

Hervey Allen



Anthony Adverse

Hervey Allen

Anthony Adverse



Published by Good Press, 2022

goodpress@okpublishing.info

EAN 4066338062932

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME ONE

THE ROOTS OF THE TREE

VOLUME TWO

THE OTHER BRONZE BOY

VOLUME THREE

THE LONELY TWIN

VOLUME ONE

THE ROOTS OF THE TREE

BOOK ONE

In Which the Seed Falls in the Enchanted Forest

CHAPTER ONE

THE COACH

CHAPTER TWO

THE LITTLE MADONNA

CHAPTER THREE

AT THE "GOLDEN SHEAF"

CHAPTER FOUR

THE ENCHANTED FOREST

CHAPTER FIVE

A PASTORAL INTERLUDE

CHAPTER SIX

THE MUSE OF TRAGEDY

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE FLY WALKS IN

CHAPTER EIGHT

A HOLE IN THE WALL

END OF BOOK ONE

BOOK TWO

In Which the Roots of the Tree Are Exposed

CHAPTER NINE

THE CONVENT OF JESUS THE CHILD

CHAPTER TEN

THE CHICK EMERGES

CHAPTER ELEVEN

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

CHAPTER TWELVE

CASA DA BONNYFEATHER

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS UNSEEN

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

REALITY MAKES A BID

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE SHADOWS OF FAITH

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

PAGAN MORNINGS

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

PHILOSOPHICAL AFTERNOONS

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

BODIES IN THE DARK

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE NUMBERS OF THE VIRGIN

END OF BOOK TWO

BOOK THREE

In which the Roots of the Tree Are Torn Loose

CHAPTER TWENTY

APPLES AND ASHES

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

ADVENTURES OF A SHEPHERDESS

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

ICONS AND ICONOCLASTS

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

FAREWELLS AND EPITAPHS

END OF VOLUME ONE

VOLUME TWO

THE OTHER BRONZE BOY

BOOK FOUR

In Which Several Images Travel Together

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

THE TABLE OF THE SUN

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THE VILLA BRIGNOLE

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

THE STREET OF THE IMAGE MAKERS

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

THE SEED OF A MIRACLE

END OF BOOK FOUR

BOOK FIVE

In Which the Necessary Alloy is Added

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

THE HOUSE OF SILENUS

CHAPTER THIRTY

THE MIRACLE IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. PAUL, REGLA

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

A DECENT MAMMALIAN PHILOSOPHY

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

A MANTILLA INTRUDES

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

THROUGH A COPY OF VELASQUEZ

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

THE TEMPORARY SEQUESTRATION OF THE "ARIOSTATICA"

END OF BOOK FIVE

BOOK SIX

In Which the Bronze Goes Into the Fire

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

A GRADUAL APPROACH TO AFRICA

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

THE CREW GO ASHORE

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

A WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

VIEWED FROM GALLEGOS

CHAPTER FORTY

THE MASTER OF GALLEGOS

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FURNACE

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

THE VISION OF LIGHT

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

THE IMAGE BEGINS TO MELT

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR
THE HARD METAL RUNS
CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE
THE BRONZE IS SUBLIMED
CHAPTER FORTY-SIX
THE "UNICORN" CHARGES HOME
END OF VOLUME TWO
VOLUME THREE
The Lonely Twin
BOOK SEVEN
In Which a Worldly Brother Is Acquired
CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN
REVERBERATIONS
CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT
OLD FRIENDS GROWN OLDER
CHAPTER FORTY-NINE
WHAT BANKING IS ABOUT
CHAPTER FIFTY
DON LUIS REFLECTS BY CANDLELIGHT
CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE
THE COACH AND THE BERLIN
CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO
OVER THE CREST
CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE
THE FORCE OF GRAVITY
CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR
THE PLAINS OF FRANCE
CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE
THE LITTLE MAN AT GREAT HEADQUARTERS

