

was spread. Mrs. Staunton was highly pleased to see her plot working so smoothly, and she was firmly convinced that before much more of the evening was spent, there would be a true understanding between the two young people. Alas! for her castles in the air.

When the supper was ended, and couple following couple were returning to the dance hall, Mr. Dorane by sheer force, caught Rosamond's hands and drew her off into the corridor that led into the former place.

"Since you will not, of yourself, give me a chance to say to you again, what is uppermost, and has been in my mind, since you dismissed me weeks ago," he said, almost fiercely, "and which has principally brought me here to-night, I shall take it myself. Rosamond, I say to you again, I love you. I cannot live without you, and I want to hear from those sweet lips that my love is reciprocated."

She turned pale, and her limbs beneath her trembled, but she was firm, as she cried hotly:

"After what I have said to you, Mr.

Dorane, by what right have you dared to draw me here,—perhaps to cause me to lose my good name? Open the door, and allow me to go where I should be."

"No one knows we are here and you need not be afraid of being censured. I am waiting for your answer, Rosamond. Give me the word I am demanding of you."

"Never," she cried. "I do not love you. Let me pass or I shall call for help."

He adopted a new turn of tactics, for Mr. Dorane was a coward, and he was afraid, especially of a woman's tears, so he loosened his hold of the door knob, and began to plead with her.

"Forgive me for being so harsh with you, but you are driving me to it by your indifference. Give me a word of hope, or you will send me to the depths of despair."

"I am sorry if it must be that then, Mr. Dorane, but you have had my answer long ago, and this is my final: It is impossible for me ever to be your wife. It is an honor I must decline."

A fierce light gleamed in his eyes, and abruptly he turned from her.

"Very well, Rosamond Raymond, I am going to Satan, (he was there already, as Bruce Everett would have said) "and it is through your fault. My life is ruined through you, but the one who has poisoned your mind against me," he was thinking of the incident of the beads and that when Bruce Everett had carried them to her, he had opened up on him and spoiled his second chance of hoping to win the fair girl, "is going to suffer, both for this and other offences to Cyrus Dorane. I'll go now, and except my love overcomes me again, I will not trouble you. Good bye," and opening the door he walked away. Soon after he got into his carriage, leaving word to his mother and sisters that he had been seized with indisposition, and was compelled to go home.

Rosamond calmly went out by another door, though with much inward agitation—and who would have not been upset by what she had just gone through. It was no wonder the gentle girl wished she was home in the gentle attic with her mother to-night, instead of in Staunton House.

She would have liked to have gone up to her own room now, but she feared her mistress might be angry at such turn, so she went back into the ball-room, making brave efforts to seem as bright as before. And she did enjoy a mazurka with Jack Lorimer, while her mistress looked on elated with her pretty companion's success, and with a most burning desire to know if Cyrus Dorane had yet learned his fate.

Great was her astonishment to find that her young friend had gone home, and her indignation, too, for she knew what the sudden indisposition had been. Her companion had refused him again! His mother and sisters were at a loss to know what could have made him ill, but good breeding prevented any excitement on their parts, and they remained until nearly the end, when, with the Compeignes, they, too, took their leave. When the last carriage had driven home and quiet was restored in the stately mansion, its mistress retired, but not to sleep, like her daughter and companion did, but to think of Cyrus Dorane, and Rosamond's perfidious conduct to him. To no small degree she was angry with