By Henrietta Dana Skinner. CHAPTER I.

"Veni, lumen cordium."-Whitsuntide Prosc. It was the feast of Pentecost. Paris was flooded with June sunshine, and its streets were gay with life. The city on a holiday is like one great family— fathers, mothers, and children, sisters, brothers, and lovers in happy groups sauntering through the Champs and the Cours la Reine, or walking rrily off to the more distant parks merrily off to the more distant parks and promenades of the suburbs. The Whitsunday church-going had by many been done early in the morning at one of the low Masses, and now the whole, beautiful, bright day was before them for their out-of-door holiday-making. The boulevards were thronged and the late breathers were being taken. Franch breakfast was being taken, French fashion, on the broad sidewalks, at tiny tables in front of the numerous cafes. and the air was full of the hum of gay

conversation.

Not for all, however, had the churchgoing been disposed of early. At 11 o'clock the pomp and ceremony of High Mass began in those edifices that are the glory of Christian Paris. The fashionable churches of the Camps-Elysees and the boulevards—the grand Metropolitan church, and innumerable others, ancient and modern, all were crowded to their utmost capacity. If one had been tempted to say a moment before, "All Paris is in the streets," now, on entering the cool precincts sacred buildings, one might well laim, "All Paris is at High Mass!"

St. Thomas d'Aquin, the parish church of the historic Faubourg Saint-Germain, is neither among the largest nor the most beautiful of the churches of the capital. But even for those who prefer the Gothic outlines of the older structures, or the sumptuous basilica style popular with modern ecclesiastical builders, St. Thomas has its charm, as representative of seventeenth-century architecture, and full of the atmosphere of courtly tradition. The ritual of Whit-Sunday was being carried out there in all the accustomed festal splendor of the place-the clergy in the sanctuary clothed in red vestments, the altar boys in lace cottas and silk sashes, the gentlemen of the fabrique in full-dress at their stalls, the gigantic Swiss guards at the doors in scarlet coats, white breeches and stockings, cocked hats on their heads, swords at their sides, and great battle-axes over their shoulders. The beadles, in black small-clothes, laced hats, silver chains and silver-headed maces, paced the aisles in solemn dignity, while the purple-robed acolytes flung their censers high into the air, catching them on the return swing in the manner peculiar to the

traditions of St. Thomas Among the congregation on this festival one noticed a number of musicians habit of frequenting this church, and whose faces were an air of alert atten-tion during certain musical portions of the service, which showed that although the spirit of worship might not be absent from their hearts, yet the motive that prompted them to satisfy this spirit at St. Thomas, rather than at any of the more famous churches of Paris, lay in some unusual musical attraction; for it was known that two phenomenal voices were to be heard publicly to-day for the first time in Paris—one a young baratone from Royal Opera at Milan, who had already won a remarkable reputation in the north of Italy and in Austria, the other that of his young brother, still a mere child, but said to be gifted with a voice such as only the angels in heaven are supposed to possess. The brothers were of an Italo-Austrian nobleman, an officer of the Papal Zouaves, who had been killed at Mentana. Many of his companions in arms—the noblest blood of France—were glad to welcome the ons of their old commander, and young Daretti, opera-singer as he been received with open arms into the most exclusive salons of the Legitimist

The introit, the Kyrie Eleison, the lesson had been intoned, the choir had chanted the "Emitte spiritum tinum," and then there came a solemn pause Amid deep silence the clergy prostrated themselves on the altar steps, the vicars knelt at their stalls, the gentlemen of the fabrique at their benches, the acolytes within the chancel, and the whole vast congregation at their prie-dieu. Sweetly piercing the stillness, arose the exe tones of a bo e Prose of the festival. boy-soprano Sancte Spiritus" sang the angelic voice. Sancte Spiritus" arose from choir in answering 'et emitte coelitus, lucis tu iradium.' Then again, in the pure high tones, upward souring like a bird, free and strong " Veni pater pauperum. Veni, pater pauperum. lumen cordium." "Come, O father of the poor! Come, O giver of good gifts! Come, O light of loving hearts!" "Veni, Veni!" answered the

There is a strange pathos in the beautiful voice of a boy, so soon to pass away, to change into we know not what. Hardly has the soul of the child developed to use its gift intelligently, feelingly, when it passes from him forever,

and we hear it no more.

