The consultation did not throw much light on Miss Burram's strange case; it seemed only to leave it more strange and perplexing, and a remark dropped by one of the doctors, and overheard, t throughout the town the news tha ram had lost her mind and would before long become a raving

It was not so bad as that, though it was probable that her reason would be permanently affected if some speedy

change did not take place.

Rachel was the only one in the house who had not heard the news news that was told with bated breath pelow stairs-her ignorance was due to Burney's instructions. He knew that Rachel never dreamed for a ment that insanity threatened her guardian, and he thought it best both or his patient and herself, that she should not even suspect anything until further concealment became impossible. Her devotion to the sick woman was

unremitting and touching, and that the latter, despite her clouded mind, knew and appreciated something of it, the doctor felt convinced. He saw it in the satisfied look which came into her eyes when Rachel held her hands, in the way that her eyes strove to follow Rachel, expectant, persistent water she maintained for her return, whenever

she left the room.

That her restoration, if it came at all. would come through Rachel, he felt certain, and he noted carefully every sign which seemed to confirm his opin

At length Mrs. McElvain found an opportunity for giving her son's message to Miss Rachel.

And how I found the courage," she said, in telling Sarah about it afterward, "to ask her to come with me to the hospital, I don't know; only she's the angel she is, I couldn't have done it: she listened to me Sarah, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and she said, when I have done, putting both of her hands out to me, 'Oh, Mrs. McElvain, what can I say to you for bringing me news of a message from my own dear boy? Of course I'll go with you, only I must ask Miss Burram first—maybe she will understand when I tell her what it is."

But Sarah hardly heard the last words for the phrase, "my own dear boy," had recalled to her mind a similar phrase in Miss Rachel's mouth which she had overheard one morning, months before the coming of the man who had died, and Sarah was putting this and that together, as well as all of the other odd and strange things connected with Miss Burram's Charge, and making out of them a history that was to surpass former exaggerated histories with which she had regaled Mrs. Ged-

McElvaln's request had put Rachel into a quiver of excitement and longing—Tom's message to her—it was was almost as if he were alive again, and she could hardly wait the of the day on which she should accompany Mrs. McElvain to the hospital, viding Miss Burram, understanding, ot say no. But she would not, she could not, say no, to such a request as that—for Rachel's very soul would rise up in an entreaty that Miss Bur-ram could not refuse. And if she did not understand—should she go? Yes; her conscience said without a moment hesitation; then, as she was on her way to the sick-room it occurred to her that the effect of her communication might

escorted by Dr. Burney—he insisted was a great difference in the two hospitals."

A screen was put about the bed so seat in another part of the ward, and Dr. Burney visiting the resident phy-sician in his private room, Rachel was quite free to listen and to ask all that she would about her beloved "Tom." The sick man being much stronger than

he was on the occasion of his mother's former visit, was able to talk above a whisper, and without being distressed by the effort. He and "Tom" were common sailors on the Norah Melton, Tom shipping only as the vessel was returning from Bombay, and it coming out in the night watches the two sometimes kept together, that John had a mother, and the part of the world in which his mother not seen for nearly five years, and to whom he was returning; and though

John and he became fast friends, "Tom" did not tell more, until the night of the storm when the vessel had to be abandoned. "Tom" refused

to leave. "It is near the shore where all that I love are, and I think my chances of getting there are better than they would be to take to the boat. The would be to take to the boat. The vessel is driving on the shore now. I am a good swimmer and I think I can savejmyself. But if I should not, John and should you be saved, tell this little girl, Rachel Minturn, who lives with Miss Burram, that I did my best to keep my promise of returning to her in five years—the five will be completed to-morrow, the eighteenth of August. Tell her that she has never been out of my heart for a moment since I left her, and tell her not to believe any one who should say to her that her father did something wrong. Tell her I know, and she will believe me. But do not tell these things to any one but her. And I have kept my promise to him,

" My father," murmured Rachel. But she did not ask, as it came into her mind for a moment to do, "Why should Tom say that about my father?"

