

said, and Jeanne learnt with surprise that Cousin Denis could be frigid as well as polite when he chose.

When they had all gone, she sat alone in the silent gallery among the dead Marneys of Orsett, the sombre Dutch pictures, and the modern landscapes which filled the wintry night with visions of summer skies, and woods and streams and popped fields, and cried a little, softly, over the failure of her dinner-party.

“I think I never, never hated anything so much,” she thought, miserably. “What was the good of my pretty frock, or the beautiful dinner that kept Mrs. Pyke and the cook awake all night planning it; or the trouble poor Hewitt took to arrange the daffodils on the table, or kind kind cousin Denis coming to help me, or anything—when Cecilia was so horrid. Oh, poor Aunt Caroline, this just shows how very unfit I am to entertain anybody in your beautiful house. But it will all be quite different—when Louis comes home.”

*(To be continued)*