 9, a. m.

Letters to be registered, and Newspapers, must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

THOMAS OWEN,
Postmaster General.
General Post Office, Ch'town, December 16, 1868.

FARM FOR SALE AT ROSENEATH.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for SALE his VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, in the flourishing settlement of ROSENEATH, on the MAIN POST ROAD, being six miles from GEORGETOWN, and Two miles from a good shipping place. The FARM consists of

One hundred and thirty acres of very rich and fertile land

fit for any kind of crop; 90 acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and the remaining forty acres are covered with hard and soft wood. There are a good new Dwelling House, Barn and outhouses on the premises, and well watered. The above property is well situated for mills, Churches, Schoolhouse; is partly covered with mussel mud, and within 1¼ miles of the shore, where abundance can be obtained.

WILLIAM HENRY DRAKE
Roseneath, Lot 52, Dec. 14, 1868. tf

THE SMUGGLER OF ST. JEAN;
OR, THE
HIDALGO'S WARD.
A STORY OF THE SPANISH COAST.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER II.

In a little while the servant returned, followed by the stranger of whom she had spoken. He entered behind her, but when he saw Don Bernardo he took her by the arm and gently put her back out from the room, and then closed the room.

'Well, sir,' said the alcalde, who had beheld this impudent operation with some hing more than surprise, 'who are you?'

The visitor let fall his mantle, and Don Bernardo saw that he had to do with a Gipsy. He saw it in the nut brown visage, and in the wild garb.

'I am one of the kings of the forest, Senor d'Acosta.'

'You belong to the band of Juan Bravo?'

'You are mistaken, Senor. I belong to nobody's band.'

'What do you want with me?'

The Gipsey cast his eyes around, and then answered:

'I have a matter to transact, and, if you please, we will come directly to the point.'

There was a disposition on the part of the alcalde to get rid of this intruder without listening to him; but he finally concluded to hear him. In the first place there was something in the man's brown face that commanded a certain degree of respect; or at least of consideration; and, again, he was curious to know what the stranger's business was. So he pointed his visitor to a seat, and told him to proceed.

'You have a daughter, Senor?' said the Gipsey, after he had taken his seat.

'No sir,' answered the Alcalde.

'An adopted daughter, I mean—a ward.'

'Yes—I have a ward.'

'Her name is Estelle d'Avila?'

'Yes.'

'Do you know where she is?'

'Aha!' cried Don Bernardo, bending a searching glance upon the Gitano. 'You know something of her do you?'

'I know something,' returned the visitor, without being at all moved by the alcalde's threatening manner. 'I know that she went to ride this afternoon, and that she has not yet returned.'

'How do you know that she is not now beneath my roof?'

'Because a friend who never lies told me just before I started to come hither, that he had seen her in another place.'

'Then you know where she is?'

'I did not say so, Senor.'

'Never mind, sir,' cried Don Bernardo. 'You need not add more guilt to your already burdensome load by lying to me. You know something of the Senorita and you have come here to tell it; so now out with it.'

'Senor,' said the Gipsy placing his finger upon his lips. 'I know something, and I have something to tell; and, beside, I may have something to keep. I come as the messenger of another. Frankly, then, to begin, the Dona Estelle is a prisoner in the hands of the Gipsies.'

'In the hands of your gang?' cried the alcalde, with show of anger.

'I think so.'

'And how dared you do such a thing? How dared you seize upon the person of the ward of Don Bernardo d'Acosta?'

'Easy, Senor. It was not I.'

'But you have come to confess in behalf of the guilty party; and I have no doubt you are expecting the damsel will bring you some ransom eh?'

'Perhaps so,' replied the Gipsy, not at all abashed.'

'Vile dog, how dared you present yourself here on such an errand! Did you not know that I was alcalde of this district?'

'I knew it very well, Senor; but what of that? The alcalde is but a man; and man to man, I think I am a match for him.'

'Villian!' exclaimed Don Bernardo, coloring with passion, 'you are insolent. I will call my servants and have you kicked from the castle.'

