By Henrietta Dana Skinner. CHAPTER III. "Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright
And made a sunshine in the shady place."
—Spenser.

That afternoon, punctually at 3 o'clock, the doors of the College St. Ignace opened and poured forth a living tream of boys-boys of all ages an sizes-fully eight hundred in number, ranging from twelve up to eighteen and twenty years of age. All were clad in the college uniform of dark blue, with the college uniform military caps and Eton jackets. of the lads went off in groups together, but by far the greater number were met by their relatives—some by their fathers returning from business, some by their mothers, or by both parents, while the Rue de Madrid was lined with waiting carriages containing the mothers and sisters of the young students, who, on their way to and from their social visiting or chemical their way to and from their social visiting or shopping, stopped to pick up their sons or brothers. Adriano Daretti, the young opera singer, had taken his stand among a group of gentlemen near the central door. He was recognized by Don Gasper Montufer, who was forward and shook him cordially ne forward and shook him cordially

the hand. My boys had a delightful walk with you and your brother yesterday," he said. "They were full of enthusiasm when they returned, and said that you had told them most interesting stories about your father's adventures in Mexico with the unfortunate Emperor Max.

"They were sympathetic listeners, and I enjoyed their company greatly," rejoined Daretti. "I trust you will rejoined Daretti. often allow them to go with us. They are a fine pair of lads."

e a fine pair of lads."
Willingly, if you will promise to
I yourself of them as soon as they berid yourself

a bore."
There is little danger," smiled

Adriano, politely; and at the moment a dark, stern-featured but very handsome man of middle age came up.
"Don Gaspar," he said, "will you

the favor of an introduction ?' "With pleasure, marquis. Chevalier Daretti, this gentleman asks to make yours acquaintance. May I present Don Luis de San Roque, Marquis of

The two men stood stiffly erect, bared their heads, and exchanged low, formal bows, after the approved French fash-Then the marquis held out his

hand to the young man.
"I felt that we should know each other, chevalier," he said. "You your father's name. I was one of the Papal Zouaves, and fought by his side

Surely I ought to remember you !" exclaimed Daretti, taking the hand with some emotion. "You held him in your arms when he died, and you came to Trieste afterwards to bring my

poor mother his papers.' poor mother his papers.

"I see you recognize me. It was a sad office, but one I was glad it was my privilege to perform. Your father was a man one could not know without loving, a cultivated gentleman, wide-awake to the movement of the nineteenth century, but with a temperament as roman tie and chivalrous as that of a knight of the Middle Ages. And your mother was cast in the same mould. I remember when I told her of your father's heroic, Christian death, and how he had expressed himself as dying with joy for s country and his religion, she clapsed or hands and exclaimed, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord !' "

The tears rushed to Daretti's eyes and he wrung the marquis's hand. "I had the misfortune to lose her three years ago," he said, in a low tone. "It is good to hear a voice that will speak her praise to me in a strange land!"

e marquis returned the pressure of his hand with feeling. Just then a lad joined the group shyly, a thin, over-grown lad, who had shot up into unusual height at the expense of his Long-limbed and narrow shouldered, he moved awkwardly, as if conscious of his lanky extremities, and the delicate, fragile look of one who has outgrown health and strength He was not more than fifteen years old, but was already nearly six feet in height. He drew near to Daretti, who threw an affectionate arm round the boy's thin shoulders.

"Teodoro," he said, "this gentleman our mother and was with our father when he died at Mentana."

The lad took off his hat and turned his face towards the marquis, whose eyes travelled up the long figure with a sense of amusement till they reached the face, where they rested in astonishment.
The boy's face was absolutely beautiful. The exquisitely chiselled features were as perfect in outline as those of a Greek statue; the rounded chin and curved lips were especially fine. The broad, pure brow was shaded by half-rings of curling, bronze-brown hair, and from under the delicately penciled brows looked forth a pair of bonny blue eyes, gazing at him with winning sweetness and intelligence. "Heavens, what a face!" thought the marquis. If only the figure corresponded, we should have an Antinous or Apollo Belvedere."

