

Beef Soup.—Take cold roast beef or fowl, cover it with cold water, let this simmer for two hours, then take out the meat and strain the liquid. Have chopped fine equal parts of celery-roots and cabbage. Add to each quart of liquid one cupful, two table-spoonfuls of pearl barley, one table-spoonful of chopped parsley, one small carrot cut fine, two small potatoes sliced fine. Let this boil one-half hour. Then add one well-beaten egg and two table-spoonfuls of sweet milk thickened with browned flour. Make this in small dumplings and drop in. This should boil five minutes more. When ready to serve add one onion fried brown in butter and two table-spoonfuls of tomato catsup.

How to Cook Fish.—Fish should not be put into fry until the fat is boiling hot. It should be dipped in Indian meal before it is put in, the skinny side uppermost when first put in to prevent breaking. It relishes better to be fried after salt pork than in lard alone. Never put fresh fish to soak in water. If you want to keep it sweet, clean and wash it; wipe dry with a clean towel, sprinkle salt inside and out, put in a covered dish and keep on the cellar bottom until you want to cook it. If you live remote from the seaport, and can not get fish hard and fresh, wet it with an egg (beaten) before you cook it, to prevent its breaking.

Fish Gravy.—This is much improved by taking out some of the fat, after the fish is fried, and putting in a little butter; the fat thus taken out will do to fry fish again, but it will not do for any kind of shortening; shake a little flour into the hot fat, and pour in a little boiling water; stir it up well, as it boils, a minute or so. Some people think a little vinegar adds to its taste.

Salt Fish.—Salt fish should be put in a deep plate, with just water enough to cover it, the night before you intend to cook it; it should not be boiled one instant, for boiling renders it hard; it should lie in scalding hot water for two or three hours; the less water that is used, and the more fish is cooked at once, the better; water thickened with flour and water while boiling, with sweet butter put in to melt, is the common sauce. It is more economical to cut salt pork into bits, and fry it till the pork is brown and crispy; it should not be done too fast, lest the sweetness be scorched out.

SCOTCH SHORT BREAD.—Four pounds flour; two pounds shortening; take half hard and half butter; one egg, and as much milk as would fill an eggshell; beat well together, and add to the flour and butter, with one pound fine sugar; then with your hands work the whole until it is soft enough to roll out on your baking-board about half an inch thick; cut into any form you may wish; pinch the edge with your finger and thumb and bake.

SHIRAZ'S HEAD AND TROTTERS.—Get a head and the feet with skin and wool on them; let a blacksmith singe the wool off with hot irons, not to burn the skin; split the head and feet; put them into warm water for two or three hours; then with a small knife scrape them well and change the water; then scrape again; the head ought to be white if well done; cook with barley, carrot, parsley, and other herbs and vegetables.

The Housewife.—Keep an old blanket and sheet on purpose for ironing; have plenty of holders always made that your towels may not be burned out in such service.

A good housekeeper never allows her carpet broom to be used for sweeping the outside stairs or yard; keep a coarse broom for this purpose.

Keep a heavy stone on your pork to keep it down; in the summer this stone is an excellent place to keep fresh meat on when you are afraid of its spoiling.

Have all the good bits of vegetables and meats collected after dinner and minced before they are set away, that they may be in readiness to make a little savory mince meat for supper or breakfast. Take the skins off potatoes before they are cold.

Vials which have been used for medicine should be put into cold ashes and water, boiled, and suffered to cool before they are rinsed.

Never leave out your clothes-line over night; and see that your clothes-pins are all gathered into a basket.

Have plenty of wash-tubs in the kitchen; never let your white towels or napkins be used there.

Soap your dirtiest clothes and soak them in warm water over night. Use hard soap to wash your clothes, and soft to wash your floors. Soft soap is so slippery that it wastes a good deal in washing clothes.

A little salt sprinkled in starch while it is boiling tends to prevent it from sticking; it is likewise good to stir it with a clean spinnacel candle.

A few potatoes sliced, and boiling water poured over them, make an excellent preparation for cleansing and stiffening old, rusty black silks. Green tea is also excellent for this purpose. It should be boiled in iron, nearly a cupful to three quarts. The silk should not be wrung and should be dried damp.

Court plaster is made of thin silk, first dipped in dissolved isinglass and dried, then dipped several times in white of an egg and dried.