END OF BOOK SEVEN

BOOK EIGHT

In Which Prosperity Enforces Loneliness

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

A METALLIC STANDARD IS RESUMED

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

YOUR HUMBLE OBEDIENT SERVANT

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT

GLORIA MUNDI

CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

THE SWAN-SONG OF ROMANCE

CHAPTER SIXTY

PANEM ET CIRCENSES

CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE

SHOES AND STOCKINGS

CHAPTER SIXTY-TWO

THE PRINCE OF THE PEACE BEYOND THE PYRENEES

END OF BOOK EIGHT

BOOK NINE

In Which the Tree Is Cut Down

CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE

BY THE RIVER OF BABYLON

CHAPTER SIXTY-FOUR

THE SNAKE CHANGES ITS SKIN

CHAPTER SIXTY-FIVE

THE PEOPLE OF THE BEAR

CHAPTER SIXTY-SIX

THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE

CHAPTER SIXTY-SEVEN

THE PRISON OF ST. LAZARUS

CHAPTER SIXTY-EIGHT

THE STONE IN THE HEART OF THE TREE

EPILOGUE

THE END

VOLUME ONE

THE ROOTS OF THE TREE

Table of Contents

BOOK I--IN WHICH THE SEED FALLS IN THE ENCHANTED FOREST

- I. The Coach
- II. The Little Madonna
- III. At the "Golden Sheaf"
- IV. The Enchanted Forest
- V. A Pastoral Interlude
- VI. The Muse of Tragedy
- VII. The Fly Walks In
- VIII. A Hole in the Wall

BOOK II--IN WHICH THE ROOTS OF THE TREE ARE EXPOSED

- IX. The Convent of Jesus the Child
- X. The Chick Emerges
- XI. Between Two Worlds
- XII. Casa da Bonnyfeather
- XIII. The Evidence of Things Unseen
- XIV. Reality Makes a Bid
- XV. The Shadows of Faith
- XVI. Pagan Mornings
- XVII. Philosophical Afternoons
- XVIII. Bodies in the Dark
- XIX. The Numbers of the Virgin

BOOK III--IN WHICH THE ROOTS OF THE TREE ARE TORN LOOSE

- XX. Apples and Ashes
- XXI. Adventures of a Shepherdess
- XXII. Icons and Iconoclasts
- XXIII. Farewells and Epitaphs

VOLUME TWO

THE OTHER BRONZE BOY

Table of Contents

BOOK IV--IN WHICH SEVERAL IMAGES TRAVEL TOGETHER

- XXIV. The Table of the Sun
- XXV. The Villa Brignole
- XXVI. The Street of the Image Makers
- XXVII. The Pillars of Hercules
- XXVIII. The Seed of a Miracle

BOOK V--IN WHICH THE NECESSARY ALLOY IS ADDED

- XXIX. The House of Silenus
- XXX. The Miracle in the Chapel of St. Paul, Regla
- XXXI. A Decent Mammalian Philosophy
- XXXII. Honour Among Thieves
- XXXIII. A Mantilla Intrudes
- XXXIV. Through a Copy of Velasquez

XXXV. The Temporary Sequestration of the *Ariostatica*

BOOK VI--IN WHICH THE BRONZE GOES INTO THE FIRE

- XXXVI. A Gradual Approach to Africa
- XXXVII. The Crew Go Ashore
- XXXVIII. A Whiff of Grapeshot
- XXXIX. Viewed from Gallegos
- XL. The Master of Gallegos
- XLI. A Glimpse into the Furnace

XLII. The Vision of Light
XLIII. The Image Begins to Melt
XLIV. The Hard Metal Runs
XLV. The Bronze Is Sublimed
XLVI. The *Unicorn* Charges Home

VOLUME THREE

THE LONELY TWIN

Table of Contents

BOOK VII--IN WHICH A WORLDLY BROTHER IS ACQUIRED

XLVII. Reverberations
XLVIII. Old Friends Grown Older
XLIX. What Banking Is About
L. Don Luis Reflects by Candlelight
LI. The Coach and the Berlin
LII. Over the Crest
LIII. The Force of Gravity
LIV. The Plains of France
LV. The Little Man at Great Headquarters

BOOK VIII--IN WHICH PROSPERITY ENFORCES LONELINESS

LVI. A Metallic Standard Is Resumed
LVII. Your Humble Obedient Servant
LVIII. *Gloria Mundi*
LIX. The Swan-song of Romance
LX. *Panem et Circenses*
LXI. Shoes and Stockings
LXII. The Prince of the Peace Beyond the Pyrenees

