

by the child who carries my name and yours—*never to touch another drop in all my life!* But neither shall you!"

A sudden change came over Leslie's face as he looked; from it radiated a divine light which puzzled and dazzled him. She stood magnificently straight and slender, and uttered a sobbing cry:

"Algy!"

Then she fell a limp and crumpled mass of crimson chiffon in his arms. For an instant he strained her to him, then, looking intently into the upturned face, he saw something which made him reel with sudden fear.

"Leslie, Little Lady Mine," he called. Even rouge failed to hide the deathly pallor of her face, powder was impotent to cover the blueness about her lips.

"Little Lady, speak to me!"

"Put me down, Algy, quick! Oh, my darling, my darling!"

Algernon Tressidar laid his lifeless burden on the huge white rug which lay at her feet. Then he knelt brokenly beside her—she had played the game to win.

THE END.