Linoleum pulverized, sifted through coarse muslin, and stirred up tolerably thick in white of egg, makes a strong cement for glass and china. Plaster of Paris is still better, particularly for mending broken images of the same material. It should be stirred up by the spoonful, as it is wanted.

A bit of linoleum dissolved in gin, or boiled in spirits of wine, will make strong cement for broken glass, china, and earthenware.

The lemon syrup bought at stores can be made at home much cheaper. Take a pound of Havana sugar, boil it in water down to a quart, drop in the white of an egg to clarify it, strain it, and add a quarter of an ounce of tartaric or citric acid. If you do not find it sour enough after it has stood two or three days, add more of the acid. A few drops of oil of lemon improves it.

NEWS.

THE BRECKENRIDGE

THE

Independent in all things, Neutral in none. Principles, not party; Men, not availability.

VOL. III.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1879.

NO. 29.

SAWYER, WALLACE & CO. We are authorized to make Liberal Advances on... no 13 6m

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

HARDINSBURG CIRCUIT. Methodist Episcopal Church (South).—Rev. W. W. Lambert, Pastor. Hardinsburg preaching 4th Sabbath in each month, at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m. Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Oakland.—Preaching every 4th Sabbath at 3 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Mt. Zion.—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 1/2 o'clock. Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superintendent. Class meetings every 1st and 3d Sabbath. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Cloverport.—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 1/2 o'clock. Richard Cox, Superintendent. Class meetings every 1st and 3d Sabbath. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Baptist Church, Rev. A. J. Miller, Pastor.—Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock; R. K. Pierce, Superintendent. Methodist Church (South).—Rev. J. L. Edgington, Pastor.—Preaching the 1st and 3d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbath at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sabbath School every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Preaching at Holt's Bottom the 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at Liberty the 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. R. McDonald, Pastor.—Preaching every 3d and 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock; Jno. A. Murray, Superintendent. Catholic Church, Rt. Rev. T. J. Jenkins, Pastor.—Services the 1st Sabbath in every month.

SOLID SILVER TEASPOONS FOR \$5.50. Sent postpaid to any address for \$5.50, and fifty cents by postage. Money sent in registered letter will be at our risk. Address, F. N. D'HY & BRO., Silversmiths, 173 Wall Street, Cloverport, Ky. Jul-6m

JOHN BENDER, DOCTOR'S HELPER, CUPPING, BLEEDING, TOOTH PULLING, HAIR DYEING, ETC. CUSTOMERS ATTENDED TO AT ALL HOURS. ROOMS: River Street, adjoining Temple's Hotel. Towels, Razors, Brushes, etc., strictly clean, and work done in the most approved manner. Patronage solicited.

JAMES E. STONE, JR., LAWYER, HARDINSBURG, KENTUCKY. Will practice in all the courts of Breckenridge and adjoining counties. Deeds, mortgages, etc., and all legal instruments carefully prepared. Titles investigated and abstracts furnished. Prompt and careful attention given to all business entrusted to me. no 11 if

\$9.00 SOLID COIN SILVER American Lever Hunting or Open Face Watch, warranted a good timekeeper, sent to any address, by express, for \$9.00, or 50 cents additional if by mail. Send money in registered letter. Address, F. N. D'HY & BRO., Jewelers, 173 Wall Street, Cloverport, Ky. Jul-6m

ALEX MILLER, WURACH & SCHOLTZ, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FANCY GROCERIES, CONFECTIONS, FRUITS, CIGARS, TOBACCOS, ETC. No. 95 W. Market St., Between 3rd and 4th, LOUISVILLE, KY. no 6m.

BLOOD!! LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER Is the greatest Blood remedy of the age. Zeller, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples and all Blood diseases yield to its wonderful power. Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Read: "It cured my son of Scrofula."—J. E. Brooks, Palmsville, Ohio. "It cured my child of Erysipelas."—Mrs. E. Swartz, Larimore, Pa. R. E. Sellers & Co., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa. Price, \$1.00. The genuine has our name on bottom of wrapper. Sold by all druggists. W. B. WHITE, Agent, Cloverport, Ky. sept 17

A Solid Gold Pen, In a Silver-plated Holder, for \$1.00. Fifteen cents extra by mail. Address, F. N. D'HY & BRO., 173 Wall Street, Cloverport, Ky. Jul-6m

To Inventors and Mechanics. PATENTS and how to obtain them. Pamphlet of 60 pages free, upon receipt of Stamp for Postage. Address—GILMORE, SMITH & CO., Solicitors of Patents, Box 31, Washington, D. C. no 18 if

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Sent free. OTIS W. SYDER, Manufacturing Jeweler, 166 1/2 St. Louisville, Ky. sept 19 6m

HENRY KEMPER, WITH WILLIAM H. FOX & SON, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, GLASS, DRUGGISTS, GLASSWARE, NAVAL STORES, GLUES, LAMPS AND LANTERNS. 389 WEST MAIN ST., LOUISVILLE, KY. sept 17 6m

The Song.

