A WORD TO THE WISE
OZINE ACKING
...ses People Who are Particular, for boots polished with Crozine keep soft, stay black, and look well. ALWAYS, besides are cleanly to wear.
CROZINE is the popular liquid black—absolutely free from acids—easily applied—imparting a correct black polish of unequalled durability. It improves leather, and is not itself affected by dampness, and will not smut nor soil the clothing.
At Boot Shops the world over. The Genuine is Hauthaway's.
Made only by
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BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
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London, England.

...INY STATES.

...ewest of all European coun... away the tiniest. Its name ... and it is to be an indepen...lic.
...tain twice as high as Ben ...Salonika, and is certainly ...the countries of Europe in ...o woman has set foot in it ...es. When, some years ago, ...Roumania announced her in...ing it, the rulers of the holy ...tened to commit suicide if

...which has a little sea-coast ...ds another record. It is the ...Europe whose national income ...olely by selling crucifixes, ...ts, and similar holy objects. ...Athos contains twenty-one ...export is quite a large one. ...wn of the other pocket coun... is San Marino, in the heart ...lso is a mountain, surrounded ...by perpendicular cliffs. It ...y a hundred castles, with an ...one man to each castle. The ...Marino was at war was when ...nd twenty-three men solemnly ...to assist Napoleon, who re...th full military honours. ...ipality in Austria, Liechten...minally been at war with ...since 1866. At any rate, ...r been made.

...announced of Michael Duggan, ...Tipperary, who had reached ...age of 110.

New York suffragettes have de... a horseback ride to San Fran... buttons and franchise handbills

...say "Fig Syrup"
...k by name for
...LIFORNIA
...RUP OF FIGS
...tive recommended by ...for men, women and
...e the system, clear the com... cool the blood, Nature's ...axative, California Syrup of ...he highest medical authorities ...l as its friends.
...is only one California ...Figs. It bears ...e mark and ...full of the ...a Fig Syrup Co. ...ists. 1/1½ & 1/9.

...ING AS A PROFESSION.

...rs since Francesco Comelati's ...life-saver was almost European. ...an fifty occasions had he been ...in rescuing the drowning, for ...d not only been the recipient of ...ion, but, from time to time, of ...sums of money—the outcome of ...got up on his behalf—on which ...to subsist comfortably. Strange ...all whom he had saved had been ...stranger still, thought a tavern... by chance happened to witness ...e heroic rescues, that the same ...d as the rescued on each occa...on was thus aroused, and subse...y led to the exposure of Come... seemed, in conjunction with his ... a first-class swimmer, was wont ...ons seaside and riparian resorts. ...in France and Italy, there to ...inhabitants and visitors a spec...roism that evoked their enthu... incidentally filled his own

...orry came into collision with a ...ked down a lamppost, and crashed ...in Bloomsbury-square.

...h Town Council proposes to erect ...arden suburb houses for workmen, ...separate bath-room, to let at 5s.

...S CONCENTRATED COCOA

...d unofficially at Portland that the ...pected to inspect and review the ... and flotillas there about the first ...ch.

...ge pensioners, Mr. R. Northcott and ... were married at Brixham, Devon, ...e being Mr. Northcott's third, and ...ince he became seventy.

...Witt Henry, a New York dentist, ...champagne, if taken regularly, ...teeth.

...order-book containing instruc...e attack on the Danish fleet at ...of Copenhagen is to come under ... at Messrs. Puttick and Simp...

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A GIRL FROM THE SOUTH

BY

CHARLES GARVICE,

Author of "Just a Girl," "Nance," "The Gold in the Gutter," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MARQUIS IS GREATLY PLEASED.

As she saw who it was, Dolores shrank back slightly and pressed her hand to her bosom, as she had done when she had seen the Marquis at the theatre. The gesture, the expression, were almost imperceptible, but his quick eye noticed them, and he said in his soft voice, apologetic, almost caressing:

"I fear I startled you. I did not know anyone was here; pray forgive me. How charmingly you have arranged the flowers."

"I am glad you like them," said Dolores simply, and quite calmly.

"Everyone would admire them," he said; "and I only pay a genuine tribute to your exquisite taste."

"You are quite satisfied?" said Dolores, regarding the vases thoughtfully.

He looked at her swiftly, then he said hesitatingly, deferentially:

"*You* are not quite?" he said. "I wonder whether I can guess why. Ah, yes; you do not like the crimson roses amongst the white? Is that not so?"

She shot a glance at him and smiled. "I think they would be better away," she said; "but most people prefer the touch of colour."

