

kindled from floor to roof of 117 when the Herr Hans sprang from the banister at its door. "Until now I did not know! Until now I did not know!" he had murmured all the way. He said so dreamily to the cabby, half dazedly to Mr. Gulligan on the third floor, and reached the little landing with the fire of his sonata still hot upon him.

Then the door of the blue room opened for the Fraulein Dorothy all dressed for her journey. At the sight of Herr Bauermeister, bow in hand before her, she stopped confused, and put out her hand with a new shyness. "Good bye," she said; "I reckon I must leave you for a while—for a long while." The love song was throbbing louder and louder in Herr Hans' brain; he beat it down and bent over her hand with foreign courtesy; then, all of a sudden, a great wave of emotion swept through him, the violin flew one way, the bow another, and, on his knees, "Meine Dorothy!" he cried; the violin went bang-banging down the stairway, and the Shaughessys could be heard scurrying about at the clatter. Dorothy, with a frightened little cry, jerked her hand away and fairly run down the steps. "Now have I ruined all," groaned Herr Bauermeister, and got to his feet like a man who had lost the world and played the fool besides.

But Dorothy had stopped at the landing. "Not all Hans," said she, softly. "I reckon I don't know but three words in German, but"—she blushed to the eyelids—"Hans, Ich liebe dich."

Nick Lensen, toiling upward, gasped as she fled past him, and found a mad German, dancing, singing with a half-dozen wild red-heads on the little landing by the blue room door.—Henry Seidel Canby, in the Outlook.

HERMANCÉ.

(MARIAN SMITH, Santiago de Chile.)

As I sat in my room one Sunday afternoon with the warm Chilean sun (out for its first holiday after the gloom of the wet season) streaming across the floor from the western windows, an orange came rolling in across the floor and with it, through the open door, the sound of subdued giggles. A moment later the giggles were no longer subdued and a young girl in red came bounding into the room, deluging my face and neck with the warmest of velvet kisses.

She had come to ask which of the three one would say in English, "Promise to love," "Swear to love," or "Vow to love," and also if I had not some extra tickets for the school concert, and while she talked about other things I recalled a strange caballero who wanders along our streets at night and either whistles plaintive airs or warbles tender verses with an ardent refrain of "Amar," and there came to mind also the photograph of a young man in the fancy dress of a cavalier, the center of the elaborate boarding school decorations in her room.

The school gossip subsided, and the little things of her home life, which are so dear to a girl away from it all, came into the conversation; her home in Peru, the gay brother at school in Paris, the box of linen for her own trousseau, her mother's beautiful embroidery,—and then her mother's young romance, all told in a quaint mixture of Spanish and English, but every gesture and every line of the dress which her mother had fashioned for her bespeaking her beloved and glorious France.

Her father and mother had been married on the Isthmus in the early days of the French excitement. I could remember so well Colon and Panama and a quick trip between them on the little railroad, every tie of which had cost a human life; a trip through bristling

palms and heat and houses built on stilts, with a station for every mile; with Chinese shops and bleached Europeans and languid negroes in every stage of dress and lack of dress; then the long, hot docks at Panama, with the blue bay all fringed with palms and dotted over with fishing pelicans.

Her grandfather had come to Panama to join his friend, the French consul, leaving his own motherless children behind in France, but bringing with him the youngest, a daughter, Marie, and at the same time came seventeen young engineers and assistants sent out by the French government for work on the canal. The consul's wife undertook to complete the convent education of Marie and taught her the most wonderful embroideries and the demureness of behavior becoming to the only young French girl on the Isthmus.

When they had been there only a year a feast was given in the big white French consulate in honor of the great day, the "Taking of the Bastille," and the seventeen heroes and one heroine assembled. The negro servants warned the company not to eat bananas, which are the principal fruit of the Isthmus, for fear of the yellow fever, but Marie was wilful and passed them to her father and to a young man near her whom she had found to be "Mury sympatica," and they three ate the forbidden fruit.

In ten days one young man fell ill with the dreaded fever, and one by one they all sickened and died like sheep, all except one, Hypolyte, who had eaten with Marie.

"From that day," said Hermance, "they two began to love and, one day, the consul, dressed in his finest clothes, appeared at my grandpapa's and said; 'Epoleeta today has been saying that he can be no more happy without Marie,' and my grandpapa he say, 'He is a good young man. He make my daughter happy and I am getting old, so set the day.' And now my papa he laugh and say to my mamman, 'I marry you because of the banana.'"

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