#### CHAPTER VIII.

After dinner, therefere, feeling ridiculously weak, Derwent passed out of his room for the first time since he had entered it, and found himself in the court he had so often admired. Under the great arch of a passage which led to the front of the house, and of another which led to a second court behind, hung large and brilliant lamps, the light of which was reflected in the basin of the fountain that occupied the centre of the patio, while about it were grouped wide-leafed tropical plants in terra-cotta pots of native manufacture. Around the court a broad, tiled gallery ran, supported by pillared arches, under which there were glimpses of various apartments. One of these was the dining-room, and its open doors revealed a table still covered with the remains of dessert,-stands piled high with beautiful fruit, tall, slender wine-bottles and cut-glass liqueur-decanters, gleaming in the light of low-swinging lamps.

Following Ramon's noiseless tread Derwent passed to where wide glass doors showed a large and lofty apartment, which charmed his eye at once by its picturesque grace and comfort. And yet, with the exception of a few articles of foreign luxury, it was such a room as might be found in any house belonging to a family of means, throughout Mexico, and had a beauty independent of its furnishing, in its noble profloor were scattered Eastern rugs, inter- now. the Mexican tiger-cat. A variety of low, I you condescend to speak it also," said Derluxurious couches-distinctly European, these-were mingled with easy-chairs of inviting form. There was an upright piano, with a searf of Japanese silk of softly-blended colors thrown across its top, a long, low bookcase filled with volumes, and various tables, on almost all of which bowls and vases of flowers stood, while the whole was lighted by two lamps of Moorish design which hung from the ceiling by long silver chains. Altogether, simple as these things would have been in a different place, it was not such an apartment as one would, without warning, have expected to find under the shadow of the Sierra Madre; and Derwent's surprise was excusable as he stood for a moment motionless on the threshold.

"Enter, senor, enter," said Ramon, pushing wider yet the open doors. He glanced around. "Ah! the senorita," he said, as a lady rose and advanced from the farther end of the long room.

As she came toward him, it seemed to Derwent as if he had not before had the least idea of her surpassing beauty. Not even in the Alameda of Mexico, when she walked past him like a princess, draped in rich black lace, had he fully recognized the prefection of her loveliness. But here it fairly dazzled him. The foreign, semi-Oriental room, with its shadowy corners and the circles of shining light from its hanging lamps, made an harmonious background for the graceful figure that, clad in soft white India silk clasped by a silver girdle at the waist and fitting high to the throat, under a silver collar wrought with the fairy-like delicacy of Mexican work, moved over the polished floor with the ease of a granddame and held out a slender hand to him.

"I am very glad to see you, senor," she said, with gentle graciousness, "and more than glad that you have recovered sufficient ly to be able to join us. Pray take this

With her own hands she moved forward a large wicker chair, fitted with soft cushions of crimson silk, and Derwent was glad to sink into it, with a murmured apology, white she sat down on a divan opposite and looked at him with her dark, beautiful eyes full of solicitude.

"You are very pale," she said. "Shall not send Ramon"-who still lingered at the door-"for a glass of wine?"

"Oh, no,-thanks," he answered. "You are very kind, but I am only a little weak. I have felt more weakness from my wound than would have been the case had I not lost so much blood," he added, apologet-

"And then the fever," she said. "Considering both these things, I think you have made great strides toward recovery. It the result. was only a week yesterday since you were brought into the house insensible, -we al-·most thought a dying man."

"I owe you many excuses for making such a sensational entrance," he said, smiling. of duty and which affords abundant occupa-"It must be very unpleasant to have an apparently dying man brought without any infinite pleasure as well as infinite employwarning to your door. But then what would have become of me if the senor, your father, had not met and succored me in the most truly Samaritan fashion? I am afraid the dying would soon have become a grim

"There is a strong probability of it," she answered ; "and therefore we are very grateful for the chance that brought you here. It has been a great pleasure to do what we could for you, and to know that you were

getting better.' "What should I have been made of if did not get better?" he said. "It is the only your great kindness.'

"Let us not talk of that," she said, with a slight wave of the hand. "Our kindness is nothing. In Mexico it is not considered remarkable to show hospitality to any one,especially to a wounded stranger. The re- best speed and ride for miles over our great markable thing would be if one failed in it. But probably you do not know Mexico well, senor ?"

