

your feet. I am asking *you* to forget and overlook much more than you could ever ask of me. Old Elias, wretch that he is, has pointed out our ways for us; they run together in spite of what may conspire to divide them. Jane, I love my soul, but I love you ten thousand times better than my soul."

"I did not believe I could ever be so happy again," she murmured, putting her hands to his face.

"To-morrow, dear?"

"Yes."

Graydon, rejoicing in his final victory, hurried to his rooms later in the evening. As he was about to enter the elevator he noticed a grey-suited boy in brass buttons, who stood near by, an inquiring look in his face.

"This is Mr. Bansemer," observed the laconic youth who ran the single elevator in the apartment building.

"Something for me?" demanded Graydon, turning to the boy in grey.

"Special delivery letter, sir. Sign here."

Graydon took the thick envelope from the boy's hand. With a start, he recognised his father's handwriting. Curiously he turned the letter over in his fingers as he ascended in the car, wonder growing in his brain. He did not wait to remove his overcoat on entering his rooms, but strode to the light and nervously tore open the envelope. Dread, hope, anxiety, conspired to make his fingers tremble. There were many closely written pages. How well he remembered his father's writing! As he read, his eyes grew wide with wonder and un-