
FRENCHY

"To another—already!" he stammered.
"May I ask to whom?"

"Certainly, as my guardian, it is your right to ask. Do you know Anatole Régal, the famous artist?"

"I know his work. It has some vogue, but it is not to my taste. The gentleman himself I do not know," replied the marquis.

"All Paris is wild about him," said the young girl. "I am going to marry him."

"Pray accept my congratulations," replied St. Hilaire stiffly. "You have made good progress since you left the convent."

"Oh, perhaps before!" she replied. Then with a tone of appeal: "You will not withhold your consent, will you, my guardian, just because you—because you happened to be refused?"

"Under the circumstances I cannot withhold my consent."

"But you are very angry with me? Her lip drooped, and she looked very sad.

"Ah, who could be angry with Eleanor Madison!" Taking her hand, he kissed her