BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLIER.

CHAPTER V. THE TREE BEGINS TO BEAR FRUIT.

Next morning when Harry and Eliza were preparing for school, their mother asked Eliza it Miss Davison had said anything to her about the book.

"No, mother, not a word, but I could see that she wasn't very well collaboration with me, and I did feel so bad, For I heard some of the girls making fun and carrying on about it. Every time had to pass in front of any why, do tell! 'Did you ever?' or me would ask another: 'Don't you Why, do tell! 'Dia you one would ask another: 'Don't you wish you were a papist?' 'I guess not!' the other would answer, for then, you know, I could not take any premiums.''

Know, I could not take any wonder that the take the could be a second to the could be a second t "Weil, it and any wonder that they'd laugh so," said Harry; "it was real mean of father to return the book. That's may opinion."
"Your opinion!" said his mother, they would be added to the said his mother, which is not the said his mother.

laying down the smoothing-iron she had in her hand, "and who asked you, sir, for your opinion? How dare you speak so of what your father thought proper

Hold on there, mother," replied Harry, with a laugh so gay that his mother could hardly help laughing, too, notwithstanding her just anger; "held on a little; I guess I've about as good a right to give an opinion as any

of these United States?' "Get out of my sight, you young sackanapes," said his mother, "or I'll not be able to keep my hands off you! You a citizen, indeed; if ever I hear ou say the like of that again, at least till you come to the years of manhood, I'll I'll tell your father, as sure as I'm

a living woman."
"Why, no, mother, you wouldn't be so cruel," said the wag zish boy, vaulting out the back way, and drawing his sister after him. "Come along, Eliza, žt's most time for school, I reckon."

"For shame, Harry! for shame! how could you speak so to mother?" "And why not?" said Harry, turnang short round, "didn't I tell her the

"Well, but suppose you did, you shouldn't speak to her like that; I'm

shouldn't speak to her like that; I'm real angry with you, Harry."
"Why, look here, Eliza! do you think I'm going to be a boy always; shan't I be a man one of these days?"

"Well, I suppose so."
"Then, how do you think I'm to act or speak like a man, if I don't begin in of the school house, and Harry dismissed his sister with "there, go along about your business, and, as mother said to ene, I say to you, if ever I hear you say the like of that again, I'll — I'll tell your father!" and Harry imitated his mother to such perfection that any one else could not help laughing; but Eliza was in no laughing humor, and she stered the school-room with a heavy prepared was she for the sneers and taunts of her companions Her dejection was very generally acticed, and as generally attributed to sorrow for the loss of her premium. I hope she'll never have the

chance of acting so again."

Now, Eliza Blake was then not quite thirteen, and, though gifted with an understanding beyond her years, still she could not see the utility of her father's returning the book. She very maturally considered that it was too bad for her nice premium to be taken from her, and internally resolved that if ever she did get one again, she just put it snugly away, where her mother or father could not find it. "It does make me feel bad," said she to merself, "to have them laughing so and what harm could the book to me,

These sentiments she ineautiously communicated to a young girl who sat mear her, and who was, moreover, her 'particular friend." This girl, Jane Pearson, waited after school was out to tell Miss Davison of Eliza's "good resolution," and when Eliza came next morning, she found herself, to her great a greater favorite than ever. Miss Davison had a seat placed for her mear her own desk, "because," said the kind teacher, "poor Miss Blake is so delicate; she is not able to study much, and I must help her a little with her

This change was wholly incompre mensible to Eliza, but Jane Pearson took the first opportunity of clearing up the mystery. "It was I that did up the mystery. "It was I that did it, dear Eliza, I told her how you had made up your mind to keep your pre to come. Never mind thanking me, you'll do as much for me another time. Try hard, now, and win back what

And Eliza did "try hard;" her pride was hurt by the ridicule of her school-mates, and she made up her mind to leave them no room to laugh at he for the time to come; she was always one of the first in every class, and sh would keep ahead still, come what That she could not do were she to lose Miss Davison's friendship but it depended on herself to keep it she would at all hazards True, she did not much like the girls of them were so rough and so "for ward " in their manners, and so much opposed to Catholics; but then that was a reason the more for her trying to

