

Jacques rose from his seat and paced up and down the room for a few minutes, trying to master his emotion.

"Well," he said, at last, "I think I will go tomorrow. I will stay the night in Paris and get back here the day after."

Then, like a child who, after obtaining some coveted permission, feels inclined to do everything he is asked and more besides he added:

"When I get back, I will finish all my arrangements. I have been dreadfully lazy, lately. How are you getting on with your preparations?"

"Oh, I am nearly ready. Neither Catherine nor I needed any urging on, I can assure you. I warn you that we shall have an awful amount of luggage."

Ah, how little he cared now how much luggage they had! She might take hundreds of trunks for all he cared.

"Annie, I have been very selfish and cruel to keep you so long a time from your family," said Jacques, remorsefully.

"Oh, it does not matter, now," she answered, promptly. "I shall have all the more pleasure in seeing every one again. There are more changes in America in six years than in Europe in twenty, so that it will be like going to a new country."

"Well, you may pride yourself on being good-natured."

"Every cloud has a silver lining and I only look on the bright side. It is the only way to be happy in this world and to have a good time."

"At any rate, it is the way to make others happy," said the Marquis.

Only a French woman of very elevated character or