

ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

CHAPTER III.

As the great eye of heaven shined bright And made a sunshine in the shady place.

That afternoon, punctually at 3 o'clock, the doors of the College St. Ignace opened and poured forth a living stream of boys—boys of all ages and 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 military caps and Eton jackets. Some 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 shopping, stopped to pick up their sons or brothers.

Adriano, the young opera singer, had taken his stand among a group of gentlemen near the central door. He was recognized by Don Gaspar Montefur, who came forward and shook him cordially by 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 Daretto. "I trust you will often allow them to go with us. They are a fine pair of lads." "Willingly, if you will promise to rid yourself of them as soon as they become 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 do me the favor of an introduction?" "With pleasure, marquis," Chevalier Daretto, this gentleman asks to make your acquaintance. May I present Don Luis de San Roque, Marquis of Palafox?"

The two men stood stiffly erect, formal their heads, and exchanged low, fared bows, after the approved French fashion. Then the marquis held out his hand to the young man. "I felt that we should know each other, chevalier," he said. "You bear your father's name. I was one of the Papal Zouaves, and fought by his side in 1867."

"Surely I ought to remember you!" exclaimed Daretto, taking the offered 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."

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 if they had been separated half a year instead of half a day.

"I regret, gentlemen," said the marquis, "that my wife is not here as usual to-day. It will be her disappointment. But I shall call upon your 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 discretion are my daughters Dona Margarita 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 thought it would be rude to remind their father of the fact before the strangers. He was a considerate papa, however, and soon bowed himself free from the young men, stepped into 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 about 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 Daretto that I just presented to you."

"Theodore's big brother!" exclaimed Jaime. "Why did you not tell us before?" "Because I had not recognized in the tall, elegant, fashionably dressed young man the ragged, dusty, heart-broken, terror-stricken child that I had last seen more than a dozen years ago in the din and smoke of battle."

"But, papa, why do you call him terror-stricken, when you just said he 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, Colonel Mansfeld, was my superior officer. I was riding near him with General Charotte, 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 an order to the Chasseurs to make a flanking movement when a shell fell in our midst and exploded almost directly under Mansfeld's horse. The animal was literally blown to pieces, and the colonel fell with him, terribly mangled. The orderly was instantly killed. The poor child gave a fearful scream and fell on his knees by his father's side. We did our best to extricate Mansfeld, but it was impossible to staunch his wounds, it was only a question of minutes 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 fearful and dangerous errand, one chance in ten that he 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 brothers! 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 your stature in that way,' remarked Adriano; 'but there is something else for you to employ your mind on, and very soon, French soldiers, the fairy godmother. Now hold your head back and do credit to your bringing up,' and he gave his brother a last critical glance followed by an affectionate hug and kiss, under cover of which he slyly ruffled up the smoothly plastered hair to a more becoming disorder, and then the brothers started down the stairs together."

them, and he felt their refusal like a rebuff. "Never mind, Tedi," said Adriano, cheerfully. "You shall go the ball yourself. The fairy godmother has sent for you."

"And will the princess be there?" asked Teodoro, innocently. "To be sure, and she will ask you to dance."

"How do you know?" "How do I 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, and 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 fetes and dances, pretty children and gay dresses, he was very ignorant. He had been behind the scenes at the opera sometimes, when they were representing 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 childhood joys and had grown too fast of things he had never known. He liked to read childish books, liked to play childish games, and chose the little boys in school for his special friends.

"And now, Adriano, what shall I wear?" 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 haven't 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 Orete pressed into the service. Orete was the youngest of the young Italian, 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 Orete was always wide-awake and interested, and adored his young masters. He brushed the blue uniform with zealous care, and polished the best looking pair of shoes. "Oreste, you careless fellow! you've laid out three socks."

"And the figure of a giraffe," added a third. They all laughed. They were talking carelessly to each other in Spanish, a language they took for granted the blond stranger would not understand. But, unfortunately, Teodoro 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 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 parties would be all gaiety and happiness, 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 centered on him. "He is my enemy; he began it; he put them 'il 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 sore, and watching the dancers with eyes half wistful, half vengeful. "We ought to pray for our enemies and those who spitefully use us," he thought. "Oh, I want to go home! I want Adriano! I want Oreste! I can't bear these wicked people. Please, God," he headed, 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! The tears were very near, and he began to hurt him to swallow. Perhaps he might slip out, now that all were busy, and steal home unobserved. He had 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 enthusiasm. "Yes, I am the princess. You have just found me, after many trials and perils. This is my enchanted castle, and my name is Espiritu Santo!"