She felt that to ask anything which might seem to question "Tom's" statements would be a kind of disloy alty to him; so instead, she requested John to repeat the message that was given to him, and to tell her all of their conversations that he could re-McElvain seemed to be as eager to

tell as she was to ask, lingering own accord on the lovable qualities of his dead shipmate—qualities that won the endearing regard of all of his fellow-

Rachel, putting every word away in her heart, thought now alone of "Tom's" last message of love for her, given in the very gasp of death—"Tom, her boy," as she had always "Tom, her boy," as she had always called him as she had loved to call him, and while she choked back her tears determined from the first not to add to the distress of the interview by her emotion, she never questioned, as even John McElvain could not help secretly doing, "Was it improbable that 'Tom' 'himself was her father?"

The interview was over, and Dr. Burney on the homeward journey watched Rachel closely for some sign of its effect. His devotion to his profession, and his utter want of anything like feminine curiosity, combined with a strange lack of observation where a strange lack of observation where ervation was not professionally needed, rendered him very dull as Sarah would have expressed it, "in the sight of mysteries."
Residing in the city where Miss Bur-

ram had first patronized him a couple of years before Rachel came to her, he had not much opportunity for hearing any of the New Utterton gossip, and Miss Burram herself impressing him on that occasion as a woman who could woman of principle as well as a woman of wealth, he questioned not, nor did even think anything more about her. The next time he met Miss Burram was by Rachel's bedside after Tom's death. On that occasion he was nothing: his professional knowledge assured him she was suffering from a shock much more to her mind than to but as it was not necessary for him to know the cause of the shock he did not ask.

His third meeting with Miss Burram was at her own bedside, and any thoughts that might have come to him about the private history of his patient were absorbed by his professional in-The case was the same now as he

be harmful — it might disturb the patient. She sought Dr. Burney, inis necessary," she said in her that it suffered all the more because of frank, firm way, " for me to go with Mrs. McElvain to see her son. He is in a hospital in the city, and he has a message for me from one who died, and

Rachel knell beside her, and told very slowly and very distinctly about Mrs. McElvain's son, but when she said:

"He has a message to me from 'Tom,'" the patient tried to turn her kindness. That recalled the girl, and told the slowly and very distinct the same she said to thank Miss Rachel for her great kindness. That recalled the girl, and told very show the said to the same she said

the face just beside her own, and her lips moved several times.

"Repeat the name," said the physician and "Tom," "Tom," came in succession, each time pronounced with more tender emphasis, while the sick woman's lips moved more continuously, as if she too were trying to utter the propose and her ever softened and name, and her eyes softened, and and seemed even to grow moist.

"May I go?" asked Rachel, and Miss Burram's relapse. He had Mrs. Miss Barram appeared to try to nod her head in assent.

"This is excellent," said Dr. Burney to himself, "she understands."

Rachel went with Mrs. McElvain, but

was treated with more consideration than would have been the case had that good, simple woman alone been her the physician's mind, and he asked himself, who or what was Herrick, whose that her interview need not be witnessed by the other gaping patients, and Mrs. McElvain given a comfortable woman of his patient's household, and pay the expenses of the son of a work-woman of his patient's household, and then suddenly renounce all interest in the young man — a further perplex the - a young man who, to ge to Rachel from some one who

In utter bewilderment, he asked

"What did this man Herrick have to do with Mrs. McElvain's son that he should pay his expenses at all — was it through benevolence?"

through benevolence?" "Rachel answered Mrs. Geduing with her wonted wered, feeling constrained now to be very frank, "that Mr. Herrick was so kind because he wanted her son to tell him the message that was given for me him the message that was given for me by one who died-one who was very lived. "Tom" confided in return that he too had an interest in that part of the world—a little girl whom he had Herrick wouldn't pay his expenses any

together all that had been told him of Herrick's visit, even to Miss Burram's denunciation, with what he heard now from Rachel, and feeling for the first visit are recompletely and the first of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of the first specific that had been told min of t time there was something under these strange events which possibly might be responsible for his patient's e condition. So absorbed was he new phase of his mind that he strange condition. So absorbe had quite forgotten Rachel's question about the patient in the hospital. She

ventured to repeat it : The doctor suddenly recalled to himelf, answered quickly

self, answered quickly:

