

self. Is it asking too much of you to marry me in a year from —"

I haven't the faintest notion how long afterward it was that I asked her what was to become of that poor, unlucky devil, Lord Amberdale.

"He isn't a devil. He's a dear, and he is going to marry a bred-in-the-bone countess next January. You will like him, because he is every bit as much in love with his real countess as you are with a sham one. He is a bird of your feather. And now don't you want to come with me to see Rosemary?"

"Rosemary," I murmured, as in a dream — a luxurious lotos-born dream.

She took my arm and advanced with me into a room adjoining the parlour. As we passed through the door, she suddenly squeezed my arm very tightly and laid her head against my shoulder.

We were in a small sitting-room, confronting Jasper Titus, his wife and his tiny grand-daughter, who was ready for bed.

"You won't have to worry about me any longer, daddy dear," said Aline, her voice suddenly breaking.

"Well, I'll be — well, well, well!" cried my late victim of the links. "Is *this* the way the wind blows?"

I was perfectly dumb. My face was scarlet. My dazzled eyes saw nothing but the fine, aristocratic features of Aline's mother. She was leaning slightly forward in her chair, and a slow but unmistakable joyous smile was creeping into her face.

"Aline!" she cried, and Aline went to her.

Jasper Titus led Rosemary up to me.

"Kiss the gentleman, kiddie," said he huskily, lifting the little one up to me.