

Then, when the lovers knew the truth—and that the anonymous letter of warning had been sent by the woman Kirby in order to mystify them and thus strengthen Rodwell's hand—Jack, heedless of their two friends being present, turned and kissed his well-beloved fondly upon the lips.

He saw that her big blue eyes were dimmed by tears of joy, and then he said, his voice trembling with emotion :

"At last, my darling, I am free—free to love and to marry you—free at last of that terrible stigma placed so cleverly and wilfully upon me by that mean, despicable coward, who was both spy and blackmailer."

"Yes, Jack dear," whispered the girl softly, as she raised her ready lips to those of her lover—"yes, you are free, and moreover we now love each other far better than ever we did, for our affection has been tried—tried and proven in the fire of the hatred of 'Number Seventy Berlin.'"