NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

RIVIERA TOILETTE.

Of ivory voile, trimmed with ribbon threaded lace; black velvet hat, with ostrich plume, the brim edged with silver cord.

ONE YEAR OF WORK.

Progress in Y. W. C. A. Classes and Other Philanthropies.

A class in costume drawing is one of the new and thoroughly up to date departments of the many sided activity of the Young Women's Christian Association, No. 7 East Fifteenth-st., as reported at the thirty-second annual meeting yesterday. Its object is to train women in high class dressmaking and to make costume designs for the fashion trade, as well as general illustration. A professional model is engaged, and the departure promises to open the way to paying employment for many. As the class is held in the evening, it is of especial value to wage earners employed during the day.

For those who cling to woman's favorite weapon in the warfare for self-support there are thorough classes in needlework, both day and evening. The schedule of lessons has been revised, and the number of lessons in a course increased to meet the requirements of the present day fashions, so that the pupil may be taught everything "up to date."

Millinery, too, with a thorough course of instruction abreast of the times; embroidery, taught from foundation stitches to the highest forms of artistic and ceremonial use, and plain sewing, with a fine, carefully graded system, winning the attention and approval of teachers of sewing and all who are interested, are all to be found in the needlework department in successful operation.

The cooking classes, combining the newest methods with the skilful training of the best teachers, are still in high favor. So also are the classes for training attendants on the sick. These furnish remunerative employment to women who cannot undertake the long and laborious study necessary to become regular trained nurses, but who are made ready by this course to serve in the less serious cases of chronic invalidism and the like, and for whom there is a continuous demand.

The Art School also is an important factor in the work of the association. In this, which aims to give a complete all-around training to beginners in industrial art and manual work, hundreds have received the instruction needed to make them bread winners, and hundreds more are ready to take their places in the same line.

The school is doing a unique work in correlating pure art training with manual training and industrial art. This training does not allow the pupil to go to sleep for years over cast drawing, nor to start in life with a one-sided appreciation of what a pure art feeling may be used for practically. By dividing the daily time between different subjects judgment day comes sufficiently often to keep the students awake. "The school cannot hope to carry these students through specialized courses, but it can hope at the end of two, three or four years to equip them to use eyes and hands, libraries and opportunities," says the report.

The work of relief which goes on under the association's supervision from January 1 to December 31 is threefold in character—the Fresh Air, the Travellers' Aid and the Relief Work, all carried forward by the chaplain of the association as chairman of the relief committee, together with her associates and assistants. It is a daily work, too great in its detail to be more than touched upon. Thirty-seven women were sent to the summer home for two weeks, 644 received days' outings, 190 women travellers had protection and guidance during the year, 1,224 meals were provided for the destitute, 127 delicacies distributed to the sick and fifty-five articles of clothing given. Altogether there were 4,911 cases in the chaplain's office for relief, advice and counsel in 1902.

In the Margaret Louise Home a new departure has been made of late, or, rather, the experiment is being made, of opening a small lunch counter for the accommodation of girls in the evening classes who are obliged to come directly from their work without time to go home for supper. These cannot afford the time required for dinner in an overcrowded restaurant, and are glad to be served with a simple luncheon of bouillon or milk and sandwiches before beginning their evening's work.

"A few such material facts as these," concluded the secretary in giving her year's report of the many departments, "are but the outward signs which mark the measure of usefulness attained by this institution."

IDEALS FOR MODERN WOMEN.

At the recent "gentlemen's night banquet" of the Boston Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association, some potent suggestions in the nature of ideals for modern women were made by two well known Massachusetts thinkers.

Dean Hodges, of the Cambridge Theological Seminary, said: "The greatest influences in the community are personalities and the ideals for which they stand While we all have personalities, more or less effective, there is nobody who has so strong a personality as a good woman. The purpose of Mount Holyoke and of all literary women's colleges is not that women shall go out fitted to teach, but that they shall go out better able to enjoy life, having their circle of appreciation infinitely widened, and for that reason better able to be influential personalities in the communities in which they live." Dean Hodges then told graphically of a college woman who, married and living in a small New-England town, does her washing on Monday mornings, and in the afternoon reads before her club a paper on some such subject as "The Spiritual Elements in George Herbert's Poetry."

Close following came the plea from Bishop Lawrence of Eastern Massachusetts for "more grace and graciousness." "We have reached a new phase in our history, when there is a call for more grace of character. This, it seems to me, is coming to be the demand upon our women's colleges, and it is coming through a fuller appreciation of the artistic, aesthetic, plastic relations of life. There is opportunity in our women's colleges for the emphasis of certain studies which go toward developing appreciation of the beautiful, the gracious and the plastic, and there is opportunity for women to put into architecture, landscape gardening, home decoration, a grace and a beauty, as well as a force, which do not belong to men, but are peculiar to woman."

