

A Spanish Beauty

"To convince me that we might have spent our time more pleasantly and profitably in playing the spy and spy-dropper—yes, spy-dropper!"

"My first act," Donna Inez went on, her dark eyes flashing, "when I reached the castle, was to go to Lord Roderick, confess all my baseness, and beg his pardon. That I thought and regret, I do not deserve; but he loves me, and he is great-hearted—he will grant it."

"You take a strange way of showing your fondness, señor. Rest easy; there shall be no scene—no quarrel. I confess my own faults; I tell no tales of others. My lord shall never know from me that the friend he trusts, the kinsman he loves, strove to betray him."

"You are a strange woman, my lady. You are not in the house—neither was Gerald. Where had they gone?"

"I came here to fight," Rory answered, so lost in grief and amazement and horror that he scarcely knew what he had said, "and saw her floating. Great Heaven! who could have done this?"

"Herself, maybe," suggested O'Moore. "Faix, I've known them to do it often in the town beyond."

"Kathleen commit suicide? Never. There has been foul murder done here, and the murderer shall be hunted down, by the light above us!"

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"I will go," Rory said, "poor old O'Neal—yes, you can prepare the burden and convey the body without me."

"The dead tell no tales. Someone is the better for her being out of the way; and yet—poor little Kathleen!"

"What do you mean? Speak out, Gerald! You suspect someone?"

"My good fellow," Gerald Desmond said in his lightest tone, "you have more

If those pleasant days would but return, and I had the ordering of Mr. Morgan's fate!"

"Who are you? Ah!—with ineffable disdain—"Morgan, the attorney! Have you murdered her, that you know so well where to come to look for the body?"

"Of reskying the body from the fishes—yes," said the town constable, bluntly. "Hould your dirty pate, Mister Torney, an' don't be accusin' yer betters. Oh, the purty darlin'! Troth, Lord Roderick, it's a thousand pities, so 'tis. How did you light on the body at all?"

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fresh glow made by the breezes of Jersey. She's Lily Langtry, 'the Jersey Lily,' unwithered after 57 years!"

"Age has no terrors, and time no blight for Lily Langtry."

The ladies had gone to the drawing-room, and he was waiting impatiently to follow, when a servant entered and announced that Sheriff French wished at once to see him.

"To see me?" repeated Rory. "What can the sheriff wish to see me for? Send him in, Mike."

"A very painful duty, my lord—not private, I regret to say. Lord Roderick Desmond—his hand fell heavily on the young man's shoulder—"you are my prisoner!"

"Arrest me! What do you mean?" "I am very sorry, my lord, but duty must be done. Here is my warrant. I arrest you in the queen's name for the willful murder of Kathleen O'Neal!"

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GOOD SHORT STORIES "Lady de Bath—our old friend, Mrs. Langtry, is bringing out a novel and a volume of memoirs," said a Chicago publisher.

"Lady de Bath during dinner said to a woman seated near her: 'Who is that fat man over there with the curious blue face?'"

Jean Paul Laurens, the famous French painter, was the son of an honest care driver of Toulouse. At one time when the painter was at the height of his Parisian reputation it happened that two old women at Toulouse were talking about the Laurens family.

"Let me see," said one, "there were two boys, weren't there?" "Yes."

Learning that it was difficult for his regular collectors to get results in collecting from the Swedish population of the town—of which there was quite a sprinkling of a Swedish collector to corral the payments of his dilatory countrymen. The new collector spent three days in the field; then he came in to make a report of progress.

"Yen Jensen," he began, "has say hay pay next week. Ole Oleson, has say you pay day week, vich he 'free weeks off yet, an' Yon Yonson, has say hay pay in January."

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