He perceived that she wished to change the subject, and followed her lead at once. Derwent, looking at her, felt a quick thrill Court of the Maharajah of Jeypore bear a "No," he answered, "I cannot say that I know Mexico well; but I have at least the desire to know it better. The mere idea of the country always exercised a great fascination over me.

"Then you did not think of us as barbarians,—as I have been told that the most of your countrymen do?" she said, hacienda in the Bajio-you know that stretch by combining it with hydrogen is regarded

ignorant of Mexico, senorita," he replied, place and this, with a month or two now and but I really do not think their ignorance then in Mexico. But, rich, productive, and leads them so far as that."

It is a little singular, is it not, that in Europe 1 Miraflores." no such idea exists with regard to us ?"

"Europe knows you better," he answerwith Europe, rather than with her immedi- she said, with an enchanting smile. ate neighbor. There was very good reason for this, as you know. I have no excuses | "What should a Mexican haciendado, with to make for my countrymen, senorita. The his heart among his flocks and herds, do narrow-minded vanity which induces him thinks of our Mexican airs." to fancy himself the exemplar of the human race is not less remarkable.

your countrymen," she said, showing her and with her natural, unstudied charm of pearly teeth in another smlie.

confound the defects with the virtues."

"Yes," she said, meditatively, "that is very true. Mexicans have undoubtedly some defects, although I really think—and it is not only because I too am a Mexicanthat they have also great virtues."

"Even from the little that I have seen of them, I am very sure of it," said Derwent, consider yourself altogether a Mexican."

"I do, however," she said, lifting her head a little higher, with a pride that became it well. "I am Mexican in heart and soul, as flected like a mirror every object placed up. well as in blood and birth. It is true that Maurizio, -- "one of the wild native airs that tinent. on it, and the delicate arabesques traced up. my dear father comes of another race; but on its plastered walls. Over the shining he will tell you that he is altogether Mexican

spersed with the silky white fleece of the | "I am glad that he has at least not laid Angora goat and the handsome spotted fur of aside his knowledge of English, and that

went, smiling. "But here comes one who does not," said

the young lady, rising. Derwent rose, too, as an elderly lady entered the room. He knew her at once as Dona Zarifa's companion when he saw the latter in the Alameda, -a handsome, middleaged woman, very brunette and inclined to bers that he is dead, and ends with a cry of embonpoint, as all Spanish women are after despair. a certain age. With a few words of greeting, she held out a soft, kindly hand to Derwent, who bowed over it.

"This is my cousin, Senora Peralta," said Dona Zarifa. "She hopes you are recovering. If you speak French, you can answer her in that language.

so he answered Senora Peralta's inquiry, the room. and then, in reply to other questions, gave a circumstantial history of his wound and all relating to it. Both ladies listened to him attentively, and the subject was hardly | Maurizio,-"our good friend and chaplain, exhausted when Don Maurizio came in.

"Ah, Mr. Derwent," he said, cordially, "I am delighted to see you here. You look better already. A little society is a good thing; although I must warn you that we can offer you very little variety in that line hands. at Miraflores.

Derwent replied very sincerely that it was impossible to desire better society than he found at Miraflores. "But I have heard," he said, "that most Mexican proprietors of pressed my regret sooner. But you are getlarge estates do not live on them, because of ting well? their loneliness."

"It is, unfortunately, true," answered his host. "The estates are generally so large, and the distances from one to another so great, that wealthy Mexicans do not, as a go. rule, live on their haciendas, except for a few weeks in the course of the year.

"That is what I was told when I expressed a desire to see something of life on an hacienda," said Derwent. "" Nobody lives on the haciendas but the agents,'I was assur- | Often as he had heard this beautiful song ed. 'There is no life there of the kind you fancy. Mexicans of the higher class all live in the capital or abroad.'

