

Merrilie Dawes

"Right," interposed Amos Hamersley decisively. "Let it go."

Merrilie raised her hand. "It is gone. John and Mr. Hamersley will confer with you on a figure, Mr. Benjamin."

Henry Benjamin rose. "I must cable."

"But you will be with us to-morrow?" demanded Adrane.

"Nothing could keep me away."

"I've been trying for months," observed Hamersley to Merrilie, "to induce John to join me in railroads—use your influence with him. And instead of bleeding me as you have in the past, John," he added, turning on Adrane, "take me as a partner. Give me a part of your profits as seller instead of gouging me as a buyer. Live and let live. When do Venetians dine?"

In the evening Merrilie stole with Adrane out on her terrace and they stood together in the moonlight. "If I can only get the old home back for you, Merrilie," he said, "I shall die relieved."

"No, not the old home. The old life is gone. It is the new life for us, John. And a new home."