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A PARASOL OPENING.

Lovely Materials and Handles for Next Summer's Designs.

"It looks very much as if a few rainbows had been let loose in here," said a visitor in the big wholesale house in lower Broadway whose spring opening occurred yesterday. "A perfect paradise of parasols" was the comment of another, and, as a matter of fact, all the colors of the rainbow and sunsets, summer clouds and sunrises, jewels and spring blossoms seemed combined in the exquisite creations displayed.

Designers of note from all over the world are employed in the manufacture of these, and in the matter of handles also all points of the compass are represented. There are fine grained, fantastically wrought ivory, for instance, and all sorts of imported natural woods, the majority being of light colored varieties, as well as the rich greens and reds of petrified Italian woods. The newest things for the season to come are enamelled silver handles of fine French work, and the heavily embossed silver sticks and knobs of repousse designs that come from England. The gunmetal finish is effectively combined with rhinestones and opals, as well as the deeped toned stones, and a simple T-headed stick incrusted with garnets comes from one of the most widely known Viennese jewellers. There are dainty knobbed, enamelled handles, too, which the pressure of a tiny spring converts into bonbon or powder puff holders, and other designs of like convenient purpose. Thirty and forty dollars is an everyday price for many of these handles.

But the parasols themselves, the delicate diaphanous curves and billows of exquisite coloring and fabrics, these far outdistance any handle ever dreamed of, and are really pictures and poems of no mean order. For instance, there is a wonderful creation of white chiffon and heavy white silk appliqué, the design of the latter being a combination of the lily and the grape. Fluffy rosettes of chiffon grace handle and tip. The soft puffy shirring of chiffon, as inner lining, serves to hide even the white enamelled ribbing of many of the more costly parasols, giving the effect of snowflakes, when seen through the interstices of the rich openwork designs of which the body is composed. A rose design, where a delicate spray is inserted in the triangle between each rib, and a grape and leaf creation in which the whole body of the parasol is composed of the heavy silk openwork embroidery, are both finished with deep, billowy ruffles of cream chiffon falling gracefully about the edge.

A pink chiffon, all tucks and puffs and shirring, has motifs of black silk appliqué, large and star-shaped, on its panels, and is lined with pink taffeta. A fine French importation of velour brocade, in all colors, but noticeably in a certain indescribable design of rainbow blending, through which the light filters charmingly, is among the new and lovely things prospective purchasers should keep in mind.

Black and white designs are numerous, attractive and in exquisite taste. There are fine lace insertions and appliqués of black on white grounds, and witching combinations of black and white chiffon and net. Hemstitching and tucking are an old story, but they are told again in many new and charming ways.

One realizes, indeed, that in the making of "sunshades" and their like "the world do move," and in rapid strides since old Jonas Hanway raised his first "bumbashoot" on London streets and was decried by the cabbies as a dangerous rival.

CLEANINGS

"It is my opinion," said the housekeeper, "that our domestic troubles will never be at an end until men give a little attention to domestic matters. I have noticed, for instance, that much domestic mismanagement is due to the fact that housekeepers do not have money enough to manage on, and the reason they do not have enough is simply because their husbands, knowing nothing about domestic management and the expense thereof, do not give them enough. This may be an unusual way of looking at the matter, but I believe the idea is worth considering. At present we are working at cross purposes, with no necessary connection between the power of the purse and practical experience or knowledge. In no other department of human activity is this the case, so far as I recollect, and if a man were to provide the money for any other industry about which he knew nothing, if he were to erect the building in which it was to be carried on by the light of his own unaided reason, and even determine the education to be given to the workers without ever inquiring into the necessities of the case, we would expect nothing else but that every one concerned would come to grief. There is no reason why the same causes should produce different effects in the domestic realm.

There is no word in the English language which is more thoroughly misunderstood than economy. As ordinarily used it implies merely doing without things, and in domestic affairs it is synonymous with all sorts of petty and irritating deprivations. But, according to the dictionary, economy is the prudent management of affairs. Swift defined the virtue as the "parent of liberty and ease," and Ruskin says "economy no more means saving money than it means spending money; it means the spending or saving, whether of money or time or anything else, to the best possible advantage." To be economical, therefore, means, apparently, to manage so that one will not have to do without things that one ought to have, but will be able to satisfy all one's reasonable desires. It is the people who get things and do things with their money who are economical, not those who do not spend it at all.

