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THE CONSUL'S NIECE

(Continued from Page 18)

fancy."

Millie made no answer. Her heart was
beating too hurriedly, and she failed to
see the point of the remark.

Palliser lead her along a broad path to
where at the end of the walk stood a
great elm. From its shadow came a gay
voice:

"Is that you, Millie? Here we are, Mr.
Carter and I. Let's change partners. Come,
Captain Palliser. I'm dying for a turn."

Millie did not care what they did. She
only knew that they had gone and that she
was alone with Jack Carter.

With a gentleness that was almost sol-
emnity he took her in his arms.

"It's for good-by, Millie," he whispered,
his cheek against hers.

"You're going?" and she put back her
head to look up into his face. "Oh, but
Jack, the cruisers! Don't you know that
there are two outside?"

"Yes, sweetheart, we know," he soothed
her. "But if I were sure when we were
sailing I could not tell you. I only know
it's good-by."

The great forces of Love and Death
brooded around them, during those mo-
ments when they clung together in the
warm darkness.

How few those moments seemed before
footsteps came along the gravel, and Ade-
line's voice called:

"Jack, are you there? You're wanted.
Mr. Horsham says time's up and I prom-
ised to fetch you. Come along. Captain
Palliser, you'll take care of Millie, won't
you?"

"Good God, what did he ask better?" the
man said to himself in bitterness of heart
as he stood beside the girl, feeling her si-
lent suffering in every nerve.

Millie stood motionless until the light of
the doorway had caught Jack's figure and
it was lost in the crowd.

Then as she moved, Palliser took her to
a seat where they stayed for a while with-
out an interchanged word.

Millie was the first to speak.

"I can go in now," she said.

"There's no hurry. Better wait a bit
longer."

"But my partners?"

"They must bear their loss."

"And yours?"

"I haven't any. I kept myself free for
eventualities."

"For me, you mean," she said gratefully.

"Yes, for you," was the quiet answer
that made her wish she had held her
tongue.

"Look here," Palliser began, "if — if
there's any excitement to-morrow morning,
please don't go out alone—to the Point or
anywhere like that, I mean. You can't
really see anything. It all must happen
outside the three mile limit, you know, and
you'd only distress yourself. I'd come for
you if I weren't on duty."

Something in the reserve of the last
words struck Millie's notice.

"Down at the forts?" she asked quickly.

"No," he hesitated, and then said: "A
military launch starts at daybreak, just to
see what's going on, I fancy," then with a
change of subject, "Look how black the
night is now. There's not a star to be
seen. If the Captain of the Onondaga is
wise he will take his chance of slipping
out to-night and getting away. And by
Jove, I believe he's going to do it, or else
why should those men have left before
twelve? That's it, you may be sure.
They've only been sent here for an hour as
a blind."

"Oh, do you really, really think so?"
Millie cried with a new echo of hope in her
voice.

"I'm sure of it," he asserted, thankful for
the effect of his words.

They helped her to go in and play her
part through the rest of the evening, while
she kept at bay thoughts of to-morrow's
fears.

That night Millie made no pretence of
going to bed

(To be Continued)

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