
FRENCHY

ing representative. True to the spirit of his house St. Hilaire possessed the extravagant disregard for money, the almost Quixotic regard for honor, and the dauntless courage which had illuminated the careers of so many of his ancestors.

One afternoon, as he lay listlessly in a steamer-chair with half-closed eyes, a voice spoke to him in his native tongue. Like a flash he sprang to his feet, his eyes beaming, his face radiant. He could have fallen upon the neck of the speaker, and wept for joy to hear the dear familiar sound.

"No, I am not sea-sick," he replied; "a thousand thanks to you for inquiring, but I am fatigued with the sea; I am fatigued with hearing this eternal jargon of English of which I understand not one word. Ah, it is such a delight to hear one speak my language! Permit me to introduce myself. I am Jean Bayard, on my way to America for the first time, and it must be confessed suffering from nostalgia."

The gentleman who had addressed him was