

she was a cripple, but she always sat at the Capella del Carmine, and she is dead, and I am all alone in the world—that is," she added, "all alone with my brother."

"Ay, ay! a droll sort of relationship. Bastiano's son, eh?" said Signor Carlino, laughing.

"Si, Signor, his father has forsaken him; but I am not so forsaken as he is, because my aunt is in heaven, and she will pray for me, she was so fond of me;" and the child burst into tears.

The Cicerone was moved. "Well," said he, "what are you going to do?"

"I do not know, because Teresa says that we are too big, and that she will have nothing more to do with us."

"Impossible!"

"It is too true, Signor Carlino, that we are forbidden to return to the Piazza del Duomo, and that you will never see us again. It grieves me, for I was so fond of coming to see you, for you never sent me away when I asked alms from the rich people to whom you were showing the church. Oh, yes, and I shall be sorry, too," said she with renewed grief, "to bid farewell to the Piazza, where I have amused myself so well, and to this church, where I have so often prayed to God."

"I will speak about it to M. le Curé," said Signor Carlino, and gave a penny to Pallidina, who returned charmed with her expedition; and, moreover, some passers-by gave us two other pennies. I, too, was much pleased, but Pallidina soon ruffled me by saying, "We have got this money on Mother Teresa's ground; we must take her half of it." I told her that she was wrong, and, after many remonstrances on my part, she came to the conclusion that we need only give the old woman one penny and keep the other two for ourselves. Having done so, we returned a dozen times to have another look at the Batistero, the Campo Santo, the Duomo, and the Leaning Tower; then went away, not knowing where to go and seek charity. The municipality, which looks pretty well after male vagabonds and beggars, takes little notice of women and none at all of children. No one troubled himself about us.

We were, however, terribly afraid of the police. To be sent to prison was our nightmare: therefore, whenever we saw one of the guardians of public safety, we used to put on a gay demeanour, and, lest we should attract his attention, sing away at the top of our voice.

Finally we stationed ourselves on the Promenade, but it was only in the evening people came there, and it was by no means so profitable a place as the Piazza. Those

who did come were not going to say their prayers, but merely to amuse themselves, and they took little notice of the poor.

"I know what we must do," said Pallidina, after three or four hungry days and nights spent in the porches of houses or on the pavement around churches; "I know, Momo, what we must take to: we must sing. I can sing quite well 'La Donna è mobile,' and 'Giovannotto che passi per la via;' and I shall learn more songs. We will go at night and listen at the doors of the theatres."

"And I know 'Giulia Gentile,' and 'Garibaldi's Hymn,' and a great many others."

"Yes, yes, but we must get the words."

"Ah, as for that, we can put them in out of our own heads."

That very evening we began to sing, and got more money than usual. By way of showing off my voice, I screamed myself hoarse.

"Don't scream so," my sister would say; "do as I do, sing softly; people like that better." However, on that point I would take no advice, and soon my voice went and I could sing no longer.

Pallidina was so grieved at this that she shed tears. "If you had believed what I said, we might have sung such pretty duets; now what can we do?"

"If I had a fiddle I could accompany you."

"But how get one? they are very dear, and you don't know how to play."

"Indeed I do; I've watched men playing on the fiddle a hundred times. I could try, and I'm very sure that if I were only shown a little I should soon do as well as others."

But this prospect was too ambitious to be realized, and had to be given up. No one would give me a fiddle.

Late at nights, when our old companions had left the Piazza, we sometimes stole back there—a pleasure mingled with many regrets. "Look," my sister would say, "that was where your father sat, and it was against that door that Pietrina, who was so kind and pretty, used to stand."

"I am quite sure, sister," said I, "that she is not with my father, and that she must be dead."

"Very likely, my poor Momo, but who knows? God is good; perhaps she is very happy, and has found her husband."

By this time our clothes were falling to pieces. Pallidina would pick up all the needles and bits of thread she chanced to find, and make an attempt to mend them early in the morning, hiding from me behind some large blocks of stone around a new building. It was there we kept our toilette apparatus—a rag with which we wiped our