The Phantom of the Opera

BY GASTON LEROUX

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd)

"Excuse me, my good woman," said Moncharmin, while Madam Giry tossed the feathers in her dingy hat at this persistent familiarity, "excuse me, how does the ghost manage to give you your two francs?"

"Why, he leaves them on the little shelf in the box, of course. I find them with the program, which I always give him. Some evenings, I find flowers in the box, a rose that must have dropped from his lady's bodice . . . for he brings a lady with him sometimes; one day, they left a fan behind them."

"Oh, the ghost left a fan, did he? And what did you do with it?"

"Well, I brought it back to the box next night."

"You brought back the fan. And then?"

"Well, then, they took it away with them, sir; it was not there at the end of the performance; and in its place they left me a box of English sweets, which I'm very fond of. That's one of the ghost's pretty thoughts."

"That will do, Madam Giry. You can go."

When Madam Giry had bowed herself out, with the dignity that never deserted her, the manager told the inspector that they had decided to dispense with that old madwoman's services; and, when he had gone in his turn, they instructed the acting-manager to make up the inspector's accounts. Left alone, the managers told each other of the idea which they both had in mind, which was that they should look into that little matter of Box Five themselves.

CHAPTER V.

THE ENCHANTED VIOLIN.

Christine Daae, owing to intrigues to which I will return later, did not immediately continue her triumph at the Opera. After the famous gala night, she sang once at the Duchess de Zurich's; but this was the last occasion on which she was heard in private. She refused, without plausible excuse, to appear at a charity concert to which she had promised her assistance. She acted throughout as though she were no longer the mistress of her own destiny and as though she feared a fresh triumph.

She showed herself nowhere; and the Vicomte de Chagny tried in vain to meet her. He wrote to her, asking to call upon her, but despairing of receiving a reply when, one morning she sent him the following note:

"Monsieur:

"I have not forgotten the little boy who went into the sea to rescue my scarf. I feel that I must write to you to-day, when I am going to Perros, in fulfilment of a sacred duty. To-morrow is the anniversary of the death of my poor father, whom you knew and who was very fond of you. He is buried there, with his violin, in the graveyard of the little church, at the bottom of the slope where we used to play as children, beside the road where, when we were a little bigger, we said good-bye for the last time."

The Vicomte de Chagny hurriedly consulted a railroad guide, dressed as quickly as he could, wrote a few lines for his valet to take to his brother and jumped into a cab which brought him to the Gare Montparnasse just in time to miss the morning train. He spent a dismal day in town and did not recover his spirits until the evening, when he was seated in his compartment in the Brittany express. He read Christine's note over and over again, smelling its perfume, recalling the sweet pictures of his childhood, and spent the rest of that tedious night journey in feverish dreams that began and ended with Christine Daae. Day was breaking when he alighted at Lannion. He hurried to the diligence for Perros-Guirec. He was the only passenger. He questioned the driver and learned that, on the evening of the previous day, a young lady who looked like a Parisian had gone to Perros and put up at the inn known as the Setting Sun.

Perros was reached at last. Raoul walked into the smoky sitting-room of the Setting Sun and at once saw Christine standing before him, smiling and showing no astonishment.

"So you have come," she said. "I felt that I should find you here, when I came back from mass. Some one told me so, at the church."

"Who?" asked Raoul, taking her little hand in his.

"Why, my poor father, who is dead."

There was silence; and then Raoul asked:

"Did your father tell you that I love you, Christine, and that I can not live without you?"

Christine blushed to the eyes and turned away her head.

"Me? You are dreaming, my friend!"

And she burst out laughing, to put herself in countenance.

"Don't laugh, Christine, I am quite serious," Raoul answered.

And she replied gravely: "I did not make you come to tell me such things as that."

"When you saw me in your dressing room, was that the first time you noticed me, Christine?"

"No," she said. "I have seen you several times in your brother's box. And also on the stage."

"I thought so!" said Raoul, compressing his lips. "But then why, when you saw me in your room, at your feet, reminding you that I had rescued your scarf from the sea, why did you answer as though you did not know me and also why did you laugh?"

The tone of these questions was so rough that Christine stared at Raoul without replying. The young man himself was aghast at the sudden quarrel which he had dared to raise at the very moment when he had resolved to speak words of gentleness, love and submission to Christine. A husband, a lover with all rights, would talk no differently to a wife, a mistress who had offended him. But he had gone too far and saw no other way out of this ridiculous position than to behave odiously.