BOOK IX--IN WHICH THE TREE IS CUT DOWN

LXIII. By the River of Babylon

LXIV. The Snake Changes Its Skin

LXV. The People of the Bear

LXVI. The Pilgrimage of Grace

LXVII. The Prison of St. Lazarus

LXVIII. The Stone in the Heart of the Tree

VOLUME ONE

[Table of Contents](#)

THE ROOTS OF THE TREE

[Table of Contents](#)

BOOK ONE

[Table of Contents](#)

In Which the Seed Falls in the Enchanted Forest

[Table of Contents](#)

CHAPTER ONE

[Table of Contents](#)

THE COACH

Table of Contents

Between the villages of Aubière and Romagnat in the ancient Province of Auvergne there is an old road that comes suddenly over the top of a high hill. To stand south of this ridge looking up at the highway flowing over the skyline is to receive one of those irrefutable impressions from landscape which requires more than a philosopher to explain. In this case it is undoubtedly, for some reason, one of exalted expectation.

From the deep notch in the hillcrest where the road first appears, to the bottom of the valley below it, the fields seem to sweep down hastily for the express purpose of widening out and waiting by the way. From the low hills for a considerable distance about, the stone farm buildings all happen to face toward it, and although most of them have stood thus for centuries their expressions of curiosity remain unaltered.

Somewhat to the east the hill of Gergovia thrusts its head into the sky, and continually stares toward the notch as if speculating whether Celtic pedlars, Roman legionaries, Franks, crusaders, or cavaliers will raise the dust there.

In fact in whatever direction a man may look in this particular vicinity his eyes are led inevitably by the seductive tracery of the skyline to the most interesting point in all that countryside, the place where the road surmounts the hill. Almost anything might appear there suddenly against the empty sky, fix itself upon the memory, and then move on to an unknown destination.

Perhaps the high hill of Gergovia where heroic events have taken place in the remote past now misses a certain epic grandeur in the rhythms of mankind. For ages past tribes have ceased to migrate and armies to march over the highway it looks down upon. Cavalcades, or companies of pilgrims have rarely been seen upon it for some centuries now. Individual wayfaring has long been the rule. Even by the last quarter of the eighteenth century it had long been apparent what the best way of travelling the roads of this world is when one has a definite, personal object in view. Such, indeed, was then the state of society that the approach of a single individual, if he happened to belong to a certain class, might cause as much consternation to a whole countryside as the advance of a hostile army.

It was this condition of affairs, no doubt, that accounted for the alarm upon the faces of several peasants as they stood waiting uneasily in the late afternoon sunshine one spring day in the year 1775. They were gazing apprehensively at the deep notch in the hill just above them where the road, which they had been mending, surmounted the ridge. Indeed, a grinding sound of wheels from the farther side of the crest had already reached the ears of the keenest some moments before.

Presently there was the loud crack of a whip, the shouts of a postilion, and the heads of two horses made their appearance prick-eared against the sky. The off-leader, for there were evidently more horses behind, was ridden by a squat-bodied little man with abnormally short legs. A broad-brimmed felt hat with the flap turned up in front served, even at considerable distance, to accentuate under its dingy

green cockade an unusual breadth of countenance. The ridge at the apex is very steep. The first team had already begun to descend before immediately behind it appeared the second straining hard against the breast straps. Then the coach, a "V"-shaped body with the powdered heads of two footmen in cocked hats peering over its slightly curved roof, outlined itself sharply in the bright notch of the road and seemed for an instant to pause there.

As soon as it hove in full sight a babble of relieved exclamation arose from the group of watching peasants. It was *not* the coach of M. de Besance.

As to whose coach it might be, there was small time for speculation. The problem rapidly began to solve itself. The coach was heavy and the hill was steep. Suddenly, at a cry from the little postilion, who began to use his whip like a demon, the horses stretched themselves out. An immense cloud of dust arose and foamed about the wheels.

