

struggle with this vigorous youth. So he chose another and a safer mode. He sprang out and began to bawl loudly for the guard. But, very unfortunately, Russell could not speak a word of Spanish, and when the guard came up he could not explain himself. And so Russell, after all, might have had to travel with his unwelcome companion had not an unexpected ally appeared upon the scene. This was Ashby, who had been standing by, and had comprehended the whole situation. Now Ashby could speak Spanish like a native.

'See here, Russell,' said he, 'I don't mind giving you a lift. What's the row?'

Russell hesitated for a moment, but his rage against Lopez had quite swallowed up his anger at Ashby, and he accepted the aid of the latter. So he went on to explain what Ashby very well knew—the situation in the carriage. Ashby thereupon explained to the guard. The guard then ordered Lopez out. At which summons the gallant captain thought fit to beat a retreat, which he effected in good order, drums beating and colours flying, and with many expressions of polite regret to the ladies and many wishes for a pleasant journey. Arriving outside, however, our noble hidalgo found the blast of war blowing, and so he at once proceeded to stiffen his sinews and summon up his blood. Taking no notice of Russell, he advanced to Ashby.

'Señor,' said he in Spanish, 'for the part that you have taken in this matter I will call you to account.'

Ashby smiled disdainfully.

'You have insulted me,' said Lopez fiercely. 'This insult must be washed out in blood—your heart's blood or mine. I am going with this train.'

'Indeed! So am I,' said Ashby.

'We shall find a place—and a time.'

'Whenever you please,' said the other shortly.

'Señor, I will communicate with you.'

Both the young men bowed, and with their hearts full of hate they separated to take their places in the train. And now at this particular juncture there came forth from behind a pillar a female figure, which figure had been there for some time, and had closely watched the whole of Ashby's proceedings from beginning to end. It was impossible to see her face, but her graceful shape, and quiet, active movements, indicated youth, and suggested possible beauty. This figure hastened towards the train, and entered the very carriage into which Ashby had gone. The next moment the guard banged the door to behind her, the great bell rang, the engine puffed and snorted, and then, with the roar of steam, the clank of machinery, and the rumble of many wheels, the long train thundered out of the station on its eventful journey to the North.