

ted, doubtless, to the needs of a simple and uncultured people."

"So quaint," murmured the aesthetic young lady.

"Awful!" said the business man, coming as near to a shudder as he could. "I'd hate to have my children pray before these horrors."

"True, true, my dear sir," said the professor, "but they are suited to the intelligence and rude culture of these people."

"So much the worse for them," grunted the business man, and the aesthetic young lady looked pityingly at him.

After a time the sad faced little woman with her little crape decked children had finished her prayers and after another curtsey took her basket and went out again.

"Poor thing!" said the business man, with his hand moving toward his trouser pocket.

"Beautiful!" said the aesthetic young lady. "How lovely that she has this place to come to for consolation."

The business man looked at her inquiringly.

"The church, the atmosphere, the surroundings; you know what I mean," she went on.

But the business man looked quite helpless.

The professor came to her rescue. "Yes," he said, "I have often thought that the emblematic, the sensuous, the externals, so to speak, of religion, might have a larger place in our Protestant religion."

"What! this sort of thing?" said the business man, sweeping his hand toward the walls.

"Well, not exactly, but such as would be suited to the taste and necessities of a cultured and intelligent people."

The aesthetic young lady gazed reverently into his face and murmured:

"Oh, yes; how lovely."

The business man again looked helpless and led the way to the door. To his mind the professor was "talking rot," and besides he was hungry. They were making for the big hotel, when the aesthetic young lady arrested them with an urgent appeal to have lunch in "this sweet little French cafe." She was sure they would get something nice, and besides it would be lovely to have the experience.

The business man asserted that the experience he longed for when he was hungry was a good dinner, but she had dark eyes with a pleading upward look and a bewitching way of putting her head on one side, and the business man succumbed. They went in and found a beautifully clean room, with table all newly laid, fresh and neat and inviting. At the table sat a young man having bouillon. He was evidently a Frenchman; his face was pitted with smallpox, but was redeemed from ugliness by a fine pair of eyes that looked out honestly at you. As the party approached he rose from the table and bowed low.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle; bon jour, messieurs."

They returned his bow, the aesthetic young lady smiling sweetly upon him, and confiding to the business man that she loved the habitants, especially when pock marked; they were so picturesque.

"Picturesque!!" exclaimed the business man; "I prefer them plain. They ought to stamp out the beastly disease. How would you like the adornment yourself?" he added.

"Oh, that is quite another thing."

"Quite!" replied the business man, with emphasis.

"But it does not spoil this young man a bit," insisted the aesthetic young lady.

The young man bowed low and in excellent English, remarked: "I am charmed with the evident sincerity of mademoiselle."

The aesthetic young lady in distressed confusion apologized profusely.

"It is not at all important," answered the young man.

The professor looked him over with interest.

"You live here?"

"For the present."

"You are in business?"

"Yes," pointing to the black haversack on the floor and smiling, "I am a pedlar."

"How nice," cooed the aesthetic young lady; "you must have delightful experiences with the habitants."

"Sometimes," said the young man, with a peculiar smile, "and sometimes they throw chairs and things at me."

"What's that for?" demanded the business man.

"Because I tell them the truth."