## A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER XII.

LE DETROIT. The banquet-hall of the old Chateau presented a picturesque scene to the Governor's guests upon the evening of this farewell dinner. The lights of many candles shone upon the rare pel many candies shone upon the rare per-tries, the tapestries and painticgs, the anters and deer heads on the walls, and caught an answering gleam from the sabres crossed above the chimney-piece. The table with its fine napery, silver, and glass, for richness compared favorably with those I had seen in the Old World, and around the generous board were gathered a company as illus-trious, as was to be met in New France. There as host sat Hector Louis Callieres, the Royal Representative on his left was the Chevalier de Cham on his left was the Odevatier to Cham-pigny; in the circle I recognized Jacob de Marsac, Dagneaux Douville, De Montigny, the Sieur de Repentigny, Montigny, Godfroy de Tonnancour, the Sieur de Lavallee Rene, Michel Trottier, Sieur

de Beaubien, and others.

Monsieur de Cadillac of course occu pied the place of honor at His Excel-iency's right hand, and truly he graced

Swittly the time sped as the wine went round, and festivity, wit and brilliant repartee were the order of the

As the mirth waxed louder, my attention was attracted by a slight com-motion at the door of the hall, and presently an attendant approaching the Governor said something to him in a

" Messieurs," cried His Excellency, turning to the company, "an old sorceress asks permission to read the future
for you; snall she be admitted?"
"Verity yes! by all means," rang

for you; snall she be admitted;
"Verity yes! by all means," rang
the gay response around the table.
"Monsieur 1e Gouverneur, would it not be well for us to change places that she may not recognize any one by the

position he occupies at the board? suggested Godfroy de Tonnancour. proposal was quickly adopted and when the party were once more seated, the fortune-teller was conducted

She was a tall woman, almost masculine in appearance, dark - skinned, withered, and notwithstanding her withered, and however, and however, and how every detect bearing, evidently quite old. Upon her shoulder was perched a crow with draggled plumage. The bird cawed shrilly as it found itself in the midst of a blaze of light. At sight of this ugly and bizarre witch and her familiar of evil omen, I must confess l feit a slight uneasiness, and quietly crossed the first and second fingers of my right hand to ward off any harm that might threaten from the presence or auguries of the hag, whose piercing black eyes seemed to read the soul of every man, as her glance roved from one

another of the testive company.

"How are you called, dame?" demanded His Excellency, leaning back in his chair, and looking as though he half regretted having permitted her to

"I am known as La Jongleuse," she answered in a voice that had not, despite her age, entirely lost its natural

Well, sage woman, these gentlemen are willing to test your art, continued De Calliers, "but I warn you, read them good fortunes; for here in this New World, where life hold so many chances and mischances, we like not unpleasant auguries.

"I decipher what is written in the palm and on the countenance of each one who consults me, Your Excellency," replied the witch; "it is not for a e either to add to or alter what I see there set down.'

The sorceress proceeded around the merry jest extended his hand for her keen scrutiny, she studied it closely, following its times with her thin finger, sometimes breaking forth into guttural exclamations of satisfaction, again shak ing her head ominously; nor did the attempt to disconcert her by the changing of places prove in the least effect-To each man she told some inci dent of his past, or matters that showed her to be at least marvellously shrewd in her divinations, and ventured also a prediction for the future. More than of these latter I have since heard At last she came to La of as verified. Mothe, who had dropped into the chair

As her sharp eyes peered into his andsome, strongly marked face, they flashed brighter, and when he held out his hand she caught it eagerly; at the same moment the crow flattering its wings stretched forward and viciously exed at him.

This attack was greeted by a round his fellow officers of lively sallies from his fellow officers but checking the bird by a tap upon it head, and with a look compelling silence, the sibyl began to read the

destiny of my dear brother.

Of what she said I remember well-

nigh every word, so strange it was.
"Ah, chevalier," she cried, "yours is, forsooth, no common fate. You will soon undertake a long and perilous voyage; you will found a great city lands and money shall be yours." hesitated and turned away.

