

as far as I could detect, did either apparently make any effort to have it otherwise. The peculiar circumstance seemed to attract no attention from any one else. But for what I alone knew—or thought I knew—of their actual relations, I should have thought them strangers.

But I felt certain that the *festa* which took place in the broad patio of Don Pedro's casa would bring them together. And later in the evening, as we were all sitting on the verandah watching the dancing of the Mexican women, whose white-flounced *sayas* were monotonously rising and falling to the strains of two melancholy harps, Miss Mannersley rejoined us from the house. She seemed to be utterly absorbed and abstracted in the barbaric dances, and scarcely moved as she leaned over the railing with her cheek resting on her hand. Suddenly she arose with a little cry.

'What is it?' asked two or three.

'Nothing—only I have lost my fan.' She had risen, and was looking abstractedly on the floor.

Half a dozen men jumped to their feet. 'Let me fetch it,' they said.

'No, thank you. I think I know where it is, and will go for it myself.' She was moving away.

But Don Pedro interposed with Spanish