

"I will be your slave if you like," she returned. "I will do anything, except destroy a glorious career. And if you love me, Evan, do not ask again. I owe it to you to refuse there. I must be content with having been in Paradise for a little while."

The light seemed to go from his eyes; he looked out on a blank world.

"And this is the end," he said like one who has lost all.

"Not the end," she corrected quickly, lifting her face to his. "Not the end. As often as you have time you will come to me, that I may show my gratitude by serving you in your own house. My prayers are yours for ever."

CHAPTER XXVI

VERY soon after his interview with Mrs. Langham, the Home Secretary wrote a brief note to his friend Quinton; it ran thus:

"HOME OFFICE, WHITEHALL, *Friday*.

"MY DEAR QUINTON,—In going through the roll of prospective honours to be submitted to the Queen on the occasion of the forthcoming birthday I was deeply gratified to find your name heading the list of baronets. Let me be the first to congratulate you on this well-deserved distinction. I am particularly glad that it is proposed to make the title hereditary. You have a talented son to carry forward the fortunes of the House of Quinton. May those fortunes be as great, as happy, and as long-continued as I wish them. You will receive an official communication in course. Meantime let me know that it accords with your sentiments to accept the proposed token of the Royal favour.—And believe me, my dear Quinton, yours as ever,

"E. KINLOCH."

Mr. Quinton had no need to speculate to whom he owed the title. But when he spoke of it to Kinloch, the smiling reply was "When thee Jerusalem, I forget, skill part from my right hand."

"Yes," said Mr. Quinton in private, "Kinloch never forgets a friend or a favour."