

gown," said poor Jeanne, afterwards describing the appearance of the Duchess to Dunham.

"Don't you mind thinking of the Rector's wife," advised the cautious Dunham. "Forget her and all her ways. Watch her Grace, ma'am; or since her Grace is a bit eccentric, watch the other ladies here. The fashions is changed, no doubt, since me and my poor lady stayed about; but what they does is right."

"Some were dressed like the Duchess; and some in beautiful long flowing robes of lace and pale colours like evening dresses, only not cut low; and one or two in riding habits," said poor Jeanne, hopelessly confused. "And one or two of the gentlemen in boots and breeches."

"They'll have come in from hunting and taken a cup of tea before going to change," said Dunham, "and the ones in their tea-gowns *has* changed; and the others very like been walking late. I wish I had thought to get you a tea-gown, but it seemed to me you was too young," said the anxious old woman, "but I'll pick up all I can in the Room, ma'am, you may depend."

Jeanne knew not what the Room might be, but she placed implicit reliance on her faithful attendant.

The Duchess introduced Jeanne to the three ladies and the two dogs nearest the tea-table, and then said, "I believe you know my son," in her loud and cheerful voice, but with no idea, as Denis shook hands with her visitor, how very, very well acquainted they were.

"Where's Dermot; it is Dermot who knows your brother so well; but he shall take you in to dinner to-night," said the Duchess. "By the bye, I hope you have good news of your brother; he's in Somaliland, isn't he?" and the Duchess turned her attention to somebody else, without waiting for Jeanne's answer.

The tea was bitter with long standing, and the buttered toast so cold that old Granny Morgan would have thrown it