

I left Bath for Shropshire Harry told me—that is he asked me—I mean, he wanted——”

She stumbled over her disjointed sentences, and blushed with girlish confusion.

Sir John stood for a moment looking at her pretty embarrassment.

“I know,” he said very quietly. “I might have known before, if I had looked. Your story is written in every line of your dear face, and now I think of it, in his. It was because of that Trevelyan was so pleased to see me; it was out of deference that he played so long; it is this embarrassment which has made it so painful for us to meet since that foolish night. But there! there! Harry is a good fellow.”

She looked the trouble in her heart.

“But don’t you see this makes a difference, and is impossible? Harry is coming to-day; is even now on his way. I have his letter saying he will be here. This debt of honour makes a difference. It taints our love. He is coming to ask you to-day for me.”

He looked at her, almost sternly for a moment.

“The debt of honour shall be paid,” he said. “The Derings, however foolish they may be, cling to their honour to the end.”

“Oh yes! I know,” Rosa answered. “Paid in full, and every penny of it—paid at the price of Tracy Court.” Her voice rang with scorn. “And if it is not paid that way, then I become part of the bargain. The great love I had to give—have already given—part of myself, and indeed all of me that is not bound up in love for you, is thrown into the scale to balance a deal at cards, to readjust a