Copyright 1922 By The Bobbs-Merrill Company Indianapolis-New York, U.S. A. THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

BY NEVIL HENSHAW Author of Aline of the Grand Woods, etc.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED began to rise. Later, after I had thoroughly soused my sleepy head in the tin basin, I had, with the happy elasticity of youth, completely forgotten the tortures of the night. Once more I was the traveler setting forth into the unknown, and when the battered jumper finally made its appearance, I was a with an elevity of the storekeeper and the will be in," the storekeeper way lained as we got under way he night. Once more I was the raveler setting forth into the unknown, and when the battered jumper finally made its appearance, I sprang to my seat with an alacrity that brought forth a word of the sprayal from Monsieur Dugas.

The meaning of which is that the will be in," the storekeeper explained as we got under way again. "One can ride from this island only by means of the causethat brought forth a word of approval from Monsieur Dugas.

By now we had arrived at the it was, a couple of horses were hitched to the shaky rack. The wide front doors were open, exposing a long gloomy room flanked by inters upon either side, but of his meager brows into an angry

Suppose some curious person should keep his tongue between his teeth, I would let him go.'

In the east pale lines of red now mist and presently, as we drove along, a broad fiery disk rose suddenly above the edge of the horizon, changing the hazy light into a rosy glow. Then, as though at a signal, the great white curtain of the fog was whipped away, to rise in thin shredding streams of vapor against the blue of the morning sky.

And now, for the first time, I saw before me the open prairie, its wide clean sweep unbroken save by the dark scattered blots of the chinatree islands. Long drifts of cattle browsed leisurely from one feeding spot to another. Small ponds and coulees flashed back a greeting to presence of my grandfather. the rising sun. Fat, yellow-breasted larks piped cheerily from the weed stems, and the short coarse grass was ablaze with a myriad of tiny

It was like magic, this sudden transformation from the gray ghostly dawn to the glorious sun-rise. I clapped my hands in sheer delight and, as upon the morning before, proceeded to deluge my companion with a fresh flood of questions. This time, however, Monsieur Dugas was more amiable. Indeed he became almost loquacious as, with the end of his whip, he began to point out the spots of inter-

est in the surrounding landscape. Behind us lay the town of St. Pierre, far, far beyond the point where the prairie met the rim of the horizon. Upon our left was the ile and ranch of old Cyprien Lalandre, the patriarch of that country. The long purplish stretch of trees upon our right was the Grand Weeds the ile and ranch of old Cyprien Lalandre, the patriarch of the ile and ranch of old Cyprien Lalandre, the patriarch of that country. The long purplish stretch of trees upon the ile and ranch of old Cyprien Lalandre, the patriarch of that country. The long purplish stretch of trees upon the ile and ranch of old Cyprien Lalandre, the patriarch of that country. The long purplish stretch of trees upon our right was the Grand which is a supplied to the ile and ranch of old Cyprien Lalandre, the patriarch of that country. The long purplish stretch of trees upon our right was the Grand which is a supplied to the ile and th upon our

a salt bayou separating the island from the sea marsh in which one could catch crabs, and fish, and a number of other interesting things. Then there was the island itself with its sugar-mill, its cane-fields, its pecan groves, its orchards and, above all, its hills and gullies that

were the marvel of that flat country.
Thus Monsieur Dugas beguiled themiles of our journey and, shrewd

great powers of strength and character of ever-increasing saltiness, when we left the brown grass of the prairie and came out upon a well defined road of white, clayey soil. In the distance low walls of grass closed in the road on either side, and then, as we drew nearer, the road became a causeway, and the walls widened out into the broad rustling stretch of the sea marsh.

The strength and endurance. In years he must have been well into the stries, yet there was something almost youthful in the quality of his repose—something of the easy graceful relaxation found only in seasoned riders of the fields and prairies.

His face was thin and clear-cut, framing cold uncompromising eyes of gray. His nose, long and hawking back the magazine. "That like, overhung a square resolute was something almost youthful in the quality of his repose—something of the easy graceful relaxation found only in seasoned riders of the fields and prairies.

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these, and sloping gently up from the hidden bayou, rose the low wooded hills that I knew must be Marsh Island.

As though the sight of his goal had inspired him with sudden energy, Monsieur Dugas began to whip up his horse, so that presently we rumbled across the bridge and, My toilet was a simple but refreshing one, and with the first to be a rough and apparently abantouch of the cold water my spirits began to rise. Later, after I had the roughly soused my sleepy head decrease leaves a lounged a group of fisher-

approval from Monsieur Dugas.

"Bien, that is better," said he.

