

thoughtless boy into the strong man that you are, just as it has made of me a woman."

"I am no longer the harlequin?" he interposed eagerly.

"The harlequin's errand is accomplished, dear. The spangles and glitter are gone. Pure gold has come in their stead. It won't wear out. God has worked out this end for all of us. In His own good time He rectifies our errors and points the new way."

"I am but a year older than when I began."

"It isn't time that makes the man."

"It's opportunity, after all. I wasn't a man when I dragged Grace Vernon away from home; I was a fool—a callow boy in----"

"That was a year ago, Hugh, dear. What was I two years ago?"

"A rich man's wife. I was a rich man's son."

"You were the rich man's son by chance. I was a rich man's wife from choice."

"History repeats itself with variations, dearest. Although I have but eleven dollars and thirty cents in my purse, I have a million at home. You don't mind, do you?"

"I suppose it was foreordained that I should always marry from choice," she said with her most entrancing smile.

THE END.