He took the ungainly lad by the hand. I must present you both to my wife, Not only has she heard me speak of your father, but your brother's wife, the Contessina d'Usseglio, was the daughter of her godmother, and these spiritual relationships are very dear to us Spaniards. You see, I have not lost sight of your father's sons," he added, pleasantly, as he led the way towards one of the coroneted carriages. Two laughing, girlish faces were thrust out of the window, bewitching Spanish faces, with dainty features, large, lustrous skins, and masses of clustering hair. Little school-maidens in their early teens they were, bubbling over with joy and excitement. "Children, where is your mother?" asked the marquis, with a caress to each upturned

face.
"She has sent us home alone, papaquite alone. Imagine how reasonable we must be, papa, so discreet! And we are to fetch you and Jaime home directly, and Jaime is to dress quickly and come with us to Lolita Disdier's fete. Ah, there you are, Jaime! There

is no time to lose," as a black-eyed youth of seventeen made his way towards the carriage, greeting his father and sisters with as much enthusiasm as

sisters with as much enthusiasm as it they had been separated half a year in-stead of half a day.

"I regret, gentlemen," said the mar-buis, "that my wife is not here as usual to-day. It will be her disappointment. But I shall call upon you very soon, and hope to arrange a time to bring you to my house. In the meanwhile these very reasonable little maidens whom you see behaving with such exemplary discrebehaving with such exemplary discre-tion are my daughters Dona Margarita and Dona Josefa de San Roque.'

and Dona Josefa de San Roque.

The girlish faces grew suddenly grave and important. They nodded their heads politely, and then glanced furtively at each other for encouragement. They were in a desperate hurry, but They were in a desperate thought it would be rude their father of the fact rude to re strangers. He was a considerate papa, owever, and soon bowed himself free from the young men, stepped into the carriage with his son, and signed to the

carriage with his son, and signed to the coachman to drive off.

"I suppose he must have been the boy, but I should have hardly recognized him," said the marquis, thoughtfully, leaning back in his seat.

"What boy?" exclaimed the children, eagerly, bending forward and crowding

out their father's knees.
"I have often told you, children, of the victory of Mentana, and the brave boy that crossed the field of battle to carry an order to a company of French Chasseurs-an order that decided the fate of the battle. That boy was the Chevalier Daretti that I just presented

to you."
"Theodore's big brother!" exclaimed Jaime. "Why did you not tell

Because I had not recognized in the tall, elegant, fashionably dressed young man the ragged, dusty, heart-broker terror-stricken child that I had las seen more than a dozen years ago in the din and smoke of battle."

ken, when you just said he

"But, papa, why do you call him was so brave?"
"It is the highest form of heroism, my children, to do a brave action in spite of one's fears—to understand the greatness of the danger and yet face it when duty calls. His father, Mannsfeld, was my superior officer. I was riding near him with General Charette, and noticed his young son, then a tall, thin boy, not more than eleven years of age, who was helping his father with great intelligence in watching the movements of both armies. Our men were fighting against fearful odds, and there was but one chance for victory, and the general was about to send a order to the Chasseurs to make a flanking movement when a shell fell in our midst and exploded almost directly under Mannsfeld's horse. The animal was literally blown to pieces, and the col-onel fell with him, terribly mangled. The orderly was instantly killed. The poor child gave a fearful scream and tell on his knees by his father's side. We did our best to extricate Mannsfeld, but it was impossible to stanch his wounds, it was only a question of min-utes before he would bleed to death. The general called for an orderly, for time was pressing, but there was no one near us. Then the boy rose up from his father's side and said, 'I will go with the order.' It was a fearfully dangerous errand, one chance in ten that would cross the field alive, for the bullets were falling like rain. The poor father, who understood the danger only too well, murmured, 'Adriano, my boy Your poor mother! Your little brot Then reproaching himself for his weakness he raised his voice cried, 'Go, and God be with you!' ost sight of the boy in the smoke of the battle, and there were some minutes of terrible suspense, but after awhile

had given the commanding officer so clear an account of the situation that it helped him greatly in executing the manœuvre that saved the day." "Oh, papa, tell us!" cried the childen, with tearful eyes fixed on his face.

