

"Nothing strange in that, ma'm'selle. I've been thinking of him that's gone."

"You mean Monsieur Barouche, eh?"

"Not of M'sieu' Barouche, but of the father to the man that beat M'sieu' Barouche."

"Why should you be thinking so much of John Grier these days?"

"Isn't it the right time? His son that he threw off without a penny has proved himself as big a man as his father—ah, surelee! M'sieu' left behind him a will that gave all he had to a stranger. His own son was left without a sou. There he is now," he added, nodding towards the street.

Junia saw Carnac making his way towards her house. "Well, I'll talk with him," she said, and her face flushed. She knew she must give account of her doings with Luzanne Larue.

A few moments later in the house, her hand lay in that of Carnac, and his eyes met hers.

"It's all come our way, Junia," he remarked gaily, though there was sadness in his tone.

"It's as you wanted it. You won."

"Thanks to you, Junia," and he took from his pocket the blue certificate.

"That—oh, that was not easy to get," she said with agitation. "She had a bad purpose, that girl."

"She meant to announce it?"

"Yes, through Barode Barouche. He agreed to that."

Carnac flushed. "He agreed to that—you know it?"

"Yes. The day you were made candidate she arrived here; and the next morning she went to Barode Barouche and told her story. He bade her remain