

"The pink room's been got ready for you, miss," said the woman, throwing open the door of a chamber blazing with rose color.

Vivienne half shut her dazzled eyes and walked into it.

"The coachman's going to bring up your boxes when he comes from the stable," said the maid. "Can I do anything for you?"

"No, thank you," said Vivienne; "you may bring me some hot water in the morning."

"It's here," said the woman briefly, and walking behind a screen she pointed to a basin with shining faucets.

"That is nice, to have hot water pipes in one's room," said Vivienne.

"It's all over the house," said the woman, and after hanging Vivienne's cloak in a closet she withdrew.

The girl walked to the window and looked out at the snow-laden trees. "It seems I wasn't expected," she murmured sadly. "It seems to me I'm lonely," she continued, and putting up her hands to her eyes she tried to check the tears falling from them.

A few hours later she was sleeping a light, unhappy sleep in her huge pink bed, her mother's portrait pressed to her breast. Suddenly the portrait seemed to turn to a tombstone, that was crushing her to death.