CHAPTER IV. "Gracious and slender, Loving and tender, Bright as the dawn." —From the German. "Where is your brother? I do not find him anywhere," asked Madame Valore of Daretto, half an hour later. "I want him to join in some games."

Adriano had enjoyed his share of the party very much, and he had made himself agreeable to the mamma of the young girl, 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-passages with Madame Delepoile, whose particularly pet he was, and he had made 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 heart.

too, might find one, if I only knew where to look for her." Catalina Disdier had been standing, but she had moved away, and his eyes sought 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 ask me to dance!

It was so evidently not myself that you sought," said the young girl with a mischievous flash in her merry eyes, "that my discretion overcomes my natural kind-heartedness and I leave you to your search," and dropping him a formal little courtesy, she was gone before he could find a rejoinder.

I am afraid Margarita San Roque is more than a match for you, Adrián," said Madame Delepoile, laughing at his discomfiture. "But now you must 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 dramatic mezzo-soprano of unusual compass and power. The musical nature of the girl and her fine dramatic instinct showed plainly in the intelligence and grace of phrasing and shading, the fire and truth of accent. She had caught something of Hortense Delepoile's own nobility and breadth of style. There were splendid possibilities open to such a voice guided by such a teacher. The young audience was full of enthusiasm.

After the song, a lad of fourteen, Ignacio Montufur by name, stood up in the middle of the floor, his young companions gathering in a circle around him, and bowing ceremoniously right 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 dialogue from "Athalie" between Marhan and the High Priest. This delighted 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 a general call for a farewell dance.

"Where are the children, Pepilla San Roque and Espiritu Disdier? They must dance for us! Margarita, play the jota; the children must dance."

suddenly dropped into a plaintive, mysterious moan. "The witch?" thought Daretto. "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 gayer 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 Adriano, 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 as a woman, can keep a secret," he answered, teasingly. "Will you do me the honor to try to guess it, or," tenderly, "shall I and my secrets be quite forgotten 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." There was a happy lad that night in the fourth story of the house in the Boulevard Malesherbes. There was little studying for Teodoro. He brought 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 anything. His thoughts kept wandering off into fairy-land, and happy smiles would chase across his face. Then he would glance towards the piano where Casimir Choulex and Adriano were studying some new opera, and he would catch Adriano's eye fixed on him with tender amusement, and the boy would blush and laugh and hide his face in the pages of his Latin grammar, then peep over the top, and hide again in delighted confusion. Once Adriano left the piano and crossed over to the table and shook him and pulled his hair and ears, and called him an idle, bad boy, and said fairy godmothers did not approve of idle boys and wouldn't let them come to any more balls; but 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. He gathered up his books, leaving the salon resounding to Adriano's glorious rich and sympathetic voice and to the magic of Casimir's touch, and he took 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 man 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 Turrence 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 remember. He listened with closed attention 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," Teodoro said sternly. "It is 9 o'clock and I must get into my dress-suit and pumps and be at the Comtesse de B—'s musicale on the 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."

"Adriano, do think—'he who thinks—' Very rarely, solemnly. "Oh, don't don't you think Espiritu Santo to be a writer of fact. On Tuesday "Why Priest congregation study as its ecclesiastical non-Catholics, front seats. fore, no doubt. years was inspired. Catholic, were in tage in an education vanishing common to which seems a lie. A minister front. A soloist of after which B. the rector, B. a seat in the J. Buckley for choir. The first sung the First E. read, the con. The question "How do pri give sin? "Does not to sin?" by the fact it was referred ed that men without sorrow ment. "I Catholics do one writes in humble and it is a gift of it in all will receive obstacle. To God to direct though they Himself. forced persons validly marry in his or her does the Catholics within drunkards, I it mission, I one save sin which the Church te not enter the only sin sees of respectable, I Pride is a God. It is sin of angels man's lower ar rises her wardly respel sinner is sel Catholics all "This is the at this church asked" said Catholic boy he continue read the B every Sun These were asked. Fa lecture, Fa stance as fo. Among ing truths agreed: the admiration is good and is included. In praise ar tolled it with a we go wife and love fo Livy tells manded to those who assume the public by the debase presence of ferioity and instinr purity shou we instinr is pure as our nature by God, likeness, going out giving us matter. To this the Catho culated and excellent on is on He extoll said: "She who" they sha Go bac olie Chur young man seek all a purity a "Come I fore us,