"There is one advantage in having a weakness for beauty," observed the artistic woman. "One is subjected thereby to a great deal of discomfort, but one is also preserved from many of the temptations to break the Tenth Commandment from which most other people, judging from what they say, appear to suffer. Some women never return from an afternoon's shopping or a visit to a friend richer than themselves without bewailing audibly or otherwise their inability to possess such things as they have seen; but, for my own part, not all the wealth of Crœsus, whatever that may have been, and supposing it not to have been an inconvenient amount, would compensate me for having to own the things with which most people surround themselves when they have money enough to get them. To me the most desirable thing about wealth would be that it might afford a means of escape from the tyranny of things, but if it were only going to plunge one deeper in the mire of matter, I can see any object in having it. William Morris says that he never saw a rich man's house that would not have been improved by the destruction of nine-tenths of all that it contained, and my own experience has been almost precisely similar. There are few houses in any class of society that do not make me long for a bonfire in the back yard."

SALOONS AND SUBSTITUTES.

Third Lecture in Course on Present Day Problems at Miss Gould's.

The third lecture in the course on present day problems, given under the auspices of Miss Helen Miller Gould at her city home, for the benefit of the American Female Guardian Society, was delivered by Dr. William H. Tolman, director of the American Institute of Social Service, yesterday. By way of introduction, lantern slides were shown of the various phases of the saloon interiors, free luncheon counters, cafés, amusement halls—in fact, an exposition of the place which the saloon fills in the life of to-day, and what it does for the people in the large cities.

Then the question of substitutes was discussed, by which were meant the various movements providing satisfaction for the cravings and desires, which for the most part find their gratification in the saloon, for it is the combination of liquor and pleasure that makes the saloon so insidious, with its tendency downward. Prominent among substitutes is the institutional church, which creates a new environment, and in the overcrowded tenement houses, where the home can hardly exist, or where it fails to perform its proper function, the church steps in to supplement that which is lacking. The Church Temperance Society, under the efficient management of its secretary, Robert Graham, with its Squirrel Inn on the Bowery, its luncheon wagons, coachmen's van, firemen's van and free ice water fountains, was described in detail, and the practical character of its work commended.

The Naval Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Brooklyn, throws about the sailor the shelter and protection which he so much needs when he comes ashore, with money in his pockets, for what he calls "a good time." This building is practically Jack's clubhouse, for here he finds comfortable rooms, storage for his bags and kit, a restaurant, rooms for billiards, bowling and other games, swimming pool and spray baths and a reading room. The wisdom of this work is evidenced by the fact that the building is already too small. The Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association was described, with illustrations from the branches of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the New-York Central and those at Kansas City, where the Young Men's Christian Association has opened what might very fairly be called railroad men's clubs.

In conclusion, the Gothenburg system of national control was explained, whereby Sweden has become the fifth most temperate country in Europe. Photographs were shown of the retail shops, barrooms, eating houses for the workmen, reading rooms and entertainment halls in Gothenburg, where the company having the control of the liquor traffic maintains one saloon to each 2,798 of the population. Norway has been able to profit by the mistakes of Sweden, notably in the distribution of the profits for objects of public utility, instead of using them to reduce the taxes.

In the last twenty years of the system in Norway $735,000 has been distributed among hospitals, museums, public baths, theatres, village improvement and education. In Bergen there is one bar to each 8,187 of the population, and one establishment where liquor may be consumed off the premises to each 16,375 of the population. In this Scandinavian city the saloons are closed daily from 12 to 1:30 o'clock, to protect the workmen from dram drinking during the noon hour. The company provides four waiting rooms for workmen, where they are allowed to smoke and where they are supplied free with newspapers. Scandinavia has courageously grappled with the liquor traffic menace, after it had thoroughly informed itself regarding it. It knew that it could not prohibit it, but that it could control and regulate it.

Particular attention was called to the work which Sherwell and Rowntree are doing in their studies of the liquor problem in the different countries of the world. Views were also shown of the Public House Trust, of England, sometimes known as the Earl Grey movement.

5 O'CLOCK TEA CLUB.

It Shows Signs of Degenerating Into a Grumblers' Club.

"I read an excellent article the other day on 'Difficult People,'" said Mrs. Weldon. "It did not treat of offenders, such as we spoke of the other day, but those who are well intentioned, perhaps even benevolent. I was thinking of how we could increase the list from our own experience; or, better still, how we could take warning as to our own little foibles."

"Oh, bless you, everything is a warning!" exclaimed Miss Merivale. "I have always insisted, and probably asserted fifty times in this very assembly, that there is nothing so valuable as a bad example. I am absolutely certain that I should have been an unbearable person but for the faults of other people. I am always thinking 'There! that is another thing that I shall never do again!' As a rule, it refers to some disagreeable thing that I have done; but when I see how it looks when some one else does it, I have learned my lesson!"

"Ah, but that's tht point; you may learn," said Mrs. Weldon, "but some persons never take the warning."

"No credit to me, I assure you," Miss Merivale declared. "It's sheer, unqualified perversity."

