

"Am I not fond of you, aunt? and if so, 'tis clear that I am as enamored of the beautiful as ever."

"O you rogue, you!"

At this point the music-man was ushered into the room, where he commenced in such a "furore" as brought Mary Theresa down in wonder from her chamber.

"For the last half hour, mother, we have been talking here about music, and now we have our theory fairly put into practice."

"Oh, Charles Henry! it makes a terrible noise."

"Yes, mother, genius always makes a noise in the world. It is on that account that the thing is so much admired."

"For goodness' sake, Charles Henry!" cried Emma, "let him go before he gives me a week's headache."

"Play up the Marseilles Hymn, organist," said Charley.

"Organist!" repeated Emma; "only hear him."

"It does not play that," said the man.

"Play it yourself," suggested Charley.

"I cannot myself, Signore."

Emma laughed heartily, and exclaimed: "Why, Charles Henry, the instrument is organ and organist both. The Italian himself is one of those unfortunates who have no music in their souls."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Charley. "Of course the poor fellow can do no more than grind, but, aunt, he has countrymen enough who can take his part, and I will not be many days before I hear some of their inimitable conceptions."

"I cannot stand it any longer," said Emma, and with the word she rose, and went out. "Nor I," said Mary, who immediately followed.

It was considerable time before Charley permitted the wanderer to go on his way. At length he gave him a couple of francs, and sent him off rejoicing.