"Did the boy get back to his father, and did the father live?" "Dear children, the father died in arms not ten minutes after the lad

hind trees and broken walls. In spite

of his grief and agitation he had not only delivered the general's order, but

The children's lips quivered. The marquis almost regretted that he had brought a cloud over those young faces

with the sad story of war and death. But at that moment they drove up under the gateway of the Hotel San Roque, and Jenofonte, the tall porter, was opening the carriage door, and their mother's sweet voice was calling them to make haste and get ready for the party. The children bounded up the stairs to meet her, the sternfeatured soldier glancing after them with fatherly pride, for, like many a stern-featured soldier before him, he was a tender and indulgent parent.

The Darettis stood a moment on the pavement after the San Roque carriage drove off. Adriano always felt a strange, homesick feeling at this hour, when he, himself an orphan, and the young brother to whom he stood in the place of father and mother, had to ness daily the joyous reunion of so many parents and children. It seemed to hurt him about the heart to see so much demonstration of family affection. and he was glad when the hour was

Don Gaspar Montufer passed at that moment, a tall boy clinging to either arm with that simple unconcern for appearances characteristic of the Latin races. They were big boys, but it did not occur to them that it was unmanly to show their affection for their fathe in public. Teodoro stepped shyly forward and asked them if they would walk

with him again that afternoon.

"Not to-day," they answered, over their shoulders. "We are going to Senorita Disdier's fete this afternoon," and they passed happily on.

Teodoro's face fell. It had taken all

them, and he felt their refusal like a

"Never mind, Tedi," said Adriano, cheerfully." You shall go the ball ing carelessly to each other in Spanish, yourself. The fairy godmother has a language they took for granted the ent for you.' And will the princess be there?"

asked Teodoro, innocently.
"To be sure, and she will ask you

"How do you know? What a boy to ask questions! Of course I had it from the fairy godmother herself."

Teodoro was greatly excited. He could not walk home in the conventional way, but frisked like an ungainly colt, had to be called to order a dozen times. He had never been to a party in his life. He knew a great deal about loneliness and poverty and work, about sorrow and war and death, but about s and dances, pretty children and dresses, he was very ignorant. gay dresses, he was very ignorant. He had been behind the scenes at the opera sometimes, when they were repre-senting a ball or a fete, but there one saw the powder and paint, saw the faces before the smiles were put on, saw the machinery and makeshifts. There was no illusion, no spontaneity, no sense of joy, of happiness. The poor boy, who had had little of child-hood's joys, and had grown too fast into manhood, clung to childish ideas no sense of joy, of happi of things he had never known. He liked to read childish books, liked play childish games, and chose the littlest boys in school for his especial

friends. "And now, Adriano, what shail I

This was a grave question. They had reached their rooms now, and Teodoro had scoured face and hands mercilessly brushed all the pretty

curl out of his hair.
"You see, Tedi, I never dreamed of your becoming a society man so soon, and I fear I have not provided a suitable outfit for you. Under the circumstances, I think you had best wear your Sunday uniform. In fact, you have nothing else but your travelling-suit, which would look as if you were in a hurry to leave, and that would not be polite."

So the best blue uniform was brought out and Oreste pressed into the service, Oreste was the Darettis' young Italian valet, who had been with them since before their mother's death. It was not a hard service, as the young men were very independent and did much for themselves, but Oreste was always for themselves, but Oreste was always wide-awake and interested, and adored his young masters. He blue uniform with zealous care, and polished the best looking pair of shoes.
"Oreste, you careless fellow! you've

laid out three socks."
"Well, you needn't put on but two, Now, Tedi, hold observed Adriano. How can you expect me to tie your cravat straight when you are dancing jigs with the chairs? No wonder Oreste thought you had an unusual number of legs."

At last the blue uniform was safely

buttoned on, the stiffest and wides collar picked out, and the white cravat An eton jacket could hardly be said to be becoming to the lad's figure. It seemed to make his long limbs look longer and thinner than

'If people would only look at his face first they would not think of figure," thought Adriano. "Stand up straight and look proud!" he added, aloud. "You will think a great deal of your height some day.
"I think too much of it already, and

so do other people," objected Teodoro.
"I wouldn't think so much of it if
there wasn't so much of it to think of," "It's lucky we have the assurance of Holy Scripture that you cannot add to your stature in that way," remarked Adriano; "but there is something else for you to employ your mind on, and we saw the Chasseurs, to our relief, swing about and attack the enemy's is a pretty speech to make in your to the fairy very best flank. The boy had picked his way through the thick of the battle, crawlmother. Now hold your head back and do credit to your bringing up," and he gave his brother a last critical glance or over the bodies of the dead and followed by an affectionate hug and inded, and protecting himself be-

kiss, under cover of which he slyly ruffled up the smoothly plastered hair into a more becoming disorder, and then the brothers started down the stairs together. It was a pretty scene in Madame Valorge's salon: Disdier's four daugh ters and some of their intimate friends, the two San Roque girls, Julia and Trinidad Montufer, and other little

ladies of the Spanish colony of Paris, ranging from eleven to fifteen years o age, all in bright, pretty dresses.

