

eyes, held it aloft dramatically, and hurled it overboard. Thereupon Elsie sat up in the bottom of the boat, mustered enough Spanish to say, "*Muchas gracias, señor!*" and forthwith fell into a fit of hysterical weeping and laughter.

Hopelessly embarrassed, the Cuban stared, twirling his moustache, while the coffee-coloured horse, neck-deep in the water, looked on indifferently. At last, despairing of any intelligible commands from *la bella Americana*, the Cuban pulled up the anchor stone, rowed the boat ashore, moored it securely, set Elsie, faintly protesting, on his horse, and led her back to the pink quinta at the head of the little bay.