incident had left such an unpleasant impres-
sion upon me that I dreaded even to be alone.

When I awoke in the morning the sun was
shining brightly through the tent. As I arose,
the first things to catch my eye were the boots,
which my orderly, probably, had taken from
the horse and placed in the tent. I picked
one up, and indeed it was worthy of my ad-
miration. As I turned it over I noticed near
the top on the inside a name in gilt letters.
"Juan Leal"—there it stood. However, it
did not debar me from trying them on, and
they fitted beautifully.

A month passed. We found ourselves back
in Lisbon, quartered there until further notice.
Here I met a most charming Spanish lady.
Her father's country house was on my favorite
ride, so I stopped there nearly every evening
on my way back to the city. Both she and
Don Benito, her father, spoke English well.
To say that I was charmed would be putting
it mildly, while I was, perhaps, a good ways
from being actually in love. To vary the dull
routine of a soldier's life here it was the
most blessed thing that could have happened.
I leave it to my male readers to tell just what
the sentiment was, and I think perhaps some
few of my gentler friends might possibly ex-
plain it also.

I had known Senorita Dolores perhaps two
weeks, when one evening on entering I found
her sister, Senorita Inez, and a stranger with
her. She immediately presented him to me
as Don Juan Leal. I gasped for breath; I
had on those very boots. Could it be the man
had not been dead? No; my better judgment
and reason told me it must be another man of
the same name. Still, it was not an altogether
common name, so I wisely determined to await
further developments.

As soon as we came into the light—for our
meeting had taken place in a summer-house
on the lawn—I noticed he possessed a remark-
ably handsome, but sinister face, with a
slightly aquiline nose, and large, dark eyes
that seemed never for an instant to remain
still. He was well dressed, and, what seemed
singularly strange, wore boots very similar to
those I wore. His manner bespoke him the
courtier. From the moment I had heard him
speak I had taken a sudden dislike to him,
for his smooth, polished tones, addressed par-
ticularly to my fair Spanish friend, showed
that I possessed a rival of no mean preten-
sions. In fact, he spoke to her with such fa-
miliarity—I had almost said assurance—that
it grated upon me most disagreeably.

As soon as he looked at my feet he started
slightly.

Thinking, perhaps, to throw some light
upon this strange coincidence of names, I
asked rather abruptly, "You are not in the
army, Senfor Leal?"

"No; I take no interest in affairs of the
government; I leave that to our able English
allies," he replied quickly, with an accent
upon the last word which I could not help but
take as satirical.

During the remark he had carelessly let
fall his handkerchief. In stooping to pick it
up he slipped, fell forward, and catching at
the same time the top of my boot, turned it
over so that he read his own name on the in-
side. When he arose, and, bowing and smil-
ing, begged to apologize, he had a most
curious look of mingled hatred and fear. I
could not understand it.

While I did not claim to understand the fair
sex perfectly, I had a presentiment that, to
speak commonly, I was as good as any man.
No man, however low down on the scale of
self-esteem, will calmly stand by and see a
perfect stranger walk in, and in a few mo-
ments win the laurels that he has considered as
his alone. My self-esteem was quite aroused;
and I determined to show this oily don
that I was somebody; that I had some claim
upon his attention; and that whatever might
be his intentions regarding Dolores, he should
have cause to have no mean opinion of me as
a rival.

I accordingly devoted myself most assidu-