

THOROUGHBREDS

my sleep I dreamed—I don't think it was a dream—it was like a vision—you came to me, and when I said that Mortimer was innocent, you kissed me on the forehead. I woke then, and the struggle had ceased—the temptation had passed. I came down here, and Cass has confessed that he took the money."

"Would you like it—would you think it wrong—it seems so little for me to do—may I kiss you now, as I did in your dream, and thank you from the bottom of my heart for making me so happy? It all seems like a dream to me now."

For answer Crane inclined his head, and Allis, putting her hand upon his shoulder, kissed him on the forehead, and through him went a thrill of great thankfulness, of joy such as he knew would never have come to him had he gained through treachery even this small token of conquest.

"There," he said, taking Allis by the arm, and gently drawing her back to the chair; "now I am repaid a thousandfold for not doing a great wrong. You have beaten me twice within a few days. I fancy I should almost be afraid to be your husband, you master me so easily."

"That's Mortimer coming," Crane said, suddenly, as a step with more consistency in its endeavor than pertained to the hostler's, sounded, coming up the stairs. "I sent for him," he added, seeing the look of happy confusion in Allis's face.

"Come in," he called cheerily, in answer to a knock on the door.

"You sent for me—" Then Mortimer stopped suddenly, and stood staring first at Allis, then at Crane, alternately, back and forth from one to the other.