

to remain calm required an immense income ; money alone was harmony.

Lord Clairvaux lighted a very big cigar, and grumbled that it had been horrible to have to leave England in the Epsom month, but that he thanked goodness that it was the last of her caprices that he would be worried with ; and he hoped that this Italian would like them when he had had a year or two of them.

"I don't know, though, but what it is the only sensible caprice she ever did have in her life ; eh ?" he added ; "except buying Escargot and giving him to me after the races—you remember ?—Hang it, I've never seen such a Chantilly before or since as that was !"

"We never do see such a race as the one that we happen to win," murmured M. de St. Louis.

"Of course it's an awful cropper to take, and all that ; but I'm not sure but what she's done a wise thing, though all the women are howling at her like mad," continued Lord Clairvaux ; "a woman can't live for ever on *chiffons*, you see."