By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

CHAPTER V.

"Fight to the last to prevent him being exposed to this greatest of dangers. There here a power, which I may call irresittibe, thrust men headleng into the abyss, and a for rent of bad examples and evil customs to ove whilm and sweep them away."—Letter of S Francis Navier, from Paris.

And they were happy days that fol-lowed. Madame Valorge submitted to the evident hand of destiny and the dises of her own hospitable nature foreign youths were as completely at home salon as in their own. At first she intended to admit only the boy Teodoro to the intimacy. It was soon an estabthem every evening that Adriano had nts, and that he should study his lessons with the children round the lamp on the table in the music-room, and joined in their games afterwards till bedtime. It was better for the boy than picking up a nondescript meal at the mercy of the porter's wife and the mercy of the porter's wife and spending lonely evenings. Regular meals and cheerful young society were doing him good. His appetite improved, he held himself straighter, and his laugh rang out merrily in a way his laugh rang out merrily in a way that did Madame Valorge's heart good to hear. Teodoro's intimacy estab-lished, Adriano's soon followed. It was very natural that he should drop in to say good-night to Teodoro on his way to the Opera or to sing at musicales, and it was perhaps natural also that he should drop in fully an hour before it was necessary to start, for circle was cosey and home-like, and the younger children has found out that he could tell delightful stories and welhim with enthusiasm, clinging comed him with enthusiasm, clinging about him rapturously while Teodoro, who worshipped his big brother, would sit by with dancing eyes, holding Espiritu's soft little hand in his and exchanging sympathetic glances with her at critical moments in the tale. Sometimes Madame Delepoule appeared on the scene, for she had grown very fond of the little family up-stairs, and she would bring a new song for Cata-lina to try, or would suggest a duett or a trio with herself and Daretti. or a trio with herself aud Daretti. What more natural than that Agostini what more natural than should be asked to accompany them should be asked to accompany them should be asked to accompany them ful did the little concert prove that this also soon grew to be an established thing. Of course, after this, Choulex could not be left out, especially when he played such a beautiful accompanion ment and could read the most difficult and intricate scores at sight and transpose the most complicated arrangements to any desired key. No, the ments to any desired key. No, the intimacy could not be prevented; and why should it be, since the young people were discreet and well-behaved and the older ladies as well as the children were always present? Be-sides, it was good for Disdier to have pleasant company in his home. He said that the business worried him, and of late he had not spent as much time at home as he used to in the early years of his widowerhood.

"He ought to marry again, I sup-se," sighed Madame Valorge. "It pose," sighed Madame Valorge. "It would be unreasonable to demand that ne should grieve forever for the loss of my daughter. He is in the prime of wife into his home I would gladly retire Ramon knows how my life is bound with theirs, and that it would be happiness to shelter and provide

But if Madame Valorge had her anxieties and her doubts, Madame Delepoule had none. She felt that Divine Providence was behaving to perfection. could be better than that two gifted natures like those of Adriano Daretti and Catalina Disdier, with the same too sensible and self-respecting to fall into each other's his odd, shy manner, and and then things would be very different

between the young people.

In the meanwhile life was going on busily and cheerfully on the fourth It was an immense weight off Adriano's mind to have Teodoro so happily provided for, and he felt ten years unger to have it lifted. Teodoro now walked to school mornings with the Montufer lads and their father, and in the afternoon went on his long tramps with them, or with the Marquis of Palafox and his boys. And now his even-ings were comfortably arranged with the Disdiers. As Adriano's engagements increased, and he had less time to devote to his brother, it was a relief to feel that Teodore was in excellent criticism. It was not enough care and making friends. He drew a long sigh of satisfaction. He had felt ond his years, with the cares that had been so early thrust upon bim, and, to tell the truth, had lately some times longed for a little more independence, that he might stretch his wings a little more as other young men are. But it was an unworthy wish, and disloyal to his dear "baby-boy," and he hardly admitted to himself that it even

crossed his mind.

