

pulled at the silken fringe of my *tourette-de-nez*, and then made up my mind to show M. de Lorgnac that the very sight of him was unpleasant to me. So I waited until in his march he came to a yard or so from the spot where he regularly turned on his heel, and then, springing up, attempted to draw the curtains across the door. Somehow or other they would not move, and de Lorgnac stepped forward quietly and pulled them together. As he did this our eyes met, and there was the twinkle of a smile in his glance, as if he had seen through my artifices and was laughing at them. I felt my face grow warm, and was grateful that the light was behind me; but I thanked him icily, and with his usual stiff bow he turned off without a word.

I came back to my seat, my face crimson, my eyes swimming with tears, and feeling if there was a man on earth that I hated it was the lieutenant of the guard.

It had a good two hours or so to run before my time of waiting would be over, and I may take the plunge now, and confess that the lengthened period of attendance to which I was subjected, was in a measure a punishment, for my having ridden out alone with M. de Clermont, and, owing to an accident that befell my horse, had not been able to return until very late. The ill-chance which followed all my girlish escapades was not wanting on this occasion, with the result, that whereas ten others might have escaped, I was observed in what was after all but a harmless frolic, and my conduct reported on—and Madame, who had a weak enough eye for follies, and sometimes sins, that were committed by rule—she loved to direct our ill-doings—

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