

Another woman might have tortured herself, wondering whether this poor, starving, heart-sore girl from India would not try to see the man she loved, and lure him back again, having given no promises nor definite word to the contrary. But Leslie believed in Sue-Leigh Harmon, and thought of her only in womanly pity. If Algy had a new deal and that deal was a woman, it was assuredly not this one.

"But let us speak of lighter topics," continued the Count airily, "shall we drive somewhere to tea?"

Leslie was just about to refuse, when she was summoned to the telephone. At once she knew Algy waited to speak with her, and she trembled.

"Is that you, Littly Lady?"

"Yes, Algy."

"Well, I shall not be home to-night for dinner, nor until late, perhaps. I have met some old friends and we are going to 'do' New York. Will you ask some one over and not be lonely, dear?"

"Algy!"

The man must indeed be selfish who could withstand the disappointment, the appeal in Leslie's voice. As a matter of fact, some twinge of conscience passed fleetingly over Tressidar, and he spoke hastily:

"No, no, dear, not what you think, I swear! We are going to Chinatown and through the Tenderloin, and all that. You can't very well come, but to-morrow I am going to bring these two chaps up for dinner. Is that all right?"