

have drawn! It was a sublime picture, Pancho,' he said, sitting up again suddenly, 'and have kill the bull before our friend Pepe's sword have touch even the bone of hees back and make finish of him.'

'Look here, Enriquez,' I said bluntly, 'have you been serenading that girl?'

He shrugged his shoulders without the least embarrassment, and said: 'Ah, yes. What would you? It is of a necessity.'

'Well,' I retorted, 'then you ought to know that her uncle took it all to himself—thought you some grateful Catholic pleased with his religious tolerance.'

He did not even smile. 'Bueno,' he said gravely. 'That make something, too. In thees affair it is well to begin with the duenna. He is the duenna.'

'And,' I went on relentlessly, 'her escort told her just now that your exploit in the bull-ring was only a trick to divert the bull, suggested by the management.'

'Bah! her escort is a geologist. Naturally, she is to him as a stone.'

I would have continued, but a peon interrupted us at this moment with a sign to Enriquez, who leaped briskly from the hammock, bidding me wait his return from a messenger in the gateway.