

Clarine. "I had a dream, too, last night, but there is a good thing about my dreams—they always come true—and it was about you."

"My fate must have been pleasanter than it is likely to be," said Vivienne, "judging from your manner."

"Listen, Vivienne," said Clarine, "you can judge for yourself. I thought you were betrothed to a man whom you did not love and you were very unhappy; then a stranger came; he was young and handsome and your heart went out to him. He met Count Mont d'Oro and they quarrelled—they fought—the Count was killed and you married the stranger."

"How foolish, Clarine! But you know they say dreams go by contraries."

As they walked back to the house, Clarine said: "Take my advice, Vivienne, and tell the Count that you will marry him. You must trust in the One above. Your Heavenly Father doeth all things well—if it is to be, it will be."

Old Manassa had not been sleeping. He had overheard what had passed between Vivienne and her nurse. Immediately after they had gone into the garden, he made his way to his master's room. He found Pascal Batistelli alone.

"Ah, this is a sad day for the house of Batistelli," he cried. "She is unworthy of the name."

"Why, what has happened now?" asked Pascal.

"I heard her say it—your sister Vivienne."

"Heard her say what?" cried Pascal. "Why don't you speak out and not stand mumbling there?"

"I heard her say that she would as soon marry the son of Manuel Della Coscia as give her hand to Count Mont d'Oro. It's true. I heard it. I swear I did."

Pascal took a silver coin from his purse and threw it towards Manassa.

"I see, you must be out of tobacco; but keep your