

"I do not think he said where."

The Professor emitted another slight grunt and returned to the picture.

"Isn't he just what I told you?" asked Cecilia, in mute pantomime of eyes and fingers.

Jeanne made a gesture signifying that it was too early for her to offer an opinion of the professor's character. So far she must be content to own, that from his appearance, Cecilia was justified in having described him as an ugly and powerful man; of his fascinating qualities he had, as yet, certainly afforded her no evidence.

The entrance of the Duke relieved Jeanne of much embarrassment.

Cousin Denis was at once so quiet, so self-possessed, and so helpful, that she felt her heart expand in sudden grateful recognition of his good breeding.

He recalled the subject and the occasion of the Professor's lecture so pleasantly, that the great man's brow cleared; for the compliments of a Duke, even though he be but a young one, are usually acceptable to the average Britisher; and Mr. Hogg-Watson, his learning and celebrity notwithstanding, was but an average Britisher after all.

Far from being too much shocked by the scantiness of her bodice (as Jeanne had almost feared Cousin Denis might be), to even look at Cecilia, he offered her his arm with an engaging smile, when Hewitt announced dinner, the instant he perceived that Jeanne was at a loss; and remarking that in the absence of his cousin Louis he had been requested to take his place, led her across the hall to the great dining-room, where the table laid for four persons appeared but as a small island in the midst of a wide sea of *parquet* flooring.

Jeanne followed with the Professor, observing thankfully that his glance at her, when he gave her his arm, was not an unkind one.

After all, she was by no means so certain of his ugliness.

A very fine pair of intent grey eyes shone behind his