

CHAPTER XLI.

SUDDEN NEWS.

"Did you ever," said Emma to Mary, as they sat themselves down in another apartment, "did you ever know anybody so passionately fond of music as Charles Henry?"

"He is very fond of it indeed."

"'Pon my word, Mary! I begin to feel certain that his talk about being a priest was nothing but moonshine."

"Why, Emma?"

"Take my word for it that his real desire is to be a thorough musician. Did you not hear him hint just now that 'twould not be long before he would see Italy?"

"I think that I did."

"Well, as sure as we live, that's it. *He* be a priest! Why, Mary, he has too much fun in him to think seriously of that."

While mother and aunt were discussing this question—still a dark one to all the household—Charley made his appearance before them. "Well, aunt! are you going to the opera to-night?"

"I am afraid, Charles Henry, that the opera is a dangerous thing to young chickens in divinity."

"How so, aunt?"

"Fluttering fans, my boy, are rather captious things."

"Very true—but, aunt! fanning flirts are not half so taking."

"Why, Charles Henry! Why, Charles Henry!"

"Why, Aunt Emma! Why, Aunt Emma!"

Here Dr. Mangan presented himself.