

his hand, reaped the barrier, and rejoined the audience in safety. I did not wait to see the deadly, dominant thrust with which the matador received the charging bull ; my eyes were following the figure now bounding up the steps to the balcony, where with an exaggerated salutation he laid the drawing in Miss Mannersley's lap and vanished. There was no mistaking that thin, lithe form, the narrow black moustache, and gravely dancing eyes. The audacity of conception, the extravagance of execution, the quaint irony of the sequel, could belong to no one but Enriquez.

I hurried up to her as the six yoked mules dragged the carcass of the bull away. She was placidly putting up her book, the unmoved focus of a hundred eager and curious eyes. She smiled slightly as she saw me. 'I was just telling Mr. Briggs what an extraordinary creature it was, and how you knew him. He must have had great experience to do that sort of thing so cleverly and safely. Does he do it often ? Of course, not just that. But does he pick up cigars and things that I see they throw to the matador ? Does he belong to the management ? Mr. Briggs thinks the whole thing was a feint to distract the bull,' she added, with a wicked glance at the geologist, who, I fancied, looked disturbed.

'I am afraid,' I said dryly, 'that his act was