"He is as comfortable as it is necessary
for him to be; to be sure, he has not
quite the pleasant surroundings he may
have had in the private hospital, nor
perhaps exactly the fare, but he does ont suffer."
"Then, Doctor, could you possibly get better fare for him? I have no

money of my own, but I think if I can make Miss Burram understand, she will let me have some. I shall see what can be done," he

answered, turning in the direction of his patient's room, and Rachel, forced to be satisfied with that reply, turned also in that direction.

Miss Burram was asleep and the nurse held up a warning finger as the door opened. The doctor crossed on tiptoe and stood looking down on the sleeping woman. How aged she had become. The lines in her face, owing to the falling away of the muscles, having deeped into heavy wrinkles, and her jetblack hair showing great patches of gray. But what suffering was visible also; it seemed to the physician as he looked, as is some strange, new insight had been given to him, and under the influence of that he went to his room and wrote:

MR NOTNER, 'Mr Notner,

'Dear Sir.—' Miss Burram's case has 'just appeared to me in an entirely new way; a way hat makes me think I and the other physician to ve been working on a mistaken diagnosis. When I wrote to vou of that man Herrick's visit and its disastrous effects. I did not know what further connection he was to have with Miss Burram's household. Hearned it to-day,' Then followed a succinct account of Rachel's visit to the hospital and her conversation of erward, even to her request about young McElvain.

If feel," the doctor's note continued, "as if I feel," the doctor's note continued, "as if h we been very soupid I should have put

Notner read that letter more than once; then he inclosed it in one that he himself had already written, and putting both into an envelope, which he sealed with a stamp of wax, he addressed it,

"T. HERNDON, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, ENG." Three hours after he was in consulta tion with the authorities at the hospital where John McElvain lay, and when next his mother went to see him sh nd him in a private room and with all the comforts of a private institution. The grateful old soul immediately at tributed the change to Miss Rachel, and to her she hastened when she re ed to pour out her gratitude.

It wasn't I-it was Dr. Burney, said the girl, "and I shall thank him

for both you and me."

But Dr. Burney, when charged with the kindness, disclaimed all knowledge of it even, and he was puzzled, forget-ting how he had mentioned Rachel's wish

## CHAPTER LXII.

Miss Burram's insanity was the latest current topic among the gossips of Rentonville, and told with strange and unsympathetic exaggeration, it became in some instances a tale that frightened because of some instances a tale that frightened the children. There were little ones the children. There were little ones who ran with quickened steps and shuddring breath past Miss Burram's grounds, and who whispered among themselves wild stories caught from who was very dear to me. I would like to have Miss Burram's permission, for I never do anything without it. Will it hurt her if I cell her?"

"No;" said the doctor, "I do not think it will; but I shall be present."

Miss Burram seemed to listen while Rachel knelt beside her, and told very slowly and very distinctly about Mrs. McElvain's son, but when she said:

"He has a message to me from

who was very dear to me. I would like more anxious as he contemplated her complete prostration—with her prostration will her prostration would go the last hope for his patient.

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Rachel knelt beside her, and told very slowly and very distinctly about Mrs. McElvain, about to disappear into the kitchen, lingered to thank Miss Rachel for her great to the dedors and enlarged upon by their oders and enlarged upon by their own vivid imaginations. To Sarah Sinnott, that eareful garnerer and unscription not, that eareful garnerer and unscription on even would have been more anxious as he contemplated her complete prostration—with her prostration—with her

MeElvain's son, but when such as the last a message to me from 'He has a message to me from 'Tom,'' the patient tried to turn her head as if to look more intently into the face just beside her own, and her lips moved several times.

