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tiny pearls, for a girdle. They lay in my hands, gleaming, glistening, like tiny globes of dawn-tinted snow; and they clung caressingly to my palm, and to my cheek when I laid my face against them, as if they were beseeching me to wear them — and keep them.

Marienella's dress pleased her wonderfully. It is made in the latest style — eight yards around the hem, and flounced to the waist, and there is a wreath of pink rosebuds festooned over the "bertha," and there is a veil to go with it — a real Spanish lace mantilla!

Marienella, when she saw it, dropped upon the floor, and laughed and cried.

"Oh, it ees too beautiful! What will my mother say, when she see dese mos' beautiful clothes! But de dress — de veil — it ees not of dese I t'ink mos'! No! It ees de goodness of everybody — of you, my mistress, of de Donna Anna, of my Rob! He so splendid, so beeg, so strong! Yet he ees of a kindness to me, such as I never have seen in any man! Dat make me to adore heem, ees it not so?"

Marienella is cuddled down beside me as I write. The beads of her rosary are slipping, slowly, and more slowly, through her fingers. And with every bead, not one prayer, but two prayers, from two happy hearts, go up to our Father in heaven.