

life with mamma they had so flashed on me before. He answered quite gravely, almost contemptuously, 'Men do not care for thanks. You are not done with me yet. I am going to Paris.'

"Going to Paris!" I blushed at the gladness that warmed me, and excused the blush in every way but the right one—a perfect relief at not being thrown again on my own resources. Oh, we women, what a long time we fight even with ourselves before we look a thing straight in the face and own up to the truth!

"Between Ramière and Paris we were almost as silent as between Ste. Cécile and Ramière. That name bothered me so; my tongue absolutely refused to form one intelligible sentence without it. Only once, simply because he must be told something about me without the slightest preface, I burst out: 'I have never been in Paris; I am going to my father, who is dying in the Hotel de Sargnac, Rue Ste. Honoré. I must see him, and he must see the papers that were in my jewel case. You see that, if it had not been for you, I might never have got there—and—so—I never—can—forget —.' Here, again, words and courage forsook me. There was a terrible pause imminent, which he filled up with a few words about my great exaggeration of a slight service which any man would have rendered to any woman, and then told me how he had managed our escapade.

"When he saw the detective watching us so closely—when he heard my story, and knew that my wish was to be helped, but helped quietly, he formed his design. To attempt to reason a French detective out of a real or imaginary clue to a mystery, would be useless; therefore, it was necessary to impress Monsieur with the idea that we two did not agree. The ruse was successful. I had scarcely left the room when Monsieur accosted him, and soon, from the discussion of weather and travelling, Monsieur adroitly introduced me. Monsieur slyly hinted that my nationality was English, but this supposition my friend laughed at as an absurdity, assuring Monsieur that I was French; more, that I had tried to pass myself off on him as an Englishwoman, in order to awaken his sympathy for some wrong. In ordinary circumstances, he, my friend, would not have refused assistance to any lady; but, upon my attempting such an imposture, he had accused me of it, therefore we had parted, not pleasantly, as Monsieur had seen. I had talked something about a jewel case, which he had heeded little.