WEAVING THE WEB.

"This morn I will weave my web," she said, As she stood by her loom in the rosy light, And her young eyes, happily glad and clear, Followed afar the swallow's flight. "And as soon as the day's first tasks are done, While yet I am fresh and strong," said she, "I will hasten to weave the beautiful web, Whose pattern is known to none but me, 'I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair, And ah! how the colors will glow!' she said, 'So fadeless and strong will I weave my web, That perhaps it will live after I am dead.' And hither and thither she came and went, While the loom stood still as it stood before. 'Ah! life is too busy at noon,' she said, 'Till the common work of the day is done, And my heart grows calm in the silence wide!' So, one by one, the hours passed on. Till the creeping shadows had longer grown; Till the house was still and the breezes slept, And her singing birds to their nests had flown. 'And now I will weave my web,' she said, As she turned to her loom ere set of sun, And laid her hand on the shining threads To set them in order one by one. But hand was tired and heart was weak: 'I am not so strong as I was,' sighed she, 'And the pattern is hurried, and the colors rare. I must not so bright, or so fair to see! 'I am weak, I think, till another morn! I must go to my rest with my work undone; It is growing too dark to weave!' she cried, As lower and lower sank the sun. She dropped the shuttle; the loom stood still; The weaver slept in the twilight gray. Dear heart! will she weave her beautiful web In the golden light of a longer day?"

The Story.

THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER.

Translated for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS, from the French of PROSPER MÉRIMEE, BY WALLACE GRUELLE.

CHAPTER VII.

We were not disturbed during the night, and next morning Carmen repaired to Ginecra, and sent out some bread by a little goatherd. The balance of us remained in the thicket all of that day, and at night approached Ginecra. We halted at a safe distance and waited for intelligence of Carmen, but waited in vain. We passed the night where we halted. At daybreak we discovered a mulgeer coming from the direction of the town. With him was a woman, dressed above the common, holding a parcel over her head, and attended by a girl, who seemed to be a servant. "Saint Nicholas has not forsaken us," said Garcia. "See he sends us two mules and two women. Four mules would please me better; but, no matter; I'll take what the good Saint sends." Taking his gun he descended the hill on which we were concealed, and hid behind some bushes that grew near the road. Dancraire and I followed him, keeping a little in his rear. When the party had advanced to within gunshot distance, we stepped out from the ambush and ordered the mulgeer to halt. The lady, when she saw us and heard the order, fairly screamed with laughter. It was Carmen, Senor. "Ah!" she cried, "the gentlemen bandits mistake me for a fine lady!" Her disguise was so perfect, Senor, that none of us recognized her until she laughed the devilish laugh no human being could imitate. She jumped from her mule and approached Dancraire and Garcia, with whom she conversed for some minutes in a tone too low for me to distinguish the words. Finally, addressing herself to me, she said, "My dear, I will meet again, canari, before your hanging. I am off to Gibraltar on business. You will soon hear about me." She then directed us to a place where we would be secure from interruption for a few days, and then, mounting her mule, resumed her journey. That girl, Senor, was the providence of our band. In four days after she left us we received some money from her, accompanied by information more valuable still, to the effect that two English mildreds would leave Gibraltar, by a route she specified, to go to Groumda. You may be sure, Senor, that we intercepted them. They were fairly loaded down with shining gold pieces. Garcia wanted to hear them, but Dancraire and I refused to do it. After relieving them of their money, watches and boots, we let them pursue their own way. After this affair we knew that the neighborhood of Gibraltar would be exceedingly unhealthy for us, so we retreated to the rocks of the Sierra de Ronda, where we found excellent hiding. It was there, Senor, that I met Jose Marie, whom you have mentioned several times. He was a secondarily a bad comrade; and cruel to his girl, who was pretty, modest, with a pleasant air and never a cross word. She loved him devotedly, and yet he would scold her, beat her, and once cut her with his dagger. Our connection with him was brief, but while it lasted we had all the dangers and all the profits. It was so long since we had heard any thing of Carmen that Dancraire, one day, said, "One of us must go to Gibraltar for news of her. She has certainly arranged some affair by this time. I would go willingly, but I am too well known there. Garcia had the same excuse. It was then decided that I should go. My instructions

