

Love in Youth

you want.' You won't be happy even if you do get it, but there is a certain satisfaction in succeeding."

Bancroft noticed for the fiftieth time the bony, hard chin and clamping jaws.

"I'll be with you a good deal if you'll have me, and I'll amuse myself with my racehorses. They're a lot kinder than men, and I love winning with them. They know all about it as well as we do. Your mother won't want me much. I guess she'll be all right over there in London as long as the bills are paid. She'll get to talk English slang with an English accent strong enough to skate on. She's hard at it already," and he laughed heartily.

"She'll be happy," he went on, "for she'll always be striving. She can't give dinners in Buckingham Palace, so she'll always have something to look forward to; Lucky Mamiel!"

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A couple of months later Jenny and Bancroft were returning to Paris, and had stopped at Beaune to visit the Hostel Dieu once again.

"We mustn't let our happiness," said Bancroft, "prevent us from making tours like this often in the future. You haven't yet made up your mind what you are going to do, have you?"

"Not yet," replied Jenny. "It's better to be just a pair of lovers for a moon of moons. I'm so glad we resolved to let nothing interfere with our love till we had made up our minds what we should both do."