

of her life, and recalled some memory of her race. To sell Tracy Court, their stately home in Buckinghamshire, was unthinkable.

"To whom do we owe this heavy debt?" she asked.

"Does it matter very much whether you know?" Sir John returned.

"Yes—yes. It is almost ruin," she answered.

"The five thousand pounds was lost to Captain Harry Trevelyan."

"Harry!" For a moment the shock nearly stunned her. Of all men in the world, this one, Harry Trevelyan. She spoke the name as if its repetition hurt her. Sir John, looking at her, first curiously and then with sudden comprehension, understood the great blow that had fallen on his daughter. The flush on her face, the tell-tale glance of her eyes, the trembling lips were enough for him.

His manner altered. The cynical, worldly man revealed a quick understanding and a new tenderness.

"Ah! Rosa, my little one, I did not know," he said.

"Know what, papa?" she asked, bravely smiling through her tears.

"What I have seen in your eyes and in your troubled face," he answered gently.

She stood there drooping like a flower.

"It is true," Rosa said very slowly; "it is true. I was coming home so happy—happy in the knowledge of what I had to tell you. A fortnight before

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