

THE PRIMROSE PATH

There were pink shrimps and big red lobsters, and she herself had cooked the three dishes which have caused her name to be gratefully remembered in three continents.

There was a mighty bowl of classic *bouillabaisse*, redolent of garlic and saffron and red peppers; there were cutlets *en papillottes*, and last came an *omelette au rhum* borne in by Marie Jeanne herself with the blue flames leaping around it. At this they drank her health in white wine of Nantes, and her brief and apposite reply brought a laugh from the men, and a smiling blush to the girls' faces.

Now and then Garvie saw Julia's eyes grow pensive as she remembered how dark these hours, so bright for her, were to her father, but a low word from him brought back the light to her face—she could not help being happy.

"I suppose I mustn't come with you," she said wistfully, as Garvie ordered the dog cart for the drive to Concarneau.

It was a great temptation to the newly acknowledged lover, but he shook his head.

"I think it is better to do just as he said. There may be a chance of his coming back with me," he said, though he really did not think so. "And then, it might not be so easy to discuss you in your presence," he added with a smile.

"Me?" and then she remembered that it was her future that was to be settled by these two men.