

*The Feast of St. John Baptist*

ceded, but abode still, tingeing the olive of her cheeks.

"I have rendered my homage," he said.

"It is accepted." Suddenly tears sprang to her eyes. "And you might have been so cruel to me!" she whispered.

"To you? To you who carry the power of a world in your face?"

The Marchesa was confused — as was, perhaps, hardly unnatural.

"There are other things, besides gates and walls, and Norah's head, that you jump over, Lord Lynborough."

"I lived a life while I stood waiting for the clock to strike. I have tried for life before — in that minute I found it." He seemed suddenly to awake as though from a dream.

"But I beg your pardon. I have paid my dues. The bond gives me no right to linger."

She rose with a light laugh — yet it