

and reminded her that it was high time to leave to go back to the Princess.

When she returned the Princess was in a more radiant mood than Rottraut had ever seen her. It was a beautiful day. The Prince had been a little put out on account of Rottraut's absence, but it had been a lovely day. And the Princess showed great anxiety about her toilet, and begged Rottraut to advise her what to wear.

The Prince had not talked in vain to Rottraut about color and color schemes, and she, therefore, chose most carefully, in spite of the many thoughts that were crowding her little head. The Princess was delighted, and suggested that Rottraut was not even as particular in choosing her own toilet as she had been in choosing that of the Princess.

And indeed the girl put on her own gown carelessly, giving little heed to its becomingness; in addition, she looked weary and troubled.

At dinner Rottraut sat beside the Prince, and he noticed how quiet and serious she was, and found that this did not suit her at all; indeed, for the first time in his life her lack of beauty seemed remarkable to him. He protested that he had missed her at the picnic, and asked why she stayed away. At last, wondering of what she might be thinking so hard that she could ignore him, he grew somewhat cool, and haughtily asked her what problems absorbed her so entirely.

She looked up at him suddenly, and a little of her customary vivacity came back to her face.

'I am thinking most seriously of becoming engaged,' she said.

The Prince gazed at her in utter astonishment.

'You are thinking of becoming engaged! Most young girls do not speak of things like that until they are actually engaged,' he added, with just a tinge of sarcasm.

'But it is the truth,' she went on. 'I am only thinking of it. Other girls are always thinking of this possibility, but it seemed so far away from me. Tell me truly, your Highness, did you ever think it possible that anybody should think of me in that way?'

Do you really think that there is but one who could think of you in that way,' the Prince asked, gently. He found that in spite of all it might have been hard for him to think that way of her at times.

'You see, your Highness, you, for instance, liked to talk to me because I happen to have a pleasing way but supposing I happened to be serious and tedious some time, just as I am to-day? Oh, you are much too kind to want to answer me,' she went on, with a gleam of her old humor. 'but the other one will love me just as much. The best thing there is, I think, is a heart in which we can always find love, no matter what our mood,' she added, and then she looked over at the Princess, whose eyes were fixed on them. The conversation had the appearance of being most intimate.

The Prince, too, involuntarily followed her glance and caught something in the Princess' eyes that flattered him. He had to admit that that she was a most beautiful woman, more beautiful, it seemed to him, than he had ever seen her before. And the advantages of a union with her seemed to come up before his mental vision.

'You may be right,' he said at last to his plain neighbor. 'But you have not yet told me the name of the fortunate man.'

'We will wait a little,' she answered. 'It is not a noble name, though a distinguished one. If it were one of my beautiful sisters papa might hesitate; but for the little girl with the red hair, and one blue and one brown eye, why, it is an unexpected good fortune. As for

me—well, it is happiness, too, to have one of the best and truest hearts.'

'Truly, truly,' said the Prince, 'and therefore I wish him who has won you a thrice happy life.'

She gave him her hand, and this time he held it like a good chum; with something like tears shimmering in her eyes she looked up at him and said:

'I shall never forget your kindness to the homely little girl, and I hope that you too will soon be happy, and will make others happy.' She suddenly thought of Elsie. 'And then will you not also think of another couple who have long and patiently waited for their happiness? Papa will not give his assent to my sister's marriage until Count Walden has his appointment.'

'And through the Count you want to put your papa in good humor?' the Prince said, laughingly. 'Very well. I can hardly deny you anything to-day, although I am inclined to be vexed with you for wanting to leave us.'

Then he led the girl to the Princess, and after a few moments took his leave.

'You talked a very long time with the Prince,' said the Princess, just a little suspiciously. 'It is a delightful gift to be able to converse so entertainingly.'

'But this time it was something very particular. I was telling the Prince of my betrothal, which is not generally known as yet. It is an old love that has lasted since I was a small girl, and I hope your Highness will rejoice with me a little.'

And indeed the Princess did rejoice. She never had been so happy and animated before. But the people who had noticed Rottraut's long conversation with the Prince said that he was in love with her, and that the Princess was trying to conceal her chagrin beneath her assumed gaiety.