The black body of the coach was now seen coming down the road like a log over a waterfall. Oaths, cries, shouts from the white-faced footmen, the squall and moan of brakes, and a frantic drumming of hoofs accompanied its descent. Four horses and the carriage flashed as one object through the spray of a little stream at the foot of the hill. There was a nautical pitch as the vehicle mounted violently upon a brief length of causeway that led to the ford. But so great was the momentum which it had accumulated and the terror of the horses that the postilion was unable to check them even with the attempted assistance of the peasants.

A large hole full of water on one side of the little causeway now became horribly apparent to him. With a

quick jerk on the bridle and a firm hand the clever little driver dragged his horses around it. The front wheels missed it by a fraction. But there had not been time to turn the trick entirely. For an instant the left hind wheel hung spinning. Then to the accompaniment of a shrill feminine scream from the interior of the coach it sank with a sickening jar and gravelly crunch into the very centre of the pit. Nevertheless, the rear of the carriage finally rose to the level of the causeway as the horses once more struggled forward. A high water mark showed itself upon the yellow stockings of the petrified footmen. The coach lurched again violently, rocked, and stopped.

Scarcely had the coach body ceased to oscillate in its slings when from the window projected a claret-coloured face surmounted by a travel-stained wig much awry. A hand like a lion's paw flourished a gold-headed cane furiously, and from the mouth of its entirely masculine owner, which vent can only be described as grim, proceeded in a series of staccato barks and lion-like roars a masterpiece of Spanish profanity. It began with God the Father and ranged through the remainder of the Trinity. It touched upon the apostles, not omitting Judas; skipped sulphurously through a score or two of saints, and ended with a few choked bellows caused by twinges of violent pain, on Santiago of Compostela. During the entire period of this soul-shaking address, and for several speechless seconds after, a small, intensely black, forked beard continued to flicker like an adder's tongue through the haze of words surrounding it. Somewhat exhausted, its owner now paused.

Those who thought his vocabulary exhausted, however, were sadly mistaken.

The gentleman looking out of the coach window owned estates both in Spain and in Italy. From both he drew copious revenues not only of rents but of idiom. He was of mixed Irish, Spanish, and Tuscan ancestry, and his fluency was even thrice enhanced. He now gripped his cane more firmly and lapsed into Italian.

"You mule's bastard," roared he, twisting his head around with an obvious grin of pain to address the little man sitting astride the lead horse, "Come here, I say. Come here till I break your back. I'll . . ." The rest was cut short by a second grimace of agony and a whistling sound from the cane.

The recipient of this alluring invitation climbed down from his saddle rather slowly, but with no further signs of hesitation walked imperturbably past his four quivering horses toward the door of the coach. His legs, which already appeared small when astride a horse, were now seen to be shorter than ever and crooked. Yet he moved with a certain feline motion that was somehow memorable. As he turned to face the door of the coach and removed his cocked hat, two tufts of mouse-coloured hair just over his ears, and a long, black whip thrust through his belt till it projected out of his coat tails behind, completed for the peasants, who were now crowding as close as they dared, the illusion that they were looking, not at a man, but at an animal vaguely familiar.

The door of the coach was now pushed open by the gold-headed cane revealing to those by the roadside a glimpse of the sumptuous interior of a nobleman's private carriage. Its

owner had been riding with his back to the horses. As the door opened wider a long, white object projecting across the aisle toward the rear disclosed itself as a human leg disguised by a plethora of bandages and resting upon a "T"-shaped stand contrived out of a couple of varnished boards. On this couch the ill member with its swathed foot seemed to repose like a mummy. On the rear seat could be caught a glimpse of a brocaded skirt the folds of which remained motionless.

The claret-coloured face now appeared again and the cane was once more flourished as if about to descend upon the back of the unfortunate postilion waiting hat in hand just beyond its reach. But the gentleman had now reached the limit of his field of action. He was the owner of the mummified limb on the "T"-shaped stand, a fact of which he was just then agonizingly reminded, and a torrent of several languages that seemed to start at his waist literally leapt out of his mouth.

To the surprise of all but the footmen, who were thoroughly inured to such scenes, the little man in the road ventured to reply. He purred in a soft Spanish patois accompanied by gestures that provided a perfect pantomime. Due to his eloquent motions towards the peasants in the ditch and the hole in the road, it was not necessary to understand his dialect in order to follow his argument. With this the gentleman, who had meanwhile violently jerked his wig back into place, seemed inclined to agree.