When school was dismissed, Eliza waited at the corner till her brother \$24, about his own age, Zachary Thom-son, a lively, good-hearted boy as any in the school, and a fast friend of Harry Blake's; as Zach used to say, "though alarry did go to the Paddy church, he liked him better than any boy he knew, Marry and would always take his part, let Sam Herrick and the others do as they

Eliza would have gone on when she saw Zach with Harry, but the latter to her to wait for him. The two re talking very earnestly, and Eliza and Zach saying: "Well, I guess heard Zach saying: "Well, I guess virtue. It was a great epoch in Harry's you'll come, won't you? I wouldn't life. He had never before witnessed a

have you miss seeing that for a hundred dollars. You'll say so yourself to-mor-

"Hush," said Harry, in a low voice "don't let my sister hear you. She might tell father or mother, and then I'd lose the chance, now and for ever—at least for a good while. I'll go if I

can raise the money."
"Why, can't you ask the governor for it; say you want it for some other

urpose."
Harry nodded assent. "Eliza,"
aid he, "here's Zach Thompson, said he. wanted so bad to see you; he says you must go home with his sisters some afternoon and take tea. And I'm to go

"Won't you come, Miss Blake?"
aid Zach familiarly, "Jane and Arasaid Zach familiarly, "Jane and Arabella are always talking about you, and mother would be real glad to have you come with my friend Harry here."

Eliza blushed. She was not accustomed to speak to "strange boys," as she said herself, and besides, she did not know how this invitation might be

taken at home.
"Thank you" said she, "I'll ask my

mother if I may go."

A loud laugh from Zachary made her start, and blush still more deeply: "Why; what on earth has your mother to do with it? Can't you come some day from school, just to play with the girls, and me," he added, with a significant look at Harry. "Promise me

that you'll come; won't you?"
"No, no," said Eliza, as she walked away, "not till I ask mother; come along home Harry, they'll wonder what

"In one minute, Eliza. Where are we to meet?" said he, in a whisper to Zachary.

"At the corner of Canal street. Mind, at half-past seven precisely!
Well, good-bye, Miss Blake. Think of
what I told you; you shall see what a
good time we'll have."
Eliza only shook her head, and she

Harry," said Eliza, "where's that you're going this evening, you and Zach?" Harry,'

Why, where would I be going? What makes you think I'm going any I overheard you talking of it, so

you needn't deny it, You're going to some place that you don't want father to know.' Nonsene, Lizzy, don't be making a fool of yourself; I tell you we're going anywhere that I know of.

"I tell you you are going somewhere, and I partly guess where it is."

"And where may it be, Miss Wise You're going to the theatre, Harry;

that't where you're going."
"To the theatre!" echoed Harry, in affected surprise, "Why, the girl has lost her senses; where would I get money to go to the theatre, even if I

wished it? I a'nt master of added with bitter emphasis. "Father takes good care of

"Dear me, but you're innocent," aid Eliza, "just as if I didn't hear all that passed; now you needn't be playing tricks on father; pretending you ing tricks on father; pretending you want a new book, or something like

Harry saw there was no use trying to conceal the fact, so he applied himself o convince Eliza that it was no harm for him to go to the theatre; most of the boys in the school went, and they would think it mean of him not to go now and then. As it was, they did make fun of him sometimes for being so stingy about his money, for they wouldn't believe him that he had none. They were just then passing a confec-tioner's shop, and Harry all at once remembered that he had a sixpence in his pocket. This sixpence judiciously expended on eandy, was the most conclusive argument of all, and did more to overcome Eliza's scruples than all her brother's elequence. She consented to keep the secret " for that one time. on condition that the like done again. Harry put his tongue in

his cheek, and promised.
Towards nightfall, Harry watched hi opportunity when his father was alone in the store, and asked him for half a dollar to buy a new dictionary. "Why," said his father, "I thought

"Why," said his father, "I t you had one."
"Oh, no, father, I have not."

"Well, it strikes me that I bought you one myself that time I bought the book of maps. "The Atlas, you mean, father; oh,

no, it was a new rhetoric. Well, well; here's the half dollar anyhow; go and get the dictionary, and don't be bothering me any more. Mind

and take care of it, though."

