

that the old woman's endless stories of her ailments had become fatiguing instead of interesting to hear; or that she could draw comparisons between the manner of serving meals in Grosvenor Square, and in the farm-house kitchen, to the disadvantage of the latter?

The pricking of her conscience reminded her of many a reproof she had bestowed upon Louis in the past for grumbling when he returned from school or college, at some of the primitive domestic arrangements at the hillside farm; and it reminded her also of the sweet-tempered meekness with which he had received her ignorant assurances of their perfection.

How little she had known of the world then! She thought she knew a great deal now, and kneeling very humbly by the narrow bedstead, prayed God not to allow her experience of grandeur or luxury to make her proud, or disdainful of the lowly roof which had sheltered her childhood.

To that prayer she added her passionate entreaties for her brother's safe and speedy return.

How often she had knelt beside that bed, sobbing and praying, through the dark days of the South African War! And here was Louis going blithely forth to fresh danger. She thought of his words.

*"God has been very good to me. Why should this luck come to me, when every fellow out here would give anything to go?"*

"Why indeed"? thought Jeanne, ruefully.

As she blew out the candle and laid her brown head on the small hard pillow, she shivered a little, for though the weather was surprisingly mild for the end of January, yet the fireless attic was a great deal colder in this fresh atmosphere than her luxurious bedroom in Grosvenor Square.

The forlorn sense of being again alien to her surroundings returned upon her in the darkness.

She was fond of Uncle Roberts, but she had nothing in common with him, and had talked more to Aunt Caroline in a few hours than to her uncle in her whole life-time. Why,