'Good Senor, keep your temper, you know that your servants are in the forest.'

'Not all of them, dog.'

'Never mind. What are left behind are of no account. I have not come to your castle alone. Should you call for your servants you might be astonished upon finding yourself answered by half a dozen dark visaged Gitano's.'

'Insolent scoundrel! do you know that I can turn the whole populace of Denia out against you.'

'Not quite,' said the Gipsey, with a light mocking laugh. 'I doubt if you could persuade your own servants to raise their hands against the Zincali; and much less could you lead others to run the fearful risk.'

'You boast dog.'

'If you doubt my word, go and try. Go into the town and see how many stout men you can find who will raise a finger against my people.'

'Ah,' muttered the Alcalde, with an ugly shake of the head, 'you think they fear you.'

'I know, Senor.'

'Aye—you know that the poor peasants stand in dread of your infernal drao.'

'Partly that,' admitted the Gipsey, 'and partly do they stand in dread of that mysterious power which has never been known to fail when vengeance was its object. Ah, Don Bernardo, you talk like a child. Come down, now, from your ill-fitting dignity, and let us talk sensibly. A certain man of my acquaintance has the Dona Estelle in charge—has her where no outside Christian can reach her—and I have come in behalf of that man to see what arrangement you would like to make touching her return.'

'Do you think I will pay money for her return?'

'Perhaps so, Senor.'

'Then learn you, mistake, miserable dog. Not one real. Do you understand that?'

'I hear you, Senor.'

'Then leave me.'

'Not in a hurry, good Don Bernardo.'

'Villian,' cried the alcalde, starting to his feet, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, 'leave my presence this instant, or I'll put a ball through your head.'

With a movement so slight that only the result was clearly perceptible the Gipsy threw the folds of his soiled cloak from his right arm, displaying a gleaming pistol, with the hammer at full cock, and the muzzle pointing directly towards the hidalgo's breast.

'Excellent alcalde, you see I am even with you yet. Aha, Don Bernardo, I am not in the habit of venturing into such company without some slight precautions. Now you can toy with your pistol as much as you please; but if you raise the muzzle one inch I shall shoot you dead. If you wish to test me, you are at liberty.'

For a moment Don Bernardo trembled with fear; but he presently remembered that he was in no bodily danger while he offered none such to his visitor; and with a tone less threatening, though far from pleasant, he said,

'Put up your pistol, and I will put up mine. I see that on that plane we are even. But we are even in nothing else. I want nothing to do with you in any way or manner. I would like that you should leave my castle; but if you will not, and if you have come so armed and prepared that we cannot drive you out, then remain. I think I can endure your presence within these walls as long as you will wish to stay.'

Thus speaking the alcalde settled back in his chair and picked up the illuminated book. The Gipsey for the first time seemed at his wits end.

'Am I to understand, Don Bernardo, that you will enter into no negotiations for the return of your ward?'

'I shall enter into none with such as you,' replied the alcalde, with haughty defiance.

'But, Senor, you do not reflect. The Senoritta will be unhappy.'

'Who will make her so?'

'She may fall sick.'

'Upon whose hands?'

'She may worry herself to death.'

'Who will be responsible?'

'But, Senor, remember that she is nothing to us.'

'Then let her go.'

'Ah—but she may bring us a ransom. I tell you plainly, Donbardo, that Estelle d'Avilla cannot be given back to you until you have paid her ransom. We will not be hard. Her captor has given me authority to agree upon the price. Now what shall it be? No harm shall come to her, Senor. She is as safe as she could be in her own chamber, that is, while we have hope of returning her for gold. What say you of a hundred pistoles?'

'Not one real!' pronounced the alcalde, stamping his foot upon the floor. 'Can you understand that?'

'*Dinelo*! I do not comprehend,' said the said Gipsy, betraying a slight uneasiness.' 'Perhaps you think the Zincali will repent, and that the maiden will be returned without the ransom.'

