ESPIRITU SANTO

2

Hy Henrietta Dana Skinner.

quently early in the season, but he was trem endously liceized in "Paris, and it was only instural that his visits should gradually grow less and less frouent, and after the first year coase a lorgether. I hear that he has become somewhat of a sportsman, and drives fin horses, that he entertains handsomely at hi apartments in the Champs Elysees and the he is the idol of the young men, who imitate him in everything he dows. The women I an told. make fools of themselves over him. bu be is the idol of the young me, who imit him in everything he dows. The women. It told, make fools of themselves over him, he is said to behave with much discretion, though he does not wholly eacape the bre of scandal. I suppose that could not be pacted of so prominent a personage, even if were as confirmed in grace as were ' Apostics. These bits of gossip I pick up throu Lolita's Americans, who are very musical, a share the univers craze over Daretti's ge SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. The opening chapter is the celebration of the beautiful feast of Pentecost in the parish church of St. Thomas d' Aquin in the historic Faubourg Saint German in Paris. Amongsi the congregation were a number of musiclans stratede to St. Thomas' rather than to any of the more famous churches of Paris, on account of two phenemonal voices which were to be heard publicly by to day for the first time in Paris – one a young baritone from the Hoysi Opera at Milan: the other that of his prother, still a more child. The brothers

the first time in Paris - one a young baritone from the Hoyal Opera at Milan: the other that of his brother, still a more child. The brothers were sone of an Italo - Austrian nobleman, an officer of the Papal Zousves, who had been killed at Mentans. Many of his compan-lons in arms - the noblest blood of France - were glad to welcome the bons of their old commander, and young Dar-tit, opera-singer as he was, had been received with open arms into the most exclusive salons f the Loystumist nobility. The exquisite tones f the harrs. And those who had come, per-ape in curiceity, perhaps in locedulity. felt tomas the stirt. Hortense Delepoule laid down the letter with a sigh. "Ah, Adrien ! I do not like the idea of this gay living and broad and pleasant way, your old god-mother will be a much disappointed of the hearers. And those who had come, per haps in curicality, perhaps in incredulity. fell thomselves stirred to long-hidden depths After the vast congregation had slowly and rev erently departed two figures, that of Espiritu Sanco and her father. Itsmond Disdier, stepped aside into one of the chapels in the hope of see ing the possessors of such wonderful voices Their meeting and subsequent closer acquaint ances through the medium of a mutual friend Madame Delepoule, who induces Espiritui grandmother-Madame Valorge-to interes herewif in the young men until fhally they al woman. Ah, you had better have taken the old lady's advice to marry reading: "As for Theodore' (wrote Madame Valorge), "he ard Espiritu kept up a vigorous correspon-dence for a while, but I felt obliged to dis-courage it gradually, and at last stop it al-together. The children were good and sub-missive, and I believe I was right. Now we hear that Theodore is coming to Paris to study singing with her brother. I suppose the young people will soon meet again, and Espirtu can think of nothing else. She forgets the years that have passed, and speaks of him as if he were still a shy school-boy. I own I feel some anxiety in my foolish grandmotherly heart," ances through the medium of a mutual friend. Madame Delepoule, who induces Espiritu's grandmother-Madame Valorge-to interest hereof in the young men until finally they all become almost as intimate as members of the same family, all occupying after a time differ-ent flats of the Disdier mansion. Ramon Disdier's family consists of his mother-in-law. Addame Valorge, and his four daughters. As Addame Valorge, and his four daughters. As Addame Valorge, and his four daughters are less time to devote to his brother. It was a relief to feel that Theodore was in excellent care and making friends. The lives of the became very peateful ad happy in their con-genial surroundings. After a time it was deemed better that to his married brother Bindo in order to undergo the process of "being made a man" and Adriano to make a concert toor throughtong Eogland ad the United States our throughout England and the United States and Madame Dalapoule to trach in Brussels and London. The moment of separation came t last, and the feeling uppermost in the minds t the brothers was thus expressed: "It can ever bejust the same." for rehearsal. The opera chosen "Aida," and the cast was to

CHAPTER VII.