"I'm sure you are right, however, about the good effect of bad examples," said Mrs. Wynne, "for I learned a lesson I never forgot about oversensitiveness. As a girl I was so sensitive that I was a torment to my friends. I don't mean that I was actually ill-tempered"—

"I'm glad you made that distinction," put in Miss Merivale. "The word 'sensitiveness' is generally used as a euphemism for plain, unvarnished, bad temper; but I know you well enough to be sure it was not so in this case. Pardon the interruption!"

"Well," continued Mrs. Wynne, smiling, "it was not plain bad temper, but it was almost as troublesome. I was given to warm friendships, and in every case I indulged in periodical fits of uncomfortable certainty that my friend had ceased to care for me. I never hesitated to express this cheering conviction, and my friends were sorely put to it to soothe my woes. I wonder they bore with me as they did. One of them did not; she broke with me, with a decision and emphasis that made me worse than ever, for it convinced me that I had always been right! As a rule, however, they coaxed and cajoled me, to the great detriment of my character."

"And now you are so reasonable," said the ever-comforting Mrs. Weldon. "What changed you?"

"A bad example! I acquired a morbidly sensitive friend, who, though a fine woman in many ways, made life so uncomfortable for me with her exactions and jealous fancies that I longed for an excuse to have done with her. After that I understood better the danger of petty egotism, and the value of a great, generous friendship."

"What became of the friend?"

"She married a big, kind man, who has a worried look and a constant habit of saying, 'Now, now, petty!' as if quieting a baby. I have reason to believe that she periodically informs him that she knows he hates her, and he gives her a handsome present to prove that he doesn't."

"Joyous way to live!" said Miss Merivale; and several voices chimed in with "Poor man!"

"Speaking of difficult people," went on Miss Merivale; "one of the worst I ever met is a man. He knows too much. You can't get ahead of him anywhere, and if you start an argument, you're lost. He never gives in, and never gets tired. There's a story going about that he jumped up and publicly contradicted a lecturer who expressed an opinion contrary to one of his theories. He proved the speaker wrong by actual statistics."

"It's bad to know too much," said Mrs. Lee, "but I know a person who sees too much!"

"That can only be a woman," said Miss Merivale. "It is a woman, and it is a cousin of mine, and I don't care if you know it! I never was a perfect person, and she ferrets out every little mistake, every grain of dust, every misplaced article—nothing escapes her. If you break a vase and hide the pieces, she'll find them and make some remark about the incident before the day's out. Next time she comes to stay with me I'm going to run away—tell her the doctor has ordered me South for the winter. You see, she is so careful and observant and helpful—and unbearable!"

"We could go on indefinitely," said Mrs. Weldon, "but the tea is ready now, and I make an informal motion to the effect that we deliberately choose a subject next time, and that it shall be a cheering and pleasant one. Otherwise we shall be called 'The Grumblers.'"

PERHAPS A SOP TO THE PUBLIC.

At the meeting of the Car Passengers' Rights Society, at No. 307 West Eighty-fifth-st., yesterday morning, reports were made of the recent improvements in car service, and the further changes which have been promised. Some doubt was expressed as to the permanency of these reforms, and for fear they might have been introduced as a mere "sop to the public," the society has agreed to continue its existence for the purpose of maintaining a public opinion on the issue. In order to promote agitation an entertainment is being planned by which to raise funds.

HOSPITAL GUILD MEETING.

The Hospital Guild connected with the New-York Medical College and Hospital for Women will hold its February meeting this evening at 8:30 at the home of Mrs. George W. Roberts, No. 170 West Fifty-ninth-st. There will be music, and friends are cordially invited.

THE TRIBUNE SUNSHINE.

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given to you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY.

Do something for somebody, somewhere,
While jogging along life's road;
Help some one to carry his burden,
And lighter will grow your load.

Do something for somebody gladly,
'Twill sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrows of others,
Your own are less hard to bear.

Do something for somebody, striving
To help where the way seems long;
And the homeless hearts that languish
Cheer up with a little song.

Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed;—
There's nothing on earth can help you
So much as a kindly deed.
—(Rev. J. S. Cutler, in Universalist Leader.

NOTICE.

All letters and packages intended for the T. S. S. should be addressed to The Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York City. If the above address is carefully observed communications intended for the T. S. S. will be less likely to go astray. The Tribune Sunshine Society has no connection with any other organization or publication using the word "Sunshine."

FOR COMFORTS.

A Manhattan member, always thoughtful of others' needs, has sent her check for $5, to be used "for any little comfort it will give." J. R. M., of Jersey City, sends $1 as a small help for some poor woman in need of cheer and sunshine.

WANTS WOOL.

Miss M. B. Hunt, a blind member, at No. 896 Amsterdam-ave., Manhattan, will be pleased to receive a contribution of wools of all colors to make articles for Easter, a work which she takes great pleasure in doing. Miss Hunt has been blind for twenty-one years, but can crochet and sew.

NEW-JERSEY BRANCH.