Professor Schirmeck heard this rumor, too, and had his own grief about the matter as he went down to his clinic the next morning. He passed the house of the old nurse on the way, and for a moment thought of going in to tell her. Then he felt that it was not a tale after all of which he wanted to be the bearer. So he walked along with bent head, until somebody suddenly stood in his way.

It was Rottraut herself, her eyes dancing, her lips quivering as if with suppressed laughter, just as he had often seen her when she had something funny to say.

'I have to tell you first,' she said, clinging to his arm, 'you, my oldest and very best friend.'

The professor's head bent low, his voice sounded strained.

'I think I can guess what you have to say. A brilliant lot is to be yours.'

'Indeed, I could hardly have expected a better.'

It hurt him that her voice sounded so carelessly gay.

He stood still, as if to cut short the conversation.

'Then I may congratulate you right now?'

'Indeed you may. But my engagement is not yet officially announced. In the meantime I hear that you, too, are engaged, and that you have chosen very wisely.'

'I? You will have to tell me who is my bride to be. Frankly, I do not like such empty raillery, my lady.'

'Indeed, I hope that it is not empty raillery,' Rottraut said, in a low voice. 'From what I have heard I am indeed going to enter into a more advantageous marriage—but I do hope that you, too, will be happy—'

The doctor was very pale.

'This is too much, my lady,' he said, harshly. 'You have not hit upon a happy thought—'

'Oh, it is the best, the very best I have had in all my life—or do you

mean that you really do not want your little girl?' and she let go of his arm and looked into his eyes. 'Have I made a mistake? Who knows what might have happened if I had not felt so sure and a real Prince had appeared, just as nurse used to say he would. A real Prince Professor!'

The doctor did not seem to hear what she was saying, but Rottraut felt that hers had been a happy thought in spite of his silence, and a few minutes later the little house of the old nurse was the scene of their radiant happiness. It was the doctor who now became eloquent and she who was silent, for hers was happiness founded on true love without pride or self-seeking.—Benziger's Magazine.

Catholic World

CHINA.—A Priest Killed.

A Brussels newspaper has received news that Father Bougaerts, of the Schent missions, and a native of Tongerlo, Holland, has been murdered at Siangsin, in China.

ENGLAND.—A Contrast.

The 'Architect,' the leading London paper of the English building trades, in an article on the proposed new Protestant Cathedral at Liverpool, in its issue of January 4, writes as follows:—'Whilst the members of the National Church are squabbling before they begin cathedral building, the adherents of the Church of Rome are working, and the Cathedral at Westminster has as regards its external fabric taken concrete form, and is rapidly approaching completion, so that we can begin to realise the ability of Mr. Bentley and the effect of his original and clever design. Here we have no straining after half-mile vistas, and although we may not all be agreed as to the precise value of some of Mr. Bentley's details, we must recognise that his is work that will live, that it is virile, conscientious, and thoughtful, and we doubt not that the interior when completed will once more teach us, what our compatriots who differ from us in form of worship have often before shown us, that a church is a palace in which to worship rather than at which to gaze from outside—a lesson by the way of which English Churchmen at the present day, judging from the empty benches everywhere to be seen, need very forcible impressment.'

The Catholic Association.

The fifth annual dinner of the Catholic Association of England was held at the Holborn Restaurant, London. In the absence of the Earl of Denbigh, who had been announced to preside, the chair was taken by Bishop Bellord. Cardinal Vaughan sent a message blessing the Association and its efforts to draw English people to the centre of Christendom. The chairman, in proposing the first toast, 'The Pope and King,' said their first duty was to express a double loyalty to the great ideas, Church and State. As Catholics, of course they had not the union of the Church with the State, but he ventured to say that there was no country where the Church and the State, speaking of their Church and the State, were so closely united as in this country. Mr. A. Hungerford Pollen, in proposing 'The Hierarchy,' claimed that the bishops did a great deal of the British Empire.

A Rumor.

Mgr. Merry del Val, who is pointed out as likely to be named Coadjutor of Cardinal Vaughan at Westminster, is of Spanish nationality. But he was born in London, where his father was Spanish Ambassador; his mother was of English extraction, and he speaks English fluently.