"Most people have little taste," he said, with a shrug of the shoulders; "but it is evident that you—and I—are exceptions to the rule. Shall we take one of the roses away and see how the vase looks without it? I would offer to help you, but I fear to touch them with my clumsy fingers. Ah, that is better, is it not? You would have been quite right to follow your own taste. The arrangement is now perfect. I wonder whether my guests will appreciate it? Some, perhaps, but not all of them, for English people are not generally blessed with a sense of the harmony of colours—or anything else. I can say that without offence to you, because, if I am not mistaken, you do not belong to the great, the all-conquering nation. Your accent, and your face betray you. Surely you are Spanish?" he added, his eyes dwelling on her with smiling interrogation.

"Partly," she said.

"Ah!" he said, as if congratulating himself. "Then we are countrymen. I, too, am Spanish; my name is Ferdinand Mansanarez. May I ask yours, Señorita?"

He put the question with an air of the most profound respect and deference, even inclined his head slightly, as if apologising for what might seem an impertinence.

"My name is Luzia, my lord," said Dolores quietly, and with perfect self-possession, as she took up her gloves from a side table.

"You are going?" he said, with just a faint note of regret in his rich voice. "Will you let me say that I am sorry your task is done? I should like to have watched you longer. Let me see, you come from——? Will you tell me the name of the florist? I should like to tell your principal how more than delighted I am with the skill and the taste which you have been so good as to display on my behalf?"

Dolores gave him Guzman's name, and he went towards the writing table. He wrote a note rapidly, and brought it to her with the envelope unfastened.

"You have forgotten to seal it, my lord," she said as she took it.

He raised his eyebrows slightly and smiled. "One does not seal a letter conveyed by the favour of a lady," he said.

Of course Dolores was pleased by this delicate indication of his respect, his suggestion of equality, and she smiled and coloured faintly. He preceded her to the door, and opening it for her stood with bowed head.

"Good-bye, Señorita," he said.

The Marquis was not guilty of the gaucherie and ill-breeding of following to the landing and watching her down the stairs, but he stood as if lost in thought, his fine brows drawn together as if he were puzzled by something. It seemed to him that he had seen her before, that he ought to remember her; and after awhile he did recall the beautiful girl whose fan he had picked up in the vestibule of the theatre; but Dolores' face had been partly concealed by her lace wrap, and he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders; for it was impossible that they could be one and the same girl; that a girl from a florist's should have been amongst the occupants of the stalls or the boxes at a theatre.

Dolores reached home to find Florella all of a quiver with excitement and curiosity; and Dolores, as she took off her outdoor things, gave an account of her experiences, or rather part of them; for, obeying an impulse, which she could not explain to herself, she refrained from mentioning the name of the gentleman of the house who had been good enough to express his approval of her work; perhaps one of her reasons for concealing it was the fact that her mention of the Marquis's name would have recalled bitter memories of Cantala to poor Florella. She laid the note on the table; but when Florella unthinkingly began to draw it from the unfastened envelope, Dolores stayed her.

"We won't read it, dear," she said, "because it is not meant for us, though it is unsealed."

"Of course," assented Florella at once. "Dolores, your fortune is made, I know it, feel it! But I am not surprised; oh, no; I knew you would succeed."

Dolores took the note to Guzman, who read it, worked his eyebrows up and down, and pushed out his thick lips; then he regarded her keenly and inquired:

"Have you read this note, Senorita? No? A daughter of Eve and not curious? For a reward, then, I will tell you its purport. My patron is greatly pleased with the way in which you did your work; so pleased that he has ordered me to supply decorations for his table three nights in the week."

He did not add that the Marquis had given the order conditionally, and that the condition was that the same young lady should be sent to arrange the flowers.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DANCES OF SPAIN.

On her next visit to the house in Cadogan Square, Dolores did not see the Marquis; but he was at home and saw her from an open doorway; he was too worldly-wise, too much an adept in the art of snaring women to alarm her by too rapid an advance, but the next time she came he sauntered into the room and greeted her with a bow and a little air of surprise.

"Is this your day, Señorita?" he said with a pleasant smile. "I am glad I am at home. May I remain and watch you arrange the flowers? I won't presume to offer any advice, much less assistance; indeed, none is needed. I am glad of the opportunity of telling you how much your decorations have been admired; everyone of my guests noticed and praised them. Now, where did you acquire your exquisite taste; was it in our Spain or here in England?"

"In England," replied Dolores, "in London, here; all the best flowers, the best of everything, comes to London."

"That is quite true," he assented, glacing at her significantly, but Dolores was all unconscious of the compliment. "You like London?" he asked, seating himself across a chair and leaning his arm on the back in a free and easy but quite respectful manner.

"Oh, yes," she said. "It is a very grand place; it is also ugly, some of it."

"I hope you have seen the best of it," he said. "Sometimes one misses it; one wants a guide, a cicerone. I wish you were a man, Señorita."

Dolores smiled, and raised her eyebrows interrogatively.

"Because I could offer to show you some of the things worth seeing," he said, softly and suggestively.

