

Rookson, but Jenny—no. She was his sheet anchor.

"Look here, kiddie," said he with a hard laugh, "you're safe whoever Miss Montrose marries. When all is settled and money's dropping through their fingers like water, what's to prevent you from going to the lady and letting out that the will's bogus? Don't you think she'll part with whatever you choose to ask rather than lose her fortune?"

"Not me. I don't like that sort of thing. I can't bluff well enough. I can see myself locked up for blackmailing."

"In that case, to save yourself you've only got to give me away."

"What? Do you think I'd do anything so beastly mean? I'm not a saint and I've never pretended to be one, but I won't be a sneak. It's unkind of you, chappie, to say I'd do such a thing."

A sudden wave of emotion passed over the girl. Her face flushed, her bosom heaved, the corners of her mouth twitched, and she dabbed her eyes with a little ball of pocket handkerchief.

"You silly kiddie," laughed Douglas, "do you think I meant it? I was only chaffing."

"Then I don't like such chaff."

"My word! I believe you're getting fond of me."

"And what if I am?"

"Nothing. I'm fond of you too. Drink up your stout and have another. We'll have something to eat and mooch about the west for an hour or two and then go to the Oxford or the Tivoli, or the Pavilion—anywhere you like."

He put his arm around her waist and Jenny