

"Tell me you forgive me," he begged.

"We—we're partners in crime."

The voice was very small and shaky and muffled by his coat lapel. "I've a horrible past of my own, Ted. You see I—not money. It was all lost—but I did—and I butterflied around—and then I cut loose to prove I could earn my own living; but I wanted to go back. I've got a grubby little soul. And then you came—and I wouldn't at first; but afterward I didn't care. I was satisfied. I knew nothing else mattered."

"My darling! My blessed, plucky darling!"

*His* voice was shaky now; but his face was radiant and in the face Jean at last lifted to his there was utter content.

A succession of blood-curdling shrieks broke in upon their good moment and sent them hurrying out of doors with the rest of the household.

A big motor car was standing before the gate. A liveried chauffeur sat like a graven image at the wheel and Molly, squealing with excitement, was swarming over some one on the back seat.

"Jimmy!" she called. "Jimmy, come see! Come quick!"

A man climbed out of the car with the small girl in his arms and came up the walk.

"Dad!" Teddy shouted, running to meet him;