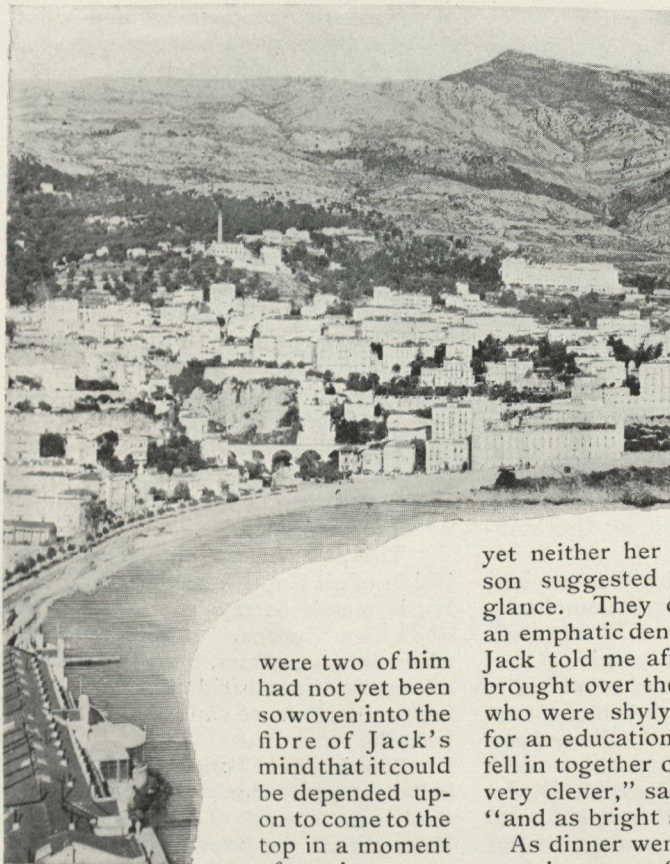




MONTE CARLO—
WEST END

were two of him had not yet been so woven into the fibre of Jack's mind that it could be depended upon to come to the top in a moment of excitement. His wedding trip was only some four weeks old, you must remem-

ber. The "we" reminded him, too, that the ladies were waiting for their rooms.

"Nous desirons," Jack began, laboriously, to the landlady—

"Let Mr. Barton talk to her," his bride broke in nervously.

Jack smiled feebly and waved his hand at me to begin; whereat I took instructions from the four ladies, and bargained for three rooms "full south," with lamps and attendance included, wine at table for two and tea for three. One wanted an egg with her "petit déjeuner," which was to cost her "vingt-cinq centimes" extra.

At dinner we were all very chatty—at least, as far as the fish. Then the

bride became *distracte*. Miss Bertram, the Albany member of the party, was a very self-possessed and bright-tongued lady who mixed her red wine with water like a practised hand and showed casually in her conversation that this was by no means her first visit to Europe. I almost wrote "young lady" in speaking of her, and I am not sure that it would have been wrong;

yet neither her manner nor her person suggested youth to your first glance. They did suggest, however, an emphatic denial of even middle-age. Jack told me afterwards that she had brought over the two Miss Wilsons—who were shyly and gravely young—for an educational trip, and that they fell in together on shipboard. "She's very clever," said Jack impressively, "and as bright as a dollar."

As dinner went on, Jack told of his experiences so far, and Miss Bertram, ranking me in flattering fashion as an old traveller like herself, endorsed them with—"You know how that goes on, Mr. Barton"—or—"Yes; and this case was remarkable, Mr. Barton; for they did so-and-so, which, as you know, is *very* unusual."

But Mrs. Jack Campbell was silent. She had sweet, deep, almost bottomless eyes, but rays of trouble and nervousness and pain shot across them while we talked. Yet Jack perpetually pulled himself up, and turned to her with—"Don't you remember that, Millie?" or "And you thought, Millie, that I should have given it to him?"

"It would never do," Miss Bertram would say with firm wisdom at this. "That is not the way to treat such people." And we all felt that Miss Bertram had been treating "such people" wisely throughout a long life.