"He who neglects prayer has no need of devils to lead him into evil ; he goes into it of his own accord," (St. Teresa of Avila.)

note from Daretti, saying that he would After an absence of five years, spent After an absence of nive years, spent chiefly in London and Brussels, Hor-tense Delepoule decided to return to Paris and end her days among the scenes of her early triumpls. She had call early in the afternoon to pay to her and to Senorita Disdier. respects to her and to behorva District. "With your permission," he wrote, "I will bring with me the two, in my humble opinion, greatest of living tenors—the one heroic, the other lyric. long since given up appearing on the stage, but she would resume her lesstage, but she would resume her les-sons, her weekly musicales, and her They are both most desirous of meeting salon. Her London seasons had been very successful, and she had brought "The heroic tenor is, of course, Lennartsen," said Madame Delepoule, "but I am racking my brains to think many pupils, of whom none had done better than Catalina Disdier, whose voice had developed into a mezzodone better who the other can be. She was conscious of a certain nervsoprano of great power, richness, and dramatic expressiveness, and whose ous excitement as the time fixed for the interview drew near. She had known and loved Adrien Daretti so artistic phrasing and fine musical per-ceptions made her singing an enjoy-ment for the most critical. As an well, had taken such a warm, motherly interest in his affairs, and now for five actress she was not yet as great as her instructress, but she had her fine years they had not met, and she dreaded to see a change in him. Her old heart stood still for an instant as she heard instructions, but but had had had had in moments, when she aroused great en-thusiasm. Her first appearance on the operatic stage had been made we years before in Brussels, and previous to that she achieved great success in London at the achieved great success in London at the second state of the second s his name announced, and when she looked up it was in some trepidation. What she saw did not wholly ssure her. The merry glance, salons and concerts, where her picturfrank, ingenuous manner, the tender, esque beauty and refinement of manner made her an attractive figure. The winning smile of an endearing, boyish personality, were gone. This was a mature man that she saw before her now; girl had not yet sung in Paris, her short stage career having been confined a polished man of the world, with a handsome, impassive countenance, a till now to England, Belgium, and St. etersburg. It entered into Madame look of cool indifference in the fine eyes Delepoule's designs to bring out her a certain indolent dignity of bearing. favorite pupil on the Paris stage under the evidences of a fastidious taste in hi her own auspices, and to that end she surroundings, and a smile, half-cynical, carried on a long correspondence with half-amused, on his well-curved lips After all, she could not expect that h the management of the Opera. She also wrote to the now acknowledged king of operatic art, Adrien Daretti, to vould remain a boy forever. He was a man now, in the plentitude of vigorou secure his co-operation in her efforts. His reply was cordial and friendly, and development, entering upon the full glory of his early prime, swimming upon the top wave of a phenomenal he offered to sing the barytone role in any opera Catalina might choose for her debut, adding: "Let me know if artistic and social success. It was un-avoidable but that he should show in you have any trouble with the manage some way the traces of wider experi-ence. What did Hortense Delepoule ment. I can perhaps bring them to terms. It is time I showed the tradience. expect? It was true the boy was gon tional opera-singer claws-they have orever, but was the man less worthy of grand new tenor, Lennartsen, has promised to join me in the fray, so we are sure to pull the new prima donna theorem in triument." through in victory half gained. With the royal the world to show what was passing within her ; neither did he betray it if Daretti and the heroic Lennartsen to he felt that anything was lacking in her support her, Catalina could hardly fail welcome. He presented the massive Swedish tenor, and then both turned to But there is an immense success. amount of red tape at the Opera, and Madame Delepoule felt that she must pay their respects to Senorita Disdier, and Hortense Delepoule was left to face be on the spot to make the final conthe third young man without an int.o. wrote to Madame Valorge tract. She duction. She bowed rather distantly. "Surely you have a warmer greeting to know if Disdier still had control of the dear old house in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and could let her have for our new lyric teror," suggested Daretti, turning towards the new-comer her former apartment there, and in reply to her many inquiries received a with an amused smile. Madame Delepoule raised her astonlong, full letter, written evidently at dictation:
"Yon have heard, no doubt, through Cata-Ina, of my failing eyesight. I am now practically blind. I can distinguish light from dark, I can discern a moving faure if close at hand i that is all. But I have the great blessing of devoted grandchildren. We have been spending these five years in great retirement at Passy. Ramon has been greatly cubarrassed in his affairs, and lives almost allogether in Bars, that he may devote more time to his business. My own income has suffered through the losses of the firm, but the dear grits have bravely done their part, and Catalua's generosity has enabled her younger sisters to linish the losses of the firm, but the dear grits have bravely done their part, and Catalua's generosity has enabled her younger sisters to linish the idea cate in the sume devote more time to his business. My own income has suffered through the losses of the firm, but the dear grits have bravely done their part, and Catalua's generosity has enabled her younger sisters to linish their education. Lolits graduated last year at Notre-Dame-de-Zion, and is how tutoring some young South American grits who are taking courses at the College of France. Little Rafaela is becoming a prodiky at the piano, as every one predicted. She make the graduales and private concerts, where she sometimes improvines che talent in that direction sreming to make the greatest impression of all.
"Firstitu Santo is now sitxeen, and is the smad to be neglected in a measure, for he is meded at home to look after her billid old pranom for her father when he is with us, and she accertist the situation with her usual sunny funch that forms the ordinary routine of school instruction, but I have tried to form her taster has been reading aloud to me daily from the French, Spanish, and Italian classice, also the signadard essayists in literature and art. She also reads much y herself in history, blography, and travel. She sews and embroidere exquisities, and is a most practi full letter, written evidently at dictation : ished eyes. " I told you he would turn out well under Bindo's care," said Daretti, laughing at the expression of amazed inquiry she turned on him. As he laughed the dimple came into his cheek as it used to in the old days, and realled so much of his boyish look that Madame Delepoule felt her heart soften a little towards him. But if she had been disappointed in Adrien, at least Theodore more than answered her wildest expectations. You have the same dear face, God bless you !'' she cried, taking Theodore warmly by both hands. "But I can hardly believe it, to see you so big and straight and strong. What have you done to yourself ?' "I have been in training under brother who is a famous athlete. climb mountains and ride and shoot all summer, and I fence and take athletic exercises all winter, and I have just come from serving eighteen months in the army like a good citizen; so you see that I was bound to make something of myself," and Theodoro drew his straight vigorous young frame to his fullest height and smiled down on her. She was right in saying that he had the same face. The blue eyes had the same bright, sweet look, the profile the house-wife. Heaven only knows the blessing she is to us all ! "Ramon has written you about the apart-ment. The house passed out of his hands some time ago, but he has ascertained that the ten-ants who look your apartments on a long lease are ready to underlet it. so that you can move en without delay. How delightuil to think of you as installed in the old quarters ! We have often sighed for those hapyd ays in the Boule vard Maiseherbes, although we are in many house and a little garden of our own. same statuesque regularity, the features the same delicacy of outline, the mouth the same gentle, boyish smile. It was true that the cheeks were somewhat thinner and the jaw somewhat squarer than of yore, and there was a slight mustache on the upper lip, but that only gave the necessary touch of manly

