

Dunham, who always spoke as though she were safeguarding the interests of Louis from any possible inroads his sister might be tempted to make, during his absence. "No, it must be grenadine, and nothing else."

So it was grenadine, and when Jeanne looked in the glass and beheld herself for the first time in an evening gown, she was not inclined to quarrel with the result.

In accordance with the Duke's advice, and after consultation with Mr. Valentine, she had induced the servants to refrain from re-covering the pictures, and then and thereafter Jeanne passed no inconsiderable portion of her endless leisure in the saloons, where she became familiar with the Dutch landscapes so much appreciated by her cousin Denis, and began to like them a little, after all.

"You must receive your guests in the morning-room ma'am, and after dinner it will be something to do to go up to the galleries and look at the pictures, especially as his Grace is so fond of them; and to play the piano in the music-room, said Dunham, anxiously instructing the frightened hostess. "I'm sure nothing could look nicer than you do, Miss Jane. It would please Mrs. Pyke if we asked her to step up and see you. When my poor lady was dressed for the Opera or the Drawing-room, they was all let to come and look at her."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, I shall never be worth looking at like poor Aunt Caroline must have been. Even in her sick room she was just like a picture," said Jeanne, humbly.

"That was nothing to what she *could* look, when she had the family jewels on."

"Are they very beautiful?"

"They're very valuable, 'm, and it was always a load off my mind when they was safe at the bank as they are now. For many's the time I've shook in my shoes thinking how easily we might have our throats cut in our beds if evil-disposed persons knew what was in the house."

Jeanne submitted nervously to the ordeal of being exhibited by Dunham to Mrs. Pyke and the four housemaids, who