

ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Characters in the story.—Adrian and Theodore Daretti—the former, a young baritone from the Royal Opera at Berlin; the latter, his brother, possessing a voice such as only angels could give, the older brother, Madame Delepoine, his mother, and his sister, Madame de la Roche. Madame de la Roche, his mother, and his sister, Madame de la Roche. Madame de la Roche, his mother, and his sister, Madame de la Roche.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Adrian started violently, then stood still, trembling and very pale. There was one who had overcome the world, and it is by his maxims and not by those of the world that men shall be judged. The mantle of the world's darkness still clung to him, and he drew it shudderingly about him, for he dreaded the light that was penetrating under its folds.

tion—do not ask me to be a saint! Let me still sin a little, do not urge me so, my God, my God, my Father! Thou lovedst me, even me! Good Shepherd of my soul, art Thou come to seek me, to bear me home in Thine arms? O Love of God, how shall I resist Thee? Heart of my Jesus, Thou hast conquered! My Strength, my Purity, my Joy! Be done unto me according to Thy word! He fell upon his face. The flood gates of his soul were opened, and he wept till the poor body, exhausted from the length and the strength of his emotion, fainted him, drowsiness stole over his senses, and he fell asleep even as he lay there upon the floor.

Her fingers and hummed "The Darksy's Dream," and beat time with feet and hands, urging on the stately dancers. Lennartsen now appeared in the flies, a magnificent Rhadames. He sustained the dignity of the whole opera on the stage, and he was the mercurial Gauls and Italians. His appearance struck a chill to Catalina's heart. He spoke kindly to her, but he had caught her laughing, and she felt that she had fallen several degrees in his estimation. She began to tremble nervously as the signal came for her to take her position on the stage.

spoiled the other morning. Somehow or other he has found out that it was I who went to the rescue of little Vouquelin, and he is trying to revenge himself on me through my favorite pupil. I see it all plainly now. Tell me, Adrian, is he dangerous?" "Unfortunately he is," admitted Daretti. "He has some influence through the press, and has managed to keep in with reputable journals, and although he is known to be unscrupulous in his methods, I am sorry," he added, with troubled eyes, "that I should be instrumental in bringing you such an undesirable acquaintance. You should not be so charitable, Mamma Hortense, that every one turns to you in their difficulties. And in their joys too, breaking off with sudden gaiety and bending towards her. "Take a good look at me, Madame. Is the black all off of my face?"

CHAPTER XIII.—The Feast of Pentecost. The Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, Paris. Adrian and Theodore Daretti the singers. The former, a young baritone from the Royal Opera at Berlin; the latter, his brother, possessing a voice such as only angels could give, the older brother, Madame Delepoine, his mother, and his sister, Madame de la Roche. Madame de la Roche, his mother, and his sister, Madame de la Roche.

Poor Oreste almost squirmed out of his jacket in an agony of humility and confusion. He stammered something about "my master—my duty—too much confidence—" and then completely overcame by his feelings, he gave one more exclamation of "The saints be praised!" and striking his forehead with the back of his hand, rushed out of the room. Oreste Gozzoli was tipped and pelted by his master's friends, he was the admired of all the valets, the envy of the valets, the recipient of many smiles and glances from pretty apprentices and rejoiced when he held his head high, and wherever he held his head high, his acknowledged superiority as the prince of valets. In his master's domain he reigned supreme. But the greatest of earthly kings discovers a limit to his authority, and Oreste had learned that for him the tide-line was drawn at the door of his master's kitchen, where dwelt Baptiste the chief, of the white-linen jacket and paper cap, of whom his master, Oreste, the concierge, and all the neighboring marketmen and women dwelt in wholesome awe.

CHAPTER XIV.—A far more consummate sanctity must be which can mix freely and easily with the crowd and condense thoroughly to its own, and not only remain pure as the sunbeam that pierces the fogiest, dullest, but be also a source of high and moral health and restoration to all around it.—"Catherine's Life of St. Francis Xavier." With Catalina's continued success came the petty persecution that Lulu Carson had foretold. Zoe Lenormand and Hildegarde Strong, each in her third season at the Opera, were furious that a new-comer should be preferred before them. The fact that Lennartsen was at his very best when singing with her, and that Daretti was moving heaven and earth to have her create the part of Cordelia in the Paris production of the new opera, only added jealousy to their ire. Factions were formed, spiteful articles appeared in the daily journals, discussions followed in clubs and salons, false rumors and misrepresentations were rife. Every new success cost poor Catalina floods of tears. The affectionate, refined, generous girl was ill-fitted to fight her hidden foes. The difficulties of art itself she could strive with and triumph over, but the difficulties of an artistic career called for other qualities. She could not understand, though Daretti and Madame Delepoine understood only too well, the cause of these persistent attacks. Why should she have enemies, and why should anybody begrudge a poor girl little success and the chance to earn her living?

