

for it is then that the careful entertainer will seek to bring his guests *en rapport* with one another, so to speak, and study them, that they may be placed at table in a manner mutually agreeable, and calculated to promote that "good digestion" which should ever "wait on healthful appetite." As worthy Mrs. Hazleton was not gifted with this species of tact, Emily good-naturedly did it for her, and the consequence was that in fifteen minutes the draw-room presented the spectacle of some twenty people thoroughly at ease with one another and themselves. Maud was as happy as a lark, and forgot her husband had ever been betrothed to another. Lansing Dacre was proud of the admiration his wife excited, and Mentor seemed fairly radiant with pleasure. Indeed Maud, on this occasion, appeared more like her former self, the old-time "Missey Maud," Mistress of Terreverde, than the half-drooping invalid she had been for the two past months. Her little robe of blue silk lawn seemed very like the robes of a fairy, and the white camelias in her golden hair were more beautiful than all the pearls or diamonds of the Ind; though, truth to tell, refined people everywhere are long passed making themselves walking advertisements of the jeweller.

The moments fled by, and dinner was announced. Just at this moment, a carriage drove up, and Emily approaching her husband and the writer said:

"Excuse me for my seeming abruptness. Carl, Mrs. Major M— was invited with her husband, by mother, but sent us word she had a guest from the Habanna, whom she could not leave,—and mamma of course sent her word that, it would give her great pleasure to have this lady's company also. They have just arrived. As our guests are about going in the dining-room, may I request you to escort this lady into dinner, and you sir," [addressing me] will perhaps—"

"Do myself the honor of escorting you thither?—certainly, Mrs. Schrieff," I rejoined.

We were all seated: Major C— was next to Maud. Dacre escorted a lady whose name escapes me. Mr. B— was by the side of Toty Grade. Mr. Mentor had a place assigned him next to the Lady of General K—, and Miss Goro was on the left of Colonel R—. Mr. Schrieff and the strange lady exchanged a few words in Spanish inaudible to me, and my seat next to Emily, was directly *vis-à-vis* to her husband and the guest from Habanna.

What a change had come over the features of Carl Schrieff. He was as pale as death, and the muscles about his eyes seemed to twitch convulsively. It seemed to Mentor, that this was not the first time, that he had seen the lady from Habanna, and Dacre's glance towards her was arrested by my eyes, and he looked like one moved by a dread of something I could not understand.

The stranger was tall and stately, and the grace of her movements I can scarcely convey by language. Her complexion was of an olive, but it seemed to have a faint tinge as of burnished copper, seen through a glass darkly. The hair was black as night, and straight as that of an Indian Queen. I could not keep from stealing stray glances at that woman. Her eyes gleamed with a deep light as from an unfathomable well, and although her demeanor was polished no decision could have been found by the most fastidious in her manners, there was a certain "Je ne sais quoi," that made me feel she had no right to be in our midst, other than a dark angel might possess to hover in Paradise.

The longer I gazed upon that woman, the stronger a vague likeness haunted me, as if her face was like to one that I had seen before, and ere the viands were sent away the image was fixed upon my brain.

This strange lady resembled Inlia, as a statue of gold might be fashioned like unto a statue of copper.

She spoke English with a slightly foreign accent; but not Emily Hazleton, the accomplished lady at my side, conversed with more faultless precision. In her company Carl Schrieff seemed to wither, and his

strength depart from him. There was a cruel malevolence in the way this stranger lady led him into conversation, and covered him with an embarrassment which she affected not to perceive. Once I saw Schrieff look up into the face of Emily, for a moment, as a lost soul might gaze up in the blue vault of heaven; and I felt sorrow, aye pity for him, when Emily cast upon him a look of stone, and turned to converse with Mentor who was not far distant on the other side of the table. Once I caught Maud's silvery tones, and Emily looking up in my face said:

"Is she not very beautiful?"

Schrieff thought that dinner would never have an end. Truth to tell, the salt sea-breeze, and the excellence of the repast, provoked the appetite, and Mrs. Hazleton had spared no pains to please her guests. The waters washing the beach but a few yards from the mansion, sang sweet songs in the ear of all save Carl and his companion; but the waves chanted a funeral dirge to his ear, and a song of vengeance to his Indian wife, who followed him as a blood-hound scents its victim.

