

with his blandishments. One night when Catherine was out, Frank put on his nightshirt over his coat and sat in the kitchen window, his huge bulk discreetly hidden by the curtain—just one white-sleeved arm visible. About ten o'clock a face appeared at the window opposite, and a tentative "Ahem!" broke the stillness. The curtain trembled and a shy "Ahem!" came from the fairy form in white. This went on for half an hour, till the creature opposite leaned far out of the window to get a glimpse of the adored one, who just then threw up the sash, and waving his great arms, ejaculated: "Gee! it's a hot night!" Tableau.

It was a hot night last night, too, and as I lay in bed listening to the "lap" of the incoming tide and the whirr of the night's wings, I was conscious of a faint droning sound coming from the kitchen below. It sounded like counting dozens and dozens in monotonous French. I was sure I heard "trente, trente un, trente deux, trente trois," repeated a hundred times, and I concluded that the family was sorting innumerable threads for the *catelan* or braid mats, but when I heard several voices in unison I knew that they were at prayer. The deep bass voice of monsieur and the boys mingling with the dull monotone of madame and the childish trebles of Charlotte and Lucienne