The last "Veni' died away, there was a moment's hush, and rich, full tones of a noble barytone thrilled upon the air, glorious in power and sonority, and charged with that indefinable, sympathetic something that seems to magnetize the hearts of the hearers. Consolator optime,' sang, tenderly, "Dulces hospes animae, dulce refrigerium! In labore requies, in æstu temperies, in fletu solatium!'
"Veni, Veni!" pleaded the answering Sweetest comforter, guest of the soul, Rest in midst of toil, Shade amid the heat, Solace of our tears, oh, come!" and above the manly voices arose again the high, pathetic tones of the boy soprano, "O Lux beatissima!" it prayed—"O Light most blessed, fill the immost hearts of thy faithful people, for without thy thy faithful people, for without thy light and thy grace there is naught but evil in man." "Veni, Veni," re
"I told you so!" Madame Delepoule was saying triumphantly. "I told you so there rent, and Madame Delepoule to rent, and Madame Delepoule was saying triumphantly. "I told you so the rent, and Madame Delepoule to rent, and Madame Delepoule was saying triumphantly."

sponded the deep-toned choir, and then the two voices, the soaring, ringing treble of the boy and the deep, rich sweetness of the man's, blended in exquisite harmony. "Lava quod e sordidum, rege quod est devium. 'Cleanse our guilty stains, guide our erring footsteps, drop down dew upon the dry land, bend our stubborn wills, warm our frozen hearts. Be our strength, the support of our exile, till thou art our joy in Paradise forever, Alleluia, Amen. O Veni, Veni!

Joyously, triumphantly rang out the alleluias, the dramatic intensity of the man's voice, the gay jubilation of the child's, piercing, it would the very heavens to unite with the voices of the heavenly choir before the

Crystal Throne.

And those who had come, perhaps in curiosity, perhaps in incredulity, felt themselves stirred to long-hidden depths, their eyes full of tears and their hearts repeating: "O sweetest Comforter, immortal Light, guide us through this weary exile to the joys of Paradise. Amen

It was another hour before the Mass, with the sermon of the eloquent Friar Preacher, the elaborate music, and the Preacher, the elaborate music, and the stately ceremonial, was over, and still the tones of the "Veni, Sancte Spiritus" lingered in every heart. The vast congregation turned slowly and reverently to depart.

Two figures stepped aside into one of the many chapels of the aisle to let the crowd pass out before them. The

the crowd pass out before them. The man, of middle age and height, oliveskinned and black-eyed, leaned against the sculptured tomb of a great cardinal-statesman and watched the re-treating multitude with lazy interest. He held by the hand a little girl with shining hair and star-like eyes, carried on her arm a tiny basket of flowers. The child, tired of watching the stream of passing figures, began to grow restless and pull at her little Well, my little girl, you have had

a beautiful feast-day and the very angels seemed to be singing to you of the Holy Spirit whose name you bear. Have the angels wearied you, my Espiritu Santo?"

He spoke in Spanish, and the child, same language.

'Oh no, papa, it isn't that I'm tired. but I have an idea," and she peeped into her basket and then looked up eagerly, "Oh, papa, I should so lov o give one of my flowers, the flowers of the Holy Ghost, to the dear little boy who sang so beautifully. Papa, may I not give it to him, give him the Espiritu Santo?'