'I think nothing,' returned the alcalde, cooly.

'Don't you care anything for your fair ward, Senor?'

'I have no care that can lead me to compound a felony with such as you.'

'Then you will fix no price?'

'None.'

The Gipsy arose and took a step nearer to the alcalde. The latter started, but when he saw that his visitor meant no violence he settled back as before.

'Senor,' said the stranger, 'perhaps you think we shall bring the Senorita forth and deliver her up when we find that you will pay no ransom; but you are entirely mistaken. That is not our way of doing business. So fair a maiden as is your ward is worth much gold, and we know how to turn it. I give you one more opportunity. Will you ransom the lady?'

'No.'

'That is your final answer?'

'It is.'

'Then I will take my leave.'

At the door the Gipsey stopped and turned back.

'Don Bernardo, your ward will remain in this neighborhood for some days. If you want her you can send word by any of the Rommany whom you may meet. If she is not called for soon she will be taken away from Valencia.'

'Beware,' said the alcalde, threateningly 'that some of my officers do not meet you before your plan is completed. There is such a thing in Denia as a court of justice.'

'And,' added the Gipsy, raising the forefinger significantly, 'in the fastnesses of the wild sierra there is such a thing as a court of vengeance. Beware that Bernardo d'Acosta does not throw himself upon the judgment of those who have no mercy. If you would speak again of the Senorita, say to any of our people whom you may meet that such is the case. Word will not be long in reaching me; and when I have received such word I will not be long in finding you.'

The Gipsey bowed and left the apartment, and in the court he was joined by two companions; and when these three had passed beyond the walls of the castle, three others of the like character mysteriously emerged from the surrounding darkness. The man who had come from the alcalde's presence, with one other, walked on in advance.

'How is it, master,—how heavily will Don Bernardo bear the draft?'

'*Dosta*!' exclaimed Juan Bravo, with an impatient slap of his hands, 'the fool is ahead of us. I tell thee, Gurabano, we have struck the wrong mine. The hidalgo cares not a straw for the maiden.'

'How mean you, master?'

'I mean this: Estelle d'Avilla is Don Bernardo's ward. He is her legal guardian, and has entire control of her property. Should she die, or be suddenly snatched away, without opportunity to make any provision, that property would remain in d'Acoste's hands. Do you understand?'

'And is Don Bernardo such a man?'

'I have made up my mind that he is. If we should remove the Senorita from his path we should serve him.'

'Did you make him such an offer?'

'As what?'

'As the effectual removal of his wealthy ward.'

'No. By my life, I forgot it, Gurabano—Zounds! I think if I had hit him there I might have had him.'

'It is not to late yet.'

'You are right, my good companion. By the power of Ostabel, I'll have the alcalde yet. Wait—wait. I understand now the sort of bait with which he must be caught.'

CHAPTER III.

The night passed cheerless enough in the deep, rocky cavern, and when the light of morning came, Estelle drew more closely to Nina's side, and asked her what she thought would be done with them. What could Nina answer. Nothing.

By and by an old woman; with a face coarse and black, came in with a wooden dish, upon which were food and drink. She placed her burden upon a table of stone which nature had thrown out from one of the walls, and then turned away without speaking. Twice Estelle sought to speak, but the hag's face was so horribly repulsive that she could not find words with which to address her. Upon the tray was some black bread, some dried figs and dates, a few grapes, and a mug of water.

'Let us eat,' said Nina, and perhaps we shall feel better.'

Estelle shook her head. She had no appetite.

But the Moorish maiden finally persuaded her, and when she had tasted of the dried fruit she felt something of an appetite; and in the end they succeeded in clearing the tray. Shortly after they had done eating Nina proposed that they should try for a walk in the open air.

'It can be of no use,' said Estelle. 'There are two stout men close by the entrance of the cavern, and I am sure they have been there all night. We are close prisoners.'

'It can do no harm to try,' urged Nina. 'Won't you follow me?'

