

style—or something—here in Greece, my little officer would be a prince! Think of that! The courier didn't know it until we got to Athens, and the little officer—the prince—gave me his card, of course. One of the oldest, noblest and richest families in Greece. Think of that! There I thought he was only a bothersome little officer who came in handy at times, and there he turns out to be a prince. I could hardly keep myself from rushing right off to find him and apologise to him for the way I treated him. It was awful! And——” added the fair Nora, pensively, “if he does meet me in Paris, I'll make him wear that title down to a shred, you can bet. What's the good of having a title unless you make it work?”