

HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "ESPIRITU SANTO"

CHAPTER XXXI.

We landed upon the shores of France in a time of turmoil and frenzy. War had been declared with Prussia, the troops had already started for the frontier, and the populace of Paris was at fever-heat of excitement. My grandfather was full of the gloomiest forebodings for the future of the Empire.

"Napoleon will be punished for his treachery, and France will suffer with him," he declared. "He was false to the Republic, false to Maximilian, false to Pius IX. What can you expect?"

But for all his prophecies the enormity of the catastrophe that crushed France appalled him. "May her sorrows only bring her to the feet of Henri V.," he ejaculated, as the news of fresh disasters poured in upon us during that historical summer. For a while, I think, he feared that I might, through some chivalrous impulse, offer my services to the afflicted country, but I told him that it was not for me to take the field—I must rather save it. I did, indeed, offer my services to the country, but not in warfare. The devotion and heroism of the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Georges Darboy, during that disastrous year of war and Commune, rallied round him many choice spirits in organizing relief for the wounded and nursing, and it was through them that I was inspired to place myself at his disposal, and was appointed to ambulance work both during the war and afterwards during the famine of the siege and the slaughter of the Commune. For we did not leave Paris in its hour of need. My grandfather could not be made to believe that the Germans could ever really invest the city until their bombs actually fell in its streets. The defeat at Sedan, the surrender of Napoleon, the flight of the Empress, the proclamation of the Third Republic—these things he had foreseen as the punishment of the vanity and treachery of the Second Empire, but he believed that France was doomed to triumph in the end, and that the Count of Chambord would lead its banners to victory. Even with the German armies surrounding the doomed city, refugees pouring in from the provinces, when the horrors of famine were our portion and the thunders of the bombardment deafened our ears, he still believed that the army of relief would march from the South, that Maurice de MacMahon, a Franco-Hibernian like himself, was destined to save France and to lay the sceptre of the Bourbons in the consecrated hands of Henri V. Nothing but the entry of the triumphant Germans, on the 1st of March, 1871, served to convince him of the final defeat of the Emperor. In the confusion of that day, when the Prussian armies were entering through the gates of the humiliated city and its National Guard were hurrying off to the French guns to the heights of Belleville and Montmartre, my grandfather, overcome with grief and shame, bowed his head in his hands and murmured a "De Profundis." The air was filled with threatenings of insurrection, the Germans retired to the forts on the right of the Seine, the government troops were concentrated in the forts on the left, while President Thiers vainly tried to control the situation within the unfortunate city. We might easily have fled then, but I could not, and my grandfather would not. I say that I could not, for, although all of us foresaw plainly the advancing revolution and the horrors of the Commune, yet not one of my companions in the ambulance work blanched or failed from his post. The Archbishop, his clergy, his assistants in the ambulance corps, the Christian Brothers, the surgeons, the nurses, all had had timely warning and abundant opportunity of escape, and not one availed themselves of it. How, then, could I be the only one to seek safety in flight? Obviously I could not, nor could my grandfather ask it of me. Dr. Chabert was in the same position. When the war broke out the preceding spring he had been in the Champs Elysees, where he had spent the winter months with Etienne, and offered his services to the hospitals of Paris. Through the siege he had remained at his post, and should he be the only one on the hospital staff to retire before coming danger? It was as impossible for him to do so as for me, and with me remained a "De Profundis," while by my father's side stood Etienne.

For in the valley of the shadow of death Etienne and I had met again. When I, returning weary, dusty, and blood-stained from field-work with the army, to the Hotel Dieu, saw Etienne in the sombre robe, the cap and apron of a hospital nurse, standing by her father in the operating room, it was the first time we had met since I had seen her fainting form slowly ascending in the cage from the heart of the Redoubtable Mine. It was scarcely two years since her husband had been lowered into his watery grave in the Northern seas, less than that since I had left my young betrothed sleeping under the Southern pines. The past alone lived before us then, as our hands met in the long clasp of sympathy. But in the months of hardship and terror that followed, when in every day we seemed to live a year, when we parted in the morning not knowing if we should meet in the evening, when we met in the evening only to dread what the night might bring for us, then the present became very real, very intense. We were slow to admit it, but I think that each felt instinctively that our paths would not be separated much longer, but were tending surely towards an inevitable point of union. This consciousness gave a slight tinge of reserve and embarrassment to our relations, but very slight, for the times were too serious for conventionalities and men's hearts were too deeply tried for concealments. I saw her daily, often many times a day—my work in

