

now Martin had no time to waste upon jibes at Riley. 'He and Kennedy secluded themselves in lonely corners, compared long lists of writing, and talked learnedly; Riley observed all this and grinned.

'They've got it all to themselves; you can't beat 'em,' said he derisively.

As the class was being dismissed that afternoon, Brother Clement asked Hopkins to remain. Father Augustine wanted a boy to go after a package of books which he had purchased. It was a good-sized package, and Hopkins was selected because he was stout and capable.

'I've got to go in and get a note from him,' said Hopkins to Riley, who had waited for him outside.

'I'll go in with you,' said Riley quickly.

The girl who opened the door of the parish house at their ring, showed them into Father Augustine's study on the second floor, and bade them wait. The room was lined with framed prints, and books were scattered about upon shelves and window-seats. Each corner had a great, musty-looking stack, and every chair and table contained a heap of them. As Father Augustine did not come at once the two boys proceeded to look the books over.

'Here's "Plays of William Shakespeare,"' said Hopkins.

'I seen one of 'em once in a theatre,' stated Riley. 'They was a lot of men that hollered like anything and chopped each other with swords. It was great!'

'Here's "Shakespeare as a Boy," "Shakespeare's Kings," and "Animals of Shakespeare,"'

'Here's two—three—four different kinds of the "Life of Shakespeare." Say, Hoppy, and Riley turned an astonished face upon his desk-mate, 'this whole stack of books is about Shakespeare.'

'So is this bunch over here,' exclaimed Hopkins, investigating, 'and look at that lot in the book-case! They're all about him.'

They gazed at each other for a moment; then Riley slowly got out his paper and pencil.

'Did you ever see anything so easy?' he asked blissfully, as he wrote:

No. 2: William Shakespeare, Esq.

'Now we've only got one one to get,' said Hopkins. 'Shakespeare must be one of Father Augustine's three; else why would he have so many books about him?'

Here the girl entered the room and asked Hopkins to step into an office, as Father Augustine was busy. When he returned with the note for the bookseller he found Riley examining a print of a gentleman in a starched ruff which hung near the door. Riley wanted to remain in the study, but the girl bundled them down the stairs and out at the door.

'What did you want?' asked Hopkins.

'Did you see that picture what I was looking at? It was a man with a bald head and whiskers, and a wrinkly thing around his neck. All that one side of the wall was covered with old-fashioned pictures, and they was all of the same man, only he was holding his head different ways.'

'Didn't none of them have no names on?' Hopkins demanded excitedly.

'Not one.'

'I bet it's the third man,' declared Hopkins. 'Let's go back and ask what his name is.'

'And give it all away?'

'That's so; Father Augustine might see what we was after, might he?'

They talked the situation over until they got to the second-hand book-store; while Hopkins was getting the parcel, Riley inspected the stock. Suddenly he brightened.

'Have you,' he asked a clerk, 'got any more pictures of people like that?'

He pointed to some old engravings which hung from a wire slung across the store.

'Lots of 'em; right on that table over there.'

Riley plunged into the heap eagerly; Hopkins, with Father Augustine's books dragging him down on one side, came up in the midst of his friend's labors.

'Pictures of people—old-fashioned ones. I might find one like them on Father Augustine's walls.'

'That's so! It's good you thought of that,' Hopkins dropped the parcel and watched the search anxiously. 'It might be here, all right.'

Riley burrowed deeply into the heap of prints; a half-hour passed, and his face began to grow long; but suddenly, with a gurgle of joy, he snatched at a picture of a man in a starched ruff.

'Is it him?' breathed Hopkins.

'It's him—sure.' Riley feasted his eyes delightedly upon the portrait. 'This is just the same as the one

by the door—only littler. We got that Martin done up this time, for we got the three wise men all right.'

He drew out his paper and pencil; and with those important articles held ready in one hand and the portrait in the other, he joggled a clerk by the elbow.

'Mister,' asked he, 'whose picture is this?'

'They held their breath as the man took the portrait and glanced at it.'

'This?' said the clerk. 'Oh, this is a picture of Shakespeare.'

Riley put his paper and pencil back in his pocket and they departed sorrowfully.

'I thought we had it nailed that time,' said Hopkins with a long breath.

'Me, too,' Riley was discouraged, and seemed to be considering. 'Say, suddenly, suppose Father Augustine ain't got three great ones picked out, eh? Suppose he's only got two?'

Hopkins looked horrified.

'Do you think that's all he's got?'

'I don't know. I'm only saying.'

They left the parcel of books at the parish house and then went home.

'I'm coming around to-night,' said Riley as they reached the Hopkins's domicile. 'We gotta hustle up on this.'

'This is the night I take old Mr. Straubmuller for his walk,' returned Hopkins. 'You know he never gets out unless someone leads him.'

'All right; I'll go too, and we can talk about things as we walk along.'

As has been noted before, Herr Straubmuller, the blind basket-maker, was a lover of the violin. But he loved the music of any instrument, and when Hopkins took him out for his walk two nights in the week he always requested to be led past the parish church; usually Father Augustine played the great organ for an hour after dinner, and the blind man loved to loiter outside and listen.

As it chanced, the Father was at the instrument that night, and the two boys, with their blind charge, sat upon the great stone steps and listened. The organ cried out and sobbed like a pleading suppliant; next it thundered like an exultant giant, then wailed and moaned itself into silence.

'He improvises,' said Herr Straubmuller. 'Ach, dot is goot! He is a master of der organ, ain't it?'

It began again; but this time it was solemn and steady; its peals of joy mingled with great sobs of sadness. The blind man's face lit up, and his hands beat the time.

'It is der grand Mass of Mozart,' whispered he.

The old man remained enraptured; the boys discussed their problem in low tones so as not to break in on his pleasure. While the organ still played, one of the church doors opened and a stout man descended the steps.

'Oh, Mr. Straubmuller,' cried he. 'Enjoying the music?'

It was the choir-master, and the blind man recognised his voice at once, for they were old acquaintances.

'I often come mit some of der kinder of der neighborhood,' said Herr Straubmuller. 'He plays always der music of Mozart beautiful.'

'Indeed he does,' said the choir-master. 'But, with a laugh, 'why not? Father Augustine has loved Mozart from a boy. He thinks he was one of the greatest of men.'

Like lightning Riley and Hopkins closed in on the choir-master, they hung upon each side of him like yearling bull-terriers.

'What name?' they cried in a breath.

'Mozart, do you mean?' astonished man

Riley pulled out his paper and pencil. 'How do you spell it?'

'M-o-z-a-r-t. His first name was Wolfgang.'

'Much obliged,' said Riley gratefully; and down it went:

No. 3: Wolfgang Mozart.

He put the precious document and trusty pencil away, then he looked at Hopkins and grinned.

(To be concluded next week.)

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