

"I should be sorry to keep you," said Vivienne calmly; "and I am tired and would like to go to bed."

"A room is being made ready for you," said Mrs. Colonibel graciously. "I hope that you may sleep well. Come Uncle and Valentine, we are late."

Colonel Armour and Mr. Valentine came from the room, drew on fur topcoats, and with a polite good-night to Mr. Armour and Vivienne left them standing in the hall.

At their departure Mr. Armour fell into a kind of reverie that lasted some minutes. Then he pulled himself together, apologetically ushered Vivienne into the dining room, and bowed himself away.

Vivienne sat at the table drinking tea and eating bread and butter and wondering languidly what Mrs. Colonibel had said to the fat maid-servant, who was waiting on her in great curiosity and some slight disrespect.

"I have finished," she said at length, fixing her large, dark eyes on the woman who was trotting aimlessly between the table and the sideboard. "Will you show me to my room?"

"Yes, miss," said the woman shortly, and gathering together Vivienne's wraps she conducted her up a broad, easy staircase to a second square hall, also luxuriously furnished and having a circular opening which looked down on the one below it.