"Beneal the name," said the hospital is uncomfortable! I mean "hospital is uncomfortable! I mean "hospital is uncomfortable! I mean "hospital is uncomfortable in the hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable in the hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable in the hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable in the hospital is uncomfortable in the hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable in the hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable in the hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable in the hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable in the hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable in the hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospital is uncomfortable." I mean "hospital is uncomfortable. I mean "hospit what could any one do about it? But her mother declared that it was no more than "that awful Miss Burram's "Do not run counter to mother in than "that awful Miss Burram's just deserts," and she kept such a watch | her wishes about Miss Burram-on the whenever that young lady was going out, where she was going, and how long whenever that young lady was going out, where she was going, and how long she would be, and never failing to question her every day as to whom she had written and from whom she had received whenever that young lady was going you are not going to write to show a form of the same of tion her every day as to whom she had

you have to question me in this man-

your doing what you did before, visiting that dreadful Miss Burram's house, or writing to hour place dreadful Charge?"

writing to her no less dreadful Charge. The aspersion on Rachel was more bargain? than Rose could bear, and fearing lest ked herself in and gave way to a fit and just then her father's voice

f crying.

In her own room she was still when making them both start:

"Bless my soul! Why don't you the dinner-hour came, and both father and brother missing her from the table.

asked simultaneously for her.
"I don't know where she is," answered Mrs. Gedding with her wonted

wife's reply, and her manner indicating that she didn't care, her husband asked

uneasily: "Why, Martha, what is the matter? more."
"O-o-o-oh," said the doctor, putting
"Any, Martia, what is the matter?
Rose is never absent from the dinner-table unless the is sick."

"I do not think she sick-perhaps

ovoking indifference to take her soup. Mr. Gedding was on his feet in an instant with a suppressed and not complimentary exclamation about Miss Burram, but his son had risen "I'll look for her, father,' was out of the room in an iustant.

"It is I-Will; open the door. I can't-I don't want to see youdon't want to see anybody-I'm

"What is the misery about—Miss Burram?" judging that it must be from

at his mother had said.
Yes; mother is determined that I shall not communicate in any way with ittle Rachel."

Well, that is no reason why you should make a goose of yourself. Come, open the door—I have a whole lot of news for you. I was going to keep it till after dinner, for I am voraciously hungry, but since you are in such an awful state of misery I'll tell it to you now, if you'll only open the door."

In an instant the key was turned and

Rose was on the threshold with tumbled hair and a very woe-begone look generally. Her brother laughed, at which she was about to close the door again

sne was about to close the door again, but he prevented her. "I beg your pardon, Rese; but I couldn't helplaughing,—you girls are such queer creatures, taking the utmost to make yourselves miserable for nothing. Miss Burram's Ch. poor little Rachel, as you Burram's Charge, her, and for whom you conceived such a violent have and whom you pity so much, is not in need of your compassion or your help; she is remarkably well cared for and she has the very best of friends in Mr. Notner—but that is not my news" eeing his sister's impatiencenews is about Herrick. I had it just now from Russell, whom I met. ick's finances, his public ones, are in bad state—who would have thought but they are. His failure to make Miss Burram sell is partly the cause. The men who were willing to back him that enterprise for the purpose of making such a low but money making esort as he has made of one end of the land, have become tired of waiting, and have put their money into another venture. Think, Rose, of having that renture. Think, Rose, of having that beautiful place of Miss Burram's, and right next door to our Club quarters, lisfigured as Herrick would have done. That at least, is one thing our whole community ought to be grateful to Miss Burram for—her refusal to sell her place. And Russell told me also that Miss Burram's condition is not half as bad as the reports have it. Notner, who is in close communication with the attending physician, told Russell. He said the doctor has adopted so new treatment which he expects to be quite successful, and that Miss Burran far from being a maniac, tis sensible of everything going on about her, and she

lacks alone the power of speech But, think, Will, of the unreason ableness of mother, now that all quarantine has been removed, and that my visits might be a little break on the monotony of Rachel's life—she never roes out-at least, past the grounds.