Seeing how things were going, a tall fellow somewhat more intelligent than his companions now stepped forward.

"It is to be hoped that monsieur will overlook the existence of the terrible hole which has caused him such discomfort . . ."

"Overlook its existence, you scoundrel, when it nearly bumped me into purgatory!" roared the gentleman. "What do you mean?"

"Ah, if we had only known monsieur was coming this way so soon it should have been filled in before this. It is very difficult now to get these rascals to come to the corvée. We were informed you would not arrive until day after tomorrow. I can tell you, sir," continued he, turning an eye on his miserable companions which they did not seem to appreciate, "I can tell you they were just now in a fine sweat when they heard monsieur's coach ascending the hill. If it had been that of M. le Comte de Besance . . . oh, if it had been M. le Comte himself!"

"M. de Besance? Ah, then we are already upon his estates!" interrupted the gentleman in the coach. "Do you hear that, my dear?" Seemingly placated, and as if the incident were drawing to a close, he began to close the door. Noticing the crest on the outside panel for the first time, the man by the road licked his lips and hastened to correct himself.

"But yes, monseigneur," he gasped, "the Château de Besance is scarcely half an hour's drive. One goes as far as the cross-roads at Romagnat and then turns to the left by the little wood. And the road from here on monseigneur will find in excellent shape. For a week now we have laboured upon it even in wheat sowing time."

Mollified at finding himself so near the end of a long and painful journey the gentleman's face relaxed somewhat from its unrelenting scowl. A few pale blotches began to appear through its hitherto uniform tint of scarlet. Encouraged by this the unfortunate bailiff essayed further.

"By special order we have smoothed the road from Romagnat for the illustrious guest expected at the château; but not until day after tomorrow." Here he bowed. "Yet an hour later and this accurséd hole would have been filled. A little more willingness on the part of these"--a grim smile of understanding on the face of the nobleman here transported the bailiff--"a little more skill on the part of monseigneur's coachman . . ."

Scarcely had these words left the man's mouth, however, before a hail of rocks and mud set him dodging and dancing. The small postilion who had all this time been waiting in the road hat in hand was galvanized into instant action. On all fours, he dashed about snatching up every clod and stone that came ready to his paws. The whip flickered tail-like over his back, his grey-green eyes blazed brilliantly, and he spat and squalled out a stream of curses that might have done credit to his master. One of the peasants began to mutter something about the evil eye, and all began to draw back from the coach.

"Are we all right?" shouted the master to his footmen.

"Yes, Your Excellency," they replied as if with one voice.

"Drive on then, Sancho, you devil's cat," roared the gentleman now grinning with enjoyment at the grotesque scene before him and with satisfaction at finding that neither his leg nor his coach was irreparably damaged.

But at the word "cat" the little postilion fairly bounded into the air. His hair seemed to stand on end. Those outside the coach appeared to be fascinated. They continued to stand and stare until with an impatient gesture the gentleman on the inside pulled a tasselled cord. A small bell hung in a yoke on the roof tinkled musically, and the horses long accustomed to the signal moved forward.

Finding himself about to be left alone on the highroad in a hopeless minority, the postilion with a final snarl turned, picked up his hat, clapped it on his head, and in a series of panther-like leaps, for his legs were far too short to run, gained the lead horse already some yards ahead and vaulted into the saddle.

"A cat! A cat!" shrieked the peasants. The four horses broke into a trot, and the coach and its passengers rocked and rolled along the road that had been so carefully "smoothed" to the Château de Besance.

But rumour preceded it in the person of a peasant runner who took a short cut across the fields. The servants at the château were warned of the unexpectedly sudden approach of visitors. Even before the coach reached the cross-roads at Romagnat that entire village was agog. For nothing except scandal spreads so fast as an apt nickname. The two indeed are frequently related, and in this case as long as he remained in that part of Auvergne Don Luis Guzman Sotoymer y O'Connell, conde de Azuaga in Estremadura, Marquis da Vincitata in Tuscany, and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of France from that grand duchy, was invariably associated with his feline postilion, Sancho, and referred to

over the entire countryside as Monsieur le Marquis de Carabas and his cat.