Teodoro was inclined to be hurt that Adriano was never invited to join the long Sunday afternoon rambles that he enjoyed with the Disdiers and the young people of the San Roque and Montufer families and their parents. Adriano

tried to explain the situation to him. "You see, Teodoro mio, you and I be-Roques know our history and family

connections and are very polite to both of us, but to each in a different way. of us, but to each in a different way. At fifteen, you may walk with a young damsel, accompanied by her governess or her parents, and the world will have nothing to say; but at twenty-four, if I should walk with one of the demoiselles de San Roque, who are almost grown, you know, I must either be her bettetted or records will say her parents trothed, or people will say her parents are very indiscreet. Now the parents of the demoiselles de San Roque are not indiscreet, neither would they like their daughter to be the betrothed of an opera-singer; therefore, while they treat you almost like a son, they only recognize my existence in the most for-These distinctions may not always seem reasonable, but they exist, and it is time you should learn

them."
Teodoro listened attentively. "I suppose I understand," he said, "but still I wish you could go with us, Adriano, and I should not object at all to your being betrothed to one of the demoiselles de San Roque."

"My dear Teodoro, go your own way happy, and do not waste your e time building castles in Spain valuable time building castles in Spain for me. If it is my destiny, Providence will arrange it without you." God's ways are not our ways, and, no

doubt, Providence had its wise design in the matter, but, humanly speaking, it seemed a strange mistake that two young hearts, so sorely in need of each other, should be kept apart. Ah, Marbright little maiden, full of happy illusions and destined to cruel awakenings, near you, though you meet him no more, is a young heart as yet without reproach. You might lay your innocent hand in his with reverence and trust; he would be faithful and your future would be safe. And you, your future would be safe. And you Adriano, have you no need of her Hitherto you have been carefully guarded—a noble, chivalran shape your first boyish ideals; a devoted Christian mother to be your confidante and guide in early manhood; sorrow, poverty, and the necessity of work to hedge you round in the straight and narrow road. These safeguards have been taken from you. Success, applause, flattery, wealth, indolence and ease, the smiles, the adulation, the courtship of fair women, the refined profligacy of a brilliant city, the jovial good-fellowship of a Bohemia that is irresponsible to God or man—all these are closing about you insinuatingly, and can you stand alone to resist the tide?

But you are not yet alone, and your angel still looks upon the face of God Sunday is a fatiguing day, for you sing at the High Mass in the morning, and it is gala night at the Opera in the evening. So you sleep through those long Sunday afternoons, and just before dark a figure creeps into your room, a long, queer figure, crowned by a beau-tiful boyish face. Removing his dusty boots, Teodoro stretches himself on the bed by your side, lays his curly blond head on the pillow beside your smooth brown one, and giving your broad shoulders a loving shake puts his lips clos to your cheek and murmurs sweet, foolish words-fond, tender things that he used to whisper to his mother when he was little and had a mother to love.

And you turn and throw your strong arms round him and hold him very tight Then he sits up for a moment. bed, clasping his hands round his knees, and tells you all his afternoon's adventures with happy, boyish enthusiasn You listen and are glad for him, and wife into his home I would gladly retire from it. I have my own modest income, and if any of the children should prefer living with me to a step-mother, Ramon knows how my life is bound up in the face and takes up a pillow to throw at you. Shots fly back and forth, and you roll together in a regular tussle till you suddenly discover that it is time to dress for the Opera, and Teodoro picks up his dusty boots and goes off to make himself fine for his Sunday evening dinner with Madame Dele-

Hortense Delepoule was beginning to natures like those of Adriano Daretti and Catalina Disdier, with the same talents, the same interests, the same career before them, should meet and be brought in constant contact, should grow uneasy as time went by. Sne was getting out of conceit—not with Divine Providence itself, of course, but with the miserable creatures whose free will could thwart its wisest designs. Adrication of concern for your country of the control of t learn thus naturally to turn to each could thwart its wisest designs. Adriother for sympathy? She chuckled to ano and Catalina seemed as indifferent sible thing in the world by herself as she saw how affairs were drifting. Yes, there were still some marriages made in heaven. It gave her marriages made in neaven. It gave her no anxiety that there seemed to be a certain shyness and reserve between the young couple. They had been well the Swiss as a rival. He had a delicitious touch on the piano and played accompaniments marvellously, still he was not dangerous. Every one trusted him to dangerous. Every one trusted him to dangerous the sum of the Swiss as a rival. He had a delicition of the sum of the Swiss as a rival. He had a delicition of the sum of the Swiss as a rival. He had a delicition of the sum of the Swiss as a rival. He had a delicition of the sum of and liked him, but there was little in arms at once before everybody's eyes. rough exterior to fascinate a young Of course, Catalina would wait to be wooed in the usual formal French fashion, and Adriano was too much of a violin sing like an angel, had given her gentleman to indulge in surreptitious love-making, but would in due time present himself before the father and ask way to the United States. As for Adway to the United States. As for Adpermission to court the daughter, riano, he had so little ambition outside of his art, was so foolishly good-natured was just like him to si let somebody else take the things that might be his. Such laziness and indif-ferance were absolutely sinful! She would say something to rouse him at the

very first opportunity.