'Not now,' replied Estelle, shaking her head. 'But if you wish to satisfy yourself you can do so.'

Nina went to the entrance, and sought to pass out; but she was quickly turned back, and when she rejoined her mistress she was pale and trembling.

'*Madre de Dois!*' she ejaculated, with clasped hands,' 'what awful looking men; what horrid faces! They look fit to eat folks up. We are prisoners, sure enough.'

'Of course we are.'

The Senorita would have spoken further, but at that moment she was interrupted by the sound of footsteps near at hand and upon turning she beheld Juan Bravo, the Gipsy chief. He bowed very respectfully, and smiled as though there was no evil in his heart.

'Senorita,' he said, persuasively, 'I wish to ask you a few questions; and I want you to think calmly, so that you can answer me clearly.'

'And I,' responded Estelle, 'wish to ask some questions of you. I wish to know why I am here. I wish to know what you intend to do with me. I wish——'

'Hold, Senorita. You must answer me first; for until I gain some information from your lips my own course cannot be decided upon. There are many books in the library of the castle: have you ever read any of them?'

'I have read a few.'

'Have you read any of those which relate the deeds of gallant knights?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the maiden, with marked emphasis; and the flush of the brow, and the increased light of the eye, told that the thought moved her.

'Perhaps,' pursued the Gipsy, 'you have read how that knights, when they have taken certain prisoners, hold those prisoners for ransom?'

Estelle looked up into the man's face, and her expression showed that she understood him fully.

'You hope,' she said, 'that my guardian will pay a ransom for me.'

'I have thought that he might do such a thing, Senorita. What do you think?'

'Indeed, sir, I cannot tell you what I think. If my father were living, I could tell you directly what he would do.'

'And what would that be?'

'He would be very likely to set me free,' replied the maiden, drawing herself proudly up, while her eyes flashed. 'If his sword could not do it, his purse would; but Senor Chief, he would try his sword first.'

'*Cajaro*!' muttered Juan Bravo, with a nod of the head, 'I shall not dispute you. I knew your father, Don Carlos, very well; and I am willing to confess that, were he now living, I should not consider my possession of his daughter worth much. However, different circumstances produce different results. Your father is dead, and Don Bernardo d'Acosta is your guardian. What shall I gain by going to him?'

'I cannot tell. You must go and try.'

'Suppose I should tell you that I had been, and that he had refused to do anything?'

Estelle bent her head upon her hand, and after a little reflection she said:

'If you tell me that such is the case, Senor I shall believe you.'

'Such is the case, Senorita?'

'Then what will you do?'

'I must wait until Don Bernardo comes to his senses. I have told you this so that you may understand why we hold you. I shall see the alcalde again, and until then you must remain quiet. Perhaps your guardian may conclude to pay the ransom when he finds that he cannot get you otherwise.'

'He may,' replied Estelle, dubiously.

'But,' pursued the Gipsy, 'suppose he should not—would it not be well for you to pay the ransom yourself?'

'How can I?'

'Your father left you property.'

'Yes,—he left me with great wealth; but it is in my guardian's hands. I cannot touch it until I am twenty years of age.'

'And are you not twenty yet?'

'No,' Senor,—I lack almost a year.'

'*Ostabel!* is it possible!—Then you cannot procure money except through Don Bernardo?'

'Not a pistole, Senor.'

'What could your father have been thinking of?'

'He was mistaken in his estimate of Don Bernardo's character,' said Estelle, speaking quite promptly now that she was defending the memory of her father. 'When they were *young* they were warm friends, and so they continued until Don Bernardo went away to Asia to travel. Don Bernardo's wife died, and his only child—his son—was stolen from him——'

'Ah,———'

'Yes,—stolen, I verily believe, by your people, and perhaps by your very tribe. *Diosa*! it is not impossible that you yourself stole the infant!'

'If the child of Don Bernardo was stolen at all, it must have happened some years ago!, suggested the Gipsy.

