

dress, the red bag which had contained all her worldly goods three years before supplemented by a big basket and a tin box packed full with the fruits of her work and the gifts of her late employers.

She had written to Tia Rosa, telling the day and hour of her arrival. No doubt Antonio would be at the station to greet her, and welcome her back from her long exile. It had been bright sunshine in Lisbon, but the sky clouded as the day wore on, and beyond the Douro a grey heat-mist brooded over the houses. As she stepped out of the train at her own station, a thin, fine rain was falling, blurring the distance and hiding the view she had so longed to see. There was no one else getting out at the station, a mere wayside stopping place, and at the first glance she saw that Antonio was not there. The next moment, as she stood disconsolate among her parcels, a voice behind her made her start.

'Antonio!' she said, turning joyfully. 'No, it is only Joaquim!'

'Only Joaquim,' he answered, bending over her box, and shouldering it with an effort. He had broadened, she noticed, and a fine moustache shaded his lips, but the smiling, boyish face had hardened and grown graver. Teresa remembered the night before her departure, and put out a hand to him.

'I am very glad to see you,' she said warmly. 'I suppose Antonio could not come?'

'No, Antonio could not come.' Perhaps it was the weight of the box which gave his voice that queer, muffled tone.

'And Tia Rosa? I have had no news for so long.'

'She is pretty well. You will see for yourself.'

'You are well, Joaquim,' she said, glancing admiringly up at him as they strode on through the rain, he carrying her heavy trunk with ease, she picking her way with difficulty among the puddles, encumbered by her bag and her umbrella, regretting the days when, with a shawl twisted round her hips, she kept her voluminous skirts well above the wet roads along which she trotted barefooted in perfect comfort. 'And Antonio?' asked Teresa.

Joaquim did not answer for a moment, then burst out:

'You should have chosen me, Teresa. I would not have let you go—no, not for any money you might earn. And I should not have grown tired of waiting, and—'

'And married?' said Teresa. She stood still in the road. It seemed as if all the dull, grey rain was turned to drops of fire, and his next words would fall upon her very heart.

'No—gone off to Brazil.'

Teresa staggered. A sudden vision of the boat as she had seen it steaming down the Tagus that morning rose before her, and a sickening sense of opportunity irretrievably lost almost stopped her heart's beating.

'Oh, if I had only known!' she moaned.

Joaquim did not understand. He had feared tears and lamentation, perhaps hoped for them as something he might console. He never dreamt that she could think of going to Brazil, too, to that land which, to the peasant mothers and wives of Portugal, is the great devourer of their men-kind, whom, indeed, it sometimes sends back rich beyond their dreams, but often enough wrecked in health and fortune, when it does not keep them for ever.

But Teresa did not hesitate. Since she might not be happy without money she could earn it, too. Only a couple of days before an invalid Brazilian lady at the hotel had offered her the place and double the wages the Carvalhos gave her, if she would undertake to go with her, and nurse her during the voyage. The offer was still open. Tia Rosa should know nothing—though her opposition could keep them apart, it could not break the bond between them.

Donna Felismena Pires was not an easy mistress to serve. Teresa had been accustomed to work, but the change from the friendly, half-patriarchal footing on which servants stand in most Portuguese houses to the capricious testiness of her new employer was hard enough to bear. Teresa would have borne harder things, though, for the end in view, and each day of the interminable voyage brought her nearer to the place where Antonio lived. Not, however, to Antonio, for, barely landed, Donna Felismena fell into such a state of weakness that Teresa could not find a moment to leave her, much less the half day necessary to hunt out Antonio's new home. Almost two months had passed before at last, one Saturday, she ventured to ask for and obtained leave of absence for the day following.

Donna Felismena's villa was situated in a suburb, so that Teresa had to take the car to get toward that part where Antonio lived, in the building belonging to the father-in-law of the former comrade of his soldiering days who had offered him the place. It was a splendid morning, the beginning of the summer season, and the whole beautiful city, with its fresh greenery and gorgeous flowers, lay glittering under the morning sun. The soft, clear air brought back to Teresa's mind that summer day three years before at home, when Antonio had pledged his word and she had once for all given her heart into his keeping. The old grey mill rose before her, while she gazed with unseeing eyes at wide, stately streets and squares, and the blue waters of the bay beyond the curve of the quays. The voice of the conductor broke in on her reverie. She started up and got out hastily, then stood for a moment bewild-

ered in the blinding sunshine. Opposite to her across the road, the dark arch of a church door reminded her that she had not yet heard Mass. She walked up the steps and entered the church.