It was a hard subject to broach, how ever. Whenever he came to see her he was absorbed in his music and talked over eagerly the details of his roles the phrasing of such a passage, the proper intonation of another, the suitability of a certain gesture. Perhaps he had had an inspiration overnight touching a new part he was learning, and she must hear him render it and give her be able to made it clear to others. That was why he was an artist, otherwise he would be only a dreamer. The would be only a dreamer.

would be only a dreamer. "You know, madame, since I have come to manhood I have been too busy and at times too sad to indulge in day dreams, and have had too much respon sibility to think of marrying," he said, when she at last brought the conversa tion to the question of matrimony in

"But you are freer now," urged Madame Delepoule. "Your position is assured, you are making money fast, and Tedi has his own little patrimony. Remember what it meant to you in your boyhood to have a woman in your ho You cannot give Teodoro the mother you have both lost, but at least you can

get that he has a sister already. My brother Bindo is married to a very sweet and gifted young woman, and they have a lovely home in Turin."

"But that is no advantage to Teodoro. who is living with you and not with

Bindo."
"That is the very question," said Adriano, sadly. "Bindo wants to take my boy away from me. He says that I have supported Tedi long enough, and he complains that I am making a milk-sop of the boy. He would like to put him through a course of smouts. Bindo sop of the boy. He would have to publish through a course of sprouts. Bindo is a great athlete, you know. I suppose it would make a man of Tedi, but how I shall miss my baby boy!"
"Miss him! You don't mean to say

that you would consent to anything of the sort?"

"I fear that I ought to, for Tedi's

own sake," sighed Adriano.

Madame Delepoule drew a long breath and was silent a moment. Then she burst out: "Adrien Daretti, are you mad? What! send away that child who is your guardian angel, though you may. not know it? What! break up the little home you have made for him that has brought such that brought such blessings on your own head in return? Boy, you're crazy! It is fortunate you have such a steady friend as Choulex to fall back upon, or you would go all to pieces alone in this

wicked city."

Adriano looked grave. "But I am to lose Casmir also," he said.

"No! You don't mean it! Lose Casimir ?"

"He goes to Milan this spring to accept a professorship in the Polytech-

Madame Delepoule stood up in her amazement. "Choulex leaves Paris. Choulex goes to Milan!" she exclaimed "It is bad enough to let Tedigo, but this friend too, this sturdy mentor! Oh, Adrien Darretti, are you blind, blind,

He lead her to a seat and knelt be fore her gallantly. "But shall I not have you, my dear godmother?" he said "May I not come to you when I need a little scolding? Will you not let me dine with you on Sundays in Tedi's place, or is your love all for

"Adrien, how can I tell you?" she pplied, in great distress. "My dear replied, in great distress. "My boy, I too am to leave Paris in spring."

Now it was his turn to start to his feet in dismay. He stared at her, thoroughly appalled.
"Don't!" he exclaimed, pleadingly.

"Don't go! You are my mother's friend; you are the only tie that binds me to that holy past; the only one that has a right to scold me. Oh, don't go! I shall be alone, indeed!"

"What can I do?" she almost wept. "I never dreamed that the movements of a solitary old woman like myself would make any difference to any one. I meant to slip off quietly some day, and thought that you would be safely tled with a nice little wife, and no one, except perhaps poor little Teodoro, would miss me. I have my plans arranged and contracts signed to teach in Brussels and London for the

t five years." Five years!" he murmured. His emed to have been taken away. Until now it had seemed to him that he should rather enjoy being alone. It was disloyal to Tedi and to Casimir to indulge in the thought, and he had suppressed it as far as possible, but at times he had a frantic longing for independence. He had always been respon pendence. He had always been responsible for some one, always more or less accountable to some one, and he had secretly sighed to be his own master for a while, to be more as other young men are. But now this independence

suddenly seemed less desirable. How horribly lonely he should be! He had not thought of that side of it before.

