

Chapter Eighteen

"Yes."

"You consent? You——"

"Young man," said Galen Albret, not unkindly, "I give my daughter in your charge; that is all. You must take her to *Sacré Cœur*. And you must be patient. Next year I shall resign, for I am getting old, and then we shall see. That is all I can tell you now."

He arose abruptly.

"Come," said he, "they are waiting."

They threw wide the door and stepped out into the open. A breeze from the north brought a draught of air like cold water in its refreshment. The waters of the North sparkled and tossed in the silvery sun. Ned Trent threw his arms wide in the physical delight of a new freedom.

But his companion was already descending the steps. He followed across the square