

says to me, 'I thought that was over and done with.' He've not been the same man since. Thinking may be 'tis *you* as ought to have the farm now, in justice."

"Oh, don't let him alter anything. But I'll tell Louis to write to him, for he will never listen to you or me," said Jeanne. "But if the Rector would advise him to put off making any changes till Louis comes home, that would be the best."

"Dear heart, the Rector and his wife been away this many weeks. Most ever since you left."

"Away!"

"'Tis that Cissy at the bottom of it all. They say her wouldn't answer her mother's letters, so poor Mrs. Davies at last her took to her bed with grief and spite, to think her own daughter should treat her so. And she couldn't keep it to herself, for Molly Jones at the Post-office her spread it abroad as Mrs. Davies wrote five letters and a post-card running, and never a one come back from Mrs. Watson for her."

"But why won't she write?"

"They say she's too stuck up; but perhaps 'tis just that she's took up with her long family, and got sick of wasting so much money on stamps, for they say she's a long ways off in South America, travelling with her old gentleman. Mrs. Davies was always terrible over-fond of Cissie, and now the girl's paying her out for it. 'Tis always the way. But she was that bad, poor thing, as the doctor advised her should go to foreign parts. Ah, well, I miss her, for she gave me many a box of patent medicine one way and another, and my inside not being what it was, needs a lot of physic."

But Jeanne grew impatient of the symptoms Mrs. Morgan now proceeded to describe in detail, and brought the conversation back to her uncle.

"Yes, he be terrible interested with all the lad sends, though he bain't fond of writing letters nor yet of reading them, as a rule. But he boasts away, when he thinks I aren't listening, to John Jones and Davy Griffiths, whenever they comes here.