

THE LITTLE ORGAN-GRINDER.

By E. NESBIT.

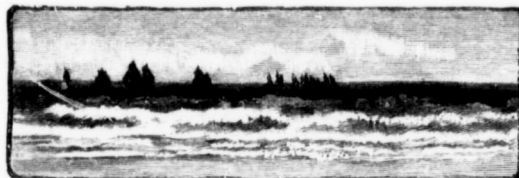
DOWN the long street, the dusty street,
I go all day on weary feet;
I turn the handle round and round
To make the noisy music-sound;
The handle moves so heavily—
Oh Italy, my Italy!

The strange cold smileless people go
About their business to and fro;
Their speech is strange, and sad their eyes,
They have not seen our happy skies,
They frown and pass me hurriedly—
Oh Italy, my Italy.

Still sounds the tiresome heartless tune
Through this grey smoke-dimmed afternoon;
Oh for the gold noon far away
Ablaze between blue sky and bay,
Where life's a tune sung merrily—
Oh Italy, my Italy!

Upon the terrace by the sea
My little sister waits for me;
To each white sail she cries in vain,
"Ah, bring my brother back again!"
The white sails pass her silently—
Oh Italy, my Italy!

Dear little sister, safe at home,
I come not yet, but I will come;
'Tis but a tale of months or years
Ere I sail home to dry your tears;
But the days go so wearily!—
Oh Italy, my Italy!



DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Is Doctor André at home?"

It was the voice of the *pasteur*, Father Nicholas, and he climbed up the rickety stairs to the miserable attic in which his friend lived. It was the first time he had been to see him in his new abode, and he looked round him with concern.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed the good man, "but is not this going a little too far? and his life is such a valuable one to so many! *Hola!*" he started.

The attic was large, and in the far corner of it was a small hard bed, on the outside of which André had thrown himself and was lying in a dead sleep.

"Dead beat!" said the *pasteur* to himself. "Well, I would not awaken him for the world. Poor lad, poor lad, he is too hard-worked. Now I wonder what he has eaten to-day."

Stepping softly so as not to awaken the sleeper, Father Nicholas went out of the room. On the lower flight he saw one of the doors which opened on to the general staircase ajar, and he went down and knocked at it.

"Come in!" cried a shrill, cheerful voice, and he obeyed.

A woman sat before a table strewn with gaily-coloured materials out of which she was making artificial carnations. She looked up and nodded brightly, continuing her occupation.

Father Nicholas sat down heavily.

"Well, Nanon, and how are you? It is too hot, *hein?*"

"You may well say it is too hot, Father," said Nanon with pins in her

mouth. "We shall have the fever again, and la, la, I have only one left!"

"*Le bon Dieu* will spare you your one! Is she well?"

"Well, thank God, but an imp of naughtiness. No one can do anything with her but our best friend, Doctor André, *ça!*"

"Ah, and how is that?"

"He won her gratitude, father," said Nanon, stooping over the pink and crimson petals strewn the table, and selecting those she required. "You know that terrible wild cat of hers that sleeps in her bed, and scratches everyone who goes near it. She cares more for that brute than for anything else in the wide world, and one day the boys got hold of it."

"Boys are little fiends, especially the boys of this street," said the *pasteur* indignantly.

"*Dame*, Heaven made them so, and they have little else to amuse them unless they are tormenting something!"

"Heaven did not make them so," began Father Nicholas, but Nanon cut him short.

"Ah, bah, of course I know that, father, but what will you? one cannot always pick one's words. The boys were going to drown Fifine's cat when she burst upon them. She kicked and fought and screamed, but they held her fast, and she was nearly mad with rage when Doctor André came round the corner, and when he saw what was going on he came down upon them scattering them right and left. The cat flew

into Fifine's arms and clung round her neck, all its ugly claws stuck into her, but she did not care, for it was safe. After that Doctor André took her in his arms and carried her upstairs, for she was rigid and almost in convulsions. No mother could have been more tender. Can you wonder that she adores him?"

"He is good! There are none like him," said Father Nicholas slowly. "I went into his room just now; he was asleep on his bed. He looked ill."

"He is tired out," said the woman anxiously. "Everything falls upon him, and so much is closed to us Protestants—poverty, sickness, all fall heavily upon him. And Heaven only knows what will happen if we have fever again."

"Why is he especially tired out, Nanon?"

She shrugged her thin shoulders.

"Who knows? It is true that he was up all last night, and to-day has eaten nothing but bread and salad, but that is nothing new. Listen, father; his *déjeuner* came in as usual from the cook-shop; I saw it, an excellent *ragoût*. Fifine loves to wait on him; she arranged the table for him, and at twelve o'clock he came in accompanied by that ragged imp of a Pierrot Cloisson carrying a basin, and all the *ragoût* went off to feed those six little wretches. Their mother was drunk again last night and locked up!"

"Poor things, poor things, but one man's meal is barely enough. I must see what we can spare. Whom did he sit up with?"