

mother in her trembling hands. Before her eyes there arose a vision—a vision of the dead so far apart; the one in her lonely grave under the shadow of the mountain, in her beloved Italy, almost forgotten; and the other proud and triumphant, immortalized by her toil and suffering. She brushed the tears hurriedly from her eyes, and rising, glanced about her with her most bewitching smile and began:

“Ladies and gentlemen—”

THE END.