

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, I was to go to Lord Roderick, confess all my baseness, and beg his pardon. That I did, and he granted it."

"Let me congratulate you, Donna Inez. I rejoice sincerely that you have both been deceived, and that Rory has come forth from the ordeal unscathed. At the same time—let me bid you goodbye."

"Good-bye! And why, señor?" "Because a scene, a quarrel, are so very unpleasant, and I foresee both in prospective. With the best of motives, I have led you into error; as you say, we have played the spy, and my lordly cousin is a little of a first-class when aroused. Rory and I have never had a quarrel as yet—I am absurdly fond of the lad. I will shrink a quarrel now if I can."

"The dark, disdainful eyes of the donna flashed scornfully upon him in the moonlight." "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."

"Donna Inez!" "Enough, señor. We will waste no words on this subject. I think, after to-night, I shall understand you thoroughly."

"She waved him down with the imperious grace of an insulted empress, and sped on so fleetly that it was all he could do, with his long, fine-struck, to keep up with her. Not another word was exchanged. Gerald Desmond ground his teeth in 'curse, not loud, but deep.' As the best gamblers must, occasionally, he had staked and lost."

"Rory stood in the long, low, old-fashioned drawing room, very much satisfied. Lady Inez was not in the house—neither was Gerald. Where had they gone?" "She swept in as he stood there alone in dense perplexity, her dark, Castilian loveliness aglow, the Spanish eyes brilliant as stars, the rich, black hair falling loose and long, her mantilla and her mantilla and crossed over to where he stood, clasped both hands round his arm, and looked up in his face with wondrous shining eyes of splendor."

"My lord! my love! can you ever forgive me?" "Inez!" "Ah, no kisses, no caresses, until you know how low I have fallen, how unworthy I am. Lord Roderick, I have been playing the spy."

"Upon me?" "It flashed upon him at once—the truth. She had suspected, had followed—had seen him meet Kathleen, and hear the poor girl's body to her father's house. She was to have been my wife in a month—only three nights ago she gave me her promise."

"Did she, now?" said O'Moore, sotto voce. "Then by this and that I don't wonder, let us prepare a bundle and bear the poor girl's body to her father's house. She was to have been my wife in a month—only three nights ago she gave me her promise."

"Poor little Kathleen!" "There was more than pity in his voice. He knew that all the greatness was hers, not his."

If those pleasant days would but return, and I had the ordering of Mr. Morgan's fate!" He looked gloomily down the stream, thinking how the mighty were fallen since those days of yore. An instant later and he had leaped up with a bound and an exclamation; for there before him floated on the placid water the most terrible object moonlight or sunlight can shine on—an upturned dead face. It was the face of a woman; he could see that by the floating dress and the long, bright hair. The features under the glimmering water he could not clearly discern. He stood for one instant of time appalled—then, with a light leap of a young stag, he was in the water, and holding the drowning body in his left arm, struck out with the right for the shore. He drew his lifeless burden up on the turf bank, shook himself like a dripping Triton, and looked down upon the face lying so still and white on the grass.

"Oh, God! Kathleen!" His cry went echoing down the desolate glen, high and shrill; for there, before him, marble white, marble cold—drowned—lay Kathleen O'Neal!

"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?"

"Morgan gathered himself up, livid with rage and fear and fury, bleeding from a broken nose, and shook his fist with ferocious glare at the slender young aristocrat."

"I accuse you, Lord Roderick Desmond, and your rank shall not save you. Mind, O'Moore, we caught him in the act."

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

"I came here to light," 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!"

"His fiery blue eyes flashed on Morgan. The Cockney attorney returned the look with one of bitter hatred."

"He shall, and shall hang like a dog, were he the highest in the land! Here, where he lies, let us prepare a bundle and bear the poor girl's body to her father's house. She was to have been my wife in a month—only three nights ago she gave me her promise."

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fresh glow made by the breezes of Jersey. She's Lily Langtry, "the Jersey Lily," unwithered after 57 years! This is her latest photograph, taken just after she wrote her first novel, "A Great Merit," which critics say is of great merit.

"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." The sheriff of the town entered, very pale, very grave.

"Well, French," Rory said, advancing to meet him, "nothing private, I hope? What is it?" "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—"are my prisoners!"

With a simultaneous cry every man sprung to his feet. For Rory, he stood an instant astounded; then, with a backward bound, he shook off the sheriff and sent him reeling.

"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!"

"Yes," "Well, you have to expect that. My wife was that way. Every time she heard a noise downstairs she'd rout me out and chase me down to investigate. After a time, however, I convinced her that if a burglar ever did get into the house he wouldn't make any noise at all."

"Don't do it, I'll try that." "If for your wife's anything like mine she'll turn right about and worry every time she doesn't hear a noise downstairs."

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