

a large family, and they were not in very easy circumstances. Monsieur de Beaucaire was never wearied with hearing her stories of old times; and Theodore found her a faithful chronicle of modern, as well as ancient events, that had occurred in the neighbourhood. The Marquis became anxious to establish her at his mansion; but he was at a loss in what capacity to place her. Madelon was house-keeper, and her husband was discovered to be a valuable steward, whom the Marquis did not care to disoblige. Jeannette was, however, invited to reside at the Hotel de Beaucaire, which invitation she gladly accepted. Her occupations were not defined; but she bustled about amazingly, and soon engrossed all directions. This did not please Madelon, who had long held her head above Jeannette, and had been accustomed to the deference of her former companions. She now complained to her husband, accusing Jeannette of impertinence, in presuming to dictate and interfere with her.

"Does Monsieur le Marquis," cried she, "think that I will put up with the insolence of this Jeannette?"

"Ma chere Madelon," replied Marchemain, "let us retire to the house I have built on our little propriete. If it please Monsieur de Beaucaire to retain me land-steward, it is well; if not, we have, thank God, sufficient to live upon."

Madelon readily consented to be mistress of a house of her own. The Marquis made no objection; but retained Marchemain land-steward; and Jeannette was formally inducted in the office of house-keeper at the Hotel de Beaucaire.

Most of the neighbouring gentlemen called to congratulate the Marquis de Beaucaire on his restoration to his patrimony; and he recognised, amongst these, some few of his old acquaintance; but they