Stay! that is not all," urged Alack, monsieur, I do not wish to

tell you further; I was to predict for the gentlemen only pleasant things, is " Chut, it is my will that you dis-

close to me all you can discern of my future," protested La Mothe, with im-

patience.

"So be it then, mon chevalier," replied the hag. "Alas! now I see your star obscured by clouds. Your colony will be rent by dissensions; you will pursue a mistaken policy with the Indians and they will prove treacherous. The English will one day posses your city. They will tear down the fleured a lis, but their standard shall one fleur-de lis, but their standard shall one Under a new flag your city will attain a prosperity wind rippled the surface of the river. Your city will come to any town in New France. You, however, will the sunlit current; freighted as were day be torn down.

wander far from it; for a sesson you will rule in a land of summer, but you will die in the country of your birth." "And my children, will they inherit

these estates and riches whereof you speak?" murmured Cadillac, half to himself.

"I cannot say for certain," answered "I cannot say for certain," answered the witch, cautiously. "It will depend upon your own course. Do not be reckless in your ambition. One day the Nain Rouge will cross your path. Have a care; if you offend him, your property will be lost to your heirs, your name will be scarce known in the

city you are to found."
"Merci, wise mother, I shall not for get your warning," cried my brother in gay good humor, as he pressed a coin into her hand. There is but one part of your forecast which I do not conceive possible; namely, that the fleur-de-lis shall ever cease to float over any land I may settle. By a new flag you would say, I ween, but another Bourbon banner to replace the old, so long shall it wave."

A just interpretation, Sieur de la he," said the Governor, graciously, Mothe "And now, gentlemen, allow me to propose a toast to the success of the venture whereof our friend the sorcer-ess must of a surety have got wind." "A toast, a toast!" echoe-uest, as he sprang to his feet. echoed each

guest, as he sprang to his feet.

Once more the silver cups were filled to the brim with the deep red wine, once more they were raised aloft. All eyes turned upon Cadillac, as he stood before the company, bold, nonchalant, snirited, daring.

spirited, daring.
To the future beautiful city of Le

Detroit," cried Monsieur de Callieres, with enthusiasm.

They drank the toast gayly.

"And to the good fortune of our brave Sieur de Cadillac," continued

His Excellency.

The sentiment was readily applauded in still another bumper of Bordeaux, and forthwith the company broke up.
The next morning, it being the eighth
day of March, 1701, we left Quebec for

Although I had been at home since Although I had been at home since the summer before, on only a few occa sions had I been able to see our dear Barbe, or as I must now frequently name her in these memoirs, Madame de Chateauguay. She had lived in great seclusion at her seigneury on the St. Lawrence, coming down to Quebec but two or three times. but two or three times.

When the date was set for our de parture, however, Therese sent a letter to apprise her that Cadillac and I would stop at Chateauguay to bid her adieu,

which we accordingly did.

So pale and wan was she that my heart bled when I saw her thus, and told her as much with gentleness—I who had been went to comfort the little griefs of her childhood. I begged her, too, not to be in over haste to enter the convent, as it was rumored vas her intention; and she heeded my words as to demurely pro-mise that she would consider well be ore taking so serious a step.

Our Sieur and I made the voyage to Ville Marie without further incident of

Three months passed ere the expedition was ready to start. To avoid a possible attack from the Iroquois, Monieur de Callieres had decreed that w should take the upper route, by way of the Grand River of the Outawas.

At length, on the fifth day of June we set out from La Chine with fifty soldiers and an equal number of arti-

sans and traders.

Monsieur de Tonty, who had come back from Michilimackinac, was my brother's captain; Messieurs Dugue and Chacornacle were the lieutenants Monsieur Vaillant came as missionary to the Indians, and for our chaplain at the post, I found, to my great joy, that we were to have one whose name has been indeed long absent from these memoirs, yet whose influence for good table, and as in turn each officer with I might write down upon every page of my life. The dear friend of my hood, Father Constantin del Halle, to go with us as the first cure of Le Detroit.

