two patron saints."

eyes. ... thought,

ingly.

true

a habit of doing even with impatient lovers, and it had become quite reason-ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henriet's Dan , Skinner.

2

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Characters in the story, -Advien and Theo-duce Darotti-the former a young baratone from the Royaling a voice such as only angels brother, possessing voice such as only angels are supposed to have. Madame Hottense Del spuile, the eliger. Rumon Engenio Disdier, his four daughters and is mother-in-law, Madame Valorge, Axestini, a professor of machema-tes at the Lycee Louis Is Grande Carissino Casimiro, a violings I fom the Conservatory Orsince Italian friends, and Adriano

valorge. Accessing a use la Grande Carissimo ices at the layere Louis la Grande Carissimo Casimiro, a violinai from the Conservatory Or-chestra. Oreste, the Darchi brothers' valet Chapter L.-The Feast of Pentecosi. The Charten and Theodore Dureth in sing-ers. The former meets famous Disdier and his daughter, Expiritu Santo. She sends. through the brother, the litus hamed, Espiritu Santo, to Theodore Dureth Campter II.-Closer a Cosimiro goes as solo violinst in the Opera States. Adrien accom panies him as the first barkone. Chapter III.-Closer a Cosimiro goes as solo violinst in the Opera States. Adrien accom panies him as the first barkone. Chapter III.-Closer a Cosimiro goes as solo violinst in the Opera States. Adrien accom panies him as the first barkone. Chapter III.-Closer Barkone. Chapter III.-Closer account for the preding character as four throughout Eag-land and the United States. Adrien accom

eries. the floor nearly to school-girls in short dresses

Chapter V. — Maspiritu.

ve with Espiritu. V.-Madame Delapoule endeavors ade Adriano to marry. She lauds Madame Delapoule leaves Paris

to persuade Adriano to Marry. Sure Paris Grainas. Madame Delapoule leaves Paris for five years. Chapter VI — Theodore goes to his elder rether Bindo. His parting with Espiritu. Adriene Noi Cataina. Her father discoun-lemances his propertion. Chapter VI.—After an absence of five years She is informed of the Disdiers change of for-tune Madame Valores bilindees. Adrien brings two of the greatest living tenors to assist Cavalina in her debut. One turns out to assist Cavalina in her debut. One turns out to VIII -Adrien and Theodore visit Disdier

Chapter i modest home at Passy. Their ibe Disdiers' modest home at Passy. Their amizement at the changes tim has effected. Atrien and Taeodore in a runaway accident. Their groom s werely injured. Chapter IX. - Dasht of Daretti's groom. Chapter X.-Theodore speaks of his love for Spuritu to Madame Valorge and receives en-

Chap XI.-Adrien is displeased with the

accents

reception-rooms

and then glanced from her to

ountenance," said the marchioness. We all call him the young St.

Pepilla looked up at the big, darkiman

deed one can go farther down!

he admitted.

"It is an unfortunate trait of ours."

Serve God, love me, and mend !"

meet you, Count Daretti, so you had

'It was for your sister that I came

"I did not

Stephen

Chap XI.-Adrice is displeased with the remonstrations of Madame D.Jepoule and Monsignore lanson. Chapter XII.-Victoire Ainsworth's sad ex-perience. Adrien visits Monsignore lanson and goes to confession. Chapter XII.-Catalina receives an ovation is Aida. Sue and her friends discover Oeg-lairs to be any energy. Chapter XIV.-Theodore proposes for Es-piritu's band. He is to receive his answer the following Sunday. Chapter XV.-Adrien talks with his valet, concerning his (he valet's) fancee. Chapter XV.-Adrient talks with his valet, concerning his (he valet's) fancee. Chapter XV.-Bepritt is betrothed to Theodore. She tells him the secret of her father's second marriage. She must remain for the present with her father, as his wife is a poor manager. Sne also takes care of her young step bother Maxime. Chapter XVI.-Adriano longs again to meet Margara.

CHAPTER XVIII.

* Sofily the light robes she doth wear Sweep down the stair. O cager hear! less wildly beat-1 shall behold her, stately, sweet, All good and fair!

She holds me mute with her beaming eyes Full of bright surprise : Still grow the pulses her coming shook, In the gentle might of her golden look My heaven hes !'

