

that it all happened to me, in fact? *The*
My grandmother was of French *Eye of*
blood, — perhaps Acadian blood, for *Gluskâp*
my grandfather married her in the
West Indies. After the exile the
Acadians, you say, were scattered all
over the face of the New World!
Can there be in my veins any of the
blood of that unhappy people?"

Jessie stopped short and looked
up at her lover's face. "Why, your
name," she cried, "sounds as if it
might have been French once!"

"My grandfather's name was
Manners Sutton," responded Des-
bra, musing. "My father had to
take my grandfather's name to in-
herit some property in Martinique.
I, of course, pronounce my name in
English fashion, but it is spelled just
as my father's was — D-e-s-b-r-a!"

As the young Englishman gave
his name its French accent and pro-
nunciation, Jessie uttered a little cry
of intelligence and wonder. She