"Adrien," said Madame Delepoule, gently, beckoning him to take a low seat at her feet, "I proposed to you the idea of mercians to some support the idea of marriage to some sweet young girl when I was only thinking of tion as they sometimes looked on the stage. "I know well the ordeals that social questions of the day in magazines, stage. a popular idol, such as you are fast becoming, must pass through. They are almost more than poor human nature

can go through unscathed ."
"My dear Mamma Hortense," said
Darretti, lightly, "do not take my loneliness so much to heart. I shall only be going through what almost every young man has to go through who comes to a great city to seek his fortune. If I have been a good boy so why should I not remain so to the end of the chapter? desperate that there is nothing for it but to plunge into loveless matrimony with such unseemly haste

"Loveless? My dear Adriano, you couldn't be married a week to a worthy young wife without becoming tenderly attached to her, I don't care who she is! I have seen enough of your romances and love-matches! Five out of every six love-matches turn out miserably while five out of every six arranged matches turn out excellently. That is my experience. Tell me, Adriano, was your mother's marriage—that ideal

"You drive me into a corner," he answered, smiling. "They were both arranged matches. But what shall I I do not feel, as you do, that immediate marriage is necessary for my salvation. It is rather heroic treatment, you see, and I am not so far gone yet that I wish to resort to it. unfortunately, the maiden I would choose is already bespoke."

Madame Delepoule looked startled.

"I could not step in and cut out poor Theodoro !'

"Gracious! What a fright you gave long to a noble family, and the San Roques know our history and family Adriano shook his head. "You for-

not seek much farther, Adrien ; you are

burning, as the child en say."

Adriano reddened a little. "Espiritu would suit me to a T," he said, and then, hesitatingly. "As I cannot get her, what do you think of one who is the child the said. not unlike her, her intimate friend, Mademoiselle de San Roque?" He was conscious of having taken a somewhat tender fancy to that gifted, bright-faced maiden in the few glimpses he had had of

Madame Delepoule frowned. is rather young yet," she said, coldly.
"And are you not aiming rather high? Oh, I know you are her match by and all that, but, for Heaven's and all that, but, for Heaven's sake.

Adrien, don't get mixed up with fashionable amateurs. It would just destroy your career, They would look down on your profession and probably scorn you altogether; and even if you won the young lady's affection, and made a love-match of it, you would neither of you be happy. You could never get from her the co-operation and sympathy you would from one who was educated to a professional life herself; neither would your fine lady be happy in accommodating herself to your surroundings. Be-lieve me, it would be a big, big mis-

How provoking men are when they will persist in overlooking the one thing that every one else sees is for their good! Madame Delepoule could

have shaken Adriano.

He, meanwhile, looked flushed and thoughtful. He knew well enough who she had in mind. "I will not affect to nisunderstand you," he said, gravely, "and I promise to think over well what you have said." He kissed her hand and bid her adieu, still grave and thoughtful.
When he had gone, Hortense Dele-

poule threw herself back in her chair, full of misgivings. What business had e match-making and giving advice to young bachelors? After all, would this be the best thing for her favorites? Had not she, Hortense Delepoule, been an old idiot to try and interfere with the course of events? Had not she, an artist herself, been too desirous of artist herself, been too desirous of bringing two such artistic natures together, and not thought enough of other things that go to make a happy married life? Could Cataliua do any justice to her great talents for the stage if she had to meet the requirements of domes-tic life and create for him such a home as his affectionate nature craved? Adriano did he not hate and loathe the publicity, the gossip, the scandals, the intrigues and jealousies of the operatic ? Did he not detest some of the companionships that it forced upon him? How would he like his wife to be mixed up in all the struggles, the mean-nesses and injustices that he knew too well, the victim of idle talk and jealous schemes? Would he not tather alone these things, made bearable to enthusiasm of his genius, and have his wife live in a higher, purer atmosphere, where he could turn to breathe more freely and find refreshment for his

Hortense Delepoule covered her face with her hands. "O God in heaven," with her hands. she prayed, fervently, "inspire him to do what is for his own best good, and make him forget the foolish advice of an ignorant old woman!

CHAPTER VI.

And I should be her lover forever and a day, And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come."

Whiteomh Biley -Whitcomb Riley.

