ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henrietta Dan & Skinner.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS Characters in the story.—Adrien and Theodore Darcti-the former a young baratone from the Evyal Opera at Berlin; the latter, his brother, possessing a voice such as only angels are supposed to have. Madame Hottense Delegible, the elder brother's god-mother, a green contraits singer. Ramon Eugenio Disder, his four daugaters and his mother-in-law, Madame Valorge. Agostin, a professor of mathematics at the Lives Could be Grande Carissimo Casimiro, a violinist from the Conservatory Orchestra. Oreste, the Daretti brother's valet. Chapter 1.—The Feast of Pentecost. The

chestra. Oroste, the Daretti of Chapter 1.—The Feast of Pentecost. The Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, Paris. Adrien and Theodore Diretti the singers. The former meets Ramon Disder and his daughter, Espiritu Santo. She sends. through the brother, the little flower of the Holy Ghost, after which she is named, Espiritu Santo, to Theodore Daretti.

Chapter II.—Closer acquaintanceship of the greecing characters. Casimiro goes as solo riccinst in the Opera's tour throughout Engrand and the United States. Adrien accompanies him as the first baratone.

panies him as the first paracole.

Chapter III.—College of St. Ignace. Adriand Daretti calls for his brother Theodore. Meeting with an old friend of their deceased parents, Don Luis de San Roque. Marquis of Palafox, his son Jamie and two sisters. Chapter IV. — Theodore and in his boyish fancy falls in love with the little "princess,"

Espiritu Santo.

Chapter V.—Madame Delapoule endeavori to persuade Adrion to marry. She lauds Catalina, Disdier s eldest daughter's. Madame Delapoule announces her intention to leave Paris for five years.

Paris for five years.

Chapter VI — Theodore goes to his elder brother Bindo, to be "made a man." His parting with Espiritu Adrien woos Catalina. Her father discountenances his proposition, and prefers his friend Casimiro.

Her father discountenances his proposition, and prefers his friend Casimiro. Chapter VII.—After an absence of five years, Hortense Delapoule returns to Paris, Catalina's voice wonderfuily developed. Madame Delepoule proposes to bring her out on the Paris stage. She kake Adrien Daretti's copperation. Madama Delepoule trys to againent her former abre he is informed of the Disdier's change of fortune—Madame Vallogie's binduces; Ramon's embarrassment; Lolita Disdier tutoring some South American girls; Rafaela Disdier has become a prodigy at the piano; Espiritu Santo—now sixteen—takes care of her blind grandmother at their new and much less commodious home at Passy. Adrien asks Madam Delapoule's permission to bring two of the greatest living tenors' to assist Catalina in her debut. "The new Yiric tenor" turns out to be Theodore transformed under his brother Bindo's care.

Care.

Chapter VIII.—Adrien and Theodore visit the Disdier's modest home at Passy. Their smazement at the changes Time has effected. Espiritu again presents Theedore with a flower, Adrien and Theodors in a runaway accident. They escape with their lives. The groom Thompson severely injured.

Chapter IX.—Death of Daretti's groom. Chapter X.—Death of Darette s groun.
Chapter X.—Theodore speaks of his love for spiritu to Madame Valorge and receives en-Chap. XI.—Adrien is displeased with the

Chap. XII.—Victoire Ainsworth is urged to on the stage.

CHAPTER XII.-CONTINUED.

Adriano started violently, then stood still, trembling and very pale. There was One who had overcome the world, by His maxims and not by those of the world that men shall be judged. The world loveth darkness. Adriano roused himself with a painful effort. The mantle of the world's darkness still clung to him, and he drew it shudderingly about him, for he dreaded the light was penetrating under its folds. A mood of sullen, fierce resistance came over him. He clinched his fist, and strode towards the door. "I will go!" he said, between his closed teeth. But even as he laid his hand on the handle he stopped. He bowed his head, and leaned heavily against the frame of the door.

"I cannot!" he murmured. "My hour has come! O Lord, depart from me!

