

and his tones were soft, and his English was wonderful!

"What a strange lord that is!" he said, "I think he tires your brother. This England of yours is full of curiosities—contrasts. What could be more striking than the dissimilarity between the two gentlemen before us—both of the same class, nearly the same age, neighbours, friends, and yet with scarcely a shade of character in common!"

Blanche was in a reverie. That De Lisle was talking, even that he was leaning towards and looking into her face, she knew full well; but of what he said or meant she had not the remotest idea! When he ceased, the silence disturbed her, and she turned hastily, smiled curiously, and said "Dear me!--indeed!"

This was said as though De Lisle, instead of expressing an obvious fact, had advanced something strange and startling.