In half an hour after, Harry was entertaining Zach Thomson, and some others of his companions, with the account of his successful stratagem, and was well pleased to hear them confess that none of themselves could have done it better. "I guess you were too smart for the old man," observed Silas Green, a little urchin of some twelve o thirteen. "But, then, you know, he's a Paddy, and it a'n't to be expected

that he'd know as much as we do. " You'd best keep a civil tongue i head, Silas Green. My father no more a fool than any one else. guess he knows about as much as ye ather does! If you speak of him, I'll give you something to re

"Why, I meant no offence, Harry,"
id Silas, apologetically. "I didn" said Silas, apologetically. "I didn say anything ill of you, did I?" "No, but it's all the same when you

said it of my father!"
"Never mind, lads, never mind," said Zach, in a tone of authority this is no time for squabbling. ou all ready now?" Inswered in the affirmative. then, for the Bowery. Let us be off; we'll have hard work to get in, even as

Half an hour more and Harry we eaning over the front of the upper gallery, in the Bowery theatre, heart and soul intent on the wild exploits of Fra Diavolo, drinking in with delight he fierce elequence of the brigand hief, and learning, under his auspices, to confound right and wrong, vice and

stage representation, and the effect was electrical, pervading the whole frame, heart, and mind. He forgot that there was any other world than the one before him, and wished that he could live for ever where he then was. But alas! the play came to an end; the curtain fell, and the spell was broken.
"Is it all over?" asked Harry, in a

tone of mingled hope and fear. "Oh, no!" replied Zachary, "we're have the after piece yet. Will you to have the after piece yet. wait for it ?"

Harry knew nothing of after-pieces. but he guessed he would wait to see it all. It was early yet, he supposed. Great was his surprise when he heard a person near him say to another "it is half-past ten." With that, there came half-past ten." With that, there came up visions of storms at home, of pater-nal correction and maternal chiding, and Harry was forced to quit that scene of bliss much to his regret.

"Why, surely, you a'n't a-going?"
whispered Zach.
"Yes, I daren't stay any longer. I

didn't think it was so late."
"You daren't—eh?" and his companions laughed. "Why I guess you're come to the years of discretion—ain't

"I don't know, but father would kill me if I staid any later; as it is I'm afraid to go home?"
"Well, only think!"—"Why do
tell!" "You a'n't in earnest, are

Such were the exclamations with

which the boys returned his good night, and as Harry left the theatre with all its brilliant lights and beautiful scenery, and its thousands of happy faces, he could not help saying to himself with a heavy sigh: "It's well for them; I a heavy sigh: were my own master as they are! —what can be the reason that they have so much of their own way and I so ittle of mine?"
When he got home, he found to his

reat relief that his father had gone to bed. His mother was sitting up for him, whiling away the time darning stockings; but her pale face and heavy eyes showed that her heart was ill at ase. Harry's cautious tan on the front oor was quickly answered, and the auther's first impulse was to say thank God!" But checking herself, mother's he put on as serious a face as she well could, and asked how dare he stay out till that hour, or where he had been to Hush, mother, don't speak so loud

where's father ? "He's in bed this hour-where you ought to be, too! What in the Wor nt von out so late ?"

Harry hesitated; he had never been in the habit of excusing himself by falsehood, yet he dared not tell when

he had been.
"I was at—at my uncle Tim's." "Don't tell me a lie, sir—you were not at your uncle Tim's. Your uncle and the boys were here till 9 o'clock I know very well where you were; you were at the theatre—Eliza told me all so you needn't deny it."

And does father know?"
"No, indeed, he does not—if he did it isn't in his bed he'd be, take my word for it. Eliza didn't tell even me, poor child, till after your father wa gone to bed, and that she saw me getting so uneasy. And it was the sorrow ful news for me to hear, God help me after all that Father Power said last Sunday week about people going to theatres, or letting their children go. I'm sure and certain, if your father knew you were at the theatre, not to speak of the trick you played on him speak of the trick you played on him about the dictionary, he wouldn't leave a whole bone in your body. But it's them companions of yours that are leading you astray—I see that plain enough; and if God hasn't said it,

enough; and it does not have a sale without they'll bring you to an ill end!"