It was cool and dark, like the churches at home, and, like them, full of scattered worshippers kneeling all over the floor. The priest was at the altar reading the Epistle. There was a movement as every one stood for the Gospel, and she profited by it to get a little nearer to the altar. Some showily-dressed women were in a little group, and just behind them, among two or three other men, one whose outline reminded her of Antonio. She moved nearer still. The priest had turned, and was now reading a series of announcements, so that she had no scruple in her distraction. But as he came to the bans of marriage there was a little movement in the group. She saw one of the ladies turn with a smile to the other, who seemed younger:

'And of Antonio Gomes Machado, Portuguese subject, son of Jose Machado, deceased, and of Rosa Gomes, his wife, Portuguese, natives of Mafamude, in the province of Minho—'

Teresa stifled an involuntary exclamation. She doubted her own ears. But the priest continued in his deliberate accent:

'To Cacilda Dias de Silva, daughter of Bernardo Dias, and of Zulmira de Silva, his wife, deceased, living in the Rua d'OUvidor of this city.'

Teresa, staring wide-eyed like a wounded animal at bay, caught the smiling glance of the girl, who had turned with a slightly heightened color to the young man behind her. He made a movement, drew back a step, and the light from the candles fell upon his face. It was Antonio.

Teresa understood it all. The comrade, comfortably settled, the other daughter with her little fortune, the way made easy. No wonder Tia Rosa had made no opposition, but rather pushed her son's going. The future was shaping itself to her wishes. Sooner or later, Antonio was to return, and with his savings and his wife's dowry set the old mill to rights and, who knows, make it the beginning of greater things? In any case it meant the end of a struggle for mere bread. And Antonio had yielded. No wonder that Joaquim, the only one to whom she had, with unconscious cruelty, confided her plan, had tried to dissuade her. She had thought it was for his own sake, and resented his want of encouragement. Had he guessed, known, perhaps, to what a disappointment she was sailing so bravely across the ocean?

The little bell rang for the Preface, but still Teresa stood, her burning eyes fixed on the group. Perhaps Antonio felt her look, for all at once as the bell sounded again, and the men laid down a folded handkerchief preparatory to kneeling on the boards, he turned suddenly, and their eyes met. For a moment all the world beside disappeared for the two, and they were back again at home, in the beautiful green country so dear to both of them. Then the bell rang again, recalling Teresa to herself. She sank slowly to her knees, and so remained till the end of Mass. When, on going out, Antonio looked round furtively half-hoping, half-dreading to see her, she was gone.

(To be concluded.)

### TAMER JUICE.

#### THERE IS ONLY ONE—DR. ENSOR'S.

Tamer Juice is a splendid aid to an overworked and tired stomach.

Tamer Juice stimulates the stomach in its digestive action.

Tamer Juice relieves and prevents headaches, dyspepsia, biliousness.

Tamer Juice corrects all ailments caused by a disordered condition of the stomach and bowels.

Tamer Juice is a very keen and great curative agent, and its usefulness and superior merit is a matter of common knowledge among the people of the Old World.

New Zealand people are learning and appreciating its health-giving value, and its sales are rapidly increasing.

'I have suffered from indigestion, severe headaches, costiveness, and wind on the stomach for years. Dr. Ensor's Tamer Juice has completely cured me. A few drops after meals soon made a marked and marvellous difference in my health, and now I have no pains or digestive troubles of any kind.—Mrs. E. K. Tauler, Timaru.'

DR. ENSOR'S TAMER JUICE is sold by all chemists and grocers, in bottles, 2s 6d each. Better start right away to-day, and begin to learn what good health really is.

### THE LATEST TABLET PUBLICATION.

'Secular versus Religious Education: A Discussion.' Edited (and, as to its greatest part, written) by Rev. H. W. Cloary, D.D. 212 pages, stiff paper wrapper. Price 1/-, posted 1s 3d. Cardinal Moran writes of it: 'I have received the brilliant pamphlet, *Secular versus Religious Education*. It is a most useful and instructive contribution to the educational controversy, and cannot fail to do a deal of good.'

Apply MANAGER, TABLET, Dunedin.