

surely have had his head turned by the many flattering things said to him.

It so chanced, too, that remarks were passed about him to his parents and brother, *sotto voce*, which, strange as it may appear, managed in some unaccountable manner always to reach his ears.

"He certainly has grown good-looking, very good-looking," thought Vital, as he hovered about his younger brother. Although he was sincerely glad to see him, he could not altogether drive away the shameful wish that he had been less handsome. When he thought of what it was that gave rise to the wish, he felt ill at ease.

Vital, in every way, was different from his tall younger brother. He was slimly built, scarcely the average height, and not prone to many words. He was given to day-dreams, too, and often did such absent-minded things as to cause his father much mental perturbation, and at times to wish that he had not given him so much schooling, but had trained him for a farmer instead of a school-teacher. Still he was immensely proud of his two sons, and as he saw them standing together, he decided that they looked far superior to the other farmers' sons, who had been given little or no education.

The wanderer Zotique was only twenty-two years of age, while Vital had turned thirty.

As the minutes stole by, and the babel of tongues increased, it might have been noticed that both the brothers stole anxious glances at the door. Every time it opened they invariably turned to see who the