Who shall tell the agony of that hour to that German's guilty heart? Years and years that had been buried, the fugitive from the old world had buried himself within the depths of the South-western wilds, and hungry, fainting, houseless and alone found shelter in the love of the Indian Queen of a semi-savage tribe.

In their midst he had lived for three long years, when the civilized man, sated of the barbarous life, and turned his steps away from the dark-eyed woman, who had loved him as the pale-faced maiden never dreamed of love.

Time passed on, and the tribe was driven far away in the unsettled Northwest of the Texan frontier, and the daughter had learned the vices of the white race, and sought only vengeance. In a few years the pupil who was goaded by her burning desire for revenge, had acquired, by fair means or foul the gold that Carl Schrieff worshipped and the accomplishments that Anglo-Saxon maidens so affect, and by the lynx-eyes of the old crone, her mother, had kept a record of Carl Schrieff's whole life. Safe from the laws, she knew there was no shelter for him from her vengeance, and she had nursed these dark passions even as the mother suckleth her young. All the semi-savage ferocity of her nature concentrating in one passion, she had been as the Nemesis ever on the track of the man she so jealously had loved and now so mercilessly hated.

Newspapers daily tell stranger romances than these of the women of the colder North, and those who know the Indian women of the far Southwest know that the wine of their life runs with warm and glowing tenderness for the true man, and is poisoned with unutterable terrors for the faithless heart.

Civilized or semi-savage, women over all the world are still the same!

Carl Schrieff did not refuse to take wine with her, and when the usual salutation was exchanged the ladies all withdrew. What a glance of hatred and terror he threw after her! Had that man's face been photographed that moment, by the truthful camera, the picture would have banished sleep from those who gazed upon it in the midnight

Then as the bottle passed how gay the German grew! His laugh was fearful, and his features worked in strange convulsive spasms that none of us could comprehend. He spoke of life as if it were an ebbing tide, and men were little barks tossed upon the sea's troubled bosom with each fickle wind. There were quaint fancies in his awful mirth not generous wine alone inspired, and at times his eyes would snap as if a coal of fire were burning at his heart.

I think we all were glad when the motion was given to adjourn to the drawing-room, and Carl leaned heavily on Mentor's arm as the door was opened.

It seemed like entering heaven to leave that dining-room and rejoin the ladies, who were engaged in that species of feminine prattle so unintelligible to men and so dear to all dimity. It will not do for you and

I, sir, to make fun of the dear creatures, nor to explore too closely the mysteries of their private converse; for between you and me, we might hear truths not at all flattering to our self esteem, as they are intuitively gifted with the power to jump at some very correct conclusions that we can only reach by inductive ratiocination and an immense amount of very stupid logic.

Coffee was brought in when the sun was nearly set, and on glancing over the drawing-room you might notice that the lady from Habanna had suddenly taken her departure, as if she were an evil spirit that had vanished in thin air.

...The moments glided by, and when the moon was rising some one proposed we should take a stroll down on the beach. Every minute circumstance of the walk comes back to me, as after the interval of years these lines are traced in a foreign land.

It was a glorious moonlight, when the last gleams of day were struggling with the mid-summer moon. Our party now followed affinities rather than etiquette, and directly in advance of Toty and I were Emily Schrieff, Maud, and Mr. Dacre. Directly after us followed Mr. Mentor and Mrs. Hazleton; while the remainder of the guests were divided into couples and trios as the fancy of the moment had dictated.

It was a beautiful beach, and the sand was studded with a myriad glistening tiny pebbles, like jewels strewn about with a lavish profusion no mortal wealth could rival, for the Everlasting God had given to this remote and almost unknown quarter of the globe a glory, prouder more densely settled lands can little comprehend, mocking, as it were, the patronizing pity of the Northern scorn, by strewing pearls of natural beauty in the pathway of the brave, true-hearted people of the Lone Star State.

Some asked where Schrieff was, but no one knew, and Emily—inconstant heart!—did not give him even a passing thought. Truth to tell, we all were happy in the glorious present, and in no mood to remember unpleasant things. Mayhap the writer was dreaming bright dreams with one who has lighted his pathway many an hour, and month and year since then. We were all enjoying the beauty of the night and the breeze from the bay that the Spanish Missionaries rightfully christened. Thus we sauntered on for half a mile, when some one said:

"What is that object in the water?"

"It looks like a log," said a lady.

"It cannot be a fish," exclaimed Col. T—.

Why did we all gather closer together and watch it? Certes each group drew very near one another, and many an eye was turned to the dark object that was so fearfully near.

