

"I do, precisely, ma'am," he responded, with a low bow.

It was a trick after the duchess' own heart. She threw herself in a chair with a choke of laughter, to wipe her eyes and laugh again.

Walpole's joy was as profound as her own.

"Gad's life," he exclaimed, with keen relish. "Lady Caroline to play down centre, and not be able to ogle her audience."

"Lud!" gasped the duchess, "my lacings will sure crack this time. Mark you, Horry, there was the canny Scot, if you will. He took Mansur's ace with a deuce, and the hussy never knew he had used her. What a rare tale! How can I pay you for it?"

The Captain spoke below his breath.

"Say a good word for me, to Mistress Armytage," he murmured.

THE END