scene. Casimir Choulex had returned to Paris and was once more installed with Adrian and Theodore Daretti, sharing their apartment as in the old days. "Did I improve in the old days?" he asked, looking at his looks and manners, his brown eyes were as honest and kind as ever, his clothes fitted him better, his beard was more neatly trimmed. The world was beginning to lend him of its prosperity. After five years of struggle with hard work and petty economies he now saw his young brothers, educated and self-supporting, his mother comforted and provided for, his sister well married. An operetta he had composed had struck the popular fancy, just as it was of imagination and fascinating originality. He felt that his next step must be grand opera. Filled with enthusiasm for Daretti's work in the libretto of "Cordelia," Choulex begged him to collaborate with him on the text of this new work, which he wished to be founded on the story of Sintram.

CHAPTER XV.—The fair American's prediction came true. Never had Daretti magnetic personality so asserted itself as this evening. The instant that the fiery, untamed barbarian captive dashed upon the scene a new life was infused into everything. The remotest chorussinger felt the inspiring effect. From the moment Aida recognizes her father and rushes to his embrace, the whole situation changed. The clasp of his hand upon hers, his superbly rich and brightly sweet voice seeming to adapt itself to hers with innate sympathy, and yet all the while leading her on and on to heights she had not thought to climb—it seemed to her that she had entered another world and was endowed with new being. Hitherto she had sung well, but it had been with conscious effort; now she sang within her impetuous, irresistibly, and everything seemed easy. Till now her evening had been a success, but from this moment it was a triumph. Lennartsen no longer overawed her; she broke away from his dominating influence, her own genius asserting itself, and in turn acting upon him, so that an unexpected tenderness crept into his robust tones, and in the pathetic death-scene the two were in absolute sympathy.

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THE SKY-SCRAPER

By FRANK H. SPAULDING

We stood one Sunday group watching for her around the Narrows. Many as I have seen and ridden, always a wonder to me, even, it means so much, even to me, and many I think of the iron horse, chattering of distance, and a chatter of the mountains at the annihilator. I hear of ploughs the mountains at the plains. And when they say "what can I think of but As the heart beat of yards my heart beat of yards were too imposing, they were massive, yet they could draw them, like the of a collier, to a very point. Every bearing looked joint looked supple, as they noticeably up and checked in front of us. Foley was in the cab, east on a lay-off, and to bring in the new monster the river shops. She was built in Pennsylvania, the fellows on the Miss line thought nothing could be put into our route and stopped it on route and how does she run. Neighbor, glancing, she ran to. "Cool as an ice-box swinging down." "She's mer resort. Little still yet." "We'll take that out Neighbor, climbing into her over." "Boys, this he added, pushing through the cab-window down at the ninety-nine him. "I grew dizzy once for the ponies," he looked for a piece of tobacco to his own. "She looper. Say, Neighbor, myself, ain't I?" asked usual nerve. "When McNeal gets her, yes," returned Neighbor, giving her a thimble of the air. "What?" cried Foley. "You going to kid?" "I am," returned chane unfeelingly, a work after the session the loose end of a coat invited to take out the 488, Class H—as she had Dad Hamilton of course to fire her. "They get every going," grumbled Foley. "They are good Neighbor. He also to the old freeman. I with us then, a fellow to tickle the grate, and kicked. He always had raised his salary kicked. Neighbor. He simply sent the h ing into the old fl enough. Very likely you know mine must be regular horse is broken, before steady hard work. McNeal was not ve was appointed to do. For two months Light runs and east the smash at the had had seen of taken under his wing; and erally understood elowed George M with his daughter o two used to march together, as much engineer and and possibly could be geener, walked to gether. Foley was of Hamilton, becau George out West self. Really, an George McNeal was prof enough. One evening, I saw the pair in getting their chee ly the two stepped order window; a came away with a "Is that when wealth, George?" up to speak to me. "Part of it goes school. When a passenger run light, too. "A young fellow to be putting bank," said I. "Well, you see in Pennsylvania sixty years old headed. I haven been on the under to make up a mummy." "Where does asked. "Me?" ans evasively. "I've getting to be a school. When a passenger run light, too. Neighbor?" ask to the master-m "Soon as we the high line, on Neighbor. "W enough to mov every six days. Every siding's grade. How m sand-pond can Beverly Hill was. He was aski engineer looked a. "I reckon forty," said M. "Maybe, so a few drops in water and the rain is gone. Buy a bottle of Nerline in a common house-keep necessity and only costs 25 cents.

TO BE CONTINUED.