the ambulance corps bringing us in frequent contact with the hospital corps of nurses and surgeons, while the room that my grandfather and I shared was in the same modest hotel with Dr. Chabert's apartment, and our evenings were frequently spent together. Their presence was an honor to my grandfather, the doctor's cheery manliness and good-sense and Etienne's indomitable French courage and gaiety sustaining his feebleness and diverting his melancholy. She, who had been so crushed by domestic trouble, rose buoyant above the waters of public adversity, carrying a sunshine and sympathy on her rounds in the wards, lending a quick wit and steady hand in the operating room, joking over the greswome delicacies of the famine bill of fare, singing her clear, sweet French cantiques and chansons as the bombs burst in the air above us to strike we knew not where. When the triumph of the Commune sent the government fleeing to Versailles, Dr. Chabert would seize the opportunity to escape from the city to England with friends, and I tried to beg my grandfather to do the same, but with no success.

"France stood by us in our day of need and saved the United States," he declared. "She gave an asylum to the Irish refugees and heaped rewards and honors on their heads in the days of persecution. As American citizens, as descendants of an Irish refugee, we owe France more than we can ever repay. You and I will stay right here, Roderic, and if need be we can die here. For me death is a small thing, for you it is preferable. Fishonor or ingratitude. Let us be together in the few days that may yet remain to me. I cannot bear separation now."

"Well, Eric," asked the doctor, "what success have you had with your grandfather?"

"He will not budge, sir. Have you persuaded Etienne to leave with you?"

"Women are such infernal idiots!" growled the doctor. "Between you and me, I believe they think we can't live without them. Etienne won't mind one word I say! She has grown as obstinate as a mule."

"That is no new characteristic of hers," I remarked discursively enough, seeing that the lady in question was with me in hearing.

"Etienne looked up with a sparkle in her eye. 'Oh, Eric,' she exclaimed, 'it is good to hear you grumble at me again! If you will only give me a regular scolding it would bring me back my youth!'"

The doctor had begun an argument with my grandfather, and their backs were turned to us. I moved a little nearer to Etienne.

"And it would give me back my youth if I had the right to scold you," I said, significantly.

I saw Etienne start a little and tremble. Her sweet dainty mouth quivered and tears dimmed the magnificence of her black eyes.

"I had a host of words on my tongue's end. There was everything in the world to be said, and I longed to say it. Such a situation as ours should have made me eloquent, but for the life of me I could utter nothing of what I had prepared. I grew very red and held out my hands to her, and there danced through my head the old refrain of 'A la Claire Fontaine,' and no other words would pass my lips but these:

"If a longtemps que j'ai t'aimé, Etienne, ne l'oublie pas!"

A moment later the doctor turned round and saw me holding Etienne's hands tightly clasped in mine. If I had been scant of speech she had been absolutely dumb, but it need not be words to tell me that I had her promise true, and if God brought us alive out of this reign of terror we could talk unceasingly for the rest of our days. I do not know what there was so suspicious about our attitude, but I heard the doctor's puzzled "Eh?" and a discreet cough from my grandfather.

"I have persuaded Etienne to leave you, after all, doctor," I explained.

"The devil you have!" he ejaculated. "Then the quicker she is about it the better. There is not a moment to be lost."

"I agree with you," I said. The quicker the better in such perilous times as these. With your consent I will arrange it for to-morrow."

so wicked and foolish as to think I could hurt you, and I fancied that I could love some one else and forget you. Eric, you, the love of my whole life! I deserved every bit of the punishment that came to me, yet it seemed more than I could bear when I saw that it involved you, too. I tried to do my duty and endure, but it used to be so hard sometimes, so hard! I will speak of it just this once, Eric, and we will never mention it again. I loved you through all!"