Leave me a little longer to my sin!"
There was a long, deep silence, then
heavy sighs burst from him. "Why has this come to me when I do not want it? O God! why do you torment my sou now, when you left me so terribly alone in the days when I was still pure? It is too late now. I do not want this not trample on it and turn to the things that I crave?"

Voice speaking within him? Whence came those words? Oh yes, he remem-Whence bered now. The monsignore had quoted them the day. But who had first spoken them? They were in Holy Scripture, those words. Saul of Tarsus was jour-neying to Damascus, full of evil intent, and a light from heaven shone about him, and he fell to the ground, and a Voice said, "I am Jesus Whom thou per-secutest. It is hard for thee to kick against the goad." And Saul, trembling and astonished, answered, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Adriano pressed his hand to his fore-There was indeed a light shining into the very depths of his soul, and point ing out to him what he should do. struggled wildly to shut out the light, to harden his heart to the pleadings of that Voice. "O my God, not yet, not yet! I know Thou art all truth and beauty and love, and some day—oh yes, some day—I will indeed be humble and penitent, and serve Thee truly. Oh, I hope so; I do not wish to go to hell, to be separated from Good-ness and Thee for all eternity. But it is so much to give up all at once! If I turn from my sins what will become of too weak, Lord; it would be like tearing the heart out of me. I could not live!"

thine eye offend thee, pluck it out! If thy hand or thy foot scandalize thee, cut it off and cast it from thee! What does it profit thee to gain the whole world if thou lose thine own soul? And what profit hast thou in those things whereof thou art even now

Blind, deaf, dumb, and senseless to all around him, hearing only the inexorable Voice that thundered in his son, Adriano opened not his lips, made no sound, yet his soul cried out within him, entreat-

ing, resisting, pleading, yielding.
"What wilt thou have me to do? watch and pray, and flee from temptations, guard my senses, give up my indolent, self-indulgent habits, do penance like the saints? Oh, I cann I cannot! I have not the strength for it, nor the desire! O God, let me compromise with Thee: I will indeed try to improve gradually, to wean myself little by little from self-indulgence and sin, but let me keep some small gratification. Carson was in eestasies. She snapped promise with Thee! I will indeed try to

tion—do not ask me to be a saint! Let her fingers and hummed "The Darky's tion—do not ask me to be a saint! Let me still sin a little, do not urge me so, do not—O my God, my Father! Thou lovest 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 God, now shall I resist Thee? Heart of my Jesus, Thou hast conquered! My Strength, my Purity, my Joy! Be it 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. ength and the strength of his emotion, failed him, drowsiness stole over his senses, and he fell asleep even as he lay there upon the floor.

Many hours passed by. When we awake the first streaks of dawn were struggling in through the shutters. His eyes were swallen and heavy from long

eyes were swollen and heavy from long veeping; his limbs stiff and painful from lying so long in contact with the hard floor, and his frame shivered with But there was a strange the cold.

sweet joy in his heart.

He bathed bathed and dressed hastily. It was 6 o'clock by his watch as he stole quietly out of the door. The pain and cold of the night's exposure left his limbs as he strode happily and vigor-ously on, and the soft, cool air bathed his heated brow and cheeks. One bright

"Ave, Maris Stella!" murmured Adriano. "This is for me the star of Adriano. "This is for me the star of Bethlehem, guiding me to where I shall find the young Child and His Mother!"

It was a walk of nearly two miles through the boulevards to the church

Notre Dame des Victoires, but, borne on by the fervor of his heart, Adriano hardly knew that he was walking at all. nardly knew that he was walking at all. He reached the church door and entered the sanctuary with its throng of silent, devout worshippers. Masses were being said at different altars, a number of persons were receiving Holy Com-munion at the shrine of the Mother and Child, people passed quietly in and out to their devotions, and little sound was heard save the tinkle of the bells at the more solemn parts of the services.

Adriano walked the length of the There the church to the sacristy.

"Monsignore Ianson has just arrived," he said. "It is he you wish see, is it not? Robert, tell monsig nore that the English chevalier is wait-

ing for him."
"I suppose I know who the English
"I suppose I know who the English chevalier is," said Monsignore Ianson, coming forward kindly. "Is there anything I can do for you?" He drew Adriano aside, who stood there rather shamefacedly with downcast eyes.

