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large, luminous, dark brown glorious eyes, rested on my face with a look of intense concern and glowing interest.

"You will not need that weapon, Senor Carbonnell," she said, glancing at the revolver I still held.

"I am convinced of that," I answered, smiling, and tossed it on to the table.

"I thank you. You trust me," she said, with a smile, as she gave me her hand. "I am Sarita Castelar, this is my good aunt, Madame Chansette ; Colonel Livenza, here, is now anxious to make amends to you for the extraordinary occurrences of to-night."

He was standing with a very sheepish, hang-dog expression on his face, and when she looked at him, I saw him fight to restrain the deep feelings which seemed to be tearing at his very heart during the few moments he was fighting down his passion. He looked at me with a light of hate in his eyes, crossed to the door, and threw it open.

"If I have made a mistake I regret it," he said, sullenly.

"Senor Carbonnell will give his word of honour, I know, not to speak of anything that has happened here to-night," said the girl.

"Willingly. I pledge my word," I assented, directly.

"Then we will go. Our carriage is waiting ; will you let us take you to your hotel ?" And without any further words we left the room and the house, Sarita insisting that I should lead Madame Chansette while she followed alone, having refused the Colonel's escort.