There were boys, also, caiefly brothers of the different little ladies, about the same in number and years.

Teodoro felt utterly bewildered as they came on the bright scene.

was conscious that Adriano was lead-ing him up to an elderly lady and introducing him to her as the fairy godmother. That was the signal for little speech, but he could remember "So this is 'le Petit,' the tiny fel-

low that I have overlooked so long, said the grandmother, laughing pleas-antly and she introduced them both to a tall young lady standing at her side, named Catalina, to whom Adriano was soon making pretty speeches enough to make up for any number of delinquent

brothers. Teodoro was miserable. His eye had fallen upon some of his schoolmates present, Roque and Jaime de San Roque, Diego and Ignacio Montufer, and Blaise Oeglaire, and he quickly noticed that not one of them was wearing the school uniform. All were clad in broadcloth suits, and the tallest ones, Blaise Oeglaer and Roque de Roque, even wore coats. Poor Teodoro San coats.

wretchedly out of place and wanted to run away.
"He! Petit! how did you come called out Blaise Oe sounded rude and patronizing, and

Teodoro's cheeks burned. He would have liked to knock Blaise down on the spot, but he felt that this was neither the time nor the place. e time nor the place.
"Is the young man in buttons a gendarme or a lackey?" asked one of the little Spaniards in her own lan-

grage. Teodoro's face fell. It had taken all the timid's boy's courage to address girl's face," said another.

"And the figure of a giraffe," added a third.
They all laughed. They were talk-

blond stranger would not understand. But, unfortunately, Teodore understood. He had been born in Mexico, when his father was aide-de-camp to the Emperor Max. Spanish had been the first language of his childhood, and he understood the careless little girls only too well. He could hardly choke back the tears, and looked agonizedly round for Adriano. But Adriano had slipped out of the room with the tall girl called Catalina and had cruelly left him to his fate. The sound of music him to his late. The sound of music struck up now. The other boys went forward and asked the young girls to dance. Teodoro, left alone, slipped forlornly back and edged into the farthest corner. No one seemed to notice him, and he hoped they would forget his presence. He had supposed that his presence. He had supposed that parties would be all gayety and happi-ness, but he did not know when he had been so unhappy and gloomy. "If this is a party, I don't like parties," he

muttered, cynically.

They were all dancing now, a graceful quadrille. Blaise Oeglaire was leading the dance with pretty Lolita Disdier. Blaise looked very successful and smiling and self-conscious, and all Teodoro's bitterness of spirit cen-

tred on him.
"He is my enemy; he began it; he The is my enemy; ne began it; he put them 'll up to mocking me,' thought the sensitive lad. "He is my enemy, and I hate him!"

The gay music made him feel more gloomy and bitter than ever. He slipped farther back into his corner, feeling homesick and corn and watch.

feeling homesick and sore, and watching the dancers with eyes half wistful, half vengeful. We ought to pray for our enemies

and those who despitefully use us," "Oh, I want to go home! riano! I want Oreste! thought. want Adriano! I want can't hear these wicked people. Please. God," he added, desperately—" please, God, take Blaise Oeglaire to heaven

when he dies—I hate him so !"
Oh, what if he should be so childish and unmanly as to cry-he, fifteen years old and nearly six feet high! tears were very near and it burt him to swallow. Perhaps he might slip out, now that all were busy, just made a movement to start when a soft little hand was thrust into his, and he heard a soft voice say, "Will you

dance with me?"

He looked down. He liked little things and children, and this was a little child, and her brown eyes were sweet and friendly. "Are you the princess?" he asked,

simply.
She looked delighted. She loved fairy-tales, and responded with enthusi-

asm. "Yes. I am the princess. You have perils. This is my enchanted castle, and my name is Espiritu Santo!

