

this house from a distant cousin, the Duke of Monaghan, and here we settled with the salvage of our home—and here my brother died.”

She wiped away a tear, but it seemed rather an involuntary tribute to her brother's memory than the outcome of any agitation, for her voice was quite calm.

“Fortunately we had saved most of the family treasures; the pictures, which are very valuable, the library, the plate, and some of the furniture. My love, I hope these things will always be cared for as I have cared for them. I have guarded them as the apple of my eye,” said Miss Marney, very earnestly. “During the last twenty years, the care of them has been my only solace. I have had the pictures cleaned and restored by degrees under my own supervision; and a *catalogue raisonné* made of the books. They have supplied the place of friends and acquaintances, being so very full of memories and associations for me. I was too old when I came here, my love, to begin a fresh life . . . but you are young. You will call upon people later on, and they will be glad to see you.”

There was a pause.

“You are wondering,” said Miss Marney, shrewdly, “why, when your father was killed in Afghanistan, we did not send for you and your twin-brother, twenty years ago?”

“I have been wondering ever since I came here,” said Jeanne frankly.

“My brother had the strongest possible feelings against such *mésalliances* as the one your father chose to contract. It was utterly repugnant to him. His indulgence was already exhausted by your poor father's extravagance and—and other matters into which I cannot enter with you; and he warned Louis that if he married this young woman he would henceforth be a stranger to him, and to his children after him. He kept his word, as a Marney naturally would,” said Miss Caroline with excessive haughtiness. “He never, in fact, wavered for a moment. He told me he hoped I should never waver. But