"Nial!" I exclaimed, brokenly, holding her very close. "Thank God, I can take you in my arms now to comfort and protect you! How I longed to be able to do this in the days when it was wrong even to think of you, and when I had to leave it to others to do you the smallest courtesies! I, too, loved through all!"

"Hush!" she said, softly. "It is over now, and it has all been for the best. We will forget the past, except for the lessons it has taught us and that I needed so badly. Remember that but for our misunderstandings and disappointments your life would have missed its crowning blessing, its chiefest good, the beautiful love that came to glorify it for a while. I am not worthy to stand in her place, Eric, but I know that you do not put me there. I am only the Etienne, the friend of your childhood, whom you have always been fond of and quarrelled with, who has been dear to you even when you most found fault with her, and who, with all her shortcomings, loves you with her whole heart and soul, and will go on loving you till you are a decrepit old gentleman and she is wrinkled and gray!"

The streets below us were full of surging, shouting crowds. The evening sky was lurid with smoke and flames. The Commune was in full triumph, and with success and murder. The demoralized government troops had evacuated the forts on the left of the Seine, the Germans still held those on the right from St. Denis to Charenton, our last chance of escape was gone and with the thunder of guns from Mont Valerien the second siege of Paris had begun. It was a strange time to talk of marrying and giving in marriage, but I pushed my way down to the Archbishop's palace, for I felt that women needed all the protection they could get in these troublous times, and even her nurse's uniform and Red Cross badge might not always insure to Etienne the respect of the irresponsible, red-shirted mob. I found the Archbishop surrounded by armed men in blouse.

"You are our prisoner!" they were saying. "We hold you as a hostage. If Thiers's troops fire on us, they do it at your peril!"

The Archbishop bowed his manly head. "I go with you willingly," he said. "God save France! My life is hers!"

He was not alone to go. Of those about him many were arrested, both priests and laymen. "The more hostages we hold the better," they said. Then they laid their hands on me.

"I am an American citizen," I declared. "You cannot arrest me."

"Your name and passport?"

"Fremont. I have not my passport with me."

"It is a French name, and your speech is French, but if you can prove your American citizenship so much the better. Let the United States intervene and prevent Thiers from firing us. Citizen Fremont, you are our hostage. Resistance is useless."

"I will not resist, but I protest." "Cry 'Vive la Commune!'" called out a red-shirted by-stander.

"Vive la France!" I shouted, defiantly, but whether my contumacious roused insult or not I was unable to judge, for the guards hurried me along. It was dark night, save where red flames shot quivering into the smoky atmosphere. The little band of hostages was being constantly augmented by the addition of other bands recruited from the Jesuit chapel in the rue de Sevres, from the Dominican convent in the rue du Faubourg Saint Honore, and other establishments. Nor were the hostages all ecclesiastics. President Boujain and other civil magistrates were recognized among them, the editors of leading journals, and many prominent laymen and civilians. We were marched in detachments to the prison of La Force at Mazas, and with a loud clang their heavy portals closed behind us.

POPE LEO AND THE PILGRIM WITH THE SOUR FACE.

A big Hungarian pilgrim was presented to the Pope not long ago. Among the visitors was one with crabbled and discontented countenance. For a moment, it looked as though his purpose could not be other than a sinister one, for just as the Holy Father came to where he was standing he put his hand inside his coat and drew forth a pair of spectacles. The Pope's hand was being passed from one to another of the pilgrims and kissed fervently by each, but he made no effort to take it when it came to his turn. He just looked at His Holiness with the same sour look he had worn all the time, and the hand was passed on to the person on the other side. But suddenly the Holy Father made a motion backward.

"No, no," he exclaimed. Then he laid his hand on the little man's head and stroked his face tenderly several times. Perhaps not more than a dozen persons altogether beheld what was passing, but when the Pope's chair had moved on, they could no longer see the crabbled little man of a few moments before. In his place stood another being, with tears in his eyes, and a ray of surprise and reverence on his visage. The Rome correspondent of the Tablet writes the story—says that like instances of the Pontiff's tenderness could be cited without number.

A Capital Cure for Sore Throat. It is to use as a gargle few drops of Polson's Nerville in sweetened water, and before retiring rub the throat and chest vigorously with Nerville. By morning the soreness and inflammation will have disappeared entirely. Nerville drives away the pain and cures the throat and hoarseness quickly, simply because it is what we made for. Buy a 25c. bottle from your druggist to-day.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS STIMULATE THE LIVER.

