

**LEISURE HOUR SERIES;  
JUPITER'S  
DAUGHTERS: A NOVEL**

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Leisure Hour Series; Jupiter's Daughters: A Novel by Mrs. C. Jenkin

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**MRS. C. JENKIN**

**LEISURE HOUR SERIES;  
JUPITER'S  
DAUGHTERS: A NOVEL**



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

*(Leisure Hour Series.)*

WHO BREAKS—PAYS.  
SKIRMISHING.  
A PSYCHE OF TO-DAY.  
MADAME DE BEAUPRÉ.  
JUPITER'S DAUGHTERS.

LEISURE HOUR SERIES

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1867  
JUPITER'S DAUGHTERS

A NOVEL

Henrietta Caroline BY *campbell*  
MRS. C. JENKIN

AUTHOR OF "WHO BREAKS—PAYS," "A PSYCHE OF TO-DAY,"  
"SCIRMISHING," ETC., ETC.



NEW YORK  
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1874

*FROM ADVANCE SHEETS*

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# JUPITER'S DAUGHTERS.

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## CHAPTER I.

ST. GLOL

“ Calme petite ville, où t'ai-je déjà vue ?  
Dans quel rêve, ou dans quel pays ? ”

A. THEURET.

In the spring of 1866 M. Eugène Delanoy died. His death was an event that had been daily looked for during the last ten years; yet when it occurred it took every one by surprise.

M. Delanoy had been an old man as long as any of his neighbors could remember him; nay, he was generally believed by them to have passed his hundredth year. He had lived in complete seclusion at this Château de Sept Ormes ever since he first came thither; seeing no one, returning no visits, and holding no communication with the town, except through his two servants, as old and eccentric as himself. As he had lived, so he died, without either friend, or priest, or doctor.

M. Delanoy's death disturbed St. Gloi, though it had long ceased to take any interest in his life. In that far-away district religion still held her own; and a death unsoothed and unblest by the Church distressed many good souls, and scandalized even the indifferent. Old stories were revived of his having been a member of the Convention—an abettor of Barrère's cruelties; for rumor seldom troubles herself with dates or probabilities. It was whispered, then affirmed, that he had left instructions that he was to be buried without any religious ceremony—*enterré civilement*; that after having lived like an atheist, he was to be buried like a dog. Luckily, the old gentleman's notary arrived from Paris, and the town was edified by a funeral sanctified by all the pomp of the Church.

The St. Gloisians, as was natural, felt an ardent curiosity about M. Delanoy's property. What had he left, and to whom had he left it? Was there more than the Château, its dependencies, and an adjoining vineyard?

The Paris notary was not, seemingly, unwilling to speak of the affairs of his late client. Why should he, when they were in a prosperous state?

He therefore made it known that the heir was a distant cousin—a M. de Saye—at that moment in Italy or Greece; in fact, travelling for his pleasure. M. de Saye was young—a year or two under thirty, unmarried, holding no place under Government, of no profession,