"Allowing for exceptions," said Don And the consequence is that half the and the noble strains lingered in his ear long to which she is most accustomed? Great exebefore long to pass into the hands of aliens. When men leave their estates in the control of agents, the result is mismanagement in all head on his pillow. Still in his memory respects. Who knows this better than an Irishman? Absenteeism has been the curse of my country; and it is in a great degree the curse of Mexico. So when I became a Mexican I determined that I would not fol- of which shone the star-like splendor of the low the prevailing fashion. Great estates came into my hands, and I resolved at once to administer them myself. I have done so for twenty years, and I am rather proud of

"And you have not found it very irksome sarifa." to live on an hacienda?"

"I cannot understand how a man can find anything irksome which is in the clear line tion for his hands and head. I have found ment in my life. An Irishman from Galway naturally loves everything connected with a free, out-door life; and I have taught my daughter to love it as well as I do myself. She is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and we live in the saddle half our time. By the bye, if you like riding, I can give you a good

mount." Derwent's eyes brightened. "I am a Southerner," he said, as if that were answer enough. "Half of my life I have spent in Louisiana, and half in the blue-grass to the first, and my father to the last. Not way in which I can show my appreciation of even in Galway do you think more of

riding than we do. "And in neither are there such plains over which to ride as in Mexico, I am sure," said Dona Zarifa. "Ah, it is like flying through the air to put one's horse at his

Her delicate nostril dilated as if she inhaled the breezes sweeping over the wide leagues of space of which she spoke; and some day to ride by her side.

" And do you really, then, spend all your time here?" he asked, addressing Don

Maurizio. "Here at Miraffores? Oh, no," that gentleman replied. "I have another large of fertile country between Irapuato and "The most of my countrymen are very Queretaro? I divide my time between that beautiful, too, as the Bajio is, both my " Does it not ?" she said, rather incredul daughter and myself prefer this wilder ously. "I have heard that in the States country; and if we were called upon to Mexico is considered a barbarous country. name our home, I think we should say

"Without doubt," said Dona Zarifa. heaven.

"There is no place in the world so dear to

me as this." "That is very good for a girl who is fresh from a season in Paris, is it not ?" said Don Maurizio, as he laid his hand caressingly on her wrist.

She placed her other hand over his, and looked up at him with her dark eyes melted. "Up to the present time, all Mexico's | ing into a more liquid softness than they had social and commercial intercourse has been known before. "You were not in Paris,"

"No, thank heaven!" he answered, gayly.

"You are not very complimentary to thought, in her soft, shimmering draperies, near the Congo. plains, the sad, gentle faces and passionate mission a little too late to catch the party. eyes of the people; then the strain sank to

> melody it ended. then caught and formulated by the com-

"What did it say to you, senor?" asked Zarifa, turning around.

He told what it had suggested, and she smiled as if pleased. "A girl is now relating how her lover has been killed among the wild mountains, and how her own heart is broken," she said. "At the close she wanders back to memories of their first love, of how in the summer night he would come and sing beneath her window. Then she remem-

"A very mournful motif," said Don Maurizio. "Give us something a little more cheerful, and then I will play physician and order Mr. Derwent to bed.

"Sing an Ave Maria, my child," said a quiet voice at the door; and as Derwent looked in that direction he saw a tall, slender

"This is a member of our family group whom you would have met earlier if he had not been absent until to-day," said Don Padre Francisco.

There was something very charming in the dark, gentle face, with finely-outlined features and soft brown eyes that looked at Derwent with a smile as they shook eleven and one-half inches long, or one-sixth was two hours before they could tell for cer-

"I am grieved to hear of your accident, senor," he said, in very good English. "As Don Maurizio has remarked, I have been away for two weeks, else I should have ex-

Derwent replied suitably, and then, turning to Dona Zarifa, said, "I hope that, since I am under orders to retire, senorita, you will sing at least one more song before I

"I will sing the Ave Maria for which ed padre has asked," she replied. "I think you will like that.'

Derwent was very sure of it, when he heard the strains of Cherubini's Ave Maria. before, it was always in a soprano arrangement, and he thought that he had never appreciated its exquisite harmonies until he heard them rendered by Dona Zarifa's rich contralto tones. She sang it like a prayer;

his chamber. They haunted him after he had laid his vibrated the full, mellow notes of the en chanting voice, and before his eyes floated a silver ornaments, and the beautiful face out less clothes in the dirt. trf k eyes.

It was not strange that his last thought before falling asleep was to say to himself, a neighbor for the day. The deer plun-Zeverely, "I must take care that I am not

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# How it Came About.