Poor Teodoro received the decree of exile with very dejected looks. ano had broken gradually to him its possibility, first reading the letters from Bindo and Elena proposing the plan, then talking it over with all the pros and cons before it was settled The future looked very gloomy to the boy. He had never spent a night away from Adriano and Oreste since his mother died, while he hardly knew was a little toddling youngster in low-Bindo was married and had a little boy of his own in frocks and curls, and a under a masculine nom de guerre, so that Teodoro was quite afraid of her, althought she was very pretty and kind and gentle. Then there was Bindo's mother-in-law, the Countess d'Usseglio, who had been a great beauty in her day, and corresponded with crowned heads for her husband had been in diplomacy as ambassador at the principal European courts. Teodoro stood horribly in awe of her, and her sweet, gracious manners only made him more miserably conscious of the ungainly length of his arms and legs. There was the Contessina Clo-tilda, too, Elena's young sister, who was very gay and fashionable, was maid of honor to Queen Margherita, and visited her every year when the court was at Venice. They all lived together in a big house in Turin in the winter, and had a villa at the Baths of Lucca in the summer, and had carriages and horses, and servants in livery, and fine lady's-maids. Altogether it was very formidable and strange, and very different from the simple, easy, happy-goluckly life with Adriano and Ore and Teodoro could see nothing wretchedness ahead.

But the deepest affliction of all, the crowning misery that threw everything else into comparative insignificance, was the thought of leaving his little princess. The wretched, dull ache at his heart was affecting his health and making him pine and droop, so that Adriano nervously hurried the preparations for departure, fearing there would soon be nothing left of the boy to depart. The princess herself did not appear to be half as afflicted at the approaching separation as her young cavalier. He had of course confided everything to her-his fears, his hopes, and now the dreadful certainty of the me! I thought you were in earnest and had met with some repulse. Dear stantial misery. But she was very hopestantial misery. But she was very hopeful, and only looked at the bright side

"We will write each other once a " she said, planning all the de with interest and enthusiasm tails 'We will write a sort of journal, a little bit every day, just as things happen, and then post it once a week. shall really have a great deal more to tell each other than here our lives are so much alike. You must make the countess tell you all about the kings and the queens and the court bails, an then you can write it to me, and it will be as good as a book. And you will see all sorts of news and interesting things to tell me about which I should never hear of in any other way. And I will write you about the things you love here, about Adrien, and how he looks and what he does, and every-

thing that we all do every day."

"But, Espiritu, it will not be like seeing you and hearing your voice and looking right into your eyes! And when I tell you things by writing I cannot hear you say, 'Theodore, I am so glad!' or 'Theodore, I I must wait days and so sorry!' days to see it on paper, and then by that time there will be something else that time there will be something else I want to tell you," and he looked up disconsolately from his lowly position on the rug. She liked to perch on high, straight-backed chairs, or on tables or or arms of sofas, and other eminences, but he preferred to curl his long limbs on humble hassocks and rugs, whence he could gaze up into his little disjuitive face. vinity's face.
"But you will come to see me some

times," she persisted. "You will come to make Adrien visits when you have vacations. I could not bear it if I did not have that too look forward to. But Adrien will send for you, and then we Adrien will send for you, and then we will have beautiful meetings, and do nothing but talk and talk and talk. And oh, how much we shall have to tell! You know, Theodore," she added, "we should not see much of each other next year even if you stayed in Paris, for grandmamma means to send me to school at the convent at Auteuil and you could only see me twice a week. other after all.

Perhaps this consoled him a little. but he was still very gloomy and very near some unmanly tears. Emboldened the first time ventured to put his arms timidly about her, and leaned his forehead against her fat little Hitherto he had been more than content if he might give her a shy saluta-tion on parting, hold her soft little hand in his for a few moments, and he had two or three times kissed a fold of he little frock on the sly. But now the days of separation were getting wofully near and he was in sore need of comfort. She knew how sad his heart was, so she returned his embrace tenderly, resting her pink cheek against his fair curls and saying all the consoling and en-dearing words she could possibly think

much in need of consolation as Teodoro himself, and without the princess to turn to. his most intimate friend, and his kind motherly adviser, all three at once was a severe blow. He had great faith in Madame Delepoule's judgment, and there was much sense in what she said. But his heart died within him. Was it worth while to be an opera-singer if it was to shut him out from all that he nost prized in social and domestic life? Why should his God-given talents stand in the way of his happiness? Why could he not be valued at his worth? Were his birth, breeding, talents, character, to count for nothing ?

