

"When?" she asked.

"To-morrow morning, I hope," was the reply. "I believe I shall have my millions again."

"If you do," she said slowly, "do you not think that you ought to run no more risks—for her sake?"

"That is just what I mean to do, Lady Lawless. I'll settle millions where they ought to be settled, drop Wall Street, and—go into training."

"Into training?" she asked.

"Yes, for a house on the Hudson, a villa at Cannes, a residence in Grosvenor Square, and a place in Devonshire—or somewhere else. Then," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I shall need a good deal of time to cultivate accent."

"Don't!" she said. "You are much more charming as you are."

They passed into the drawing-room.

"Are these things to be told?" she asked, with a little suggestion in her voice.

"I can trust your discretion."

"Even in such circumstances?" she asked. She paused, with a motion of her fan back towards the room they had left.

"You have taught him a lesson, Lady Lawless. It is rough on him; but he needs it."

"I hope he will do nothing rash," she said.

"Perhaps he'll write some poetry, and refuse to consider his natural appetite."

"Will you go and see him now?" she asked.

"Immediately. Good night, Lady Lawless." His big hand swallowed hers in a firm, friendly clasp, and he shook it once or twice before he parted from her. He met Sir Duke Lawless in the doorway. They greeted cheerfully, and then Lawless came up to his wife.