-Celia Thaxter

Teodoro, coming into the room a few minutes later, was confronted by his big brother, looking flushed and decome to our house six years ago, termined.

"Tedi, tell me instantly, without stopping to take breath, where are Espiritu's friends, the San Roques? Where do they live, and what has happened to them all?"

pened to them all?" "Good gracious, Adriano, how you startled me! I will tell you everything I know just as quick as I can. They have lived in England for several years, but this year they have been spending the winter at Neuilly and are going to their London house next week. before her. "How very unlike you brothers are !" she remarked, demuretheir London nouse next week. The marquis died four years ago, one of the younger boys was drowned soon after. The eldest boy, Roque, gave up his title and entered a monastery. Jaime is in business in England, for you know they lost a great deal of property in Cuba during the insurrections and are not as rich as they used to be. The rest are all living with their mother. Espiritu sees Margara nearly every day, and you surely remember that the aay, and you surely remember that the younger sister, the one we used to call Pepilla, is betrothed to our sister Elena's brother, Gentile d'Usseglio, do do you not? They will be married in

^robust, healthy, brimming over with life, intelligence, and fun. Oh, he knew Fobust, healthy, brimming over with life, intelligence, and fun. Oh, he knew her well, intimately, he could not be mistaken! This tall reserved young woman, with melancholy eyes and delilovers, and it had become quite reason-ably late—so late that even a man of the highest fashion need not fear to present himself at an aristocratic evening reception. The Usseglio re-ception was not to be a large one, howcate pale face, had nothing in common with his princess. "I used to be known as Margara, er, in deference to the

beautiful said. The small mouth, its thin, delicately curved widowed Marchioness of Palafox, whose first appearance in social life it was since the death of her husband, now with had a pathetic little lips nearly four years since. The ladies received in the drawing-

lips had a pathetic little aroops at the corners, and the ghost of a smile that crept over it now only seemed to make it more pathetic than before. The tones of her voice were low and reoms on the first floor. Teodoro was detained in the dressing-room by some pleasant. He had heard that voice the stairs alone. The sound of lively dance-music came from a large room at the head of the staircase and he nemory only a few hours before, and

memory only a few hours before, and he knew it now. His eyes fell and he bowed low before her. "Forgive me, Dona Margarita, I fear I was very rude." He spoke as one in in a dream. Certainly his first feeling glanced in. It was evidently the music-room, with its polished floor, grand-piano, and the absence of drapin a dream. Certainly his first feeling was one of bitter disappointment. All his beautiful castles in Spain had crumbled away at a touch. What a fool he had been—he, the sensible, cool-headed, heart whole Daretti! How in a dream Half a dozen young couples had themselves, two were pirouetting gayly around together, while in the middle of the room a lad absurdly visionary the passed hours now seemed, and yet the vision had still younger with dark floating curls, was prancing about, led by a young en a very sweet one !

gayly and gracefully along by the side You are very excusable," she said, lly. "I know well how much I have about her decision. At last she lifted her head and gazed smilingly into his gayly and gracefully along by the side of her romping young companion. It was a pretty sight, and Daretti lin-gered a moment at the threshold. The young woman caught sight of him as he stood there and looked towards him an kindly. d. How could you remember me, change who only saw me three or four times, so "I do not care to be released from my

word," she said, simply, and detaching the medal from its chain handed it to long ago ?" "But I recall you perfectly as you looked then," he insisted, with a desperinstant. It was not a face that he rehim again. ate attempt to retain a vanished dream. ognized, but it was a sweet and attractive one, its sad, refined expression and grave eyes being in unexpected con-Your hair was two shades lighter than it is now. You wore it braided, but it was all loose and floating about your face, instead of brushed smooth and trast with the gay, spirited movement with which she had entered into the knotted as you wear it now. Your face was round then instead of oval; you young people's pastime. She seemed to hesitate a moment on seeing Daretti, but he turned away at once with a bow looked like the Margara of six years ago, the Margara that had believed in were very plump, and had a great deal of color; you were not as tall as you are now, and your eyes were darker and were laughing all the time." of apology and passed on to the drawing room, where the majestic butler was announcing his name in broad English

