

he had one of the keenest wits in the world, and yet a mere girl turned its edge, and came harmless out of the contest! From that moment De Lisle made his friend's sister a study, and determined to break down her barriers of artifice, or storm her strong defences of simplicity. He would sit down before her, as it were, and take her by regular and scientific strategy. But before doing this, he considered his own strength, and asked himself—Did he love the girl? The answer compelled him to acknowledge that his whole strength consisted in vanity of conquest!

In the meantime, the baronet was just as much put about as his friend. Lord Dalton had succeeded in irritating him to a degree almost unbearable, by keeping up a running fire of rough compliment to Marie, and playing various simple pranks with her horse's bridle. The horse resented these liberties, and now and then chafed his bit