As we gathered for the start on that bright June morning, our little convoy of twenty five canoes made a brave pageant on the sparkling waters of the river. There in the sunshine were the oldiers in their blue coats with white facings, the artisans in their blouses, voyageurs and coureurs de beis the with leathern jerkins brightly broidered with porcupine quills, red caps set jauntily on their dark heads, and upon their swift feet gaudy Indian moccasins; the black robed Jesuit and the gray frocked Recollect missionaries holding aloft the Cross beside the banner of St. Louis; the officers resplendent their gorgeous uniforms and white plumed cavalier's hats. Truly, the picture they presented must have de-lighted the eyes of the habitans and dignitaries who thronged upon the green banks of the stream to watch our

eparture. Monsieur de Cadillac was the last to embark. Having seen that all arrangements were complete, he stepped into his canoe and it was pushed out from the strand. Still, however, he stood erect, a most imposing figure in his azure habit with its crimson sash, a scarlet mantle thrown back from his a scarlet mantle thrown back from his shoulders, his sword by his side, and the breeze stirring the long thick locks of his black hair, as he waved his chapeau in a last adieu to the friends

upon the store.
It was, I think, one of the most thrilling moments of even his adven-turous life, and as I looked upon him ny own heart bounded with a sense of exultation. Were we not going to take possession of a new and most fair land; to plant a colony whither, according both to the missionary's prophecy and the prediction of the sorceress, the the prediction of the sorceress, the trade of all the world should one day come? Were we not going to set up the lilies of the Bourbon at the Gates

of the West and say to the English, "Ye shall come no farther!" With a joyous "Hoop la!" the bargemen bent to their task; there was a long sweep of gleaming oars another and another as though a brisk wind rippled the surface of the river.

the canoes with supplies and men, they leaped forward like the deer of the forest; on, on we pressed up the tide, and as we passed, the people of the little cotes along the water's edge came out to gaze after the expedition and to gry out to man a "Diens rous agues". ery out to us a "Dieus vous sauve

Soon the boatmen broke into a song, keeping time as they rowed to the

En roulant ma boule. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant. Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, En roulant ma boule. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant, En roulant ma boule— Avec son grand fusil d'argent, Visa le noir, tua le blanc, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, En roulant ma boule.

Oh fils du roi, tu es mechant, En rouiant ma boule— D avoir tue mon canard blanc, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.

Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule
Par les yeux lui sort'in des diamantes,
Et par le bec, l'or et l'argent,
Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule."

An interval of steady work followed, and then they raised another folk song

"Nous etions trois marins; Tra. lala, lala, lidera; Nous etions trois marins, Qui allions en voyage. On gal! ons en voyage

Thus with stout hearts and merry chansons, we floated onward until the sun set, and above its rosy afterglow the evening star shone in the western sky, like a beacon of promise to guide us still. When it was nearly dark, for the moon rose late, the boatmen made for a point on the margin of the stream where there was a little beach, and presently we stepped upon the sand, and the cances were pulled up out of sight among the trees that skirted th

Here in the thicket the men built fire and prepared our evening meal and here, having dined, we posted guard against a surprise from the

vages, and encamped for the night. Day after day, we continued our route, pressing on during the hours of light, and resting in the darkness of the forest; ever in danger from a savage foe, yet ever looking forward with glad hearts to the beautiful land of promise

beyond. It being the summer season, weather was for the most part clear and bright, and in the evenings when the monlight shone upon the waters, or glanced lance-like through the openings of the woods, one grew almost content thus to woo Nature in the wilderness; but now and again we had days of rain, with thunder and lightning, when, for-sooth, the jade appeared sullen enough, and we endured no little discomfort.

Often too, by the way there were mutterings and complaints, several of the men and one of the officers becoming disaffected.

