

then, they must have made up their minds to pocket their pride when they determined to force themselves upon her."

"Apropos," he muses; "If she sets up that regal beauty as an heiress, presents her as such at the court of Washington next winter, what a sensation she will create. But unless the power of beauty is greater than even I give it credit for, Mrs. Windsor won't. They must have designs upon her fortune, too; nothing else would have brought them. What would they say, I wonder, if they knew of that will made last winter?"

As he thinks it, a sudden inspiration flashes upon him—so brilliant an idea that he smiles grimly to himself.

"Upon my word, that would be an easy way to reconcile difficulties, do the correct thing, and gain a couple of millions. I cannot take Mrs. Windsor's money, but I could marry *la belle blonde* and take half of it. Grandmamma would not decline the alliance, and if mademoiselle is so keen for a fortune she would not refuse it even with the incumbrance of a husband. It would be worth while on both sides, and though it is not for an outside barbarian to judge of conjugal bliss, I think it would be pleasant to look at a face like that across the breakfast-table three hundred and sixty-five days every year."

They reach the hotel and are conducted to their rooms, very spacious and elegant rooms, but with the bare dreariness pervading their elegance that is the essential atmosphere of hotels. It is now one o'clock; Mr. Longworth lingers to inform them that he will call to take dinner at three, and once more forsakes them.

"I don't think I shall like your Mr. Longworth, Petite," remarks Marie, letting down all her radiant abundance of red-gold hair, "he is too brusque. I thought Americans were something like Frenchmen in their appreciation of the *petite soins*. He is everything that there is of the most English."

"He looks sensible, and I think clever," Reine responds, "and not at all like a gentleman to be affected by the good or bad opinion of two girls. What very handsome rooms, and what a very bright and busy street. It is like the boulevards in Rouen."

The two young ladies make their toilets, and then sit amused and interested, and watch the steady stream of people, the ceaseless procession of omnibuses, and the pretty street costumes of the ladies. Three o'clock comes, and with it, punctual to a second, Mr. Longworth, who escorts them down to the great dining hall, and leads them to a little table under a window, where they can feast their eyes and their palates together."

The dinner is very good, and Mdlle. Marie, who likes good dinners, appreciates the delicate French cookery and the dry champagne. There is not much talking; what there is she and Mr. Longworth monopolize. Reine sits with her dark, still face, and large, thoughtful eyes fixed more on the street than on her plate. Her taste has not been cultivated as her sister's has; delicate dishes are thrown away upon her, and champagne makes her head ache. She will have only coffee, black and bitter.

Was she seasick? Mr. Longworth inquires, of course. Wretchedly, mademoiselle responds with pathos, unable to lift her head all the way. She kept her berth from the first day to the last, and there were times when death would be a relief. Mr. Longworth expresses his sympathy and regret. He mellow, as all men do, under the benign influence of dinner. He would never suspect, he murmurs, from her present appearance that she had been ill an instant. As she kept her cabin all the way over, she did not meet a friend of his who also crossed over—a lady, a Miss Harriott.

"I met no one monsieur—no one. But my sister knows the lady. Petite, it is the lady so kind of whom you have often told me."

Mr. Longworth glances with the nearest approach to attention he has yet shown towards the silent sister. A pair of very fine eyes meet his—remarkably fine, he decides; quite different from the velvet orbs of the other, but in their darker way quite as attractive.

"I know Mees Harriott very well," responds Mdlle. Reine. "More, monsieur, I also know you."

She looks at him with that sudden smile which makes so bright and vivid a change in the dark quiet of her face as