

expenses of the voyage there. After that, between us, your mother and I will manage to keep you there a season at least.

So within six weeks Alene and her aunt were well off on the dark blue sea. It was the month of July, a little past the popular season for travel, yet the steamers were still crowded, and almost the first person they encountered on board ship was Mr. Bob Willis. Whatever "set-down" Miss Alene had once given him, she was civil to him now, and his esteem for the young lady seemed to be in no wise lessened from the fact that she was en route to the old world.

One day Mr. Bob found it necessary from decrease of temperature, to put on a thicker coat than he had been wearing. Leaving his state-room hurriedly, he unconsciously dropped from one of his pockets some papers.

Some one, treading the passage shortly afterward, saw this trail of literature, and stooping, picked them up. This some one chanced to be Miss Alene Ellerby. One of these papers was flattened and dust-worn.

Certainly Miss Alene knew better that to read what did not belong to her, yet she was perusing with wide-open eyes the writing on this soiled paper. First she had been attracted because the chirography seemed to resemble her own, next when she saw her own name appended.

Well, since that name is there, we will read, too.

"Dear Bob.—You have surprised me, yet I confess I am not wholly displeased at your proposal. Please call this evening.—Yours evermore,
Alene Ellerby."

This was re-written again and again all over the sheet, each copy growing nearer and nearer to a likeness of her own hand.

She dropped the paper and thought. Then she looked again at the date and drew a great sigh. It was dated May 14th, the day before Raymond Ogere bade her good-bye.

Well, Alene neither fainted away, nor did she face Mr. Willis with a scathing glance of scorn or any tragic phrases. She only left the other papers where she had found them, retreated into her state-room, with the one clenched tight in her little fist. Then she sat her lips, stamped her slim foot once, and ejaculated, with her cheeks burning bright:

"I will never, never speak to the mean little wretch again!"

"Dear me, what sad language, Miss Alene! Yet you said that by yourself, and we had no right to hear."

That night Alene astonished the worthy relative who accompanied her, by asking her if she knew Mr. Raymond Ogere's address.

"No, my dear, I do not," was the reply, and with the words her last hope of ever again meeting Ogere vanished.

For here she was speeding away over the Atlantic, every minute bearing her farther and farther from the man she loved, and with no means at her command by which to communicate with him.

A year would doubtless elapse before they would return, and what things might not happen in a year?

A few days before Alene sailed for the old world, Raymond Ogere sat upon the balcony of his hotel in Paris.

He had been at that city three weeks; for, after leaving Alene, he had unexpectedly found it necessary to start for France immediately, on business for the firm.

Glad he was of this means of distraction from what had cast a gloom over all his prospects. Not as heretofore did he enter upon the trip with energy and interest, but to flee from bitter disappointment.

By his side sat a lady, who had done much to brighten his voyage thither, and his sojourn in Paris. This was the Countess Brittole, who had been visiting some friends among the Americans.

The countess was poor, and owned nothing but an owl-haunted chateau away off somewhere where she never went, but which she cherished as the sole remnant of the past glory of the Brittole family.

Plainly the countess had expressed her admiration for the "elegant young men" of the United States, and plainly had she shown her admiration for this particular young man by her side.

She was a widow, and quite her own age, to be sure; but what did such things matter, so long as people agreed and were happy? And then her position gave her such rare opportunities to advantage an ambitious man. And, unconsciously, Raymond found himself listening to this wooing, and when at parting for the night, the countess laid in his hand a tea-rose she had worn in her hair, he actually caught himself murmuring some very mellow sentiment.