

Duchess, shaking her head, "you know what shoals of people Denis makes me ask to his concerts."

"Well, she lives in Grosvenor Square—his ship appears to have come in—an old aunt has left him all her money—I believe he has nobody but this one sister belonging to him."

"Grosvenor Square," said the Duchess, "oh, then I *do* remember; for it was at our own old house that Denis insisted on my leaving a card. Yes. He met her at the Wheler's, and found out she was connected somehow."

The whole incident of Jeanne's call upon Mrs. Wheler, or as much of it as she had witnessed, together with the subsequent introduction of Jeanne to herself, had long ago vanished from the mind of the Duchess.

"Well, I wish you'd ask her down to Challonsleigh, mother. It would save my having to go and call. I've no use for calls. And I know the poor chap would like it. He's one of *the* most decent fellows I ever met," said Dermot, repeating the highest terms of praise his vocabulary contained, "One of my very best pals. I'd no idea he was a cousin."

"Cousin, nonsense," said the Duchess, "I suppose they are related to old Miss Marney who bought the house from us. She was a distant cousin, I believe. A most disagreeable woman, very stuck up but enormously rich. I only met her once and I took a dislike to her instantly. Your poor father wanted me to go and see her, I remember, but nothing would have induced me to set foot in the house again at that time. I got it into my head it was an unlucky house; everything went wrong in it. The old Duke left every penny he could away from your father; you nearly died of the measles; and it all culminated in your brother's accident."

"I ain't superstitious, except perhaps, about racing," said Dermot.

"If Miss Marney left this young man her money as well as the house," said the Duchess, pursuing another train of thought, "he must be uncommonly wealthy."

"I daresay," said Dermot.