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matics which he translated from the Greek, but he was more noted as a chemist, and wrote the oldest existing work on chemistry, entitled, 'The Summit of Perfection.'

"Was there anything in it on photography?" asked Mr. Thurston.

"I am not sure," Eleanor replied; "but even if it has not come down to us, there is no proof that such a chapter did not exist. It may have been destroyed by the Inquisition."

"Thank you," thought Winter, as he made several rapid notes in his memorandum book. "There are some Arabian books of that period in the library of the Escorial which escaped the fires of the Inquisition on account of the beauty of their illumination. I'll look up 'The Summit of Perfection.'"

"Perhaps they called Geber's science the 'black art' from this very dark room," Eleanor suggested, unconscious of her auditors. "I can fancy it hung with black velvet, a faint spark glimmering in a ruby glass suspended in one of those beautiful Oriental lamps."

Thomas Winter choked a laugh. "If she could see the interior of that tower now," he thought, "the velvet hangings replaced by dirt and grime, and the red lantern I rigged from a penny candle and a broken Bohemian glass cologne-bottle."

Eleanor, ignorant of the mirth which she was exciting, continued, "Then, of course, there must have been apparatus of strange shape, and phials filled with potent elixirs, graduating-glasses of purest crystal, a trickling fountain, and tanks filled with the wonder-working fluids."

"The Senorita has then visited the Tower of the Magians?" It was the courier Antonio who asked the question.

"No, Antonio. Why do you ask?"

"Because the Senorita has described so precisely the interior. A stranger lives there now who holds no intercourse with the people of Toledo. No, I have not seen the room; but the little Candida, daughter of the multer who keeps his beasts below, climbed into the tower one day when the stranger was absent, and tells me it is fitted up as the Senorita has said, even to the ruby lamp and the strange bottles, which were not of the apothecary. If the Senorita would like to see the room, Candida will show it to her some time when the stranger is absent."

"The little Candida is very obliging," thought Winter. "I wonder whether the Senorita will accept the offer."

Eleanor, however, disclaimed all curiosity. "The man is very probably an innocent photographer," she said; "and at all events, I have no desire to pry into his affairs."

"Ah, no!" Antonio replied quickly. "I have been in a photographer's shop in Madrid. It was a great, sunny room, with a glass roof; not a dark tower like this. A room without windows! Surely those must be evil deeds which hide themselves from the light of heaven."

"What is the man's nationality?" asked Mr. Thurston.

"Some say that he is a Moor from Africa, who has come back after hidden treasures. When they fled away they took with them maps of their estates and the keys to their dwellings, intending to come again. So I say that this man is a descendant of one of the old magicians who has returned in search of some charm left walled up in the tower."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Thurston ironically, "this is the old magician Geber himself, who has been walled up all these years, and has at last hopped out as fresh as ever, like a toad from a block of sandstone."

"Perhaps," Antonio assented. "He is dark enough for a Moor, and the little Candida says he is no Christian; while he may have the power of the evil eye, for his glance is fierce and wicked."

"Indeed it is!" Winter almost uttered the ejaculation aloud, and it struck him that the possible cause for this adverse opinion lay in the fact that he had declined Antonio's offer to show him the cathedral for a plaster, and had neglected to chuck the little Candida under the chin, an omission which was all the more marked as he was the only traveler that season who had not bestowed some such token of appreciation upon the little beauty. The party on the balcony now

set out for the cloister of San Juan de los Reyes, and Winter repaired to his Magian's tower. "I wish I could have had a glimpse at the lady," he said to himself. "She is a remarkably suggestive young person. It wasn't exactly that what she said was so brilliant, but she has started me on a train of thought that I am sure I can make something of. Now, if ever I marry, that is just what I should like in a wife, a woman who would be an inspiration. I think I can make something, too, of that idea of an exhumed Geber come to life again in his laboratory and finding all his enchantments surpassed by modern science. I wonder what the girl looks like. I believe I will take my camera and casually stroll down to the convent of San Juan. Something may come of it."

And something did, but not what Winter had expected. Entering the chapel of this little jewel-box, built in the exuberant style of the later Gothic by the great Cardinal Ximenes, Winter heard voices in the adjoining cloisters. Shielded by the ivy which screened the window, he could see Eleanor flitting about the cloister garden, absorbed in admiration of the series of fine effects rendered by the luxuriant semi-tropical foliage in its setting of arches carved in all the exquisite caprice and richness of the Spanish flamboyant architecture.

It was a rare spot, and Eleanor was presently busy with her camera, rapt in a fine ecstasy of enthusiasm, and unconscious of the beautiful poses into which she threw herself as she moved from shady corridor to sunny garden, now pausing to scent a rose, to catch a few drops from the fountain, to place a camellia on the breast of the image of the Virgin under one of the canopied niches, or to bestow a little caress on her father as he rested on one of the stone benches once used by the Franciscan friars. Winter thought that he had never seen so graceful or so beautiful a girl, and mentally compared her rapid and agile movements with those of a humming-bird.

The photographer's instinct was too strong for him to resist, and instead of presenting himself openly in the cloister, he had his camera in order in a moment, and from his point of vantage behind the ivy had soon filled all his plate-holders with different views of the same lovely subject.

With all his triumph he had an uneasy feeling that the proceeding was not quite an honorable one; but he quieted his conscience with the mental vow that he would lock these plates from mortal

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