THE BETRAYAL

A Powerful Fascinating Serial Story.

By E. Phillips Opp A Prince of Sinne

"Mr. Ducaine," she said, "do sider that Colonel Ray is your "He has been very good to

What is it?"
"It is not my secret," I told
"There is a secret, then,"
mured. "I know it. Is this
do not wish me to marry him?"
"I have not said that I do
you to marry him," I reminded
"Not in words. You had no
out if into words."

"Not in words. You had no put it into words."
"You are very young." I s marry any one for any other res the only true one. Some de might be some one else."

She watched the flight of a se

She watched the flight of a se a few moments—watched it wings shone like burnished sillit upon the sun-gilded sea.

"I do not think so," she saidly. "I have never fancied my ing very much for any one. easy, you know, for some of us. "And for some," I murmure too easy."

She looked at me curiously, had no suspicion as to the memy words.

"I want you to tell me son

my words.

"I want you to tell me son she said, in a few minutes. "Hany other reason beyond this for ing to my marriage with Colone "If I have," I answered sleannot tell it you. It is his semine."

cannot tell it you. It is his se mine."

"You are mysterious!" she re "If I am," I objected, "yo remember that you are ask strange questions."

"Colonel Ray is too honest," thoughtfully, "to keep anythin me which I ought to know."

I changed the conversation. I was a fool to have blundered We talked of other and lighte I exerted myself to shake off the sion against which I had bee gling all the morning. By d think we both forgot some par troubles. We walked home ac sandhills, climbing gradually his higher, until we reached the chall sides of us the coming challed the seasons seemed to be vigoro serting itself. The plovers were over the freshly-turned ploughe a whole world of wild birds and seemed to have imparted a smovement and life to what only days ago had been a land of de a country silent and winterbound was asserting itself in all ma places—in the green of the signass, the shimmer of the sun usea-stained sands, in the silvery the Braster creeks. Lady Ange a long breath of content as we for a moment at the summit of the "And you wonder," she mu "that I left London for this?"

"Yes, I still wonder," I an "The beauties of this place are

"that I left London for this?"

"Yes, I still wonder," I an
"The beauties of this place are
lonely—I mean the lonely in
tion. For you life in the busy
should just be opening all her
tions. It is only when one is
pointed in the more human life t
comes back to Nature."

"Perhaps then," she said. A
vaguely, "I too must be sufferin
disappointments. I have never
ed—"

We had taken the last turn. I tage was in sight. To my surprise was standing there as though y He turned round as we appr His face was very pale, and the his head was bandaged. He carn arm, too, in a sling. It was Mostyn Ray!

Miss Moyat Makes a Scen

Why, my dear Mostyn," she en

and what have you been doing to self?"

"I came from London—ney train," he answered.

"And your head and arm?"

"Thrown out of a hansom last he said grimly.

We were all silent for a mome far as I was concerned, speech together beyond me. Lady Ange seemed to find something discon in Ray's searching gaze.

"My welcome," he remarked "does not seem to be overpower! Lady Angela laughed, but there note of unreality in her mirth.

"You must expect people to be ed, Mostyn," she said, "if you them to such surprises. Of cours glad to see you. Have you seen you yet?"

"I have not been to the house," swered. "I came straight here."

"And your luggage?" she asked "Lost," he answered tersely,

"And your luggage?" she asked
"Lost," he answered tersely, 'just caught the train, and the
seems to have missed me."
"You appear to have passed t
a complete chapter of mishaps,"
marked. "Never mind! You
want your lunch very badly, or
want to talk to Mr. Ducaine?"

"Next to the walk up to the with you," he answered. "I think want my lunch more than anyth the world."

want my lunch more than anyth the world."

Lady Angela smiled her farew me, and Ray nodded curtly. I w them pass through the plantatic stroll across the Park. There wa ing very loverlike in their attitude seemed scarcely to be glancing to his companion; Lady Angela had of one absorbed in thought. I w them until they disappeared, an I entered my own abode and sat mechanically before the lunch Grooton had prepared. I ate and as one in a dream. Only last nighad said nothing about coming to ter. Yet, there he was, withou gage, with his arm and head bou Just like this I expected to see the whom I had struck last night.

Now though Ray's attitude to me was often puzzling, an absolutin his honesty was the one foun which I had felt solid beneuth m during these last few weeks of shappenings. This was the first which my faith had received, and