

"Well, I declare." She meditated for a moment, and then continued in a tone of satisfaction. "I told you that you couldn't stop that man Coleman if he had really made up his mind to——"

"You're a fool," said Nora, pleasantly.

"Why?" said the old lady.

"Because you are. Don't talk to me about it. I want to think of Marco."

"Marco," quoted the old lady startled.

"The prince. The prince. Can't you understand? I mean the prince."

"Marco!" again quoted the old lady, under her breath.

"Yes, 'Marco,'" cried Nora, belligerently. "'Marco.' Do you object to the name? What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Well," rejoined the other, nodding her head wisely, "he may be a prince, but I've always heard that these continental titles are no good in comparison to the English titles."

"Yes, but who told you so, eh?" demanded Nora, noisily. She herself answered the question. "The English!"

"Anyhow, that little marquis who tagged after you in London is a much bigger man in every way, I'll bet, than this little prince of yours."

"But—good heavens—he didn't mean it. Why, he was only one of the regular rounders. But Marco, he