eyes laughed again now. suppose the dragon is yours," she said, laughingly. Since she had decided to have faith in him, her heart felt wonderwas partly flattered at the accuracy of The large reception-rooms were pleasantly filled by members of the Spanish, Italian, and English colonies was partly flattered at the accuracy of his memory after such a lapse of time and partly amused at the unconsciously implied disparagement of her present looks. She smiled outright, and that of Paris and a number of French families of rank. The announcement

smile was a revelation. "I know you now-I know you now !" of the great singer's name caused ripple of excitement, for though said Adriano, softly. He felt sure that the smile which so transfigured her was a rare one on her lips, and he longed to favorite of many seasons he was still one of the biggest lions of Paris society. The stately, aristocratic Countness d' Usseglio received him with cordality as one of the family, and Daretti then think of something to say or do that would keep it there. Again he looked earnestly into her face, and what a re-fined, sensitive, high-bred face it was urned to where the Marchioness o how dainty the outlines, how tender the shadows! "This is not the first time you have

turned to where the Marchioness of Palafox was receiving by her side. How lovely she still was as she stood there, sad, widowed, crowned with gray, but tender, high-souled distin-guished as ever, and with the added met me of late without recognizing me, dignity of sorrow and a touching gentle-ness and consideration of manner! He

she said, still smiling. There was a rich color mounting in her cheeks now, and Adriano wondered bowed low before her and kissed the how he could have thought for an inhand she extended cordially to him, stant that she was less pretty than form and then gianced from her to the pretty gypsy face by her side. "You will hardly remember Pepilla," said the marchioness. "She was still in the school-room when you used to erly. Surely this exquisite, spiritual countenance had a beauty of its own that appealed to a higher element in him than the child's prettiness could have done, a beauty of intellect refined and matured by thought and experience, a beauty of soul chastened and sanctified by the sorrows of life. "She must have knows your brother quite well.' 'Yes, indeed,'' cried the young a " cried the young girl " and we have followed his career wit been through the very furnace of afflic-tion," he thought. "I wonder what the story of her life has been ! She has a the greatest interest and delight. He tion," he thought. used to be such a dear boy and had ch a beautiful face, and now it is like consecrated look, as of a young nun who has learned that life is vanity and a fairy story to have him turn out such a prince of singers!" "Theodore still has the same angolic countenance," said the marchioness. has turned from the world to devote

herself to heaven He was so absorbed in his thoughts as he stood silently contemplating her that he did not hear her speak. She made him. nother attempt to rouse started, for this time he realized that she was speaking, but he had no more ". Dona Josefa," exclaimed Adriano, idea than the dead what she was saying to him.

in laughing remonstrance, "what have I done to deserve that?" Pepilla laughed too. "But are not "I have to beg your pardon again,' he stammered, thoroughly disconcerted and blushing deeply. Oh, why could he not be invisible for a few moments, Pepilla laughed too. "But are not barytones always villains?" she asked. I always think of them as such from to study that sweet face more and more ? Dona Juan and Iago downward, if in-Why was there any need of conven tional talk between them? But o course she could not know what he was feeling.

he admitted. Other guests now claimed the hos-tesses' attention, and he was free to look about him. He was greatly dis-"A penny for your thoughts !" she said, flippantly, to relieve his embarrassment. " If I co ould only tell her all !"

advantage than in the gentle dignity, I am coming to see you whisked away by the devils !" first time you sing there in ' Don Juan' hesitate," she replied. "It is not a souvenir, but I frankly own that I am attached to it, as it is the medal of my the noble simplicity and truth of the Cordelia of the opening act. The ex-quisite repose and tender, childlike How much you will enjoy it !" he

xclaimed, and they laughed merrily. If you will spare it to me," he said, "But I am so sorry to disappoint you, Dona Josefa, for I have turned over a new leaf. Instead of Don Juan, I am "it shall be sacred to me. I will fasten it to my scapular, with the medal that my mother used to wear, and I will keep it there as long as I have life and faith. to make my first London appearance as Wolfram in 'Tannhauser,' and he is a But you still hesitate. I release you from your promise," and he laid the chain in her hand. most saintly character, I assure you. "He is dreadfully good," she pouted, She turned the charms over and 'and oh, dear ! he is such a bore