Some time ago we heard how Prince Albert Victor, of Wales, shot his first tiger, wifely instincts outraged she seized them fortable snow drift, and the sleigh went on but it appears that the sports provided by the Maharajah of Jeypore for the entertainment of his royal guestare not confined to the jungle or the forest. His Highness is described as inviting the Prince one morn- in a good cry. ing, as well as all the Europeans, residents and tourists, in Jeypore to witness a fight between two elephants. The animals, on entering the open space, chased away, it is said, the 30 or 40 spearmen who incited them | that 'anything useless is dangerous.' What | young man but recently married. "I did to combat, and thereupon they charged each | do you think of that, my dear?" other. After fighting with equal success for some time, they were separated with fool who didn't know what he was talking in fact, I don't think a man is responsible region of Kentucky,-my mother belonging charges of gunpowder somke directed toward about. There is nothing dangerous about for the time he proposes. It just comes them. The royal party then went to another you, is there?" open court, where the fights were carried on in succession between pairs of quail, partridges, cocks, black bucks, hogs, deer, rams, sambhur, boars and buffaloes. "The animals," says a witness of the scene, "were all in excellent condition and fought with great fury, especially the rams, sambhur and boars." The writer is careful to state that the various combatants were always separated before any injury was done ; but it must be confessed that modern sports and pastimes at the at the thought that he might be permitted rather strong resemblance to old fashioned barbarity.

# Fireproof Wood.

The recent discovery by a New England chemist of a cheap method of dissolving zinc as a most valuable one. The product is a solution called zinc water, and has the property of making wood to which it has been applied absolutely fireproof, and at a very low cost. This discovery is likely to revolutionize fire insurance, as well as to im mensely decrease the loss by fire.

. . . .

### AN AFRICAN CRAVELLER KILLED.

#### Mr. F. L. James, the Explorer of Somaliland, Falls a Victim to an Elephant.

London, May 18. - The tragic death of Mr. New Zealand. When about a thousand F. L. James, the in trepid African hunter and miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, in a explorer, has surprised and shocked all who very cold latitude, he was fishing for albaknow of his career in Africa. A cable trosses and molly-mocks over the stern, despatch from the west coast briefly announces | when a sudden lurch of the vessel pitched that he was killed by a wounded elephant him overboard. He fell about twenty feet, while hunting in the Gaboon country. Ele- and as he struck the water flat on his chest phant hunting isdangerous sport, and natives the wind was pretty well knocked out of are not unfrequently killed while chasing him and he was for the moment half-stunned this animal, but as a rule white men have | When I came to myself I was floating grasping propensities of the Anglo-Saxon there? But go, carina mia, and give us escaped fatal accidents. There are some pretty comfor ably, my thick woolen clothes are, unfortunately, well known. And the some music. Let Mr. Derwent see what he white victims, however, and the last one pre- supporting me, and my wide-awake hat ceding Mr. James was Mr. Deane, an agent floating by my side. There was a heavy She rose instantly and moved across the of the Congo Free State, who was gored to swell, and, as I rose to the crest of a wave, floor,-a perfect picture of grace, Derwent death by a wounded elephant while hunting I saw the ship, looking very small, as if she

The James brothers are best known for however, that she was hove to, and I felt early teeth in another smlie.

"Why should I be complimentary?" he piano, she struck a few chords and began to "Why should I be complimentary?" he piano, she struck a few chords and began to south of the Gulf of Aden. Very few white My only fear was that the albatrosses asked. "Why should not one try to clear sing in a contralto so rich and sweet that it men had penetrated beyond these award fringe might swoop down upon me and kill me one's mind of natural prejudice, and get as was like notes drawn from a violin by a of this country. It is, except a part of the with their terrible beaks, as they had killed near the truth as possible in this very im- master hand, rather than the sounds of the Sahara, the most dangerous region in Afrea the carpenter of the same ship the voyage perfect world? Every race has les defauts human voice. What she sang her listener to travel in. The people are fanatical Mos- lefore. de ses qualites. But it is a great mistake to did not know,—the words were Spanish,— lems, and few who have ventured into this but the air was wild, haunting, mournful, country beyond the coast hills have escaped me-and, my clothes having become soaked, and yet passionate in the extreme. As he death. The British Consul at Berbera, be- I floated low in the water and could no longlistened, he seemed to see the rugged moun- lieving the whole party would be killed, er empty my mouth fast enough to get tain-passes, the great Sierras like storm- cabled to England for permission to prevent breath to keep the ship in sight. Every tossed waves, the vase expanse of mighty them from going inland. He received per-

