

"You have not yet opened your postal packet," said he.

The caretaker offered to do this, and Piero consented. Then, lighting a candle, he conducted Don Giuseppe to the neighbouring alcove-room, and told him that he had no doubt the packet was from "her." It probably contained flowers for the cemetery. He, however, would not take them there; he had not even allowed himself to pluck a rose for his father when they had passed the bushes in the kitchen garden just now. But he wished to speak to Don Giuseppe about "her."

"I believe she is to return to Villa Diedo about the beginning of September," said he. "I should like you to see her then."

The caretaker came in with the open packet. It was indeed a box of cut flowers. A simple visiting card accompanied them :

CARLO DESSALLE.

But Jeanne's soul was among them, and the broken, dying blossoms, the sweet-smelling cyclamens from the woods of Vena, the rhododendrons from Rio Freddo, the edelweiss from Picco Astore, spoke of her alone, of her love, her grief, her timid offering and her discreet silence.

Piero read the card and then looked thoughtfully at the flowers.

"It is her brother's card," said he, after a short pause. "So you can present yourself at Villa Diedo and thank him in my name. But try to see her also. It would be better to see her alone. She herself will probably wish to see you alone. Tell her I am leaving my friends, but that I hope to meet them once more