

self, going away and leaving no address,' adds she; and having reached her turning, we said good-night to one another.

"About a month passed after that without anything happening. For the first week Marie was as merry as a kitten, but as the days went by, and no sign came, she grew restless and excited. Then one morning she came into the Café twice as important as she had gone out the night before, and I could see by her face that her little venture was panning out successfully. She waited till we had the Café to ourselves, which usually happened about mid-day, and then she took a letter out of her pocket and showed it me. It was a nice respectful letter containing sentiments that would have done honour to a churchwarden. Thanks to Marie's suggestions, for which he could