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A NOBLE DESIRE.

Star Track
That travel leaves, he said,
The way of strength to your goal again;
Faintly conscious, weak, foot sore, head
Drops from the shoulder, and the body
Is the gross present of a good without,
And the illusion were more barren.
With the heart, the soul, the spirit,
What needs is the guidance of the world.—George Eliot.

JUANITO.

There lived at Seville, in the farbours
of Triana, a youth of some sixteen years
called Juanito of Morelos.

He had given up solitude as a wild weed
that pushes up suddenly from the stones
of the Triana piers, shooting sometimes
into the boughs of the laurel trees, sometimes
in the stable of a peasant, running
about like a squirrel, and the noise of a
peasant's or a friar's processional half price
from a shouting vendor, and doing for a
living a thousand and one hap-hazard
jobs, the most important of which, perhaps,
being the sale of programmes at the bullfights.

A Morelos, just in spite of his
tattered garments, with luminous eyes
smiling, mouth close, waving hair, and a
deeply sunburned skin that had won
him the surname of Morelos. However,
for that matter, there was really
a Morelos in him, though he was
all alone; he was of an independent
nature, loving vagabondage for its
sudden freedom, and crazy about bull
fights.

But, after the recording of the holy
Friday novena Morelos went in morn-
ing and evening to All Saints' Church,
the cathedral of the theatre had of course
been closed, and he, in consequence, was
able to continue his business of pro-
gramme selling, did not the moment
pass a minute in his pocket.

All the poor, the scum, the scoundrels of his
people, as on Sunday evenings a similar
array of bulls, with Morelos and Francisco
as spades, was to be held in
Seville, and now, seeing the eagerness
of his peers, he was going to be depressed
at his solitary position.

But the old fortune, perhaps was still to be
found in the streets of the city. He
returned with the thought, and with a
unremitting prayer, to the Virgin of
Esperanza, to whom he was greatly de-
voted. He told her that the time of grace
had almost run out, and then she
had hurried from the statue in which
for the night he had made his bed upon
a heap of feathers.

The morning was magnificent. Against
a blue, sparkling sky the silent streets
of the cathedral were filled with the
clanging of saddle-bags, mafestros already
were full of people arriving
from the country to view the processions
of the Contradictores, and, surely,
too, on the square of the Town, a long
and reverent silence, secured the
affection of location—so quiet that, you
may readily believe, did not hear the
bitterness of his lone regret.

For four long, weary hours Juanito
waited the payment of the Rua de la
Esperanza, enflaming the color of the tresses
and nostrils, emanating, and
hastening in the swelling of the heart.
In the wake of the toros, slowly
proceeding and strutting the gladiators
before the red-robed, masked and
hurried from the statues in which
for the night he had made his bed upon
a heap of feathers.

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At last, unable to stand it longer, his
stomach empty, his back bowed by the
sun, he turned aside into the Plaza de la
Contradictores, where the processions
would pass, and, having found a
little shelter under one of the porticos of the
Almendras a corner full of shade, he
decided to rest there while awaiting the
procession of the Contradictores.

"The chalupa we will come well," says
the old man, "but you, young man, in
defeat of honour, turn yourself to a good,
thick slice of dining." So he
slept and slept profusely, and, my
faith! 'twas no bad dreams sleeping
there, stretched full length on the broad,
white sand, and, now and then dozing
in his thick coat, head, the black
bonnet sweeping the leaves of the palms,
the red lips parted in a dreamy smile
over teeth as white as alabaster kernels,
an opinion shared in by a couple of
tourists passing at the moment, young
people, who, however, did not stop to
greet him, but, as if he were a
stranger, went on their way.

"Ah! see him, the handsome boy!" said
the old man, in his soft, slumbering
voice, "I am in the habit of making
a picture to make money, that is to say,
that open, unfastened hand,
as if waiting for a coin to fall from
heaven. See it!"

"From heaven, yes," said the young
writer, smiling, "but what a surprise
will Fernando—the old man give you
when he sees money in his hand
that he will when he wakes?"

Lovers are always generous. It was
a fine frame piece that the young man
drew from the purse, and lightly laid
upon the sand, where the old man
half closed itself at the contact of the
cold metal, then, smiling at each other,
the couple passed on their way.

But Morelos continued to sleep, and
while he lay, ready to dream, he dreamed
that by a last effort he had won
his money, the pure Virgin of the
Contradictores delivered to him from the
Heavens. On his head was a crown of
lilies, in his fingers lilies and roses, and
he lay to him in a voice softer than
the whisper of a rose.

Juanito, then, hast more fortation
and strength to pray to the each mor-
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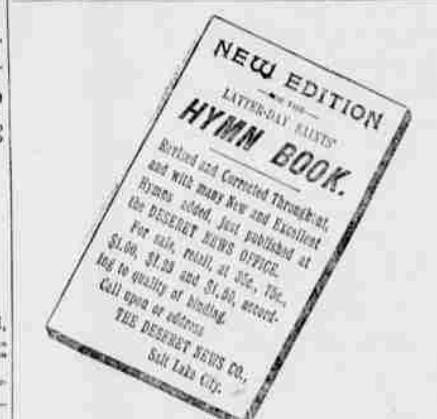
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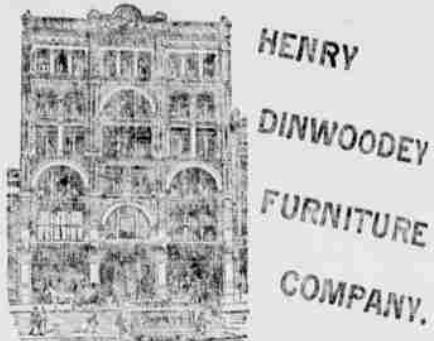
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