

Louis and Jeanne, who were called Lewis and Jane at Coed-Ithel, ascribed his contempt to ignorance, and learnt to smile inwardly when he expressed his views on the subject.

"Poor sister Jenny," said the farmer, alluding to their dead mother with indulgent pity. "So much to do about her grand marriage, and, willy nilly, she must have him against the wishes of his family; and what did my fine gentleman do for her after all? Lost her a good situation in Bath, and sent her here with his pedigree in her pocket, and never a brass farthing to keep it company. A pedigree be good for stock, but it never made human beings any more worth that ever I heard of. Poor Jenny had a hankering after the gentry, more than ever I could understand; but there it is, she was church and I was chapel so to speak, and her children shall be what she was, as is but right and natural. Still she came to be glad, pension or no pension, that her boy should be brought up on a good honest farm. I don't grudge him a good education, though. He's a gentleman's son, and I can afford to pay for 'un. Take it and welcome, says I."

Louis took the best he could get. The rector of the parish was friendly with the head-master of the grammar school in the nearest large market town, and interested him in the history of the twins while Louis was yet a little boy. The child's lively intelligence, precocity, and good looks did the rest. In time, Louis won scholarships as well as the approval and affection of his master, and he delighted his uncle by retaining his interest in the farm throughout the triumphs which awaited him in his school and college career.

"You can't make that boy a farmer," said the grammar school wiseacre.

"I'll be a farmer some day," said young Louis, "but a soldier first, as my father was before me. Uncle Roberts can carry on the farm without my help for many a long year yet. When he wants that, I'll come."

The lad was bold, and knew his own mind, and when to