Dolores smiled again. "It is somewhat unfortunate that I am not," she said; "but I thank you all the same, my lord."

He did not show his disappointment at his failure, but laughed.

"You owe me no thanks. It would give me great pleasure to act as your guide—if you were a young man. But perhaps you have already a guide, a companion, one who discharges the duty better than I could do?"

The impertinence of the question was masked by the pleasant, respectful way in which it was put. Dolores turned aside; her lips quivered, and her dark brows came together. The Marquis had touched a sore spot in her heart, and recalled Broughton to her memory; and when she turned again her face was grave, her eyes sad.

"No, I have no one," she said to him.

He drew a little breath of relief, of satisfaction.

"Do you like the arrangement of this centre vase, my lord?" she asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

"It is beautiful, it is perfect!" he said enthusiastically. "Do you arrange the flowers at many houses?"

"Not at many as yet," she answered. "Yours was the first house at which I have done it, my lord. It was my trial; but I am going to another house to-morrow."

"Now, I wonder which that is," he said. "I wonder if it is one of my friends."

"I do not know," she said.

"How strange it would be if it should be at some place at which I am dining. Do you know, I think I should recognise your taste and skill."

"That is not very likely, my lord," said Dolores, with a smile.

His presence, the conversation, amused her. It was a singular coincidence that the Marquis of Mansanarez should be sitting there and talking to her, and yet not know her, not know that she had been brought up almost under the shadow of his Castle. There was a touch of romance in it which appealed to her, as it would have appealed to any girl. But amusement was the only feeling which she entertained; she was neither shy nor nervous in his presence, and she had ceased to shrink from him as she had shrunk at the theatre and at her first visit. She had forgotten the tradition of the evil eye of the Mansanarez.

"Will you tell me the name of that flower?" he asked presently. "Will you permit me to smoke a cigarette?" He took out his gold case and held it out to her with grave courtesy.

Dolores' hand went out to it mechanically; but she drew the hand back, and shook her head slightly.

"No, thank you, my lord," she said.

"You do not smoke—you, a Spaniard!"

"I am not altogether——" she checked herself. "Ladies do not smoke in England; it is not the general custom," she said quietly. "No, I do not know the name of the flower. I am ashamed to say that I do not know the names of half the flowers I arrange."

"Ah, let me see!" he said. "I think we can find out."

He went to a book-case, and, humming lightly, found a magnificently-bound volume, and brought it to the table close beside her.

"I think we shall find it here. Is not that it, Señorita?" he asked.

Dolores, leaning one hand on the table, bent over the coloured plate. Their heads were very close together, and the Marquis drew his breath sharply and looked up at her with a swift glance; but Dolores was too intent upon the plate to notice the catch in his breath, the ardour in his eyes.

"Yes, that is it," she said. "But I cannot pronounce the name."

"It is Latin," he said in a curious voice, as if he found some difficulty in speaking. "You shall take the book away with you, if you please, Señorita, and study it at your leisure."

Dolores smiled at him gatefully; but, after a slight pause, she said gravely:

"Thank you, my lord; but I will not take the book."

"But why not?" he asked. "It is heavy, too heavy for you to carry. I will send it to you. Will you please tell me your address?"

"It is not necessary," said Dolores quite calmly. "I do not want the book."

He was too astute to attempt to force the book upon her, and with a little shrug and a smile he replaced it in the case.

"It is there, Señorita, with its other volumes, if you should care to look at them at any time. Please consider them entirely at your service, at your disposal."

Dolores acknowledged his offer by a slight inclination of the head, and began to put on her gloves. The button of the right one proved refractory, and he came up to her.

"Permit me, Señorita," he said deferentially, more deferentially than the courtesy demanded.

Dolores held out her hand, as any other lady would have done, and he buttoned the glove, taking some time over it, and glancing up at her face when he had accomplished the task. But if he expected to find some indication of embarrassment, of shyness, of coquetry in her face, he was disappointed, for it was absolutely calm and composed; and the dark eyes were fixed upon her glove as if she were just patiently waiting for it to be buttoned, as she would have waited if a shopman had been performing the task; in fact, Dolores regarded the Marquis's little act of courtesy as a matter of course, and she withdrew with perfect calmness and self-possession.

But she left the Marquis strangely agitated. He was conscious that the girl was making a deeper impression on him than he had expected or desired. He knew that her quiet dignity, her self-composure, her indifference to his insidious compliments were not affected, but absolutely genuine.