'Yes, Senor,—it happened before I was born. The child was stolen one-and-twenty years ago.'

'*Dosta*! I don't remember my evil deeds so long as that. Very likely I did the deed; but if I did, I solemnly protest that the remembrance of it has left me. Poor Bernardo! And after the loss of his child he went away?'

'Yes. He went to Turkey; and then he went to India; and when he came back he must have changed in his disposition.'

'Very likely. Some men do change as they grow older; especially when they have their children stolen from them. But we'll let Don Bernardo rest for the present. I shall see him again, and in the meantime you must keep up courage. If you remain quiet you will not be disturbed, as I have given strict orders that none of my men shall intrude upon you. Should you attempt to escape, however, you would be very likely to find rough, stout men intruding upon you without much ceremony.'

After the chieftain had gone Estelle and Nina held a conference together. Estelle was doubtful about her guardian's paying for her ransom.

'I think, she said, 'that he would like to have the Gipsies carry me away. I am sure he does not love me.'

'I thought he had expressed the most ardent love.'

Estelle started as though an asp had stung her.

'Aye,' she cried, bitterly, 'he professed to love me when he wanted me to be his wife! O, how I loathe and detest that man! If he could know how I despise him he would fear me. *I to be his wife! Mdro de Dios!* What a thought! When he first spoke to me, I came near laughing, for I did not believe he was in earnest; but when he finally made me understand that he meant just what he said, I exposed my feelings to freely. I offended the man, and made him very angry. Ah, Nina, he would like to have me for his wife; and, in both cases the incentives are the same. He would marry me, not from love, but for the possession of the great wealth which my father left for me; and since he cannot do this, he would give me willingly up to the Gitanos for the accomplishment of the same end.'

'And,' said Nina, tapping her foot upon the rock, 'perhaps he would rather pay the Gipsies something to carry you off than to pay them to bring you back. What do you think?'

Estelle looked into her companion's face, and for some little time she was silent. At length she said:

'It cannot be, Nina.'

'Pardon me, lady. I did not mean to accuse Don Bernardo of such baseness.'

'Nina,—do you think he could do such a thing?' The Senorita spoke as though she had not noticed the last remark of her companion.

'Indeed my dear lady, I can think nothing about it. I was foolish to speak of such a thing. Don't keep it on your mind any longer. Forget it and think of something more pleasant.'

It was very easy for Nina to give this advice; but it was not so easy for her mistress to follow it. All the forenoon she pondered over the subject, and when the dark-visaged old hag brouget in the dinner she was still trying to persuade herself that her guardian could not be wicked enough to do as Nina had suggested.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon Estelle fell asleep; and Nina, when she saw her mistress thus at rest, lay down close by her feet. But the Moorish girl did not lose herself. She had closed her eyes, and was thinking of Don Bernardo, when she heard footsteps close at hand. She opened her eyes without moving her body, and by a very slight raising of her head she was able to look towards the entrance of the cavern. She saw a man standing within a few feet of her, gazing intently upon her mistress; and she heard him say to himself that they were asleep. She was sure that it was Juan Bravo. When he went away he went on tiptoe, and at the entrance he was joined by another. Nina knew that they were talking about her mistress, and she could not resist the temptation to go and listen. She knew that she ran some risk, but she did not think there could be anything fatal in the way; so she crept into the deep shadow of the wall, and moved cautiously towards the two men. She gained a point where she could hear them distinctly; and as fortune would have it, they spoke in a tongue which she could understand. One of them was Gurabano the pastry-cook; and he from long habit of trading with the Spaniards, seldom used the Rommany tongue; and when he did use it, he was very apt to sprinkle in a fair supply of Castillian words.

Estelle did not awake until the withered old Gitana brought in the supper. She eat in silence, and when the tray had been removed she turned to her companion.

'Nina you seem very silent and thoughtful. What has happened?'

'Something very curious has happened,' replied Nina. 'Since you have been asleep I have been wonderfully entertained. *Santa Diosa!* You have no idea what gentle innocent, kind-harted, magnanimous men these Gipsies are!'

