

an instant the knotted veins of her throbbing forehead to the cold floor.

Then she sprang to her feet, and extending her clasped hands and in a voice rising to the tones of passionate entreaty exclaimed, "Take with you words and turn to the Lord. He shall grow as the lily and cast forth his roots like as Lebanon; his beauty shall be as the olive tree. Ephraim shall say, 'What have I to do any more with idols?'"

"Mammy Juniper," said Vivienne, "this is enough. If you want to recite any more passages from the Bible go to your own room."

The old woman paid no attention to her.

"Go!" said Vivienne, springing from the bed and pointing to the candlestick.

Mammy Juniper mowed horribly at her, yet like a person fascinated by a hated object, she stretched out her hand, took the light, and began to retreat backward from the room.

Vivienne gazed steadily at her. "See, I shall not lock my door," she said nonchalantly, "and I shall be asleep in ten minutes; but don't you come back again. Do you hear?"

The old woman made an inarticulate sound of rage.

"You understand me," said Vivienne. "Now go to bed," and waving the disturber of her peace over the threshold she noiselessly closed the door.