

Love in Youth

"I don't ask you," he said, turning to Bancroft, "because you have enough to do getting your things together and making up your mind whether you like the little apartment I have taken for you both provisionally in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. My horses and your books both need undivided attention."

In the talk after dinner which was prolonged until nearly midnight Mr. Foxwell told Bancroft all he wanted to know and incidentally told Jenny about her mother and her social campaign in London. When they separated and Jenny went to her room she couldn't help noticing that her father, without being asked, had brought about a meeting with her alone.

"Did he know I wanted a talk with him?" she asked herself, and resolved, woman-like, to find out on the morrow, without first telling him that she had wanted to get his advice on a matter of extraordinary interest.

Before Bancroft went about his business in the morning he insisted on taking his wife out to the apartment which Mr. Foxwell had taken for them. They found it was quite close to the Arc de Triomphe, on the second floor. All the chief rooms, the sitting room, library and dining room gave on the avenue and looked out over the trees and green lawns to the fashionable thoroughfare; but all the sleeping rooms lay at the back, with windows to the south, and were for Paris, extraordinarily quiet, as they saw into a courtyard which Mr. Foxwell's money had transformed into a little garden. Bancroft was ten times more pleased with his surroundings than Jenny.