

to lend it momentarily almost beauty. But it is a beauty quite unlike her sister's of soul and expression, not of pearly flesh and rosy blood.

"Am I indeed so fortunate? But, cordial friend of mine as I know Miss Harriott to be, how could she reconcile it to her conscience to bore a perfect stranger with my manifold perfections?"

"She did not bore me. She and a young gentleman bored one another. He seemed to know you very well also. His name was Dexter."

"What, Frank?"

"Yes, Monsieur Frank. It was Mees Harriott's daily habit to hold you up as a model of all perfection for Monsieur Frank to imitate. They were the only people I knew on board, and as I was always with them, your name grew a very familiar sound indeed."

"How happy am I," says Longworth, "to possess a friend who, not content with appreciating me herself, sings my praises across the broad Atlantic. But do you know where she and Dexter are stopping? For no doubt they will put up at the same hotel."

No, mademoiselle does not know. She has seen and bidden Mees Harriott good bye, knowing they would soon meet in Baymouth, but their destination in New York she has not learned. They linger long over desert. When they arise, Mr. Longworth proposes their coming and taking a bird's-eye view of the city a little later—Now York by gaslight is worth seeing.

The young ladies assent, and all depart. They go everywhere they can go, and see everything they can see, in the space of a couple of hours, and still it is early when they return.

"Will you come to the Opera this evening?" their escort inquires. "It is not very warm, and the opera is the ever charming 'Figlia.'"

"We have no costume, monsieur," says Mdlle. Marie, glancing deprecatingly at her gray serge robe, the straight, clinging, classic folds of which have pleased Longworth's artistic eye from the first. "And papa is not yet three months dead," says Mdlle. Reine in a very low voice.

"I beg your pardon," says Longworth. "I quite forgot that."

And then he wonders for the first time why these girls are not in black.

"Papa told us not to put on mourning," says Marie, as if answering that thought; "he always considered it a useless form. He knew it was the heart that mourns, not the garments!"

"And we were too poor to buy it," adds, with simplicity, Mdlle. Reine; "but though we did not wear craps and sables, we cannot go to the Opera, monsieur."

"No, certainly not; but where, then, shall I take you?" says Longworth, feeling somewhat like the bewildered gentleman who was presented with a white elephant. "There are many other places——"

"I think it would be best to go nowhere to-night," answers Marie. "We are tired, and you cannot be troubled with us always. We will go to our rooms and retire early!"

Mr. Longworth protests, of course, that it is no trouble, that it is a pleasure, &c., but feels immeasurably relieved all the same. As they are about to part Mdlle. Reine asks him a question.

"We go to Baymouth to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, unless you wish to remain another day and see the city!"

"Oh, no, we desire to have no wish in the matter. You know madame, my grandmother?"

"Intimately, mademoiselle!"

She hesitates, and looks at him wistfully. Yes, uncommon fine eyes, Longworth thinks again—eyes of which the white is almost blue, and the brown almost black.

"Will she be kind to us, monsieur?"

It is an embarrassing question. With that earnest, crystal-clear gaze on his face, it is impossible even to equivocate.

"I hope so," he answers, slowly. After a little, "I think so; but you must be considerate with her, and wait!"

"Good night," she says, and both bow simultaneously and depart.

"Poor little thing," he thinks, touched as he remembers that wistful look. "I wish madame our grandmother were not made of quite such Spartan stuff. I fancy the little one, Petite Reine, will feel it most. Now, if I could only hunt up Dexter?"

He starts out, determined to drop in at two or three hotels. He is more far-