

place. Oh, I long to show you everything. The grounds are so large—run all the way down to the river! And it is all so beautiful. Mrs. Geoffrey Turner says——”

“Who is Mrs. Geoffrey Turner?”

“Oh, she is a lady who has been very kind, telling papa what he ought to do, and helping me about my manners and——”

“Oh, yes, of course you had to have new manners. I wonder if she will help me with mine?”

“Now, Marjorie! But you are such a perfect lady!”

“Thank you, dear! But what was it this nice lady told you? I mustn’t lose any of her pearls.”

“She said there was only one better place in the whole county—Sir Roland Chesterton’s.”

CHAPTER II.

“WHO IS SIR ROLAND CHESTERTON?”

“AND who is Sir Roland Chesterton? And where is his place?” asked Marjorie.

“His place is next to ours, and it is called Chesterton Wold. And, oh, isn’t Sir Roland handsome! Tall, and distinguished-looking—something like the picture in the hall.”

“You mean the portraits of our ancestors?” said Marjorie, her white teeth showing between her red lips.

Bessie colored, and laughed.

“Poor papa! But he says it’s what everybody does after getting rich. If they have no family portraits, they have them painted, and nobody knows that they are not really one’s great-grand-fathers.”

Marjorie’s face set in a grim look of disgust: but suddenly the absurdity of the situation flashed across her mind, and she leaned back and laughed until the whole room was filled with the delicious music.

“You—you don’t remember grandfather, do you, Bessie?” she asked, panting, and wiping her eyes. “He was a dear, funny old man, with a red nose, which used to shine as if it had been polished with beeswax. I can remember him sitting in the back parlor of an evening, drinking gin-and-water, and smoking a long clay pipe. Is his portrait in the hall? Well! well! Dear, go on. And this Sir Roland, is he an old man?”