Madame Delepoule felt the tears con Madame Delepoule feit the tears com-ing to her eyes. She had foolish mo-ments, the childless woman with her big, motherly heart, and this was one of them. It could hardly have brought to "and I not to know it! I had not real-ized how long and how entirely I had neglected my friends." He colored deeply and looked so troubled that Madame Delepoule softened still more towards him them. It could hardly have brought to his own mother more joy than it did to her to see this lad in the splendor of a bright, brave young manhood of virtue and health and strength. She could and health and strength. She could have hung on his neck and cried for the towards him. "Your heart is still tender, Adrien," oy that came to her. She squeezed hi joy that came to her. She squeezed his hands, she turned her face aside for a moment to conceal the rebellious tears, then she could resist no longer, but drawing his face down to hers, held it between her two hands and kissed his on both cheeks

I could not help it; I am your grandnot like the idea of this gay living and love of fashion and sport. Adversity is certainly a healthier school for most of us than prosperity! All I can say is, that if you have joined the great mother, you know," she apologized, sit-ting down hastily on the nearest chair and fumbling for her handkerchief. 'And your own mother isn't here to do majority who are promenading down the

In autorpation of the meeting with his little lady-love to ask any questions. Indeed, if he had, Adriano could hardly have given him a reason. He had found life very agreeable during these past And Theodore stooped and kissed her hand and looked at her gratefully and delightedly. Then he drew her fischu about her, for it was a little awry, and years, with it alternations of occupa-tions and splendid triumphs, of hard but interesting work and idle pleasures It had not been hard for him to fall pulling up a chair sat down by her, and leaned towards her so affectionately and and settle young !" With another sigh she resumed her rotectingly that she grew more help-essly tearful than ever. "I am an old fool," she said, severely, into the worldly ways and easy morality of the gay capital. But now Theodore's

mopping her eyes with one hand and patting him on the shoulder with the other. "Talk to me, Tedi, as fast as arrival upon the scene was spoiling things—Theodore, so simply, happily, unaffectedly good, full of reverence for you can. What is this about your sing-ing ? Well, well ! to think of your and confidence in his elder brother. Adriano was nervously uneasy lest the growing so straight and strong ! have I not heard about your y young fellow should discover anything voice that would disturb this confidence, but have he seemed thoroughly unsuspicious And here we are together again-we three, in my own salon, looking, just as went his own way, doubting not that the way of others lay equally straight and fair. In spite of this the elder it used to

Paris to complete her arrangements. Daretti, who had moved towards the Catalina accompanied her, as her pres man was conscious of a change in the atmosphere, things that he had long ence might be required at any moment or rehearsal. The opera chosen was for a moment, now sauntered window up to them again. "We might imagine there had been ceased to trouble himself about seemed

Hortense Delepoule hurried on ite

wholly

no change, and that we were going right on just as we were before," he said. magnificent one, with Lennartsen as Rhadames, Daretti as Amonasro, Max-ime Collas as Ramfis, and Therese Vi-

"Perhaps we are not changed, per-haps we are all exactly as in the old bault as Amneris. Such support ought to be an inspiration to Catalina, and days," she said," looking up at him with intent, questioning gaze. He returned her look with polite serilooking up ould be sure to draw a distinguished he would yield to the temptations of his life even as he had yielded. He felt audience. The morning after their arrival. Madame Delepoule received a their as telltale as in the old days. He had line whom he had once wooed in learned the world's lessons too well to let every passer-by read as he can.

"You seem to me as unchanged, ma-dame," he replied gallantly, "as if five days had passed instead of five years. And that your heart is the same your favorite grandson will testify," and he smiled towards the petted boy whose hand she still held in hers.

"Oh, hearts do not change !" broke in Theodoro, impetuously. "If fifty years had passed instead of five it would bring me the same joy to meet you all prosperous and they were the ones in need. It was time he pulled himself up short if he could be guilty of such in again. But circumstances are not the same. We are not living up-stairs now. gratitude. He had sometimes dreamed of making a new beginning, and why was this not as good a time as any? Theodore must never find him out. Why not, then, make the break now and We cannot drop in to say good-morning and good-evening every in and out of the house. And our come in and out of the house. And our other home, too, is broken up," he add-ed, with a bright blush and a conlet the past vanish like an ugly dream? Oreste would tell no tales, and he was the only one among Theodore's small circle in Paris who knew Adriano as he scious look towards Catalina, who was eagerly discussing Bayreuth with Len-nartsen. He had been the Tristan of now for nine years. There was some the proceeding season and was the hero

of the hour. Mademe Delepoule and Catalina were that seemed to attach closely eager to hear about "Cordelia," Feder-ici's new opera, which had been proall who came into relation with him duced with great splendor in Milan a few weeks before, Daretti having writblind to the shortcomings in his con-duct. He had indeed changed from the duct. the libretto and creating the part of King Lear. The opera had made a profound impression. The critics all hailed it as Federici's greatest work young master with whom Oreste had first taken service, whose life was so unspotted from the world, and whose

piety, the valet declared, would have and Daretti's greatest role. "I feel that it was the mistake of my edified the very angels in paradise Oreste saw the change, but he told him life not to go on to Milan for the pro duction," sighed Madame Delepoule self that it was only a phase. "He is not himself," he said, "but it will pass. duction," sighed Madame Delepoule "When will it next be brought out ?"

