

look at you, great grandpapa Harry. I suppose promotion was very quick in your time for gentlemen of fortune, or perhaps the inscription was put a long time after the picture was painted. Surely you could not have been a colonel at that age. I must ask Aunt Caroline."

The only surviving daughter of Colonel Harry lay upstairs on her sick bed. She was now eighty years old, as the original of the portrait had been when death had summoned him from the hunting-field to take his place in the family vault.

Jeanne had been nearly three weeks in the house of her grand-aunt, but it seemed to her almost as though as many years must have elapsed since she had left the farm on the borders of Wales, where she and her twin brother Louis had been brought up.

She was used to loneliness. Coed-Ithel lay among the mountains, more than two miles from the nearest village; and the roads were bad and distances great for travellers to town and market.

The homestead belonged to her bachelor uncle, a hard-working farmer, who was generally out of doors, and who mostly fell asleep if forced from any cause to remain within, so that his niece could scarcely look to him for companionship, even if he had been as congenial to her as he was kind.

She had not seen her brother Louis, who was now in South Africa, since he had left home to join his regiment in India, nearly five years ago.

Thus she had grown accustomed to a certain solitude; but the loneliness of the hillside is not the loneliness of a large house in the midst of a crowd of strangers.

A restless impatience of the conditions which surrounded her began to pervade her empty days and her wakeful nights.

She was five and twenty years old, but in consequence of her forlornness, and the roundness of her little face, she looked much younger.

Her sojourn in town had not yet succeeded in dimming the