

"Mademoiselle" had desired him to take monsieur and mesdames over the château, he politely announced in French, and went on to beg that they would give themselves the trouble of being conducted to the door at the front, that they might go in by the great hall. He also regretted that the visitors had not arrived earlier in the day, as the rooms could not be seen at their best advantage so near to sunset.

Virginia's heart began to beat oddly as she entered the house. She had still the feeling of having left realities behind and strayed into dreamland; but with the opening of the heavy door it seemed to her that the dream was about to change into a vision which would mean something for her future.

Of course it was all nonsense, she told herself, as the old man led them across the shadowy, tapestry-hung hall, and from one huge, dim, wainscotted or frescoed room to another; yet always, as they approached a doorway, she caught herself thinking—"Now a strange thing is going to happen."

"This is the state drawing-room; this is the library; this is the chapel; this is the bride's