
FRENCHY

"You remember what I told you?" she began.

"I remember. I believed you, although it seems to me now as if it were impossible that I should have believed you."

"The wish was father to the thought. I thought that they ought to be. I wanted them to be, and so in my mind they were in love with each other," she went on rapidly, with a frankness which was as much her nature as the soft feline quality. "But it was wicked of me to misinform you. What must you think——"

"I think that the world is very beautiful. That is quite enough," replied St. Hilaire quickly.

"And we can always be friends?" she asked holding out her hand.

"Always, Mrs. Romaine."

"You were my guardian once, you know. That was a long time ago, when I was younger than you. Now that I am *older* than you, I am going to turn the tables. Whether it suits your quixotic humor or not, I am going to