were to pass by Saint Roe, and when I reached Gibraltar I was to ask for an old chocolate woman named Rollona, from whom I would obtain information of Carmen. We all three then repaired to the Sierra de Ginecra, where I left my companions and proceeded to Gibraltar disguised as an old fruit pedler. At Ronda I procured a passport, through a friend and agent of our band. At Ginecra another agent provided me with a mule. Loading it with oranges I started in search of Carmen. Arrived at Gibraltar I there learned that Rollona was either dead or sentenced to the galleys, no one appeared to know which. Her disappearance explained the interruption of communication between Carmen and us. Putting my mule in a stable, I began roving the streets with a basket of oranges on my arm, hoping to meet some Bohemian with whom I was acquainted. After two days of useless wandering about the city, and having heard nothing of Carmen, I had made up my mind to give up the search and return to my comrades. It was nearly dark when I reached this conclusion. Passing through a street which led to the stable where I had put my mule, to put the intention into execution without delay, I heard a lady's voice call from a balcony. "Orange pedler!" I looked up. It was Carmen. By her side was an English officer. I could tell that by his scabbard, golden epaulettes and fringed hat. He had the grand air of a great milord. As for Carmen, she was dressed superbly as a princess. Upon her shoulders was a rich lace shawl. In her hair she wore a golden comb, and her dress was of the costliest silk. In all things else she was just the same as ever—gay, smiling, and laughing. The Englishman, in execrable Spanish, ordered me to come up to them with my oranges. Carmen called out to me in Basque, "Come, and don't be astonished at anything you see." I obeyed the order with alacrity, although I was almost as angry as pleased to find her. A powdered English lackey met me at the door and conducted me into a magnificently furnished parlor. Carmen instantly said, still speaking Basque, "You must not understand a word of Spanish; you must not know me," and then, turning to the Englishman, addressed him. "I have discovered that he is Basque. Now you will hear a funny language. Does he not look stupid?" This enraged me so that I could not help exclaiming, though retaining enough wit to use my native tongue, "And you are a veritable daughter of the devil, and I am strongly tempted to spoil that pretty face of yours right here in the presence of your gallant." "My dear," she coolly said, "have you just found out that I am my father's child?" Then she added, contemptuously, "My gallant! Are you jealous of this imbecile? You are a greater fool than you were before the visits to the Street de Cardilejo. Can't you see, you stupid, that I am attending to our business, and with brilliancy as well as success? Of this house I am the mistress; the guinea that belong to this simoleon are mine; I lead him by the nose, and I will soon lead him into a place from which he will never escape, if you will only do your part." "My part will be," I said, "if you continue to attend to our affairs in this manner, to carry them on so well that you will never have the trouble of conducting them again." "Indeed!" she exclaimed. "You carry yourself as though you were my master. If Garcia, my betrothed, is satisfied, what right have you to interfere?" "What is he saying?" here asked the Englishman. "He complains that he is thirsty," answered Carmen, "and would like to have a drink of wine." Then she threw herself upon a sofa, in a convulsion of laughter. That girl's laughter, Senor, was a perfect contagion. No one could resist joining in with it. The officer began laughing heartily, and ordered a glass of wine for me. "Do you see that ring upon his finger?" asked Carmen, as I was drinking the wine. "If you will be reasonable I will make him give it to you." "I would willingly give one of my fingers," I replied, "if I had your milord in the mountains with a maquila in each of our hands." "Maquila," said the Englishman, "what does that mean?" to Carmen. "Maquila," said she, still laughing, "means orange. Is it not a funny name for an orange? He says he would delight in having you eat a maquila." "Yes? Well, you," addressing me, "bring me some maquila to-morrow." At this juncture a servant entered and announced dinner. The Englishman arose, gave me a piastre, and offered his arm to Carmen. Carmen said to me, still laughing, as they were leaving the parlor, "My boy, I can not invite you to dinner, but as soon as you hear the drum beat for parade to-morrow, get some oranges and come here. You will then find that I am still your Carmen, and we can then talk of the affairs of the land." I did not respond; but when I had stepped out of the door into the street the Englishman called to me, "Be sure and bring me some maquila to-morrow." And I heard Carmen's screaming laughter as the door was closed. "And yours, also," I said, "if you prove unfaithful to me." "Very well," she said, "the coffee-cup has revealed to me more than once that we should end together. Bah! whatever is fated there is no escaping." And she related her castanets, as she always did when she wanted to chase away thoughts that annoyed her.