"Well, mother," said Harry soethingly, "only keep it from father's ears ingly, "only keep it from tather a con-for this time, and I'll never do the like again. Won't you, now?"

"I'll not promise; you're well de-serving of a beating." "And if I get the beating, I promise you it will do me no good. You may look at me as hard as you like. I don't care. If father gets in a passion and gives me a 'walloping' as he says himself, I'll just go to the theatre and everywhere else as often as I get the chance. So you may take your choice." And so saying, he took up his lamp to

Well, but what will you say when your father asks where you were?"
"Oh, never mind that, mother; I can easily manage that part of it; good

Good night, my son. May the Lord keep you on the right road! and it's you that's off of it already," she said within herself, as she slowly ascended the stairs. "Oh, then, Miles Blake, Miles Blake, but you have much to an-swer for! God forgive you this night, and bring you to a sense of your error I'm afraid nobody else can!—then notions of worldly interest are so rooted in your mind! God help you, poor man, and me along with you, though the fault's not mine!"

Next morning Harry got a severe reprimand from his father for being ou so late. "Where were you, at all?" said he, after he had lectured him to his heart's content. "Where did you good your evening my good hoy?" heart's content. spend your evening, my good boy ?'
'At Mr. Thomson's sir. Zach
Thomsen, and Silas Green, and I were aking maps, sir, the whole evening.

Making maps ?- are you sure that what you were doing? "Oh yes, sir, quite sure." Harry was busy polishing his boots, and the xertion accounted for the otherwise uspicious blush which overspread his ace, not yet brazened enough to con-

eal honest shame. Now Miles looked up to Mr. Thom son as a man of good standing in so-ciety; he kept a wholesale and retail grocery store, and Miles was often indebted to him for some hundreds of dollars at a time; he was, on the whole, a ind-hearted, good sort of man, and Miles always found him an easy creditor. This was all well known to Harry, and t furnished him with an excellent pre-His mother and Eliza excha text. His mother and Eliza exchanged significant glances, and the former held ip her hands in mute astonishment. drawing back a little behind her hus band : but Miles himself became all at

once quite composed.
"Oh, if that's the way of it, Harry,

I forgive you for this time. I was afraid you might be taking up with bad company, but I'm sure you'll see nothing bad or low at Mr. Thomson's. They're such a respectable family, and so the Greens too, that it's very well for you to keep in with them. I hope none of them does be at you about your re-

ligion, Harry?"
"Is it them, father? Why, you wouldn't hear a word about religion with them in twenty years. Neither Zach Thomson, nor Silas Green nor Joe Smith—you know Joe Smith, sir don't you ?—his father keeps the large hat store, corner of Howard street and Broadway ?'

"Yes, yes, Harry, I know him; a very nice man he is."
"And Joe's just as nice, sir. As I

was saying, you'd never hear one of them all running down Papists like Sam Herrick, or Mark Edwards, or any of They don't mind if a fellow is a Catholic, so long as he pleases them every other way.
"Still and all," said his mother,

"I'd rather, for my part, see you taking up with Catholic boys. Let these lads be ever so good, they're hardly fit company for you. Why can't you go with your cousins, or Mrs. Reilly's boy,

with your cousins, or Mrs. Remy's boy, or the young Sheridans?"
"Hut, tut, Nelly, don't be making a fool of yourself!" said her husband sharply. "Isn't it always better for a boy to make acquaintances with them that's above—not below him! I won-der at a woman of your sense to talk so. The Sheridans and young Reilly in-The Sheridans and young kerry in-deed! It's no great things to keep in with them any day; the likes of them are as plenty as blackberries; but it is not so with these other boys: there's not so with these other boys: there's some credit in getting in with them, and besides, when they all grow up to manhood, they can give Harry a lift that will serve him well in business.

"Yes," said Mrs. Blake, piqued in ner turn at the slighting way in which he spoke of her friends; "they can he spoke of her friends; give him a lift sure enough—it's more likely that they'll lift him to the gal ows than to anything else. Lord save but you're getting high in the world yourself, when you turn up your nose at the Reillys and Sheridans; and the Flanagans, too, I'll warrant, only for shame's cause; it's well it becomes you, Miles Blake."

