

indeed, had she not talked less and listened more? she thought remorsefully.

Cousin Denis was even more companionable than Aunt Caroline, partly because he inspired her, in spite of his dukedom, with less awe; partly because he was of her own generation.

Was it because the descendant of the de Coursets had more natural affinity with these fine people than with the sturdy honest farmer to whom she had been all her life indebted for her daily bread? Jeanne hoped earnestly that her feelings held nothing of ingratitude.

With all her might she respected Uncle Roberts; respected him in spite of his oddity, his silence, his fiery bristling unkempt hair and beard; his lengthy expositions of the Scriptures; his contempt for everything he did not understand; and all these things had been sore trials in their time to Louis and herself.

She respected his independence, his piety, his industry, his solid stolid kindness of heart, his stern uprightness.

Yet now she had seen him again she wondered how she had thought it possible to ask his advice.

When had she or Louis asked counsel of Uncle Roberts?

It had never occurred to either of them, in their confident youth, and with their consciousness of a superior education, but that they must know better than he.

“Still—I will ask him; for there is nobody else,” Jeanne finally decided, after an hour’s wakefulness, and anxious pondering over the situation; but her mind was filled with misgivings as she fell asleep.

In the early morning, waking to sunshine, she forgot all her troubles and went out rejoicing.

She climbed the rocky grass slopes above Coed-Ithel, among the dead bracken, to the source of the mountain torrent that supplied the farm with water, finding its way thence to the great river which ran through the valley below; there had