

eyes shut and your ears open and tell me all you hear. Is your gin bottle empty yet?"

"Not quite," said Manassa.

"I am obliged to you for telling me what you heard," said Pascal, "but go now; I am busy."

The old man shambled towards the door. As he went out he muttered to himself: "She is unworthy of the name of Batistelli."

Some hours later Vivienne was again walking in the garden. She knew that the Count was coming to see her—she knew what he was going to say—she knew what her answer was expected to be. She determined that the interview should not take place within-doors. Since talking with Clarine, she had prayed fervently for Heavenly guidance, and it seemed to her that it would come more quickly, more directly, if she were in the garden with the trees, the flowers, and the birds about her, and the blue sky overhead.

The greater part of Vivienne's education had been drawn from nature. She had learned little from books or from contact with others. Her life had been circumscribed in many ways, and such a life makes one introspective. The dweller in a large city who has so much to attract, to interest him and take up his time, who gets but a glimpse of the sky between the house-tops, becomes superficial and does little deep thinking; but one who lives in the country, largely apart from his fellow man, who sees the wide expanse of heaven every day, feels as though he were closer to the Great Power—thinks more of the future and looks searchingly into his own heart, seeking to determine his probable fate when his good deeds and bad deeds, his sins of omission and commission, are scanned by the great Judge.

"And how is Mademoiselle Batistelli this beautiful morning?" asked Count Napier.

Vivienne, startled from her reverie, quickly decided