

SLOUGH, WINDSOR,
January 1858.

MY DERE AUNTIE,

I am writting as you bid me, but it is very difficuld to writ here. I hope soon it will be time for me to leeve here and go to Eton. I am not at all homsick as you feered I would be. I hope it will soon be the hollydays. I wish I had been a better boy to uncle Philip, and then I need not have come to schol yet. There is one boy hear yonger than me, so I am not the yongest. I send everybody at Orsett my love, and plesse *plese* tell Uncle Philip I fele very sorry indeed now to have been so bad. I deresay I shall bring home some prizes. It is not three months to the hollydays. Plesse feed my guiny pigs. My derest darling Anty, you need not be afrade I will forget you at schole.

Rember that werever I am I will holways love you even when you are quit old.

Your aff. and dutiful nephew,

LOUIS DE COURSET.

"I thought I had destroyed all his letters," said Miss Caroline's voice from the bed. "But I found that one the other day, just before my illness, when I was turning out an old desk. If you ask me, Jane, why, after all, I sent for you—that is the only reason I can give you."

"You are not afraid——" Jeanne's voice faltered, and she looked rather fearfully round the shadowy corners of the large luxurious room. "You are not afraid that your poor brother would be angry with you?"

"I am so close to him now," said Miss Marney's voice in the darkness, "that I know he is not."