"The girl is a lady," he murmured to himself, as he stared at the flowers half pensively, half resentfully. "She keeps one at arm's length without any effort; she carries herself like a young queen; there is something imperious, compelling, in her absolute innocence, unself-consciousness. She has hands like those of a lady, her voice—by all the saints, am I falling in love with her, really in love? Ah, but that is nonsense, that is absurd. A little flower girl! And yet I would give something to see her in evening dress—bah, I have already said that to myself a score of times! But what a sensation she would create anywhere; anywhere, in London, Paris, Madrid. They would rave about her—she would have the world at her feet! And she is so unconscious of her beauty, so free from vanity, coquetry—not a glance, not a smile of invitation, of acceptation. So calm, so cold; and yet I know the coldness is only on the surface, that a fire smoulders in her heart, which needs only the breath of love to fan it to a flame. Now, if a man were loved by that girl—ah, well, he might let everything else in the world slide by unheeded."

He moved impatiently, and the colour rose to his face, his dark eyes glowed.

* * * *

The following day Dolores was sent to decorate the table of the famous Lady Blantyre. Florella, who occasionally read the newspapers, had told Dolores before she started something about her ladyship, and Dolores was hoping that she might catch a glimpse of the Countess, who was not only one of the leaders of society, but a prominent Socialist, a Theosophist, a Suffragette, and other interesting things too numerous to mention.

The occasion which called for Dolores' services was a big dinner to be given to representatives of the well-nigh innumerable societies and bodies to which Lady Blantyre belonged, and Dolores found the great house in Grosvenor-place in the throes of the last preparations for the function; for Lady Blantyre's nervous and excitable temperament naturally affected her establishment, and servants were hurrying to and fro and making a great deal of fuss; so much so, that Dolores found some difficulty in attracting the attention of any of them. But a harassed-looking young man, one of her ladyship's secretaries, caught sight of the amazed but rather amused girl, and conducted her to the magnificent dining-room, where the table was being laid by a flurried butler and four still more flurried footmen.

Dolores sat down and waited until they had finished. Then she opened her box and set to work, intending to finish and get out of the confusion as quickly as possible. After a while the servants left her alone, and, as usual, she was absorbed in her work when the door was flung open and a very diminutive lady came in and looked round with an anxious but smiling countenance. She caught sight of Dolores, and gave a quick nod.

"Oh, here you are, my dear!" she said. "I was wondering whether you would come. What lovely flowers! And you are arranging them very prettily. Jolly work! I've often wished I was a flower girl. They are much nicer to handle than human beings, and they stay where you put them. Have I seen you before?"

"I think not," said Dolores. "No; I have not been here before."

"Of course you haven't, or I should have remembered you; you're so pretty."

Dolores laughed; the compliment was too candid to be blushed for.

"You're not English, are you?" inquired Lady Blantyre, as she took up some of the flowers, smelt them quickly, and as quickly dropped them again. "Italian? No; I see—Spanish. How interesting! Do you happen to know any of the Revolutionary Party in Spain?"

Before Dolores could reply the worried-looking secretary entered.

"Oh, here you are, Mr. Johnson," said the lady, swinging round upon him. "You want me? We must talk here; there isn't another quiet spot in the whole house—you won't mind, my dear? We sha'n't disturb you?"

"Of a certainty not in the very least," Dolores responded.

"How prettily you said that. Well, Mr. Johnson, what is it?"

She plumped rather than sat down on a chair, and clasped her hands, as if forcing herself to be still. The secretary took some letters from his pocket and began to read one.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't read them all; just tell me what they mean; and not all of them, please; only the most important. You're worrying about something, I can see."

"It is a letter I have just received from Lady Marsden," said the secretary. "I am sorry to say, Lady Blantyre, that the young dancer Lady Marsden promised us for the 26th is ill—influenza—and that it will not be possible for her to come."

Lady Blantyre threw out her hands with a gesture of despair.

"But what am I to do!" she cried. "How stupid this influenza is; it always takes people just when you want them. What on earth shall we do? We've been depending on this girl for the principal item in the programme, and I've been talking about her to everybody. It will be such a disappointment. Really, it is very inconsiderate of her. But, of course, I don't mean that; the poor child couldn't help it. What do you propose, Mr. Johnson?"

"I really don't know, Lady Blantyre."

"My dear fellow, you never do!" remarked her ladyship sharply; but her laugh took the sting from her words. "You couldn't take her place, I suppose?"

"Scarcely," said the poor secretary, colouring. "I might find a substitute, if time permitted; but I am afraid—it is possible that at one of the theatres——"

Lady Blantyre gave a little shriek. "Oh, no, no, that wouldn't do at all! I don't want anyone professional, or, of course, I could get a whole 'corps de ballet'; nothing easier; but I don't want anything from the theatre. This girl who was coming to us is a lady—you understand, Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, I do; but——" he responded rather feebly.

Lady Blantyre sprang up, very nearly upsetting the chair, and set her hat straight, as if she were about to start off somewhere at once.

"I must do something," she declared. "I wonder who could help me, whether anyone knows of a girl! Do you, my dear?" she demanded of Dolores. "I want a young lady to give a skirt dance—any kind of fancy dance—for a fête I am giving on behalf of the funds of Washerwomen's Orphans."