"I have come a little sooner than you expected, perhaps, after my attitude yesterday. Will you take me under your care, Father?"

Monsignore lanson held out her hands, took both of Adriano's in his, and pressed them warmly to his breast.
"With all my heart, my own dear child!" and tears of tender joy filled the bright black eyes. This had indeed come sooner than he expected. Smiling and humble, half-willing and

half-reluctant, with a soul at once troubled and happy, sorrowful and glad, Adriano followed him with childlike docility. "'Except ye become as little chil-

dren ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, "thought the prelate. "Sure-ly this young man is already at the threshold.

They were a grand-looking pair, the stalwart prelate and his stately peni-tent, but the pride that was in their bearing found no place in their fervent

Monsignore Ianson entered a confes sional which stood near the sacristy door. Adriano also entered its shadowy recesses, kneeling at the other side of the grating which separates priest and hour later penitent. It when he rose from his knees and stepped which is the church, once more the Why do I listen to it? Why do stored to a blessed inheritance. before the shrine of the knelt long It is hard for thee to kick against the Virgin and Child A blissful quiet, an exquisite stillness crept into his soul, ceived many congratulations on her Again he started. What was this steeping his very senses in its raptur-

ous embrace. "What is this" he murmured. "Is it peace?—that peace of God which passeth all understanding?" And he

glanced upward.

The tender Mother still held the divine Child; and now Its out-stretched Hands and wistful Eyes seemed to say, "I have loved thee with an everlasting

love, and have drawn thee to Myself, having compassion on thee!" CHAPTER XIII.

"He was a wanderer who had for a brief moment lost his way among strangers, but who returned to his Father as soon as he heard that Father's voice calling to His son."

—Chocarne: Life of Lacordaire.

A thousand times Catalina was tempted to be sorry that she had chosen Aida for her first Parisian appearance. Vocally the part suited her to perfec-tion, but there was a little of woman's vanity in her, and Aida is not a becoming make-up for most actresses. She could not help an occasional twinge of regret as she contemplated the regulation brown disguise, and thought of her becoming costumes as Desdemona, or Gilda, or Valentine, or of how well he rich Spanish beauty suited such parts as Carmen or Elvira. No doubt such regrets were totally unworthy of one who aspired to be a great artist, and Catalina gave no utterance to them, but they helped unconsciously to in-

crease her natural nervousness.

Behind the scenes all was very homelike and friendly. Lulu Carson, the popular young American soprano, was on hand, and was all good-nature and encouragement. Madame Vibault and Maxime Collas were so easy-going and so matter-of-fact about everything that it quite restored Catalina's composure.

Daretti was in almost boyish good spirits and full of jokes about his costume and blackened countenance as the Ethiopian king. She found herself laughing heartily three minutes before she was to go on to the stage at seeing him execute a clog-dance in the flies. and his humor was so contagious that even the dignified Collas in his priestly robes began to cut pigeon-wings, and Therese Vibault, the portly contralto

and beat time with feet and Dream, hands, urging on the stately dancers.

Lennartsen now appeared in the flies, a magnificent Rhadames. He sustained the dignity of the whole operatic stage in his Scandinavian person, and looke rather contemptuously upon the humorous antics of the mercurial Gauls and Italians. His appearance struck a chill to Catalina's heart. He spake kindle to Catalina's heart. to her, but he had caught 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. "Courage! Act as if you despised ... "Courage! Lulu Carson, on them all!" whispered Lulu Carson, on one side of her, and on the other Darthem all! etti was whispering, while he gave her hand a hasty pressure, "Your make-up is fine, Catalina. You are the first really handsome Aida I ever saw." Perhaps the little compliment helped better than anything else to restore her composure. Madame Delepoule, watch-ing anxiously from her box, breathed a sigh of raliaf. She saw at a glarge that etti was whispering, while he gave her

