

THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

By NEVIL HENSLAW

Author of "Allies of the Grand Woods, etc."

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED

My toilet was a simple but refreshing one...

By now we had arrived at the front of the store where, early as it was, a couple of horses were hitched to the shabby truck...

"The fool," he muttered savagely to himself. "A little more of this and we will be in hot water."

In the east pale lines of red now began to show through the veil of mist and presently, as we drove along, a broad fiery disk rose suddenly above the edge of the horizon...

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 chinaree islands.

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 plates and maps of land.

It was like magic, this sudden transformation from the gray ghostly dawn to the glorious sunrise. I clapped my hands in sheer delight...

Behind us lay the town of St. Pierre, far, far beyond the point where the prairie met the rim of the horizon.

Thus Monsieur Dugas beguiled them of our journey and, shrewdly schemer that he was, forestalled a possible return to the dependency 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 soft breeze of ever-increasing saltness.

His face was thin and clear-cut, framing cold uncompromising eyes of gray. His nose, long and hawk-like, overhung a square resolute jaw which ended in a flowing beard of the same grayish-white as his hair.

And now 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.

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 slender masts, all of them set along

a faint glint of water. Back of 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, in a cloud of dust, drew up before the warehouse.

"The meaning of which is that he will be in," the storekeeper explained as we got under way again.

Mounting gradually upon the narrow sandy road, we passed through heavy thickets of palmetto and casino until finally we emerged upon a wide level highway.

"Well, of all the world, Florence!" cried May, coming upon her from behind, what in the world are you thinking about?

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

"Come in," called a voice from inside, whereupon, to my amazement, the storekeeper reached out and caught my hand.

"But what brings you here in such a rush. Don't you know that this is Sunday and a day of rest?"

"Now, here, no names, please!" admonished Florence.

"What is it?" asked the other girl, leaning forward interestedly.

"That's what I call snippy!" grumbled Florence, feigning to be grievous. "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.

"It isn't with me, at all! I know little Rosalia Fanelli, her father is the white-wing that sweeps the street in our block?"

"Yes," replied Florence. "Pretty as a picture and sweet as an angel. Her grandmother must have been Irish!"

"Or German, like dear old lady Spitzer," said May. "The harp that once through, Tara, remember, is not angelic exactly."

"Go on wid yer!" put back Florence, feigning a brogue. "You know I was only foolin'."

"Sure an' I do. But don't interrupt me. That 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 grandmother that's making her cry. Says I: 'Oh, oh, Rosalia! What are the big tear-drops saying? She smiles sweetly through her tears and says: 'You so happy, Miss Maree; but, I'm so sad because my Daddy he don't go to no church and he wants me to stop da going to da Sunday School.' Now, isn't that a shame, Florence? What are we going to do about it? He's got to be converted, that's all. He's got to be."

by my first sight of the face, and so stood staring at it intently while Monsieur Dugas, hat in hand, bowed his greeting.

ANGELO THE STREET SWEEPER

T. Z. Austin, C. S.S. R. in The Liberatorian

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."

"But, it's a fine sentence, that closing one: 'There's only one failure 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?"

"I go to da bed," replied Angelo sullenly. "I don't wanta da see no Sunday School teachers. Dey talk'da da foolish."

"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 affectionate pat.

"And I'm May Benteen," put in May quickly, before he had time to recover. "We're little Rosalia's Sunday School teachers."

"Good 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.

"What do 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."

"Ah!" sighed the old Angelo with glistering 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, "she was da girl like you. She was—what you call 'im—a martyr."

"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 admiring the worm dangling at the end of a hook.

"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 May, rising. "You've got continual 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 led into the secret by Rosalia, led them into the little parlor which she tried so hard to keep trim and neat.

"What is dees," shouted a rough voice. "I heara da music." "Why don't dey stay in der Sunday School," continued the man.

"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."

"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.

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