A GIFT FROM THE CZAR.

A True Story of the Life of Paul Welonski, the Noted Sculptor.

WM. ORBWAY PARTHURGE IN SUCCESS. Two brothers, Paul and Frederick Welonski, had lived alone in an obscure quarter of St. Petersburg since their father, a Polish wood-carver, had gone on his long journey to Siberia. Their home was an old stone house, hidden from the street by massive iron gates that shut out intruders at night and screened from view those who dwelt within the precincts of the inclosure.

Little Paul was eight years old. His father had left him on his fourth birthday in a large white cake, made for him by Madame Grevy, who kept the gates, and knew not only the people who came and went, but all about their lives as well. There were, in fact, only three things in the world she cared for: her green parrot, her little woolly poodle called Micee, and his fair-haired child, two nights in every week she came in to see the boy, after he had climbed into his high-posted bed in the small room, with its one little barred window looking out upon the stars. The other nights the boy was allowed to sit up until 9 o'clock, and, on Sunday, even until 10. He was always glad to see Mother Grevy, as he called her, but he loved more his brother, who was a wood-carver. The boy liked to watch him at work in the evenings, putting together the parts of some dainty piece of carved bric-a-brac.

Frederick Welonski had narrowed his life down to two loves. The surpassing one was for his little Micee, the other for the other love was only to a few companions whose faces were never seen in daylight, for they entered the inclosure at night with a special key. Not even Madame Grevy knew they came.

It had been Frederick's ambition to do more than carve wood, as his father and grandfathers had done before him. He had wished to build statues, and had dreamed of doing so ever since he was Paul's age, but all that had to be given over when the care and support of the child fell upon his shoulders. Their mother had died when Paul was born. Frederick often talked about his father, and Paul always asked when he was coming back from his long journey; but the elder brother had never mentioned the name of that far-off country, so Paul had never heard of Siberia.

On Tuesdays and Fridays Paul was taken to bed soon after finishing his piece of goat's milk and the large piece of brown bread which his brother cut for him. Over the child's bed hung a crucifix, for the Welonskis were Catholics. While the boy said his evening prayer, the brother kept his eyes fixed on the cross, as if seeking a solution of the problem of the fate of his exiled people.

The days slipped away with the monotony of lives that are within themselves. The elder brother had never known the other inmates of the inclosure, and had specially cautioned the boy not to speak to any of them. As there were no other children in the place, he was left alone many hours.

On the nights when his brother led him to bed so early, and Mother Grevy did not come for her occupations were numerous in caring for all the inmates of her little circle, the boy made friends with a star that shone down through the little barred window.

He would move in his bed so that the iron bar would not prevent his seeing all of the star, and between the bars awake until it climbed high up into the sky and out of sight of the window. He told all his troubles to the star, for he had no one to whom he could speak about these strange nights when his brother left him alone. The star seemed to understand it all, and to shine so brightly that the child would smile and fall asleep quite joyously. He wondered how it could live without the star, and perchance the star had some such thought, for it seemed to shine especially for that window, and the curly, flaxen head that lay on the coarse, hand-woven pillow.

One day the child made up his mind to ask something more about his father, for he had been dreaming of him. While he was eating his brown bread, he looked at the star, and asked if it were not time for his father to come home. Something startled the elder brother, and tears rose in his eyes.

"No, Paul, it is not yet time, and we must be very, very patient, for it is such a long way, and the traveling is very slow."

"But why did he go away and leave us?"

"This time the brother answered almost severely: "Paul, you must never ask me that, nor anyone, remember, never."

The little heart quivered, but the mouth tightened, and the tears were kept back.

"And, Paul," the elder brother continued, "I am thinking of going on a long journey myself, and perhaps I can help father to come home."

The child's heart sank, yet the thought of his father's coming brightened the pain.

"Did he go away quite alone?" he asked.

