

silence to essay to press her hand, she burst into a merry peal of laughter, and said, with anger,

"*You make love to me, too! Do you think I ham a half Hafrican like yourself, that you should think I would look upon you save to spit upon you! Because I 'ave treated you civil, master Pedro Blackamoor, you must think I would descend to be your wife! If I 'ad known, as I do now, what hall them bunches o' roses and forget-me-nots you sent me meant, I'd stamped on 'em before I wore 'em! You think because I'm Miss Mary's maid, I ham has low as you!"* With these words, which seemed strongly to disharmonize with the pretty mouth from which they fell, she took a faded flower from her hair, and flung it in the Creole's face. Pedro, who stood perfectly quiet and silent, immoveable as a statue, while she poured these biting insults into his ears, no sooner saw this act, than his eyes, which had been gathering dark and almost murderous fire, flashed like meteors beneath their half-veiled lashes; and stooping down, he caught up the flower, a forget-me-not, and placing it against his brow, he said in low, but remarkably distinct words,

"*Pedro will remember thee!"*

The words, though few and almost inaudible, were menacing. She felt them strike like cold steel upon her heart. Her cheek grew pale, and she was conscious that she had made an enemy of one of whose ill-will it was dangerous to be the object. But Hetty was wayward and wilful, and, with as much pride as beauty, felt that the confession of the Creole's love had degraded her to his own level; for she had yet to learn that every woman is truly complimented by the admiration even of a slave. If the lowest may love God, may not they love the highest among the beautiful creatures He has made!

The Creole now flung the sleeve of his brodered jacket across his eyes and mouth, and without turning upon her another look, proceeded at a slow pace towards the villa, which