

a thinking man. Now he must stand by and see Lucy come shining out of that dark failure and go up past him to heights of serene nobility. All the beauty of atonement was for her; for him, the humiliation of being appeased and recompensed, of having his grievance healed. He accepted his part, but his pride was trailed in the dust; shame held him in a constraining grip. He could not go to her and tell her so.

It was then, as he stood faltering, that the outer aspect of the letter in his hand caught his attention. The sheet had come to an end too soon, so Lucy had crowded the last page, and squeezed the final lines into the margin. She had given away millions, but she had saved a sheet of paper, and Dana, seeing, was caught unawares by a gust of silent laughter. It shook him, warned him, lifted him from his abasement and scattered his constraint to the four winds of a radiant heaven; and it put him back beside his wife.

"Lucy!" he shouted.

THE END