Miss Edith Brockett, State president of New-Jersey, reports the work of the Allendale Junior Branch, Mrs. Frank Drummond, president. Besides sending a generous box of holiday cheer to the general office, an excellent Christmas dinner and a quantity of vegetables were provided for a poor family; toys and candy went to a number of children, and special gifts to a little girl of five years who has had an operation on her knee and suffered greatly.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. George Perkins Lawton, president of the Saratoga branch, has been seriously ill for several weeks at her winter home, No. 65 West Forty-fifth-st. (San Rafael). She is slightly improved. Mrs. Lawton sends so much sunshine into the lives of others that her convalescent days should be made bright and cheery by the thoughtful attentions of others.

Miss Mildred Reid, president of Manhattan Branch No. 3, has gone to Washington to spend a few weeks with Miss Boswell, president of the branch in that city.

HAS PASSED AWAY.

David T. Denfield has announced to the office the death of his wife, Mrs. Mary E. Denfield, of Peekskill, who passed away at noon on Saturday, January 31. He writes: "I thank you and all Sunshine members for your deeds of love and kindness which brightened her last days, and I desire to convey her own wishes of love to all who work for Sunshine." It is gratifying to know that the last birthday of Mrs. Denfield was made bright and pleasant by the receipt of many cheery gifts and greetings from T. S. S. members.

FOR OTHERS.

A large package of magazines and illustrated papers to pass on has been received from E. M. D., of Tuckahoe, N. Y.; three silk ties, new collars, etc., without the name of the sender; silk pieces, ribbons, etc., from Miss Waters, of Pittsburg; flannelette sacks for infant, without a name; a household magazine, with stamps for the postage fund, from Burlington, Vt.; bedroom socks, without a name; a warm flannel wrapper, valentines and calendar from the Misses Dougherty, of Fifth-ave., Manhattan.

A JAPANESE WOMAN'S RETURN.

Her Readoption of the Native Dress and Other Customs.

There is a considerable range of differences suggested in the letter of a Japanese woman recently returned to her own land, after four years in this country. Readopting her native costume, she writes of it:

"Yesterday I bought a suit of Japanese clothes, very pretty, cost about $12. My brother helped me to choose fashionable ones, and we had all sorts of fun. For instance, when I went to buy a pair of Japanese stockings, I had to try on and change three times, for the American shoes have made my feet much smaller than those of four years ago, and hence I cannot at all wear the same sized stockings of my former self. Next, about the color of my dress and the material of it, with what sash. Of course, my brother, being an unmarried man, does not know about such a thing. So he talked about it with his friend, who is an artist, and got his ready suggestions.

"I put on my new dress for the first time last evening. Well, I called on a cousin of mine who lives in the same city. Oh, what a time I had! I was tortured to death by his thoughtless, repeated, Japanese profound bows, and then by my own unaccustomed positions—sitting, you know, on my heels. My brother was with me. Worst of all was when I was telling about America in my fluent Japanese—at least, so I thought—my brother would interrupt me, saying, 'You have lost your Japanese accent!' Upon my life, I have not, but both my cousin and brother laughed and agreed that I had.

"It is hard to live again at home, for I miss your freedom. Yet, above all, my heart is with this country of my own people."

FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO FUND.

Washington, Feb. 2.—In response to the appeal made yesterday for funds for the proposed memorial to Thomas Jefferson as the author of the Declaration of Independence, Admiral Dewey today received the first subscription to the project. It came in the following telegram:

Denver, Col., February 2.
Admiral George Dewey, President Jefferson Memorial Association:
In response to your appeal in this morning's papers, the Colorado Society, Daughters of the Revolution, take pleasure in forwarding you today $100 as their donation to the Thomas Jefferson Memorial. NETTIE E. CASPAR,
Regent Colorado Society, Daughters of the Revolution.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Girl's Coat, No. 4,344, for 10 Cents.

Pleated coats always are becoming to childish figures. This pretty one is shown in white zibeline stitched with silk, and is worn with a leather belt, but all coat materials, cloth, velvet, silk and the cotton and linen fabrics of spring and summer, are appropriate to the design.

NO. 4,344—GIRL'S COAT.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (six years) is six and one-half yards 21 inches wide, six yards 27 inches wide, three and one-half yards 44 inches wide, or three yards 52 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 4,344, is cut in sizes for girls two, four, six, eight and ten years of age.

Each pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and years distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern send an extra two cent stamp and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

The Winning of Donna Lorraine.

A TALE OF TRINIDAD.

BY BASIL MARNAN.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

"Look here, Señor Perreira," said Hector Ogilvie, "I will fight you for the bathing cove and as much land round it as you think a fair equivalent of your estate here."

"You will fight me?" echoed Perreira, rising to his feet, his brows arched in surprise. "I fear I do not understand."

