

"It is warmer out in the sunshine," said Carmelita, simply, and she made the fluttering Hepzibah bring a chair for the son, whilst she sat beside the mother on the wooden bench, and talked of the flower-beds which she was trying to reduce to order, and of the grandmother, into whom she was striving to put new life, and of the old house, into which she was trying to infuse some warmth. Upon all this she dwelt lightly and gracefully, and, then, listened with a rare, fine courtesy and gentle deference for age, to the elder woman's somewhat prolix accounts of village life and of her family affairs.

Andrew Rutherford was, meanwhile, left rather persistently out in the cold. But he was content to watch and listen. Besides, he so managed that before leaving, he had arranged to call upon the following Saturday, without the awkwardness of purposeless intrusion, to bring a book. On this occasion they sat out of doors, as before, but he was amused to see that Carmelita, in accordance with her Spanish notions of propriety, had installed Hepzibah as duenna. His acquaintance with the young girl, however, progressed much more rapidly than at his former visit. Conversation flowed freely and easily. Carmelita's manner was wholly free from stiffness or affectation, and he was surprised at the extent of her information upon a variety of subjects. He had always had a more or less clearly defined impression that girls in those southern countries were uneducated, or barely instructed in the rudiments of learning, with their catechism, at a convent.

Once, when Hepzibah had slipped away into the house, Carmelita began to tell of her bitter disappointment at being unable to go to church and her old servant's persistent refusal to accompany her.

"I have no desire to seem intrusive in any way," Andrew Rutherford observed with some hesitation, "but if you would permit me to call for you on Sunday morn-

ing I should be only too happy to act as guide."

Carmelita looked at him startled. Such an idea had never occurred to her. To walk two miles with this stranger. Mr. Rutherford read her sensations in her face as plainly as if she had expressed them.

"Under other circumstances," he said, quietly, "I should not have thought of offering my services, but you are anxious to attend church and I can see no other way of so doing.

"That is true," said Carmelita, simply, "it would be better to do it than remain away from church, so that after all, if grand-mamma does not object—"

Mr. Rutherford could scarcely repress a smile. In the primitive etiquette of that little town there was no reason whatever why a young man might not escort a young woman to or from church or any other public place. Mr. Rutherford knew very well that even to Mrs. Johnson's somewhat dulled wits there would be only a triumph unspeakable in having the most eligible party of the place in attendance upon her grand-daughter.

"She might object for the same reason that Hepzibah refused to show you the way," said Mr. Rutherford, "but otherwise—"

He paused, it was not so easy to explain matters to this young Spanish girl, who sat listening with her little air of courteous attention.

"Our code of etiquette is very different from yours," he said, at last. "With us a young lady may freely accept such attentions from a gentleman. And though we are but recent acquaintances there has been a long standing friendship between our families."

Perhaps he strained the truth a little, for the Rutherfords had always stood upon a higher social plane than the Johnsons, and the relations between them could scarcely have been called friendship.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]