



A ROMANCE OF LIFE AS IT MAY BE MADE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER, Author of "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sun Lands," "Life Among the Moods," and Other Poems and Stories.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. The author meets the Princess, who is the heroine of the story in Poland. Her father had been sent to Siberia by the Czar. She dreamed of revenge; but at last, giving that up, determined to find a city which should be a model to all mankind.

CHAPTER XIV. I have forgotten to mention the sad and slow decline of this woman so far as possible. It was a continual pain to me; which I would not willingly convey to you.

CHAPTER XV. Among the many festive days here devoted to music and general merriment, especially on the part of the children, that which celebrated the arrival of the colony to this oasis in the desert was most notable.

CHAPTER XVI. I am here temporarily once more forbidden for want of space to enter upon the detail of at least a dozen things that demand notice in this new order of things.

CHAPTER XVII. The time had come for my departure. For even the good priest saw that I was mounting his death too intolerably to remain.

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her all that had been taken away, and that she, as all others who love sincerely and truly, should begin the next life on her high-tide mark in this, and knowing, surely knowing, that I should see her thus, how careful was to say naught, do nothing that would make me less worthy to fit my face to hers.

They bore her shrouded form up to her mountain side, muffled close in the robes in which she died, early next morning, and none were coarse or cruel enough to seek to look into her tired face.

There was a depression in the great pile of swartling pine that lay furthest up the hill beyond the hospital; and here the body was laid.

A match, a long vapory cloud of smoke took to the pine tops as we turned away. No more cries, and no more care. A little heap of ashes. And around the edges of this little burned spot some tall slim grasses came to stand in circle soon.

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been did not last. Leaving a little forward, he said: "I should go with you to our mountain station on the Sierra Madre, from which point we reach the railway station by horse, you will feel more secure?"

And so we parted for the night; with the agreement that we should take the upbound mail train in the morning, breakfast with the priest, and then start for the hospital and then take the airship for the Sierra Madre mountains.

The beautiful air ship hung as permanent feature of the landscape. The place of starting was as well established and as well appointed as that of any railway station. The conductor opened the little door of the car, and we stepped out into the nearest of the two silken cushioned seats.

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low height of the buildings, so that the fall, while did not in most places cover the whole of the streets, the loss of life was less than it would otherwise have been.

I have heard the story of that terrible time from the lips of several who lost homes and loved ones by it. The first shock was felt about 5 o'clock P. M. in a slight tremor of the ground, which increased in violence at intervals of 15 or 20 seconds, until presently the buildings began to topple.

Not a House Left Entire. The great effort of everybody was to keep well in the middle of the widest streets, to be more out of the reach of flying stones and timber, and to reach the broad open spaces of the squares as they were available; but the earth shook so that it was extremely difficult to keep one's feet, and in their flight scores were buried under falling walls or through the darkening clouds of dust.

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THERE SHE SAT, SERENE AND SILENT.

our party unawares in the battle of this life. I mean of course life as it is now ordered by the hopeless laws of hate and envy and malice and meanness that have come down to us from all the years that have been.

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ICURE FITS! When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time.

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