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THE TRIUMPH OF "LITTLE ENGLISH."

A Romance of the Latin Quarter.

By MRS. SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD, Author of 'The Archbishop and the Lady," Etc,

She heard, she thought, voices, and, after knocking, pushed the door open a little way. Little English was sitting up in bed, talking wildly. His arm was waving in air. His hand seemed to grasp a brush; he was painting, painting, painting.

"You see!" he said. "That is my daughter of Herod—no, Herodias. See how she dances! Her feet seem hardly to touch the ground. She looks over her shoulder at the king. Do you see the laugh in her eye, almost as if she would take his love from her mother? See her beautiful hair, how it hangs! See her lovely cheeks, see—"

Helen Van Brugh laid her arm about the lad's shoulder's.

"Lie down," she said soothingly, "lie down."

Little English turned quickly, and looked up into the gray eyes apparently unseeing.

"Mother, is it you at last?" he said. "How pretty your eyes are, mother. But no, mother is not here." Helen Van Brugh laid her soft cool hand upon his forehead. It was hot, burning. She substituted the other. "The Warehams did not like mother," he said. "She died—" She pressed him gently back on the bed. He lay quiet for the time under her touch.

"Has he had a physician?" she asked of the man who stood leaning in at the doorway, chewing a straw.

"And who is to pay monsieur le docteur, I would ask you, mademoiselle? Do I look as if I could pay monsieur le docteur?"

"You certainly do not. Is there a good physician in this quarter?"

"The best in Paris," said Peschard, with Quartier Latin assurance.

"If he is here in ten minutes I will give you a franc; If he is here in five minutes I will give you two."

The man turned rapidly from the door and ran down the stairs, talking to himself. "Oh, mon Dieu! When she said, 'If he is here in ten minutes I will give you a franc,' I thought she was English—they are all crazy; but when she said, 'If he is here in five minutes I will give you two,' I knew she was American—they are all fit for the maison de sante."

Peschard returned in about eight minutes with a doctor picked up somewhere. He asked innumerable short, sharp questions of Miss Van Brugh, and, later, while she stood in the hall looking out of the dirty back window, he made a thorough examination of the patient. Then, bethinking her of necessaries of which she saw none in this bare room, she ran to the head of the stairs. Peschard was standing half-way down.

"Here are your two francs," said Miss Van Brugh.

"I knew she was crazy," muttered Peschard. "It was to be two if he came in five minutes; it was nearer eight."

"And can you get me some ice? Here! See!" She thrust a Napoleon into his hand. "Ice, fruit, a lamp, spirit of wine, tea, bread, sugar, bouillon—everything; all that a sick or well man can want."

"A well man," echoed Peschard, looking calculatingly at the gold piece, computing the cost of the articles and making certain that he could save at least ten francs on this order.

"Yes, a well man," said Miss Van Brugh. "I eat like a well man. I am going to remain"

"Where will you sleep?" said Peschard.

"That does not matter," said she. "I shall not sleep for the present." She returned at the doctor's call.

"The patient is very ill," he said.

"That is easy to see," was the answer.

"Has he had a blow, a fall?"

"He was struck down by a bully over at Xau's studio, and then he returned and with his heavy shoe he—"

"Ah! I know those brutes of the atelier. The Savate! Poor young garcon. He has peritonitis, mademoiselle. Who is there to care for him?"

"I shall remain."

"You cannot stay here," he said, looking her over. She was something different from the women whom he had seen in this court.

"I can, for the present. Can he be moved?"

"That is a question. Whether better surroundings would not offset the danger of moving him, I am not certain; but no, I think better not at present. If but he had a good bed!"

"He shall have one," said Miss Van Brugh. As she spoke she moved softly about the room, tidying it somewhat.

"You cannot disturb him," said the doctor; "he does not hear you. Lie down, my friend, lie down," for again Little English was sitting up in the poor bed, talking, talking of his beloved picture and to his mother.