"Oh, no," answered the brother, "I forgot to tell you that some soldiers like those you have seen in the Great Plaza came to take him in the train, and he was so happy to think that his friends had come for him that he did not wait to take anything with him; he went away quite suddenly; of course, he expected to come back before this. He did not know how far away this country is."

"What country?" asked the child.

"Oh, this place where he was going to get some—some—rare old jewels which belonged to our family years ago. He expected to sell them to that you and myself and Mother Grevy and Foochad, the schoolmaster, might have more fine things. Do you understand what I mean by all this, Paul?"

"And, Paul, when I start out on this journey, I may have to go just

as father did. Think of it, I may not have time even to come in and wake you and kiss you good-by—but you will understand," and, with an affectionate impulse, he threw his arm round the child and kissed him.

"And, Paul, you did not know that I, too, have some very good friends who are soldiers, and they may come for me very soon. They are noisy fellows, with great boots and heavy guns, and if you hear them shouting in the night, you must not get up and come to me, because it will startle them to think they have wakened you. If you should hear a gun go off as these merry fellows hurry me away, you must not be frightened, but always remember that I will come back. I hope our dear father will come to me, and that I shall help him along the road, for you know he was quite lame when he went away. Do you remember him, Paul?"

The eyes of the elder brother searched the face of the child.

"Oh, yes, I remember him. I remember how straight his eyes were, and how deep under his long hair. It was such a kind face, and not at all like Foochad's."

So, little by little, the brother was preparing the child for the long journey he might be compelled to take at any time.

There were strange meetings in that lower back room on the nights when Paul was sent to bed so early. At times, the child was awakened by voices, and he thought people were quarrelling. But, when he asked his brother about them, he was told that he must have been dreaming, and that, perhaps, some star rat had got into the house, chased by Mother Grevy's little Micee. But the child began to wonder more and more about these strange nights, and he asked himself why his brother's face was so stern, as they sat over their evening meal. He would have liked to ask Mother Grevy, but his brother had forbidden him to speak to anyone about her happenings in the house. Again and again he would ask the star why, but the star shone always so brightly steadily that at length the child was quieted, and would fall asleep smiling as was his wont.

Another year had passed away. On his last birthday his elder brother had given him some carving tools, and had taught him how to use them; but which the tools would not go in the places the boy wished them to go, and he would complain about it to the star. He wished he could push through the wood as the star pushed through the clouds that seemed to yield as it rose; and he would cry out with impatience against the stubborn material. The brother, studying him from day to day, frequently said to himself: "This boy was born to be something greater than a wood-carver."

On holidays he would take the child up to the great square and show him statues. Paul always wished to walk around them, and he called them real men, not merely pictures of men such as he saw in the gallery, and he dreamed that they came down for their stone pedestals and walked with him.

The afternoon before his brother's birthday, Paul, notwithstanding his dislike for the stubborn wood, was at work upon a little book-rack, his gift for the morrow. The old schoolmaster Foochad had bought him the wood and the small nails, and was to share their evening meal, and perhaps Mother Grevy would drop in, between the book-racks at the outer gate. She, too, had been let into the secret of the book rack, and shown the work from time to time as it grew. Unfortunately, the birthday came on Friday, and the boy had to go early to bed; but they had their birthday meal an hour earlier, so they could enjoy it leisurely.

That night Paul went to bed more happy than he had been for many days, because he had read in his brother's face his delight in the book-rack. Although roughly done, it was carved with that touch which to the skilled artisan reveals the mystery of genius.

His joy and delight he told to the star he could not sleep for a certain amount of time, and he dreamed that he possessed him. The star seemed to sparkle with delight; at least, so it seemed to the happy child watching it darting its beams through the sky. At last, Nature, that old nurse who gathers her children so tenderly to herself, touched the heavy fringes of his eyelids with the wand of dreamland forgetfulness.

The hours passed, and the boy was suddenly awakened by the report of a gun and a sharp cry of warning uttered, alas! too late. His first impulse was to jump out of bed and run to his brother. But the instinct of obedience was so strong in him that he drew the covers over his little head and said to himself, "I am dreaming, for it is only a star Micee has chased into the house."

