

"I do not care to see him now," Rosa said. "Speak to him, and hear what he says. While this shadow lies between us, we must not meet. It taints our love, and it hurts my pride."

Rosa, without a glance at the other door, left the room. She had not been gone more than a few seconds when Captain Harry Trevelyan entered. He was a young man of thirty, tanned with the exposure only service on the sea demands. He wore a brown, close-fitting coat, very high in the neck and long in the tails; breeches of the same material, and black silk stockings, ending in neatly polished shoes. He had evidently taken some pains with his personal appearance, and the bluff, sailor-like qualities of his character contrasted oddly with the calculated note of dandyism he was affecting. His hair was brushed and curled; at his neck a snow-white cravat made it almost impossible for him to move his head; he held an eye-glass in his hand as he advanced to the centre of the room. His disappointment was obvious when he found the room occupied only by Sir John Dering. It was evident from his manner that he had expected a much more interesting greeting.

The two men bowed to each other with stately courtesy, but Captain Trevelyan was obviously ill at ease. Before they ended the exaggerated greetings of the day, Sir John decided on the attitude he should take up.

"My dear Harry," he began, "I am sure you will accept my apologies. At the moment, only one course of action is open to me—to ask you to wait for payment of our debt of honour until such

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