

CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR DE LISLE was not so calm and so assured as he was wont to be. He laid deliberate siege to the English girl's heart ; but day after day—apparently without any effort—his mines were blown up, and his most reliable artillery silenced ! His vanity of conquest grew to be *anxiety* for conquest, and he really feared now and then that he was in love ! But the worst of us have an idea of what love should be, though we may make no pretension to be perfect in the matter ; and De Lisle, being a man of keen perception and great worldly wisdom, was