

The flickering gas light falls upon the speakers and discloses two children, two musicians, two little strolling artists. The elder with his big harp carefully wrapped in its green baize covering strapped to his shoulder, is barely thirteen years old, very thin and sad looking, with lovely black eyes that baffle description and unmistakably prove his Italian origin.

The other, apparently about eight years of age, holds in his numb fingers a violin which he repeatedly presses to his heart as one would a dear treasure, with a look of love, a sigh of



discouragement. His eyes are blue, a wonderful blue, as clear, pure and transparent as his own native sky and sea; his pretty blonde head with its aureole of sunny curls makes him resemble one of those pictured cherubs Angelico de Fiesole delighted to paint.

Guiseppe, feeling Tito leaning more wearily against him, searched once more in the big leather purse he carried concealed under his coarse blouse, in the hope of finding a few coppers to buy bread for the little lad whom his grandmother had confided to his care as she blessed them both ere they set out to seek their fortune in a strange land.