"It is a human form," said Dacre.

It came no nearer for a moment, till a passing wave lifted it up, and then we saw a horror I can never forget though I were doomed to live a myriad life-times on this earth.

Uncle Abe suddenly emerged from the crowd of anxious watchers, and wading in the shoal water bore the burden a little way, but it was too heavy, and Dacre went forth with General K—, to his assistance.

The moon hid itself for a moment behind a cloud, and as it emerged again we saw the body and recognized Carl Schrieff—the poisoned man, who, in his delirium, had plunged into the waters to cool the fever Inlia's daughter's draught, dropped in his wine-cup, had evoked.

Why did they place that corpse almost at Emily's very feet? Why did they not hide it from the gaze of all who thronged in horror round about the miserable man, upon whose features not even the cool waters could wash away the fearful agony that his guilty soul had known before it went to its last account? And why did Emily hide her face in her jeweled hands and weep no tears, but stand in the stony attitude of one cursed in the hour of unutterable relief?

From the day of this fatal visit, Maud drooped as flowers fade in the glare of the midsummer noon. She was very cheerful,

and seldom evinced consciousness of what was now apparent to us all; but spoke of the future and of a return to Terreverde at a very early day.

So weeks rolled by. Her husband scarcely left her side an hour in the morning or the night-time, and on pleasant breezy afternoons she would wander with us a little distance down on the beach, and when she grew too weak for that, she used to drive with Toty and Lansing by turns in the little carriage that Mentor sent for from the Crescent City.

The time had passed when Maud had strength to see Terreverde again, and yet the little creature longed, longed for home, for the bright court-yard, and the shady trees, and the dusky forms of "my people," as the thirsting heart panteth after the water brooks, but wise men of science told us it was certain death to remove her now; that she could never survive the fatigues of such a journey.

One evening in September, when the sun had yet an hour or so, of life, Lansing sent Abraham to us, and Mentor, Toty, and I, went into the little chamber that over-looked the sea. The little one was lying on a couch, and her white robes seemed unlike the vesture of frail mortals. Those cheeks were burning red, and the mild eyes wore an unearthly brightness, while the wasted arm, and almost transparent hand told too truly the advancing feet were near.

As we came in, she beckoned to Abraham, and whispered in his ear, and the faithful fellow hiding his tears answered; "Yes, Missey Maud! shall be done; ole Ab'em go to de on' ob dis air worl' to please leble Missey."

"Darling," said she, taking Lansing's hand as he knelt down by her side, "Darling husband, I am fading away like the light of this beautiful evening, and while I have power to speak, I want to tell you some things it is necessary that you hear. You will not very long have any little wife to cloud your pathway. Lansing, I have loved you as God alone can know. You married me almost a child, and you forget, that your little wife would, had she lived, one day been a woman. Darling, you have always been very kind to Maud, and she is happy if she came in your existence, at an hour when you needed a little sister to take the place of the little Clarisse Dacre that died, ere it knew what Life and Love imported. Darling do not grieve for me when I am gone! It is better so. May I not come to you, hereafter Lansing, when you are happy, famous, and doing great deeds in this busy, noisy world—may I not come to you, darling, and whisper to you in the summer evening air, and will you not feel little Maud's spirit watches over you as angels guard the heroes clad in triple steel?"

He gave her to drink, and clasped her sweet form, and Mentor, I know, heard the muffled tread of the advancing feet.

"Oh, Maud! Maud! if I ever, since the hour I first saw you had a dream, a wish, a thought that was not of you, in you, for you, believe me I knew it not. Better than kindred, better than early dreams, and vagrant fancies, better than wild ambitions, better than my own soul, I have and do love you, Little Consolation of my life. I would die to spare you, O, so willingly, so gladly, Baby Maud!"

She would her little arms about his neck, and pressed her pale lips to his brow, struggling, as it were, with Death for the last moments of her life.

"Lansing, I am borrowing of your life. Nay, I must speak."

Mentor gave her to drink once again.

"I would say, love, husband, Lansing, you must conquer self, and rise above the trials of this hour. There is a better and a brighter land above, where there's neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and where the fire that consumes, and the jealousies that torture human hearts never enters—in the abode of the Blessed."

We all drew near her, and did not notice that Emily Schrieff was coming with Uncle Abe down the beach in the carriage.

(CONCLUDED ON SIXTH PAGE.)