

with a laugh that as good as told him he must be blind not to see that she was merely playing with him. What happened outside the Café — for now and then she would let him meet her of a morning in the Tuileries and walk down to the Café with her, and once or twice had allowed him to see her part of the way home — I cannot tell you: I only know that before strangers it was her instinct to be reserved. I take it that on such occasions his experiences were interesting; but whether they left him elated or depressed I doubt if he could have told you himself.

“But all the time Marie herself was just going from bad to worse. She had come to the Café a light-hearted, sweet-tempered girl; now, when she was n't engaged in her play-acting — for that's all it was, I could see plainly enough — she would go about