

the touch of the comedian in him, till the white hand was waved grandiloquently over the heads of the crowd. Then something in the gesture corresponded with something in the face, and the auctioneer had a nut which he could not crack for many a day. The voice was musical—as fine in speaking almost as the dwarf's in singing—and the attention of the children was caught by the rich, vibrating tones. He addressed himself to them.

“My children,” he said, “my name is—Valmound! We have begun well; let us be better friends. I have come from far off to be one of you, to stay with you for awhile—who knows how long—how long?” He placed a finger meditatively on his lips, sending a sort of mystery into his look and bearing. “You are French, and so am I. You are playing on the shores of life, and so am I. You are beginning to think and dream, and so am I. We are only children till we begin to make our dreams our life. So I am one with you, for only now do I step from dream to action. My children, you shall be my brothers, and together we will sow the seed