

THOROUGHBREDS

Allis sprang forward and caught him by the arm—Crane turned away, suddenly discovering that from the window the main street of Brookfield was a most absorbing study.

"I'm so happy," began Allis. Mortimer shivered in apprehension. Why had Crane turned his face away—what was coming? How could she be happy, how could anyone in the world be happy? But evidently she was. She stole a quick look at Crane—to be exact, Crane's back, for his head and shoulders were through the window.

Then the girl—she had to raise on her tiptoes—kissed the sad man on the cheek. I'm ashamed to say that he stared. Were they all mad—was he not standing with one foot in the penitentiary?

She drew him toward the chair, calling to Crane: "Will you please tell Mr. Mortimer the good news. I am too happy; I can't."

A fierce anger surged in Mortimer's heart; it was true, then—his disgrace had been too much for Allis. The other had won; but it was too cruel to kiss him.

Crane faced about, and coming forward, held out his hand to the man of distrust. "I hope you'll forgive me."

Mortimer sprang to his feet, shoving back his chair violently, and stood erect, drawn to his full height, his right hand clenched fiercely at his side. "Shake hands? No, a thousand times no!" he muttered to himself.

Crane saw the action, and his own hand dropped. "Perhaps I ask too much," he said, quietly; "I wronged you—"

Mortimer set his teeth and waited. There were great beads of perspiration on his forehead, and his broad