

## CHAPTER II

WITH fifteen thousand dollars in his pocket, all that remained out of a once handsome fortune, St. Hilaire stood on the deck of a steamer sailing out of Southampton with her prow pointed toward the west. He had taken passage on an English steamer in the innocent belief that during the journey he might increase his vocabulary in the English tongue, which at the time went no further than: "Good morning, sir!" "How much?" "I do not understand!" and a few other phrases of an emphatic and exclamatory nature, with which he believed the American gentleman spiced his conversation.

He turned his eyes from the fast-receding, white cliffs of England, over the gray choppy water of the channel, toward France; his own France, which he could picture so green, so bright, so sunny, just a little way off on the other side of the mist and cold. The confusing babble of a foreign tongue jarred discor-