"You don't blame Elizabeth, then ! Ah, Dona Josefa, I fear women are very much alike all the world over. They votion of the elder daughters, that one stood looking at them with downcast eves. "I wonder why it is," she hardly wondered at the misguided Lean "I wonder why it is, "that when I saw you a few for time in many for turning to them rather than to the proud, shy reticence of the younger. The whole of the first act went off withare dreadfully shocked when men are bad, and yet when they are good they months ago, for the first time in many years, I felt repelled and disappointed, and yet to-night you are more sympa-thetic to me than any man I have known. out a drawback. " Cordelia vote them uninteresting! It is a crime to be bad, but it is a blunder to be undoubted success. good, and a blunder is a blunder to be erime." He felt very much at ease with the bright young girl, and the thought The second act gave Darctu greater opportunity than the first. The grief, humiliation, and despair of the old king, despised, insulted, driven from his home by the cruelty of his daughters, Awhile ago I avoided you, I shrank from meeting you, yet now that you are near me your presence seems like some-thinge holy. Which instinct shall I be guided by, that or this ?-for both canflashed through his brain, "How well we should get on as brother and sister.' wandering on the storm driven moor at the mercy of a poor faithful fool and a He tried to check the thought, but his not be right. But both were right, nevertheless, as

cheeks burned with it. "I am glad we shall hear the Wagmad stranger, and yearning for his ban-ished child—all were most touchingly and powerfully depicted. Catalina did ner music-dramas at last," said Lady Ainsworth. "I am looking forward very impatiently to the London season." not appear in this act, and the triumph was all Adrien's. The audience knew how largely he was responsible for the beauties of the libretto, and the enthu. "We open in 'Tannhauser'-Cata-

lina, Lennartsen, and I-but I do not think you will like Wolfram any more siasm knew no bounds. The noble, beautiful music was felt to be the than your sister does ; he is too goodycrowning work of Federici's genius. was a wonderful evening for all who

that you are a so much nicer vil-"Oh, you are a so much nicer vil-lain !" exclaimed Espiritu. " We all know that Espiritu adores " We will worked Victore: " she posi-With a beating heart Adriano re

had the privilege of being present. The libretto had been greatly altered from the plan of Shakespeare's tragedy. With a beating leart Authority ceived it from her, bowing low over her hand. He felt a sense of relief that made him happy and light-hearted as a boy, and she, with that color in her checks and that light in her eyes, villains," smiled Victoire; "she posi-tively revels in the worst kind of crimes

They all burst out laughing at this picture of poor Espiritu. "It is persimple outlines of the music-drama, but the main purpose of the story was the same. The principal change was in the fectly true," continued Victoire, grave-ly. "You should see her visiting the third act, where Cordelia hears of her sister's cruelty and her father's degra poor. When the Sisters take her to see the worst cases, where they hardly dare dation, and, forgiving all, takes leave of go themselves, she is simply radiant. When she meets a really hardened sinher husband, and rushes to meet the stricken old man. The last act reprener, degraded and brutal, then it sented the defeat of the French armies happiness, for she has found a soul truly worth loving." dered form of Cordelia, supported

Espiritu was scarlet and her and dying in the arms of the faithful Edgar. It was the third act that was considered the gem of the whole opera, Espiritu was scarlet and her eyes were full of tears, but she laughed heartily with the rest. "I know it," said Teodoro, solemnly, "and it makes me feel badly, for I fear I have deceived the poor child. I was and was almost wholly sustained by

As Adriano retired from the ovation after the second act, Madame Deledoule met him at his dressing-room door. so afraid she would not accept me that I led her to believe I was an abandoned She was greatly agitated. Catalina had suddenly felt very faint and had sent for Miss Carson. They had given her restoratives and she was now better reprobate of the darkest hue, and she took me at once without a murmur. What troubles me is that I have got to keep up the character if I wish to re-retain her affection, and I fear it will be a difficult task."

very nervous. Adriano hurried round to the flies, where Catalina was already "Why should it be difficult ?" standing. She was deadly white, but she smiled bravely at him and held out "Why should it be diment? Fe-torted Espiritu. "You are certainly ready enough at invention." "Comfort yourself, Theodoro," put in Choulex. "The afflicted are almost

her hand. "This is my opportunity to justify your choice," she said, gayly; but as he came up to her, taking her hand and as dear to her as sinners, and as the years go on there will be less need of deception. When you are old and de-crepit and bald and hard of hearing and trying to say something cheering and flattering, she suddenly clung to him with an agonized cry, and fell fainting rheumatic and feeble-minded, then will love you dearly for your own sake, and your declining years may be spent in his arms.

