

New York and Boston looks its loveliest this genial summer morning, and the dark eyes of Reine, weary of the rest-
less tossing blue water for so many days and nights, gaze as though they could never gaze their fill. It interests Mdle. Landelle, but not to the same extent; she can look at her fellow travellers, glance over the illustrated papers, and converse with monsieur. Monsieur sits opposite; to him the route and the sunlit landscape are very old stories. He lies back and watches as steadfastly as is consistent with good breeding the fair flower face before him. It is a face upon which it is a perpetual pleasure to gaze; its youthful freshness, its perfection of feature and colouring, look as often as you may, seem ever new. Most beautiful faces are marked by some flaw, however trifling; Longworth, no mean judge, examining critically, can find none here. Many men glance in passing, pause for a second as if struck, and glance again. If she notices, her unconsciousness is something perfect; if she were blind she could not be more outwardly indifferent to it all. It appears to Mr. Longworth that she accepts this eye homage with the tranquillity of one to whom it is such an old story that it has ceased to embarrass, as something she has been accustomed to from her very cradle, and so has ceased almost to observe it.

She talks well, Longworth finds, in a soft, rather slow voice, and is a good listener. She has spent nearly all her life in London, it appears, but has visited more than once Paris, Versailles, and Rouen. Beyond France she has never been, but Reine has been up the Rhine and in the Tyrol, and once spent Holy Week in Rome with her aunt, who brought her up and took her everywhere. Longworth, upon this, glances at the *petite* figure and dusk face and still eyes of brooding darkness.

"And in spite of all this foreign travel, she leaves the onus of the conversation upon us! Or is it that she thinks it too trivial to join? How silent you are, mademoiselle!"

"Reine holds her tongue in four different languages," says Marie, with a smile and a caressing touch. "She is a wonderful linguist and a musician, is la

Petite. She speaks English and French, reads German and sings in Italian!"

"And yet she has not condescended to make half a dozen remarks in any language, living or dead, for the past three hours."

"You and Marie do it so well, monsieur, it would be a pity to interrupt. And I am always stupid when travelling. Besides, I was thinking."

"A self-evident fact. If one only could read those thoughts——"

"They would not interest you at all, monsieur."

Monsieur is not sure of that, but he does not say so. She has the head and brow of one who thinks more than she talks, and is a young lady whose thoughts and opinions on most subjects might be worth hearing.

"I met a friend of yours, mademoiselle," he says, still addressing himself to the younger sister, "last night, after we parted. He is lingering a whole week in New York, in the hope of encountering two young ladies who crossed with him, and whom he calls 'my little ladies.' He is desolated at having missed them on landing, and if he only knew their name would search every hotel register in the city to find them."

"Ah! Monsieur Frank," laughs Reine; "yes, we missed each other that last day. But he never saw Marie."

"Which does not hinder him from being excessively anxious to do so. Mademoiselle, you are a wonderful young lady. You hear those two people talking perpetually of Baymouth for ten long days, and never once drop a hint that you are going there yourself."

Mademoiselle lifts her eyebrows.

"But why, monsieur—why should I? How could it possibly interest them? And though extremely kind, they were yet strangers, and we do not tell strangers our family history, and where we are going, and all our biography. Why should I have told?"

"Mademoiselle, I repeat, you are an extraordinary young lady. The average American girl would have taken Miss Hariott into her confidence the moment the name of Baymouth passed her lips, retailed her own history, and found out everything there was to find concerning Mrs. Windsor and her future home. You do not speak one word. I congratu-