But, even through the covers, he could hear the sounds of scuffling, and now and again a heavy thud, as if some large piece of furniture had fallen. Then all was quiet again. He pushed the covers away and looked out of the window to be comforted by the star, but it had long ago soared out of sight, and was looking calmly down upon the chimney-pots. Somehow the stillness seemed to trouble him more than the noise. He turned his eyes from the heavens down to the inclosure, and surely he saw a gleam of the moonlight on the muskets of the soldiers who were his brother's friends. It was all indistinct, for the moon was young and the shadows deep in the inclosure, but the boy was filled with forebodings and a creeping back to bed, fearful as he never had been before. There he cried himself to sleep in that agony of childhood which is no less awful because it is less thoughtful than the dread which comes with years.

The next day he was awakened by Madame Grevy standing by his bed and holding his hand, which had reached up over the pillow. She smiled at him, and yet he could not understand why there were tears in her eyes, for he had dreamed such a happy dream in which his father came home and they all sat down together at the deal table, with their brown bread and milk. He did not know why she called him "poor Paul," and wept whenever she said so, but he jumped out of bed, dressed himself, and went out to eat his morning

meal. To soften his grief, the good Mother Grevy had added a coarse cake, baked in the coals.

She had arranged the room as well as she could, after the disorder of that sudden departure in the still morning. The brother was accustomed to go away to his work before Paul was up, and Paul felt sure that he must come home that night, that it was only a bad dream, and that the glintings of the moon in the inclosure were merely reflections in the little panes of glass set in the windows of the gray stone house.

At school, he wondered why Foochad was so very kind to him, and could not make up the sum given to him, the teacher seemed to help him out as he never had done before. He returned in the late afternoon, passing by the big square so as to see the statues. They always quieted the boy, and seemed to free something struggling within him, just as when he looked at the star at night.

When he reached home, he found Mother Grevy setting the table for him, and he thought it strange that his brother had not done so, but something kept him from asking the reason, for he did not wish her to know of his bad dream.

He had gone into his room to get a tool, when he heard someone enter, and the voice of the schoolmaster as he talked excitedly with Mother Grevy.

"So they took him away last night?"

"Yes," answered Mother Grevy, "but speak low so that the child will not hear you."

Something crept over Paul's heart like an icy hand, and yet it throbbled and throbbled as if it would escape from that clasp. "Took him away?" the child repeated to himself. "Are they dreaming, too? Have they, also, heard a rat chased into the house by that naughty Micee? What was Mother Grevy sobbing about?" He could hear her quiver plainly, as he listened.

"Will he ever come back?" she suddenly asked.

"Has the father ever come back?" the schoolmaster asked, with a sigh. "Few come back from that long journey."

"Long journey?" the child repeated. Then they mentioned some country, but he could not catch its name, yet somehow he associated it with the icy hand which had seemed to grip him and had made him shiver. He felt as if he wished to hide from the whole world, and he crept up into the high bed, he pulled the great down comforter over him, shutting out all the voices, determined to fall asleep and to awake in the morning freed from all these dreams which were so real and fearful to his heart.

When he awoke, it was quite dark; his first look was for the star, and there it was! It had passed the middle point of the window, and was shining its heart out, it seemed, for the world.

"Oh! happy star, do you have had dreams?" he asked. "No, if you did, you could not shine and rise so steadily; you would fall down and be hidden in the dark shadows under the window."

Suddenly he seemed to awake to a consciousness of all that had happened. He was possessed by one of those intuitions of childhood which reveal at a flash things for which wise men search in vain.

He was hungry, and went out to the other room, which was workroom and dining room combined, and there stood his bowl of milk and his brown bread, which the gatekeeper had left for him. But he saw no place set for his brother, and again he felt a numbness about his heart and a swimming sensation in his head, as when he had been sick in the swing at the fair.

He looked around him. There was the book-rack, but who had broken it and put it together so clumsily? It was suddenly he seemed to awake to a consciousness of all that had happened. He was possessed by one of those intuitions of childhood which reveal at a flash things for which wise men search in vain.

He opened the door of the small room where his brother slept, for he believed he must see his face there. But all was white, clean, and untouched, and above the bed hung the crucifix. He could not stand it, and fled back to his own room, and kneeling at the little barred window, put his arms around the bar and looked into the very heart of the star. The iron bar felt cold against his hot hands. There he knelt as the star rose steadily, sparkling more brightly than he had ever before seen it, and there this child of ten made his vow, never to be forgotten in the long years to come.

