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A DREAM OF THE SEA.

A farmer had in his pasture home
A promising of a colt;
He saw and saw it, but well he knew
He pleased image and heavenly hue
And he dreamed he heard over the waters blue,
With the winds a blowing free,
With the winds so fresh and free.

He woke and he said, "The day will come
When that stuff he has yet to do;
But my years count by him he always found
That he feet were clogged and his hands were bound,
Till at last he lay in a narrow round,
After from the stifling sun,
The unfavoring winds be free.

Oh, many there are on the plains today
That dream of a square to be,
And have said in their souls, "The day will
When my hair shall sweep through the drifts of
snow,"
But their eyes grow dim and their lips grow
dumb,
After from the beating sun,
The turbulent, loosing sea.
—Albert Bigelow Paine in Kansas City Star.

JUANA'S ORDEAL.

The early morning sunshine tinged alike mountain and sea in the beautiful valley of Carpenteria, in southern California. Juana walked slowly down the path that led from the kitchen door of the quaint house to the more sequestered barn. From here the path led on along the road, to and not among apricot and fig trees, until it stopped abruptly, as if quite worn out with its exertions, on the outskirts of the ranch.

Juana paused a moment, then gathering her skirts tightly in her left hand she began to climb the steep trail. She took it without language or doubt, her strong young figure moving upward with scarcely a pause for breath till she reached the top.

Here an old fence bounded the hill pastures belonging to Juana's father; the fencing herself tightly against the bars of the gate to rest and to gaze upon the scene spread out below.

On the east the long, dusty road was flanked by meadows more or less cultivated. Here and there symmetrical rows of beans met the eye. Olive trees mingled with walnuts were scattered everywhere. Occasionally a red tiled house relieved the monotony of open pasture lands and fields dotted with oaks and green with the blossoms of the golden mustard.

From the foothills rose precipitately the purple mountains, whose crests are often veiled with clouds of heavy mist. A fair land, and dear to the rancher's daughter from her babyhood—the place of her birth and of her people before her. Yet to any one else who had been there the most glorious view there would not have been the outspread landscape, but the young Spanish girl leaning on the worn gate to look at it.

She stood now, and began a series of low, coaxing whistles, which presently brought her favorite mustang, Pedro, to the base of the gate. The gate posts were worn smooth by the rubbing of patient animals from the adjoining field, and had it not been for the friendly hay rope about their rickety tops Pedro would have surely knocked them down as he stretched his neck over the bars to be caressed by his mistress.

They were a pretty picture—the two. The blue-black hair of the girl made more vivid the ripe color in her olive tinted cheeks. Her deep, intense eyes had in them that half pained, half pathetic expression peculiar to the eyes of the Spanish girls of the south. Yet Juana knew little of sorrow. The old rancher's only daughter, she had lived a petted life. She was a simple hearted child, and whatever capacity for endurance or courage by wilfulness is had never been tried.

After a series of vigorous pats, bestowed with many a coaxing Spanish phrase of endearment upon her favorite, Juana produced a rosy apple from her pocket, which Pedro munched with evident relish. She had not come to ask any service of him, only for a morning greeting, and now, after a lingering farewell put on two, she left the pretty mustang looking over the gate after her, and turned to the steep walk again.

She stepped carefully, for fear of treading too heavily on the crumbling, sun-baked adobe and getting a tumble, her light fare made hardly a sound to be noticed among the noises of the morning—the Pedro's reluctant return from the gate to his grazing fellows, the other sounds from the pastures, the twittering of birds, the chirping of squirrels, the thousandfold murmur and breath of the hour.

Half way down, the light steps stopped suddenly, and the girl stood with a startled face, listening. Only a keen ear and a quick attention could have caught, above all those other noises, that singular and unusual one for such a place and time—the hiss of whispering voices. "Pablo"—her father's name—that was the one word she had caught, and half in curiosity, half in fear, she felt she must know why her father's whispered name should thus detach itself from the rustle of leaves to strike her ear and call her attention to the other—an indistinguishable murmur going on in the little clump.

She leaned silently forward on the edge of the hazy screen of fine oaks, every nerve strained to catch the half whispered, half murmured words that one from within. The screen, though it offered no perceptible barrier to sound, was quite thick enough to protect the girl from sight of the men who stood close together behind it, looking for no one in her direction.

"Pablo"—her father's name again, and now it came to her ear clearly, mingled with other words. "Stage"—"rob"—"arrest"—she caught, and then in an excited tone, which the others immediately hushed, "prisoner."

She edged closer, listened more intensely, and her hearing caused to become painful. She knew who the men were well enough—ranch hands of Pablo's, ruffianly, a vagabond set, who would do anything for money. But they were purposeless and dull, incapable of organizing and carrying out a plot to rob the stage of themselves. And the bolder rogue, who planned and inspired the other? The girl was left in doubt of that—her own father's name was distinctly uttered, his directions repeated. Then very slight in and his confederates were to lie in wait for the stage that left Santa Barbara for Los Angeles at half past 7 o'clock.

Juana drew back, realizing that she must slip away undetected, yet too startled and horrified to think of anything else clearly. She was overcome by the shameless of her father's guilt. He was by no means an ordinary ruffian, Juana well knew. But she had no mother and had depended solely on him for care and tenderness, which he had given, at least, in sufficient degree to win the response of a child's simple and unreflective affection, and Juana was not far enough from childhood to have changed much in her feelings. Nor was the code of her people so exacting toward ordinary crimes and in doings of men that what she knew of her father's had affected her with any strong feeling of shame, or alienated any more than ever her regard for him.

