

**CRISS-CROSS,  
PP. 1-255**

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Criss-Cross, pp. 1-255 by Grace Denio Litchfield

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# CRISS-CROSS



BY

4/5/87

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN INCIDENT," ETC.



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## CRISS - CROSS.

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### I.

#### EMBARRAS DE RICHESSES.

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FREDDIE BOGART TO LUCY RENSHAW.

DON'T scold, Lucy dear! But I've such a piece of news for you that I know you'll forgive my not having written you in all these ages. We are going to Europe. Yes, all four of us. We sail in the *City of Rome* on the twenty-seventh—that is, in two weeks. Mamma has been teasing papa to take us ever since I left school. She says foreign travel will be of the greatest advantage to me, and teach me to look at life differently. But, between you and



me, Lucy, I don't wish to look at life differently. I like it prodigiously the way I see it now. I think I've rather got on the blind side of life any way, for it's been so good to me always. Even at boarding-school things seemed always to go about right for me, did n't they? —all but the being so far from home, and the leaving you when I came back. And, oh dear, the fun it has been ever since! I don't believe Europe *can* be nicer than Buffalo. Seriously, I don't know how I shall get along in Europe. One can't dance in cathedrals, or carry on in museums and picture-galleries, and even if one managed to pick up a marquis or a duke somewhere along the road, like as not he would n't speak English. Mamma thinks it will rub up my French to go abroad; but I've made up my mind that I won't grapple with the subjunctive cases again for any thing less than a Prince of the Blood. The indicative mood straight through will have to do for the Counts and Barons.

Poor dear mamma has been hard at work at

all the languages combined ever since the trip was proposed, and by this time she must be as nearly qualified for talking with every man in his own tongue—that is, if she does n't have to say *much*—as if she were one of the apostles. She has bought maps of more countries than the globe contains, and guide-books beyond what any Christian woman ought to possess. She says there 's no use going to Europe without knowing beforehand exactly what one wants to see. But I do know already exactly what I want to see. I want to see the Carnival at Rome, and Venice (with a romantic Gondolier) by moonlight, and I don't care much to see any other place, unless it be Berlin. Anna Forbes spent the winter there, and she said the officers were lovely, and danced like angels. I would n't mind seeing Paris too, of course, though I'm sure you can get quite as pretty clothes in America, and it 's awfully far to go just for dresses. I'm frivolous, I know, but I never did care much for dresses, as long as I had exactly what I wanted. So I could get

through with Europe in a very little while, but dear me there 's no knowing when we shall get back if we have to do all those books first. Papa looks at them out of the corner of his eye, but he won't touch one of them. He says Mamma is to be captain of this trip, and as it won't do to have too clever a first-mate under her, he sha'n't study up a bit himself. All he needs to know is how to change his money fast enough, he thinks, and if any royal folks want to talk to him and get ideas on the tobacco trade, they will have to learn English first,—that 's all,—*he* is n't going to bother with any *parlez-vous* just for them. Papa rather looks on the whole thing as a huge joke, and asks if I intend to keep on breaking hearts all along the journey, and declares that Europe ought to be warned that I am coming, so that it could bottle up its young men and export them to Asia for safe-keeping. But I tell him in that case I should go directly to Asia to begin with.

However, papa says he does n't see how we shall get away from Buffalo in the first place,