"You don't answer!" he said angrily and unhappily. "Well, I will answer for you. It was because there was some one in the room who was in your way, Christine, some one that you did not wish to know that you could be interested in any one else!"

"If any one was in my way, my friend," Christine broke in coldly, "if any one was in my way, that evening, it was yourself, since I told you to leave the room!"

"Yes, so that you might remain with the other!"

"What are you saying, monsieur?" asked the girl excitedly. "And to what other do you refer?"

"To the man to whom you said, 'I sing only for you! . . . to-night I gave you my soul and I am dead!'"

Christine seized Raoul's arm and clutched it with a strength which no one would have suspected in so frail a creature.

"Then you were listening behind the door?"

"Yes, because I love you . . . . . And I heard everything . . . ."

"You heard what?"

And the young girl, becoming calm, released Raoul's arm.

"He said to you, 'Christine, you must love me!'"

At these words, a deathly pallor spread over Christine's face, dark rings formed round her eyes, she staggered and seemed on the point of swooning. Raoul darted forward, with arms outstretched, but Christine had overcome her passing faintness and said, in a low voice:

"Go on! Go on! Tell me all you heard!"

At an utter loss to understand, Raoul answered: "I heard him reply, when you said you had given him your soul, 'Your soul is a beautiful thing, child, and I thank you. No emperor ever received so fair a gift. The angels wept to-night.'"

Christine carried her hand to her heart, a prey to indescribable emotion. Her eyes stared before her like a madwoman's. Raoul was terror-stricken. But suddenly Christine's eyes moistened and two great tears trickled, like two pearls, down her ivory cheeks.

"Raoul!"

The young man tried to take her in his arms, but she escaped and fled in great disorder.

Raoul walked away, dejectedly, to the graveyard in which the church stood and was indeed alone among the tombs, reading the inscriptions; but, when he turned behind the apse, he was suddenly struck by the dazzling note of the flowers that straggled over the white ground. They were marvelous red roses that had blossomed in the morning, in the snow, giving a glimpse of life among the dead, for death was all around him. It also, like the flowers, issued from the ground, which had flung back a number of its corpses. Skeletons and skulls by the hundreds were heaped against the wall of the church, held in position by a wire that left the whole gruesome stack visible. Dead men's bones, arranged in rows, like bricks, to form the first course upon which the walls of the sacristy had been built. The door of the sacristy opened in the middle of that bony structure, as is often seen in old Breton churches.

Raoul said a prayer for Daae and then, painfully impressed by all those eternal smiles on the mouths of skulls, he climbed the slope and sat down on the edge of the heath overlooking the sea. The wind fell with the evening. Raoul was surrounded by icy darkness, but he did not feel the cold. It was here, he remembered, that he used to come with little Christine to see the Korrigans dance at the rising of the moon. He had never seen any, though his eyes were good, whereas Christine, who was a little short-sighted, pretended that she had seen many. He smiled at the thought and then suddenly gave a start. A voice behind him said:

"Do you think the Korrigans will come this evening?"

It was Christine. He tried to speak. She put her gloved hand on his mouth.

"Listen, Raoul. I have decided to tell you something serious, very serious . . . Do you remember the legend of the Angel of Music?"

"I do indeed," he said. "I believe it was here that your father first told it to us."

"And it was here that he said, 'When I am in Heaven, my child, I will send him to you.' Well, Raoul, my father is in Heaven, and I have been visited by the Angel of Music."

"I have no doubt of it," replied the young man gravely, for it seemed to him that his friend, in obedience to a pious thought, was connecting the memory of her father with the brilliancy of her last triumph.

Christine appeared astonished at the Vicomte de Chagny's coolness:

"How do you understand it?" she asked, bringing her pale face so close to his that he might have thought that Christine was going to give him a kiss; but she only wanted to read his eyes in spite of the dark.

"I understand," he said, "that no human being can sing as you sang the other evening without the intervention of some miracle. No professor on earth can teach you such accents as those. You have heard the Angel of Music, Christine."

"Yes," she said solemnly, "in my dressing-room. That is where he comes to give me my lessons daily."

"In your dressing-room?" he echoed stupidly.

