ALOGUE

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Late that night, when at last Molly lay back again by her sister's side.

"Are you still disposed to be generous?" he asked her, with a directness that surpased her own. "Is your offer—that splendid offer of yours—still open? Or have you changed your mind? You mustn't pity me over much. I have enough to live on-enough for two"he smiled again that pleasant, sudden smile of his—"if you will do the cooking and polish the front door-nob."
"What shall you do?" demanded

Molly, with a new-found independence of tone that his light manner made

possible. "I shall clean the boots," he answered, promptly, "or swab the floors, or, it may be"—he bent slightly towards her, and she saw a new light in his eyes as he ended-"it may be, stand by my wife to lift the saucepan off the fire, or to do the other little jobs when she is tired."

Again, and more strongly, she felt that he was drawing her, and she knew that she was going going into deep waters in which his hand alone could hold her up. She stood before him silently. Her heart was beating very fast. The surging of the deep sea was in her ears. It almost frightened her, though she had no cause to fear.

And then, suddenly, his hands were upon her shoulders and his eyes were thought he himself had invented it for

lay down to rest with the morrow's bride by her side, there came the final revelation of that amazing day. Neither she nor Wyverton had spoken a word to any of that which was between them. It was not their hour; or, rather, the time had not arrived for others to share in it.

But as the girls clasped one another on that last night of companionship Phyllis presently spoke his name.

"I actually haven't told you what Lord Wyverton did, Moll," she said.
"You would never guess. It was so unexpected, so overwhelming. You know he came to tea. You were busy and didn't see him. Jim was there, too. He came straight up to me and said the kindest things to us both. We were standing away from the rest. And he put an envelope into my hand and asked me, with his funny smile, to accept it for an old friend's sake. He disappeared mysteriously directly after. And—and—Molly, it was a cheque for a thousand pounds."

"Good gracious!" said Molly, sharply. "Wasn't it simply amazing?" Phyllis continued. "It nearly took my breath away. And then Lady Caryl arrived and I showed it to her. And she said the story of his ruin was false, that she



"Earl Wyverton was standing with his back against the door, watching her with eyes that shone quizzically under the meeting brows."

closely searching her face.

"I offer you myself, Molly," he said, and there was ringing passion in his voice, though he controlled it. "I loved you from the moment you offered to marry me. Is not that enough?"

Yes; it was enough. The mastery of it rolled in upon her in full flood-tide that no power of reasoning could withstand. She drew one long, gasping breath-and yielded. The splendor of that moment was greater than any-thing she had ever known. Its inten-

sity was almost too vivid to be borne. She stretched up her arms to him. with a little sob of pure and glad surrender. There was no hiding what was in her heart. She revealed to him without words, but fully gloriously, convincingly, as she yielded her lips to his. And she forgot that she had desired to marry him for his money. She forgot that the family clothes were threadbare and the family cares almost impossible to cope with. She knew only that better thing which is greater than poverty or pain or death itself. And, knowing it, she possessed more than the whole world, and found it

a special reason that had ceased to exist. And she said that she thought he was richer now than he had ever been before. Why, Molly, Molly-what has happened? What is it?"

Molly had suddenly sprung upright in bed. The moonlight was shining on her beautiful face, and she was smiling tremulously, while her eyes were wet with tears.

She reached out both her arms with a gesture that was full of an infinite tenderness.

"Yes," she said, "yes, I see." And her glad voice rang and quivered on that note which Love alone can strike. "It's true, darling. He is richer now than he ever was before, and I—I have found endless riches too. For I love him—I love him! And—he knows it!"
"Molly!" exclaimed her sister in

amazement. Molly did not turn. She was staring into the moonlight with eyes that saw.

"And nothing else counts in all the world," she said. "He knows that too, as we all know it—we all know it—at the bottom of our hearts."

And with that she laughed—the soft sweet laugh of Love triumphant-and

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