

for our race." He felt the small irrepressible shiver and went rapidly on: "No daughter of Rajputs will cry out for trifles. But, from my own heart, I know it is telling on you more than you will confess. So much was changed by the sudden death of Sir George. That I understand. Also success and many friends will make Nevil more inclined for living in England than before. But I shall suggest that he must bring you to India, where he can make further study of Eastern subjects on the spot——"

"No, *not* say that," she broke in with such decision that he came to a standstill and looked searchingly in her face.

"Lilamani—what is your reason? More mysteries? Or is it possible—you do not wish——?"

"Oh, Father—Father!" In the mingled reproach and longing of that cry from her heart, he had all the answer he desired. But she added swiftly, lest he take self-justification for consent. "We have spoken of that already; and he says not possible. Too far. Too much money, I think—he does not wish——"

"Leave all to me, child. There is duty of husband to wife, as of wife to her lord; more especially in the West. Leave it to me."

His decision outmatched her own; and she, between secret longing and innate instinct of submission to the masculine note of command, said no more.