"Keep your temper, Mary," said Miles laughing, "I'm sure I meant no ; people needn't be putting on a that doesn't fit them. Go off to cap that chool, children."

When they were gone, Mrs. Blake gain attacked her husband. "Well, Miles, if I was in your place, it isn't with Zach Thomson or the like of him I'd let Harry take up!"

"I suppose not, Mary-Tom Reilly or Mike Sheridan would do well enough

for your taste !" And aren't they as well to be see as any of their neighbors? I'm sure they're as good father's and mother's children as ever a Thomas or Green in the city—ay! and far better for that matter, for we know they have good Christians for their forebearers and Christians for their forebearers and that's what none of your respectable people can say. Respectable people indeed! just as if it wasn't the best of all respectability to love and serve God true faith! If you knew as much as I know of them very lads, you

wouldn't let Harry next or nigh them."
"Why, what do you know of them!"
inquired Miles with a shade of anxiety in his manner. I know little good of them, Miles and I tell you over again that they'll be the ruin of Harry if he keeps with

them much longer.' "Well, I protest, Mary, I never thought you were so unreasonable. Now, you know very well that it's proud you ought to be to see your son taking up with the sons of wealthy, respectable men, like Mr. Thomson and

Mr. Green. No, I'm not the least proud of it Miles Blake, and I tell you it's all the worse for Harry the wealthier their fathers are, for they have always a pocketful of money and can do just what they like with it. Mind my words, if you let Harry keep their company, he must have money let it come from where it will, and he'll get a going to the theatre, and everywhere but

where he ought to go."

"To the theatre, Mary? why you're raving as sure as a gun. Do you think the boy would dare to go to such place

without my knowledge?' "Maybe yes, and maybe no," said Mrs. Blake with emphasis. "Your 'respectable people' all go to such places, ay, men, women and children of them. It you want Harry to grow up an honest, industrious man, and a good Christian, you'll keep him away from these boys altogether.

"But how can they do it when they're all schoolfellows of his?" Mrs. Blake smiled. "Ay, there it is you see—they're all schoolfellows—and whose fault is that, Miles? But here I am, clattering away and has to go to market yet. Just think of what I was saying, Miles," she added, turning back from the door with her basket in "the thing has gone far enough already, if it goes any further, all the art of man can't cure it." So saying, she went out, leaving Miles to his own reflections. At first it seemed as though Mary's reasoning had brought conviction to his mind; he thrust his hands into his breeches pockets and walked backwards and for wards across the small room, uttering an occasional "Humph,"—" Perhaps now and then he would stop take a survey of what was passing in the shop, through a pane of glass in the door, and at length, seeing some 'good customer' enter the outer door, "flung care to the winds," to himself as he hastily opened the door, "Mr. Thomson is a better friend to me than either Tim Flanagan or Father Power, and I'm not going to offend him for any of them. He has often told me that he liked Catholics who send their children to the Ward Schools, because it shows they're not bigoted; that was a hint to me, I'm sure, so I'll just let the children stay where they are, for a time longer. When the afternoon school was over.

Eliza asked her mother if she wouldn't let her go to spend the evening with Jane and Arabella Thomson. "Harry

and I had to promise that we'd go beand I had to promise that we go before we could get away from them."

"And what business had you to promise without asking my leave?" said her mother, "You shan't go,

said her mother, "You shan't go, that's all about it." "Well, mother, it's too bad, now, and we never asked you to let us spend

an evening anywhere except at uncle Tim's. If you'd just let us go this once, we wouldn't ask to go any more. It would look real mean if we didn't keep our word. Ah do, mother, let us go this once - only this once!"

Mrs. Blake could not resist the pleading look with which Eliza accompanied

these words, so she consented, though all against her will. "But mind you be home here by 8 o'clock furthest—if you're one minute later your father will go for you, and then ou'll see what you'll get.

"Oh, never fear, mother, but we'll be home in good time; never let us out again, if we don't.

