

ment, and whatever is below remains hidden. Mind, I don't say she has anything to hide, but if she had she would know how to hide it. She's a clever girl, Frank, and I wouldn't count too securely on the coveted 'Yes' until—well, until it is actually spoken."

"All must take their leap in the dark; why should not I? But, Larry, if you don't mean to propose to Mario—and, by Jove, how you can look at her and not fall madly in love with her is what I cannot understand. Do you intend to propose to—"

"My Baby," says Mr. Longworth, placidly, but with a certain decision of tone that the other understands; "as Mr. Guppy says, 'there are chords in the human heart,' and it is not for tall boys to make them vibrate. I have told you I am not going to offer myself to Mademoiselle Marie—that is sufficient for you. Now let us return, for I presume you have finished with me for the present, and I am due at Madame Windsor's."

"So am I. Croquet, isn't it?"

And then Mr. Dexter resumes his oars, and with a face of cloudless radiance rows to land.

This same sunny afternoon, but a few hours earlier, has seen Miss Hariott and Madlle. Reine walking slowly through the hot and dusty streets of North Baymouth, the din of the huge throbbing machinery in their ears, its grit and grime in their eyes. The narrow streets in this part of the town lie baking in the breezeless heat; matrons sit at their doors, children in swarms trip up the unwary pedestrian on the pavement. Reine goes with Miss Hariott very often now, and the dark French face is nearly as well known as Lady Bountiful's own.

Miss Hariott makes a call to-day she has never made with Reine before. It takes her to a tall tenement-house, and up three pairs of stairs, into a room tidy and comfortable, the floor carpeted, the windows curtained, a canary singing in one, flowers filling the other. A girl sits in a low rocker sewing; a very old woman is necting biscuits in a pantry. The girl rises with an eager smile, and, as she turns to greet her visitors, Reine sees with a thrill of horror that she is blind.

"I thought you had forgotten us, Miss Hariott," the blind girl says, brightly. "Grandmother has been wondering if you were gone for another European trip. Gran, here is Miss Hariott at last. You must excuse her, please; she grows deafener every day."

"I have brought a friend to see you, Emily," says Miss Hariott, taking a chair. "My friend, Emily Johnston—Mademoiselle Reine Landelle."

"Ah! ma'amselle"—the blind girl holds out her hand, and turns so directly to Reine that it almost startles her—"I am glad to see you. I can't really see you, you know, but I always say that. I have heard of you so much."

"Heard of me!" Reine repeats.

"Why, yes," says Emily, laughing. "You go about with Miss Hariott, don't you? and the people drop in and talk about the French young lady with the pretty ways, and sweet voice, and kind words for every one. And when Mr. Longworth comes I ask him no end of questions. Bless you! we've sat and chatted about you by the hour. He doesn't start it himself you know, but he answers my questions. And I'm sure I hope you'll come often."

Miss Emily Johnston, having lost the use of her eyes, has by no means lost the use of her tongue, and chats away with a vivacious volubility not infrequent in the blind. She holds up the work she is busy upon—a sheet, Reine sees.

"The first half-dozen nearly done, Miss Hariott," she says. "You may send me some more whenever you like. Mr. Longworth gave me a dozen handkerchiefs to sew for him the other day, so I have sewing enough for the present. Ma'amselle Reine, how do you like Baymouth?"

Mademoiselle answers, more and more puzzled. They rise and go presently, and the blind girl shakes hands with both, and presses "ma'amselle" to come again with a frank cordiality there is no resisting.

"Well?" Miss Hariott says, when they are in the street, and smiles at Reine's puzzled face. "You would think she had not a care in the world, and for the last two years she has been as you see, stone blind."

"Who is she? How was it? Why