

for you. And Eliot," she went on, nestling closer all the while, "won't you marry me to-night—won't you say you will?"

This sudden rush of happiness was too much for Beekman, and he could hardly speak. For answer he drew his arm round her waist and pressed her close to him, their lips meeting in one long kiss, as they had that night so long ago, when she had promised herself to him.

A little while later, Beekman drew his shabby coat about him, but Leslie saw nothing but the man underneath it. His shoulders that had been drooping under the burden of adversity, when she entered the room, now squared themselves; his mouth was firm, and his eyes sparkled as side by side they passed out into the darkness.

"What do you want of me?" Wilkinson was saying as he glanced first at Flomerfelt and then at his wife. They had bearded him in his Den a little while before, broken in upon his reverie, and instinctively he felt that their presence there augured no good to him.

It was Flomerfelt who answered:

"Thirds, Wilkinson. One-third for me and one for Mrs. Wilkinson."

"By what right do you demand it?" asked Peter V., lolling back in his chair. "And you?" he added, looking at his wife.