While in Somaliland the expedition was I began to feel deadly cold and thought a lower key, a tenderer sweetness stole into in constant danger. After its return the it was all over with me. I could not help heartily. "But you, senorita, can hardly it, as though tropical flowers were breath- late Mr. James wrote a noteworthy book blaming my friends on the ship for their ing their fragrance out on the starry night, describing the discoveries and hairbreadth cruelty in letting me drown, when they and with one last burst of sad, strange escapes of the expedition. He came out of might so easily have sent a boat for me, Somaliland unscathed, only to fall a victim but I forgave them and said my prayers. I "Oh, yes, it is Mexican," said Don to an elephant on the other side of the con-

### Ancient Feet.

found in our museums of art, supposed to forcing me down in the water, and then represent the perfect figures of ancient men dragging me out altogether, and the next and women, is the apparently dispropor- thing I knew I was among men who were tionate size of their feet. We moderns are talking, though I could not understand them apt to pronounce them too large, particular- for the rushing and whizzing in my ears. ly those of the females. It will be found, however, that for symmetrical perfection thing about "handing him up," and at the these feet could not be better. A Greek same time I felt myself lifted up the ship's sculptor would not think of such a thing as | side and seized by a number of arms. Soon putting a nine-inch foot on a five-and-one- I knew that I was lying in warm blankets half-foot woman. Their types for these with hot bottles under my armpits and feet. classical marble figures were taken from I could hear voices round me and knew the most perfect forms of living persons. what they said, and I could feel hands rub-Unquestionably the human foot, as represent. I bing my feet and turning me about. But I ed by these old sculptors, was larger than [could not speak or move or show a sign of the modern one, and, in fact, the primitive life, and in my inside I felt so cold I thought foot of all people of whom we have any re- I must die. At length I felt something very cord, either in printing or statuary, was hot in my mouth, and I gulped and it went larger than the restricted foot of modern down my throat. It came again and again Derwent did speak French with fluency, man, wearing the cassock of a priest, enter times. The masculine foot, forming an ap- and warmed me up and made me feel better, proximate average of four different countries, though fearfully sick. was about twelve inches long. This would Then I felt all over me a terrible pricking require at least a No. 12 or 151 shoe to cov- and twitching like "pins and needles" when er it comfortably. The average masculine your foot is asleep. After that I got drowsy, foot to-day is easily fitted with a No. 81 and the next thing I remembered I was lying shoe, and is, therefore, not above ten and in my berth with my father and sister sitting seven-sixteeenths of an inch. Now, by the by me. old scriptural rule of proportion, a man five I had been nearly half an hour in the cold feet nine inches in hight should have a foot waters of the Southern ocean, and it his hight. It was of no great consequence | tain whether I was dead or alive. what size sandal he wore, but he would have required a modern shoe of at least 101 for a minimum fit or a No. 11 for real comfort. For women, allowing for the differwhich was about the same then as now,a woman of five feet three inches in hight would have had a foot ten inches long requiring a modern shoe-it ought to be spoken only in a whisper-No. 6 as the most comfortable for that foot or a No. 51 as the limit of torture. The reason for the difference between the old classical foot and the modern one is obvious. Restriction is what has done it. - [Shoe and Leather Reporter.

# A Woman's Weapon.

A great deal of laughter has been expended on womankind for taking the broom as a weapon in "shooting" an enemy, but, after all, why should not one use the implement ada has proved.

