

talk of my story. Have you read it, or even begun it?"

"Oh," he replied, cheerfully, "I had mastered that in no time, and the blocks are all ready."

"What blocks?" I shouted, rising hastily from my chair in astonishment. "Ready with what?"

"Your wood-cuts," he answered, calmly; "they make just three hundred; here are some of them," and he commenced extracting numberless pieces of wood from pocket after pocket, "and the rest are in a basket at the door."

All the while he was carelessly piling up pieces of wood on my table. I was so amazed that I could not, and, indeed, dared not show my feelings, for he was in tremendous earnest. I think I can see him now as he stood before me, fire flashing from his beautiful eyes, his colour coming and going, while his face shone with the light of genius and enthusiasm; his thin hands dived swiftly into his pockets, each time bringing forth a block of wood, enriched by a perfect marvel of design and skilful draughtsmanship. I picked up one or two without commenting upon their value. "Take them to Du Tocq, the editor," I said, brusquely, "and let us see what he decides."

"Very well," he replied, and forthwith he turned a somersault over my best sofa, capered and danced about the room like a practised acrobat for a few seconds, then, with a heavy sigh of relief and a cheerful "*Au revoir*," suddenly vanished through the door. I trembled for my pictures and china while he was performing this rapid evolution, but he sprang like a cat, quite as gracefully and much more charmingly. When he was gone I took up the blocks and—I could not help it—the tears started in my eyes at looking at them. He was so gay, light-hearted, and did everything with so little effort, taking his talent—genius, I might say—as such a matter of course, that there was little hope of inducing him to study seriously. I went to Du Tocq earlier than I should have otherwise done, because I was anxious to know what he thought of the drawings. He said: "I have not words to express myself adequately in speaking of such marvels. They are all admirable; and some are such beautiful specimens of work that I have appropriated them and taken them home to Madame Du Tocq. I did not tell young Doré this."—*From Miss Blanche Roosevelt's "Life and Reminiscences of Gustave Doré."*

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