

"He wrote me a line saying that he was leaving for Paris. I have offered him work. He's a good boy. He'll go far. We need not worry about his future."

She wondered if he knew what Min had done. His next words showed her plainly that he did not.

"Yesterday," he continued gravely, "I entreated you to let me clear your good name, once and for all; I still think it would be the wise thing to do, but so far as I am concerned, I urge it no longer. You must do what you think best for yourself and the boy. It's hard for me to put myself into your shoes——"

He paused.

"Won't you sit down, Dick? Have you had tea?"

"Hang tea! Dorothy, I've pushed myself in here—Susan, by the way, must be held blameless—to say that if the boy must be first, let me be second."

"What do you mean?"

"Yesterday, I was a selfish, self-inflated ass. I had the cheek to believe that the country wanted me, and that you wanted me, and that neither could worry along without me."

"The country does want you."

"Does it? I am not so sure of that."

He laughed grimly.

"How dark it is getting."

"Don't ring for the lamps! This firelight