Some day he will be himself again. 'I am to bring it out in Lor June," replied Daretti, "with Madame Hildegarde Strong as Cordelia. But I And every night the devoted fellow said his simple prayer for the master h worshipped. shall make an effort to have it produce in Paris during Senorita Disdier's en-gagement. Perhaps we may effect a change and have her for the heroine." made him so good ond lovable, You can not wish him to be lost! Holy would heaven be if he were not there with you! Oh, bring him back to be himself again!" "The London management have energy of the former barry of the second sec

Catalina, blushing. "' Aida,' which I sing here; Desdemona, and Senta in the 'Flying Dutchman.

surely she was the same sweet spirit year," said Catalina, a triffe severely. She knew his shortcomings well.

still, even as he knew himself the same in truth of With infinite reverence he heart. ceit. Daretti seemed very much overcome. Blind for three years," he repeated, and I not to know it! I had not realher two hands in his and stooped his head to the level of her cheek. Did Did she turn the sweet face ever so little towards him? He could not tell; he only knew that her lips met his in shy kiss, and instantly they parted hands and stood aside from each other.

hands and stood aside from each other. Then Adriano, seeing their embarrass-ment, came to the rescue, taking her hand in gay, teasing fashion, and call-ing her "child,"as if she were indeed she thought. "It has been your un-doing, bat, please God, it shall be your doing again!" Adrien Daretti turned away from the ing her mly a little girl still, and must, of Boulevard Malesherbes with a sensation course, be treated as in the old days. of unrest and discomfort, and remained And Lolita was giving Theodore hand to kiss, and begging them bot of unrest and discomfort, and remained thoughtful and absorbed during the whole of the drive to Passy. Teodoro wondered somewhat at his brother's silence, but was too happy and excited in anticipation of the meeting with his them both to Madame come into the inner room to see Volorge, who was awaiting them im-patiently. So they all passed in to-gether, and the other guests present drew aside a little that the young men

might approach the blind woman arm-chair at the farther end of the room. The meeting was an affecting one.

First Teodoro, then Adriano knelt by her side, while she laid her hands on their heads in affectionate benediction and welcome. Adriano said little. He felt that there was no excuse for long neglect, and was deeply touched by the affliction and changed circum-stances in which he found this kind friend. Sweet, refined, distinguished as ever, Madame Valorge was the em-bodiment of one's ideal of old age, and he felt once more that elevation above the mere routine interests of a worldly life that had often come to him in her presence in the past. He drew a sharp eath of sudden regret that he had not let this gentle influence play more part in his life of late. As he followed Teodoro's example and knelt by her side, he did not kiss her hand, but, stooping to take on a different aspect when there was any danger of their meeting Tedi's ins nead low before her, raised a fold of her dress to his lips with a murmured "Forgive me!" Low as it was she heard him, and bent tenderly towards him. clear gaze. He had felt uncomfortable, too, in facing Madame Delepoule again, as it came vividly to his mind how she had prophesied that

well with thee, my son ?" It was long since any one had called him "my son," and the words struck

Cata-

when he was more worthy of her than now, also stirred up recollections that were not exactly comfortable. And, above all, his truly kind heart was to his very heart. He had so loved his mother, their intercourse had been so tender and joyous, their confidence so complete throughout his boyhood and early manhood ! Until the day of her smitten with acute remorse to think that he should have neglected in her he had come to her every night to blindness and straitened circumstances the dear old friend whose house had kneel before her and ask her blessing, and she would lay her hand on his head been a true home to him and his forlorn and look deep into his eyes, and say to him, "Adriano, is it well with thee, little brother in the days when she was

my son ?" and he would look up to her, smiling, in his fearless innocence, and say, "Mother, it is well." And when she lay dying, her last words were, not to her first-born son, her Bindo, not to the tender child, her little Teodoro, that she was leaving motherless, but to him, Adriano. Her feeble hands stretched for his, her darkening eyes sought his, her pale lips whispered faint in death, "Adriano, is it well with thee?" The strong man trembled from head to foot. Did this mother see really was. Oreste had been his valet him now? Was she looking into his thing magnetic in Daretti's personality eyes from the holy spirit-world, seeing into the depths of his soul with all its defilements? Could he raise his eyes to meet hers, could he answer to her, The faithful Florentine felt the charm. Ho adored his master, although not It is well?

