

reading some old English papers, when a bustle announced the arrival of strangers. I listened to hear what language they spoke, and there came in a man's voice—

"Well, I guess we'd better see the rooms, hadn't we, Millie?"

"Americans!" I assured myself. "I'll go right out and shake hands." I had not lived with Americans in the same house since I left Avignon, and I was eager for their instant and democratic friendliness. They might be a trifle emphatic and somewhat uncertain in their art criticism, but they were warm-blooded animals and they spoke my language. So I stepped into the office and saw—Jack Campbell, with four lady tourists in the back-ground. Jack was seeking information of the landlady.

"Est-ce possible," he was saying, with a mighty and deliberate emphasis, as if utterance were pain. "D'avoir une lampe au lieu de la bougie?"

The four looked at him admiringly, as if he had surpassed their highest expectation; and then the landlady flung back her answer.

"Par-dong?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"She says that it will cost you half-a-franc a day extra," I ventured to put in, at the same time holding out my hand to him.

"Why! Hello, Barton!" he cried. "You here?" And prompt, chattering introductions followed. There was, of course, the new Mrs. Campbell. I had known of her, but had never seen her before. Then there was Miss Bertram, of Albany, and the Misses Wilson, of Buffalo. My eyes rested with grateful pleasure upon them. They were four perfect copies

of the North American woman in Europe—a short, plain skirt of a grayish effect; boots, utilitarian and roomy, but not gratuitously ugly; a round felt hat, tied with ribbon and skewered with a quill; a frank, happy eye, and a face of intertwined confidence and curiosity.

"This is not a meeting," said I, bubbling over, "but a rescue. I have been dying of loneliness. The man Friday, you know, had savages about him who were ready to take him right into their confidence—into their digestive apparatuses, indeed. But I—"—and I laughed—"I haven't had a heart-to-heart talk in two weeks."

"Well, if you want to be dined off of, you stick to us," said Jack grimly. "The continent of Europe has lived off us since we landed."

"That," I assured him, "is the delusion of all English-speaking tourists, but it merely betrays the fact that we don't see Europe. Europe is busy about its own affairs, but a body-guard of personal servants dance about us so constantly that we can hardly see past them."

"That's right!" cried Jack emphatically. "But I don't want them—we don't want them." That belated "we" showed that the knowledge that there



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