CHAPTER IX. Dancraire and I associated with us other comrades, and we traveled in contraband goods, never stopping travelers on the highway until driven to do so by the last extremity. I know that all these details weary you, Senor, and I will hurry to a finish. One forgets himself when talking of the past. For some months I was very happy with Carmen. She continued to be useful to us in our operations in the capacity of spy. She generally kept herself at Malaga, Cordova, or Grenada; but, at a word, she would come to me, no matter where I was. One time, when she was at Malaga, she gave me cause for inquietude, and only that once. I learned that she was repeating her Gibraltar game there, only it was a rich merchant she was casting her toils around. Dancraire tried to stay me, but I would go, and, entering Malaga in open daylight I led her to the mountains. We had a sharp quarrel over it. "Idiot," she said, "since I have become your rom I love you less than ever. I will not submit to be tormented thus, much less commanded by you. I want to be free, and to do as I please. You had better be careful how you treat me hereafter, or I'll find some good boy who will serve you as Garcia was served." Dancraire reconciled us. But we both had said things that burned in the heart, and we were never afterward the same to each other that we had been. A short time after this we were surprised by the troops. Dancraire and two others were killed, and two captured. I was desperately wounded, but was borne off safely by my horse. I escaped into the woods with the only one of my comrades who was left. My comrade carried me into a grotto, where he left me and ran off after Carmen. She was at Grenada, but immediately flew to me. For two weeks that girl never left my side. I don't think she ever closed her eyes, and she nursed me with devotion and tenderness. Finally I recovered. I had determined, while on my back suffering, that I would change my mode of life. I broached the matter to Carmen, and begged her to leave Spain with me, and we would try to live honestly in America. "We were not born to plant cabbage," she said. "It is our destiny to live off the payollo. I have already arranged some business for you with Nathan Joseph, of Gibraltar. He has some cottonades for you to bring across the line. He knows that you are alive, and is holding them back for you. Are his dependance. If you fail them, what do you imagine our correspondents would say and think of you?" In a word, Senor, with her devil's tongue she talked me out of my resolutions of reformation, and persuaded me to renew my detestable trade. Carmen attended several bull fights at Grenada. On her return from there her constant talk was about an expert picador named Luca. Junito, the comrade who remained with me, one day told me that he had seen Carmen with Luca at the house of a merchant of Zaccatin. The intelligence alarmed me. I demanded of her reasons for forming the acquaintance of the picador. "We may gain something from him," she said. "He has won twelve hundred reals at bull-baiting. We must either have that money or enroll him in our band. Many of our men are dead, and we will be obliged to replace them with others. Why not take him for one?" "Neither him nor his money do I want," I cried. "I forbid you even to speak to him again." "Take care!" she responded. "When I am forbidden to do a thing, I make it a point to do that thing right speedily." Fortunately for us all three, the picador left for Malaga, and I began preparations to bring over the Jew's cottonades. I had so much to do on that expedition that I forgot all about Luca. It may be that, for a while, Carmen forgot him, too. It was at this time, Senor, that I met you, first near Montilla and then at Cordova. Carmen stole your watch; she wanted your money, also, and above all, that ring you have upon your finger. We had a violent dispute, and I struck her. She turned perfectly white, and burst into tears. It was the first time I had seen her cry, and it affected me terribly. I begged her pardon, but she remained silent, and when I left for Montilla she refused to bid me good-bye. Three days afterward she came to me gay and singing as a lark. All was forgiven and forgotten. For two days we were the fondest and happiest of lovers. She then told me that there was going to be a fête at Cordova; that she was going there to find who had money and send me word. I let her depart. After she was gone, I thought of the fête and her change of humor. A peasant told me there was to be a bull fight at Cordova. I then saw through it all. Like one crazed I rushed off to Cordova. Luca was pointed out to me. Upon a bench near the barrier I saw Carmen. Luca proved himself a hero with the first bull. He snatched the cockade from the head of the animal and carried it to Carmen, who immediately placed it in her hair. Suddenly