His head sunk lower yet. The deep, burning blush of shame surged into his cheeks and forced two scalding tears from under his closed lashes. He, the brilliant, self-complacent favorite of fortune, was humilitated, confused, ashamed, knowing not how to reply, stammering uncertainly, "I do not know—I hope—oh, pray for me !" But he had already remained to

noticeably long on his knee beside his nostess, and she herself was signing to him to rise. He controlled himself with evere effort and obeyed. Lolita, piquant and saucy, was stand-

ing near him when he turned. As a reief to his feelings he began to tease her mercilessly. "You are your old self," she said, making up a little face. "You have

'Good-bye, Espiritu," said Teo

"You gave me a flower once before,

Why may I not have it now ?

also a flower,

Let me

he said.

eady.

not changed a particle."

better service than adorning my button-hole," and he smiled at the pretty conceit. "They shall all pray for you," she answered, delightedly. "In less than half an hour there will be as many prayers going up for you as there are flowers in the basket." flowers in the basket." Teodoro was uneasy. "Will you for-get me?" he said in a low tone. "Will there be no prayer for me,

MAY 17, 1902.

too ?' Ah, Theodore," she whispered, low, "An, Incourse, site winspered, low, "I pray for you, not once, but always and everywhere," and he went away silent, but with a great happiness at his

heart. She lingered at the foot of the steps,

and, as they turned at the gate to give a last salute, she waved her hand to them. "Remember !" she said, holding up the flowers towards Adriano.

half-hour from now !" and he laid his hand on his heart and made her his But if her last word was to the older

brother, her last shy, stolen look was towards the younger one, and, when the gate shut behind them, she bounded up the steps, blushing and laughing and hiding her face in the flowers.

Adriano now found himself once more in the mail-phaeton with Teodoro, driving his slim, swift-trotting grays through the Bois de Boulogne, followed by admiring eyes and greeted with charming smiles from many a gay car-riage. All this was very congelial and pleisant, and decidedly more reasonable than weeping over his fashionable failings, which no longer seemed very big sins in this worldly atmosphere

big sins in this worldly atmosphere. "Adriano, why do you always drive in the broad avenues? I should think you would get tired of being stared at, and having to lift your hat and put on your sweetest smile and dimple every

him. "Adrien," she whispered, " is all for the public," said Adriano, gayly. "They want to see us. Of course it is a little of a bore. So it is a bore to be called a dozen times before the curtain and make the regulation (bows and scrapes night after night, yet if the applause should fail me some fine day, I imagine I should be a pretty disgusted fellow. However, Tedi, as your unac-customed arm will soon be stiff from perpetually lifting your hat, I will m fully turn into this solitary-loo this solitary-looking lane.'

After a moment he slackened some-what the pace of his grays, docile, intelligent, clean-limbed animals. Theodoro expressed his admiration of their swift steady gait, their apparent tirelessness, and their absolute obedience.

"Yes, I am proud of my beasts," said Daretti. Thompson and trained them and cared for them for four years past, and they have never had a sick day nor played us an ugly trick. When I lose my voice I shall have to take to horse-training for a living with Thompson as a partner." The young Irish groom sitting behind

them heard his name mentioned, but was too well-bred to his position to move a muscle of his smooth, young face, though he sat up a shade straighter, if that were possible

"Speaking of applause," remarked Theodoro, "I sometimes think that actors and musicians are not really actists are not really artists after all, for the true artist works only to carry out an ideal. He loves the beautiful picture, the exquisite poem, for its own sake, and would work at it in solitude forever, out of love. But the musician, the actor, lives for the public. He must have the sympathy of an audience, and its ap-

plause. Art alone is not enough. "It is as true an art, but the artist is working with different materials," suggested Adriano, slackening the horses' gait to a walk, for they were passing through a narrow avenue with high trees arching over their heads on either sides. There was lovely lights and shadows playing through the thick

underbush, and the young men watched them lazily as they talked. "He wishes

MAY 17, 1

was no safety in was no safety in being dashed to of trees, no chai stretch of open so hopefully far

so hopefully life is very white and s holding a steady grays with vois felt strangely c eslf mechanicall paralyzed. The from his high see the back of the shrieked to his decomped in the drowned in the The run hoofs. them now, an to them now, and the leaders' brid well. The stat and plunged, this feet but clun on the curbs. blindly on. **rush** who fell spraw modernea

groom undernea a heaving, str bleeding, fightin

gave a cry and

sickening sight the open was

turned sharply

uneven turf, tr

turned his hea

heap a few rods

from the phaeto

their fate and r

the accident.

their heads, wh

Teodoro, who h It seemed an ag

tangle the ha

creatures. The saw the mangle

as it lay crus leaders. He t

faint at the si

ward. "On, -ful boy! O C suffering! O G

broken traces

horses tightly.