"A while ago you were like a sick chicken. Sick chickens are never in good favor, my young friend.
The proval from Monsieur Dugas.

"Mounting gradually upon the narrow sandy road, we passed through heavy thickets of palmetto and casino until finally we emerged and casino until finally we emerged and casino until finally we are gradually upon the narrow sandy road, we passed through heavy thickets of palmetto and casino until finally we emerged upon a wide level highway. Along this we drove for a mile or so, and front of the store where, early as then, ascending the crest of a broad, oak-crowned hill, we drew up before

my grandfather's home.
The house was low, and white, and comfortable-looking, with a wide open gallery in front, above which Raoul and his customers there was never a sign. However, from the room in the rear came the sound archal live oaks waved their mossy beards in the fresh salt breeze, and beards in the fresh salt breeze, and peered a row of green shuttered windows. Before it huge patric closing one: 'There's only one failure a faint chink of glass, and upon at one side there was a garden makes me feel enthus hearing this Monsieur Dugas knitted of blooming flowers. In front a what do I want to do?' small circular lawn sloped away to the edge of the hill, and beyond, "The fool," he muttered savage-ly to himself. "A little more of this and we will be in hot water." league upon league of marvelous lights and shadows, the sea marsh stretched away to the far-distant stretched away to the far-distant glitter of the Bay Vermilion.

come in and search for the clerk?

If I were only sure that he would driven into one of the live oaks, keep his tongue between his teeth, Monsieur Dugas lifted me down to the road of clean white shells that encircled the lawn. Evidently he began to show through the veil of was familiar both with the place mist and presently, as we drove and the General's habits for, without a glance toward the house, he led the way around to its rear. Half-way down the slope a small office of ancient mellow brick nestled amid a tangle of vines and, pausing before its door, Monsieur Dugas

gave a timid knock.
"Come in," called a voice from inside, whereupon, to my amazement, the storekeeper reached out and caught my hand. Then, mustering a smile of fatherly solicitude, and moving with the careful step of one bearing some fragile and price-less object, he ushered me into the

CHAPTER VI.

I DISCOVER A RESEMBLANCE The office contained a single square room with walls of time-colored plaster, upon which were tacked a number of plats and maps of land. At one end a fire of logs burned upon an open hearth beneath a plain vooden mantel. Above the mantel a heavy cavalry saber hung from a rusty nail, backed by a battered Confederate flag.

Facing the door was a single

window before which had been placed a long office table cluttered with books and papers. Three prim, straight-back chairs occupied the remaining floor space, and in one corner there was a small iron safe.

d one was conscious only of a sloven father is the white-wing that she reached the chorus, he was carelessness. Here it was rather sweeps the street in our block?"

woods, having upon its edge the little forest settlement of Bois Berard. Before us lay the sea marsh and beyond, hidden now by the dissolving mist wreaths, rose the low hills of Marsh Island, my grandfather's home.

Of this home Monsieur Dugas told me so much, that I was in a fever, of impatience at the slowness of our journey. There was a galt havou separating the island to be a salt havou separating the island whood served by the street in our block. "Yes," replied Florence. "Pretty as a picture and sweet as an angel. Her grandmother must have been the grayler of a head of graylish-white hair, and at all slender body, uncomfortably bowed to the level of ink and paper. He was dressed in a plain, severely-cut suit not angelic exactly." ("Go on wid ye!" put back of black, and upon the table beside him there lay a quirt, a pair of "Sure an' I do. But don't interhim there lay a quirt, a pair of gauntlets and a broad-brimmed hat

"Close the door," said he, with-out looking up, and after Monsieur Dugas had done so, we stood before the table in awkward silence while the pen scratched through the letter

schemer that he was, forestalled a possible return to the despondency which he had likened to that of a sick chicken.

The sun was getting well up into the sky, and the chill air of the morning was giving place to a set of great powers of strength and great powers of strength and endurance. In years he must have

rustling stretch of the sea marsh.
Vast and brown it spread away, as far as the eye could reach, cleft by small streams of glittering silver.
Redwings whistled merrily as they swung upon the feathery tips of its myrtles. Herons flapped clumsily

swung upon the feathery tips of its myrtles. Herons flapped clumsily above it, seeking their prey in its mud and ooze. Marsh hens clamored metallically from its thickets as they published the affairs of their busy world.

All this I took in at a glance before Monsieur Dugas again pointed with his whip. "Look," he commanded, and gazing far down the white ribbon of road, I saw a bridge, a warehouse, a cluster of siender masts, all of them set along "Look," he showed a remarkable absence of those lines and wrinkles that come with age.