Sigh of relief. She saw at a glance that Catalina was mistress of herself and that all would go well. The audience that all would go well. The audience was evidently pleased with the tall, willowy figure, the free, untrammelled grace of movement of the new actress, and the splendor of her large, dreamy eyes. Her olive skin was only slightly darkened, and she looked to perfection the beautiful barbarian. She was in fine voice, and sang with authority and feeling, while her musical phrasing was a constant delight. Still, Madame Deleing, while he poule missed something. The girl had not reached her highest level. She could be more than a good singer, she could be great, and in the first act she had not yet persuaded her audience of this. Lennartsen had dominated everything so far. From the first note of the

he had held the audi-"Celeste Aida ence spellbound. His voice was robust rather than lyric, and there was more of grandeur than of tenderness in his style, but its noble beauty and power were irresistible. Therese Vibault, too, was superb as the haughty, vindictive Amneris; and Maxime Collas was, as ever, rich-voiced, handsome, and dignified. It was a great point in the Disdier's favor that she could hold her own with three such artists.

own with three such artists.
"Wait till the next act, when Daretti is on the scene," said Miss Carson.
"Somehow, Lennartsen and Miss Disdier do not seem to hit it off together, I do not wonder. He is awfully hard to sing with, he is so arrogant and conceited. But it's another story when

Daretti takes hold! He'll put some life into the performance."

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

were in absolutes
The principal olute sympathy. singers received an and Catalina was recalled ovation, and Catalina was recalled again and again. It was a happy hour for Madame Delepoule, and she refavorite pupil. There behind the scenes, and Catalina was surprised at the friendly feeling shown. She had heard so many stories of the petty spite and jealousies that she might expect at the Paris Opera.

"The two who are jealous of you, Zoe Lenormand and Hildegarde Strong, have stayed away," explained Louise Carson. "I am a soprano leggiero, you know, and Madame Vibault a contralto, so we do not look on you as a rival, but you will hear from the others later on, you will near from the others according to hear! They cannot do you any harm, however. The person to be afraid of is Oeglaire. I heard him trying to start a few hisses among the claque but nobody took them up. He was perfectly furious, and you will get a little free advertising in the papers

to-morrow.' is Oeglaire?" demanded Madame Delepoule, with sudden inter-

"He is somebody who doesn't love you," said Miss Carson, laughingly. You ought to have heard him going on about you in the green-room this

"About me? What have I done to

him? "Don't you remember that detestable Blaise Oeglaire, that conceited, supercilious youth who was my pet aversion at the College St. Ignace?" interrupted Teodoro eagerly. "I never was more delighted than when he was dropped for some trick or other he played on one of the boys. They say played on one of the boys. They say he aspires to be a literary light and musical dilettante, and writes rather clever satires and society verses in the journals."

the journals.' You want to be on the right side of him," said Louise Carson, knowingly Never mind, Katie, he is a very good friend of mine, and I can soon bring him round to our side.

Madome Delepoule's face grew grave, and at the first opportunity as they were leaving the theatre she drew

Daretti aside. What does it mean about this Oeglaire?" she asked, suspiciously. "Why should he hate me and try to inshe asked, suspiciously. jure Catalina? I see you do not want gathered up her flowing garments and took some rather giddy steps. Lulu Carson was in ecstasies. She snapped that it is he whose little game we

spoiled the other morning. Somehow who went to the rescue of little Voquelin, and he is trying to revenge him on me through my favorite pupil. I see it all plainly now. Tell me, Adrien,

" Unfortunately he is," admitted Daretti. "He has some influence through the press, and has managed to keep in with reputable journals, 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, not be so charitable, Mamma Horense, that every one turns to you in their difficulties. And in their joys too," breaking off with sudden gayety and bending towards her. "Take a good bending towards her. "Take a good look at me, madame. Is the black all

off of my face?"
"Why, yes, Adrien, you look well; I well, conceited shall not say how

He took both her hands and bent down and whispered in her ear:
"The black is all off of my soul, too,
dear godmother!" and boldly kissed
her. "May I not? You always said I was young enough to be your grand son, you know

She looked up at him helplessly. "Adrien," she gasped, "is it so? Is it really so? Oh, Adrien, my boy!" But her carriage was now anno But her carriage was now announced:
"Unhand me, you wicked fellow!
Oh, Adrien, I shall do something foolish. This news is too blessed. Oh, thank the Lord Almighty! Oh, my

boy, my boy !"