But he knew well the exclusiveness of the Latin races in their home life. was overwhelmed with social attentions. he had plenty of admirers and much silly feminine adulation, but where, among those whom he most respected and revered, could he hope to be received in the intimacy of the family circle as he had been with the Disdiers? Who had known him and his from childhood as Madame Delepoule Bindo, who had left home when Teodoro was a little toddling youngster in low-who would cling to him with the ador- to marry at present." ing affection of the brother to whom he had been father, mother, everything,

from tender infancy?

There would indeed be an empty place in his heart, and could he do bet-ter than to take the path Madame Delepoule had pointed out to him? The Senorita Disdier was certainly a gifted, pleasing, and picturesque-looking young woman. He like her very much, and might have tried to win her from the first if he had not been conscious all along that it was exactly what Madame of the professions.' Delepoule wished to bring about. more could he ask for than he could find in her? Some day she would rule the stage even as Hortense Delepoule had. Her splendid voice and rare dramatic intelligence were most satisfying to Daretti's artistic nature, while her simple, unselfish ways in the home circle were attractive to his manly ideals of femininity.
"I could not do better," he repeated

to himself, encouragingly. "I could not do better." On the whole, he felt light-hearted in making up his mind. It would be a victory over his lawless craving for independence, and it promised him great happiness. He would lose no time, or his resolution might change. He ran down-stairs to confide in Madame Delepoule. "Do not be too much surprised at its suddenness, but I have come to tell you of my en tire conversion to your gospel, and to beg you to say a kind word for me to r Disdier and Madame Valorge.'

"My dear child, you take my breath away! Not so fast, if you please! Mind you, Adrien, I refuse to have anything to do with your affairs! You must take the whole responsibility of decision on yourself.'

But, Mamma Hortense, you surely wish it-

"I do not wish anything, I am not going to meddle with anything. your own way and manage your own love affairs."

Adriano was taken aback. He saunred up the Boulevard Malesherbes to think over the situation. What could he do? Most young men had relatives or family friends to arrange their mat-rimonial affairs for them, but he seemed to be singularly alone, now that Ma-

dame Delepoule had failed him. Apparently, he had got to propose for young lady's hand himself. It see young say's hand masser. It seemed to him a very trying and awkward thing to do. It was always so much better to have a third person take the preliminary steps for the suitor, because the parents were always sure to have so many questions to ask, so many things to ascertain about a young man bef they would feel like intrusting their daughter's future to his hands.

right and best that it should be so, as it prevented many undesirable attachments and unfortunate marriages; still, in his own case, it was hardly necessary, since the Disdiers already knew the state of his affairs pretty thoroughly, and were probably satisfied as to his character, or they would not have encouraged. or they would not have encouraged the intimacy of the past few months. together he had that his suit would be accepted without delay. His spirits rose. He walked cheerfully along the boulevards, with a graceful bow and merry smile for his many acquaintances. He was con-scious of his popularity and good looks, his shapely form and fine bearing, the perfection of his dress in its simplicity and quiet good taste. He was con-scious of admiring eyes turned upon him, conscious of the flutter in feminine circles as he passed, conscious of the respectful adulation of the gilded youth of Paris, who tried in vain to cate of Paris, who tried in something of the careless grace and manly dignity of his inimitable step. It was not in human nature that he should be indifferent to all this silent flattery. The air was fresh and sweet that late May afternoon, and life had never looked brighter to him or fuller of sweet hopes.

As he entered the gates of the Parc

Monceaux, a familiar voice, with a strong Spanish accent, greeted It was Senor Disdier. In an in his mind was made up. He would seize this opportunity Heaven had given him, and formally offer himself as a suitor for Catalina's hand. "Will you take a turn in the park,

senor, this fine afternoon?"
"I am very glad to do so," said the
Spaniard, heartily. "I was turning
homeward, but your company tempts me "I was turning

Disdier was in a genial mood, and Adriano's gay spirits increased as the two promenaded the beautiful paths in the bright spring sunshine. It surprised Adriano to see how happy this sudden encounter with evident destiny made him. The idea of the friendship, the companionship of a congenial marriage grew more beautiful, more desirable with every step. He felt that he was falling in love, not exactly with Catalina, but with some rather indistinct feminine creation of was to become all things to him. He began to take more interest in women in general, to notice them as they passed, to speculate upon their characteristics, to wonder what sort of wives they would make.

