

"Oh, si, señora, si," he said, rubbing his small yellow hands together, and looking inexpressibly happy; "yes, Habana, too pretty—too bootefool—De handsomes seety in de voorl'. Sish handsom hous', sich graate iglesias, schurches, noble gardin, fine street, big castle, frigate of all nation—speak sonorous Spanish language. I wish too mosh señorita make go to Habana!"

"Pedro!"

The Creole jumped at the startling sound of his master's voice, and bent low before him.

"Has the master of the scudder had his dinner, and has he drank his bottle of wine?"

"Si, señor, me go see!"

"Father, who is that low-browed man who came to see you just as we rose from the table?"

"He came on business. Brought me this letter! Girls and women know nothing about business matters. Don't be inquisitive, child."

"I am not inquisitive, father. But it seemed to please you and yet to trouble you, at one and the same time, that I could not but feel some curiosity to learn from whom it came. I half hoped"—

"Half hoped what?" he said, turning and looking her full in the face.

"That it was some news from my brother."

"None from him. He is in England, and doing his duty to his king and country."

"Poor George!" sighed the maiden. "My brother, and yet my country's foe!"

"You need not make yourself unhappy about him. He is as much of an Englishman as you are an American. He was born in London and you in Maine!"

"Yet America is his true country. I heartily wish that—"

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