

He lit a cigar.

"Go ahead," he said, settling himself on the box.

"What does Mrs. Court have to say?"

"My dearest sister," began Laura. "'Here we are, Landry and I, in New York at last. Very tired and mussed after the ride on the cars, but in a darling little hotel where the proprietor is head cook and everybody speaks French. I know my accent is improving, and Landry has learned any quantity of phrases already. We are reading George Sand out loud, and are making up the longest vocabulary. To-night we are going to a concert, and I've found out that there's a really fine course of lectures to be given soon on 'Literary Tendencies,' or something like that. *Quel chance*. Landry is intensely interested. You've no idea what a deep mind he has, Laura—a real thinker."

"But here's really a big piece of news. We may not have to give up our old home where we lived when we first came to Chicago. Aunt Wess' wrote the other day to say that, if you were willing, she would rent it, and then sublet all the lower floor to Landry and me, so we could have a real house over our heads and not the under side of the floor of the flat overhead. And she is such an old dear, I know we could all get along beautifully. Write me about this as soon as you can. I know you'll be willing, and Aunt Wess' said she'd agree to whatever rent you suggested."

"We went to call on Mrs. Cressler day before yesterday. She's been here nearly a fortnight by now, and is living with a maiden-sister of hers in a very beautiful house fronting Central Park (not so beautiful as our palace on North Avenue. Never, never will I forget that house). She will probably stay here now always. She says the very sight of the old neighbourhoods in Chicago would be more than she could bear. Poor Mrs.