

Well-known sounds in the back-kitchen told her that Uncle Roberts had come in and was cleaning himself at the pump.

Not wishing to startle him too much she rapped on the wooden screen with her knuckles, and stood there smiling and dimpling.

Uncle Roberts came forth immediately, clumping heavily across the tiled floor of the back-kitchen in his heavy boots, wiping his hands with a cloth, and peering under his bushy brows to see who it was.

"I've come to pay you a visit, uncle," said Jeanne.

Llewellyn Roberts was not a demonstrative man; he endured the kiss his niece bestowed upon his hairy cheek with equanimity, and said, "Well, to be sure!" in surprise.

It did not occur to him to express any pleasure at her advent, but Jeanne knew him well enough to be quite sure he was glad to see her.

"You got my letter, uncle, didn't you, about Louis going to Somaliland?"

"I got it right enough," said Uncle Roberts,

He went to the bottom of the deal staircase and called loudly:

"Sally Morgan! Here's Jenny come home," and then with a nod, retired to the back-kitchen to complete his ablutions.

Granny Morgan was less impassive than the farmer.

She was a rosy little old woman, with a white cap tied under her chin, and a short full woollen skirt cut well above her blue stockings and neat clogs.

Though, like the farmer, she loved Louis the best—she was yet very fond of Jeanne.

"Well, to be sure, my deary, this is a surprise. So here you be come home! Just in time for your tea," she kissed Jeanne heartily. "Have you brought any news, deary?"

"Louis was just starting for Somaliland when he last wrote, Granny, and he says it won't be long before he comes home."