

you make with your left hand, you know, at the end where the notes cease. As sweet as that—oh, and he is so fair and handsome, that young Bey——’

‘Well, well ; so much the better,’ interrupted the girl in French, with a mocking accent that was almost Parisian.

And she added in the Asiatic tongue :

‘Is my grandmother up, do you know?’

‘No, the Lady said she would stay in bed late to look the fresher to-morrow.’

‘Well, when she wakes, let her be told I have gone to my cousins. Go and tell old Ismail to escort me—you and he—I will take you both.’

Meanwhile Mademoiselle Esther Bonneau (de Saint-Miron), upstairs in her own room—the room she had had in former days when she lived in the house, and that she had come back to now to be present at to-morrow’s high function—Mademoiselle Esther Bonneau had some prickings of conscience. It was not she, of course, who had brought Kant’s works to find a place on the white writing-table, nor Nietzsche’s, nor Baudelaire’s even. For eighteen months past, since her pupil’s education was regarded as finished, she had been settled under the roof of another Pasha to teach his little girls, and not till then had her first charge emancipated herself in the matter of reading, since there was nobody to check her vagaries. Still, all the same, the governess felt herself to a certain extent responsible for the erratic flight taken by that youthful mind. And this correspondence with André Lhéry to which