laid her on the sofa and applied restor-atives, but all felt instinctively that no virtuously." "Oh, don't don't," pleaded Espiritu. "It is too bad to talk of me in this way. It is all Victoire's fault ; she began it, amount of restoratives would bring her into condition to sing again that night. In his distress, Adriano would have given up everything, but the manager and I will have my revenge. She loves sinners herself, for all she may say, and great deal more than I possibly could. recalled him to his senses. Why, we have been going for days to son was Senorita Disdier's understudy, she was on hand and ready to take the see a horrible old creature, repulsive part, and after a word of explanation to the last degree, who railed against the rich and against religion till it made the audience the curtain would go up in five minutes. Adriano looked down your blood curdle. But somehow the at the half-conscious form of Catalina grace of God touched her, and at last she asked for the sacraments. Then much as Lear must have looked at the murdered Cordelia supplanted by her you should have seen Victoire ! She rushed up to this dirty old hag and act-She sisters. Madame Delepoule was wring-ing her hands in anguish, and the ually threw her arms round her, and sympathetic Teodoro was crying like a child. hugged and kissed her as if she were the loveliest object in the world !"

Louise Carson took Paris by surprise Lady Ainsworth flushed in her turn

that night. She was a popular singer, with a light, trilling, bird-like voice, and pretended to shudder. "It makes me creep now to remember and was a bright and attractive actres it." she said, laughing, and giving her As Zerlina, or Rosina, or Lady Henr dress a little shake. During Espiritu's recital she had looked down steadily, etta, she was perfection, but no one had ever associated ideas of tragedy or pathos with her brilliant, somewhat but now as she raised her eyes she felt rather than saw that Daretti's were fixed upon her with an expression of indank lashes

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But I should have ex

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grace of manner were fascinating. The

lyric role of the King of France was

assigned to Octave Fariaulx, who ren-

dered it with much manliness and charm. Therese Vibault and Caroline

Brenne were the Regan and Goneri

both good singers and consummate actresses. So well did they enact the

feigned tenderness and enthusiastic de-

The second act gave Daretti greater

Many characters and incidents had to

be cut out to preserve the broad and

and the grief of Lear over the mur

and ready to go on the stage, but still

They carried her to her room and

Miss Car

Cordelia.

consummate

was an

but I should have ex to give a blow in the "The choice of w you," replied Daretti ing on his heel. "

' I shall not give y of the fight you we Oeglaire, wn way. Understan us from now between us the death death. To the death A duel, if yo Daretti, carelessly. way, with your own

death !'

TO BE CON THE SOUL OF SEX

BY MAURICE F

Sister Margaret's more rosy as the free her cheeks. The c posed by the roman ensive soul dead to had no manner of in her case ; it fitted air of bustle that per scape. Every negr was shoveling snow and Sister Margare ergetic turn, claspe spair within her spe iewed the moven "boys" of forty at ment of the conv Cæsar turned the graceful languor of

mmer. "It's me—it's I, ing herself, for, alth was not a teaching grammatical purist like to tuck up my amongst them. Si would do more in h hands than all wooden spades." There had been

door-bell, and Sist the temporary abs opened it; but no Sister Margaret the high steps, lool young girl with o sprightly step, and blue as her eyes nodding at the ge "Mary Ann Masself; "and it's M and Mary Ann M blue bows and he foolish young men and her old mot the wash-tub. "I wash-tub. mothers-they're with their childs Tipperary woman Kerry. And what Sister Margare tramps. The con rich, and the pr tramps. had some eco treatment of the but nevertheless.

