

"I am tired of it all, Eugène, it is such an empty life."

"And I may be in Canada a whole year—think of it, a year away from London. You must consider all this, and, my dear one, I am not a rich man."

"But I am rich," she said laughing, "very rich, and I never was so glad of it before. Now, have you any more objections to make, for I am beginning to think you don't want me to go to Father Point with you after all."

That night at the opera Mademoiselle Laurentia, the critics said, surpassed herself, though, strange occurrence for usually one so punctual, she kept the audience waiting for a quarter of an hour. Never before had she sung so well.

Great was the indignation of Monsieur Scherzo, her manager, when next day she told him that after this month she would sing no more in public. He swore, he stormed, he tore his hair, and finding threats were in vain he wept in his excitable fashion, but neither threats nor entreaties moved mademoiselle from her decision. "Bah!" he said, "it is the way with them all, a woman can never be a true artist. Directly she rises to any height