

He had just said this when he noticed that a young man, tall, slim, and very dark, had approached them unperceived, and was now glaring angrily at him. Teresina had also become aware of his presence, and was visibly affected by it. Where as only a moment before she had been all sunshine and delight at seeing Henderson once more, now she was quite the reverse.

"Is this man a friend of yours?" Godfrey asked in English. "He seems to be put out about something." "It is only Tomasso Dardini," she answered, as if the explanation were sufficient. "He is quick-tempered, but he means no harm."

"Then I wish to goodness he'd go away; he glares as if he would like to eat me. If I may hazard a guess, Teresina, I should say that he is in love with you."

"He is very foolish," she answered, and a flush spread over her face. "Some day, if he is not very careful, he will get into trouble."

"I should not be at all surprised to hear it," Godfrey replied.

Then, turning to the man in question, he signed to him to be off about his business. For a moment the youth seemed inclined to refuse, but presently he thought better of it, and marched off down the street, looking back now and again as if to see whether the Englishman and the girl were still conversing together.

"And now, Teresina, I have a little plan to propose to you," said Godfrey, when the other had turned the corner. "As I told you just now, I am on my way to England, and, therefore, shall only be able to spend to-night in Naples. From the announcements I see they are playing 'Faust' at the Opera House. Why should not you and your mother dine with me, and go there afterwards? It would be a pleasant way of spending the evening, and we could talk of the old days."

Teresina clasped her hands with delight. In her love of the Opera she was a genuine Neapolitan.

"It would be lovely," she cried, "my mother will come, I feel sure. It is kind of you, signor."

It was thereupon arranged that they should meet at a certain place, dine, and then go on to the Opera together. Having settled this, Henderson returned to his hotel, wiled away the time as best he could, and when the hour arrived, set off to the rendezvous.

Punctual to the moment, he put in an appearance at the place. It was a restaurant not unlike that in which he had first met Teresina and her mother. He could not help recalling that memorable evening as he waited on the pavement outside, and his one wish was that Fensden could have been there to have shared the entertainment with him. When the signora and her daughter arrived, it was plain that they regarded the occasion as an important one. They were both attired in their best, and so far as colour went, the signora herself was not unlike a bird of Paradise. Teresina was more soberly clad, but Henderson noticed that a necklace with which he had once presented her, as a memento of a certain piece of extra work she had done for him, encircled her slender throat. As he looked at it, he thought of the day on which he had given it to her, and as the remembrance occurred to him, he wondered whether it was wise on his part to play with fire for a second time. The signora greeted him with southern volubility, and, as soon as he could get in a word, Henderson suggested that they should enter the restaurant. Having done so, they seated themselves at one of the small tables, and he gave his orders. It was a banquet that was destined to be remembered with pleasure by two of the party, and also by a third, for another and less romantic reason.

"And so you are returning to England, signor?" said the signora, when the first pang of her hunger had been assuaged. Then, remembering the circumstances connected with the latter portion of their stay in London, she added, pathetically, "I think, if it were possible, I should not be sorry to return—even though the winter is so cold and it rains so often."

"If you feel as if you would like to return, why do you not do so?" asked Godfrey, with a quickness that caused Teresina to look up at him in surprise, and then to look down again with equal celerity. "I am sure Teresina could get plenty of employment. I would do all I could to help her. For my own part, I never could under-

stand why you left so quickly."

If he had reflected for a moment he would probably have been able to arrive at an understanding of the reason that had prompted her departure. His was too modest a man, however, to think of such a thing. Nevertheless, he changed the conversation by making inquiries as to their present life in Naples, and then went on to talk of Fensden, who at that moment, could they have seen him, was fast asleep in a railway carriage, on his way from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The signora had never been partial to the Impressionist artist and poet, and she had a vague idea that it was to that gentleman's agency that they owed the flight of the owner and the consequent cessation of Teresina's employment at the studio. She was too prudent, however, to say anything on that score to Godfrey. She knew the friendship that existed between the two men, and she was also aware that her daughter who was the possessor of a quick temper, and a tongue that she could use when she liked, would brook no disparagement of either Mr Henderson or his friend.

"As to returning to England, we must think it over," she said, complacently, when Godfrey had filled her glass with champagne for the fourth or fifth time. "It would make another great change in our affairs, but Teresina is young, and there is nothing for us to do in Naples. I could wish that she should marry, signor, but she will not hear of it. I tell her the time may come when it will be too late. But girls will not listen to the elders nowadays."

