

sented a young girl, with raven tresses and flowered head-dress, piled above arched brows and hazel eyes, and simpering cherry bow-shaped lips. It was strange to look upon the picture, and read the record in the shabby book of her dignified heroic acceptance of imprisonment; of her lonely death in the Citadelle of Calais; the first woman of her order to suffer arrest, and victim most innocent of the Revolution.

The fifth miniature was in a locket, and represented her grandfather, Henri, as he had been when he married Miss Jane Marney of Orsett. Doubtless, the medallion was a wedding present, and had been worn upon the bride's heart; for a lock of the gallant Colonel's grey hair was enclosed in the crystal back, and on the rim was engraved in minute letters: "Henri Charles Louis, Marquis et Comte de Courset, &c. &c., Col. 29th Hussars."

The portrait of Jeanne's father bore only his name. The French title had been evidently discarded by his mother's family. The boy who was destined to become Marney of Orsett could afford to ignore such empty and barren honours. Perhaps the "gentle Jane" had been less scornful, Jeanne thought.

Louis and Jeanne had built many a fairy castle of hope and romance in their childhood, all founded upon this wonderful French ancestry which Miss Marney regarded so contemptuously.

Louis was burning with ambition, and fertile in imagination, and his bold fancy embraced many a scheme for the restoration of the French monarchy, and his own consequent aggrandisement.

His hopes were for himself, Jeanne's were for him; but her sympathy and ardour were not the less warm on this account; and her dreams continued long after his had been quenched in the realities of an active life.

Their honest, prosaic Welsh uncle had no idea of the secret aspirations of the twins' early youth; nor was his respect for French blood and breeding any higher than Miss Marney's own.