

and sunshine on a field of growing grain—erratic, unexpected, but always strangely fascinating.

“You’re not a numskull,” contradicted Diana. “You’re a—  
a—cher ami,” she finished, triumphantly.

I was hunting for the keyhole once more.

“Am I so bad as that?” I murmured, assuming a most dejected air.

“So bad as what?” asked Diana.

“So bad that it cannot be expressed in English,” I replied. And then I raised my hands in a gesture of supplication. “Ora pro me,” I said, sadly. Thank heaven I could recall that much Latin.

Diana looked bewildered. I knew she was trying to locate my exclamation through the aid of her French vocabulary, and I laughed at her efforts.

At that her face brightened.

“Oh, it doesn’t mean anything at all,” she smiled. “There is no such thing in French.”

“No,” I admitted, still laughing, “I guess there isn’t.”

“It wasn’t nice of you to do that,” she said, suddenly sobering.

“I suppose that I ought to be spanked and sent to bed,” I acknowledged, meekly.

Again that rippling laugh of hers, like a mountain brook babbling over its pebbles or the distant tinkling of bells on a drowsy evening, or—

“Actually, you said something funny,” she declared. “You can be funny sometimes, can’t you, King?”

“Yes, even a ‘cher ami,’ if necessary,” I retorted.

“Does it worry you so dreadfully?” she asked.

“Well,” I answered, “I should like to know what you think of me—in French.”

“It is much better than you think,” she said. “In fact, it is nice.”

“I am duly thankful,” I replied. “I think I shall learn to speak French, if one can say nice things in French and——”

“Not be understood,” finished Diana.