But life was a different matter. The quiet, serene ranchers of Carpenteria were not of that class of Mexicans to whom a police station so much as mentioned, or even more than the times in which the native Californian easily excused robbery of the American intruder. Juana had been born and had grown up, peaceably and without thought of hostility, under American rule. The plot stood out, in reckless criminality, its shameless greed, before her as before an innocently kind and honest armed ranch girl. As she crept carefully away she was helplessly overwhelmed by the knowledge of his unworthiness of her love and respect.

But almost at once a reaction came, and a passionate resolution rose within her mind. It should not be! It had not happened—it should not. Some one must prevent it, yet there was no one but herself to do it.

By the time she stepped firmly once more upon the garden path her mind was made up. She knew the uselessness of appeal to her father. She had no confidants among the women of the ranch to whom she dared to breathe such a secret. All the long, slow day it seemed eating her very soul out. All her sweetness of time confidence in her father was gone, and when from the house in time, as was his demonstrative Spanish way with his pretty daughter, he drew her to him with caresses, she could respond with no responsiveness.

As last the long day came to a close. The evening meal was ended; the after supper work was done. Juana came out from the house into the broad porch, guitar in hand, crossed the porch quietly and seated herself on the stone step, as she had set before evening after evening. She sang the pretty Spanish airs she was accustomed to sing to her own accompaniment; and though sometimes her voice grew very thin as the sick dread of what was before her swept across her mind, she persevered, and with a heavy heart entertained the little household. They had all gathered upon the long porch, as was their evening custom; her father was wont to sit by her side smoking and listening, and now and then between his cigarettes making her happy with his easy phrases of praise. But this evening he soon rose and left her, joined the group of ranch hands in a dark corner of the doorway, and undercover of Juana's songs exchanged murmured questions and answer with them.

The gray twilight deepened into night. Soon the moon arose over the eastern mountains, casting its everything such a flood of yellow light as only California knows. The somber group in the corner had relapsed into a moody silence. Juana's guitar sank into her lap, and the lonely silence only by the sound of crickets and the cry from time to time of a night hawk flying across the orchard.

The girl was watching the moon creep up the sky, and counting the minutes, as she had already counted them over and over during the day. Her breath caught in her throat, and for the moment she forgot her guitar into the house. As she passed her father she paused.

"The moon is so bright, father," she said, "I would go out for a little hope with Pedro."

She had been permitted more than once before to ride thus about the ranch lands, or for a short distance along the cattle neglecting road, on bright moonlight evenings. Indeed, her father never interfered much with her movements, and their simple ranch life, not unaffected by American customs, was free from strict rules. Pablo nodded without removing his cigarette, and the girl passed on.

She put away her guitar, twisted a scarf over her head, and let herself out at the back door, carrying her bridle in her hand. A little relieved by the possibility of action and the removal of need for self restraint, she hastened at a rapid pace up the path she had trodden early that morning, a light hearted and unsuspecting child, to visit again her favorite.

She reached the old fence, and wrinkled clearly across the moonlit pasture once and again, and presently Pedro came trotting to her. With trembling hands she undid the hay rope and pushed open the sagging gate, and the little horse walked through, knowing well enough that she wanted him. She fastened the gate with mechanical care, then, putting one hand lightly on Pedro's mane, she quickly adjusted the bridle, scrambled to her back—she had been on Pedro's back without a saddle too often to waste time now in arranging any such adjunct—and started. Some few minutes she wended a road that skirted the base of the hill, then leaning forward on Pedro's neck, she spoke to him and shook the bridle, and soon him flying down the road at his best speed.

Breathlessly the girl watched the trees fly by. The road followed the hills for half a mile before it struck a crossroad. Already Juana knew the moment she drew near the spot where the stage road touched her father's ranch. A fearless rider at all times, she seemed utterly so now, as without drawing rein she wheeled into the ranch and bisected out crossroad and dashed down it. It was only used by teams in winter and was left in no order, but the little mustang took his way swiftly and surely over the unyielding ruts of hardened adobe and half buried boulders.

After what seemed to Juana an interminable time, the reckless pair reached the dusty stage road safely. Here they turned and cantered easily up the road to meet the oncoming stage, no sign of which yet appeared. Juana gazed eagerly before her, watching for the expected cloud of dust, but they had cantered on a mile and a half without adventure before it appeared, and Pedro came to a full stop to await it.

The dust moved down upon the waiting pair by the road side, and as it came near Juana saw that it indeed not the stage, but only a Spanish family returning from a day's marketing in Santa Barbara. In the rusty conveyance they seemed almost twice as their picturesqueness. The whole family was in the long wagon, from the young woman to gay women, down through regard smaller specimens to the ugly little terrier—who with his shrill bark and contradicting tail is indispensable to the Spanish household.

The wagon rolled past, and Juana looked again up the road, from which the dust slowly cleared away. Her heart almost stopped beating as the four shot across her that she had intended the time. If she had missed the stage, by now her father was headed forever a criminal; their name was stained, whether he could ever know it or not. Suddenly she uttered a joyful exclamation, for around the bend in the road appeared the stage—unmistakable this time through the cloud of dust—and loaded with people.

The driver reined in his horses suddenly at Juana's violent gesticulations to stop—accidentally, indeed, that they were dragged back upon their haunches—and stared with amazement at the girl and the horse. The passengers, startled at the abrupt stoppage, broke into questions and exclamations as they recovered their balance, and leaned out to hear what was said.

Juana shrank back, shocked at so large an audience, yet she was too desperately set in her purpose to hesitate in her speech. In her fluent English, mingled with the accent the child knows who speaks another language as long as she spoke with her sire—but the most, stiff, perhaps, Juana's school training did not include the accession usually of a stiff vernacular—but one that was sufficiently to the purpose of warning as well and gave the driver an idea of the nature of his errand. Pedro, in the meantime, had wheeled and gone,