

something else in a husband besides eyes.'

“‘You seem to know a lot about it,’ says I.

“‘I’ve thought a lot about it,’ says she.

“‘What sort of husband do you want?’ says I.

“‘I want a man of honour,’ says she.

“That was sense. One don’t often find a girl her age talking it, but her life had made her older than she looked. All I could find to say was that he appeared to be an honest chap, and maybe was one.

“‘Maybe,’ says she; ‘that’s what I mean to find out. And if you’ll do me a kindness,’ she adds, ‘you won’t mind calling me Marie Luthier for the future, instead of Godselle. It was my mother’s name, and I’ve a fancy for it.’