

bring her back to be his wife. He felt superhuman strength and resourcefulness. He was sure she had loved him, and he could make her love him again. He would devote a life of service to her. He knew he would succeed.

He took the morning train for Tampa and made his way to the cigar factory. There, having obtained an interview with the manufacturer, he stated his case boldly.

"You are under a mistake, señor," said the Spaniard coldly, when Murdoch had finished. "I have no daughter. If I had one I might find your suggestion insulting, sir."

"But—" stammered the other.

"It is not our custom, sir, to place the portraits of our daughters upon cigar boxes for the inspection of the world. However, I think you are sincere, and, as I happen to know where you can find the *Senorita Dolores*, I will tell you. Go to number 192 *Avenida Otranta* at nine o'clock this evening and you will assuredly meet her there."

He bowed and, with a cynical smile, passed into his office, shrugging his shoulders. He was a very busy man, and whatever of sentiment there had once been in his nature had long ago been driven out by Americanization. Still, it was droll, very droll! He wished he could spare the time to go to the *Avenida* that evening in order to witness the meeting. However—he shrugged his shoulders again and speedily forgot the matter.

In Bull's cabaret, No. 193 *Avenida Otranta*, the usual throng was assembled at nine o'clock that evening. *Senor Bull*, an enterprising Yankee from Philadelphia, certainly knew how to cater to the tastes of his patrons. *Senor Bull's* wines, for example, had never seen any but European suns; they were not doctored, homegrown admixtures. And *Senor Bull's* singing and dancing ladies were no fifth-rate café chantant entertainers, but celebrities from New York and Havana. As for *Senorita Dolores*, he had picked her up in an obscure music hall, and it was shrewdly said that the ten days' scandal which had brought her into the limelight had been actually engineered, if not invented, by *Senor Bull* himself. Certainly the *senorita*, whose portrait adorned cigar boxes, bill posters, and other such places, justified her fame, for few could dance more divinely or set the hearts of Tampa's youths beating more wildly.

When she came forward on the stage that night the audience at the little tables broke into a storm of bravos. Attired as a matador, in short scarlet skirts, holding her dart with its fluttering *banderole*, she bowed and kissed her hands to the audience and capered forward and began her song.

It was a fine song and it went to the hearts of the Cubans who heard her. It told of wine and love and battle, so rousing their spirits that they saw in the *senorita* the veritable incarnation of