

waking up, "Oh dear me! how very annoying! Blanche, my dear, why is the Chevalier going to be in London this evening?"

Blanche shook her head.

"Well, if I were you, Blanche, I should not let him go. London this evening! Dear me! how very strange! London this evening—London this evening—London this evening."

And so the conversation died away.

Half-an-hour afterwards De Lisle took a formal leave of Blanche; but although she watched the avenue for some time, she did not see him depart. He had escaped her, she thought. But going to the room in which Lady Maldon was accustomed to rest herself, she heard his voice and her mother's:

"Good bye, Chevalier," said the latter.
"There, you may kiss my hand! You'll come back soon, won't you?—And mind you don't forget that little business of mine in