

Love in Youth

He had no conception before of what unlimited money would do, even in a short time. The apartment was ready for habitation: the little library only needed books, the dining room, with its Chippendale sideboard, table and chairs, the salon, which was pure Empire (Jenny had asked for that), the bedrooms, the bathrooms—what Mr. Foxwell called the rough furnishing of the apartment was perfect, superbly arranged. It needed only Jenny's feminine touches to give the place that air of individuality which turns a lodging into a home.

It was nearly twelve o'clock before Jenny had made out a list of the things she most wanted and Bancroft undertook to get them all in an hour or two; he then put his wife into an automobile and sent her off to her lunch with her father. She found Mr. Foxwell waiting for her in the hotel at Versailles.

"Are we going out to see your house?" she began.

"First of all, we'll have lunch," he said, "and then I'll take you out there."

"What did you want to talk to me about?" she asked directly.

He smiled. "I thought you might have things you wanted to ask me," he said, with his usual slow deliberation.

"I'm beginning to see," replied his daughter, looking at him intently, "that you're exceedingly clever; more observant than one would imagine or more intuitive perhaps?"

Mr. Foxwell smiled.