

The wheel spun its round. Time after time Angela's stake was risked; time after time she saw her little pile swept away and added to some one else's pile, until she had staked her all, and lost.

Flossie was holding the bank. She stretched out her hand and asked him to lend her some money.

"Sorry I can't oblige you," he said, "but Lady Di's broke the bank."

"What a shame! I did so want to win back," she exclaimed, appealing to the man who was watching her, and who was miserably conscious of the fact that it was he who had brought her her bad luck.

"Let me be your banker!" he said impulsively.

Excitement had brought a lovely colour to her cheeks. She nodded and smiled.

"How nice of you!" she answered. "We'll have one more gamble. How much shall it be? A big one?"

He took a small handful of loose silver from his pocket.

"That's all I have on me," he said.

"We'll stake it at one go," she cried recklessly. "I'll choose the number this time. Now, watch!"

Whiz! Round spun the needle. It slowed, wavered, gave a final quiver, and stopped on the number next to Angela's.

"How perfectly maddening!" she exclaimed. She spread out her hands, palms uppermost. "What shall I do? All my money gone! All my savings lost!" She made a rueful grimace. "Bankrupt! I shall have to wear cleaned gloves and travel third class for the next six months. Isn't it awful?"

"I'm so sorry," he said remorsefully. "It was all my fault. I ought not to have allowed you to make me your 'luck.'"