Godfrey glanced at Teresina's face to find that it had suddenly become very pale. He hastened to render her assistance without delay by twitting her mother as to the number of sweethearts she herself had had, much to that lady's delight. This crisis having been smoothed over he paid the bill and they left the restaurant.

Darkness had fallen by this time, a fact which may have accounted for the young man's uncertainty as to whether he did or did not recognise the figure of a man who was watching the doorway from the other side of the street. It certainly looked as if it belonged to Tomasso Dardini, but he said nothing on this point to either of his guests. He would be leaving Naples in the morning, he argued, and no necessity existed for making a fuss about it. If the silly young man were jealous the morrow would remove the cause, and after that it would not matter very much whether he were aware of their visit to the opera or not. With Teresina beside him and the signora on the other side they entered the theatre and took their seats. The house was crowded and the opera itself was received with that critical appreciation so characteristic of the Neapolitan theatre-goer. Whether Godfrey enjoyed it as much as his neighbours is a question that admits of some doubt. He certainly found pleasure in studying the expressions that flitted across Teresina's face as she watched what went on upon the stage, but I scarcely think it went further. When it was over he escorted them back to their dwelling and bade them good-bye upon the threshold.

"Good-bye, Teresina," he said. "It may not be very long before we meet in London. Do you remember the little place where I first saw you? I think when I get back I must dine there once more, if only for old association's sake."

"Good-bye, signor," she said, giving him her hand after the English fashion. "It was kind of you to think of us and to give us such pleasure as you have done to-night."

"I have enjoyed it," he replied, and then bidding her return soon to London he left her and made his way down the narrow, evil-smelling street towards the quarter in which his hotel was situated. He was still fifty yards from the corner, when a figure emerged from a doorway and hurried quickly after him, keeping on the dark side of the street. Leaving the thoroughfare in which Teresina's house was located he employed a short cut with which he had become acquainted that afternoon. He had scarcely entered this, however, before he became aware of a light footstep behind him. Turning quickly he found a man whom he immediately recognised with a few feet of him. Muttering something in Italian he raised his arm and Godfrey saw that he held a poignard in his hand. With the quickness of a pract-

tised athlete he seized the uplifted wrist with his left hand, while with his right he delivered a blow that took the would-be assassin beneath the chin and sent him sprawling upon his back in the road. Picking up the dagger that the other had let fall he placed it in his pocket, saying as he did so, "I will keep this, my friend, as a memento." Then having made sure that the other had no intention of following him he continued his walk, little dreaming how strangely that incident was to affect his future life.

(To be continued.)

She Knew the Law.

Out in Indiana, a good many years ago, a certain old lady, summoned as a witness, came into court wearing a large poke bonnet, such as was then much affected by rural folk. Her answers to the questions put to her being rather indistinct, the court requested her to speak louder, though without much success.

"The court cannot hear a word you

say, my good woman," said the judge. "Please to take off that huge bonnet of yours."

"Sir," she said, composedly, and distinctly enough this time, "the court has a perfect right to bid a gentleman take off his hat, but it has no right to make a lady remove her bonnet."

"Madam," replied the judge, "you seem so well acquainted with the law that I think you had better come up and take a seat with us on the bench."

"I thank your Honor kindly," she responded, dropping a low curtsy, "but there are old women enough there already."

A Tongue Twister.

A bitter biting bitter
 Hit a better brother-bitter;
 And the bitten better bitten bit the bitter biter back.
 And the bitter biter, bitten
 By the better bitten bitter,
 Said, "I'm a bitter biter-biter bit, alack!"

KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Visitor—REV. W. BEATTY, M.A.
 Principal—MR. GRAHAM BRUCE, B.A. (with Honours of the University of London). Assisted by a Staff of thirteen Masters, of whom five are resident.



SUCCESSSES.

- 1897-98.
- Four Boys, Sent Civil Service
- Twenty-three Boy Junior Civil Service
- Eight Boys, Matriculation
- Two Boys qualified for Board of Education Senior Scholarships, 1899, obtaining fourth and fifth places.

Prospectuses may be obtained from the Principal, or on application to Messrs. Upton & Co., Queen Street.

THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA.

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

Removed to the beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House (five minutes walk from former position).



This First-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral training, on Christian but Unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School, under maternal supervision and with selected companionship. Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign.

Prospectuses on application of Messrs. Upton & Co., or Principal.

MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., SK.