

it. "I can do no more than I have done. I have not confined him to his plantation as the Government commanded; I cannot go beyond that."

"You can put his case from the standpoint of a patriot."

For a moment the governor hesitated, then he said: "Because you ask me—"

"I want it done for his sake, not for mine," she returned with decision. "You owe it to yourself to see that it is done. Gratitude is not dead in you, is it?"

Lord Mallow flushed. "You press his case too hard. You forget what he is—a mutineer and a murderer, and no one should remember that as you should."

"He has atoned for both, and you know it well. Besides, he was not a murderer. Even the courts did not say he was. They only said he was guilty of manslaughter. Oh, your honour, be as gallant as your name and place warrant."

He looked at her for a moment with strange feelings in his heart. Then he said: "I will give you an answer in twenty-four hours. Will that do, sweet persuader?"

"It might do," she answered, and, strange to say, she had a sure feeling that he would say yes, in spite of her knowledge that, in his heart of hearts, he hated Calhoun.

As she left the room, Lord Mallow stood for a moment looking after her.

"She loves the rogue in spite of all!" he said bitterly. "But she must come with me. They are apart as the poles. Yet I shall do as she wishes if I am to win her."