CHAPTER IV. "Graceful and slender, Light as a fawn, Loving and tender, Bright as the dawn."

-From the German "Where is your brother? I do not

find him anywhere," asked Madame Valorge of Daretti, half an hour later. 'I want him to join in some games.'

Adriano had enjoyed his share of the

Adriano had enjoyed his share of the party very much. He had made himself agreeable to the mammas of the young people, and he had danced with tall, dreamy-eyed Catalina Disdier, who glanced with awe and reverence at the distinguished opera-singer at her side; he had carried on humorous love-pass-ages with Madame Delepoule, whose particular pet he was, and he had made his your boot his very best manners to the beautiful Marchioness of Palafox, telling her of his meeting with her husband, whose kind remembrance of his parents had left such an impression on Adriano's

"Teodoro missing!" And Adriano looked troubled.

"Then I fear he has run away in a fit of shyness. "Margara," called Madame Valorge. to a young girl who was passing by,

you know where the young Count Daretti is-the tall youth in the blue uniform ? 'He is probably being well enter-

ained," replied the young girl, gayly,
"for Espiritu is missing, too. We had tained," hunt for them both together,' and she opened an adjoining door and peeped slyly in. "Look!" she cried, them a bright, picturesque turning to face, which Daretti recognized as one he had seen in the carriage-window that afternoon. They looked into the room, Senor

Disdier's den, and there were the cul-prits, Theodoro seated on a low ottonan, his elbows supported on his knees, his chin resting on his hands, his fac turned upward towards the pretty child. who sat curled up on the table looking down at him, while she glibly rattled off a thrilling tale of knights in armor of wizards and dragons, of lovely ladies riding through the forest, and terrible encounters with the powers of evil. She was evidently nearing the crisis of the story, for her cheeks were pink with excitement and her eyes as big as saucers.

"And Orlando raised his sword and dealt him a mighty blow which hurled him to the ground, where he foamed with rage, and the blood gushed from his side and formed living serpents that twisted round and reared their heads at Oralando. But he was nothing afraid, for God was with him, and he slew the serpents, cutting off their heads with a single stroke of his enchanted sword!"

so fair a creature could be so blood-thirsty!" whispered Adriano. hirsty!" whispered Adriano.
"Hush! Let us leave them alone to finish the story in peace. They seem so perfectly happy it would be a pity to disturb them."

Adriano looked lovingly after Theo doro as he softly closed the door. do verily believe he has found his prin-cess," he thought. "Poor, dear boy, how glad I am to see that happy look

too, might find one, if I only knew where to look for her."

He glanced across the room to where
Catalina Disdier had been standing, but
she had moved away, and his eyes

moved away, and his eyes sought her in vain.

ought her in vain.

"Are you looking for any one? Can
I help you?" asked a pleasant young
voice by his side. He started. He had quite forgotten the presence of the bright-faced maiden who had found Teodoro for them. He looked down at her with an amused smile. It would be rather hard to explain exactly who it was he was looking for! 'No doubt you could help me, Dona

Margarita, you who are so discreet, so reasonable! I was looking for some one whose kind heart would prompt her to

"It was so evidently not myself that you sought," said the young girl with a mischievous flash in her merry eyes,

a mischievous hash in her herry cyce,
"that my discretion overcomes my
natural kind-heartedness and Heave you
to your search," and dropping him a
formal little courtesy, she was gone before he could find a rejoinder.

"I am afraid Margara San Roque is
"I am afraid Margara San Roque is more than a match for you, Adrien," said Madame Delepoule, laughing at his discomfiture. "But now you must his discomfiture. "But now hear my pupil, Catalina, sing. hear my pupil, Catalina, sing. She is a born artist, and I have just succeeded in overcoming her grandmother's scruples, and am beginning to prepare

her for the stage.' Catalina Disdier now stood by the piano, tall, dreamy-eyed, with a face of irregular but picturesque beauty. Her voice rose, full, rich, and sweet, a drained in fix his mind of anything. His thoughts kept wander ing off into fairy-land, and happy smile matic mezzo-soprane of unusual compass and power. The musical nature of would chase across his face. Then he would glance towards the piano where the girl and her fine dramatic instinct showed plainly in the intelligence and grace of phrasing and shading, the fire and and truth of accent. She had caught eye bility and breadth of style. There were splendid possibilities open to such voice guided by such a teacher. The young audience was full of enthusiasm.

