

of flowers, and who must almost have seen her face.

But the letter! She had in her hands a letter from André Lhéry—a real letter. For the moment this alone mattered. Last week she had committed the audacious freak of writing to him, so completely had the dread of this marriage, fixed for to-morrow, thrown her off her balance. Four pages of innocent self-betrayal, things which to her had seemed quite terrible; and to conclude, a request, an entreaty, that he would reply at once, *poste-restante*, to an assumed name. She had sent this off forthwith, for fear lest reflection should bring hesitancy, sent it off more or less at the mercy of good luck, having no exact address, with the complicity and assistance of her former governess, Mademoiselle Esther Bonneau—Bonneau de Saint-Miron, if you please, holding the diploma of the University and a qualification of Public Instruction—the lady who had taught her French, and added, for the fun of it, as a crowning accomplishment, a little slang studied in the works of ‘Gyp.’

It had reached its destination, that child’s cry of distress, and the poet had replied, with a little undercurrent of suspicion and irony, but on the whole quite nicely, in a letter which could be shown to the most sarcastic of her friends, and would be enough to make them jealous. And then, all of a sudden, she was fired with impatience to make her cousins read it—cousins who were like sisters,—for they had declared that he would not answer. Their home was quite close, in the