"You forget her visit to the hospital and the cause thereof, and the effect thereby, which, thanks to that indefatigable reporter, Sarah Sinnot, has beme public New Utterton property The sarcasm in his voice nettled his

sister, and she answered quickly: "You were not averse to expressing your gratification when you heard the

"Yes, I plead guilty to the charge but it was because it explained Her-rick's seeming kindness to Mrs. McEl-vain's son, which I could never under-stand; and now," he added, adopting a pretended solemnity, that de-Rose, "I confess that I am as ceived Rose, anxious as Herrick himself was to know what John McElvain's message to Miss

upon her daughter, demanding to know, contrary, obey them—assure her that whenever that young lady was going you are not going to Miss Burram's

letters, that Rose asked at length "Hear me out. If you will act in this any letters, that rose asked at length in tearful exasperation:

"What is the matter, mother, that that when Miss Burram's Charge really needs you-when she ought to have a visit from you, you shall "The matter, daughter, is to prevent in the interval she shall be informed of

state of her health and spirits. Is it a Not entirely satisfied, but feeling she should be betrayed into too hasty a speech, she hurried to her own room,

> "Bless my soul! Why don't you two come down to dinner? The soup has been served, as you know, Will, twenty minutes ago, and here are your voices going nineteen to the dozen."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Man's a Man for a' last Even if he has corns on both feet. But he is a stronger, happier and wiser man if he uses Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and gets rid of the unsightly corns, painlessly and at

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TALK about Pyny-Balsam, the greatest modern remody for Balsam, the great at modern remedy for coughs and colds. It cures quickly and cer-tairly 25c. Of all cealers. Made by propric-tors of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

## A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

By CLO. GRAVES

Who does not know San Salino, that buthern seaboard Elysium where health southern scaboard Edystall where heater and pleasure seekers of all types, grades, degrees and nationalities do congregate, arrayed in bath toweling, shod with rope sandals and crowned with broad leaved palm leaf hats? Here the Bordeaux merchant lays down his cares, oblivous of the rise in glucose or the increased import tax on logwood. Here the American millionaire shifts for a while the burden of his millions, the English peer is said to occasionally for-get that he is somebody, and here the crowned heads of Europe play at being nobodies with more or less success.

The high, yellow cliffs that guard the

rock girt Avalons of pine and

scented healing and repose. Before you, the Atlantic thunders upon miles jagged reefs, and, behind, the verof jagged reers, and, behind, the verified away was unsecondary undulates to the pin clad foothills of the Pyrenees. The harbor lies on the southern side of a grim promontory crowned by the ruins grate eyes asked, if the red lips did not.

"You may keep the stick, mademoissing grantly in the article part of the ruins and grantly grantly grantly." It is a still grantly gra of a Saracentic castle and the Etablissement des Bains, and the Casino, the theatre, and the sandy golf lings have in the season—a comprehensive one—their crowds of devotees. Beyond the town, with its huge hotels and cosmopolitan boarding houses, set in cactus starred, ilex shaded gardens, are the bungalows and villas of monarchs, erowned and uncrowned. There is a sheltered cove on the northern side of the castled promontory which is in especial favor with children, and here o little people, a grave, fair boy of the and a black-eyed girl of seven, "Hold my hat and sti eight and a found themselves alone one June day. On the bronze-colored border of wet sand left by the retreating tide the girl was dancing, some shells of the razor-fish serving her as castanets, clicking the accompaniment to her improvised

"Snow, snow!" she sang: "fairy ow!" as the breakers thundered on the honey-combed reef ridges and spent themselves in hissing sheets of dazzling

whiteness.

