

THE HEARTHSTONE.

"I have nothing to confide to you, ma'am." "I want to know wherefore I see such a meal as that before you?" persisted she. "I want to be informed why I see you thus starving yourself to death, Desmoro Desmoro?"

queried the manager, laying hold of Desmoro's shoulder and shaking him. "Look me in the face, boy, and don't stare about you in that scared manner. One would imagine that you had just seen a ghost, or something very like it."

you, Comfort?" said the youth, speaking to that daimsel, who was sitting on a stool in their humble lodgings, an open play-book on her knee, her sweet face full of admiration and wonder of Desmoro's powers of declamation.

under their own legitimate applications. For, be they either Browns, or Joneses, or Smiths, as soon as ever they don the sock and buskin, they become Doloris, Be monts, and Aubreys."

rich in its practised imitations, rose and sank in impassioned declamation. What was he to do? How could he snatch his own offspring son from such a humiliating position?

CHAPTER VIII.

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