

"Oh yes, you will. You need not say anything about it, but I will be there. Just let it appear in a vague way that your friends will take you. The yacht is to be launched to-morrow morning, and will go at once to Boston. I shall not remain to go in her, but will follow you to-morrow afternoon by train. Then, of course, I can take you both everywhere, and make things pleasant for you in Boston. And at the end of the week, when the yacht is ready and there, perhaps we can persuade Miss Landelle to take a little trip with us to the Isle of Shoals and the coast of Maine, and so on. But you need not mention this. Just put your things on, like the dearest and most docile of little mothers, and trot around at once, and ask Dane Windsor for the loan of her granddaughter?"

He lifts her bodily out of her chair as though she were five instead of fifty, and kisses her heartily with a crushing hug.

"Really, Franky dear," expostulates the good lady, settling her hair with both hands, "what a great boy you are. Well, as you say there is no time to lose so I will dress and go at once. But if Mrs. Windsor should say no——"

"You must not let her," cries Frank, in alarm. "I insist upon it, mother. Under pain of my dire and deep displeasure, do not take no for an answer. I know how eloquent you can be when you like, and in that eloquence I place my trust now. Put it to her strongly—as an immense personal favour—no one can refuse *you* when you put it strongly."

"Really," says Mrs. Dexter, with a pleased simper, "how you do go on. I certainly have a command of language—that I have always been told, even from my earliest infancy. I daresay Mrs. Windsor will not object for a week."

"Say nothing of the yacht or of me," pursues this artful plotter; "Do not so much as mention our names. Now run away, *madre mia*, and don't be long. I will wait for you here."

Mrs. Dexter dutifully departs, and Frank smiles to himself with satisfaction as he paces up and down. New and strong resolve is written in Mr. Dexter's ingenious countenance. He has waited and been patient, until waiting and pa-

tience have ceased to be virtues. He will speak, but not here. Marie will accompany his mother to Boston; during their stay in that centre of civilization and intellect he will devote himself to her amusement and pleasure. The hours shall fly, winged with every new excitement. Then there shall be a dinner on board the yacht, in a cabin served up regardless of everything but beauty, luxury, and delight.

After the dinner it will not be difficult to persuade her to join in that charming trial trip to the Isle of Shoals. He has told her of the wild and rugged beauty of the coast of Maine, and she will brave a little sea-sickness for the sake of the picturesque. And then, what more natural than to persuade her to return with his mother to Georgia, and in his own "ancestral halls" he will lay his hand and heart at her feet, and implore her to remain, queen and lady paramount, in that sunny southern land for ever. Is she likely to say no? Is Mrs. Windsor likely to object?

Frank's face grows luminous with love and delight as he builds these enchanting air castles, and then, all in a moment there rises before him the image of Durand as he saw him last night, sitting beside her, holding her hands in his, speaking impassioned words, gazing at her with impassioned eyes, handsome and picturesque as the most romantic girl's fancy could desire, in his *Faulkland* dress, and the roseate visions tumble into the dust.

Marie Landelle is not a romantic girl he more than suspects. She is too beautiful herself to overmuch prize beauty in a man; but even she cannot be altogether insensible to the dark charm of that face. Nothing could be more tame and spiritless, and unemotional than her rendering of *Julia*, except in that one particular scene where she renounces him. *That* she certainly did with relish. Frank is jealous: but even in his jealousy he has to own she gives him no cause. She has avoided Durand ever since his coming, in the most pronounced manner. To all outward seeming Longworth has much more cause for suspicion than he; and yet there is a prophetic instinct in love that tells him it is not so, that Durand is Marie's lover, or has been, not Reine's.