

her eyes. 'These people are impulsive. The Spanish blood is a mixture of gold and quick-silver.'

She smiled slightly. 'That reminds me of your volatile friend. He was mercurial enough, certainly. Is he still dancing?'

'And singing sometimes,' I responded pointedly. But she only added casually, 'A singular creature,' without exhibiting the least consciousness, and drifted away, leaving me none the wiser. I felt that Enriquez alone could enlighten me. I must see him.

I did, but not in the way I expected. There was a bull-fight at San Antonio the next Saturday afternoon, the usual Sunday performance being changed in deference to the Sabbatical habits of the Americans. An additional attraction was offered in the shape of a bull and bear fight, also a concession to American taste, which had voted the bull-fight 'slow,' and had averred that the bull 'did not get a fair show.' I am glad that I am able to spare the reader the usual realistic horrors, for in the Californian performances there was very little of the brutality that distinguished this function in the mother-country. The horses were not miserable, worn-out nacks, but young and alert mustangs; and the display of horsemanship by the picadors was not only wonderful, but secured