

Kate, fearing for Trevalyon, answered quickly :

"I was imploring him to look after your boy, and not allow the priest to spoil him for a soldier."

"You swear this?"

"You, I know, are satisfied with nothing else."

"That won't do; do you swear you asked him to do this as you knelt," he said, slowly and jealously.

"I do."

"And what says this squire *des dames*?" he continued sneering and turning suspiciously to Trevalyon.

"That Mrs. Haughton has condescended to explain the situation or I shouldn't, and that a gentleman never questions the word of a lady," he answered coolly, and haughtily continuing, "may I be your escort back to the *salons*, Mrs. Haughton."

Kate seeing the look of impatient hate settling in the eyes of her lover, said hastily,

"Thanks; no, Sir Lionel;" she would have added more but for the jealous gaze of Delrose, who said as she went to Trevalyon's assistance in opening the spring lock,

"Yes; go, Kate, to your last act in the farces of Haughton Hall, you must then come to my assistance with the drop curtain." While he speaks the hands of the man, impatient to be with the love of his life, and of the woman, sorry to let him go, meet in the folds of the hangings, the woman sighing as she presses his hand to her heart and so they part.

loc  
ar  
to  
the  
po  
hir  
to  
the  
list  
1  
Lo  
anc  
"  
bus  
like  
pee  
A  
cur  
her  
wor  
calm  
M  
Cha  
treir  
near  
him