

polished green, would make picturesque and appropriate vases for the long-stemmed flowers with which she was wont to brighten the shadowy corridors of the quinta. The implement which she had brought for the cutting down of these hard, hollow growths was, of course, not an axe, but a small, keen hand-saw, which she had slipped into the tiny "cuddy" in the bow.

At the head of the green, alluring pool a tiny stream came in, rippling thinly over the yellow sand. About twenty paces from the mouth of the rivulet, where the water was about four feet deep—although so clear that the depth did not seem over a foot and a half—the girl brought her little craft up into the wind, lowered her sail, and dropped the heavy stone which served as anchor. Then, drawing her slim figure erect beside the mast, she went overboard in a clean graceful dive, shooting along beneath the surface like some curious blue and ivory fish.

The delight of swimming in that radiant flood of liquid emerald and beryl, delicately and blandly cool, was such that she told herself she could never again enjoy swimming in the harsh and grim-hued waters of her own North.

For perhaps ten minutes she swam ecstatic-