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*Winsome Winnie*

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used by the nobility, while on the green baize table a litter of counters and cards in which aces, kings, and even two spots are heaped in confusion, proclaim the reckless nature of the play.

Seated about the table are six men dressed in the height of fashion, each with collar and white necktie and broad white shirt, their faces stamped with all, or nearly all, of the baser passions of mankind.

Lord Wynchgate—for he it was who sat at the head of the table—rose with an oath, and flung his cards upon the table.

All turned and looked at him, with an oath. "Curse it, Dogwood," he exclaimed with another oath, to the man who sat beside him, "Take the money. I play no more tonight. My luck is out."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Lord Dogwood, with a third oath, "Your mind is not on the cards. Who is the latest young beauty, pray, who so absorbs you. I hear a whisper in town of a certain misadventure of yours——"

"Dogwood," said Wynchgate, clinching his