The father took the basket from the child's hands and glanced at the flowers lying there, white and pure as if cut in wax, and enclosing in their petals the dove-shaped figure from which they take their name.
"Well, well, child, there can be no

harm in your giving it to him, but where do you expect to find this angel? Do you think he lives perched up b the altar there, like one of the carve cherubs in the choir, or will you address it to him in a note-Paradise, Poste Restante?

"Do not tease me, papa! I thought would know where to find him. You know everything!'

Not quite," said the Spaniard, lestly. "Life would be dull if there modestly. were not always something to find out, and I have not come much in contact with angels hitherto. But you must not be crossed on your feast-day, Espiritu. Let us ask the Swiss if he can tell us where this particular angel hangs up his wings."
"The Swiss?" faltered the child.

glancing in alarm towards the gigantic figure in its scarlet uniform, pacing the aisle, battle-axe on shoulder. "The Swiss? But, papa, can he—can

"Why not?" laughed the father. 'Pray, v what do you think he is? A great, stuffed, peripatetic doll, perhaps? Ask him, and see if he cannot

They approached the gorgeous figure. struck solemnity. As they came near great contralto singer of the generation Gloria in Excelsis were beautifully to him the Swiss turned toward them that is passing away, Hortense Delerand smiled—yes, actually smiled, just poule. The famous Belgian had settled as any every-day human being might n looking down at a sweet little

Speak to him. Espiritu! Tell him what it is you want to know," urged the Spaniard, and the scarlet giant bent his head cocked but and all to liston and smiled on in the most encouraging way

"Oh, please, sir," stammered the child in French, "I should like to ask

'Oh no," he said affably. "Imagine if I am not used to answering questions! Why, I have four little girls of my own at home!" And he laughed at the thought as loud as one line thought as loud as one likes to laugh in a church.

"Four little girls of your own!" she echoed, in astonishment. Why, then, indeed, she need not in the least fear to ask him questions; he might well say he was used to it! She grew very confidential at once.

"So you want to find the young gentleman that sang the Prose this morning. Well, he will probably not be hard to find. I think there are some ladies and gentlemen talking to him now in the sacristy. We will go and see," and he tucked the battle axe under his arm in the most familiar way and took her by the hand. The little maiden glanced timidly over her shoulder. Her father was close behind, fol-lowing her smilingly. Thus encour-aged, she paced along by the side of her formidable protector, looking very solemn and taking as long strides as she possibly could. What would they say at home if they could see her walk ing up the aisle with all this magnifi-

cence!
They turned off and entered the sacristy. Within the room stood an eager group-the music critic of a famous journal, the great contralto of the opera, the director of the Conservatoire and two or three other well-known mu-

singing-lesson six years ago in Florence and I have always said that he had a voice that would rule the world. But wait till you hear him in opera! I have sung with him myself at La Scala, at Vienna, at Nice, and I know whereof iards. "Then you took my advice and came here to-day instead of going to La Madeleine. Well, do you feel rewardiards.

"It was as one would imagine the archangel Michael singing, 'Who is like unto God?'" replied Disdier, courteously, "But it is not the archcourteously, "But it is not the archangel that we have come to pay homage to, but to the lesser angel. My little girl, whose birthday this is, wishes to thank the lad who sang so beautifully of the Holy Spirit, to Whom she is dedi-

"It is all the same; they are brothors, and they are both wonderful," said Madame Delepoule. "The man sings like the archangel Michael, but the boy has the voice of the angel Israfel, the sweetest singer of heaven. Theodore!" she called, "Theodore, my child, come

"I have this moment sent Theodore home," said a young man, coming for-ward from a group of gentlemen. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young

man, erect and shapely. He held his head well thrown back, looking down at the shorter world beneath him with eyes that glanced pleasantly and merrily out from under their long, shading lashes. He did not wear a scarlet uni-form, neither did he carry a battle-axe, yet even in the presence of the massiv Swiss he held his own bravely, an own bravely, and

looked quite big and imposing.
Senor Disdier led his little daughter forward. "That is a pity," he said, "for this little admirer of his wishes forward. to pay her tribute to his beautifu

young man looked down at the child, and his handsome mouth parted in a charming, cordial smile. Kneeling on one knee before her, to bring him self nearer her level, he took her small hand kindly and said, "Can I not take Theodore some message from you? What would you like to say to him?"

