

she asked falteringly. "A great deal depends upon it."

"Your husband will be in the house to-morrow at midnight," answered Crowley decisively.

Leslie hung up the receiver and crossed the room to a cupboard, bringing from it a vivid crimson gown. This she laid upon the back of a chair, then found shoes, stockings, and gloves to match; last, she took the cover off a superb cloak of white satin trimmed elaborately with jet and gold.

With a little indrawn sigh, she seated herself before her dressing table and opened some packages lying on it. They were boxes of actresses' cosmetics.

"The gambler prepares to play his trump card," she said aloud, in a voice husky with tears, and she dipped her white finger into a pot of rouge.