After the song, a lad of fourteen, gnacio Montufer by name, stood up in the middle of the floor, his young companions gathering in a circle around sm, and, bowing ceremoniously and left, he began to declaim a selection from the Spanish of Calderon de la Barca with considerable spirit and confidence. At the end he was loudly applauded, but yielded the floor to Roque and Pepilla de San Roque, who spoke very intelligently in French the logue from "Athalie" between Ma between Mathan and the little Joas. This delighted the and the little Joss. I'ms designed the audience immensely, and then the tall, good-looking French youth, Blaise Oeglaire, by name, gave them a comic recitation. There was some danger that this entertainment might go on indefinitely, as the young people all seemed proficient and willing, but just then refreshment, were announced, and occupied young and old till the hour for dispersing struck, when there was

general call for a farewell dance. "Where are the children, Pepilla San Roque and Espiritu Disdier? They must dance for us! Margara, play the iota: the children must dance.

Teodora and his small companion had stolen back into the room at the first note of Catalina's singing, for Teodoro had a very musical nature and always drifted towards the piano sooner or later. Espiritu had not left his side from the first moment she had thrust her small hand into his. She looked up

into his face now.

"They want me to dance the jota with Josefa de San Roque. If I leave you, will you wait here till I come

Teodoro promised readily enough. His happiness shone on every feature of his beautiful, delicate face, "Too beautiful for a boy," thought Madame Valorge—" too beautiful and sensitive. He does not look as if he were long for And she gazed with some this earth." anxiety into the light-blue eyes with their fringe of upward curling lashes. But the eyes were bright and healthy, and they smiled at her gratefully. She beckoned to him to sit beside her on the sofa.

"You have given my little girl great pleasure to-day," she said, kindly. "She is delighted to have so tall a companion, and one who can tell her such nice stories, and who will listen so well to hers.

Teodoro blushed like a rose, and his blue eyes smiled at her more gratefully and tenderly than ever. "We have so and tenderly than ever. "We have so much to say to each other," he said, enthusiastically. "We should always find something more to say if we saw each other every day for years and years and years," and he looked radi-ant at the thought of a future of such companionship.
"You shall see each other as often as

you like," said Madame Valorge, warm-ly. "You must feel that this is your home and that you are one of us. The home and that you are one of us. The children have never had a brother, so you look finer and handsomer than they. you see there is an empty place among us waiting for you to fill it!'

Teodoro took her hand, and bending his blond head over it kissed it with reverent courtesy, for, however awkward in his movements generally, the lad was always graceful and chivalrous in his manners.

And now the bright-faced Margara was at the piano, playing one of the national dances with immense vivacity and swing. The floor was cleared of obstructions, and the pretty children, one blond and one brunette, but both plump, well-formed, and graceful, began the slow, stately dance. The children took their dainty steps, gesturing and posturing after the fashion of national As the dance grew more animated and the figures more complicated the accompaniment entered into its spirit. The young pianist marked the rhythm with sure touch, throwing in a number of brilliant embellishments 'Heavens! Who would have thought with ready inventiveness.

"She has certainly extraordinary facilty," thought Darretti, and he moved nearer the piano, to where he could watch both the key-board and the young musician. The spirit of fun had got into her, and there was such fantastic humor in one of the variations that Adriano laughed outright. She glanced up, laughing and dimpling, then, with a mischievous twitch in the on his face! It must be very nice to then, with a mischievous twitch in the thing have a princess. Who knows, but I,

suddenly dropped into a plaintive

mysterious minor.
...The witch ?'' thought Daretti.
...What will she do next ?'' And he drew smilingly yet nearer.

"Come, wake up there, orchestra!"
called out Jaime San Roque with
brotherly familiarity, and the girl
modulated into a gaver measure. The
movements of the little dancers became quicker, the audience clapped loudly, there was a vigorous rattle of castanets in the accompaniment, then the music closed and the children made their courtesies. Dona Margarita rose from the piano to follow them.
"Goodnight, princess," said Ad-

riano, with a courtly bow.
"Why do you call me, princess?"

she asked turning her head towards him to await the answer.