"I don't mean in person," Ogilvie replied, with a smile. "But I will stake my white bull against that black one of yours, the estates to go to the winner."

The two men were sitting on the Don's veranda, where Lorraine had brought her embroidery. Don Pablo had shown himself anything but prone to forget Ogilvie's service, and, to the marked disapproval of his daughter, had been very persistent in inviting the Englishman to his hacienda. Lorraine took her revenge with zest. Ogilvie's passion was too evident to escape her notice, and she laid herself out to torture him. But if she succeeded in reducing Ogilvie to alternate states of despair and delirious hope, she left untouched his quiet obstinacy of purpose. Beneath the girl's steely drilling, Ogilvie had for some weeks been learning to appreciate at its proper value the nature of that crust of pride which, despite the old man's courtesy, held him aloof from the privileges he desired. He divined, shrewdly enough, the Don's covetousness for land, and all the ideas of caste implied in his mind by a titular right to its possession. To put himself on a level with their perspective, to remove from their minds the notion that he was there as a commercial usurper, was no easy task.

Then as, for the twentieth time, the Donna had coldly refused his offer of the bathing cove, the inspiration had come to him. The veriest tyro could have told him that between the Don's black champion and his own white bull there was but one issue possible. But to lose a few hundred acres in fair play, and at such disadvantage, would compel the Don, in self-defence, to regard him henceforth in that light of equality that he was painfully aware he did not at present enjoy.

He felt the girl's sudden flush and startled gaze, and the Don's quick scrutiny. But he stuck to his part with hard, defiant eyes, and in cold tones repeated his offer.

"My white bull against your black!" he said, leaning forward and slowly blowing a wreath of smoke into the still air.

A most unholy fire of derision and exultation glowed for a second beneath the Don's yellow lids. He perceived at once the Englishman's little plan, and inwardly his soul trembled with a fear and a hope that he would not for worlds have revealed to his daughter.

"I accept the wager," said Perreira gravely.

The contest was fixed for the next day, and as Ogilvie departed, the Don and his daughter sat for a long time in silence.

"He is a wealthy youth, and brave, and has spirit," said Señor Perreira at last. His eyes were resting furtively on Lorraine, and his voice had a suspiciously tentative note. Lorraine, bending over her work, felt it; felt, too, with a sense of hot resentment, the sudden warmth of color that flushed her cheeks. The Don walked away, smothering a dry chuckle, and as the sound reached the girl, her hands suddenly tore in two the lace mantilla she was working, and with angry eyes she turned on her duenna, and crying, "How dare you look like that? I hate him, and his wealth, and everything about him!" fled to her room.

On the following afternoon Ogilvie stood with Perreira in the small veranda which overlooked the back of the Don's bungalow. Below them stretched a lengthy oblong sward, on three sides shut in by the house, on the fourth by stout palings of bamboo and cocarite. Almost at their feet the black bull stood, held at either side by two peons, its little red evil eyes fiercely twitching, its straining neck curved into an arch of knotted muscles as the ropes dragged its nostrils close to its chest. Opposite, at the other end of the inclosure, Ogilvie's champion stood tossing its head, a beautiful creature, with open curved horns; its spotless hide, its tense muscular symmetry, exaggerating the contrast of its pygmy dimensions with the giant frame of its adversary.

The Don stroked his beard, hiding a smile. Ogilvie, catching sight of a certain fluttering at a window above them, turned, with cheeks slightly flushed, to his host.

"They only await your signal, señor," he said.

With a hastily averted glance the Don leaned forward and bade the men let go. Immediately the peons slipped the ropes and scurried over the barriers.

For a moment the two animals stood facing each other, tossing their heads, bellowing in the ecstasy of liberty and battle. Then almost simultaneously the shaggy fronts were lowered, the bellowings merged in one raucous mutter, and, cutting the turf with savage hoofs, the two brutes charged. The intervening space was short, and, before they had attained great impetus, fair and square the two fronts dashed together. The white bull, thrown back like a ball, wheeled swiftly and galloped to the barrier, there to turn and, with every muscle quivering, to start again in a wild charge.

The Don's champion, versed in many a battle, had backed slowly, and, as the other turned, stood with lowered crest and hoofs planted like steel pegs, waiting the onset. It came like a wave, and like a wave the white bull seemed to break and pass over the rocky front opposed to him, hurled by its own impetus and the cunning twist of the knotted neck beneath some feet beyond to the turf.

To the spectators the issue seemed to be an affair now determined, and Donna Lorraine, leaning in her excitement from her coign of seclusion, for a moment met the full, eager, pleased gaze of her suitor. Her eyes had sought him in a spirit of exultant challenge, expecting to meet a face sombre with the certainty of loss. The sight of his very evident gratification brought a pucker of perplexed wonder to her brow. Then in a flash she read its cause, and all his hidden design. Her face flamed a rosy red, and with a nervous jerk she closed the casement and drew the blinds.

