

arms around my neck, and asked me to be patient with her; she was foolish, but she'd make it up to me yet. . . . And I comforted her, the poor, shallow fool, and went away. . . . In some such fashion as this the days passed. Each day—now my eyes were opened—bringing me some new amusement; for, in spite of her acting, I saw none of them were happy. I knew everything. . . . I guessed that Juan, loving his liberty, was advising her to make up to me, and I saw how badly she played her part! . . . And all this had escaped me once upon a time. At myself I laughed more heartily than at them. . . . Then, it amused me, too, to see that Liberata had grown suspicious. . . . She no longer trusted Juan's protestations implicitly. . . . Every now and then, with feminine bitterness, she thrust the knife of her own doubt and fear into Clemencia's wound. "Don't you think, Montes, Clemencia is getting pale and thin?" she'd ask; "it is for love of you, you know. She should marry soon!" . . . And all the while she cursed me in her heart for a fool, while I laughed to myself. The comedy was infinitely amusing to me. . . . I held the cords in my hand, and I knew I could drop the curtain and cut short the acting just when I liked. . . . Clemencia's mother, too, would sometimes set to work to amuse me as she went about with eyes troubled, as if anxious for the future, and yet stomach-satisfied with the comforts of the present. . . . She, too, thought it worth while, now and then, to befool me, when fear came upon her—between meals. That did not amuse me! When she tried to play with me, the inconceivable stupidity of my former blind trust became a torture to me. . . . Juan's mother I saw but little of. . . . yet I liked her. . . . She was honest at least, and deceit was difficult to her. . . . Juan was her idol; all he did was right in her eyes, and it wasn't her fault she couldn't see he was like a poisoned well. . . . All these days Juan was friendly to me as usual, with scarcely a shade of the old condescension in his manner. . . . He no longer showed envy by remarking upon my luck. Since he himself had been tested, he seemed to give me as much respect as his self-love could spare. Nor did he now boast, as of oldtime, of his height and strength. . . . Once, however, on the Friday evening, I think it was, he congratulated Clemencia on my love for her, and joked about our marriage. Then I felt the time had come to drop the curtain and make an end.

On the Saturday I went to the ring and ordered my *palco* to be filled with flowers. From there I went to the Duke of Medina Celi. He received me as always, with kindness, thought I looked ill, and asked me whether I felt the old wound still. "No," I replied, "No, *Senor Duque*, and if I come to you now it is only to thank you once more for all your goodness to me."

"And he said after a pause: I remember each word:—
"Montes, there's something very wrong!" And then, . . . "Look you! One should never adore a woman; the best of 'em don't like it—I suppose they feel they don't deserve it—and as they decline towards the common, they seek for a master. . . . My hairs have grown grey in learning that. Montes, a woman may look well and yet be cold-hearted and—not good. But a man would be a fool to refuse nuts because one that looked well was hollow!"

"You are wise," I said, "*Senor Duque!* and I have been foolish. I hope it may be well with you always, but wisdom and folly come to the same end at last."

"After I left him I went to Antonio and thanked him, and gave him a letter to be opened in a week. There were three enclosures in it—one for himself one for the mother of Juan, and one for the mother of Clemencia, and each held three thousand *duros*. As they had cheated me for money, money they should have—with my contempt. Then I went back to the ring, and as I looked back to my *palco* and saw that the front of it was one bed of white and scarlet blossoms, I smiled. "White for purity," I said, "and scarlet for blood, a fit show!" And I went home and slept like a child!

"Next day in the ring I killed the two first bulls, one on his first rush, and the other after the usual play. . . . Then another *espada* worked, and then came the turn of Juan. As the bull stood panting I looked up at the *palco*. There they all were, Clemencia with hands clasped on the flowers, and fixed, dilated eyes, her mother half asleep behind her. Next to Clemencia the *Senorita Liberata* with flushed cheeks, and leaning on her shoulder his mother. Juan was more nervous that time than he had been on the previous Sunday. As his bull came into the ring he asked me hurriedly: "Do you think it's an easy one?" And as I told him carelessly all bulls were easy he seemed to grow more and more nervous. When the bull was ready for him he turned to me, passing his tongue feverishly over his dry lips.

"You'll stand by me, won't you, Montes?"
"And I asked with a smile:
"Shall I stand by you as you've stood by me?"
"Yes, of course, we've always been friends."
"I shall be as true to you as you have been to me!" I said. And I moved to his right hand and looked at the bull. It was a good one; I couldn't have picked a better. In his eyes I saw steady courage and cold rage that would never yield, and I exulted and held his eyes with mine, and promised him to look after him. When he turned to the *mitla*, he still looked at me and I at him, and as I felt that Juan had levelled his sword and was on the point of striking, I raised my head with a sweep to the side, as if I had been the bull; and as I moved, so the brave bull moved too. And then—then all the ring swam round with me, and yet I had heard the shout and seen the crowds rise.

A little later I went to the *Alvaredas*. The mother met me at the door; she was crying and the tears were running down over her fat, greasy cheeks. She told me Clemencia had fainted and had been carried home, and Juan was dead—ripped open—and his mother distracted, and 'twas a pity, for he was so handsome and kind and good-natured, and *los toros* shouldn't be allowed, and—as I brushed past her in disgust—that Clemencia was in her room crying.