She opened her hand and showed him the flower within. "Take this to him," she said, simply. "It is the Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

The young man looked puzzled for a

moment, as well he might. Then he examined the flower more closely and his face lighted up sympathetically. he said, gently, "I understand. It is the little flower of the Holy Ghost, e Espiritu Santo." He smiled tenderly into the soft, eager eyes. "Do not fear: Theodore will understand, too. all that you want to say.'

And the child clasped her hands in delight and laughed; then turning to her father, nestled against him in sudden shyness.

The young man rose to his feet, and Disdier, bowing politely right and left, turned away from the group and led his little daughter off. As they passed the Swiss, Espiritu looked up to thank him, and Disdier slipped a coin into the big

"I, too, have four little girls," said the Spaniard; and the Swiss smiled back gratefully, and watched father and child as they disappeared through the side-door of the church into the Rue du Bac, turning towards the

Ramon Eugenio Disdier had been for many years in the Spanish consular service, but had lately entered the firm of a large mercantile house in Paris which carried on an important trade with the Spanish colonies, Mexico, and South America. On coming to reside in this city he had invested a portion of his property in the ownership of a house in the Boulevard Malesherbes, which contained five apartments. The ground-floor was occupied by the lega-A broad, central staircase of stone, with windows looking out to a large paved court-yard, led to the upper apartthe upper apart-The one on the first floor had ments. poule. The famous Belgian had settled in Paris to teach, but though her voice was beginning to show signs of age and wear, she appeared from time to time in some of her most famous roles at the Opera, where she still swayed her audiences to frenzies of enthusiasm. A woman of admirable character, devoted to her profession, full of kindness towards struggling young artists, and with exceptional gifts as a teacher, she had a devoted circle of personal friends you a question, if it would not be too and admirers, and her salon was a fav-much." and admirers, and her salon was a favof fashionable Paris as well as more

Bohemian circles.

The second-floor apartment had lately been taken by the family of Don Gaspar Montufer, a Spanish gentleman of noble birth and Carlist principles who had joined the Spanish colony in Paris, where so many political refugees had found a home before him; while on the third floor lived Disdier himself

his four young daughters and their grandmother, Madam Valorge. The fourth floor had lately been vacated, and as yet no desirable tenants It was with some ela had been found. tion, therefore, that Disdier received a proposal from Madame Delepoule that should be taken by the young Darettis for bachelor house-keeping, in which two friends would join them-one a violinist from the Conservatory orchestra, the other a professor of mathematics at the Lycee Louis le Grand. "Four young men, Bohemians from the

Opera, and I with four motherless girls der my charge!" exclaimed Madame Valorge, in consternation.

"What indiscretion can there be?" asked Disdier, coolly. "It is not as if we were taking them into our family. They will occupy the fourth floor, w occupy the third, and our girls, who dead !' never go out unattended, may occasion ally pass them on the public stairway. But so they may pass a dozen young men in the street. Can I blindfold then or lock them up within four walls of a tower, like the father of Santa Barbara?

respect. What else can I do than let to be the comfort and solace of your her friends have it?

But Madame Valorge had misgivings, and Madame Delepoule felt that she must plead with her personally if she wished to secure the lease for her young friends. The two ladies were near of an age, both being turned of fifty, but nothing could have been in greater con trast than the personal appearance of each — the black-eyed, black - haired renchwoman, slender in figure, dainty in dress, with the type of feature that breeding and refinement in every movement and expression, and the large partly Belgian, her reddish-brown hair streaked with gray, her heavy-featured countenance plain and commonplace in repose. One read in it few signs of the superb artistic intelligence, the noble vocalism and extraordinary histrionic power that had electrified two genera-

tions of opera-lovers.

