

The door flew open and Ridgeway bounded into the room. Before she could move, he rushed over and drew her limp form from the chair, up into his strong embrace. She heard a voice, tender and gladsome, as from afar off, singing into her ear.

"Look up, darling! This is to be our wedding day—yours and mine! You are mine—mine!"

The glad light slowly struggled back into her eyes, but it was as if she had come from a death-like swoon. He poured into her dull ears the story of the visit to Grace Vernon, but he was compelled to repeat it. Her ears were unbelieving.

"Grace is coming here with Henry Veath," he said in the end. "By Jove, I am happy!"

She held his face close to hers and looked deep into his eyes for a long, long time.

"Are you sure?" she whispered at last. "Is it all true?"

"They'll be here in half an hour; but I haven't told them it was you they are going to see. She loves Veath—loves him more than she ever cared for me. I don't blame her, do you? Veath's a man—worthy of any woman's love and confidence. Tennys, do you know what I've been thinking ever since I left them fifteen minutes ago? I've been calling myself a cad—a downright cad."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because Veath isn't one—that's all."

"But you are a man—a true, noble, enduring one. The year just gone has changed you from the easy,