

"Passing fancy, never! Listen; you say you love no woman in especial, wed me; love begets love; I am the wooer I know, but you are as handsome as a god, and I have been always one to speak as I feel; yea, and get what I want most days," she added, leaning forward and smiling into his mesmeric eyes. "Come to me," and her heart was in her words. "Come, you are poor in wealth, men say I have millions in gold, try and love me and——"

"And—and what next—Kate—by gad, a pretty speech, allow me to congratulate you. How do, Trevalyon; at your old game of slaughtering hearts?" The speaker had come from behind the curtains and was the owner of the wrathful eyes; a heavily built man of medium weight, a bold man with a handsome black beard, though the top of his head was bald. "You were always a good shot, Trevalyon, when the target was a heart," he repeated savagely.

"Twas you, who bagged the delicate game, if I remember you aright, Delrose," said Trevalyon, with the utmost *sang-froid* as he leaned backwards and with his right hand fondled his long tawny moustache.

"George Delrose, what makes you here? You are Lucifer himself, I believe," said Mrs. Tompkins wrathfully, pushing his hand from her shoulder and starting to her feet. "I gave strict orders to Peter to admit no one to my presence. I shall discharge him, and at once."

"Take it easy, Kate, I have promoted him to my service."

"From gold to brass is no promotion; he knows not the value of metals."

"Jove! how like they are, the same bold handsome style, reckless to the last degree," thought Trevalyon.

"They are both a passport to society! all a man wants to-day! so, my pretty Kate don't look so severe, I have one, you have the other," said Delrose audaciously, and attempting to take her hand.

"No, I won't take your hand, go away this moment,"