In her blunt, straightforward, oper hearted manner, Madame Delepoule plunged at once into the subject of the proposed tenancy. With equal frankness Madame Valorge urged her objec-tions in her well-bred, pleasantly modu-

lated tones. "I do not think you have anything of think you have anything to fear," explained Hortense Delepoule. "These young men are busy fellows, and they will come and go so quietly you will know little of their resence in the house. Young Daretti s to sing at the Opera this coming year, and he wishes to educate and make a home for his young orphan brother. I have known and loved these lads from childhood, and their mother before them. I may be stupid and con ceited, perhaps, but I hope to have some little influence with the young fellows, alone in a big, wicked city, if I can succeed in making them feel at home with me, can make them come to me as to a friend and mother. know what young men are. If they are in the same house with me and pass my door every day they will drop in as a matter of course. But if they are just across the street, and must put on hat and coat and fetch their stick, and well be in New Caledonia for all I shall see of them, for all I can hope to do for them. Madame Valorge, you are a mother, and have brought up mother-less children; help me then to be kind to another mother's orphan lads.

Hortense Delepoule's face was eloquent enough now, her eyes darkening with tears of emotion. Madame Valorge responded to her appeal with a warm pressure of the hand.

"Ah, Madame, you are an able stra-tegist and have attacked me at my weakest point. Indeed, indeed, they shall co ne! I only wish that I might join with you in trying to give them sweet home influences in their lonely lives. With the little boy I will glady do it, but you understand that with the older one I must be more circumspect. My Catalina is devoted to music and is just at a susceptible age. It would be a pity to have any sentimental notions enter into her head just when she should be doing her most earnest

"If you are able to keep sentimental notions out of the head of a seventeen-year-old girl, you will be one of the first to succeed!"

Madame Valorge laughed good-na-iredly. "Indeed, if I were to bring turedly. into my house a young musician of the personal charm of young Daretti, as Ramon describes him to me, I admit I should be very hopeless of success. But, seriously, they may come, with the assurance that I welcome them and shall be glad to do all that I and Ramon can do to make it homelike for them.' Hortense Delepoule took both ladame Valorge's hands in hers and Madame

pressed them warmly. There were tears in her honest eyes. "I thank you a thousand times for your kind heart, and allow me to add, your good ceah other even better after this. Let me see more of you and of your little charges, the sweet little one that I saw yesterday, especially. Has she, too, a come by her unusual name?

"She has no special talent," replied Madame Valorge, with a smile, of fond recollection, "except it be a talent for making herself our little comfort and sunshine, our dove and flower. I suppose her name has a strange sound to Northern ears, but the Spanish name their children often for feasts of our Lord and the saints. Our little girl's name is very precious to us. She was born on Whitsunday morning, the feast of the Holy Spirit in the City of Mexico. Sne was a frail little flower, and we did not think we could keep As soon as the mother saw the child she asked that the priest might be sent for at once to baptize it. Just before he came the nuns from a neighboring convent sent over a flower, a little white flower that the Mexicans call El Espiritu Santo. It had bloomed that morning, and they sent it to the new-born infant that had come into the world with it on the joyful feast of She was scarce breathing. The priest came hurriedly, and as he entered the room we could hear through the open window the nuns chanting the 'Veni, Sancte Spiritus.' He glanced at the little, pale, almost lifeless figure, holding in its hand the white flower of the Holy Ghost, and, without asking us to name the child, he took it up at once, and pouring the water on its brow, said, 'Espiritu Santo, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,' and as he pronounced the baptismal words the tiny creature opened its eyes and smiled, and the color crept into its cheeks and lips. He laid it by its mother's side and said, 'Fear not, the child will live.' It did live and flourish,'' continued Madame Valorge, with a sob, "but that night its mother, my only child, lay

With an exclamation of sorrow and sympathy, Madame Delepoule held out her arms to the afflicted woman and drew her to her breast. "Forgive me! I did not know what I was calling up when I asked you to tell me of the child," she said low and soothingly. "I understand that her name is precious to you, and that God has made her

CHAPTER II.