The boy, who wore a bonnet of Basque tartan upon his fair curls, a crim-son string sash about his coarse linen blouse and peasant shoes of rope upon his slim, bare feet, stood looking doubtfully at the girl, who danced on to her shell music, and seemed to take no heed of him. She, too, wore a short, lose frock of unbleached linen, but it as curionsly embroidered at the throat hem and sleeves, with silk of bright, barbaric hue, and gaudy tassels adorned her hempen footgear. Her slim, brown arms and legs, like the fair limbs of the boy, were bare, and her rich chestut brown locks danced as she did, without restraint, for her broad leaved palm hat ad fallen off and lay upon the sands, where the little pink crabs were scuttling amid the ripple marks, and the air pubbles of hidden shellfish quivered and shone like bells of crystal in the hot,

hone like bend oright sun shine. "fairy, fairy, fairy snow!"

The boy was not sure whether he liked her or not. Certainly she was pretty—but, then, to dance like one of the Basque peasant girls out, in the open air upon the sands, with the sky and the sea and the cliff martens looking on! It seemed "unbecoming." ing on! That was a word the boy was weary of. It was ever on the lips of his governand tutors. Only that morning Profes sor X. had used it because the boy had made a little, little mistake in geography. \* \* \* "It is unbecoming, your Majesty." Ah! the boys could hear the pedagogue's grating voice and see his long, hooked nose as plainly as one does see and hear things one hates to remember! 'Your Majesty must be aware that it is unbecoming that a monarch should be ocuvres, evolutions, ceremonies, and s inadequately informed as to the extent of the colonial possessions pertaining to his crown. Your Majesty will condescend to write 'The Laffarin Islands' in Islands in Islands the open window when the your copy book fifty times over." the fair, pale boy of eight was the King the courtyard. And I listen to he played with a Basque stick oddly orna- soldiers, and if one has burnished his

mented in the peasant fashion with breastplate badly or buckled his belt rings of metal, would one day wield a awry I send for the officer, and the man eptre. He was weary of lessons and curve, and that day seemed very dim the regulations." lectures, and that day seemed very dim and far off; but the sun was shining, and far off; but the sun was shining, and there were lovely shells and weeds lying on the sands at his very feet, and now you said you didn't believe in that were unbecoming if one had some one to play with. At home, at the boy! You sending for the officer! one to piay with. At home, at the palace, there was Enrique, the head gardener's son, who sometimes was allowed to share the King's amusements. Enrique, too, talked of things that were "unbecoming," and was a dull, tame kind of boy; but, when one had no "It looks just like a throne!" Marie tame kind of boy; but, when one had no other boy to play with, even Earique two herself down upon the sun-warmed was better than nobody. He won-stone. "Sit here at my feet," she dered what Enrique would have chought of this queer little dancing girl. Then, for courtesy was a branch of education in which the King had never needed instruction, he moved forward and picked up the hat that lay upon the sands, beside the print of a tiny foot half filled with sea water.

As the King did this she girl-child stopped dancing, tossed back her curls and smiled. At least there was a gleam of small white texts hetween the scarlet of small white texts hetween the scarlet washed the feet of twelve old men and twelve old women—"

The proud little nostrils dilated with disgust.

"Oh! That is a horrid story!"

No; it is true—quite true! It was at the Cathedral of San Ignacio. The Cardinal Archbishop held the silver are said and the feet of twelve old men and twelve old women—"

The proud little nostrils dilated with disgust.

Cardinal Archbishop held the silver are a solemn Mass. I

They do not exist-

One pretends-when one wishes to few drops of rain?

triste and dull!"

The King opened his blue eyes at this. She had seemed so happy, and all the while she had been pretending! Now she cried out with admiration that had thrown herself almost at full length upon her rock, sat up with a sudden accession of primness.

"The King of Ibera? I know all about him."

seemed quite unfeigned: "Oh, la, la! The stick—the lovely stick! Who gave

you that ?" "It is a Basque stick, mademoiselle." the King explained. "The peasants make them, and I bought this—it was not given to me." He stopped, for the girl's eyes asked for it, begged for it,

entreated for it, coaxed for it. "Monsieur, I beg of you, let me have it in my hands! How pretty it is! How happy you must be to possess such a stick!" She hugged it to her breast, as though she could not part from it and though the gaudy, new posses was dear to the boy, he yielded it.

