

glasses; a shock of hair, between grey and flaxen, fell over his broad forehead; and if his nose were surprisingly long and beaky, so were the noses, she reflected, of many great men; whilst his massive uneven profile, and wide mouth, even though rather grim, were not destitute of humour.

Long before the end of dinner Jeanne found herself wondering why he had married Cecilia.

If Mrs. Hogg-Watson had been content to be herself—lively, talkative, inconsequent, and more than a little vulgar—it is possible she might have succeeded in amusing the Duke of Monaghan very well. But though this end was the object of her constant endeavour throughout the meal, she unfortunately missed attaining it; through her assumption of a personality which did not belong to her.

Jeanne—who did not know that Cecilia was trying to play the rôle of a smart woman of society—listened to her affected, coquettish, and sometimes *risquée* conversation, with a countenance more expressive of surprise and dismay than she knew.

She did not recognise the type which Cecilia was endeavouring, from the most superficial observation, to emulate; and in her simplicity, was heartily ashamed of her friend.

Every now and then the Professor broke in upon his wife's statements with a flat contradiction; but these interruptions, however they might embarrass the Duke and his cousin Jeanne, appeared not to ruffle the complacency of Cecilia in the slightest degree.

"My husband is never happy except when he's travelling, Duke. And I am afraid I am a shockingly old-fashioned wife," said Cecilia, archly, "for I often go with him, instead of staying at home, where I should have a much better time; now shouldn't I?"

"I dislike travelling more than anything in the world," growled the Professor, breaking off his remarks to Jeanne, and casting a look of positive dislike across the table at his communicative spouse.

"Ah! so you say. But 'facts is facts' and though we have