Dolores had some difficulty in suppressing a smile. "I'm afraid not, my lady."

"Dear me, how annoying!" exclaimed her ladyship. "How pretty you've made the table look! Thanks so very much." She turned away, but paused to absently watch Dolores as she replaced the superfluous flowers in the box; and, with a suddenness, which almost made Dolores start, her ladyship shot out the inquiry:

"Do you dance? But, of course you do! I can see that by the way you move."

Dolores shrugged her shoulders slightly. "I used to dance," she said quietly, "at the weddings and the festas."

"Of course!" exclaimed her ladyship. "You are Spanish; and they *all* dance. Will you dance for me on the 26th, my dear?"

"No, my lady," replied Dolores, even more quietly than before.

"You *won't*! Now, *why* won't you? I'm sure you can, and that you would be a very great success; at any rate, I'll take the chance. Now, why won't you?"

"I do not think I should be good enough, my lady," said Dolores, prudently ignoring the question.

"Oh, I am quite sure you would," said Lady Blantyre, with amazing optimism, "and they wouldn't know if you were not; but I am sure there is no question of your not being able to dance." She was silent for a moment, and glanced once or twice at Dolores consideringly; then she continued: "I wish you'd try; you can't try now, I suppose? Of course not, but will you come to me this evening; I shall be home for a meeting then? We can see how you get on. Don't refuse me, there's a dear girl; no one refuses me anything, and I've set my heart upon this dance and made no end of a fuss about it."

Dolores still hesitated, but after a moment or two she said:

"Very well, I will come, and you shall see if I can do it, my lady."

Lady Blantyre exclaimed gratefully, and, somewhat to Dolores' confusion, kissed her; her ladyship had to stand on tiptoe to do it.

Still very doubtful of her capacity, and her wisdom of even making the attempt to comply with Lady Blantyre's startling request, Dolores kept her appointment on the following evening. Lady Blantyre was late, and, rushing in, led Dolores to the ball-room. The electric lights had been turned on, and for a moment Dolores was half startled by the splendour of the room, one of the most beautiful in London. Lady Blantyre called to a maid, who followed them with a milliner's box. With her usual energy and promptness, Lady Blantyre had obtained a Spanish costume, mantilla and all complete, and she turned out the contents of the box, talking rapidly as she did so.

"I measured you with my eye, my dear," she said, "and I hope the things will fit you. They've sent two or three pairs of shoes; try them on. My! what a small foot you have! There's a tambourine. That's quite right, isn't it?—and the mantilla. Run and fetch me that big tortoiseshell comb, Marie—quick! I'll help dress the young lady while you're gone. Oh, I don't know your name; please tell me."

"Luzia," said Dolores hesitatingly, "but——"

"You don't want it to appear on the programme, I see. We'll just call you 'The Señorita.' How do you spell it?"

She whipped out a pencil and wrote the word on the tablet that hung at her chatelaine; then helped Dolores to put on the costume.

"You look superb!" she exclaimed, drawing back and scanning Dolores admiringly. "Now, I'll play you something, I've got some Spanish dance music. Of course you'll have a proper orchestra on the night."

She ran to the piano and began to play. Dolores listened for a moment until she got the time, then she began to dance, a little uncertainly at first, but presently she swung into the dance, one of her childhood's days, and was so engrossed in it that she stopped with a start as the music suddenly ceased, and, looking round, saw Lady Blantyre gazing at her with open eyes of surprise, satisfaction, delight.

"My dear girl!" she exclaimed. "Why—why, it's splendid, perfect, magnificent! It's the most bewitching thing I ever saw! I can scarcely believe that you are not a professional."

Dolores laughed softly. Her face was flushed, her eyes sparkling.

"I do not dance very well," she said. "I mean that I was not a particularly good dancer; some of the other girls were much better."

"I don't believe it," retorted her ladyship; "it's your modesty, my dear. I have never seen anything more beautiful, and I assure you that you will create a perfect furore on the night. Do dance something else! Come here and tell me what to play."

Dolores turned over the music and found a fandango. Lady Blantyre played it, and, when the dance was finished, sprang up from the piano with a cry of delight and triumph.

"Oh, I am the luckiest person in the world to have discovered you!" she cried. "All London will be talking about this dance of yours. And even if you didn't do it so perfectly, you look so beautiful that everybody will be charmed. Oh, I am so grateful to you! If there is anything I can do for you——"

She would like to have sat down there and then and written a cheque; but she was too acute not to know that the girl would resent an offer of money.

They selected three dances. "There will be sure to be a double encore," declared Lady Blantyre; and Dolores, after refusing her ladyship's pressing offer of some refreshment, took her departure.