"Keep it, mademoiselle." He did not say, "I will buy another," for not say, they kept him very short of pocket money, and permission to spend what he received was a concession coast are honeycombed with caves and broken by sandy bays and little coves, gained with trouble. "To fritter awa money upon trifles is unbecoming King." To break or spoil or give the trifles away was unbecoming also.

"You may keep the stick, mademois-elle," he said gently. The agate eyes sparkled with delight.

"How good of you! But why call me mademoiselle? I am Marie. Oh look at the beautiful red flowers! The glowing trail of weed she pointed to lay stranded at the seabrink one The next wave might snatch it back into the treasury of ocean The King sprang toward the prize and snatched it up as the wave broke and hissed about his little white ankles Then he brought the long scarlet trail

"Hold my hat and stick!" she said imperiously. Then, with a few deft thrusts and turns, she made a wreath of the sea-weed and set it on her rebel-lious curls, and looked at him, smiling, erowned with the fantastic splender He knew there are such things fairies out of childish books, but Marie had spread gossamer wings and taken flight he would hardly have been surprised. "I will make you a crown too," she said, with a little, gurgling laugh, " and then we can play at being King and Queen. Come, let us look for more of the red flowers!" for more of the red fl

But the King held back. Crowns are not made of seaweed or of flowers-at least, those that are worn by Kings," he said. "They are of

heavy metal, and hurt the head. "They are of gold and jewels," cried Marie, tossing her lovely head. "As though I did not know that! I wanted to make believe, and you will not help me. We could have palace out of sand, and played at reign

The King's face grew grave and

Mademoiselle, we are to young to reign. There is the minority, during which a regent occupies the throne. If you were a Queen, you would not b owed to play at reigning. You would study under your governors and tutors almost all the time, so that you should time came. You would-

But Marie, looking into the anxious face, burst into a delightful giggle.
"You are such a solemn little boy!" she cried, when she could speak. "Of course, it must be very stupid, all that but I am not a Queen, nor are you a King, so It does not matter!" She

shrugged her pretty shoulders. The King realized that, to this dazzling little creature-a commoner her self-he, too, was a commoner. The incognito he relished; but it was intolerable to be called a solemn little boy. He caught his breath, and began eager

ly: "Mademoiselle-

"Marie, I do amuse myself. There For are changing the guard in the palhand that music and watch the movements of the

Marie clapped her hands. one could forget the multitude of things fairjes, and now you are telling a fairy

of small white teeth between the scarlet basin, and there was a Solemn Mass. lips as the King took off his bonnet with gave the people new clothing and food, a pretty grace and held the hat out to salted fish and ham and cheese, a dol her, saying in French: "It was getting wet, mademoiselle, lying there; and that out beyond"—he pointed to the breakers—" is not snow, only foam.

And—there are no snow, only foam.

And—there are no snow thing as fairies.

Then, the next day, came the royal pilgrimage. The whole court, dressed in deep mourning, goes out on foot to visit all the churches in out on foot to visit all the churches used. Ah, bab! As if I did not know the city, led by the King and Queen the city and the girl, still panting from Whether it rain or hails, it would be the dance. Her eyes were of an odd agate color, and fringed with wonderfully thick, black lashes, and her chestnut colored eyebrows were traced on the Monarch of monarchs went shelter-her delicate temples as though a fine less in all weathers that our souls pencil had drawn them. And her flushed face was like a ripe nectarine. might find shelter through Him. Shall the King of Ibera grumble, then, at a

amuse one's self. And here it is so triste and dull!" Marie, who had thrown herself almost at full length "The King of Ibera!" Marie, who

" Pardon, Mademoiselle; l

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ot," said the King.
Marie screamed with laughter
"Oh, you stiff, stiff, poky litt Must nobody know anything b

