
FRENCHY

edly. His round, good-natured face became red with indignation, even while he obeyed the young man's mandate, and growlingly promised to keep the secret.

"You Don Quixote!" he declared angrily, "you have ruined yourself, and for what? For an ideal which never existed save in your own boyish brain. Your friend is dead and forgotten, while you have handed your fortune over to a silly, frivolous girl who will spend it with another man."

"*I* do not forget my friend, and his honor is my own," answered St. Hilaire.

"His honor—yes, if you will; but not his sins. You were not answerable for them. How about your own honor? How will you keep up the dignity of your name? What will an impoverished Marquis de St. Hilaire do in the salons of Paris? Are there not enough pauper noblemen in this Republican France of ours that you must go and add one more to the number? Go to America at once! Get you an heiress! Go sell your title in the open market! Marry the daughter of