So Harry and Eliza went off in high so harry and Eniza went off in high spirits about five o'clock, "dressed in their Sunday clothes." They were kindly welcomed by the elders of the Thomson family, and had, as they said themselves, a "real good time" of it.

Games of various kinds, and all the 'plays" known to any of the party, were tried in turns, and all went off pleasantly, though Eliza did feel some-what awkward at times when Zach Thomson made too free. It was both new and strange to her to see boys and girls romping together, and she could not help thinking from time to time, my cousins or their playmates never have such plays as these. I do not like all this kissing," but her bashfulness was so ridiculed, even by her brother, that she thought she must "try and get over it." By the time tea was anapaned. nounced, Eliza had got over a good deal of her "awkwardness," as the others called her modesty, and really began to enjoy the wild romping going on. Harry was just in his element, for he was at all times lively and fond of

At tea, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson were exceedingly kind to the young Blakes Mrs. Thomson paid Eliza a handsome compliment on her success at school.

"Miss Davison tells me," said she,
"that she has no such girl in her
school as you are. I only wish she
could say as much for Jane and Arahella.

Eliza blushed and stammered out something about Miss Davison's being very kind, indeed.

very kind, indeed.

"And what do you say to my young friend Harry, my dear?" said Mr. Thomson. "If all Zach says of him be true he is a first-rate fellow. I guess we shall see him in the Senate some day. Let me help you to some cold

Harry was hungry after his aftermoon's play, and began at once to do justice to the tongue; but Eliza, with trembling haste whispered in his ear, "Harry, Harry, do you forget that this is Friday?" "Hush, hush," he replied, his face all in a glow, "don't let any one hear you. They don't let any one hear you. They don't know anything here about keeping Friday. You needn't take any if you don't like, but don't tell them the reason, or they'll laugh at us.''
Eliza did as she was bid, but she
told Harry on their way home, that if

ever she saw him eat meat again on Friday, she'd tell Father Power. "Bah! can't I tell him myself when

I go to confession? but say nothing about it now—promise me that you will not?"
"I'll promise no such thing," replied Eliza. "You deserve to get

everely punished."

But Harry knew well how to manage his sister, and before they reached home he wheedled her into the desired

father and mother, and that was all that Harry wanted. TO BE CONTINUED.

promise. The secret was kept from

THE LITTLE WHITE SHOES.

Benziger's Magazine.

They seemed so very happy—that They seemed so very happy—that crowd of children playing about the square. So very happy and so strong. And their checks were so red, and they could shout so loudly—whereas Lola could not make herself heard across

She stood pressing her pale face to the glass, looking out at them wistfully Would it be long before she, too could join in their games, and run about as they did? Before this funny little dog in her chest stopped barking and before she could leave off the thick black shawl in which old Annetta ties her-and which was not a bit of use to

her, since she was always so cold? The children without watched, occa sionally, the child within. At last one more thoughtful than the rest. camover to the balcony railing, and her hand to her before she ran away A flush of pleasure lit up Lola's features—and every once in a while she tried to make out the chubby face of her friend among all those other chubby

Annetta came in with a cup of warm drink and the meat-pills which were a part of Lola's diet. She took them without demur, although she disliked them very much, and Annetta stood by, with grave eyes fastened on the tiny, pale face.
"You have been watching the chil-

dren, dear?" she asked. "Yes. Aren't there many, many children in this world!" said Lola, in

the quaint way that was her very own "Has any other child out there got a little dog like mine - that barks and barks-

netta held her while the paroxysm racked her small frame. "When you are better, dear, you too

will go out on the square and frolic with them." she said. "But my feet are so funny," said They are getting smaller, I

do think. I shall not be able to stand "Oh, yes; oh, my, yes!" said Annetta. "Afterward, when your papa has saved enough money — we will go back to Italy—"

"To where mamma is," said Lola, in

a satisfied tone.

"Yes, indeed."
"I will get better right away then maybe?"
"Right away."

Lola was silent, meditating. Lola was silent, meditating.
"Your papa will be here in a few
minutes now," said Annetta. "I am
glad the little dog has barked so loudly
before he comes. Maybe it will go to
sleep and keep quiet for the rest of the

"Papa has to do an errand for me first," said Lela. "He is going to the store to buy me something."
"What may it be?"

