

"How so? Your very reason shows that it was sane, well founded in the philosophy of the heart."

He was eager to win her yet, and he did not see the end at which she aimed. He felt he must tell her all the passion and love he felt. But her look gave no encouragement, her eyes were uninviting.

Sheila smiled painfully. "Yes, mad and hopeless, for be sure of this: we cannot kill in one day the growth of years. I could not cure myself of loving him by marrying you. There had to be some other cure for that. I never knew and never loved my father. But he was my father, and if Mr. Calhoun killed him, I could not marry him. But at last I came to know that your love and affection could not make me forget him—no, never. I realize that now. He and I can never come together, but I owe him so much—I owe him my life, for he saved it; he must ever have a place in my heart, be to me more than any one else can be. I want you to do something for him."

"What do you wish?"

"I want you to have removed from him the sentence of the British Government. I want him to be free to come and go anywhere in the world—to return to England if he wishes it, to be a free man, and not a victim of outlawry. I want that, and you ought to give it to him."

"Why?"

Indignation filled her eyes. "You ask why. He has saved your administration and the island from defeat and horrible loss. He has prevented most of the slaves from revolting, and he conquered the Maroons. The empire is his debtor. Will you do this for one who has done so much for you?"

Lord Mallow was disconcerted, but he did not show