

"Tony!"

"Yes," he told her gravely, "I know all about that night."

"But—how?" she asked, with an odd feeling of helplessness.

Varian seemed to hesitate. Then he said, tersely, "Olverson."

Rita could scarcely believe her ears.

"Temple Olverson told you——!"

"Well, first he wrote to me."

"Oh!" Her hands went up to her eyes. "How cowardly, Anthony! He did it to hurt——"

"I think he did," said Varian, squaring his shoulders. "When I received his letter, I went out to look for him, and——"

"And?" she faltered, glancing up.

A boyish grin overspread his face. "I think his valet had to send for a doctor—afterwards," Anthony confessed.

Rita sat down again, quietly. Minutes sped by. Together they waited. Presently, raising her eyes to his face, she caught his smile, the old, comfortable, boyish smile which belonged so completely to him.

"What is it?" she asked, all at once hungry for the sound of his voice.

"It's just that you look so—so *right*, sitting there in my chair," he said.

There was no longer any doubt about it—Varian understood.

THE END