

me, nor, least of all, to you—my Katze, who understand me so thoroughly, and her also. Will you take me, then, as it stands?

Of course Katze took him and never regretted it; she made him an excellent wife, being far more practical than he who dwelt a good deal in the clouds. After some years they emigrated to America, where Michel had been advised to come by a cousin in the organ business. They had prospered and were happy. There were no children, and as the years passed Katze generally accompanied her husband to the various places where he was commissioned by his employers to set up the instruments they constructed.

So it was that business took them to a city in the far West where, for six weeks, Michel was engaged in building a very fine organ. Next to his Katze he loved the instruments, the different parts of which he could so skilfully gather into a harmonious whole, upon whose keys his fingers struck the first reverberating notes that told the listeners his delicate and agreeable task was completed.

People had been coming and going all day, but as twilight descended Michel sat alone in the loft playing the organ. Katze was below in one of the pews—listening, drinking in the melody she loved, her heart filled with thankfulness that all had gone well, and with pride for the husband she adored. At last he closed the organ and descended the steep, narrow stairway into the vestibule. At the door he heard voices; one that of his gentle little wife, the other coarse and strident, unbefitting, he thought, the sanctity of the Lord's house. Peering, with nearsighted eyes into the semi-darkness, he perceived Katze, her hand in that of an enormously stout woman, who turned as he came forward, saluting him with a violent slap on the shoulder.

'Ha! So it is!' she cried. 'The very same Michel—thin and undersized as ever, with his hair still long and his eyes still blinking. Don't you know me, Michel? Say, don't you tell me you have forgotten Fritzie?'

The little organ-builder shrank back; he had received an inward blow more severe than the one his former sweetheart had inflicted upon his shoulder with her great, hard hand.

'Fritzie!' he murmured incredulously. 'How you have changed!'

'Yes, of course,' was the reply. 'I have lived well, and had no troubles—no children to bother me—no man to boss me these many years. I have plenty to eat and drink, good clothes, and a good house. I can go where I please and do as I please. Why shouldn't I look well and handsome? But you two! You are as old-fashioned as if you had just come from Deutschland. And how funny, how funny, that I should meet you here! So you were the little old man I got a glimpse of the other day when I came to a friend's funeral? I tell you, I don't often trouble the church, but that day I lost my fine lace-trimmed handkerchief, and I came in just now to see if maybe I didn't drop it under the kneeling-bench. But no, it wasn't there. And if it hadn't been for that we shouldn't have seen one another!'

Katze opened her mouth to speak, but that was not on Fritzie's programme.

'Don't you see how good it has been with me, both of you?' she resumed complacently. 'I am dressed like this every day, always going somewhere and having company at my home. And you look yet like you just come from the old country. But, Katze, you didn't never have no style, and, Michel, you was always a-dreamin' and gropin'; thinkin' only of music, and never of your looks. Good it was that I left you to Katze—you was just made for one another—so quiet and homely.'

This time the organ-builder made an effort to speak, but Fritzie paid no attention.

'I just fell into good luck right away,' she proceeded. 'We come out here, and my husband he didn't live so very long; he got killed by a house fallin' on him when he was passin' by. Just smashed to little pieces—you couldn't have reco'nised him. And then the uncle, he wanted to marry me straight off. I thought it was better—he was awfully well-off an' a

widower. But the priest made trouble an' talked about gettin' a dispensation or somethin' like that, an' Wilhelm he got mad an' we just went an' was married by the squire. An', poor fellow, he didn't last long, neither. He got an accident, too—fell into the brewery vat in his own brewery! So I was left with the gold. I could have been married plenty times; I can get a husband any day yet if I want one, but I like better to be my own boss. Well, what you think of it?'

'I suppose we ought to consider you fortunate,' said Michel.

'How precise you talk, Michel, an' Katze, too—I noticed it. I suppose you don't go about much, neither of you?'

'We have been nearly all over the United States,' rejoined Michel, with dignity. 'My business calls me everywhere, and Katze nearly always comes with me.'

'Oh, yes—but what is that to enjoy life—organ-building? How long are you going to be here yet?'

'Till next Tuesday.'

'Only till then? An' this is Saturday. Well—where are you staying?'

'We have a little cottage not far away,' said Katze, 'at No. 12 Florida street.'

'You're housekeepin', then?'

'Yes, we like that best.'

'You was always a good cook, Katze. I don't never touch my fingers to the stove,' said the brewer's widow. 'I have a good Jap—you remember, I always did hate to work—don't you, Katze?'

'Yes,' said Katze, 'I remember very well.'

'I'll go over an' see you there Monday—mebbe—if our lodge don't have all-day picnics at Stadler's Grove. Some wants it all day an' some just in the afternoon. I'd ask you to come home with me to dinner, but I'm engaged to go to the "Merry Widow" to-night, chaperonin' some girls an' their fellers. You wouldn't enjoy it.'

'I am sure we would not,' said Michel, coldly, beginning to move away.

'Well, good-bye, good-bye. Glad I met you. Wasn't it queer? Hope I'll see you again. If I don't put it down to my havin' lots o' things to do.'

Then spoke up the little organ-builder, the dreamer.

'We shall not be at home on Monday, Fritzie, and Tuesday morning early we start. We will say good-bye. We are glad to hear of your good luck.'

'All right—good-bye—good-bye,' replied Fritzie cheerfully, as she waddled away.

Katze and her husband walked slowly homeward without exchanging a word. Michel had his hands clasped behind him, a habit of his when in perplexed or thoughtful mood, and Katze, ever considerate, did not disturb him. Quiet and phlegmatic as she seemed, the organ-builder's wife was more observant than people thought. Intuitively, through all the years of her peaceful married life, she had known that, without doing her the least injustice, the image of the fair and mischievous Fritzie had never passed from her husband's thoughts.

Silently they pursued their way, the organ-builder reflecting on the past, the glamor of which was now scattered forever. Where was the Fritzie of his life-long dream?

They had entered their own little cottage, Katze was about to turn on the electric light when Michel laid his hand upon her arm.

'Katze,' he said—how well she knew by the tremor of his voice how deeply his heart was stirred—'Katze, my own girl, you are the best wife any man ever had in all the world. And—he hesitated, swallowed painfully and went on—'I may not have known it as I should, dearest—but—I know it now.'

And Katze murmured, shy as a young girl in the darkness, while her hand sought his:

'Ah, Michel—you have always made me happy; but to-night I am the happiest woman in the world.'

—Benzigers.

Monsignor Shahan, rector of the Catholic University of America, reports that there are nearly 500 students enrolled at the university, with more than 100 in the freshman class.