

and thought you'd forgotten me," I said. "What, didn't you get our cards or the note?" "Not a thing," I assured him. "Well, we called and you were at dinner, and had found some friends evidently, so we left a note asking you to drive out to Versailles or somewhere, or go to the shops. My sister wanted a *silk petticoat*, and how the mischief could I go and ask for it? Besides I wouldn't know if I'd got it, anyway. And we did so want you—you said you'd come, you know." "And so I would. How did it happen I never had your note?" Because, it turned out, I had not *asked* for it, for it lay in the box numbered for my room; but how can one know when notes come to go and ask for them? I was so sorry, for those young people had a long claim on my grateful services, but one had already crossed the channel to catch his ship and return home, and the other, feeling lonely, had turned in at the hotel to try and find a friend, and fortunately I caught sight of him. He was leaving in a few hours, and though I offered to remain over and take a night train to Antwerp to catch my boat, sooner than that sister should lack a *silk petticoat* (I can hear the disgusted tone the boy spoke those words with), it was all of no avail. Fortunately, I could even then put him on the track of "pretties," which I knew would please an American girl, and which he eagerly loaded himself with. "And you will stay with us this evening; we're going to the hippodrome," I asked, after we had taken our race to the shop of Exposition knick-nacks, and regained our friends. "Well, no, I am going somewhere else until it's train time. In fact (I hope you'll not be shocked) I am going to the student's ball, at the '*Jardin Mabille*'" (His air of deprecation was too funny as he produced his ticket for this very larky resort, and informed me of his desperate intentions.) "Oh, you shocking bad boy. Well, I think you can take care of yourself," and with a hearty handshake I left as nice an American as ever travelled over the continent with his native language and a hat box!

Jessie was eager to be gone to her circus, and we drove quickly off through the merry boulevards to Alma Avenue, where we were disgusted to find "no place." "Can one not *stand*?" I asked, ruefully regarding the tickets which we had purchased. "Come to-morrow," said the gentleman in the box, shortly. "It's all very fine for you to say 'come to-morrow,'" I said, laughing. "To-morrow I shall be on my way back to America," and then I tried my old plan. "Do you think we could not get in, just to see the place—it is so fine a circus?" For answer he pointed with a smile up the stairs. "Entrez," he said, simply, and we