It was hard work to keep back the tears of joy. She almost forg pride in Catalina over this new forgot her ness. She stole a last look towards Adrien. Under the stately grace that never forsook the great gentleman singer there was an irrepressible happiess beaming from every feature gesture. Where was the impassive coolness, the cynical smile of the petted gesture. nan of the world ? Gone, gone this man before her now was her own boy Adrien, grown to his prime, indeed, but the boy again and forever. The tears rushed blindingly to her eyes.

You are surely not crying, godwhispered the ever mamma ?" Teodoro, as he handed her into the carriage.
"It is all right, child, it is all right.

Let me alone. I am only so happy that I do not know what I am doing." It has been a trying day for Daretti, he had had a weary task in closing the last chapters of the record of his old It was past supper hour, and was fatigued in mind and heart and body when he returned homeward at

last. Oreste, passing through the antechamber, heard his master's step on the stair. He threw open the door for him, his bright, dark face wreathed in smiles, bowing repeatedly and saying his pleasant Italian greeting, "Welcome to your home, Excellency!" Then as Daretti passed into the salon he took his coat and hat from him, and begged a thousand pardons that the supper was not yet served. Daretti crossed over and stood by the fireplace in thoughtful mood, stealthily watching the v from under his long lashes, till young fellow was about to leave the room, when he suddenly roused him-

Come here a moment, Oreste! "Behold me there, sir!" trim, cheery fellow was at his side in an instant.

Adriano threw his head back, and leaning his arm on the mantel-piece looked down at him with a grave, embarrassed smile.
"Oreste, your master is going to

make a change in his life.' "You are going to marry, sir?"
"Heaven forbid! No such awful
change as that! Guess again, my

boy."
"Your worship is not going to dismiss me!"
"Dismiss you! No, indeed, my treas-

ure! On the contrary, I am going to need your services more than ever." not—" he

to his servant. "Forgive me, Oreste," he said heartily and humbly, "forgive your master for the bad example he has o long set you."
Oreste stepped back and looked

sharply and curiously up into his mas-ter's face. "You are not in earnest, sir. Your worship is joking."
"Joking! Why, listen, Oreste; I have

been to confession this morning, and I ask you if that is any joke!" and Adriano smiled and flushed a little-"To confession? Oh, my master, my

"To confession? On, my master, who dear, dear master! All the saints in heaven be praised! Oh, the joyful day! I knew it would come! I knew the blessed Mother would never let you perish," and the faithful fellow sank on his knees, and seizing the hand Daretti still held out to him, pressed it raptur-ously to his breast and lips. "Oh, it has ously to his breast and lips. "Oh, it has come at last, this joyful, happy day, that poor Oreste would have given his

'My poor boy," said Adriano, deeply touched; "do you care so much for my soul as that?" "Of course, it is the essential thing,"

returned the valet, simply. "How could I love you at all without caring for your immortal soul? Oh, dear master, I knew you had too good a heart to stay away long from the Blessed God, and I knew the saints must love you too much let you perish," and pressing his aster's hand again to his heart, he master's

burst into joyful tears.

Adriano felt tears dangerously near his own eyes. He stooped and raised his kneeling servant, and giving him a shake, smiled kindly into his "Come Oreste, if you make too slight face. much fuss over the returned prodigal, I may backslide and be seven times worse than before." Then very gravely, You must promise me one thing, that you will never fail to warn me if you should see me taking a step backward

Poor Oreste almost squirmed out of Poor Oreste almost squirmet 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 confidence - " and then, complete overcome by his feelings, he gave or more exclamation of "The saints be praised!" and striking his forehead with the back of his hand, rushed out of the

