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It was the surrender of a complete woman. The blood-red lips twitched a little at the corners.

Curtiss drank her in, scarcely believing what he saw. Claspings both her hands in his, in a rough sort of tenderness, he said brokenly: "Can it be—that—you—care, too?"

"Yes, Stephen," she said with quiet intensity.

Drawing her close, he cried—"Jeanette," and then kissed her passionately. When she had released herself she stood trembling and blushing confusedly. It was her first shiver of passion. She bent her gaze to the fire.

The man laid one hand upon her shoulder and gently stroked her hair with the other.

"Stephen," she whispered.

"Yes?"

"You remember that awful day up here?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you said you understood—I think you could have taken me in your arms then. You looked so like an overgrown boy—and yet so manly. I am glad now that you didn't. It wouldn't have been like you. In my dreams I have seen you sitting there and I have grown to love you just from that memory. But I never dared hope for this. I thought you would only remember me as a silly, weak woman that you in your—your bigness pitied. Stephen—I am so glad." She looked up at him.

Curtiss' face had suddenly paled. Almost forcing her into a chair he paced the floor nervously.

"What is the matter?" she asked, a little frightened.

"I shall never forgive myself," he said, bitterly.

"Forgive what? I don't understand."

"This. Oh, if you hadn't come I could have remained silent—but now I forget station—society—everything! It can't be! You are used to things which I haven't got to give."

Rising, she laid her hands on his shoulders and looked him steadily in the eyes. "I don't want money. I want you."

"You don't know what you are saying," he said gently. "It would be all right for a while, but in the struggle much of my time would be spent away from you. Your friends would shun you for taking this step—and then—"

"Stop," she cried passionately, putting her hand over his mouth. "You have no right to say such things—and they hurt me."

The tears were streaming down her cheeks. Throwing her arms around

his neck she pulled him down to her. "My friends will come wherever I am. All I know is that I love you—I will go anywhere with you—I would like to work here in the office with you—just you—Stephen—Stephen!"

"Forgive me," he said brokenly.

"What was that?"

It was a violent knocking at the door. Curtiss opened it. Richard Travers strode into the room, his heavy face contorted with rage. "I was on my way home," he said sharply, glaring from one to the other, "when Harte told me that you were up here, Jeannette. What brought you here?" he demanded sternly. "Isn't it enough that this man has tried to ruin me but that you should be seen here? Have you no—no decency or did some pining sentiment make you think that this man had done me a favor?" He rapped his cane violently upon the floor.

Curtiss eyed the man quietly.

The woman who had stood trembling while her father had spoken, now faced him with a spirit that surprised that individual.

"I am ashamed of you," she said, stamping her little foot. "After a man has saved you from disgrace, you must heap insult upon him." Then hurling the words feverishly, one upon the other, she told all, including her love for Curtiss.

When she had finished Travers was perspiring profusely. Sinking into a chair he mopped his face.

There was a tense silence in the room.

Finally the old man got up and walked awkwardly toward Curtiss. "I didn't know such men as you lived," he said—"I should like to take your hand, sir."

Jeannette hung with breathless anxiety upon her lover's reply and gave a little cry of joy as Curtiss took the hand of her father.

"I think we understand each other better now, Mr. Travers," he said.

"Yes—and I believe it is needless to add that there will be no opposition to your campaign."

Then Travers went over and kissed his daughter gently upon the forehead and was gone.

They heard his cane clicking down the stairway.

Curtiss swelled out his chest in mock seriousness. "I think," he said, rolling the words out with much unction, "that I will constitute myself a court of equity."

"Can't I be part of the court?" she asked sweetly.

THE INVISIBILITY RAYS

(Continued from page 16.)

leadens sky. The German shivered and pulled the curtain across the window. "I will look no more," he said. "Let us talk, my friend, until we hear the signal gun."

The Canadian sat with his chin cupped between his fore-finger and his thumb. He looked up moodily as the other spoke.

"I am worse than you," he said with a strange smile. "There is some wild strain stirring in my blood tonight. I have gone back a thousand years since we entered this room. The abyssmal man has taken possession of me, body and soul."

"Let us listen for the signal," repeated the German uneasily.

The Canadian laughed in his face. "I have been listening for that signal for years," he said drearily. "I shall listen for it as long as I live, and when

my own time comes I shall hear the Wreckers' Signal as I go forward into Eternity."

He covered his ears with an irrepressible shudder that shook him from head to foot but almost immediately his hands fell limply to his sides, as though the expected sound fascinated him. And then he sprang to the window and tore the curtain away.

"The storm is rising!" he cried wildly. "It will drive your fleet before it like straw before the wind. If the current catches them, there is not a man of all your ten thousand will see his home again."

The German stumbled heavily to his feet. His dry lips twisted horribly, but he could not speak.

And then the very air seemed to split in a scream that burst through the narrow window. It rose and fell

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