The King rose, very pale, and his cap.
"Mademoiselle Marie, you
"Mademoiselle Marie, you just, and what is nearly as bad, rude, and I will leave you." H and turned away, but a sob bro him, and the blue eyes brimm

tears that were sternly kep Marie jumped up. "Come back!" Sho stamp small, rosy foot imperiously uttered a shriek of pain, for a dried sea apple had punished t foot severely. The King forgo entment, and ran back to her. "Ah, the horrid, nasty, spiky she cried, and hurled the echin

her vengefully. Then she sa and the King knelt beside he wounded foot was solemnly in "It bleeds," said Marie, with ing lips, as a tiny, bright red b lowed the withdrawal of a price "I am so, so sorry! I wish what to do to make it well."

the "At home \* \* \* the kiss it," suggested Marie, with ly dropped lashes.
"I will kiss it if you wish. wish me, truly?"
She nodded, catching her bro

tween a whimper and a giggle boy stooped his fair head and the pink foot with his pale lips. "It is nicer than kissing the feet, as I did at San Ignacio," h am tired of that make Don't do it any more," ordere
"I prefer to talk about myse
little. Once, I ran away f

Schloss-' Where is the Schloss?" "At home, in Germany."
"So you are German? I'm said the King pensively.
"Germans are nice. Why

sorry?"
"Oh, because . . . Te you ran away?"
"I was tired of my gour
Mme. von Bern . . . I w
go to school with the village So I ran away. . . I got to t just as they to sing. The scho got so red in the face when I and took my place with the o dren, and joined in-as loud as girl, didn't seem pleased.
came and pulled me by the said, 'Highness, it is unbecothe daughter of a Prince she about going to the Himmel village kinder.' And then a drove up and my gouvernante like mad and carried me aw they—but I won't tell you I punished me."

The king was silent. They
"But why did the head bail girl say "A Prince's daughte "Because papa is a Prince 'It is not like a Princess,'

King, "to call names."
"Do you know any other Pri said Marie, with some hauteu
The King smiled.

'There are my sisters, And don't they ever cal "Never! It would not bee "Sofio and Estevana,"
Marie. "Such odd names
What is your name?" she ad

after thought.
"Carlos Eduardo Cristia the King enumerat ently.
"Mine is Marie Sophie

but I don't believe you are re Carlos Eduardo, and all the Marie. "The name belong body else quite different—who is really what you playe just now." Her eyes green. ast now." Her eyes gree They say he is a beautifu that one of these days \* \*
Are you really going? Why For the King, with a cloud

had risen to his feet.
"Mademoiselle, you do
honor just now. You said y believe me!" 'About the name!'' Ma into smiles. "Don't be crossback and sit by me again. " Don't be cros more people than one may be by the same name. Tell me, you call me Marie? I said

The admission came. Because I don't like Sophie, or Charlotte. It i

Y not.
Tell me!" cried Eve. 1 and taking hold of the cr Then, as the King moved rubbed her round, velvet ch the shoulder of the linen blo ing. "Tell me !" The King yielding, held chin and bashfully whisper chesnut curls: "Because t

ment and the people say t marry her when I grow up.' "Oh, you story!—at le mean that! Perhaps y Sophie Charlotte is another the hereditary sadly. "I am to marry l grow up," he report grow up," he repeated.
reasons of State, and I u
duty." He put his arm aro
waist, and pressed his

against the chesnut curl and rather marry you, dear But Marie pushed his ar sat regarding him quite ste You are telling anoth things you don't like to h telling," she said, "and y sorry I apologized just no papa is the hereditary Prin witz-Altenlied, and I am h -so there! And presentl old enough, I am to make with Carlos Eduardo Cris fredo, King of Ibera. A think you as nice as I did, ing to look for my gouvers ver left alone so long in

"Oh, Marie!" pleade "Oh, Marie! 'Alone,' with me!" Marie relented, and m

nearer.