

sure his Grace can't call at this house too often to please me. I'm only sorry he didn't think to come a little sooner, when your poor auntie was alive to hear of it."

Jeanne could not help feeling that Dunham, as usual, had got the better of her in her small attempt at self-assertion.

On the morrow the current of her thoughts was changed by the appearance of a paragraph in the *Morning Post* to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Hogg-Watson had returned from their travels in South America to their home in Queen's Gate.

"This time there cannot be any mistake in my going to call," Jeanne said to herself, with not a little pleasurable excitement. "If I know anybody in this world it is Cecilia! And there *could* not be two couples with such a name as Hogg-Watson travelling in South America at the same time. And after all, though Cecilia and I had many quarrels, we had a good deal of fun together too. She had probably improved in all sorts of ways since she married; she can't be spoilt like she used to be. And I long to see her children. I can ask them all to come and see me. How delightful and cheerful it will be!"

She drove across the Park to Queen's Gate that very afternoon, without waiting for Sunday to intervene that Cecilia might get settled.

Mrs. Hogg-Watson was at home; and a very smart parlour-maid conducted Jeanne upstairs, and into a large empty drawing-room.

Jeanne looked round her, and decided that the apartment bore the strong impress of her friend's personality.

Cecilia was fair, and her favourite colour in her girlhood had been blue. Consequently the room was almost dazzling in its variety of azure tints.

The walls and carpet and curtains were blue; the furniture was covered with blue brocade; and the water-colour drawings which were hung upon the walls appeared to have