The other officers were, happily, comrades and wasted no tin

Among the men, too, there were not a few who belonged of right to the estate of gentlemen—younger sons of our Canadian seigneurs, who from a love of adventure and a desire to better their fortunes had come to us as barge-men, voyageurs, and even as artisans, albeit 'twas afterwards discovered that these last must needs must be appren-

ticed to their trades. The voyage was not without its pleasures and pastimes. By day there were always news scenes to charm the eye and at night, when on the border of some grove or upon a pleasant island our camp fires were lighted, Monsieur de Cadillac and his brother officers gathered about the cheerful Well I recall these hours when we amused ourselves with gay conversation and reminiscences of bygone days, and my friends smok

The while, in the men's camp, there were laughter, jest, and frolicsome dancing, wherein the picturesque red capped forms of the voyageurs mingled with the painted figures of our Indian

couts. From the river Creuse which falls with rapid current into the Outawa we had a land carriage to another river, and thence a portage of two leagues to the Lake of the Nipicerines. Again, on the River "des Francois" there were short portages to avoid the five cataracts of the stream. From this point, however, the navigation easier, and in coasting along the Lake of the Hurons we met with many fair little islands which served us for

At length, after the thirty portages we had had in all, the broad the lake opened before us. Our voy ageurs made objections to venturing on its expanse out of sight of land; there fore we kept along the eastern shore, and finally some six weeks after we had left Montreal, our small flotilla reached the ruins of Monsieur du Lhut's abandoned trading post, Fort St. Joseph Having tarried to examine the place, our Sieur gave orders that we embark anew, and ere long we entered upon the river which the Baron la Honton described to his friends at Quebec as "the Neck," but which we now know

as the upper part of "the Strait." It was a tranquil scene, and on either hand the green, level country stretched away as far as the eye could reach, except where here and there

forest intervened.

Next we came to a curious place, nultitude of half-submerged islets where we saw Indians spearing fish, and where wild ducks and other water-fowl

abounded. We shot so great a number of the ducks that all available space in canoes was taken up with them. Then we floated onward over the placid waters of the little lake of St. Claire. Entranced by its peaceful loveliness,

I cried out-Ah, truly, mon chevalier, you did well to liken this clear lake to a shim-

mering pearl." "In its pure and retired beauty it forms to my mind a vraisemblance

the Blessed Claire in her cell," exclaimed Father Constantin, with pious enthusiasm.

On the margin of these fair waters we encamped, and the following day took to the canoes once more for the last stage of our voyage—a short one, as it proved, for after two or three hours, as we rounded a point at the southern extremity of the lake, we saw ahead of ns two islands.

"See yonder, illustrious Sieur, the two sentries set to challenge our progress," called Rene de Monteil, dit Sans Remission, one of the bargemen, to Monsieur de Cadillac.

"The island to the left, in its habit of rich verdure, puts me in mind of the courtier in velvet who guards the sleeping room of the King," I ventured in a low tone to Lieutenant Chacornacle, whose place in the boat was near to

" And that other enveloped in woods, has it not a likeness to a mysterious chief enwrapped in the folds of a fine pelt or blanket?" said Dugue, leaning

eross to us.
"Perchance the Manitou of the strait has stationed his spirits there to forbid our nearer approach to his resting place," I heard the soldier La Girofle place," I heard the soldier La Girone remark to his comrades in a neighboring

We will render them powerless, it any such evil spirits there be," said Father Vaillant, in a loud voice; and therewith he made the sacred sign over the island, while Frere Constantin murnured the formula used for the blessing of the new lands.

We passed the place unmolested Anon, at a signal from our Sieur, the boatmen rested their oars, and the graceful canoes of elm bark drifted on the current, as with a keen interest mingled with a feeling of awe we looked before us down the broad shining river, the real Detroit!

Monsieur de Cadillac rose from his

place in the canoe and surveyed the scene. It was a prospect to make the heart thrill with joy and thankfulness to God, Who has made Nature so surpassing

fair even in her remotest retreats and Who had brought us safe through so many peri's to this beautiful country.

The time was about three hours after noon on the twenty fourth day of July. midsummer heat was oppressive but for the nonce, I wot, not one of th

company was conscious of it.

Before us, with the sun shining full upon it, stretched the broad river, away, away, as far as the eye could reach : in the distance a glittering sea of gold and silver-near by a swift cur-

rent of sapphire waters.

On either side of the strait (as former voyageurs had told Cadillac ) lay fine verdant plains adorned with many fruit-trees. In the air was the frag-rance of the wild vines of the grape and of sweet growing plants, and at the sound of our voices a deer that had come down to the margin of waters to drink, bounded away and was lost in a clump of chestnut trees. I was rejoiced that of our party got a shot at his syl van majesty; at the moment, it seemed report of a musket would have grated on the ear of any man with

a love of Nature in his soul.

