

rector came up with the paper. And his Colonel wrote about him to uncle Llewellyn—though Louis couldn't bear him when first he joined, but on active service he said it was all different. And when the war was over, he got this job at Durban about the prisoners of war—partly because he learnt Dutch so quickly, that he spoke it quite well, and, of course, it gave him extra pay; but it was all, all through his own cleverness, for he has no interest, Mrs. Dunham, none whatever."

"He's got it in his face, missy," said Dunham, in the same subdued tones. "But still, I'm sorry—very sorry I am, that he couldn't be here for your auntie's last Christmas."

"Does the doctor say that?" said Jeanne, startled.

"Oh, missy, I go by my own senses, that's known her fifty years—far better than any doctors," said Dunham. "A professional gentleman knows better than to make prophecies and risk being wrong after all. His patients want to be told what they must do to get well again. It's not his business nor yet his interest to tell them that they won't never get well—to bid them give over hoping——"

"Does aunt Caroline know?"

"Yes, missy," said Dunham, solemnly, "she knows as well as I do."

*(To be continued)*