

whistled the air from a distant corner ; even the faces of the geologist and doctor brightened.

'A tarantella, I presume ?' blandly suggested the doctor.

Miss Mannersley stopped, and rose carelessly from the piano. 'It is a Moorish gipsy song of the fifteenth century,' she said dryly.

'It seemed sorter familiar, too,' hesitated one of the young men, timidly, 'like as if—don't you know?—you had without knowing it, don't you know?'—he blushed slightly—'sorter picked it up somewhere.'

'I "picked it up," as you call it, in the collection of mediæval manuscripts of the Harvard Library, and copied it,' returned Miss Mannersley, coldly, as she turned away.

But I was not inclined to let her off so easily. I presently made my way to her side. 'Your uncle was complimentary enough to consult me as to the meaning of the appearance of a certain exuberant Spanish visitor at his house the other night.' I looked into her brown eyes, but my own slipped off her velvety pupils without retaining anything. Then she reinforced her gaze with a pince-nez, and said carelessly :

'Oh, it's you ! How are you ? Well, could you give him any information ?'

'Only generally,' I returned, still looking into