

“She said she never lost a moment calling on new neighbours,” thought Jeanne, “she said it was the duty of the residents. I wonder why nobody has called on me. Perhaps they think it too soon after poor Aunt Caroline’s death; or perhaps they do not realise that any one is living here, and think I am just the companion, or somebody of that kind, waiting till the owner comes home. But I am the lady of the house, really. I suppose it is my duty, as Dunham says, to make a few friends, but it is very hard to know where to begin.”

She turned over the pages of the Red-book helplessly.

“The day after the first Sunday they came to church she always went,” said Jeanne. “I remember that, because I asked her once why she waited till then, as one was not to lose a moment in welcoming them, and she said, only to give them time to settle down. Well—I suppose it must be the people living in the same square who are my neighbours,—anyway, they are the nearest. The first time I see an arrival of a new family here put in the paper, I will make a start,” she resolved.

She scanned the advertisements in the fashionable column of the *Morning Post* very regularly for some days after making this resolution; and her scrutiny was presently rewarded by the announcement that Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Wheler had arrived at 129 Grosvenor Square.

This was on a Friday.

Jeanne considerably allowed the proper interval to elapse, and on Monday afternoon, when starting for her drive, she delivered an order to the astonished William, which he had to repeat twice to Buckam on the box, before the coachman could believe his ears.

“Please drive me to 129 Grosvenor Square. I am going to pay a visit,” said the lonely lady, in a determined but shaking voice.

(*To be continued*)