

was breaking.

"God be with you," replied they, and holding out their hands they accompanied him outside.

Iotza went a little way with him.

"Sandu, listen; I cannot bear not to tell you, but I know the mistress and you, and I know you want to go and say good-bye to her. Don't go, listen to me: it was not the master, it was she who said you were to be dismissed. Don't go, it is better not to go."

Sandu made no reply.

They went a few steps farther together and parted. The nearer he drew to Master Dinu's house, the more he longed to enter. He felt as though some one were urging him to go in.

When he was quite near the door Master Dinu came out into the street. When he saw Sandu he stopped.

"You are going?"

"I am going, master, but I wanted to take leave of the mistress."

"As the mistress is not at home let me tell her."

Sandu bent his head.

"Good luck to you, master."

"May God be with you!"

With slow and heavy step Sandu took the road to the market-place. At the corner he stopped. He turned his head and looked back along the street towards Master Dinu's house.

He had crossed the square and was on the bridge when he met Nitza Burencea.

"What's up, sandu, have you left? Where are you going?"

Sandu, like a person awakened out of a trance, with his eyes fastened dreamily upon the distant horizon, answered in a troubled voice:

"I go out into the world!"

THE BIRD OF ILL OMEN

By I. AL. BRATESCU-VOINESHTI

Conu Costache had one of the pleasantest faces in the town.

Men of the same age as himself said he was nearly seventy years old; but a life free from care, a comfortable fortune, a wife as loving as a sister, two children who were getting on well, and, above all, his own kindly nature, had kept him so healthy, quick of movement and clear of mind, that one would not have given him fifty years.

He told stories with a charm and humour that gathered an audience round him whenever he opened his mouth; and as he had travelled much abroad, and was also a sportsman, he knew every kind of amusing anecdote.

This man, who was as good as new bread, always smiling, whose person