

CHAPTER IV

MAMMY JUNIPER

VIVIANNE advanced a few paces and looked into a luxuriously furnished apartment, whose prevailing glimmer of red caught and held her eye painfully.

Two gentlemen, the one old, the other young, were seated in arm-chairs drawn up on each side of the blazing fire. They were both in evening dress and both held newspapers in their hands. The younger man lifted up his eyes, threw a glance of unmitigated astonishment, first at Mr. Armour then at Vivienne, and rose hurriedly from his seat.

Vivienne scarcely noticed him. Her attention was directed to Colonel Armour, who looked for an instant not the well-preserved man of sixty that he aspired to be, but the much older man that he really was.

He started nervously, his face turned a sickly yellow, and he clutched the arms of his chair as if unable to raise himself. But it was only for a brief space of time. He regained his composure and stood up, towering a whole head above his sons, who were by no means short men. Leaning