

peace, for you shall want for nothing while I live, and when I die I will leave you what is handsome."

He ended with a kind of a growl, intended to express his concern both for her and the deceased fisherman. For these words he was highly applauded by the people present, while the imaginary widow, somewhat consoled by these promises, was conveyed back by her relations to her own dwelling.

But Gabriello in his new character immediately marched and took possession of Lazzaro's house, walking in exactly as he had often observed his poor friend was wont to do, without noticing anyone.

He went into a richly furnished chamber overlooking some gardens, and taking the keys out of his deceased patron's pockets, he began to search the trunks and boxes, where he found other lesser keys, which admitted him to all the treasures and valuables in the place.

It was a storehouse of wealth indeed, for it not only contained the fortunes of the deceased doctor and other relations of Lazzaro, to the amount of several thousand florins of gold, but was equally rich in jewels and plate.

At the sight of these Gabriello repressed with difficulty loud exclamations of rapture and surprise, and he sat down to devise fresh means of supporting his title to Lazzaro's estates. With this view, being perfectly well acquainted with his late friend's character, he went down about supper-time uttering the most strange and wild exclamations of grief. The two servants of the house, who had heard of the fatal accident and the cause of it, ran hastily to his relief.

But instead of listening to their consolation he directly ordered six loaves and a portion of the supper, with two flasks of wine, to be carried to the disconsolate widow across the way.

On the return of the domestic with the poor widow's grateful thanks, Gabriello partook of a light supper spread out in the handsomest style, and, without saying a word to anyone, shut himself up in his chamber and went to bed. There he remained until the hour of nine the next morning, the better to indulge his reflections and his grief.

Though the difference between his voice and language and those of his former master was perceptible to his domestics, they attri-

buted it entirely to his violent sorrow for his deceased friend.

The next day Gabriello began to rise at his old friend's usual hour, and though he had a variety of cares on his hands he never permitted the poor widow Santa to want for anything.

He imitated his old patron's way of life very exactly, for he really seemed to have succeeded to his indolence, which he adopted without an effort. He was still, however, extremely concerned to hear that his wife's grief for his death continued unabated, though he felt flattered by it, and began to think in what way he could console her, and how he could contrive means to marry her again.

Feeling not a little puzzled on the subject, he resolved to go to her house, where he found her, accompanied by one of her cousins, it not being long since the time of his supposed death.

Having informed her that he wished to speak to her upon an affair of importance, her kind relation immediately took his leave, aware of the numerous obligations which her rich neighbor had so charitably conferred upon her.

When he had left them, Gabriello closed the door with the same air of familiarity as formerly, at which the poor woman could not help testifying some surprise, fearful lest he might presume too far on the services he had rendered her.

When Gabriello advanced, taking her little boy by the hand, she drew back timidly, at which action he could not help expressing his admiration of his wife's propriety in an audible voice and a grin of delight. Then taking her by the hand, he spoke to her in his accustomed manner, and she gazed for a moment doubtfully in his face, while Gabriello, taking his little boy in his arms tenderly caressed him, saying, "What, boy, is your mother weeping at our good fortune?" and shaking some money in her hand with a triumphant air, he gave it to him, and went on playing with him as usual.

But perceiving that his wife was overpowered with a variety of emotions she could not control, unable to disguise the truth any longer, he first fastened the door, and fearful lest anyone should hear the strange story he had to reveal, he drew her into an inner chamber, and there related the whole affair just as it had passed. It is impossible to convey an