"He wears the rose of youth upon him." -Antony and Cleopatra.

Madame Valorge was most sincere in promising Madame Delepoule that the oung Italians should be welcome in her ouse, yet they had been established many weeks on the fourth floor before she even knew them by sight. "They would not care for the society of an old woman like me," she said to herself, "and it is as well they should not be falling in love with Catalina or she with them. They are at home with Madame Delepoule, and the society of her salon is just what would be congenial to them. When the children come home from their summer in the country it will be time enough to do something for the little boy."

In the meanwhile the new tenants

came and went quietly about their dif-ferent occupations, and so solidly are the Parisian houses built that she was hardly aware that the apartment above was occupied, although between the grand-piano, the violin, and men's voices, the fourth floor was ing with music from morning till night. e passed the young men occasionally on the staircase, and they were certaintainly well-mannered. They alway stood still with bared heads while si passed them, flattening themselves against the wall and holding their hats passed in their hands. She fancied that the burly, brown-bearded one with the kind, brown eyes, was the Swiss profes sor of mathematics. The slender, blond lad with the poetic face was probably the violinist, and the tall, shouldered young man, with erect, spirited bearing and laughing, coquettish eyes, the young opera-singer. Other figures passed, but she had never seen among them the little boy Madame Delepoule had spoken of. He was apparnon-existent. In however, the fates, which seemed at first to have set themselves against any intimacy, began to relent.

One evening sounds of a highly hilarous character were floated through the

air from the fourth floor to the occupants of the third. They penetrated even the solid brick and cement walls and tiled floors of as well built a house as that in the Boulevard Malesherbes. The sounds of laughter, shouting, and singing, and other sounds that seemed to betoken the tramp of manly feet and the circulation of heavy pieces of furniture made Madame Valorge sit in anxious trembling until the small hours of the morning. Disdier was out late that night, and on his return he found Madame Valorge still up, looking very white and disturbed. The noise ever, ceased at that moment, and they decided to do nothing till morning when they would investigate into its cause. At an early hour the next morning, while they were still over their coffee, there was a ring at the door and the maid brought in two visiting-cards for Madame Valorge and Senor Disdier.
The gentlemen were waiting in the anteroom, she said. The cards announced Adriano dei Conti Daretti-Mannsfeld, and Saverio Agostini, member of the Conservatory orchestra. The young men were invited into the salon, where, with some severity of manner, Madame Valorge and her son-inlaw awaited them. It was impossible, however, not to be disarmed by the manly courtesy of bearing and the look of boyish sincerity in the faces of the two youths. They entered, hat and gloves in hand, made deep, polite bows, and, standing up together, began their apology at once.
"We feel deeply ashamed, Madame

Valorge," with a bow, " and you, Senor Disdier," another bow, " to think how much we must have disturbed you last evening. We were most inexcusably thoughtless, and beg you will forgive

"' Pray be seated, gentlemen, and lay graciously, already molified by their observed the fancy they seemed to take appearance. "We do not often hear to me? Such powers of discernfrom you, but last evening seems to have | ment !"

not have wished your own sons to do. You see," moving his chairfa little near-er to Madame Valorge and looking confidentially at her out of irresistible eyes "Agnostini and I had both yesterday signed contracts which assure us a fortune and a future. The first baryto the Opera is to retire after Easter and make a concert tour through England and the United States. Agnostini will been adopted as long-lost sons." and the United States. Agnostini will go with him as solo violinist, and will get the chance of making an internation al reputation, while I have been engaged to take the first barytone roles at the highest salary they have ever paid. Isn't it delightful, and do you wonder that our heads were turned

" I do not wonder, and, indeed, I congratulate you with all my heart, both of you, although I regret," turning polite-ly to Agnostini, "that your good for-tune should call you away from Paris. But I fear there was prompthing also But I fear there was something else turned besides your heads. Will you, was something else pray, explain to me what happened to

Daretti glanced at his companion and laughed a shy laugh, and blushed a charming blush. "Dear Madame Val-orge," he asked, "did you ever have

boys of your own?"