She went to Cadogan Square next day, and the Marquis came into the room as usual. Dolores happened to be rather late, and, to his chagrin, was so engaged in her work that she appeared to have no time to talk with him, and only answered his questions in monosyllables and rather absently. Her absolute unconsciousness of his attentions, her absorption in her task, of course only served to heighten his interest in her. He had scarcely been able to put her out of his mind since their last meeting; he had looked forward to seeing her again, to talking to her, to hearing the deep, musical voice, and now she had scarcely a word for him. He hovered about her, somewhat impeding her movements; he kept as near to her as possible, handing the flowers, filling the vases with water, eager to do anything that would enable him to keep at her side, to touch her hand, as if by accident.

"You are going," he said, with open regret, almost with an air of injury. "You have been here a very short time. Suppose, now, I were to say that I did not like the arrangement of the flowers, what would you do?"

"Alter them, my lord, to your pleasure," replied Dolores; "but I hope you will not ask me to do so, for I have to go to another place, to decorate a room for a ball, and I have not much time. Besides, just now you said that you liked the decorations."

"Did I?" he said. "Ah, yes, I did. I am a little confused—you have been in such a hurry, Señorita. I wanted to tell you, to show you something." His hand slid into his pocket and he kept it there while he went on, "I am very grateful to you for the way in which—for the exquisite skill and taste which you have exercised on my behalf. As you know, Señorita, it is customary in our country to express one's gratitude on such occasions by the offer of a little gift, a trifling tribute——"

He drew a small morocco case from his pocket, and opening it displayed to Dolores' astonished eyes a very beautiful and costly diamond bracelet. Her eyes rested upon it for a moment, then she looked up at him gravely and shook her head.

"I thank you, my lord," she said, "but I could not accept it."

"You refuse! Ah, no, you will not be so unkind as to wound me by refusing, Señorita."

"I could not take it," said Dolores quietly.

"Ah, pray!" he urged softly, imploringly. "Let us see how it looks on your wrist."

Dolores did not whip her hand behind her, but continued putting on her gloves with perfect self-possession; and he stood, with the bracelet in his hand, regarding her with a troubled and almost penitent expression.

"It is sufficient for me to know that you are pleased, my lord," she said quite simply. "I do not wish any present. If you were again to offer me one, I should not be able to come——"

He dropped the bracelet in his pocket, stretched out his hand, and bowed his head.

"Forgive me!" he said. "I know that you are right. It was foolish of me to think that you would take it—and yet, I had so hoped that you would let me give you some such little trifle as a mark of my gratitude and esteem. We are of the same country—we have been friends; at least, it seems so to me—I should be sorry if I have offended you. Ah, forgive me, Señorita!"

"There is nothing to forgive," said Dolores. "You meant to be kind to me, but—— Good-day, my lord."

Naturally enough Dolores was excited and rather nervous as she set forth for Lady Blantyre's on the night of the 26th, and yet she felt that she would not fail, for she had been practising, as far as the narrow limits of the attic-room would allow, and the memory of her childhood's dances had come back completely to her.

As Dolores entered the hall, Marie, the maid, came to her and took her up to Lady Blantyre's dressing-room.

"Her ladyship will come to you presently, miss," she said.

Presently her ladyship, in full war-paint and all ablaze with diamonds, came running in.

"Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed. "Such a mob! How surprised, how delighted they will be with you. You look beautiful! Oh, what a success you will be! I mustn't stay, I must go back, or they will miss me. Marie will bring you down at the proper time. I do not want them to see you until the last moment."

She ran away, and Dolores sat down, but she could not remain still, so fell to walking up and down. As she did so, she happened to glance at the box which held the costume; in it lay a little black velvet mask edged with lace, which she had not seen before. She sprang for it with a little cry.

"I will wear this," she said, and she put it on quickly.

Marie stared at her aghast. "Oh, but miss——!" she remonstrated. "Oh, you musn't wear that! Why, it hides your face!"

"Exactly," said Dolores laughingly, "that is why I will wear it."

"But——" Marie bit her lip, hesitated for a moment, then blurted out, "But you don't want to hide your face, you are so pretty. Her ladyship is counting upon——"

"What does it matter what I look like, whether I am pretty or ugly," said Dolores. "It is the dancing; it is the dance they have come to see." At this moment the electric bell rang, and Marie cried with dismay:

"There's the bell! We must go, miss! Oh, pray, pray, take it off!"

"No, no! Let us go," said Dolores, still laughingly; and she went past Marie quickly.

As she descended the stairs she heard the prelude of one of the Spanish dances being played by a well-known band; her heart began to beat fast, her colour came and went. Some footmen standing in the hall flung open the door, and she entered the ballroom. The blaze of lights, the brilliant crowd, the strains of the music mingling with the hum and buzz of conversation and laughter, gave her "pause" for a moment; then she bit her lip, set her teeth, and advanced to the bare and polished place on the floor which had been prepared for her.

