

rible wrong on you—on both you and your father.”

“But, Wayne, you can make it right,” smiled Carlisle, clasping the gnarled fist with one hand and significantly taking Joan’s soft palm with the other. “All in a minute you can make it right.”

Wayne looked from one to the other, and an ancient tenderness, a memory of vanished years, seemed to creep into his stony mahogany face. His mask broke suddenly, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

“By the Doom, Carlisle,” he muttered, laying his hands upon their shoulders, “I make it right.”