Estelle was anxious to hear all about it. So Nina went on and told her how she had seen the Gipsy Chief approach, and how he afterward met Gurabano at the entrance, and stopped there to talk, and how she had crept up and listened to their conversation.

'They were talking of you, dear lady, and but very little of me; though I heard enough to satisfy me that they consider me worth something.'

'What of me had they to say, Nina?'

The girl tapped her foot upon the rock awhile, as was a habit with her when she was thinking, and at length said:

'I would have kept this to myself if I could have done so properly, for what I have to tell you may give you some alarm; though I am not without hope. We know the plans of the enemy, and that is much in our favor. In the first place, Juan Bravo has seen Don Bernardo.'

'Well—and what was the result?'

'Your guardian would have nothing to do with him. As near as I could judge from the words which passed between the two men on the subject, he directly and emphatically refused to have any hand in the business. If they had taken his ward, they were alone responsible. At all events he would not pay a single pistole for her redemption. What sort of guardian do you call that?'

'That is what I had apprehended, Nina. I am not disappointed in his decision. But you spoke of plans of the enemy. What further is there? Since the Gipsies are foiled in their attempt upon Don Bernardo's purse, what will they next do?'

'That is the important matter which I heard,' returned the Moorish girl, gently tapping the toes of her right foot upon the stone. 'Juan Bravo is not to be foiled if he can help it. He and his pastry-cook have set value upon us, and they will obtain it if they can. They mean to carry us away from Valencia,—or, at any rate, away from this section,—and if they cannot sell us——'

'Sell us!' repeated Estelle.

'Yes, my lady,—they think they may find purchasers; and——'

'Hold! In mercy's name say no more!'

The Senorita clasped her hands and quivered from head to foot.

'It is true as I say,' pursued Nina; and you must bear the whole. They will sell us if they can.—Why does that startle you so, dear lady? We have our daggers with us. They cannot sell us alive.'

'True, Nina. That is some comfort. Go on.'

'After we are taken from here the Gipsy chief intends to try Don Bernardo's purse again. Juan Bravo is shrewd. He has failed in one attempt, and now he proposes to make an attempt in another direction. Don Bernardo will pay nothing for the safe return of his ward; but in the time to come, he may be willing to pay something *to prevent her return*. So Juan Bravo means to hold Estelle d'Avill as a terror over the head of the false hearted guardian; and in some years from now, when the hidalgo has fully assured himself that the wealth of the house of d'Avila is his, the Gipsy chieftain will appear to him and threaten to return the rightful heir. Then Don Bernardo d'Acosta may be willing to pay something.'

'*Santa Madre*!' ejaculated Dona Estelle, 'The villians are looking ahead. Mercy! what helpless things we must be in their hands if we cannot escape.'

'One thing is sure,' added Nina with an expressive nod of the head, 'we can afford some little risk in making the attempt. If we cannot escape we are worse than dead.'

'We must escape!' cried Estelle, with clasped hands. 'Oh, it would be terrible to remain in the power of these heartless wretches!'

Nina's reply was cut short by the appearance of the old Gitana, who had come in with a bandle; and when the hag had gone Estelle bowed her face upon her hands, desiring to commune awhile with her own thoughts.

Nina, meanwhile, sat upon a low stool, busily engaged in watching the wild shadows which were cast by the candle upon the broken, rugged wall. By and by she noticed that the flame of the candle flickered, and bowed itself as though before the sweep of a passing breath. There was nothing very strange in the flickering of the candle flame; but it struck Nina as being very curious that the flame, when ben by the passing zephyr, should lean towards the enterance of the cavern. She changed her position so as to bring herself between the candle and the point from which this new breath seemed to come, and presently she fancied that she felt the sweep of air upon her cheek. She remembered an experiment she had seen tried by the fishermen of Cape San Martin, and she thought she would try it now. She placed the forefinger of her right hand in her mouth,