And so I think would our Sieur have felt had he marked the circumstance. But he? As he stood looking down the river, he seemed for a moment as one exalted, so that the eyes of all in the boats were turned upon him. A light not from the sunshine shone upon his face, and his form took on a grandeur as if the archangel Mishael had knighted him with his celestial sword.

For he was upon the threshold of his heaven given inheritance, and as he bared his head and raised his eyes to sky, I knew his prayer was some thing such as this,-

"O God, Thou hast delivered unto me great possessions. Praise and thanks-giving be unto Thee, and blessed be

So grand was his bearing that Chacorhispered me 'twas like a king come to his realm; and in truth, it greatly impressed all of the company. The moment passed; La Mothe looked down at the chart in his hand; the cap tain of the voyageurs, who had before come through these waters, gave a word to his rowers which caused them to bring him quickly alongside the bark

of Cadillac. According to the chart, a short distance below the two islands, there had once been an isolated Indian village called by the savages Teucha-Grondie The captain spoke a few words to our Sieur and pointed to the shore.

Then we glided on, until at a favor-able place on the westerly bank, Monieur de Cadillac gave the word for the beaching of the canoes. It was obeyed with alacrity, and anon the men leaped out and, uniting in willing energy, amid laughter, jest, and singing, dragged the boats far up on the pebbly strand.

A small number of Indians, Outawas and Hurons whose lodges were near, startled yet friendly, came running down to meet us, and we gave them presents of beads and cloth which we had brought from Montreal. On the crest of the green bank all of

the company fell on their knees, while the missionaries Del Halle and Vaillant with prayer and chant set up the symbol of Christianity.

Beside the Cross stood Monsieur de Cadillac, clasping the staff of the Royal Standard; indeed, to my mind the gold-en lilies gleaming on their white field

med fairer than as the silken

banner floated in the summer breeze above this oasis in the wilderness. And now, as the resolute band of offi-cers and soldiers, voyageurs, civilians, and coureurs de bois sprang to their feet once more, the clear rich voice of La Mothe awoke the echoes of the fair

solitudes,—
"I hereby take possession of this site and of the lands on both side of Le De troit, from the Lake of the Hurons to the Lake of the Eries, in the name of his August Majesty, King Louis XIV. of France, for the erection of a Fort and Trading - post according to the power nd authority granted to me by the Royal Minister, the most illustrious Comte Pontchartrain. And in virtue of the authority and powers vested in me as Commandant of this same, I decree

that this Post be called Fort Pontchartrain."

At these words he thrust the end the staff into the ground; the swords of Messieurs de Tonty, Dugue, Chacorn-acle, and my own as well, flashed in the sunlight, and there pealed across blue waters, and re echoed from the

triumphant cry,—
"Vive le Roi! Vive le Sieur Cadillac du Detroit!

"Thereafter the position for the to kade was selected, and in the near-by groves the axes of the woodsmen were soon ringing, that the first rude pretection of the post might be estab-lished by night."

Thus there was work of some kind for every one, while the sun sank to the west, leaving at last upon the face of the waters a rosy afterglow, wherein shone lights of amethyst and amber; and the stars came forth, and, later, the moor shone down upon the sturdy band of weary and houseless men sleep river bank, the first white settlers of Le Detroit.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE SPOT OF DREAMS.

Joy and trepidation were upon th school of Conrad the painter, in the old city by the Rhine. His pupils were to furnish designs for one of the cathe dral windows—an honor above words where only artists of note competed and it was clearly stated that the eartoon accepted must equal theirs in beauty and dignity. High ran the fire of emulation, and hot and long were the liscussions at night in the inns where

