

was past, that strength would return. Her heart was now full of gladness; nothing that had happened mattered now; life in its greatness was before her. The priest had spoken of the remission of sins, of the forgiveness of debts, and she was ready to condone. She had heard the man's harsh words. Surely, at the sight of Loveland, whose death he had so loudly deplored, calling him his best and dearest friend, the agent would be instantly quieted and glad to grasp his hand. And so, in her contentment, she found it in her heart to smile, but in his excitement Curran translated this into a grin of triumph over him, into an expression of malicious joy at his defeat. And then the terror that had first seized him gave way to fierce resentment, to a furious desire for a revenge that would crush others, since they had brought about the failure of his infamous schemes. Everything had gone by the board! The plans so carefully worked out, over which he had worried so deeply and fretted so continuously, were now being met by shattering disaster! And now, forsooth, they were laughing at him, grinning over his abasement, mocking at his fury!