

heart had no part in the matter, my devotion amused you, my bold wooing was a novelty, the soldier in me was a change after the King of Laundry?"

"How dare you name the source of my wealth and to me!" she said haughtily.

"Because, my dear, I know your weak point; and even though I anger you, anything to turn your thoughts to myself; you must admit, Kate, that it is hard lines for me; marry me, dear, and I am your slave, my love for you will never change; it is as fierce and passionate as ever."

And leaning forward his hands on her knees, he strove in vain to imprison hers.

"While mine has changed," she said coldly; "love would indeed be a tyrant, could we not roam at will."

And a vision of mesmeric eyes with a smile, sweet as a woman's came to her. At her words Delrose buried his face in her hands and groaned heavily, as though his heart would break. Then looking up into her face, he said in thick tones.

"Have you no pity for me?"

"None, you have crossed my path, you have clouded my sky."

Had she pity for him, fool that he was to ask. Has the owner of the favourite at Goodwood pity for the jockey who swoons in a death-sickness, causing the next to come in a head's length? Has the eagle pity for the young mother's wail for her babe as he carried it aloft to feed the young? No, she told herself she had spoiled him, allowing him the *entrée* to her presence for the past seven or eight years at will. She cared for him too for his bold, fierce, passionate nature, that is—in a way, if only he would not insist on monopoly, but she would be willing to barter one clasp of the hand, one look from the eyes of gay, genial, handsome, fascinating Captain Trevalyon for the total banishment of her bold wooer.

"I have crossed your path, clouded your sky, and is this all the comfort you give me for years of devotion?"