I went up stairs and entered the room. There she sat with her elbows on the table and her hair all round her face and down her back, and her fixed eyes stared at me! As I closed the door and folded my arms and looked at her, she rose and went back slowly to the wall, and her stare grew wild with surprise and horror, and then, without moving her lips:—

"You did it! I see it in your face!"
"And my heart jumped against my arms for joy, and I said in the same whisper, imitating her:—
"Yes; I did it!"

"As I spoke she sprang forward with rage and hate in her face, and poured out a stream of loathing and contempt on

me. She vomited abuse as from her very soul; "I was low and base and cowardly; I was a beast fed on dirt; I was—God knows what all! and he was a man handsome and strong and kind, with a face like a god, and the most beautiful neck in the world. . . . And I had thought she could love me, me, the ugly, little, lame cur while he was there. . . . And she laughed. . . . She'd never have let my lips touch hers if it hadn't been that her mother liked me and to please him. And now I had killed him, the best friend I had! Oh, 'twas horrible! . . . Then she struck her head with her fists and asked how God, God, God could allow me to kill a man whose finger was worth a thousand lives such as mine!"

"Then I laughed and said:—
"You mistake. You killed him and not I. You made him an *espada*—you!"

"As I spoke her eyes grew fixed and her mouth opened, and she seemed to struggle to speak, but she only groaned—and fell face forwards on the floor.
"I turned and left the room as her mother entered it." As Montes said this he stopped speaking; then, after a pause, he went on:—

"I heard afterwards that she died next morning in premature child-birth! . . . I left Madrid that night and came here, where I have lived ever since, if this can be called living. . . . Yet at times now fairly content, save for one thing. . . . Renorse? Yes!—And the old man rose to his feet, while his great eyes gleaming with passion held me—Renorse! That I let the bull kill him.
"I should have torn his throat out with my own hands."

FRANK HARRIS.

THE END.

WHERE HE PUT HIS ARM.

He stood outside the gate awhile,
And said 'Good night' with love-sick smile.
'Good night,' she said. 'Good night,' once more
He muttered as he'd done before;
And then, lured by some subtle charm,
He came inside and put his arm—

She wore a hat of jaunty shape,
Tied up with some soft clinging crepe,
A tawny ribbon from his peak
Strayed down and kissed her dimpled cheek,
The moon was full, the hour was late
As they stood there beside the gate.

His love, by Cupid's bellows fanned,
Blazed up. He took her little hand
And muttered, 'Dear, what is the harm?'
And then he gently put his arm—

She wore a gown of creamy white
So filmy that a fairy might
Have spun it in an hour of thrift
And sent it to her as a gift.

The moon reflected, 'Three's a crowd,'
And then politely sought a cloud.
With opportunity so near,
His love welled strong and vanished fear,
He smiled away her first alarm,
And then he gently put his arm—

A little bird came round next day
And told that it was just this way:
He put his arm, as thus they stood,
Where it would do the greatest good.

'DON'T MARRY LITERARY MEN.'

In the September number of *Longman's Magazine*, Mr Lang, speaking of the 'New Life of Mrs Carlyle,' with all the sad repeated tale of bugs, crowing cocks, groundless frantic jealousies, howls of woe over the most trivial discomforts, shrewish bickerings, brief reconciliations, and all the other too familiar sorrows of that self-tormenting household, says:—

"The moral for ladies is, 'Don't marry literary men.' The marriages of authors have been wretched out of all proportion to the common lot. The reason is not only that authors are vain, and irritable, and flighty, and absorbed, like artists, in their work. The true, or chief cause of married misery among writers is probably this: they do their work at home. Now bricklayers, soldiers, doctors, barristers, clerks, and most men do their work away from home. Domestic troubles about servants, children, butchers, dress-makers, cannot be launched on them while they are occupied with their business. Nor do they, in turn, bring pre-occupation with briefs, or bricks, or clients, or what not, into their domestic circle. But Mrs Literary Man is apt to rush in upon the solitude of Genius with some "terrible tale from the baker's," while Genius, when summoned to his meals, has his head full of rhymes, or of the persons in his novel, or, to take Mrs Carlyle's case, of Frederick the Great, or Oliver Cromwell. His mind is absent when he should be lending the pleased ear to feminine prattle, and, later, when examined therein, he is miserably plucked. He is convicted of not having attended to what was said—a crime of insult. I dare say Mrs Carlyle often found Mr Carlyle an unconcerned and impatient hearer of her witty conversation, whereas he did listen when away from home in a country house to Lady Ashburton. Hence these tears of Mrs Carlyle's, and the confidences which she inflicted on Mazzini and others. The unlucky pair, as Mrs Carlyle said, had thinner skins than other people, and were profusely profane, to begin with. But if Mr Carlyle had been wise enough to keep his books and papers in a remote studio, and to walk thither every morning, he and his wife would have given less handle to the gossip and the biographer. Young ladies about to marry literary men, young men engaged to literary ladies, should ponder on these things and arrange to do their work away from home, unless they have much better tempers and digestions than the Carlyles enjoyed. "Home industries" may be salutary when they are mechanical, but not when they are mental, especially if the labourer has the irritability of some—luckily not of all—geniuses."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

USES OF THE WATERCRESS.