"Ah, you are curious. But that is

the privilege of your sex, and I as a man, can keep a secret," he answere teasingly. "Will you do me the hon to try to guess it, or," tenderly," shal I and my secrets be quite forgotter before we meet again?

"How can I tell?" she replied, demurely. "That will be something for you to guess. I, too," with an arch look, "sometimes have secrets." murely. There was a happy lad that night in

the fourth story of the house in the Beulevare Malesherbes. There was little studying for Teodoro. He bro his lessons into the salon as usual, and spread his books and papers out on the table, but he could not fix his mind on ing off into fairy-land, and happy smiles use and power. The musical nature of the grand her fine dramatic instinct and plainly in the intelligence and caught arace of phrasing and shading, the fire and truth of accent. She had caught puncthing of Hortense Delepoule's own amusement, and the boy would blush and laugh and hide his face in the pages of his Latin grammar, then pover the top, and hide again in lighted confusion. Once Adriano left the piano and crossed over to the table and shook him and pulled his hair ears, and called him an idle, bad boy and said fairy godmothers did'nt ap boys, and wouldn't le prove of idle em come to any more Teodoro was not much alarmed, for did not Adriano end by hugging him very tight and calling him the very sweetest laddie in all the world? However, he made one more effort to study, gathered up his books, leaving salon resounding to Adriano's glori-ous rich and sympathetic voice and to the magic of Casimir's touch, and be himself to the kitchen, where dwelt Oreste, the young man-of-all work to their little establishment.

"Oreste, I have come to read my history lesson with you," he explained, as the black-eyed young valet sprang up, bowed delightedly, and set a chair for him. "You haven't heard any for three days, so I will question you and see how much you remember about Turrenne and the Rhine campaign."

The lesson was satisfactory, for Oreste remembered very well everything except a few dates and the name of the German commander, which no Christian could be expected to remen He listened with closed attentio and interest while his young master read and expounded to him for three-quarters of an hour, when Adriano's voice

was heard calling them.
"You must finish your reading in my room, Tedi for Oreste has got to help me now. It is 9 o'clock and I must get into my dress-suit and pumps and at the Countess de Bthe other side of the river, where I am booked to sing at 10.15."

"There is no use trying to read while you are dressing. You do nothing but whisper to Oreste, so that he can't listen at all."
"I do it because I worry about his

head. I fear it is expanding too rapidly under your instruction. I bought him a new hat only last week and I cannot afford another soon. It is a terrible strain on a fellow to provide for a growing family, and I shall break down under it if I have to keep up with Oreste's head as well as you legs. It is time you went to bed, Tedi, to sleep off some of your wisdom. Oreste, now, could stop awake all night without danger of becoming too wise!"
"Will you come and bid me good-bye before v

fore you go?"
"Do I ever forget to do so, baby-

So Theodoro went off contentedly, and when Adriano came into his roo fifteen minutes later the boy was aleady lying in his narrow He gave a joyous kick to the bedelothes and sat up. "Turn up the light, brother, and let us see how you look! Oh, but I like you in your black dress-coat! I think you look handsomer in coat! I think you look handsomer in black than in your stage dress, for it is one knows that it really is so, and no because of your dress. Those are nice studs, so quiet one hardly sees them. Are you going to wear that diamond ring?"

"I meant to, Tedi. Most of the

young men wear rings, and the King of Bavaria gave me this. Don't you like

little too much in evidence; but if you like to wear it for the king's sake, I suppose it is all right.' 'I will not wear anything that does not meet with your full and instant ap-

"It is so large, I thought it was a

proval. Is there anything else to criticise before I go?"
"No, brother." And Teodoro held

out his arms for a good bye hug.

Adriano came and sat by him on the bed. "Said your prayers, baby-boy?" he asked.

"Yes, brother." "And put your clothes to air and your boots to be blacked?" Yes, yes; everything.

"Then good-night, sleep well, and have lovely dreams about balls and princesses. Ah! don't hug me so tight or you will spoil my shirt-front and the beautiful tie Oreste took such pains with. There now, lie down, like a good

boy, and let me tuck you up!"
But Teodoro's head did not rest easily on the pillow. He evidently had some-thing to confide. Adriano bent over solemnly.
"Oh,; don't don't you thin Espiritu Sant

"Adriano, think—"he wh "Very rar

JUNE 3,

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