

"Like all the Marchionesses d'Anguilhon," said the Dowager Marchioness, laying her hand on her daughter-in-law's shoulder. "It is all the more noble of you, my child, as you have been brought up with different ideas and you have made such sacrifices for your husband's sake."

"Oh, I do not regret them, I have never regretted them," replied Annie, eagerly.

"You must go and spend a few months in America," said Madame d'Anguilhon. "You might travel with the Keradiens, as they are not going until the end of June. Jacques will have time to get quite well."

Annie looked at her husband anxiously.

"Yes, we will certainly go to America," he said.

"It was my intention to propose the same thing."

Annie's face beamed with joy. She would have liked to kiss Jacques' hand, but she did not dare. She pressed it against her cheek, with a delightful feeling of possession.

"I am so happy," she said, gently.