

Miss Marney moved uneasily, and the thought crossed Jeanne's mind that perhaps even the "very soon" might be too late for her aunt.

"Surely you have a photograph," said Miss Marney.

"Of course, how stupid of me! It was taken five years ago, so he may be changed. But he was twenty, and I suppose the young man in the picture—I beg your pardon," said Jeanne confused, "I mean my great-grandfather, must have been the same age when that was painted."

She unfastened the bodice of her plain serge frock and took a common silver locket from its little white nest next her heart.

This she produced very simply and handed to her aunt.

Miss Marney groped for her spectacle-case beneath the pillow, and adjusted the glasses on the high bridge of her hawk nose. Then she pressed an electric button in a knob beside her, and by the light of a tiny glass globe above the bed stared for some moments at the photograph.

A pleased and interesting expression grew upon her good-looking old face.

"My dear, you are quite right. He is remarkably like, remarkably like. What an instance of the freaks of heredity! The son of Louis de Courset, whose foreign appearance we deplored; and of a farmer's daughter with no appearance at all, and he grows up the living image of my beloved father, who was one of the finest looking men of his day! Pray, how tall is he?"

"Six foot two in his stockings," said Jeanne proudly. "He is very strong and athletic, Aunt Caroline, and has won silver cups—I have them at home—for running and jumping. And think how well he has done for himself in the army, poor boy, with no interest, and only his own brains to help him along."

"Looks are of quite as much assistance as brains, my dear Jane," said Miss Marney, "and he owes his looks to us." She seemed soothed and gratified by this reflection. "Your