Oreste Gozzoli was tipped and petted by his master's friends, he was the ad-mired of all the maids, the envy of all the valets, the recipient of many smiles and glances from pretty appren-tices, and everywhere he held his head high and reiniged with depending head high and rejoiced with charming candor in his acknowledged superiority as the prince of valets. In his master's do-main he reigned supreme. But the greatest of earthly kings discovers a greatest of earthly kings discover limit to his authority, and Oreste learned that for him the tide-line was drawn at the door of his master's kitchen, where dwelt Baptiste the chief, he of the white-linen jacket and paper cap, of whom his master, Orest concierge, and all the neighboring marketmen and women dwelt in wholesome awe. At the entrance to the little kitchen, with its line of burnished copper utensils and its little charcoal range, Oreste's jaunty head bowed itself, his cheery voice was respectfully modu-lated, his quick, light step grew timid and uncertain. For five years Baptiste had never deigned to smile on the valet or treat his modest advances with anything but scorn, or at least silence. It the patience, the humility, the unalterable sweetness and cheerfulness of the young Italian had penetrated the hard surface of the French chef's bosom he never gave outward sign of it. Hardly a day passed that Oreste did not retire to his little chamber, stinging under some reprimand from the chef, to wipe the perspiration from his forehead and complain to the sairts that he had spent an hour in hell

So it happened that, rushing through the antechamber after the interview with his master, Oreste had hardly closed behind him the door of the nar row corridor that led past his little den to the kitchen, when he stood transfixed at the sight of the cook, standing with folded arms and gloomy brow on the threshold of the culinary realm.

"It is, of course, of no consequence to the chef to know at what hour may be required to serve a repast served Baptiste, with cutting irony. It well understood that half an h or so makes no difference in doing the roast to a turn of browning a pate Bourgogne! Nevertheless, even if the master chooses to be half an hour late to his supper, I do not see why the valet need add another half hour before warning the chef of the master's return !

Oreste, still red and tearful, choked down the sobs that had been half strang-ling him, and drew himself up with dig-

nity. "For the valet's neglect," he said, "I ask pardon; but the hour of the master's return is, for his servants, the right hour, and neither early nor late!" and with that he turned into his room, leaving Baptiste petrified with amazement at the first rebuke he had ever received.

Two hours later, when all was hushed and still, the door of Daretti's sleeping-room was opened, and Oreste stole softly in. He left his light without in the antechamber, but the shaded night-lamp, burning on the table before a picture of the Virgin and Child enabled him to distinguish objects in the room. He tiptoed lightly to the bedside and stood looking down at his sleeping master, his hands reverently folded; then, kneeling down, he signed himself with the sign of the cross. "This is a holy place," he murmured. "The angels of paradise are here, weeping for joy over my dear master's return saints are smiling and waving their censers the, Blessed Virgin is leaning over to bless him, and the good Himself is saying, 'My son' my son. Rejoice with Me; for this My son that was lost is found again." He bent his head in deepest awe. "They are all here. This is indeed a holy, blessed "I am not going to be a scandal to you any more, please God, my brave fellow," and Daretti held out his hand counterpane to his lips. So he remained till the first streak of dawn found its way into the room. Then he rose quietly, closed the shutters, and tip-toed silently out into the corridor to

CHAPTER XIV.

"A far more consummate sanctity must that be which can mix freely and easily with the crowd and condescend thoroughly to its ways, and not only remain pure as the sunbeam that pierces the foulest dungeon, but be also a source of light and moral health and renovasource of light and moral health and renova tion to all around it."—Coleridge's Life of St Francis Xavier.