Suddenly the conversation, the laughter, ceased; she felt every eye fixed on her, piercing her. From the silence rose a little cry of astonishment, dismay; it was Lady Blantyre's, at sight of the mask. Dolores waited to catch up the tune, her foot gently tapping the floor. Then she began to dance.

(To be Continued.)

FAMILY TRAGEDY.

FATHER KILLS HIS SON.

A shocking tragedy, in which a father is alleged to have murdered his son and then attempted suicide, occurred early in the morning at Grimsby, the victim being Fred Welburn, twenty-six, wagon repairer. The father is William Welburn, fifty-five, deal carrier. A milk boy, whilst on his rounds, saw a man's face looking through the coal-house flap at Welburn's house, and as the man was groaning a police-sergeant was brought. On entering the house the officer found both men lying on the kitchen floor in a serious condition. A doctor was summoned, but upon arrival the son was dead. The father was removed to hospital. A carving knife and a chopper were picked up from the floor. The son had apparently been stabbed several times in the throat, neck, and chest. The father had also been wounded in the throat and chest.

At the inquest the eldest son of the family said he had left home owing to his father's threats.

Mrs. Welburn, giving evidence, said she had left her husband owing to his ill-treatment of her and his threats to the deceased.

The coroner mentioned that there was a possibility of the father recovering from his injuries.

Police-sergeant Spindler said when he reached the house he said to the father, "What has happened?" and the man replied, "Me and my son quarrelled. I done him, and I thought I would do myself."

UNDER A PALL.

FOG CAUSES MANY ACCIDENTS.

A platelayer named Arthur Chalkley was killed on the line at Winchmore Hill during a dense fog. At Lincoln the body of a railway guard named Gibbins was found in the river. It is thought he missed his way in the fog. The body of a woman was found on the line near Boston.

William Whysall, seventy-two years old, a retired chemist, of Grantham, left home for his usual walk, and evidently got lost in the fog. He was found lying dead in a ditch about four miles from his home.

The body of Harold Howe, twenty-one years old, a mill-hand, living at Golcar, near Huddersfield, was recovered from the canal at Golcar. It is believed that on his way home from the mill at night he lost his way in the fog.

The French steamer Envermen was in collision with the Condor, said to be of Spanish ownership, near the Greenland Wharf, adjoining the entrance to the Surrey Commercial Docks, and sank, but the whole of the crew were rescued.

A 3,000-ton steamer, the Epidauro, of Trieste, went ashore on the Gower coast. All the crew were rescued.

The Cunarder Carmania, from New York, ran into the fog at Fishguard, and stopped four miles off Strumble Head, where the Great Western tender picked her up and piloted her to anchorage.

All the Irish boats were hours late in arriving.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

THROWN OUT BY THE LORDS.

The Welsh Disestablishment Bill was rejected by the House of Lords on Friday after a debate lasting three days. The Bill thus comes under the Parliament Act in the same way as the Home Rule Bill, and both measures will go to the House of Lords again next session, if the present Government is still in power. The voting was as follows:—

For rejection ...	...	...	...	252
Against	...	...	...	51
Majority against ...				201

AGED M.P. DEAD.

Mr. Robert Cameron, Liberal member for the Houghton-le-Spring Division of Durham, died in London on Thursday morning in his eighty-ninth year. He had been in ill-health for some time, and for practically the whole of the Session had been paired with Mr. Chamberlain. He insisted, however, on voting on the third reading of the Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bills, and on each occasion was taken into the Division Lobby in a chair.

Mr. Cameron had represented the Houghton-le-Spring Division since 1895, and at the General Election was returned unopposed. At the election in January, 1910, his majority was 6,011.

POACHING AFFRAY.

At Newcastle Michael Cunningham, John Arkle, and Alfred Arkle, miners, were indicted for poaching at Longhirst, and for having feloniously shot at Robert Fairbairn, head gamekeeper.

There was a charge against the gamekeeper of having shot at John and Alfred Arkle with intent to do grievous bodily harm. The men pleaded guilty to poaching, but denied the shooting case.

Fairbairn was found not guilty and discharged. For the poaching Cunningham and John and Alfred Arkle were sentenced to nine months' imprisonment each, the Judge directing a verdict of not guilty on the charge of shooting with intent.

It was stated at a meeting of the London County Council that during the last six years contracts to the value of £155,000 had been given to British firms, the cost averaging 10 per cent. more than if the foreign contracts had been accepted.

Before the House of Commons reassembles after the adjournment, a tape news machine will be installed for the convenience of members.

THINGS THOUGHTFUL.

Life is a temporary and worthless affair, or a beautiful and enduring one according as the individual makes it so.

SOME PEOPLE'S RELIGION.

