

# FRENCHY

## THE STORY OF A GENTLEMAN

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### CHAPTER I

THE Marquis Raymond de St. Hilaire was in his favorite seat at the Café de la Régence. On the other side of the little table sat his dear American friend, Stanley Madison. Before them were two tall glasses, in which the ice clinked refreshingly.

Large, handsome Stanley Madison was a pleasing sight to behold, and St. Hilaire admired him with all the ardor of his Celtic soul.

Measured by the Anglo-Saxon standard, St. Hilaire himself was not a large man, except in heart and spirit; but he was a fine-looking, manly, young fellow, with soft, affectionate eyes, and a mouth which would curve into the most winning of smiles; and as for