With Catalina's continued succes 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 pro-duction of the new opera, only added jealousy to their ire. Factions were ealousy to their ire. formed, spiteful articles appeared in the daily journals, discussions followed in clubs and salons, false rumors and misrepresentations were rife. new success cost poor Catalina floods of tears. The affectionate, refined, generous girl was ill-fitted to fight her hidrish," and pressing his again to his heart, he she could strive with and triumph over, but the difficulties of an artistic career call for other qualities. understand, though Daretti and Madame Delepoule understood only too well, the cause of these persistent attacks. Why should she have enemies, and why should anybody begrudge a poor girl a little success and the chance to earn her living? But she was blessed in the protection

of Madame Delepoule, a host in herself and in the sympathy and tender friendcommand this, Oreste, and even if I seem displeased, as I was last night, you must keep to it bravely, for it is your duty now. Do you understand?" ship of Victoire Ainsworth. Sir Guy, too, Lady Ainsworth's brother-in-law, she suspected of being ready to lay his little and fortune at her feet. And now an older friend had appeared on the

cene. Casimir Choulex had returned to Paris and was once more installed with Adrien and Theodore Daretti, sharing their apartment as in the old days. Time had improved him in looks and manners, his brown eyes were as honest and kind as ever, his clothes neatly trimmed. The world was begin-ning to lend him of its prosperity. fitted him better, his beard was more Oreste Gozzoli was tipped and petted work and petty economies he now say his young brothers educated and self supporting, his mother comfortably pro-vided for, his sister well married. An operetta he had composed had struck agination and fascinating originality. He felt that his next step must be grand opera. Filled with enthusiasm for Daretti's work in the libretto of "Cor. delia," 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. Delepoule was growing very Madame thoughtful over Catalina's matrimonial outlook. "What did I adopt her for? what did I teach her all my secrets
What did I teach her all my secrets
What did I teach her all my secrets for?" she grumbled to the Darettis.
"To settle down on a Yorkshire moor with a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, fox-hunting baronet, perhaps? Or to cook, and mend, and nurse babies for a stolid, be-spectacled professor in a stuffy Swiss town? I wish lovers would let her alone till her genius has been recognized and crowned, or till I am in grave. It is all your fault, boys, Don't bring those men here any mespecially that Englishman. Do think I am going to let him snatch away the reward of all my years of patie labor and sacrifice?

abor and sacrince?

"See what a predicament I am in,"
laughed Adriano. "My two bestfriends
in love with the same girl! I hope it is catching! With Teodoro around too, the atmosphere is just loaded with sentiment, so that I am in fair way to fall a victim."

"I wish you would catch it in the severest form known," said Madame

Delepoule. "I only trust they will not both give me their confidence," continued Adriano, "What a state of affairs that would be! Luckily they are both reticent by nature. They will prekeep their secrets to themselves.

"There are some things one cannot talk much about," observed Teodoro, sagaciously. "One likes to keep them ecret. They go too deep for words.

Daretti and Madame Delepoule ex secret.

changed smiles.
"Talking about them is not the only way of telling one's secrets, Teodoro mio," said Adriano, laughingly, and

odoro grew very red.
"Well, I do not care who knows mine," he said, bravely, throwing his head back and looking at them defiantly. "It honors me, and all the world may know as far as I am concerned." that no one called his statement in stion, he continued, more quietly, Talking sentiment, Oreste, and that nice girl with the gray eyes at the Baths of Lucca? When we were staying there with Bindo, two summers ago, it struck me that Oreste interested in that was very tenderly I thought last summer would

surely settle it." "I had the same suspicion at the time," admitted Adriano. "I thought his hour had struck at last. But he, too, has not confided in me. He seems too cheerful for a rejected lover, and too silent for an accepted one. would have bubbled all over with such a secret as that. Saving your blushes, Tedi, I defy either you or Oreste to keep from me, when it comes to the point, whether your suit is successful or

' Do not tease the boy," said Madame "You are older than he, Delepoule. "You are older than he, Adriano, but there are some things you do not understand as well as he yet. But your hour will surely come, and woe be to him who tries to tease you in

that day! "May it be long deferred!" said

Daretti, fervently.

