

She felt the blood flood her face, and she tried to avert it.

He bent his head close to hers.

"Rhoda," his voice was low, passionate, "I——"

"Wait!" she said. "Your friend—the assistant district attorney—did he come?"

"Yes," said the Adventurer. "But I shooed them all out, as soon as we found you were not seriously hurt. I thought you had had enough excitement for one night. He wants to see you in the morning."

"To see me"—she rose up anxiously on her elbow—"in the morning?"

He was smiling at her. His hands reached out and took her face between them, and made her look at him.

"Rhoda," he said gently, "I knew to-night in the iron plant that you cared. I told him so. What he wants to see you for is to tell you that he thinks I am the luckiest man in all the world. You are clear, dear. Even Rough Rorke is singing your praises; he says you are the only woman who ever put one over on him."

She did not answer for a moment; and then with a little sob of glad surrender she buried her face on his shoulder.

"It—it is very wonderful," she said brokenly, "for—for even we, you and I, each thought the other a— a thief."

"And so we were, thank God!" he whispered—and lifted her head until now his lips met hers. "We were both thieves, Rhoda, weren't we? And, please God, we will be all our lives—for we have stolen each other's heart."