BY EXCEND NO.

CHAPTER LXII

The Rev. Father Caboccini, the Roman Jesuit who now came of about thirty years of age, hard." plump, in good condition, and Without making any answer Colombe's. out his black carsock. The good riveted his one eye upon Rodin fortune at the time of the allies little father was blind with one with an expression of enthusi- taking Paris, by keeping one of eye, but his remaining organ of asm, and exclaimed, whilst be those "pretty milliner's shops," vision sparkled with vivacity, accompanied his words with pet- whose "pink bonnets" have run His rosy countenance was gay, ulent gestures, "At last I see to into a proverb not extinct in smiling, joyous, splendidly superblight of our sacred Com- these days when bonnets are not best crowned with thick chestnut pany, and can zalute him from known. Ninny Moulin had no Write for handsome itinerary which hair, which curled like a wax my heart-vonse more, vonse better well to draw inspiration doll's. His address was cordial more." and petulant manners harmons recovered his breath, and was girl of an age and appearance A G.P., Topeka, Kan. ized well with his general ap- about to rush once again into which, singularly enough, were JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago. pearance. In a second, Rodin Rodin's arms, the latter stepped closely resembling those of had taken his measure of the back hastily, and held out his Mdlle, de Cardoville. Italian emissary; and as he arms to keep him off, saying, in No doubt of Ninny Moulin's knew the practice of his Com- allusion to the illogical metaphor success in this mission, for the pany, and the ways of Rome, he employed by Father Caboccini, next morning Rodin, whose telt by no means comfortable at "First of all, father, one does not countenance wore a triumphant sight of this jolly little father, embrace a light-and then I am expression, put with his own with such affable manners. He not a light-I am a humble and hand a letter into the post. would have less feared some obscure laborer in the Lord's This letter was addressed : tall, bony priest, with austere vineyard." and sepulchral countenance, for he knew that the Company loves to deceive by the outward appearance of its agents; and, it Rodin guessed rightly, the cordial address of this personage would rather tend to show that he was charged with some fatal mission.

Suspicious, attentive, with eye and mind on the watch, like an old wolf expecting an attack Rodin advanced, as usual, slowly and tortuously towards the little man, so as to have time to examine him thoroughly, and penetrate beneath his jovial outside. But the Roman left him no space for that purpose. In his impetuous affection, he threw himself right on the neck of I have endeavored to show you with an effusion of tenderness, and kissed him over and over resounded through the apart- you. The object transports, dement. In his life Rodin had never heen so treated. More and more uneasy at the treachder such warm embraces, and irritated by his own evil prehimself from the Romau's exag. er." gerated tokens of tenderness. a single specimen. It will per- has commanded." haps be remembered that, fully Malipieri, "I am poisoned !"

I hope there is no poison under my dear, my excellent father!" his Judas-kisses." At last, little "It is well played," thought

linquish his hold on Rodin's that your cyclops are kings !" neck, who, readjusting his dirty collar, and his old cravat and The evening of the day in GREAT waistcoat, somewhat in disorder which this seen took place bein consequence of this hurricane tween the Jesuit and his new of caresser, said in a gruff tone, socius, Ninny Moulin, after re- ROCK ISLAND to visit Rodin, was a short man but you need not kiss quite so the instructions of Rodin, went

with an abdomen that swelled to this reproach, the little father. This woman had made her

The Roman replied with enthusiasm (we shall henceforth translate his gibberish), "You are right, father, we cannot embrace a light, but we can prostrate ourselves before it, and admire its dazzling brightness."

So saying, Caboccini was about to suit the action to the word, and to prostrate himself before Rodin, had not the latter prevented this mode of adulation by seizing the Roman by the arm and exclaiming, "This is mere idolatry, father. Pass over my qualities, and tell me what is the object of your journey."

"The object, my dear father, fills me with joy and happiness. Rodin, pressed him in his arms my affection by my caresses, for my heart is overflowing. I have hardly been able to restrain myagain upon both cheeks, so loud- self during my journey hither, ly and plentifully that the echo for my heart rushed to meet lights, enchants me-"

"But what enchants you?" cried Rodin, exasperated by ery which must needs lurk un. these Italian exaggerations. "What is the object ?"

"This rescript of our very sentiments, the French Jesuit reverend and excellent General did all he could to extricate will inform you, my dear fath-

Caboccini drew from his But the latter kept his hold; his pocket-book a folded paper, with arms, though short, were vigor- three seals, which he kissed reous, and Rodin was kissed over spectfully, and delivered to Roand over again, till the little din, who himself kissed it in one-eyed man was quite out of his turn, and opened it with breath. It is hardly necessary visible anxiety. While ne read to state that these embraces were it, the countenance of the Jesuit accompanied by the most remained impassible, but the friendly, affectionate, and fra- pulsations of the arteries on his ternal exclamations-all in tol. temples announced his internal erably good French, but with a agitation. Yet he put the letter strong Italian accent, which we coolly into his pocket, and lookmust beg the reader to supply ing at the Roman, said to him, for himself, after we have given "Be it as our excellent General

"Then, father," cried Cabocaware of the danger he might cini, with a new effusion of tenpossibly incur by his ambitious derness and admiration, "I shall machinations, and knowing from be the shadow of your light, history that the use of poison and, in fact, your second self. had often been considered at I shall have the happiness of Rome as a state necessity, Rodin, being always with you, day and on being suddenly attacked with night, and of acting as your sothe cholera, had exclaimed, with cius, since, after having allowed a furious glance at Cardinal you to be without one for some time, according to your wish, The same apprehensions oc- and for the interest of our curred involuntarily to the Jes. blessed Company, our excellent uit's mind as he tried, by use- General now thinks fit to send less efforts, to escape from the me from Rome, to fill that post embraces of the Italian emissary; about your person-an unexand he could not help mutter- pected, an immense favor, which ing to himself, "This one-eyed fils me with gratitude to our tellow is a great deal too fond. General, and with love to you,

Father Caboccini, being quite Rodin; "but I am not so soft,

out of breath, was obliged to re- and 'tis only among the blind

"Your humble servant, father, ceiving in presence of Caboccini presence straight to Madaure de la Sainte-

from when, as now, he had to

To M. Agricola Baudoin, "No. 2, Rue Brise-Miche, "Paris."

TO BE CONTINUED.

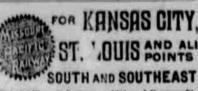
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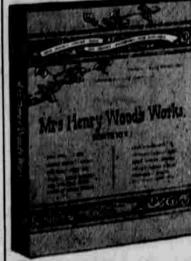
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