

He found fault with her, teased her, and commanded her, after the fashion of brothers; whilst she worshipped him untiringly, excused his faults, and bore patiently with his moods—though often winking away a tear in secret—after the fashion of sisters.

The twins loved each other so intensely that they were obliged to hide their feelings, each from each, for fear the other should discover the truth.

Jeanne, of course, concealed her affection less carefully than Louis,—wept openly when he went to school, and even seized the opportunity to be personally demonstrative whenever he was, from any cause, too dejected to resent being kissed; or to be annoyed with her for thus dragging to the surface feelings which should have been too deep for outward expression.

She reproached him, sometimes, for unkindness, when he declined her offered caresses; but secretly she thought him a very manly boy.

Though Louis indulged far less in romantic day-dreams than did his solitary sister, yet he treasured the few records of his family's past greatness no less jealously than she. Though his prejudices as a British schoolboy warred with his sympathy for France, yet he had the history of that country at his fingers' ends, and kept steadily in view his determination to perfect himself in the language of his fathers.

As he grew older, his perception widened with his reading, and he found it possible to combine loyalty for the land of his adoption, with reverence for the misfortunes of his own race.

At Sandhurst it was the fashion among his comrades to encourage young de Courset to hold forth upon the tragedy which must ensue in case war broke out between England and France.

His intentions hovered between a dramatic resignation of his sword, and immediate suicide; and the cadets warmly advocated the latter course, and supplied him with innumerable receipts for a painless end. Their derision was of a friendly