

Jeanne's plain dress. "I can show you where to buy all the nicest clothes; and you can't be wearing mourning much longer, just for a great-aunt."

"Indeed—I want to show every respect in my power to poor Aunt Caroline. It is the least I can do," said Jeanne.

"I suppose Louis inheriting her money *does* make a difference," said Cecilia, calmly.

Jeanne gave up all attempts to explain that the fortune had nothing to do with it.

There were some things Cecilia had never been able to understand.

One was Jeanne's reverence for her French descent, which Cecilia had always honestly deplored; and they had once called each other Jenny and Cissy for a week because she had casually remarked there was generally something rather fishy about foreign blood.

Louis had finally forbidden his sister to mention the sacred subject of the *ancienne noblesse* at the Rectory; and as she implicitly obeyed his orders, the cause of this particular quarrel was eventually almost forgotten.

"I will go shopping with you, or do anything you like," said Jeanne, happily, "and I hope you will come to me as soon as possible, for I long to show you the house."

"Let me just take a squint at my engagement book, and we'll settle it at once," said Cecilia, importantly. "And—let me see—how tiresome of Joseph, I want you to know him so much, and he does not seem inclined to come in; they must have told him I had a visitor. How would it be if I brought him to dine with you one night, quite quietly, you know, only our three selves—in Grosvenor Square?"

"It would be very kind of you, indeed," said the lonely lady, gratefully.

(*To be continued*)