

"but it is of course, quite in order; and I am heartily glad, if you will allow me to say so, to have been enabled, even at the last moment, to assist poor Miss Marney to do justice to her only surviving relatives. I am afraid the charities would be somewhat annoyed with me if they knew what they had lost. Happily, they never will, since she destroyed her former testament." Here he showed a faint inclination to chuckle, but was restored instantly to professional gravity by the alarm on Jeanne's expressive face.

"You don't mean it is depriving any one——"

"Certainly not. Good heavens, no, my dear young lady," said the lawyer, wishing he had been less frank. "Pray dismiss any such idea from your mind. Your brother is actually poor Miss Marney's next of kin; he has every possible natural and legal right to inherit her money. If there is anything to be said in the matter, it is on your own account. You have an equal claim upon your great-aunt with your brother, and she has ignored you altogether."

"Mr. Valentine," said Jeanne, very earnestly, "I promise you faithfully that I would much rather it all belonged to Louis. What is his is mine, and what is mine is his. It is really exactly the same thing. If you knew him——" her pause was more eloquent than the most fervent praise—"you would understand."

"I hope I may know him very soon indeed," said Mr. Valentine. The twinkling eyes beneath grey brows bent a kind gaze upon Jeanne, and she looked up at him with sincere veneration.

"Your brother is of age, I believe?"

"He is twenty-five,—and he is a captain already," said Jeanne, trembling with anxiety to recapitulate her brother's extraordinary achievements. "He has been very lucky. He saw some service on the Indian Frontier, and he has been through the South African War without a scratch. Twice he was mentioned in despatches; and they have given him a job at Durban, which he says will be a most good thing for his