"I am sorry to say, no," she answered; "my only child was a daughter, and my grandchildren are all little 'Then I fear you will not under-

stand," he sighed.
"Try me," she said, smiling and be-

Well, then, if you will excuse me, I will declare the whole truth to you."
His facile French had the charm of a slight foreign accent. "But, remember, it is no girl's story that I have to tell. First, then, we cleared the floor and danced, but they were not the dances that your young ladies dance in the drawing-room. Then we began to the drawing-room. Then we began to play leap-frog over the furniture. But committing bigamy!"

you look grave, madame. I will spare

you the rest."
"And yet you tell me," laughed Madame Valorge, glancing in pretended

Madame Valorge, glaneing in pretended consternation at the pretty furniture of her salon, "that this is nothing but what I should wish my own sons to do!"

"Madame," said Daretti, gayly, "I see that you have already adopted us and that all is forgiven. I need go no further with my story. From this moment we are your sons, and I trust you will not fail to call upon us for any filial service that we may do you."

filial service that we may do you.' "Especially in ease of annoyane f om unruly neighbors, I suppose you mean to add," she said, smiling. "Madame Valorge, where there is such perfect sympathy of soul as exists between us it is needless to be ex-

Ramon Disdier looked at his brightfaced young neighbors with a sense of pleasure. It was many years since he had been a boy, his life had been dull and anxious of late years, and now he felt as if he should enjoy renewing his youth in the companionship of these healthy, lively young fellows that fate had made his tenants. "Decidedly," he said to himself, "I must see more of these boys—I must spend an evening with them once in awhile and have them come here sometimes. We have a fine piano, and why might we not pass many

pleasant hours together?"
"Decidedly," Madame Valorge was thinking, "these young men are dangerous. They appeal even to my withered heart, and, for Catalina's sake, it will not do to have them here often, unless young girls' hearts are made of different stuff from what they were when I was

'Decidedly,' the two young men were saying to themselves. "We must make friends here. Our landlord is a gentleman, and his mother is delightful so bright and kindly. We must lose time in becoming better acquainted."

So the conspirators were three against one, and that one a hospitable, tender-hearted woman. It ended, as one might have foreseen, in the exchange of cor-dial invitations and ready promises of acceptance. "And you must really bring that little brother of yours to see me,"

Madame Valorge was saying. "He must be good friends with our little must be good friends with our little girls and feel that this is a home for giris and feel that this is a home for him. I have not even seen him yet."
"Perhaps you have overlooked him," said Agostini. "At school they call him 'the little one,' 'le Petit,' he is so

tiny. I shall be more than glad to put him under your protection," etti, with a melancholy smile, "It is a great responsibility for me. I try make a home for the child, but it isn't as if we had our mother," and there was a tremulous lowering of the voice. Life is very different for poor Teodoro from what it was for me as a school-

"Bring your brother to see me this very day," cried Madame Valorge, impulsively. "I reproach myself that I have not asked him here before. Today is our Lolita's feast-day. children will be at home this afternoon and have a few friends with them from 4 o'clock to 7. There will be about a dozen boys and girls, and it will be bright and pleasant for the little fellow to meet them.'

"Thank you for your kindness to him. I always stop for him when his school is over at 3 o'clock, and we usually take long rambles all over the city. But I shall be delighted to bring him here to-day and introduce him to you. I only fear the young people will find him very shy."

