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## THE STORY OF A GENTLEMAN

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St. Hilaire felt his cheek grow hot with shame. "Her brother's *misfortune* has a softer sound, Monsieur Gérin."

"You cannot hide it, my dear young friend, though you call it misfortune, accident, or by any soft name you choose."

St. Hilaire paced the floor with his young face drawn into deep lines of thought. Suddenly he threw the bundles of papers into the strong box and snapped the lock with an air of determination. "I will marry Mademoiselle Madison myself. My fortune is equal to that which she has lost. She shall have mine, and the husband of Eleanor Madison will make no demands upon the executor of my friend's estate."

"If she will have you," suggested the lawyer.

"She must have me," exclaimed St. Hilaire, "and it must be done at once. She is fresh from the convent; she can have seen few men. It is not likely—I say it entirely without vanity, Gérin—but it is not likely that she will look with indifference upon a Marquis de St. Hilaire."