
THE STORY OF A GENTLEMAN

fection. Her eyes were deep blue, with long lashes, and she turned them upon St. Hilaire inquiringly.

"You have recently left the convent?" he began.

"Oh, ages ago—three months ago!" Her accent was perfect, and her manner instantly captivating. Any French nobleman would be proud of such a wife. St. Hilaire, feeling strangely diffident, asked lamely: "And were you not sorry to leave your school, the scene of so many old and endearing associations?"

Miss Eleanor raised her eyes with a smile. They were large, innocent eyes, but there was a light lurking in them, alluring, enticing, and bewitching, which disconcerted the young marquis. "It was dull beyond all words. I was inexpressibly bored," she replied, languidly. A pause followed. St. Hilaire had had no idea that the affair would prove so difficult. Miss Madison sighed as if the mere recollection of her school-days wearied her. St. Hilaire rose to his feet with an impulsive movement. She looked up into his face.