"A pair of shoes — pretty, little white shoes!" said Lola, proudly.
"You will never wear them," thought Annetta, as she went out to prepare her master's meal. "You will never wear them — never, never, poor little The children had vanished with the

sun. In the heavens gleamed the stars—many, many stars. Lola raised a tiny, thin finger and began counting them one after the other. But the effort tired her. She closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair. She had been delicate always - but

then there was her mother, who had been so sweet and so good, and so kind, and so loving—
One day her mother had fallen asleep, and though Lola kissed her and went

over her and begged and prayed and sobbed, she would not awaken. She had gone to heaven while she lay sleeping. Lola wondered if her mother could really want to go to heaven without her dear little girl. Why had she not told her and taken her to sleep also, so that the same angel would bring them both away together? It was not God's will her father told her, and to console her, he said they would leave Italy, and she would go to her grandfather. She would find, also, many aunts and uncles who would idolize her-all this he had said, and Lola was glad to know that she had so many

who were left to love her.

They had bidden adieu to Italy—but Lola waited vainly in this strange, cold

and. "When shall I see them all," she asked one day. "My grandfather and the loving aunts and uncles who will be so kind to me?"

"Do not speak of them again," said or father. "They are dead." her father. "They are dead."
His tone was harsh, his gestures re-

"Shall I pray for them—as I do for namma?" asked the child, timidly. "Do not mention their names - not

ven in your prayers," said the father, bitterly.

But Lola could not do this. And one day Annetta found her in tears over the grandfather and uncles and aunts who had also gone to heaven without her. She told her to cease troubling herself-none of them was dead-they were alive and in much better health than Lola herself. And then, as the

little girl plied her with questions, she

continued: "Your papa has had a quarrel with his family. And he is right. For when he was young he was a little inclined to adventure. He desired to see the world — and he got to Rome, where he met and married your mother. What have his brothers and They have made your sisters done? grandfather believe that this son is a prodigal — that he has married a very wealthy Roman lady, and so they induced the old man to advance much of his fortune to them, and to share what is left around, so that when he dies your father has nothing. And when he came, there was a great quarrel, and your father has angered them all and left the paternal house — and now it is that he must find employment—since he

is not rich, Lola, but poor.' The child had listened eagerly. This night the story returned to her as she sat looking at the stars, trying to count them with that one thin little finger.

"Grandpa and father will never go to heaven to see mamma if they do hate ach other." she said regretfully. "But I shall make peace," she went on. "Papa has forbidden me to speak of them. But I shall go to see them. I shall. As soon as I am a little better, I shall go to my old grandfather. . . "He will love me. I am sure he

will love me. And I shall say my mamma lies in Italy under a big white stone, and they have brought me here to meet my loving aunts and uncles and my grandfather, and there is no one. Please, will my grandfather love

"They will all love me. . I shall go every day. . . Until one day I shall not go. And then they will think me ill, and they will come to see Lola. . . and I shall be so glad. They will come in here, right here, and I shall sit and talk to them and Annetta shall make them hot, spiced wine. shall make them hot, spiced wine. . . And I will tell them stories of my Italy and my mamma, until it grows dark and the stars, the big stars, come out, one by one, and my papa comes in from the

Lola sat up suddenly and opened her eyes. They had been shut tightly all the time she was building this little

day-dream.
"Papa will see them all—all—all!" she said, in a thrilling voice, "and because they love me, they will be glad, one after the other — grandfather and uncles and aunts."

And then she brought her small hands together with fervor. "Look, now, Blessed Mother, look now." she said. "You must make me

better—until I do make peace. Not to run around much with the other children, but to make peace."

The bell rang. Her father entered. The bell rang. Her father entered. With a face full of concern he asked Annetta of the little girl's condition. The next moment he brought her to his

heart -- a thin, fragile little form. "How is papa's heart's treasure?" he said, with a tender smile. "Oh, I am weil," she answered, nestling to him, and putting her arms

"How did the little dog behave today ?''
'' Only once, papa—and not so badly.
Ask Annetta. And I have taken the