Compared with the surface of the royal highway the recently smoothed road upon the estates of M. de Besance was as a calm harbour to the Bay of Biscay. Both Don Luis and his leg thus began to experience considerable benefit from the comparative ease with which the coach now rolled along. The end of a ten days' journey from Versailles was almost in sight, and the marquis began to contemplate the bandages in the vicinity of his big toe--from which only a faint, blue light now seemed to emanate--if not with entire satisfaction at least with considerable relief. As he did so his eyes happened to stray past his carefully cherished foot into the deep recess formed by the rear seat, thus serving to remind him of what he was at times somewhat prone to forget.

The ample rear seat of the coach upholstered in a smooth velvet of a light rose colour was deep enough to form, with its painted side panels and the arched roof above it, what seemed from the front seat, where the marquis was now leaning back, to be a deep alcove. Sunk in the luxurious cushions of the seat, and reclining against the back of the coach with her head directly under an oval window was what appeared to be the body of a young girl scarcely eighteen years of age. Her form was completely relaxed. Her long sensitive hands, upon one finger of which was a wedding ring, lay with startling and web-like whiteness against the rose of the cushions. Two waxen arms disappeared at the elbows into the folds of a grey silk travelling scarf wrapped about her shoulders like a Vigée-

Lebrun drapery. She sat with one leg crossed over the other so that her skirt, stiffly brocaded in a heavy heliotrope and gold pattern, fell in a sharp-edged fold that might have been moulded in porcelain to one white-slippered foot.

Used as he was to an almost selfless yielding in his girl-wife which constantly expressed itself in his presence in her relaxed physical attitudes, there was, as he now looked at her across the aisle of the coach, something in her posture which caused Don Luis to glance hastily and uneasily at her face. Her small, rather neat head lay drooped to one side. Since Bourges, which they had left hastily after the death of her maid by plague, she had been unable to accomplish an elaborate powdered coiffure. Consequently her own hair of a pure saffron colour seldom seen in the south of Europe, burst, rather than was combed back, into a high Grecian knot held precariously by one gold-knobbed pin. Across her wide, clear forehead, above carefully pencilled and minutely pointed arcs of eyebrows, and blowing out from the temples before and around two finely chiselled ears, sprang a delightful hedge of ringlets and tiny silken wires. These in the rays of the western sun, which darted now and again through the oval window behind, were touched along with a thousand dust motes that danced in the semi-darkness of the coach, into a sudden blaze and aura of golden glory. A straight nose, and a rather small, pursed mouth, whose corners were nevertheless drawn out enough to be turned down toward an obstinate little chin, completed a countenance with a bisque complexion like that of a miniature. It needed only that the eyes should be wide open and staring directly at you out of the shadows to give the

impression that you were actually in the presence of some dream-like and helpless doll. But her eyes were now closed, or almost so. As her husband looked at them with their long, brown lashes disclosing only a blue polished glimmer of the pupils beneath, while the lids remained perfectly motionless, it calmly occurred to him that she might have fainted.

Yet this realization even when it became a certainty did not suggest to Don Luis any necessity for immediate action. Before everything else the marquis was a connoisseur, an appreciator of rare and accidental patterns of beauty in nature, and of their successful imitation or creation in art. The picture before him was a combination of both. The wide-flung frame of the upholstered seat, the delicate rose-leaf tint of the background, the perspective of the alcove, and the unusual arrangement of its lights and shadows were, so it happened, in exact harmony with the central and somewhat tragic figure of the portrait. There was even a high light in precisely the proper place, for a large emerald breast pin concentrated the stray beams of sunlight and deflected them in a living grey-green shaft across the folds of the girl's scarf.

Don Luis was delighted. For the time being he felt that his condescension and his trouble in marrying this young woman had been rewarded. And where had he seen that exact arrangement of headdress and features, accidental to be sure, but quite purely classic in effect? Ah, it was on a coin of Faustine; or was it Theodora? Perhaps a combination of both. One's mind played tricks like that. His artistic imagination no doubt! Yes, there was something a little