the bull charged, and Luca was overthrown. He fell under his horse, and the bull on top of both. I looked for Carmen. Her seat was vacant. I returned to the house you know of, Senor, and waited for her. About midnight she came, and was surprised to find me there. "Come with me," I said. "Very well, let us go," she replied. I got my horse, placed her on behind me, and we traveled all night without exchanging a word. At daylight we stopped at a retired inn near a small hermitage. Then I spoke to Carmen for the first time after leaving Cordova. "Hear me," I said. "I will forget every thing; I will keep silent about the past; but you must swear that you will accompany me to America, and there live honestly with me." "No, I will not," she answered. "I am content here. I do not desire to go to America. Here I will stay." "For Luca is here, and not in America," I said. "But why should I mind him? I am tired of killing my rivals. I will kill you." "I always thought you would kill me some day," she said, regarding me fearlessly. "I met a priest just before the first time I saw you, and a hare crossed our path as we journeyed last night. It is fated that I am to die by your hand." "Carmen," I said, with a trembling voice, "do you no longer love me?" "She had seated herself upon a rush mat, with her legs crossed. She did not reply, but made lines on the ground with her finger. "I made one more appeal to her to go with me to America, where we would change our life." "Me first, and you next," she said, smiling gravely. I left her, and went to the hermitage. "Reverend father," I said to the priest, "will you pray for one who is in great peril?" "I pray for all who are afflicted," he replied. "Then you will say a mass for a soul about to appear before its creator?" "Yes," he answered. I placed a piastre upon his bench. "When will you say the mass?" I asked. "In half an hour," he said. I returned to the inn. Carmen was waiting for me. "Come with me," I said. She arose to her feet and wrapped her mantilla about her head. She mounted behind me on the horse, and we started. We stopped in a lonely grove. "It is here," she said, and she sprang to the ground. She took off her mantilla, and stood on the ground, stepped upon it, and stood immobile as a statue, looking me squarely in the eyes. I made one last appeal to her to fly with me to a new life in the New World. "Jose," she said, "you ask what is impossible. I do not love you. You still love me, that is why you are going to kill me. I might lie to you, and save my life; but I do not want to. All is ended between us. As my rom you have the right to kill your rom; but Carmen will always be free. Gypsy she was born! Gypsy she will die!" I threw myself at her feet. I took her hand in mine and bathed it with my tears. I offered to remain brigand to please her, and swore that the past should never be recalled, if she would only love me again. Her only answer was, "To love you again I can not; to live with you again I will not!" Rage now possessed me. I drew my dagger. "For the last time," I cried, "will you stay with me?" "No! no! no!" she screamed, stamping her foot furiously. Then drawing from her finger a ring I had given her, she cast it into the thicket. I struck her twice in the bosom with Garcia's dagger, which had replaced my broken one. She fell with the second stroke, and expired without uttering a word. I prostrated myself by her body in a transport of grief, and passed an hour vainly endeavoring to call her back to life. At last, remembering that she had often expressed the wish to be buried in the woods, I dug a grave with my knife and laid her carefully in it. I found the ring she had cast from her, and placed it in a small crucifix on her breast. Then, first covering her tenderly with earth, I leaped upon my horse and galloped here to Cordova without drawing rein. I dismounted at the guardhouse, entered, made myself known, and surrendered after telling them that I had killed Carmen. You know the rest, Senor. You must now go. I will see you no more. As you return to your own country, do not forget my message to the lady in Navarre. She is my mother, Senor. Poor Carmen! She was not to blame for being what she was, but the Gypsies, for raising her in such a manner as to make her a daughter of the devil. Adios, Senor!

CHAPTER VIII.

I passed a sleepless night, and by morning had worked myself into such a fit of rage against Carmen, that I determined to

CHAPTER VIII.

I passed a sleepless night, and by morning had worked myself into such a fit of rage against Carmen, that I determined to

CHAPTER VIII.

I passed a sleepless night, and by morning had worked myself into such a fit of rage against Carmen, that I determined to

CHAPTER VIII.

I passed a sleepless night, and by morning had worked myself into such a fit of rage against Carmen, that I determined to