

wisely. "Become engaged to him. Engagements and marriages are two different things, Vivienne."

"Oh, I could not do that, Clarine. I could not make a promise that I did not intend to keep."

"I would not ask you to," said Clarine. "You can intend to keep it, but circumstances may prevent you."

Then Vivienne told of the fearful dreams she had had during the night.

"Oh, I can never do it," she cried. "I will never marry Count Mont d'Oro. They say, do they not, Clarine, that Manuel Della Coscia killed my father?"

"All Corsica believes it," said Clarine, and she crossed herself reverently.

"Now, listen, Clarine; if the son of Manuel Della Coscia asked my hand in marriage, I would give it to him as soon as to Count Napier."

Old Manassa had been leaning upon the head of his heavy stick. It fell from his hands to the floor with a crash.

"Why, what was that?" he cried. "Didn't I hear somebody talking? I thought I heard the name of Manuel Della Coscia."

"Nonsense, Manassa!" cried Clarine. "You have been at your old trick of dreaming and then waking up and thinking your dream was real. Now, go right to sleep again. You cannot have your breakfast for an hour yet."

"I am sure he heard everything that we have said," Vivienne whispered in Clarine's ear.

"Oh, no, he is always like that, but even if he did hear, I will convince him that he dreamt it."

"Come into the garden, Clarine. I do not wish to say anything that can be overheard."

At some distance from the house they sat upon a bench beneath the drooping branches of a tree which formed a natural arbour.

"I have something to tell you, Vivienne," said