At that moment the unexpected happened. The black bull, with a snort of expectant victory, had wheeled and charged on its fallen foe. Half dazed, the other struggled to gather itself up; its front knees grinding the turf, its haunches indrawn to a tense rigidity, its muzzle flecking the green grass with a bloody froth, like a stone from a catapult it lanced upward and forward just as the goring horns of its adversary were rushing down upon it. For a moment the two seemed to poise together in the sultry air, then, with a crash, they fell, a quivering mass of pelting hoofs, till out of the wild frenzy they both reared again, and, maddened now to blindness, rushed front to front once more. But the Don's champion was reeling wildly, for in its last furious charge the long, curved horn of the white bull had struck fair and full the onrushing chest, where still its broken edge protruded.

And now, before the two could reach each other again, the black bull staggered, rocked, floundered to its knees; its eyes glared around in an agony of pain and defiance; then its head smote the ground, and a great red wave stained the turf as the dying brute's legs clawed at the darkening sunlight. Next moment the white bull, with head erect, was pawing the twitching body, making the hills echo with bellowings of triumph.

Don Pablo turned a gray face on his guest.

"Señor," he said, "it was a brave fight. It is, however, written that my star must go down before yours. My house and my lands are at your disposal. I ask you only time enough to remove my personal effects."

Words failed Ogilvie. He had, with the best intentions, done the Don about the worst turn a man could devise, and he knew that to treat the issue as anything but an assured fact would be counted to him for an irrevocable insult.

As the Don, with a grave "adios," walked slowly into the house, Ogilvie bowed his head and followed his victorious bull out of the inclosure. He turned once to glance at the bungalow, only to avert his gaze uncomfortably; for the window was open again, and at it, serenely regarding the hills above his head, sat Lorraine, her impassive face showing a perfect oblivion of her misfortunes—and of himself.

For a moment he paused, but, resisting the impulse, he shrugged his shoulders defiantly, turned his back on Lorraine, and, softly cursing his luck, made his way homeward.

A brooding sky, heavy with languor of sleepy stars; a night of strange fragrances, of soft panting winds, of purple shadows cradled in a golden bloom of drowsy, dreaming waves.

Beyond the Bocas, from their sombre tree-clad ridges up to the glittering zenith, the Milky Way glowed and shivered, and through its midst of powdered pearls the amber crescent of the moon soared in a vesture of coral hued cloud. Beneath the rush of light the waters of the Gulf trembled into a sudden hush, and lay like a lake of carven lilies, breathless, expectant.

Toward the Bocas a column of blackness stretched athwart the silver radiance, moulding to an immense unity the clustering shadows of the islands, whose mounted crags rose sullen and forbidding in the path of the moon and fretted the saffron glare into a fairy lacework of rainbow foam around their wooded shores.

The cluster of shadows ran like a straight path toward the little bay, where the watchhouse of Don Pablo's late estate grayly gleamed in the distance. On the brim of the blackness, riding at anchor just beyond the gloom, the yacht Firefly lay, glistening in a shimmer of opalescent pallor, like a thing of dreams between worlds of shadow and light.

In a deck chair on the yacht Hector Ogilvie was lying, following visions through the glamour of the water. To his left the islands rose in clear relief: one lying low and covered with trees, whose delicate feathery leaves gleamed like a silken shawl about the brown, brooding branches; the other, linked to it by a low spit of gray beach, high, precipitous, barren, with its flight of stone steps darkly defined in the face of the rock, and on its crest the dark outline of a bungalow that seemed to fall grotesquely away from one window in which the rosy light of a lamp melted against the darkness.

Many days had passed since Ogilvie had received from Señor Perreira the title deeds of the estate he had so lucklessly won. Now, after three weeks' silence, he had sought the Don and boldly demanded the right to woo his daughter. Certainly the Don had been unexpectedly kind, had even waived any right to make objections to Ogilvie's proposal to occupy for the campaign the adjacent island, had finally relegated the decision to Donna Lorraine herself. Ogilvie had not been extravagantly hopeful; he had, indeed, thought the Don might promise a little parental advice in his behalf; but he hastened to send off his crew to the mainland to bring over enough furniture to render the island bungalow habitable.

He was engaged somewhat moodily now in checking off his chances of success, and his mind, in the stress of a sudden hope, gently drowsed into visions.

At the same hour, in the room whose light shone out on the yacht, Don Pablo and his daughter were holding stormy conclave. For her parent held Donna Lorraine in private in vivid awe. Despite his show of arrogance to the world, the old noble had scant relish for that aloofness to which Donna Lorraine compelled him firmly to adhere; and certainly the Don would sooner have lost his front teeth than let his daughter know his real appreciation of the value of birth as against cash. It had therefore been with a finely discriminating air of diffidence that he ventured to broach to Lorraine the subject of Ogilvie's visit to him that afternoon.

