

“*Si vous viendrez,*” wrote Jeanne, in her best round hand and most surprising French, “*je vous prendrai à mon cœur comme il a écrit, et je ferai ma mieux être une sœur à vous. Mais c’est je qui va payer ses dettes ; pour il les a fié à moi.*”

As she finished at last, and paused, pen in hand, to consider doubtfully, how to address the envelope to her brother’s wife—the door behind her opened.

The windows of the morning-room were thrown up to their fullest extent, letting in the freshness of the May air, and the noise of the season’s traffic ; and thus she had not heard the bustle and commotion of voices in the hall outside ; but she heard very distinctly indeed the announcement which Hewitt made, almost at the top of his voice, in a tone of mingled wonder, incredulity and triumph :

“The Marquis de Courset.”

(*To be continued*)