

stanch nerves of his opponent. At heart, despite his criminal, conceited weaknesses, the Duke had thoroughbred blood beating and pulsing through the veins.

"You play a good game, Mr. Warren. . . . Are all Americans like you?"

"They all play the game in Kentucky," snapped Jarvis.

"And I thought all Americans were fools." He crossed to the door. "I think, my dear Maria, that for the sake of the family name it would do my health good to take a trip to Monte Carlo and the Riviera—even Egypt might help. Mr. Warren, take her advice and return to Kentucky."

He walked up the steps and smiled back with his cynical appreciation of the situation, a mediæval sport to the end, as Jarvis realized.

"Hey, Rusty, you just follow that Duke as well as you did me. See him out of the castle and on his way rejoicing. And don't let your finger slip on that revolver."

"Yassir—wid pleasure, sir."