

Ithel. And I know now that that would not be at all the same kind of life."

"You can tell her when you get there, if you like, and if the opportunity arises. But there is not the slightest necessity for doing so. And I should say nothing about it in my letter; and simply write an ordinary note of acceptance."

"But I don't know even how to write an ordinary note of acceptance. I thought you would help me," she said, ingenuously.

He looked at his watch.

"Then we ought to go and do it at once, if we are to catch the country post."

They walked slowly down Upper Grosvenor Street, Jeanne considerably moderating her pace to suit the halting footsteps of her companion.

Dunham followed them solemnly—a model of discreet chaperonage, keeping close to her young lady's heels, and faithfully leading Miss Marney's little dog.

The invitation had come about in the simplest manner, through the letter which Louis had written to Lord Dermot, and exactly as Jeanne had surmised.

Dermot was his mother's favourite son, and his lightest suggestions met with more attention than his elder brother's ceremonious requests.

Thus, although the Duchess had demurred when Denis had asked her to leave a card at 99 Grosvenor Square, on a young lady whom he declared to be a relative; and made a favour of promising eventually to do as he wished in the matter—she yet despatched an Easter invitation to Jeanne, without raising any difficulties at all, on receiving her son Dermot's laconic explanation.

"I've heard from a pal of mine—an awfully decent fellow—name de Courset. It appears he's a connection of ours. His sister came to one of Monaghan's musical shows, he says; I suppose you know her?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember her, my dear boy," said the