

of the St. Lawrence, for a savage little voice that had suddenly fluttered down to immeasurable tenderness. Strange how persistently this night my first little love came up to my vision in this great gorgeous opera house, and haunted me with the imagined touch of her little tanned hand in mine. I could almost feel its pressure.

And her voice! I thought I heard it. It sang about my ears gently, ripplingly, and then of a sudden burst into passionate melody. So vivid was the memory of her that with my eyes closed I almost joined in that old French Canadian boat song:

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

One of my companions pushed my arm, and I awoke to my surroundings, and faced about to the stage. My new love was standing there, and it was she who was singing the old boat song. Ah, how beautiful she was! How divine! Her eyes, her form, that hair—they took my breath, and held me entranced. Unmindful of my horror stricken friends, and the angry expostulations and motions of the audience, I leaned over the side of the box and, frenzied, I called aloud to her.

I saw her start. She looked up, her eyes met mine, and then—then she sang to me, for me only.

I suppose the audience thought me drunk—Englishmen are pigs in Parisians' eyes, any way. I tried to go back of the stage and see her, but these mad Parisians had gone wild over her. They were calling and shrieking her name aloud.

"Vive! Vive La Cara! Vive Cara! Vive! Vive!"

Outside of the theater they had taken the horses from her carriage, and were drawing her to her hotel, great crowds of men in evening dress, shouting her name aloud, and they had covered her carriage with flowers.

My brain whirling, my heart sick with its fullness, I followed in the wake of the crowd, though I could not shout and cheer her name to the echo, as they were doing. She was to me a sacred thing. I could see her proud little head bowing and smiling right and left as she went in through the door of the big hotel amid

the cheers of her audience. They followed, I with them.

I was desperate. I made a break through the crowd, forcing my way till I was close to her, and because she had not seen me, I called to her, my face bleached with desperation and passion.

"Carrots!" I said, and my voice startled my own ears.

She turned like a flash, and like a flash her face grew suddenly luminous.

"Ah," she said, "is it *you!*" and no words of mine can tell of the expression of that last little word of hers.

Before the curious gaping crowd we looked in each other's eyes.

"I have looked for you the world over. It is not possible for me to tell you how I love you. It is no place here and now to say this to you, but I may not find opportunity again." I was thinking of the great world, which now claimed her for its own. But her eyes, sympathetic and tender now, were smiling into mine.

"Monsieur," she said, "and I also have something to say to you—a little question. You will follow me? Or must I follow you? I do not fear the crowd."

She bowed to them a last final good night, and, dazzled and bewildered, I followed her. In her old wild fashion she had overcome all barriers, as she used to do when she would reach almost unattainable places on the St. Lawrence.

Now that I found myself alone with her, I could not find my voice. I could only look and look at her, with all my heart and soul in my eyes.

I waited for her to speak, leaning unsteadily against the fireplace.

"Is it La Cara or the Queen or—little Carrots you love?" she said.

"It is you," I said hoarsely; "you in all of them. I have loved you always, even when you flaunted me. Look here!" I slipped my hand into my breast pocket, and drew forth a long red curl.

Her eyes were brimming with tears and laughter.

"And here!" she said, pulling at a tiny chain about her neck. Then I saw what was at the end of it—my mother's little ring!

"I have worn it always, Ted," she breathed.