

BUBBLES WE BUY

in his native town, more prosperous, more grim and silent and respectable than ever.

When his one daughter married against his wishes, he returned from his next voyage with a beautiful young French wife, whom he announced to belong to "one of the real tip-top old French families who had come out to settle in Martinique."

Then he gave up the sea, went into politics, and moved to the capital, where he built for himself in the suburbs the big, white wooden house in which he ended his days.

Then the Civil War brought the great chance of his life, and he grasped it with a firm hand.

There were two possibilities of making a fortune; one in the chances of blockade-running, the other in the fluctuations of the New York Stock Exchange, and of both of these he had made skilful use.

While the men around him lavished their sympathy upon the South, he never doubted the ultimate result of the struggle, meantime, making his profit out of both sides.

The result was wealth, great wealth for those days, and then it began to be evident that shrewdness was, with the approach of old age, developing into miserliness.

His handsome French wife might fret and fume for the splendour after which her soul hankered. He was her master, in his grimly humorous way, and she knew it, and submitted. She was allowed to entertain, infrequently, and in a dull fashion, the generals and admirals and political big-wigs of the colonial society of the time.

She had one child, a son, who seemed to have