

was expecting even then to hear that his general had destroyed the French army.

After Culverhouse's little outburst, we were silent, thinking of our campaign, which had little cheer for us, despite the earl's magnificent promises, and when Culverhouse left me, I went to my lodgings, where my thoughts ranged from the war to Mlle. de St. Maur's blue eyes and Marion Arthur's brown ones, and then back to the blue. I was wondering that very morning if I were about to fall in love with Marion Arthur. Never having been in love before, I could not be sure. I had often noted the symptoms in others, but I have also observed that a doctor who may be very skilled in the diseases of others, knows little about his own. But Marion and I had been comrades in childhood, for she was my cousin, though three times removed.