Religion is to the soul what health is to the body—it is the right ordering of all the faculties. Many persons think it is confined to certain faculties, which must be set buzzing at particular times. They treat it very much as a boy would a caged bird. They keep their religion at home all the week, and on Sunday they go and slip it into the cage and let it sing; but its voice is hushed the moment they take it out. They say you must not act outside of the church in a way that is inconsistent with your religion, or violate it, but that you are not to mind right living. Their religion is a certain spiritual partialism. They skim off and set aside a part of their nature, and regard that as the element of religion. How many times do men carry this thing to such an excess that it becomes a glaring absurdity before the world.—H. W. Beecher.

We require higher tasks because we do not recognise the height of those we have. Trying to be kind and honest seems an affair too simple and too inconsequential for gentlemen of our heroic mould.—Stevenson.

UNSELFISHNESS.

A great mathematician once said, "No man is competent to calculate accurately until he has as perfect a conception of two-ness as he has of one-ness." How true this is morally, as well as mathematically! There can be no large and noble estimate of life until one has reached the point where another's interest as well as his own enter into the solution of every problem.

GUARDING THE TONGUE.

A public man, when asked what he considered his best speech, replied, "The one I never made." Even those of us who do not make public addresses may often feel that the speeches we have not made, were kept from making, are among our greatest causes for thankfulness when each night falls. The sharp rebuke that even though deserved would have awakened resentment instead of a better feeling, the impatient or ungracious word that would have left its sting long after the mood that prompted it had passed, the suspicion that a little later proved to have been unfounded—how often we are humbly, overwhelmingly grateful that they were never uttered. "Guard me when I am off guard" is a prayer for every hour.

YOUR MISSION.

If you are sighing for a lofty work,
If great ambitions dominate your mind,
Just watch yourself, and see you do not shirk
The common little ways of being kind.
If you are moved to pity for the earth
And long to aid it, do not look so high
You pass some poor dumb creature faint with thirst,
All life is equal in the Eternal Eye.
If you would help to make the wrong things right,
Begin at home! there lies a lifetime's toil.
Weed out your garden, fair for all men's sight,
Before you strive to till another's soil.
God chooses his great leaders in the world,
And from the rest He asks but willing hands,
As mighty mountains into place are hurled,
While patient tides may slowly shape the sands.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DO YOUR OWN WORK.

I should like to know a man who just minded his duty and troubled himself about nothing; who did his own work and did not interfere with God's. How nobly he would work—working not for reward, but because it was the will of God. How happily he would receive his food and clothing, receiving them as the gifts of God! What peace would be his! What a sober gaiety! How hearty and infectious his laughter! What a friend he would be! How sweet his sympathy! And his mind would be so clear he would understand everything. His eye being single, his whole body would be full of light. No fear of his ever doing a mean thing. He would die in a ditch rather. It is this fear of want that makes men do mean things—George Macdonald.

PERSEVERANCE.

He who lacks perseverance may give up his endeavours just short of success. Often when clouds thicken and toil seems most vain, success may be close ahead in the darkness, waiting for him who has enough courage, perseverance and patience to go forward and win his crown.

HUMAN INFLUENCE.

Even our secret thoughts influence our fellows, for our thinking moulds our character, which in turn influences the conduct of others. I remember once going down to the shore of a beautiful big lake. The day was calm, and the silver surface of the water was as smooth as a mirror. The wooded hills were reflected so perfectly in the gleaming water that it was difficult to tell where land ended and where the water began. But soon I was amazed to see little waves breaking on the pebbly shore. I could not understand how there could be waves on such a perfectly calm day. There could be no tide, as on the ocean, and there was not a breath of wind blowing. What was the explanation? Just before I reached the shore a steamer had passed about three miles from shore. She had disappeared around a bend in the lake, but she had left her wake in the water three miles away, and those little waves had travelled all the way to the shore. And those waves would have travelled to the shore if the lake had been ten miles as wide. An ocean of human influence surrounds us, and whenever we speak a word or perform an act, a wave is started which will travel through our lifetime, and never stop until it reaches the shores of eternity.—Rev. W. S. Partridge, D.D.

SOWING THE SEED.

One must not count too closely on probable returns when he scatters the seed of the kingdom. Now, as of old, the birds and the rock will get some. The kind word may be speedily forgotten, the helpful deed may be misunderstood or abused, but we are responsible only for the sowing and not for the soil.

I have often wondered how it is that every man loves himself more than he loves all the rest of men, but yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinions of others.—Marcus Aurelius.

SELF-WILL.

"Self-will," says Cecil, "will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on." The self-willed life is always destructive. It inspires others, consciously or unconsciously. It ends by breaking and embittering itself. Happiness is impossible to the soul that seeks its own will and way. The only gate on the road of self-will is the gate of disappointment.