

same high, lonely quarter of the city, so she could go in her wrapper without wasting time in dressing; and at once, in the languid, imperious tone of a child addressing some over-indulgent old nurse, she called to some unseen attendant, 'Cadine!' And again, more sharply, 'Cadine!' evidently being accustomed to know that some one was always waiting to serve her caprices; then, as Cadine did not appear, she pressed the knob of an electric bell.

Finally Cadine came, a figure even more incongruous in such a room than the text from the Koran in gold embroidery above the bed: a perfectly black face, a head wrapped in a veil spangled with silver—an Ethiopian slave, whose name was Kondjé-Gul (Rosebud). Her young mistress addressed her in some far-away tongue, an Asiatic language, amazing surely to the hangings, the furniture, and the books.

'Kondjé-Gul, you are never on the spot!' but the reproof was spoken in a tone of affectionate melancholy which greatly mitigated it. And it was indeed a base reproach, for Kondjé-Gul was, on the contrary, always a great deal too much on the spot, like a tiresomely faithful dog, and her mistress was, in fact, rather the victim of the custom of the country which allows no bolts to the doors—permitting the women of the household to walk in at any hour, as if all the rooms were theirs, so that no one is ever sure of an instant of solitude. Kondjé-Gul, entering on tip-toe, had come certainly twenty times that morning to be at hand when her young mistress should