Margaret's cool which pierced t men, the weary wanderer found but bounteous. The man who up from under th kitten in his hair had made tered crown of ment, buttoned coat of the kind glossy, worn ; an made for a muc this red-haired shoes were tied frost-bitten wr frayed sleeves o Another dri

thought Sister I

ly. One look at marred by ser sandy-colored knew her were as much o cent little boy olasses and hours. There the helpless hr to her experier was not of the

poor creature

way with half don't live lor

of them get are

Well what is

asked in her p

I am sorry

ther," said the " but I just j

this poor omad got itself almo

gray fur. "I'll take

salle can't bri

chen fire it m " Is there a

in Kerry- v heart. She k

economic the

That brogu

The Sister

Guy Ainsworth's open, pleasant coun "I've been hunting high and low for you to introduce you to Victore, and lo ! here I find you chatting with her as if you had been intimate for years. Who forestalled me, I should like to Wictoire? Lady Ainsworth?" stammere Adriano. "What do you mean? I have been talking to a young lady that I used to know as Margara de San Roque." "It is years since any of us have

called her by that name," said Sir Guy. "When she married Phil there were so many Margarets in our family -my mother, my sister, and my father's ister—that we began to call her by sister-that we began to call her second name, Maria de-las Victorias Spanish, which we shortened into the French Victoire. I do not know of any vho calls her Margara nowadays.

When she married Phil! Victoire, Lady Ainsworth! The room seemed to whirl round with Adriano. She had said, "I used to be known as Margara." ies, of course, he might have guess Hers was just the face for the sad little history that had always so touched him. He had put Lady Ainsworth up on a pedestal as "a widow indeed," far removed by her tragic little romance from every-day loves and lov-ers, and it had been a positive shock to to have Ainsworth suggest him to have Answord suggest that she might marry again. And she now turned out to be his Margara, his prin-cess! Here a fierce pang of jealousy shot through him. Who was that man who had common in between the man who had stepped in between them and

CHAPTER XIX

"Tremble, thou wetch Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes Unwhipp'd of justice!"

-King Lear.

won, not a wife,

fully easy and gay. 'It is mine in that I am at your feet, he replied, bending towards her, and they smiled into each other's eyes in sheer happiness. Then she dropped hers with a slight sigh, and he sigh hers with a slight sign, and why. too, though hardly knowing why. But such moments of happy under-standing are brief. Other guests were arriving, and Margara moved gracious-ly and sweetly forward to fulfil her duties as one of the hostesses of the vening. hand was laid on Daretti's shoulder and he turned round to look into Sir

she will understand some day. Silently he stood by her as she finger-ed the trinkets thoughtfully, hesitat-

He felt almost superstitiou

mights and heroes, in brave men and

hearts, in Percivals and Galahads.

"If St. Margaret is my counterfeit, I

London next month, and that we shall be connected.

'I knew that Gentile was betrothed. but I thought they told me it was to an English girl," replied Adriano, slowly. "Well, the San Roques have lived

principally in England since the mardeath. This is the first time they have come to Paris for five years. We shall surely meet them all this evening, for the Countess d'Usseglio, with her son and daughter, have come to Paris on purpose to be near the San with an effort. "I cannot stand this any longer! I Roques, and the reception which nust find out where she is, and it will countess is giving this evening is for be a difficult place to reach if I do not

get there! them. Adriano looked and felt stunned. He excused himself to surrounding "It is extraordinary," he kept repeat-ing. "It is extraordinary. Do you friends and crossed the room to where Pepilla was standing talking to Gentile mean that they are living right here, Asseglio and to the young lady of the almost at our door, and we are soon to dance "I trust, Dona Josefa," said Darbe connected, and I never knew never dreamed of it? And you say the etti, "that my villainies do not shut me out altogether from the pale of your marquis is dead, that gallant, loyal gentleman, and one of the little boys friendship?

Oh, what cruel suffering drowned? she quoted, laughingly with that defor those tender, loving women! The sudden, emotion that had seized Daretti at the remembrance of a girl-ish face, seen but for a few times many mure little way of saying daring things that made it impossible to misunder-

stand her. Before he had time to make years before, struck him with superthe rejoinder that was on his tongue's end, she added : My sister is anxious stitious force, coming so soon afte his talk with Monsignore Ianson. A restless feeling urged him to go forth and seek the face that haunted him, and he better run away if you do not wish to be converted. could hardly possess his soul in patience till evening. He yielded to his roto inquire," said Adriano. "I did not see her to pay my respects to her as I to inquire," mantic fancies without a struggle-indeed, almost gladly.

entered. "Would you remember her if you saw "Well, well!" he thought. "How her again?" "Oh, perfectly!" he replied, with conviction; "but I feared she was not are the mighty fallen! But a few days since I was aspiring to a consecrated celibacy with a joyous heart, and now There are : all my gay peace is gone !