"Yes, that is where I have heard him; and I have not been the only one to hear him."

"Who else heard him, Christine?"

"You, my friend."

"I? I heard the Angel of Music?"

"Yes, the other evening, it was he who was talking when you were listening behind the door. It was he who said, 'You must love me.' But I then thought that I was the only one to hear his voice. Imagine my astonishment when you told me, this morning, that you could hear him too."

Raoul burst out laughing. The first rays of the moon came and shrouded the two young people in their light. Christine turned on Raoul with a hostile air. Her eyes, usually so gentle, flashed fire.

"What are you laughing at? You think you heard a man's voice, I suppose?"

"Well! . . . . ." replied the young man, whose ideas began to grow confused in the face of Christine's determined attitude.

"It's you, Raoul, who say that? You, an old playfellow of mine! A friend of my father's! But you have changed since those days. What are you thinking of? I am an honest girl, M. le Vicomte de Chagny, and I don't lock myself up in my dressing-room with men's voices. If you had opened the door, you would have seen that there was nobody in the room!"

"That's true! I did open the door, when you were gone, and I found no one in the room."

"So you see! . . . Well?"

The viscount summoned up all his courage.

"Well, Christine, I think somebody is making game of you."

She gave a cry and ran away. He ran after her, but, in a tone of fierce anger, she called out: "Leave me! Leave me!" And she disappeared.

Raoul returned to the inn feeling very weary, very low-spirited and very sad. He was told that Christine had gone to her bedroom saying that she would not be down to dinner. Raoul dined alone, in a very gloomy mood. Then he went to his room and tried to read, went to bed and tried to sleep. There was no sound in the next room.

(To be continued.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Should Certainly Shine.

"She's ambitious to have her husband shine in society."

"Well, doesn't he? He's always lit."

An Impediment.

Little Millie had achieved great success at her school, and was being moved to a higher form.

It is needless to say that her parents were very pleased with her and extremely anxious to hear how she would get on in the new class.

When she returned home at lunch-time, the first question her mother asked her was this:

"Well, darling," she said, "how did you like your new teacher?"

"She seems very nice," replied Millie, "but I can't understand all she says."

"How is that?" asked her mother. "Does she talk too quietly?"

"Oh, no, mummy," returned Millie, "but—with the air of one who knows—"I think she's got a predicament in her speech."

We are human bulbs attached to the great universal current of force and power, and the light which we give off depends on the candle power of our lamps. Many people go through life with a little dim four-candle light, not because they lack power to generate a stronger light, but because they never learned how to express their power.—O. S. Marden.

H. Grindell Matthews, inventor of the so-called "death ray," with his latest—the "Liminaphone"—which produces music by beams of light played from a keyboard.

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BECOMING TAM-O'-SHANTERS FOR GIRLS.

The ensemble idea is charmingly carried out in girl's clothes by having a tam and leggings to match the material of coat or frock. Figure A wears a becoming model having eight shaped sections joined to a fitted band, and finished at the crown with a button covered of the material. If worn with a fur-trimmed coat, a pom-pom of fur in place of the button would be very chic. Figure B wears a tam fashioned of two circular pieces set together with a piping, made from a narrow bias strip of the material, and is also joined to a fitted band. A rosette made from contrasting ribbon is tacked to the centre of the crown. The leggings may be worn up over the knees, or cut off below the knees for the older girl. No. 1230 is in sizes 4, 8 and 12 years. Size 4 years is suitable for 2 and 4 years; Size 8 for 6 and 8 years; and Size 12 for 10 and 12 years. Size 8 years requires ½ yard of 27-inch material for the two-piece tam, and ⅝ yard of 27-inch for the eight-piece tam. The long leggings require ⅝ yard of 36-inch material, and the short leggings ½ yard. Price 20 cents.

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Broke Her Engagement.

In the old days when a young man took his sweetie out to ride in a side-car buggy behind a high-stepping nag instead of in an automobile, a certain betrothed couple of my acquaintance went forth of a summer evening for a romantic drive, writes Dorothy Dix in the New York Evening Post.

On the way the horse somehow angered the man, and he gave it a merciless beating, whereupon the girl promptly broke her engagement to marry him.

