

George might have the chance of asking Maxime for his sister. Five minutes later Maxime was squeezing Madeleine's hand, and telling her that no news could have made him so happy. Then, somehow, the lovers disappeared, and Virginia Beverly and Maxime Dalahaide were alone together.

"Everything good comes to us from you," he said, his voice unsteady. "What can I do to show you how I—how we worship you for all you have done, all you have been?"

"There is one thing you can do," Virginia answered softly. "A favour to me. There is a little gift I want to make to you, on this day of all others. I have been planning it, thinking of it for a long time. Here is this paper. Take it and read. You will see then what I mean, and why I want it so much."

It was a long, folded document of legal aspect which she thrust into his hand, and in the blue evening light he opened it. At sight of the first words the blood leaped to his dark face, marble no longer, but a man's face, young, handsome, and virile. He looked from the paper to Virginia.