the two men ro to one side, an

poor young fell

ing in anguish. "Thank God

coming at last

figures were se

from the ope

quickly summ plenty now to

Adriano knelt the hospital h

his arm. Teodore kr

" Do you reme

pered, "she s for you in hal

been at that v

was saved." "Saved for

turning away

The only son widow! The

HE WHO V

Maurice G

fully undecide

feebly vexed

cision. Some little, though

heart of heart

he was, irre

burst of confi

self that the

ever certain

Just now he mony, and w

dition of irr

effort to deci there were t

Maurice's be ant current,

towards the

and his sen

" sense of du

son the matt

cupidity, but

when engage And " relati

lipped, ener

True, his fat

command to

had chosen

choed her

tury, since s

had ruled th

and brother

had enough

her brother

M----, who could "her

she who de

go into the

cally superv him from the

ten years in

picked a w

him to ask

nised body

set the others f

· He is under

seat empty. and tossing aw

cited beasts. ways thunder

"You ask me if we ever see anything of Adrien Daretti nowadays. The first year that we were out here he came to see us quite frestrength to the from its classic beauty and refinement.

"I make my first London appearance as Vanderdecken," observed Daretti. So you are to be my heroine : I am fortunate.

"Perhaps not," said Catalina. "I am not sure that that is a part where I

am at my best." "Then I will take my revenge Otello," 'laughed Daretti ; "I w promptly have you smothered."

"I have never heard you in a Wag-ner role, Adrien," said Madame Delepoule

They do not give me the chance in Paris, but I am now preparing Hans Sachs for Covent Garden. It is a little low for me, but it is a delightful part, and my heart is set on Tedi's bounding into the operatic firmament as Walther von Stolzing, the most poetic of tenor roles, so we are learn-ing the opera together."

"Ah, Theodore, when am I to hear that voice of yours ?' "Now," said Teodoro with alacrity.

'There is no time like the present." "Ah!" suggested Adriano, softly.

And we shall give up going out to "And we shall give up going out to Passy this afternoon, I suppose!" Teodoro colored up to his eyes and glanced hesitatingly at Madame Dele-poule while Adriano gave a wicked chuckle.

"Passy! Oh, if it be to Passy, I will not delay you," laughed Madame Dele-poule. "I am flattered that you should poule.

have come here first." "Madame Valorge appointed the very afternoon that we had fixed to come here, or I should not hurry away," explained Teodoro; "I should rather say Dolores, who wrote in her grandmother's name." "Lolita and Espiritu write all of her

notes since her blindness," said Catalina.

"Blindness !" exclaimed Teodoro, startled and grieved. "Blindness? I had not heard that Madame Valorge was blind !" and he looked reproach-fully and inquiringly at his brother. boyish smile. It was

Adriano was inexpressibly shocked. 'I did not know of it myself. Tedi, or I would certainly have told you. It is sometime since I have been to Passy."

face without detracting

God of heaven, who madest her so fair shall i win her, how too woo her dare i speak to her who stands in silence bound, downcast eyes ne'er raising from the ground i''

blessed God, who

what

-Songs of the Tuscan Peasantry.

The phaeton drew up at the gate of the little house at Passy, the brothers alighted, and, passing through the gar-den, were shown into the modest salon. It seemed to be the ladies' reception afternoon, for there was a sound of voices from the large inner roomwhere Madame Valorge was sitting. The little maid took the gentlemen's cards within, and soon the door opened and two young girls entered side by side. Dolores, as the eldest, stepped forward to greet Daretti. Theodore had been standing a little behind his brother but now he moved eagerly towards the other figure.

nna and dear saints of Paradise

CHAPTER VIII

other figure. With joyous, out-stretched hands Espiritu Santo sprang to meet him, then stood suddenly still with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes. Who was this gallant-looking young man, erect and soldierly, with close-clipped hair and blond mustache? Where was the shy, awkward, long-limbed, curly-haired school-boy who had never been absent from her dreams or her pravers these from it. five long years? Theodore, too, stood still in sudde

membarrassment. He had forgotten that he should not see again the chubby, rosy child who had been sister and friend and playmate to the boy. He had expected to take her in his armsthe happy, gentle little girl-with the same fondness with which he had bid-But den her farewell five years before. this tall, slender, soft-eyed maid of six-teen, with her long frock and her braids

of sunny hair, how should he greet her as she stood before him in lovely con-fusion, the silent lips trembling, the shy eyes lowered, the delicate color coming and going in her cheeks? He felt that Adriano and Lolita were look-