He did not sleep again that night. With the help of the star he gathered his best clothes, that he wore only on festas, and tied them together in a great red handkerchief Mother Grevy had given him at the last Christmas-eve, as he had seen peasants do in the market place.

The dawn was beginning to creep over the shadows and to blow soft streaks of gray through the inclosure. At length all was ready for his departure. The third and last of the Welonskis, the wood-carvers of St. Petersburg, was making ready to leave the old, gray stone house with its tiled roofs covered with lichen and mellowed with age.

He longed to see the parrot and little Micee once more before he left, and he crept softly out in his stocking-feet. He knew the door of the gatekeeper's lodge would be open, and he stole softly in, shaking his finger at the parrot so as not to have her cry out, and then he closed the door of the inner room where Mother Grevy slept, and sopt so soundly that her snoring startled the child.

He said good-by to the parrot, and quieted Micee with a bit of bread, which he had kept in his pocket for him. But Micee did not understand, and the child thought how little dogs know about long journeys and the promises a boy makes to himself and his star; and he patted him and caught him up with a childish impulse, and kissed him again and again, and giving him another piece of brown bread, softly closed the door and left.

It was hard to draw the great bolts of the outer gate softly, but he accomplished it, for carving in wood gives the

hand and wrist the strength of an older person. The key was in the turned it, swung the door noiselessly down. He Mother Grevy! He opened down softly into the gate and kissed the hand hand the coverlet. A moment later he was a street in a quarter of where those live who are not rich, and where they find that an order of thinking Western World we call toward with success, but Eastern World, is called finds its reward in the Siberia, or a political do other kingdom no less to Paul walked until he g and was almost over the the sleep he should have star elbowed out of the up and about for some p and close at hand, next house, he saw a shed with wheeled cart in which were hauled for the street rough wheels, dropped and soon fell asleep. He awakened with a ized that the door was with an exclamation, he up and took hold of its handle. "Holy Mother, prot claimed the laborer Greg walking beside the horse. Child has come to bless "Put Paul cried out, " "Hungry?" repea "then, little one, w He swung the big, da around, and went back to the stone house which beside the shed where t "Here, old woman called loudly, "come child in, and give him a When she came, he said very gently with the believe it is the Chris come to us." It was a superstition since they had lost t called Pio, named for they had cherished th some time the Christ C to them and tell the with their little one, eyes filled with tears, led the little boy to the royal guest was ever greater gentleness th Paul Welonski met with these laborers. After two days, the to tell these kind pr promise and his jour stinctive dread kept him from feeling that so interfere with his re his return with his k kissed them all good-n next morning crept same way he had slip closure. He wanted to leave but he had nothing; a his new shoes, and l and placed them on where he had slept. I had travelling barefo them to know he caree ness to him. On and on he walk afternoon. His feet w reached the suburbs m his new shoes, and l noise of the town, th and the passing of pe He was stopped b sight of a rude imag men were at work in i house,—strange to r roof was made of gl great door in the ce door within the kind y had swung open, w watched these men rough-looking statu, must be beginners, f ing of a statue's grow stone to the finish small doorway he white figure of Chr men saw him looki eager expression, t master's away, my bo a good look for you away soon; and it ished." "Going away," t then he asked, "W heaven, it seemed to he fit for such a hea on by the kind y man, he stepped th and stood before th Christ with arms ext "Suffer little child Me." Slowly the little b and he fell upon hi elapsed tightly to his eyes lifted to th to possess all the ever dreamed of, th the problems that h He thought that th the face the star wa it rose so steadily a so happily. He had been kneel when the master y enter the studio, st way, struck by th of the child, and b the feeling that s ecstasy of his visio "Oh, how I wis as the Christ this c claimed. In truth v very Christ Child c man an inspiration f the master. Surel until I model his g graceful figure." Stepping throug spoke kindly to Pa awakened from sl he was comforted. "My boy, do you that I have just in The child turne lighted with the, "It seems the v It is more beauti The master led h until he had hear star, studying all the contour of the face