

## PÈRE RAPHAËL

in the next breath they were half apart again. "But Florestine?" they cried in one breath, "ah, where—" Both voices were silenced by Jules's amazement at something happening behind his father, and the judge, turning, stared, with his son, upon Père Raphaël frantically clasping and kissing—*kissing*, do you realize it?—kissing and embracing Tante, Abigail, Mrs. Merrifield and even Caroline. But cowl and eye-shade had been crowded off the face and head, and these were the face and head of Florestine.

"Forgive you, my child?" the aunt was exclaiming. "Ah, betteh you h-ask somebody betteh than me; for, me, I only fine that out, that robb'rie, when, too late, I commence' to make the same thing myseff."

"To commence," sighed the happy girl to Father Pierre as they all turned homeward