She was one day greatly interested in putand tablecloths were on the line, which, to

ged about, and the woman screamed, Somesuch a fool as to fall in love with Dona thing had to be done, and done at once. There was a fine gun in the house, loaded, but she would not approach it, as firearms man, "was made also during a sleigh ride. were her especial dread.

large pair of tongs. She thoroughly under- bump of some kind, the seat, with us on it, stood this firearm, and with all her houseand began the attack.

pounded to a jelly and then the victor, her clothing slightly torn, sat down and indulged

# Nothing Dangerous About Hi m.

Mr. N. Peck-"Alexandre Dumas says

# Familiar with the Subject.

A teacher wastelling her little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she, " you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't

"Yessem," from the class. " And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

" Yessem. "Well, although the cat's paw seems like

velvet; there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it ?" "The dog bites," said the teacher, "when

he is angry, but what does the cat do?" "Scratches," replied the boy. "Correct," said the teacher, nodding her

head approvingly. " Now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?" "Whiskers," said a boy on the back seat, and the titter that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end .- The Young

All countries have been discovered save | Nature makes us vagabonds, the world bows, are the fad of the Fifth avenue again I makes us respectable.

Almost Drowned. The author of "New Zealand after Fifty Years" was a passenger on board the ship Sir George Pollock, bound from London to

were already a long way off. I noticed,

A long time passed—hours, it seemed to wave that came sank me deeper and made me swallow more water.

could no longer keep my head above water, and at last I saw it green over my eyes as I looked up, my head swam round and I thought I was going to sleep.

A noticeable thing about the statues! I was aroused by something touching me,

The first words I understood ,were some-

# Popping the Question.

"Every girl makes up her mind at some ence in the relative size of the two sexes, time in her life that she will never accept any man who does not propose gracefully,' said a man who was sipping claret with several others the other day, in the presence of a reporter.

"He has got to be fully togged out in a dress suit, and has got to kneel according to the Delsarte custom. That is the idea at first, but I'll bet there isn't one girl in a hundred who ever gets her proposal in that way-at least from the one she accepts-and I'll leave it to the present company to decide, if each one will give the circumstance of his

"We're in," said a gray-haired Benedict.

'Begin with your own. "All right. I took my wife that was to be, and is now, sleigh riding. We were haciendas of Mexico are for sale, destined after he had said good-night and retiredto cution is possible with the weapon of our talking about sentimental things and negchoice, as an English won an living in Can- lected to notice that we ran on to a stretch of road which the wind had cleared of snow. We never noticed it until the horse stopped ting out the family washing to dry. Sheets utterly exhausted. There was nothing to do but to get out and lead the horse back, picture of the silken-draped form, with its her horror, suddenly fell, dropping her spot- because he couldn't drag us. I proposed on the way back, while I was trudging A large buck caught by the antlers was along a country road, with my left hand on the cause of the trouble. There was not a the horse's bridle and the other-well, never man within five miles-they had all gone to mind that. She accepted me, but she always said it was a mistake. I refused to let her off, though, or to propose again in a

> dress suit." "My proposal," said the gray-haired old My wife and myself were in the back seat Among her many possessions she had a | in a four-seat sleigh, and, in going over a was thrown off. We landed in a nice comfor a mile before we were missed. When it Within five minutes the buck's skull was came back for us, however, we were engaged. We weren't in a dignified position, but we were fairly comfortable and we had the seat still with us. Since then my wife has frequently stated that she had intended never to accept a man unless he proposed in true novel form, but she did."

> "I'll give you a summer story," said a my courting in a place full of romance, but Mrs. N. Peck-" I think he was an old the proposal never came at a romantic time; and that is all there is about it. I had had the most favorable occasions in romantic nooks. Finally, I had a two-mile row in the hot sun. I apologized and took off my coat: then I apologized again and took off my vest. It wasn't romantic, but it came on me and I said it. The boat drifted half a mile and I wouldn't have cared if it had drifted ten miles. We were engaged. And I looked like a tramp at the time.

"And I'll tell you that sentimentality doesn't go," said a lawyer. "I know, because I've tried it I proposed to my wife first at a summer resort, when the moon was full and I was sober. There was everything to inspire sentiment. But she refused me. I let it go. A little later I met her again in the parlor of the hotel and suggested marriage again. She accepted me then. There was nothing to inspire sentiment in the last meeting, and, therefore, I say sentiment

doesn't go." It was the sentiment of the meeting that no girl is proposed to in the way she ex-

White sash curtains of dotted or sprigged muslin or lace tied back with white ribbon this spring.