

The Girl of the Golden Gate

in her being, came up through the companion-way with the surgeon from Winterton's ship at her heels.

Sawbones caught Winterton's eye and followed him out on deck. The lounge door closed softly behind them and Emily Granville and Paul Lavelle were alone. He drew her precious face down to his and printed a kiss of life triumphant upon her expectant lips. Neither attempted to speak for several minutes.

The gold woman carried a small black book and she laid it in Paul's hands as she lifted her face from his.

"I want you to have this now, my prince, before the world renders you what it will in a few hours. I would have dragged from the world what it is going to give you willingly. I want all that comes to you to come through me. Darling, that is the woman of it. I have kept this a secret from you because I wished to be able to swear that it was not written at your suggestion; that you knew absolutely nothing about it. If I did wrong in keeping it from you—you——"

"Why, darling, what is it?"

"Can you bear to read?"

"Yes."

"Then begin here," and she opened the book