

of a tender nature to her mother as to herself! Therefore his gallantries, even when they seemed to exceed the limits of strict English propriety, only provoked her to smile and shake her head at him, in utter ignorance that he was feeling his way and trying how far he might advance towards his object. She never imagined that she was listening to aught but idle romance, any more than had De Lisle read to her the play of *Romeo and Juliet*, she would have placed herself in the position of the heroine and taken to heart the soft passages!

The area of De Lisle's operations was, however, about to change. One very wet morning, when the London season was approaching its zenith, the baronet came down to breakfast with a proposition:

"What do you say to a month or two in London, Monsieur?"

De Lisle hesitated. What was Blanche going to do?