At length they turned to go homeward, and, with a beating heart, Adriano recognized that the moment to speak

He stated his case in a manly, straighforward fashion. He could exactly say, "I love gour daughter," but he said, with great sincerity, that he earnestly desired to make wifes and hoped for permission to try and win her affection. To his surprise, Disdier seemed greatly disturbed. Adriano had expected, indeed, that severingly wooed and tenderly per-suaded, but it had never for an instant occurred to him that he should meet with any difficulties from her father or other, and he had presented himself before Senor Disdier without a

single misgiving.
"Daretti," said Disdier, gravely, "I am very sorry for this—truly sorry for this. It is a complete surprise to me, a complete surprise to me and I cannot give you any encourage ment. Catalina is very young, and she has just started on a career for which Where could he find the tried she is well fitted and in which she is

career," interrupted Adriano.

the contrary, I could aid her in it."
"You could not aid her. I have seen enough of operatic marriages," said Disdier, roughly. "The artistic tem-perament is one that shines in domestic life; the musical nature, which lives on emotion and nerves, does not permit it. It is a sad and speaking fact that the operatic stage shows us more scandals and domestic unhappiness than any

Artonished, and not a little irate at this tirade against opera-singers, Adriand drew himself up to his full height and folded his arms in a very theatrical manner.

"That is such scandals as there are become public property sooner, as the actors are public characters and the ws them no privacy in their affairs," he corrected, rather haughtily. "But excuse me, Senor Disdier, if I say that these are generalizations. To come to individuals—both your child and I are Christians and of good breeding, and if the operatic stage has given some scandals, I trust that in this in-stance it may hold up a good example You know your daughto the world. ter's character, and you have professed

to like me."
"Yes, I do," said Disdier, more gently, "and it is for both your sakes that I advise you to keep apart. If you wish to live your artistic career un-hampered and enjoy domestic life at the same time, marry outside of your pro-fession. And if Catalina is to fulfil her ambitions-and she will never be satisfied until she has made the effort to do so-she had best not marry at all till she is at least twenty-five years old. Art is a severe task-masterserve art worthily and do her duty to her husband at the same time. She earnestly bent on her studies, and has fine prospects, and I do not wish to dis-turb her mind with questions of mati-mony at present. Neither do I think that my answer will cause you great suffering, though it may disappoint you for the moment. If I understand men at all, Daretti, you are not in love with my daughter.'

Adriano started and flushed uncom-

fortably. "I do for good or for e "I find myself position to marr nyself, to have Your lovely and one woman I wou and admire her, tastes, and she w allegiance. I would learn to love in her hus of finding mine i They were streets now and reets now and moment. Discussion T to Daretti. spoiled you," he ing its best to de happy woman. pliment to my C choose her from for if report specopportunities of ably from a wo have told you w

MAY 10,

in the matterhere. It is not sent. We will He of itself." Adriano a mom-ing, then added ot expected th thought it possi "Perfectly." has given me that he has a m younger brothe be many years l to marry. But a fine, substan rough exterior. Adriano retur

ly out of sorts v himself. As us piano. Adrian-himself for hi Here was Casin he could for (and stupid an towards this de "Adriano, e I cannot sin ly. It jarred o ir could thin juncture. "Just try it

"But it is a t " That woul tenor timbre.
Do you think I a moment?" an stool an angry across the room the floor in in One must fee to sing."
Choulex play and began imp

from the them of the lover, woman he love his king, sight mony. Adrian grew quieter, tears. Was t delicious, so so touch? Choulex wa heart out in Then he felt a his shoulders.

"Adriano! not made of ire "Carissimo higher than A a pinch to t skilful fingers his whole im: and artistic r breaking song ly play for e blinded with nad never so manly, so th ously rich, so

across the mu over them.
Adriano sto "Casimir," he we have both make our hear and lonely!' sadly into his that was all th

gifted, so lova

ong ceased,

The momen last such faceu it with was all a terr opeless blan future meetin tion. dicted, gloon her, and Esp

a little aside say to each o hearts withou they simply other in siler and the litt The blue eye was no hope "I trust I for the l apologeticall dame Valorge themselves property They will be

Madame Va

what seems "I hope the childre Tedi. Good mber you and he stoop from which had fled. S

tell him, lik