"All things come round to him who will but wait." and Teodoro's probation was drawing to a close. restraint had done its good work in teaching the young man lessons of silence and self-control. There was a certain manly gravity of demeano about Teodoro nowadays that tempered the buoyant, open-hearted, too trustful young fervor. Only Adriano, dearest of brothers—faithful, fatherly, and in the or brothers—laithful, fatherly, and indulgent—knew the ups and downs, the hopes and fears, the rejoicings and the despairs, the torments of doubt, the alternations of patient self-sacrifice and investigate religious control to the leave the impatient rebelliousness that kept the young lover's heart in a ferment for these six long months. To be sure, there was a maddening air of superiority about Adriano occasionally, when he seemed to regard Tedi with a certain curiosity as one laboring under a temporary aberration of the intellect, and then Tedi would get red in the

face and say, furiously:

"I hope you will be there some day
yourself! Nothing would give me more ndish delight than to see you simply of love and sus writhing in torments I declare, Adriano, I would pense. I declare, Adriano, I would suffer six months longer myself for the pleasure of seeing you over head and

'How considerate of your lady-love!" d Adriano, dryly. "But, Tedi, how said Adriano, dryly. "But, Tedi, how can you wish me such a cruel fate when I give you my deepest sympathy?"
"Sympathy!" echoed Tedi, grabbing his brother by the shoulders and shaking the sympathy controllers are symplestic. "Sympathy in the sympathy controllers are symplestic.

ing him with no gentle force. "Sympathy, you old iceberg! You call that sympathy because you put your arm around a fellow's shoulder and murmur a lot of inarticulate nothings to conceal a yawn, and all the time I see a sly laugh in your eye as if you were saying,
Poor young fool, what a bore he is!
and how superior I am to all this sentimental nonsense

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE SKY-SCRA BY FRANK H. SPEAK

We stood one Sunday group watching for her ound the Narrows. Many as I have seen and ridden, as I have seen and always a wonder to me; deven, it means so much. rave over horses, and marrate over their on horse. I think of the iron horse. chatter of distance, and n to the annihilator. I hea of ships, and I think of the mountains a plains. And when they what can I think of but As the new engine ro

yards my heart beat q lines were too imposing they were massive, yet could draw them, like the could draw them, like the of a collie, to a very point Every bearing looked joint looked supple, as an infecently up and checked g, in front of us. Foley was in the cab. east on a lay-off, and s bring in the new monste the river shops.

She was built in Per the fellows on the Miss

stopped it en route and "How does she run, Neighbor, gloating, sile "Cool as an ice-box swinging down. "She'mer resort. Little sti

line though nothing cou

be put into our hands

"We'll take that out Neighbor, climbing into her over. "Boys, this loon," he added, pusnit through the cab-winder down at the ninety-inc

him. for the ponies," declar off a piece of tobacco a his overalls. "She lo scraper. Say, Neighbornyself, ain't I?" asked

"When McNeal ge her, yes," returned N giving her a thimble c ing the air. "What!" cried Fol prise. "You going to

"I am," returned chanic unfeelingly, Georgie McNeal, j work after the session the loose end of a con invited to take out t Class H-as she Dad Hamilton of cou to fire her.

They get every going," grumbled Fo "They are good eighbor. He also Neighbor. the old fireman. with us then, a fellow to tickle the grate, a kicked. He always had raised his salar kicked. Neighbor He simply sent the hing until the old fi

enough. Very likely you ki gine must be regu horse is broken, be steady hard work. McNeal was not ve was appointed to do

For two months Light runs and eas smash at the had sort of taken nder his wing; and erally understood elbowed Georgie M with his doughty of two used to march together, as much young engineer and possibly could be gether, walked to Foley was of Hamilton, becau Georgie out West guardian interest self. Really, an Georgie McNeal was proof enough One evening, justing their check

ly the two stepped order window; a came away with a "Is that whe wealth, Georgie? up to speak to me
"Part of it goe
Mr. Reed," he s running light, too to be putting bank," said I.
"Well, you see

in Pennsylvania sixty years old headed. I have I've been on the to make up a mammie.' "Where does asked. red. "Me?" ans evasively, "I've getting to be a

school. When us a passenger ru Neighbor?'' asl o the master-me Soon as we the high line, or Neighbor. "W enough to mor about every six Every siding's grade. How m sand-pound ca

everly Hill w He was aski gineer looked a
"I reckon
forty," said M forty," salu "Maybe, so "and break my "I gave you kicked him of Neighbor. "Don't wan