

a little laugh. "You may tell Count Mont d'Oro that I will see him. I will tell him how much I love him. Then——" She could say no more. With a convulsive sob she turned and fled from the room.

"When a woman says she won't, she often will," soliloquised Pascal, as he arose and went to the window from which Vivienne had looked. "My father left fine estates. How could a sensible man make such a foolish will?"

Pascal took a small silver key from his pocket, and turning to an old *escritoire*, opened a drawer and took therefrom a paper. He then reseated himself at the table. "I should not have known," said he to himself, "what was in my father's will if I had not bribed the notary to break the seals and make me a copy. It is well to know what the future has in store for you—and for others. My father executed a document by which I was made guardian of my brother Julien and my sister Vivienne, until they became of age, I to supply all their wants as their father would have done. By a strange coincidence, my brother Julien is exactly seven years older than my sister. In a few months he will be twenty-five and she eighteen. The will must then be opened and what I alone know—I do not count the notary, for I have paid him his price—all will know." Then he read the document carefully:

"If my daughter Vivienne marries Count Mont d'Oro's son Napier, on or before her eighteenth birthday, as he will be wealthy in his own right, and I wish the marriage to be one of love, my estates shall be divided equally between my two sons, Pascal and Julien, if both are living: if but one be living, then to him, and if both should die and my daughter live, all shall go to her. If she does not marry Count Mont d'Oro's son Napier for lack of love of him, half of my estate shall become hers. As Pascal will have had the entire income of my estate for eighteen years, he will