Adriano had considerately loitered behind as long as he reasonably could, and now he sauntered up to them, hat ing at him, and something desperate must be done-they could not stand forn hand. She offered him ever gazing at the carpet! Should he take her hand stiffy and say, "Made-moiselle, I am happy to see you again;" but he did not wish to take away from the freshness of Teodoro's.

or should he bow politely and leave the burden of the conversation to her? Oh "Did I not hear you say they were or the altar?" he asked. "Let me for the altar ?' Oh no! Surely the bond between them was put this with the others that it may "She has been partially blind for no! Surely the bond between them was put this with the others that it may were gaining on them, their three years and wholly so for the past deeper than the changeful surface; pray for me there, and so be doing a thundering along the silent lane.

"You are the only that does not find me changed," he returned. "And you recognize me by my bad qualities !" "How are the only that does not find them lazily as they talked. to protray a character, a His acting, his singing, an to protray a character, a sentiment. His acting, his singing, are the colors Poor Teodoro was being lionized.

and brushes, but the canvas on which he draws his outlines and throws his much against his will, for some of the ladies present considered themselves colors is precisely the audience. Upon their intelligence, their sympathy, their emotion, he works to produce his whole. musical and had heard of him as the coming tenor. Once he found an oppor-tunity to steal to the side of the gentle girl whose acquaintance he must now make all over again, but he felt strange-It is because his canvas is more it tangible, more immaterial, more sensi tive and changeful, that his art is more subtly intellectual, more elusive, more ideal than that of the painter. It is ly quiet in her presence. He could think of little to say-though he knew ever new, ever recreating itself, always unsatisfied, always vanishing before fully enjoyed." He paused and sighed. there was everything to be said-and her timid responses gave him little en-couragement. As for her, his presence "The idea that a true actor or singer wishes applause to satisfy his vanity is only embarrassed her. Five years ago they could not talk fast enough, a vulgar one. He does indeed thirst for it, but only because in it he catches now she was happier away from him. happier to stand by and watch him, as it were a view of his own work and content in the consciousness of his presence. By-and-by she stole downsees that it is good. Applause that is unintelligent is not valued by him, but stairs to the garden, where she filled a little basket full of the late autumn the applause that tells him that his point is understood, that his ideal has flowers. She felt gay and happy to know that he was in the house, but, oh, taken shape and lives in their minds, that is indeed the breath of life to him. so much happier to have run away from him! But her little basket was filled He knows by it that he has embodied filled and given existence to his thoughtnow, and just as she turned to enter that he has created !' the house the two brothers came out

Teodoro's eye caught fire. He leaned back in his seat and drew a deep breath, gazing out before them through doro, baring his head, and for reply she looked up and handed him a flower. the slender, shady tunnel of foliage t where, in the distance, an expanse sunshine spoke of open country. Dimly he heard a low sound mixing with his dreams, it grew louder, a conbut then it was the Espiritu "It is too early yet. You must wait a while before the Espiritu Santo is ready to be picked." fused, thunderous noise behind them, and he started and turned hastily

"Drive for your life to the open! You left the room. I could not find round in his seat. you again," he said, in reproachful the groom's voice hissed into Daretti's ear. "Drive for your life!" and down on the horses' backs fell the stinging lash. The starled grays sprang for lash. The starled grays sprang for tti' " But I must take these flowers over to the church to dress the altar," she explained. "I fear I am late altheir ward, again the lash fell across flanks, and they broke into a dead run.

Tremblingly Teodoro looded over his coulder. Worst of all runaways, a shoulder. Worst of all runaways, maddened four-in-hand was galloping wildly and furiously along the narrow road behind them, the empty trap swaying and swinging from side to side. It was a race for life, the frantic brutes were gaining on them, their hoofs

was determi Maurice division, Without st had many appearance was inc and painsta to attain to tion within certain. H ocrity. Gi most men s sister's pri men. Usu: fied with h he looked i writhed un wards Holy tending en himself be then with : cide pleasa ing him wi resentmen she would yet again had no me His head a tle fair mo on the wir ill-used n

and this s Bapty an