

quez. I delivered his excuses as naturally as I could. She stiffened for an instant, and seemed an inch higher. 'I am so sorry,' she said at last in a level voice. 'I thought he would have been so amusing. Indeed, I had hoped we might try an old Moorish dance together which I have found and was practising.'

'He would have been delighted, I know. It's a great pity he didn't come with me,' I said quickly; 'but,' I could not help adding, with emphasis on her own words, 'he is such an "extraordinary creature," you know.'

'I see nothing extraordinary in his devotion to an aged relative,' returned Miss Mannersley, quietly, as she turned away, 'except that it justifies my respect for his character.'

I do not know why I did not relate this to him. Possibly I had given up trying to understand them; perhaps I was beginning to have an idea that he could take care of himself. But I was somewhat surprised a few days later when, after asking me to go with him to a rodeo at his uncle's, he added composedly, 'You will meet Mees Boston.'

I stared, and but for his manner would have thought it part of his extravagance. For the rodeo—a yearly chase of wild cattle for the purpose of lassoing and branding them—was a rather brutal affair, and purely a man's function; it was