The Language of Diplomacy.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Senor Luis Moreno, an attaché of the Chilian Legation.
Miss Edith Barclay.

Enter Delia. She glances out of the window onto the street.

Delia.—Shure, there’s that furri Spaniard agin. (Door-bell rings.) An’ what Miss Edith likes about him, I can’t see; wid his long nose and his little moustashe. (Exit Delia.)

Enter Senor Moreno.

Senor Moreno.—Dese Americanos, dey do dings so queerly. In Valparaiso, senora would come, too; but here, ah! dis iss de country, and Senorita Barclay, she iss de queen.

Enter Delia.

Delia.—Miss Barclay will be down in wan minute. (Exit Delia.)

Enter Miss Barclay.

Miss Barclay.—O, how do you do, Senor Moreno. I’m so glad to see you. Mamma and Nell have gone out to drive, and I’m all alone. I was dreading a lonely afternoon. How nice of you to come.

Senor Moreno.—Dis mus’ be my last vis-ite, dis, for in de morning I mus’ go back to Washington. Senor Gonzales, he iss recalled, and I must take his place.

Miss Barclay.—O, I’m so sorry. I thought you were going to be here a long while. It will be very lonesome. We must make the most of the afternoon. Let’s go out on the side veranda and sit. It’s much pleasanter there. Don’t you think that will be nice?

Senor Moreno.—No! No! Dis iss werry cool here, and de light iss not so bright.

Miss Barclay.—Very well, it is quite cool here.

Senor Moreno.—Here iss a pretty place to sit,—here, on de divan. (Points to a couch in a dark corner, and draws up a chair for himself. The light from an open window in the hall shines very brightly into her eyes.)