It was a harsh forbidding face, yet to me there was something strangely familiar about it. The hard, cold eyes, the flowing beard, the lean jaw with its firm-set mouth, all of them knocked loudly at the door of my memory. Surely I had seen them before, yet where, I could not for the life of me remember. In my perplexity I forgot the fear with which I had been inspired with which I had been inspired show more absence of those lines and wrinkles that come with age.

It was a harsh forbidding face, yet to me there was something strangely familiar about it. The hard, cold eyes, the flowing beard, the lean jaw with its firm-set mouth, all of them knocked loudly at the door of my memory. Surely I had seen them before, yet where, I could not for the life of me remember. In my perplexity I forgot the fear with which I had been inspired

a faint glint of water. Back of these, and sloping gently up from the hidden bayou, rose the low Monsieur Dugas, hat in hand, bowed

TO BE CONTINUED

ANGELO THE STREET SWEEPER

T. Z. Austin, C. SS. R. in The Liguorian There's only one failure in this great city. It's the chap who thinks it can't be done." Thus, the story ended.

"Oh, but that's just a foolish love story," Florence Kelly remarked to herself. "It's non-sensical. Things don't happen that way. If it were real, the man and the girl, too, probably, would be in jail."

Florence fingered the magazine absent-mindedly, twisting it and crumpling it. She was thinking all the thoughts that had come to her, often half-recognized, if at all, as often as he read the stories in that magazine. What made her crumple the book up? Of course, she did not stop to figure it out-only when of a sudden she came to, she saw that the magazine looked as though it had gone the rounds of the Sunday School in the Italian quarter not far from her home, where every Sunday afternoon she taught catechism.

in this great city. It's the chap who thinks it can't be done.' It makes me feel enthusiastic. But,

what do I want to do .
"Well, of all the world,
Florence!" cried May, coming upon
behind, "what in the Florence!" cried May, coming upon her from behind, "what in the world are you thinking about? Talking to yourself, are you?" And she shook her friend vehemently. "Well," she went on, "'tain't a bad kid to talk to, I'll say, or I wouldn't be here!"

"Heavens alive, May!" replied Florence at last, recovering from her surprise. "Where did you her surprise. "Where did you drop from? And coming upon me like a thief-and first insulting me, then complimenting me!"
"Insulting, huh? Is it an insult

to suggest that you were thinking?" rallied May, pulling a chair close to her friend.

"You always get ahead of me," conceded Florence, laughing.
"Yes," said May quickly, "but, somehow, you always pull up

"But, what brings you here in such a rush. Don't you know that this is Sunday and a day of rest?" "Rest, is it? to teach those little black-eyed Italians, as lively as Jack in boxes.'

"Now, here, no names, please!" admonished Florence. "Well, anyway, I've come to find rest here, as usual," answered May, and it was evident she had a problem on hand.
"What is it?" asked the other

girl, leaning forward interestedly.
"Aha! What was it made Lot's wife turn round and turn to salt? "That's what I call snippy!" grumbled Florence, feigning to be grieved. "First, to lead one to

ask, and then-"Pardon me, Florence, you know I was only teasing. You are so good natured, you simply invite it.
But, now listen; I'm serious—
awfully—and I'm in trouble."
"What is it?" asked Florence:
"Heart or head?" May just

looked her reproof.

know I was only foolin'."
"Sure an' I do. But don't interrupt me. That's little Rosalia all right. But, this afternoon she comes to me in tears, and I don't know, from the piety of her, is it love of God or the death of her grandmether that's making her are the pen scratched through the letter to its close.

Having added his signature and applied a blotter, the General tossed the letter aside, and leaned back in his chair. Freed thus from his achair. Freed thus from his stooning posture he proved even his tooling posture his tooling posture his proved even his tooling posture his tooling posture his posture his tooling posture his tooling posture his posture his posture his tooling posture his t Daddy he donta go to no church and he wanta me to stopa da going to da Sundee School.' Now, isn't that a shame, Florence? What are we going to do about it? He's got to ing the worm dangling at the end be converted, that's all. He's got to of a hook.

line replied:

"Sure he must, May. Just read this." May did as she was told.

"Oh, yes," she answered, handing back the magazine. "That sounds good in a story book. But remember, I almost came from Missouri—if Dad hadn't got a job on the Chicago police force, he'd have gone to St. Louis—so you must show me. What'll we do?"

"Well," suggested Florence, wrinkling up her forehead and screwing up her eyes as if she were presiding judge of the Supreme

presiding judge of the Supreme Court, "we could hire one of those Black Hand men to go in and shoot him and then have Father Pilgram give him the Last Sagraments."

him and then have Father Pilgram give him the Last Sacraments."

