

Men's all alike, my deary; they be ashamed of loving their own flesh and blood till they be away from them, and then out it comes—willy nilly."

She nodded and winked at Jeanne when Uncle Llewellyn grumbled at having to send John Evans all the way to the station for Jeanne's bag.

"Nice fine lady ways you've got into, Jenny," he said, shaking his head at her.

"There's Louis' photographs in the bag; they were too big to fit into my desk. He was photoed before leaving South Africa," she breathed.

"What was that for?"

"For me—and for you, uncle. He's changed ever so; as one would expect in so many years," she said, with her pretty timid smile.

Uncle Roberts made no answer, but she heard him presently shouting to John Evans to make haste, and not be all night fetching the things up from the station.

Jeanne, finding herself alone in her little attic beneath the roof, hung the miniatures again on the brass hooks Louis had placed for them long ago, over the tiny fireplace. She was for the first time struck by the incongruity of their surroundings.

What had her silk-clad, jewel-decked, powdered, be-ribboned ancestors to do with this white-washed room and flock paper?

How very very small and poor it all looked! How hard the narrow bed, and rough the cotton sheets; how small and lumpy the pillow, stuffed with poultry feathers by old Granny Morgan's wrinkled hard-working hands!

Jeanne blushed with shame at herself for noticing such things, and for the reflection that crossed her mind that dear old Granny was much less refined in speech and appearance than Dunham, and would probably curtsy to Mrs. Pyke in her black silk gown and Chantilly lace cap. Was it possible