

never loved before ; he vowed he would not whisper a single word of his marvellous adventure ; and allowing himself to be conducted out of the house he descended the ramparts in silence, but when he reached the middle of the town, his heart, full of joy, could contain it no longer, and he went along singing in a stentorian voice all the songs he had ever learned of Cimarosa and of Daleyrac at the *balcon des Bouffes* and of *Feydeau*. He spent the night composing romances and drawing from memory the features of his beautiful mistress, which struck him as bearing a great resemblance to those of the handsome little Pacheco. This puzzled him : however he had never paid much attention to Pacheco's features, but perfectly remembered those of his beautiful incognita, her beautiful lips, fine aquiline nose, large black eyes,—and he was determined to observe his young friend closely the next day.

His astonishment was so great the next day to find in Pacheco the exact counterpart of his mistress that he fell into a profound melancholy, and did not perceive that the poor child was more full of life, more joyous than ever, his cheeks vied more with the rose, and his eyes were more brilliant ; he laughed and frolicked round him, saying he would go to France to learn to speak french, and said Balthazar must write to his mother and sisters in his favor.

—But you, said Balthazar, forgetting all his resolutions, have you a sister ?

—I have neither brother nor sister, answered Pacheco. Saying this the child became pale, his gaiety disappeared, and he went and sat down near the old Spaniard, who coldly addressed a few words to him in the language of the country.

Balthazar had seen nothing of this, so much was he absorbed by this resemblance ; he did not see either that instead of going to saddle the horse of his child for their usual ride, the Spaniard was arranging the table for a repast, covering it with musty old bottles of Xeres and Rancio.