

sadness crept into the words. Even his bitter and resentful hearer caught some hint of anguish, of final abandonment, of a dream that was dispelled.

"Now, about these papers," he said, striving to assume a business-like air. "I shall write to Mowlem & Son telling them that the Willard trust has attained its object. Sometime I shall endeavor personally to get them to hand over any document in their possession. They are only agents. They can be bought. As to these," and he tapped the sheets in Power's handwriting, "I shall keep them until you have carried out your share of the deal."

"Better not. You may die suddenly. Then they would be found."

"Die, may I? And what about you?"

"I shall not die until the future of Nancy's child is assured. In any event, I have taken steps to safeguard her secret."

Marten hesitated. Ultimately he applied a lighted match to the papers, threw them into a grate, and watched them burn and curl up in black spirals. When they were still ablaze he gathered the bits of crackling heather, and burnt them, too.

"That, then, is the end," he said.

"The beginning of the end," said Power, turning to leave the room. It was a very large apartment, and there were windows at each end. Through those on the landward side he saw Nancy riding toward the gates in company with a young married couple who had joined the house party recently.

"With your permission, I will wait a few minutes," he said. "Your daughter is just crossing the park;