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CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

She poured out a cup, sat down on the lounge beside her new friend, and said, "Tell me all!"

Helen drank the tea, and whether it was through the cheering cup or Katharine's presence, she began to brighten.

"There is little to tell," she said. "My sister and I lived on a farm, in Ohio. Our parents were dead, and there was just enough left to keeps—we hadn't made up our minds what we should do yet. People said I was pretty, and I am afraid it I was pretty. And I am afraid it I was pretty, and I am afraid it I was pretty. And I am afraid it I was pretty. And I am afraid it I was pretty, and I am afraid it I was pretty, and I am afraid it I was pretty. And I was a shamed of me—he was ashamed of me! and he was—you know who."

Katharine nodded.

"We were Catholics, and he wanted me to drop my religion. But that I stood out against. I must have been very pretty, and clever, too, in a crude sort of way—not like you," she said, wistfully, "or like you," she said, wistfully, "or like the other girls he knows; but in my own way. He liked me. Even Judge Lambert, my father's old neighbor, spoke to me. He said I could not "We came here—because I must be seen was in the pressed her hand. "We came here—because I must be was a show that the sweet little thing money."

Herr Teufelfisch next occupied Ka

Herr Teufelisch next occupied katharine's thoughts. She had never known the value of money in the necessity of eneeding it. But, as a girl of common sense, she reflected that her little store of money must come to an end soon, if it were not replenished. She would have been william in the first flush of certhusis. replenished. She would have been willing in the first flush of enthusiasm to go to work for nothing. Fortunately, she had no illusions about the measure that her talent was likely to meet with in the world. She had been told that she could sing; but she had been told a great many other things during her expressions. sing; but she had been told a great many other things during her ex-perience in society which she knew to be only complimentary. She was sure that Herr Teufelfisch would be honest; Katharine's ambition did not soar above the giving of lessons, in spite of the music master's opinion that they were wretched drudgery. She had Herr Teufelfisch's address;

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Katharine stood up impulsively, her eyes sparkling.

"Herr Teufelfisch, you are too kind. I did not expect this. I expected only a pupil or two, like the little Pickett, for instance."
Herr Teufelfisch crew himself up.

"Not the little Pickett—no—he is a genius, but lazy. Only I could teach him. But you can sing, and that is not so hard. And you will have fifty dollars for three songs."
Katharine's eyes sparkled.

have fity dolars for three songs."
Katharine's eyes sparkled.
"That will be lovely!—but—"
"No buts. What will you sing?
If I could get a new contralto to
go with you." Here he laughed.
"You might sing the due in Semiramide—Patti and Scalchi sang it."
"You are making fun of me!"

'You are making fun of me!"
'Just a little. But Miss O'Conor, what will you sing!"
"I wish I knew," said Katharine, nervously, "will it be in a large

'No in a drawing-room. "No in a drawing-room."

There was a pause. Katharine wanted to ask where, but she felt that she had no right to make conditions; and even if it should be in some house which she had visited socially, she would have to accept the fact, for the sake of "getting her chance."

"I have a little song in German," said Herr Teufelfisch, "which I would "I have a little song in German," said Herr Teufelfisch, "which I would like you to sing; but it is a duo. The contraito is ill, and I know not anyone who could sing it with you as it should be done. Ach, the sisters have trained you well—but then you have fresh blood in you, and the fresh art of natural musicians. I sang, when I could sing—once at Dublin. Such a recention once at Dublin. Such a reception— such applause! But here is my lit-tle song, "The Winter Roses."
"If you will let me take it

ome—"
"No use," said the music master,
"who will sing the second part?"
"I think I can find one," said Kafaint color coming into tharine, a faint color coming into her cheeks. "I can let you know by to-morrow afternoon."

sy to-morrow afternoon."

Herr Teufelfisch looked at her thoughtfully, while she went to the piano and tried both parts of "The Winter Roses."

The soft tinkle of the old piano under her touch took the old man back to a time when his mother had played an air very like there for the

many stitches in the gloves that told of the pathetic battle between gentility and poverty.

"You have forgotten the old wo-

the station?'

man to whom you gave the roses at the station?"

"Oh, no." said Katharine, catching the kind light in the old lady's eyes. "I have not forgotten. I am glad the rose gave you pleasure."

"Let me present you to my aunt, Mrs. Warland," said young Dillon. "She has spoken many times of your kindness. She was ill and troubled on that day," he added, "but she shall be troubled no more." And he looked at the gentle looking old woman very affectionately. "She has come to live with me."

"I hope to see her," said Katharine, impulsively. "May I give you my address, Mrs. Warland? And, if you will let me, I shall call." Then she paused, somewhat embarrassed. If Mrs. Warland lived with her nephew, and was not mistress of the

If Mrs. Warland lived with her nephew, and was not mistress of the house could she with propriety call? She could not remember what Mrs. Sherwood's invaluable book on social topics might say to that. Mrs. Warland relieved her.

"I will call, my dear," she said, "for, in truth, I board in one house and Walter in another; we have no home yet. I will go to your house with Walter."

"Soon, I hope," said Katharine forwards.

with Walter."

"Soon, I hope," said Katharine, forgetting her reserve. "Could you come to-night? I am so anxious to have some words translated from the Comment into Events was and per-German into English verse, and per-haps Mr. Dillon might be kind en-

haps Mr. Dillon might be kind enough—"
I am only an architect," Dillon
answered, smiling, "not a poet; but
Mr. Alfred Devine, whom you met
at the Worths' dinner, writes poems,
I could ask him—"
"Oh, do," said Katharine. "Do
you think he could manage it,
orece? Would you give him this

once? Would you give him sheet of music? The words

walter Dillon took the roll rather dubiously. He began to be afraid he had got himself into a scrape suppose Devine should be in one of his moods and refuse? A glance at Katharine's anxious face made at Katharine's anxious face made at Katharine's anxious face made him resolve to write the verse him-self rather than disappoint her. How

him resolve to write the verse himself rather than disappoint her. How desperate this resolve was can be imagined, as he had not even tried a rhyme in his life.

As they stood an the corner, Katharine's car came up, and Dillon could find no excuse for prolonging the interview. His aunt smiled gently, almost pathetically, as she entered the car. Looking at the young man, hopeful, cheerful, and with an air of self-reliance, Katharine felt that the pathos was real—there was such a contrast between youth looking towards the sunrise and age with the sunset on the horizon facing it. It suddenly occurred to Katharine that perhaps she nad been bold in attacking Walter Dillon. But then he did not seen like a stranger; and, after all, she forgot her annoyance in thinking of the concert and contralto, for, when she was in earnest, Katharine was a girl of one idea. If Dillon had known this, he would scarcely have amonyed his aunt by outbursts of song, as they went their way towards her boarding house. He could not guess how much "The Winter Roses" had to do with Katharine's cordiality. (To be continued.)

It is the Farmer's Friend.—The far-

