

'Something of Chopin's,' suggested the geologist, ardently.

'That exquisite sonata!' pleaded the doctor.

'Suthin' of Rubinstein. Heard him once,' said a gentleman of Siskiyou. 'He just made that pianner get up and howl. Play Rube.'

She shook her head with parted lips and a slight touch of girlish coquetry in her manner. Then her fingers suddenly dropped upon the keys with a glassy tinkle; there were a few quick pizzicato chords, down went the low pedal with a monotonous strumming, and she presently began to hum to herself. I started,—as well I might,—for I recognised one of Enriquez' favourite and most extravagant guitar solos. It was audacious; it was barbaric; it was I fear, vulgar. As I remembered it,—as he sang it,—it recounted the adventures of one Don Francisco, a provincial gallant and roisterer of the most objectionable type. It had one hundred and four verses, which Enriquez never spared me. I shuddered as in a pleasant, quiet voice the correct Miss Mannersley warbled in musical praise of the *pellejo*, or wine-skin, and a eulogy of the dice-box came caressingly from her thin red lips. But the company was far differently affected. the strange, wild air and wilder accompaniment were evidently catching; people moved towards the piano; somebody