"Thank God I have found out what sort of a temper you have in time to save myself!" she told him, "because I do not propose to spend the balance of my life cowering before any man's rages or walking on eggs when he is about, for fear I will do or say something to rile him. Furthermore, I am no fool. I can take a tip when I am handed one, and I know that any man who will be cruel to a defenseless animal will be cruel to a woman when she is once in his power. So I am through."

Making a Park.

Mary—"I don't see any park here."

Peggy—"That is simple. There isn't any."

Mary—"Then why does that sign say, "Park Here?"

About all that you can say for grade crossings is that they eliminate slow thinkers.

Minard's Liniment for stiff muscles.

High Quality—Always

"SALADA" TEA

H718

The choice teas used exclusively in Salada yield richly of their delicious goodness. Say Salada.

Even the guy with a fast car may be slow pay.

Be not deceived. The car that comes out with new designs has the same ones on the pedestrians.

Many a car is wrecked by a loose nut—at the wheel.

Many a man drives into matrimony by driving with one hand.

From the Junk Pile.

A bouncing, a jouncing,
A leak and a lack,
A bumping, a jumping,
A knock in the back.
A creaking, a cracking,
A bolt and a jar.
A dashing, a smashing,
A helluvo car!

As a warning to jaywalkers a traffic sign reads: "He who hesitates is tossed."

Mrs. Benrich—"I gave my husband an imported meerchaum for his birthday."

Mrs. Newrich—"Oh, how charming! Touring or sedan?"

The design of the car may change, but the same old-fashioned mortgage covers it.

Teaching Her to Drive.

Instructor—"In case of emergency put on the brake.

She—"I thought that came with the car."

Instructor—"In case starter won't work look for a short circuit."

She—"Then if you find it—do you lengthen it?"

Instructor—" Always see that the radiator is filled with water."

She—"Oh, that thing on the front that looks like a bees' boarding house."

Instructor—"You've bothered me so that I've lost my bearings."

She—"Lucky there's a garage right over there."

If a motorist ruins a pneumatic in an accident he can use his spare tire. If he breaks some bones he can go to a butcher shop and get some spare ribs.

So few ladies and gentlemen drive their autos like ladies and gentlemen.

Every automobile driver seems to depend on every other driver to run slow at street crossings.

—— and Wearing Wings.

Jack and Jill
Sped up a hill,
A curve up there was sharp.
The car upset;
Jack's rolling yet;
Jill's playing on a harp.

The family purse also need a ← wheel brakes.

The early motorist doesn't catch so many pedestrians.

Another convenience would be to pave the road with rubber and abolish tires.

Blowouts are getting costlier day by day. Tire makers are raising the prices, and so are bootleggers.

Seattle has a searchlight with a range of 200 miles. This ought to be a great aid to night motorists looking for a place to park.

"Every knock's a boost," said the man as his car pounded noisily up the hill.

Why the Wealthy Say "James."

The new chauffeur was extremely reticent. In fact, his mistress thought him bashful.

"Won't you tell me your name, John?"

"No'm; just call me John."

"Well, may I know what your last name is?"

"No'm; you'd better not."

"I insist upon calling you by your last name!"

"All right, then, call me Darling."

Perhaps it would help some to place a no-parking sign on the cow-catcher.

More Publicity.

"I'd like to me,"
Said homely Grace,
"As popular as
A parking place."

The reason old Dobbin wasn't parked at the side of the road was because he could steer himself.

There's no place like home, but you'll get too much of it if an accident keeps you there a week or two.

"Stop, John, you've already gone too far."

"All right, let's park."

Fat—"That auto looks pretty well worn out."

Slim—"It ought to. It's the sole survivor of four love affairs."

And No Doubt They Did.

Mrs. Prye—"You don't mind me asking where your wonderful rubies came from, do you, my dear?"

Mrs. Sprye—"Why, of course, not. They—er—came from India, I believe."

When hoarse use Minard's Liniment.

Day Dreaming.

No dreaming is in vain
Castles that shine afar
Lead on to mountain peaks
Topped by a wonder star.

No hour is lost because
Some glory of unknown
Into its grey with splendor
Of fairyland has shone.

But this I surely charge you
That he who dreams no more
Has shut from his soul a heaven
And lost a magic store.

—George Elliston

The Largest Animal.

The blue whale, which reaches a length of 87 feet, is the largest living animal.

A mahogany tree does not attain its full height until it is 300 years old.

Housewives use it After Dishwashing To keep their hands white and soft.

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