

"But I daresay there will be plenty left."

"Mr. Valentine says Louis will be very rich."

"H'm," said Mr. Roberts, and it was plain that he was not altogether delighted at the prospect.

"What fair beats my understanding is — why the old woman didn't leave her money to you," he said, thumping the table. "The lad being started and doing well for himself, and having me to look to besides, and you being with her. It makes me feel fair evil to think of it. Did she take anything amiss with you?"

"No, indeed, uncle; we were the best of friends. Mr. Valentine said it was because she liked me so much that she decided to alter her will, and leave her money to Louis instead of to charities."

"'Twas a rum way of showing her liking for *you*."

"Oh, Uncle Roberts, you know it comes to just the same thing. Louis and me! I would rather Louis had it."

"You was all for giving up everything to him, deary, all your life. But you see if he doesn't make it up to you when he comes home. Wednesday's children is all for loving and giving, and you was both born of a Wednesday."

Uncle Roberts grunted, and pushed back his chair.

When tea was over, and as Jeanne assisted her to wash up the tea-things, Mrs. Morgan explained the cause of the farmer's depression.

"He's been worriting hisself like ever since the news came, and no wonder. There he was, thinking that the lad would come after him here; and all his affairs settled so he wouldn't have nothing to fret over on his deathbed when his time do come, as come it must. And quite pleased to think your aunt should have you up to town to make a lady of you and provide for you; and now he's all unsettled. I know his mind mis-gives him, but the boy will be took up with this fine fortune and look down on the farm like; and yet he can't abear to be at the trouble and expense of going over to Tref-Goch and letting Lawyer Williams alter his will. 'Sally Morgan,' he