here to-night. She has not been in the room since I arrived." million women in Paris, and yet my heart beats none the faster till I hear "Are you sure ?" and Pepilla glanced owards the young lady at her side. that one more has slidden in among the Adriano turned sharply round and gazed into the pale, sweet face in utter million, and then the whole world puts on a different look. Oh, little girl! astonishment and incredulity. "Margara! No, it is impossible!" why did you ever slip away from the million six years ago ? We were di-vided for some inscrutable reason, per-We were dihe exclaimed, totally oblivious of the fact that he was staring at the young haps to put your knight to the test. Alas! he failed, but God in His dear woman with the full power of his

tense eyes and that he had spoken of mercy is bringing our paths together her by the familiar diminutive of her again, and your young heart, passing through many sorrows, will have learned name gara, his Margara, with a glowing, brillison of compassion !"

ant, laughing-eyed, rosy-lipped creature, The hours wore away, as hours have

appointed to see no trace of Dona Mar-garita. He sauntered through the " I was thinking, Dona Marsighed. "I was thinking, Dona Mar-garita," he added, aloud, and somerooms, greeting one acquaintance and thing of the deep reverence and sym-pathy he felt for her trembled in his another, stopping to have a few words here and there, and welcomed every where with eager smiles. But he could -"I was thinking that if you had hardly command himself to carry on changed it was with the change that comes over gold that has conversation, for his mind wandered and his eyes were continually glancing seven times tried.' towards the door to see who entered. At last he gathered himself together been

His look told more than his words, d it was impossible to doubt his sincerity. Margara was surprised and touched. ity. Margara was surprised and touched. Her lip quivered slightly, and for a mo-ment there was a mist before her eyes. This man, so serious, so sympathetic, seemed to see straight into her soul,

untimely death ! and she, usually so reserved, felt a strange readiness to let him look into bedside that night there were happy tears in her eyes, and her prayers were frequently interrupted by a sobbing, "Thank God! Thank God!" Why its very depths. It was her turn to be silent and abstracted, but his next

words were in a lighter vein. I have been honest, Dona Margarita, and you owe me that penny !'

"You shall have it, to show you how readily you are pardoned," she replied, brightly. But you will have to smiling trust me for it.

"I claim my reward at once," he said, determinedly.

snort, unnappy married inc, and the lonely years of her widowhood with its unsatisfied aspirations. Aud now, sud-"You do not carry pennies round with you, but you have something that will do as well," and he pointed boldly to unsatisfied aspirations. Aut now, sud-denly, a new light broke in that seemed to glorify a tall, stalwart form, and beam from a handsome, intellectual countenance and deep, expressive eyes, glowing with truth and tenderness. the dainty chatelaine at her side from which hung a number of small charms and trinkets. She detached it at once and laid them in his hand. lowing with truth and Victoire Ainsworth buried her face in

"I am as good as my word," she said. her hands, and again and again sobbed "You may choose your own penny." "He looked over the pretty trifles, some of them curiosities of value. Hid beneath her breath, though she hardly knew why, " Thank God ! Thank God ! den among the rest was a small gold medal bearing on one side the image of Notre Dame des Victoires, and on the other a representation of St. Margaret with the dragon beneath her feet. riano felt his blood give a bound. He seized upon the medal unhesitatingly and looked her straight in the eyes again.

"Here choose I, joy be the conse-quence," he quoted in English. "Like Bassanio of old among the caskets, I with young D'Usseglio, to return to her rooms and have lunch informally with her, as Espiritu had come in fo find herein fair Margaret's counter-feit." Then seeing a look almost of the day to see Catalina, and they would make a merry little feast over the newconsternation on her face, he added ly betrothed. hastily; "Perhaps I am taking too much in choosing this. Are you attached to few days, Count Daretti, and the very

No, it was some mistake! Marit? Is it perhaps a souvenir?" "I have promised, and I must not

carried her off, and won the first tender describable devotion of her maiden heart? Yet, after all, poor fellow, who could be Catalina, sitting opp

Catalina, sitting opposite them, also saw the expression of his eyes. Some-thing seemed to draw tightly about her jealous of the helpless sufferer who had won, not a wife, but only a nurse to soothe his dying pillow? And Guy had heart, she felt faint, and the air of the said that it was more from pity and room grew sufficient thin, and the air of the room grew sufficient that she had effort that she controlled herself sufficiently to remain seated. She hardly knew what was being said around her. come to his side. Adriano caught his come to his side. Advance darght had breath. Surely the eyes that had looked into his to-night had never so brightened for any other man! Heaven had kept her for him at the price of hearsal, Daretti followed.her to the door. He was deeply concerned at her that other poor fellow's suffering and paleness. When the young widow knelt at her " I have begged you not to overwork.