the apprentice painters congregated. scholar Conrad numbered among almost all the art promise of the country; and now Jalius, now Otto, now Albert was the name applauded. Had you asked Conrad himself, he would have told you, with clear eyes that had no guile in them, that he hoped the boy Hans would get the window; adding, with religious discretion, that the prize must, however, go always to the best. Among the fellow-students there was a doubt whether Hans would compete at all. They were accustomed to look upon him as a child—and a child he certainly was at heart. How could he expect-he who was nothing but a dreamer — to measure himself with them, the designers, the anatomists, the profoundly versed in composition? The attempt could only be idle. True, argued another, he would certainly fail; but his love for Holy Mary was likely to lead him to the attempt where she was to be the subject, even if strength

to achieve should be wanting. Hans passed by their open air tables as they spoke—a rather tall youth, slender, with the soft hair of childhood touching ear and neck under the round brown cap. He smiled, greeting them, but would not sit. Often he had said he did not like their tankards; and they had answered, mocking, he was not past the taste of milk. Better than the platz he loved the long, lone country roads in the twilight, the lines of poplars against the fading rose, the delicate breeze that scarcely spoke. There was, at the edge of the woods, a chapel dedicated to the Queen of Angels, and here he came almost every night, bringing wild flowers in his ands. Then he would lie on his back in the grass outside the sanctuary and wait for the stars to appear. Hans' wooing—the Blessed Virgin Mary and God's stars. No wonder Conrad said the lad had the soul of a poet.

Yet Hans made large demands upon his master's patience. He was dreamy, he was unpractical; he had a great way of saying to all demands That very day he said it again The designs were coming in f st, and Conrad had turned to the boy sharply and asked for his. To-morrow, sir," stammered the

culprit. "I would swear you have not even

begun it! I had not the idea."

"The idea, you son of Mischief, when you have the shape o you know you must fill that simple shape with an Assumption! What more idea would you like to have?" " I would like much, sir, to have an

idea of the Assumption."

The wizened old teacher lifted hands in despair. And Hans, much perturbed betock himself to the saying of Hail Marys. It was the only fount of inspiration he had never known to fail.

He was sad as he lay down that night

in the grass behind the chapel. But the wild apple boughs swayed gently above him; between them the sister stars pierced into the velvet blue, and the crescent moon stole silvery into view at the last glow of the horizon. Ere he knew it, they had lulled him to sleep. And then the boy Hans had an

extraordinary dream.

He was lying in the selfsame spot, made fresh and beautiful in spring-time, at the selfsame gloaming hour; and into that mysterious twilight scene, where the trial of red had been, grew a won-drous clear color like the mist and flame of opal. 

Woman with a face of joy unspeakable stood in the glory; while, at the edge of the light, angelic wheeled round her; from the shadowy meadow ascended incense of countle flowers-Hans had never guessed how the generous spot ran over with them; and the pulses of viols, beating in some rare melody, cadenced a song the sense of which he understood, the only the inarticulate throbbing of stringed instruments swelling to one grand choral: "Assumpta est Maria coelum; gaudent angeli, laudantes medicunt Dominum!"

Hans awakened through excess of happiness, and went stumbling home, half blind, half dazed. The road was intensely still, the heavens powdered He took a tallow dip and scratched a design-a mere blot with web-like lines. How he hated to do it! How impossible it would be for him ever to paint what he had seen! How his hand would deflower it! But she had given it to him, and so he must do his

On the morrow he did not go abroad. All that day, all the next, he worked in his little bare room, scarce taking food, unconscious if there was still any material world around him. All he

knew was that he had seen in sleep, smiling upon him, a face he could wait for until he should be dead. Strange perfumes crossed the air as he labored the flowers, he thought, of that wondrous meadow. He smiled pityingly at the pot of geraniums, the pot of besil on his window sill. The old woman with whom the student lodged wondered what strange thing the boy was trying to sing over his drawing in that close-shut room. But he traced a scroll at the base and wrote, feeling some agony of denudation in the words, Assumpta est. . . . He threw down when he came to her name.

The design was placed upon Conrad's easel the third day. The old man drew his breath sharply when he saw it, and looked about for the boy; but Hans had fled. Days elapsed before he returned; and then it seemed to the master he was sad, but neither spoke of the cartoon. week later one of the judges, meeting the painter on the street, congratulated

im warmly. Conrad's gladness had been ready long before, and now beamed out

"Ah! My Hans?" he chuckled. "Nay, good master; Ludwig has it."
"Ludwig? Gott im himmel! You have given it to Ludwig?"

