

playing ducks and drakes with the rest! No, no, I have grown older and wiser, and you shall not have to reproach me any more for unjustifiable extravagance. Still it must be great agony to you, my poor careful Jeanne, to reflect what a lot of money the upkeep of your fine house must cost; and if you don't have a good time in it, I'll never forgive you! Seriously, the relief to me is so great (and would have been with a hundredth part of what our kind relative has showered upon us) that I catch myself laughing hilariously whenever I remember what has befallen. . . . Yesterday one of the men gave me an ostrich's egg—such a delicious change! I made an omelette, and seven of us ate heartily of it; about equal to twenty hen's eggs. The men find a good many patrolling. I rather hope to shoot a good ostrich or two myself, though what I could do with the plumes—unless we made *panaches* of them—I don't know! Still, then I might cry with dear Cyrano, whom you won't read, that there is one thing I will present

*Sans une tache . . .*

*Quand j'entrerai chez Dieu . . .*

*. . . c'est mon panache.*

. . . God bless you, for ever, my darling sister. The photo of your dear little round face rests ever in my *havresac*—I must go to work. . . .”

Jeanne wrote long long letters in answer to these, though she prayed that her brother might be on the way home before they could reach him. She made every preparation she could think of, for his return; but beyond working almost feverishly at her French studies, and the arrangement of his room, there was not much for her to do.

Mrs. Dunham now began to refer very frequently to the Captain, as she preferred to call Louis, talking of him as though she had known him all her life.

“There'll be a deal to settle when the Captain comes home, ma'am. He'll have to decide whether to keep on us old servants or not.”

“Oh, Mrs. Dunham, you little know him, if you could