The watercress is a plant containing many valuable properties. A curious characteristic of it is that, if grown in a ferruginous stream, it absorbs into itself five times the amount of iron that any other plant does. For all anæmic constitutions it is, therefore, specially of value. But it also contains proportions of garlic and sulphur, of iodine and phosphates, and is a blood purifier, while abroad it is thought a most wholesome condiment with meat, roast or grilled.

MECHANICAL POSSIBILITIES OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

The great mechanical possibilities in the way of electrical development are being prosecuted with zeal all over the world since it is realized that this power is the most easily transferred of all. A crucial test is now being made at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where arrangements are made for transferring 300 horse power from the Neckar. The system is also being operated on a smaller scale in many places in Switzerland. The French have planned works at Ilave for utilizing the ebb and flow of the tide to work turbine wheels to generate power for dynamos to supply Paris with light.

A CENTRAL AMERICAN AEROLITE.

A wonderful and startling phenomenon occurred lately in the department of Cuzco. About midday on Saturday, July 4th, an aerolite came almost in contact with the earth. It crossed in a southerly direction all along the eastern region of the Cuzco, with as beautiful and luminous a tail as that of any comet ever seen. Before disappearing the meteor changed its course and rose about 30ft higher than when it was first seen, when a terrible explosion was heard, and immediately afterwards a light shower of pebbles fell throughout the neighbourhood. Thirty years ago a similar occurrence took place in that department.

VENTRILLOQUISM.

Ventriloquism is declared by an expert to be largely imaginative, as there is no possibility of throwing the voice to a distance. Most of the old stories of its tricks are fiction. What passes for ventriloquism consists simply of mimicry and facial immobility. The performer must be some distance from his audience, or he is powerless. Whenever he wishes to make them believe that his voice sounds at a distance he merely changes it, and indicates the direction for their imagination to take. He can deceive them sideways, upward, downward, or backward, but he never undertakes to produce the effect of a speaker at their rear. To a listener close by, no ventriloquist can be in the least deceptive.

AN ARMY OF BUTTERFLIES.

Munich has, we are told, been invaded by an enormous 'army' of butterflies. Millions of the species known as 'Nommensmetterlingen' attacked the city a few nights ago, attracted, as is supposed, by the brilliancy of the electric lights. The walls of the houses before which electric lamps were fixed were literally covered with the butterflies. In several places they forced their way through the doors and windows and fluttered around the lights. In the Café Kaiserhof and the Lowenbrau-Keller the intensity of the light fascinated such swarms of the butterfly 'nuns' that the devotees of King Gambrinus found their hats and clothes so thickly coated with the intruders that they hurried out and left the invaders in possession. In some places the lamps were darkened by the mass of butterflies clinging around them.

A STREAK OF SOLID SILVER.

It is said that the richest silver find ever made has been struck on Pomeroy Mountain, Colorado, near Caribou. It is a three inch vein of almost pure silver. John C. Stewart was the lucky prospector, and he has exhibited specimens weighing two and three pounds a piece of almost pure native silver. Pomeroy Mountain is about a mile north-west of Caribou, and just across from Caribou Hill, from which, through the old Caribou No Name, Belcher, Footman, and others, millions have been produced. Here is located one of the finest and richest silver districts in Colorado. Many years ago prospectors found several large pieces of float rock at the foot of Pomeroy Mountain composed of almost solid native silver. Since that time prospectors have been constantly searching for the vein where this rich float came from, but the whole country there was covered with a slide of loose rock and earth about 50 feet deep, so prospecting could be done only by cross-cutting. This, it appears, has finally been done, and the original vein discovered.

JEWELLERY IN A MAN'S LEG.

Major James Morrison, a well-known citizen of Mount Sterling, Alabama, has just discovered in his leg an interesting relic of the first battle of Bull Run. At that battle he was shot in the leg, and ever since then has suffered from a periodical breaking out of the wound, which, though it has often been probed, has never yielded up the ball. Recently, however, the doctors succeeded in discovering and removing the irritating body, when it was found to be no bullet, but a small gold button. This was cleaned, and was seen to be inscribed with the legend, 'E. R. Mizpah,' in small German lettering. The button is perfectly round, and about the size of a buckshot, having a small link attached, by which it was caught to a garment or watch chain, on which it was in all probability worn as a charm. The button was, in all probability, the loving gift of some fair young sweet, or heart or faithful wife, to her beloved boy in blue, who will be glad to recover the pretty trifle, which is none the worse for its long hiding in the major's leg, though the latter is decidedly better for its removal, and is rapidly healing since the operation.

The only 'Vertical Feed' Sewing Machine in the world is the New High Arm Davis. Head Office in New Zealand Hudson and Co., Christchurch.—ADVT.

'ORB' CORRUGATED IRON is the best iron manufactured it has no equal.—ADVT.