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THE ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS

DEJEANS

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CHAPTER VII

IN the days that followed, Marie sighed often to herself. She did her very best, but things were not at all as they should be. She was certain that Mr. Walter J. Greene had complained of her, for the next time she saw Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent she behaved so strangely. Marie drove her about every day, but Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent would not talk to her and she gave her orders so curtly. When the garage supplies arrived, Marie asked her what disposition she should make of them and she answered impatiently:

"I don't want to be bothered about the garage, Angouleme. Breck will look after the garage. He'll give you my orders and you can report to him, so don't come to me about anything—I have too many other things to attend to." Then she relapsed into a grim silence.

So Breck appeared in the garage and inspected the cars. Marie explained the shortage of tires and tools and showed him the supplies she had unpacked. Hoping for a word of praise, she told him, "The condition within these cars was abominable, but now every inch is clean—as you see."

Breck looked but said nothing. Without a word, he carried the useless tires into the store-room and helped

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be cut from under her. If you object, play the family against her, send her away, you'll as good as end it, for I wouldn't ask a girl to subject herself to the treatment she would receive. Don't make it impossible, Aunt Bulah."

"Choose some one in your own class, West."

"Mrs. Brant-Olwin possibly?" he retorted with sarcasm.

"You've been attentive to her."

"Because she's amusing. But I couldn't *love* Mrs. Brant-Olwin. But this little girl!"

"I don't approve of it," Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent maintained stubbornly. "Leave her alone, West, or I shall have to send her away."

"I won't!" he returned hotly. "I can't! I shall see her and talk to her the very first opportunity I get." And he turned and went down the stairs, his shoulders squared.

But at the foot of the stairs he stopped; then he came back. "Jones tells that he had a chance to talk with the colored servants at the Smith house and they told him that Mrs. Smith left the house just after the commotion in the park last night. They don't seem to know anything about her, except that she comes and goes in her runabout, and usually without any notice to them. They told Jones that occasionally she telephones out to them from town that she is coming, but her orders are that the house shall always be ready, fires kept going and food in the pantry, and so on. They said she must be wealthy, that she never stinted in anything.

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