

you! Lemme ask you!" And about the moment the victoria — Tommy's victori' (Tommy himself, if the truth be known, riding snugly on the back springs at that very moment) — got safely put about, Mr. Hackley secured what public notice he required and divulged the nature of his request.

"Fellers, what's the matter with Varney?"

Instantly a thousand voices pulverized the man's fatuous anxiety. Hard after, as the gallant slogan swept on to make assurance doubly sure, they gave back the name in a roar like the rush of waters. . . .

But the man for whom all the voices strained themselves did not hear their doubt-destroying response, tumultuous though it was. Another voice, close beside him, had taken up that refrain, making all others inaudible, a shy, glad, whispering voice of chimes.

"He's all right."

The common words were glorified by that voice, made over into a sweet and solemn benediction. He sat very silent, humbled and awed by the revealed visage of his own great happiness. At last she found courage to venture a look at him; and she saw that over his pale and disfigured face there had come a kind of glory, the joy of sudden peace out of pain.

Soon he spoke; and his words at first seemed to her very far afield, though there was that in his unsteadied voice which reassured her beyond speech.

"Would you mind stopping at the hotel — only a minute? I — have an old enemy there, and I feel that I *must* see him."

"Oh, no, no! — must you? Oh, please — I can't