

Louis," said Jeanne, repenting of her unwonted assumption of a magnificence not truly her own.

"Louis!"

If Cecilia wished to hear more, she must swallow all pretence to indifference, and ask questions. This was Jeanne's revenge for the coolness of her reception.

Mrs. Hogg-Watson's curiosity easily overcame her exclusiveness.

"Run away to the nursery directly, Joey. You are crumpling the curtains, you naughty child. Go at once," she said, in a voice which Bubbles apparently recognised as one to be feared and obeyed, for he trotted obediently out of the room, leaving the door open, which his mother shut behind him.

"You are not going yet, Jeanne? Oh, I see, the fire is scorching you; let me put this screen. Sit down again for heaven's sake, and tell me about Louis. Is he in London?"

"No, he is in Somaliland, or on the way," said Jeanne, "and I'm taking care of his house, which was left to him last December by my great-aunt, Miss Marney of Orsett."

"I'm sure I never heard of her," said Cecilia, staring.

"No, we never thought about her. Uncle Roberts knew she was alive, but he did not even know where she lived. Till she sent for me; and then she died; and so here I am, all alone, at 99 Grosvenor Square."

"Grosvenor Square!" cried Cecilia, gasping once more.

"It's not one of the largest houses," said Jeanne, apologetically. "Mrs. Dunham says they differ very much. But it seems like a palace to me, of course."

"*Grosvenor Square!* Do you mean round a corner—in a side street?" said Cecilia, suspiciously.

"No, I do not. It is *in* Grosvenor Square."

"But then—your aunt must have been very rich."

"Yes, she was very rich, and she has left everything she had in the world to Louis."

"And nothing to you."

"It is the same thing," said Jeanne.