

favourite hazards. Captain Trevelyan, standing in a recess in the corridor which looked out on the park, was practically alone. A quick step arrested his attention, and, turning, he stood face to face with Rosa. She, with a little startled cry, drew back, and would have vanished in the direction of the ballroom, but he held her with a gesture and a greeting which made retreat impossible.

"Rosa—Rosa," he said, calling her name loudly in his eagerness. "I have seen Sir John to-day. He has told me what you are thinking, and I do not desire to press my attentions on you against your will. But I think our love, only recently confessed, at least justifies me in asking the right to put two questions."

"I shall be pleased to answer them," she said frigidly.

"Do you think this debt of honour between Sir John and myself need come between us?" he asked.

"I do," she answered. "How can I look on our love, and know that it is tainted by a gambling transaction, and feel as proud of it as I did but a few weeks ago?"

He did not press his point.

"Sir John informed me to-day of your altered attitude. I do not complain, and at the moment I do not question your belief. But suppose in a few weeks this debt is paid—would your attitude be the same as it is to-night, if the shadow between us is removed?"

She looked into his eyes for the first time, and there was something enigmatical in her strange smile.