"For myself," he concluded, with cunning touch, "I am an old man, and practically ruined. I offer, then, no command. I give you entire freedom."

The girl's face dropped, her cheeks and brow tingling with a hot flush. Don Pablo, watching her narrowly, was delighted. He rose and patted her cheek. "Carramba!" he said gleefully, "we shall yet build the old house again."

Lorraine turned as if she had been stung, and before her astonished parent had realized his error she poured out on him all the eloquence of the scorn her own secret thoughts had for so long been storing against herself, and not waiting a reply she fled from the room.

For some time she paced up and down, divided between rage and tears, not knowing whether to hate most the presumption of her suitor, the treacherous response of her own emotions or the intolerable delight of her father.

Suddenly into the silence of her rage her father's voice, sharp, excited, broke:

"Carramba! What do you here?"

Her door was ajar, and between her room and the other a curtain hung. She sprang to it, and with wide eyes peered round its edge, to fall back with clenched hands, a cry of horror dying in her throat; for within, in the grip of three men, her father was being bound hand and foot to his chair, and the men, garbed in the yellow dress of the convict isle which lay two miles nearer the Bocas, she recognized as the same ruffians who had been sentenced for their attack on the Don and herself two months before.

Rigid and breathless, she watched them finish their task and stand back.

"Ah," jeered the leader, "who's baas now, Portugee devil? Jose de niggah goen larn you dat. Derse a bewfel boat out der in de moonlight, an' only de yun bucra baas der. I'se goen dar, I an' de boys cut un droat, take de boat, go ri' 'way wid you an' de bewfel M'zelle. Ise de baas dis show, an' you goen be niggah, an' likkle M'zelle my ole wom'n."

Lorraine, with her head reeling, clung to the curtain. A cry, a gasp even, would mean discovery, failure. She was conscious of no fear for herself, none for her father. All perception seemed merged in one picture. From her window she could see Ogilvie's shadow outlined against the awning, alone on the deck—perhaps sleeping. Her imagination followed the long swift strokes of the men as they swam to the ship; she saw them climbing the side, approaching the sleeping form; with a shudder she came to herself, every nerve vibrant to forestall them, to save their unconscious victim. Her father's words, toned to a measured purposeful distinctness, riveted her attention:

"You have me at your mercy," he said, "but my daughter took the boat half an hour ago to the yacht."

"All Portugee men are dam liars," retorted the leader. "Ise took de boat to de oder side d'island. Ise goen find de M'zelle dis minnit."

"Accursed slaves!" yelled the old man, "you shall kill me first." Then, in Portuguese, he added, "Fly, my child!"

As he spoke, he lifted himself, chair and all, and with a violent spring hurled himself on the little table where stood the lamp, dashing it to the ground, and plunging the room into sudden darkness.

On the instant Lorraine read his purpose. She flung a black cloak about her head and shoulders, and, with her heart beating in her throat, her hand clasping the haft of a dagger, she glided into the room, like a phantom skirted the walls, and before the convicts could recover from their confusion she had gained the steps and was racing down them for the water.

A glance showed her that the skiff was gone. Before her rose the outlines of the yacht, white and spectral. She flung her mantle off and glided into the water. The distance seemed to grow as she advanced, though the ship was not more than a hundred yards from the shore. But she was a strong swimmer, the water was deep and buoyant, and her skirt was light. Yet, despite her strength, there was a great singing in her ears, a blurred dizziness before her eyes, as she realized that her hands were groping at the side of the vessel. The touch of the cold iron electrified her, and in a few minutes she had climbed painfully to the accommodation ladder, and, shoeless, dripping, trembling in every limb, stood leaning heavily against the side.

It was some seconds later that Hector Ogilvie, opening his eyes, lay staring in front of him in blank amazement at what he for a moment thought a continuation of his dreams: Lorraine stood before him, proud, defiant, repelling, but a very Naiad shrinking from the clinging of drenched robes, her hair, touched by the moonlight to a strangely liquid fire, hanging about her arms and waist, framing a face bent and flushed, her whole posture and expression eloquent of a shyness that thrilled his waking consciousness to masterful joy.

For with the sight of him, there had burst on the girl all the import of her action. Self-revelations flooded her with shame, and with all the rebellious emotions that turned the shame to sweetness. For a moment she stood abashed by the very completeness of her surrender; but her imperious temper ill supported a sense of humility, and as Ogilvie sprang up and advanced toward her with hands outstretched and eyes alight with questions she lifted her head and met his gaze proudly, defiantly.

"The convicts have escaped," she said. "They have bound my father, and they are coming her to murder you and seize the yacht. They stole the boat, so I had to swim."

"You have done this for me!" he stammered, taking her hand