Miss Van Brugh opened a door. "Ah!" she exclaimed as if she had found a treasure. It was but a closet with a window in the roof, where brushes stood in cases, and palettes and canvases leaned against the wall, but she saw that she might make it her own. When Peschard returned she sent him out for two new beds, for blankets, sheets, pillows, towels—all that was needed. She had him send his maid-of-all-work up and clean the little room, while she herself made the outer one more presentable; in short, all that a girl with those tender eyes and that square chin could do was done. She remained there day and night, and, with the help of the bonne, did all that there was to do, and when Little English opened seeing eyes on a world, forgotten for weeks, he opened them to cleanliness, peace and comfort.

For weeks Miss Van Brugh had been missing from the studio. Old Xau did not worry. She would be sure to return. Those Americans, if they were all crazy, were at least honest, and the mademoiselle seemed to have more money than any one in the class. Then, too, there was the furniture. She could realize a great deal on that, even if the American mees did not return.

When Little English opened his eyes he looked long and earnestly about him. He was alone, but the fire was blazing brightly; there was a general air of comfort about the room, which he remembered so bare and miserable. A small table stood by his bedside, and upon this there were medicines and something in a glass dish which looked inviting. He gazed at it longingly, too weak to help himself. In fact, Little English was hungry. He lay there, wondering, and then, too weak to move, he dozed. When he awoke again the room was still empty, but to his awakened ear there were footsteps coming up the stair.

"Some kind fellow," he thought, too happy and too weak to speak. The door opened, and a young girl came into the room. She brought with her the fragrance of violets. She carried a basket, and without glancing toward the bed, where she had looked so often in vain, she proceeded to take from it the articles that she had brought and set them on the cupboard shelves. The last thing was a glass jar, which she opened, pouring some of its contents into a saucepan; this she set on the stove; then she took off her hat and sat down, warming her hands at the little blaze.

Miss Van Brugh started when she heard his voice, but it was no longer rattling along in meaningless babble.

"Who are you?" it asked; "and why are you here?"

The girl gave a joyful cry and ran to the bedside.

"Ah, dear Little English," she said, "I am so glad, so glad! Have you any pain now? There! Do not try to raise yourself, the doctor said you must not; lie down and I will tell you all about it."

He sank down restfully.

"Were—were you at—the studio? At Xau's?" he asked.

"Yes, that was it," she replied. "Now do not worry your head any more. We will not talk of Xau's."

She went to the stove and poured some of the bouillon into a cup. "Here, let me feed you."

Little English ate gratefully the few spoonfuls that were prescribed, and then his self-constituted nurse got another cup from the cupboard and finished the soup. She ate also with enjoyment a large square of bread. "You must pardon me," she said, "but I have had no breakfast, and I have had a walk. See, here is my marketing. Doesn't that look well?"

He glanced toward the cupboard door and smiled and closed his eyes. "I will not ask any more," he said. "May I hold your hand for a while?"

She gave him her cool, firm hand, and again he slept.

The doctor came in later. He was a plain, rough man of the people, but his success in this difficult case was a feather in his cap, and he smiled when he heard Little English talking rationally.

Miss Van Brugh was happy that her patient was now on the road to recovery, she did not smile as gayly as usual. She had received a shock while out attending to her marketing. She had met three American girls—girls whom she had know well—and they all turned their heads away and would not speak to her. She wondered why. She wondered if they thought her too forward when she took the part of Little English over at Xau's that day. She wondered whether they were jealous of the praise that Dannois had given her.

Late one afternoon she heard a noisy troop coming up the stairs. Often she had been obliged to run out and beg them to be quiet, for fear of disturbing her patient. She listened, hoping that they would go to the front of the house, but they came directly to the room where she sat by the fire. There was a rattle of blows on the door. She arose hastily and opened it. "Do not," she whispered. "Do not; he is just asleep."

(Continued on Third page.)

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