"It was closely contested. But we do not like the yellow tone of Hans'; it admits too much light, and he ignore some of the main laws of glaziery. The whole figure would have to handled.

Conrad's head fell. He had not thought of the leading himself. He could well see how the lad would overdook it. And Ludwig had got the window. Loyally the old man tried to be glad, to be impartial, but the angry tears stung his eyes ; for he knew what tears stung his eyes; for he knew what quality of vision was in the design of Hans the dreamer, and Ludwig's natural tendency was toward the painting of hams and melons. Ludwig's cartoon was very careful, even elaborate. For life, with much corrections. ate. From life, with much correctness he had drawn Katrina, the innkeeper's daughter, in a blue dress and with her plump chin upturned. It was well com posed and true to nature. Conrad had seen Madonnas done like his before. But even that color feat of the boy Hans' painting, in the sweat of his brow, the mist and fire of the opal for brow, the mist and fire of the opal for St. Mary's glory—even that had told against him. It admitted too much

light. Conrad called the lad to him softly and told him as one tells of death. got no answer, and asked Hans what he

"Think, sir? I think it very natural. The work in it is execrable. But

I did my best."

And with that he went back to paint in the background of Conrad's "Holy Full soon he heard that the Family." Full soon he heard that the prize had gone to Ludwig and his stout wench in the fairing robe. It did not affect him very much; his whole soul had crave a share of work and glory in that stupendous Gothic structure he called in heart's heart the "spot of dreams;" but, since that was denied him, he did not care who was preferred. The sorrow that went deepest with him —and it did go to the core and the marrow—was that his Lady had refused his service. If she had had any pleasure in him, she would have let him work for her. He had thought that she indeed had helped him in his trouble; but, if

in error from the first. Lonely the boy wandered out to the Chapel of Angels, but he found no solace. His Lady and Mistress had repulsed his love. He came in the conlight to the minister, where day by day mallet and chisel rang, and joyous workmen crowded the scaffoldings stark in the blue. The flying arches sprang upward; everywhere the carven stone plossomed into flower and figure; and here, in the nether shadow, stood he, Hans, who was an orphan, had made an artist, but who neve would have a share in that. "Perhaps," would have a share in that. Terhaps, he said to himself—" perhaps I am not worthy to work for her." And so he went home, with his head low and his face white with pain in the moonlight. After that the old town and the school

ok him now, then he h'd beer

of Conrad saw the lad no more. Loud was the laughter when it was found that this child of dreams could be smitten with a jealousy of o intolerable and unforgiving that it drove him from friends and land. rad, who best knew the boy's sensitive ness, could but agree that disappointment and humiliation had proved too much for him. At heart he did not wonder that Hans would not endure the seeing of Ludwig's subject preferred. It was gall to his own soul. But the years passed, and no tidings came from

the wanderer.

Hans himself traveled on foot to the Netherlands and France and Italy, studying everywhere as he went.
Once and again he found a patron. Twice he set forth as a pilgrim to the Twice he set forth as a highin to the holy spots of Palestine; and at length, having won fame in the art-loving com-munes of Italy, he decided that this should be his home. From Bergamo a letter went to Conrad the painter; it brought no answer, and the realized it must be too late. turned back resolutely to the painting of Madonnas. By these Giovanni d'Alemagna had his greatest fame; though he was also an architect of no mean acquirements, and his designs requently prized above those of native

draughtsmen. So his skill grew and grew; and to everything he touched a peculiar grace of inimitable beauty was imparted. His was the artistry of the soul and eye and hand. And he had grown bluff and jovial. But there was one subject he could not speak of, and that was his boyhood's "spot of dreams." Some-times he would close his eyes and think about it. He had built cathedrals himself since that, but there was one from which, as a lad, he had been excluded, and the old wound would Travelers occasionally brought him, in scraps, tales of the solemnity and magnificence of that place.

One day the ineradicable desire of land and tongue, the passion of home-sickness often stifled, laid its spell so potently upon the aged painter he undertook the long, difficult journey for the first time. He could remember as