

eye until he could make this young lady's acquaintance, and then, if she objected to him possessing them, would place them at her disposal. Fate hastened this transfer in a way which was not at all to his liking. The fair enthusiast, having taken as many views as she desired, gathered a few flowers and strolled towards the chapel door. Though he had determined that some day he would surely know her, Winter was shy of meeting Eleanor face to face under the present circumstances, and he incontinently mounted a little flight of stairs leading to the belfry, leaving his camera, which happened to be at a little distance from him.

Eleanor glanced at the pictures with which the chapel was hung, and, finding them all deplorable, passed out of the building. She paused at the door, exclaiming, "I have left my detective!" and Antonio returned in search of it.

It chanced that Winter's camera, so far as regarded its exterior, greatly resembled Eleanor's, and the courier, chancing upon it first, bore it away in triumph. Winter finding Eleanor's, in his confusion not remembering exactly where he had left his own, presto! there was an unwitting exchange of instruments.

The mistake was not discovered by Eleanor for several days. The Thursbons left Toledo for Seville that afternoon on their first visit to the alcazar. Eleanor, in preparing to photograph some of the Moorish arches, first discovered that the internal construction of the camera in her possession was quite different from her own. There was no roll of sensitized paper, and instead the available space was packed with plate-holders filled with glass negatives. It was apparent that in some mysterious way an exchange had been effected. It seemed probable to the Thursbons that it had occurred somewhere en route from Toledo to Seville. Antonio was certain that he had carried Eleanor's camera directly from the convent of San Juan to the diligence which had conveyed them to the railroad station, and there had been no other travelers in the diligence and no other baggage. The train, however, had been crowded with tourists from Madrid, among others an English party with numerous portmanteaus, gun-cases, hat-boxes, and other baggage. These persons had gone on to Granada, and Eleanor had hoped that the mystery would be explained there.

Winter discovered the exchange sooner than Eleanor, and was much chagrined. "She will never believe," he thought, "that I intended to submit them to her. Her very reticence and her delicacy of feeling will suggest a thousand unworthy uses which I might have made of them. It was a piece of impertinence—what mischief-making demon tempted me to it?"

He presented himself at the hotel soon after the departure of the Thursbons. The landlord understood from his description who was meant, but it chanced that his pronunciation was faulty, and Mr. Thurston's chirography not of the plainest, so that Winter understood the name to be Thompson, and as he could gain no information as to their destination, the comedy of errors seemed no nearer its end.

Eleanor was deeply disappointed at the loss of her second roll of photographs. She had nothing to show for all her pains but a set of plate-holders containing she knew not what.

Feeling that these negatives might afford a clue to their owner, she decided after her return to New York to have them developed, and ordered one photograph to be printed from each. She was transfixed with astonishment, on the return of the set from the photographer's, to recognize in every view her own figure.

As a closer scrutiny revealed the ornate architecture of the cloister of San Juan in the background, the truth became evident: some unknown person, in all probability the mysterious occupant of the Magian's Tower, must have photographed her that afternoon. The discovery, though disturbing, was not altogether unpleasant. She told herself that the stranger's interest was only that of an expert in his profession; and yet, as she studied the negatives, she could not but recognize that the subject was very pretty, and that here was a

series of bewitching pictures. "They are the best photographs I ever had taken," she said to herself. "How fortunate that they fell into my hands. I wonder if he cared very much"; and a momentary pang of pity touched her for the unfortunate artist. "I will keep the negatives for him," she decided; "but I think that under the circumstances I am justified in reserving these prints for myself."

And here the romance of two cameras might have ended but for the intervention of the hero's sister, Miss Josie Winter, who chanced to have been Eleanor's room-mate at boarding-school, and who had long cherished the romantic project of a match between her brother and her dearest friend. Owing to the young man's frequent absence from home, on long tours connected with his profession, she had not been able to bring about a meeting.

"It is really odd that you did not run across Tom in Europe," Josie remarked, after greeting her friend. "He must have been in Spain while you were there. Are you quite sure you did not meet him?"

"Spain is a large country," Eleanor replied, "and we met a great many tourists first and last, but no Mr. Winter. I would have remembered the name for your sake."

"Indeed, if you ever met Tom you would remember him for his own sake," Josie replied, with a little sisterly pique. "He's the handsomest fellow you ever saw, and no end clever. Have you seen his last story, 'The Magian's Tower'; or, Geber the Enchanter?"

"No, dear; but the title interests me. We saw Geber's Tower when we were in Toledo."

"I will send you the magazine. It's a delightful story. The critics all say it's the most original thing. You'll be sure to like it. How did you succeed with your photography? I want you to show some of your work to Tom. I've told him what an artist you are."

"Unfortunately," Eleanor replied, "I lost all my Spanish photographs. It is no small disappointment, for I had taken a great many."

"What a shame! And I counted so much on those photographs. You see, Tom is raving about the wonderful work of some lady amateur that he met abroad. They must have become uncommonly well acquainted, for she gave him stacks and stacks of photographs which she had made. Ordinary things enough, too, but he says that they are works of genius. I told him to wait until he had seen yours; and now you haven't a thing to show him. It's just too provoking." Josie's glance roamed about the room and fell on the cloister photographs.

"What lovely portraits!" she exclaimed. "Why, Eleanor, you've been photographing yourself. I didn't know you were so vain. You must let me have one to show Tom. They are too sweet for anything."

"They are not mine; that is, I have no right to give them away," Eleanor replied, in some confusion. "Indeed, I did not take them. How could you think me so foolish?"

"Oh! I see," Josie replied coldly and with a slightly ironical intonation, "poor Tom hasn't the shadow of a chance. Well, you will come to us all the same on Tuesday and see the military parade from our front windows; we have invited only a few friends. Be sure to bring your camera."

Josie hurried home with indignation against her brother's supposed rival raging in her intense little heart. "She's lovelier than ever, Tom," she said to her brother; "lovelier than ever but somebody else has found it out. You are just too late. You always were like the impotent man in Scripture; while you are coming another steps in before you. He's a photographer, too, Tom, and Eleanor has posed for him in the most bewitching attitudes. I never thought she was self-conscious enough to do that for any one. He has presented her with the pictures, and she will not give me one, or even lend them to me, and acted so embarrassed about them that I knew in a moment that all my planning for you was in vain."

"Thank you, little sister; but I am rather glad at the turn affairs have taken," Thomas Winter replied seriously.

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