"Ah, that will wear off quickly, no

doubt. We shall soon make him feel at home." And Madame Valorge and Disdier both accompanied their new friends to the door with many hospitable

Once outside of the apartment the young men bounded up the staircase to their own rooms. "Charming people!" said Agostini,

enthusiastically. Yes, charming people! So intellisaid Madame Valorge, gent, so discriminating. No doubt you observed the fancy they seemed to take

"It was, indeed," explained Daretti,
"but there was nothing amiss, I beg
you to believe; nothing that you would
"They said a great deal to you, but you
should have seen the looks that were
given to me."
"Oh, the jealous man!" cried Daretti,
"Oh, the jealous man!"

etti, pushing open the salon door. The brown-bearded Swiss was playing away at the grand-piane, too absorbed to notice their entrance until they made a rush at him and dragged him off the chair.

"Well, children, have you made ".They hung about our necks and

wept, in this wise," said Daretti, hurling his stalwart form tumultuously into the burly professor's arms and clinging round his neck. "Carissimo Casimiro, my dearest Casimir." heaving a long, theatrical sigh and planting firmly on his friend's broad shoulder. "Carissimo Casimiro, give me your sympathy. I am in love I know. So you told me yester-

day."
"Ah, but this is another!"

"Already?"
"What! Is my heart not large what! Is my heart not large oven, could

enough for two, or twenty even, could there be twenty such?"
"May I inquire the age of your

latest fancy?" asked Casimir, delicately. "Your beloved of yesterday is, I believe, sixty." "This one is about the same age,"

sighed Daretti, with comic gravity.
"It is the only age for me! What is "It is the only age for me! What is the good of your young things of six-teen and twenty, and even twenty-six, I should like to know? No experience of life, their character unform ginning to wish she had had boys of her own.

is no knowing what they may develop into. It is all a terrible risk. But at sixty you have some idea what a woman is like, what sort of things you can expect of her. Then you can begin life with her with some confidence for the future. Now I shall be quite converted to matrimony if I can only persuade Mesdames Delepoule and Valorge to enter into the estate with me."
"For Heaven's sake don't begin by

shaking himself the piano-stool. sense and look o You never hear and music all to been such a t There'll be

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stay to hear you aid Daretti. decent life so him contaminat mio," laying v tini's slender f rehearsal! W driven?" And other, they put

they set out for TO BI WHEN DO TAMES RAYMONI

Mr. Tecumse velled on a rail often wished th Dr. Erasmus Ev pass on the A. to let Mr. Cla eagerly accepte
"The pass is
Dr. Evans, "bu
difference. Just
the conductor won't.
Mr. Clay too
in St. Louis
awaited the a
ductor in some

to what extent varicate should of the extra-indidn't like to l ductor wouldn same time he and did not in should stand in Besides, the sa might be imper weakness or co sible cross-exam But when the merely read th pass, returned on leaving M even the little had he had to u

sleeper; and ] colate-faced the rushing tra About midn voice at the "Doctor!" it taken sick, and It was the an M. D. ' All right. ment," answe "The when the co 'Why didn't

tors are called

night on sleep

and rectitude. on the cushio

anywhere else his pass and p There's nothi and see the enough to nee Mr. Clay, was conducte commendable man's pulse, chest, and c then asked t done he stoo contemplative patient. The was pondering wondering w Then-it can

had seen Dr.

lifted the pa

his finger-nai "Have you

turning to th

"Yes, sir, answer. Very go poonfuls in ha peat the dose aven't my n rtunately, I'd like to. would prove

was sorry he patient's te had some so the whiskey with brisk should be a know.' once more M

> be getting v take another " All rig cheerfully, the wish," he mold pass ha celled befor What the d The man m

he thought.

" Doctor

medical skil out."
"There's Mr. Clay friends are sult with you think he "Very we desire it," seconds. off the train

But Mr.

patient wl