"Ha, ha!" laughed May. "That would be a sure way; no chance of slipping again. But what about us, then? We'd need a Darrow badter!"

"My Rosalia? A bad girl? No, no; never."

"Then, why shouldn't Angelo go to church, whether he is in Italy or in America?"

"No, I'll tell you seriously, May. Let's go up and see the old man. I mean, let's pay little Rosalia a visit and talk to Mr. Fanelli. Sure, we can explain the whole catechism barring a few questions that only youngsters can ask."

"Capital, Florence," declared lay, rising. "You've got contin-May, rising. ual spring-time in your brains; they're always budding. Let's make it next Monday. We'll tell Rosalia about it at Sunday School."

So it was made up. Monday came and with some misgiving and much mutual encouragement, they made their way to the Italian quarter, to the home of Angelo Fanelli, the street-sweeper.

Angelo was not at home. The girls breathed more freely. Mrs. Fanelli, who had been let into the secret by Rosalia, led them into the little parlor which she tried so hard to keep trim and neat. Rosalia was overjoyed. She had placed implicit faith in her Sunday School teachers and one could see it in her sparkling eyes that she expected the miracle of her father's conver-sion that very night. Now, her prayers and Communions would be

They chatted together and sang some hymns, May playing the piano. Suddenly she stopped. The sound of a heavy tread could be heard on the steps. The kitchen door was opened and banged shut.

"What is dees," shouted a rough voice. "I hear a da music."

voice. "I heara da music."
"Why don't dey stay in der
Sunday School," continued the

"Don't be foolish, Angelo," answered the wife. "How can dey stay in der Sunday School. Dees ain't Sunday. Dees is Monday. Keep your coat on and come in to

see da young ladies."
"I go to da bed," replied Angelo
sullenly. "I don't wanta da see no
Sunday School teachers. Dey talka
da foolish." Just then Rosalia came into the

kitchen, and reaching up to throw her arms round her father's neck, she held him in a whisper audible to the girls, said: 'Papa, you come into da parlor

to see my teachers? And without waiting for his answer, she deftly released her hold and seized his big horny hand. Half through curiosity, half through deference for his little favorite, old Angelo suffered himself to be led into the parlor. "Good evening, Mr. Fanelli,"

said Florence, coming to meet him. "I'm Florence Kelly." She took his somewhat unwilling hand, shook it warmly, and reaching up with the other, she straightened the collar of his coat and gave it an affection-

ate pat.

"And I'm May Benten," put in May quickly, before he had time to recover. "We're little Rosalia's Sunday School teachera." "Gooda eve," said Angelo, much

more quietly. And before he could say more, Florence had him by the arm and was helping him to a chair.
"Won't you sit down with us for

a while?" she asked. "Rosalia is going to sing for us. I want to whisper something in your ear. She shouldn't hear it. Rosalia has a very sweet voice." Angelo looked his delight.

"Come, Rosalia," went on May, seating herself at the piano. "Come, sing for your papa. Sing, Santa Lucia.

She did, with all the grace of 'It isn't with me, at all! You unspoiled innocence. The old man know little Rosalia Fanelli, her at first hummed along. But, when clapped her hands in glee and patting her father affectionately on the shoulder, shouted:

"Sing it again, papa, you and I. We never singa together likea

dees."
"Ah!" sighed the old Angelo with glistening eyes. "I singa dat often on da Bay of Amalfi."

"Who is that Santa Lucia?"
asked Florence, very, very innocently; for she did not wish to betray her perturbation.
"Santa Lucia," replied Angelo, happy to be able to give information. tion, "she was da girl like you. She was—what vou call 'im—a

'A martyr?" queried Florence feigning ignorance.
"And what did she die for ?"

"She? Don't a you know dat? She died for da Catholic religion." "The same religion," went on Florence, "that you and I have?" Angelo looked from one to the other with the look of a fish admir-

We ought to do something for that religion, too, it seems to me," added May, "if it is worth that "Ah, yes," said the old street-

sweeper, somewhat doubtfully, "we fight for it." But couldn't you be better pre-

pared to fight by going to church every Sunday and saying your prayers every day?" questioned "Ah, da church—I used da go in

sunny Italia. But, here in America it ees different."
"Yes," chimed in Florence. "Yes," chimed in Florence.
"Just as if Rosalia would be good as long as she was under your roof; but, as soon as she got out she would be wild and naughty. You wouldn't be satisfied with that, would you?"

"My Rosalia? A bad girl? No,

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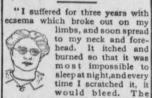
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