Catalina," he said, kindly, " and I fear you have not listened to me. Believe me, I would rather give up ' Cordelia ' altogether than feel that the strain was Why she wept, or why she should be grate-ful, she hardly knew. Her mind dwelt injuring you. It is not too late now to put it off. Let me speak to the management and they will arrange another date;' and he looked down on her with a tender solicitude that almost made on the twenty-two years of her life-her happy, busy, loving childhood, her visionary, romantic girlhood, the touch of first love on her innocent heart, her cruel disillusions, the tragedy of her her forget that other glance she had in tercepted a moment before.

She shook her head. "It will be better to have it over," she repeated. short, unhappy married life, and the "I could not stand the strain of delay, or the humiliation of giving it up. I only wish it were to-night instead of to-

He turned away with a half sigh and any misgivings. Catalina passed another restless night

with macy wakeful hours and distressing dreams. In the morning she sum-moned her maid, and, without confiding in Madame Delepoule, stole from the house to consult a famous physician much in vogue among singers and actors for his skill with refractory throats and nerves. By noon she already felt ex-Hortense Delepoule had taken Lady cellent effects from his remedies. In Ainsworth and her sister to see the last rehearsal of "Cordelia," and she the afternoon she had a long, refreshing sleep, accompanied with roseate dreams. begged the Darettis and Choulex, She had had a grand success. The fortune of her family was secured and was secured and Adrien was fully justified in his choice of her, and was kneeling at her feet pouring out expressions of gratitude and admiration.

The most crowded house of several easons greeted "Cordelia" that Pepilla's gay voice greeted Adriano. seasons greeted You know we leave for London in a

flippant personality. It came to them she appeared the stage as Cordelia, with much of the noble simplicity and pathetic charm which had distinguished the Disdier. Her voice was a little light, her figure somewhat diminutive for her part, her impersonation was fairly ideal. Who had ever dreamed that the little American could sing with such breadth and sustained power, could phrase with such perfection of musical grace, could threw such tenderness, such grief, such courage and fervor, such depth of love and sacrifice into her voice, could act with such finished art, with such appealing grace and sweetness! The very surprise of the thing added to her triumph. The Disdier was forgotten.

But Adriano did not forget. Every gesture, every intonation, every finest touch that he and Choulex had labored to impart to Catalina, or that her own genius had suggested, were faithfully and most effectively reproduced by Miss Carson, but Catalina's glorious voice, Catalina's beautiful presence, and the spontaneity and freshness and magnetism of her genius were to him fatally wanting. The pathos of the situation made his own acting, as the despairing, grief-stricken, dying father, more intense, more real. His Lear of the Paris stage was, if possible, more wonderful, more heart-breaking than that of his first triumph on the stage of La Scala at Milan.

The cruel situation had worked his feelings up to the highest pitch. At the green-room door was Oeglaire, carrying Miss Carson's cloak ostentatiously over his arm. He sauntered up to Daretti, and inquired for Miss Disdier's health with hypocritical concern Adriano replied shortly and contemptuusly, but the ill-concealed sneer of triumph on Oeglaire's face was too mu for his long pent-up anger. He raised his hand and gave Catalina's treacherous foe a stinging blow across the cheek.

Oeglaire sprang back as pale as ugh his death, the breath hissing through his closed teeth. He looked around. There were no witnesses to the deed.

"Coward !" he exclaimed ; "yes, coward ! You are twice my size, and beauty had never appeared to greater you know that I am no swordsman. ened by the Kerry brogu with all her the brogue She was well lessness of ar sufficiently to her to make sources of pay the retai e care of t her detai other capable hand thing to eat, peal for him all Sister M eye, for the Still, Mothe and this wa far for a stra soul were in to sift the oiler until be restored and the sou tion in her the questic "Do yo good man 1

The man

wisp of hai

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Margaret's

a beautifu