

promise, you know, and Godfrey has carried out the condition you laid down. Here's writing of his that you yourself admit is worth five hundred pounds, and you must own I never even hinted you should pay for it; only asked your opinion of its value."

"You overlook the fact that I stipulated your husband should make the money," said Corrigan, drily, "while you evidently are at the bottom of this little plot, for I suspect it is a plot, and that letter was never intended to go to Harris. I consider your victory wholly fraudulent."

"Nonsense, papa; it is merely an example of that bluff you have so often boasted about working off on other people. But your proviso was carried out to the letter. Although the poor boy hadn't any suspicion what I meant to do with it, he wrote that letter in all good faith, and would have posted it but for my intervention. "If he can write something worth a thousand pounds, or even half that amount, in actual cash," were your words. That's Godfrey's writing, and you yourself were prepared to pay five hundred pounds for it. No; you're beaten this time, papa, and you'd better give in graciously. You know you will have to, sooner or later."

Peter Corrigan, having recognised that fact some time ago, yielded with a sigh, which was caused less by resignation than a feeling of relief that he need keep up the estrangement no longer. But when he wanted to give Dorothea the cheque for five hundred pounds, she would have none of it.

"No," she said, "I don't want the money, but if you like, I'll tell you what you may do. Send that cheque, or part of it, to Godfrey's publishers, and order in advance a number of copies of his new book, which you can give away to people you know. That will be of mutual benefit, for it will help Godfrey with Fraser and Foote, when they know he is your son-in-law, and your friends will have a new point of interest in you when

they learn that the author of those clever critical essays is a relative of yours."

Peter Corrigan appeared doubtful about the latter part of this argument; nevertheless, when Dorothea had gone blithely home to her unsuspecting husband, Peter Corrigan followed her advice. Thus it happened that affairs seemed to be working out smoothly for everyone except the publishers, who were in a quandary when by next morning's post they received Wentworth's withdrawal of his book, and the millionaire's handsome subscription to the same work. Peter Corrigan's offer was one they did not wish to refuse, and they came to the conclusion it would probably pay them to publish Wentworth's book at their own expense. But a further surprise awaited them in Godfrey's answer. His first impulse had been to accept their offer with gratitude, but the stimulus of his new resolution emboldened him to demand for his work not only publication, but payment on a reasonably adequate scale, and to this the publishers were compelled to agree, rather than turn away the handsome order from Peter Corrigan.

A day or two later, Godfrey, with modest but unmistakable pride, showed the signed contract to his wife.

"You were right, Dorothea, as always," he said, complacently, "in saying that a man should insist on his own worth. See how completely I have proved that in bringing these people to terms."

Dorothea replied smilingly: "They could not help recognising it, dear, and I am glad they are learning to estimate your business acumen, also. Haven't I always told you you were bound to be successful when you tried? I can't tell you how proud I am, Godfrey."

"I owe it all to your help and encouragement," said Wentworth, with most becoming humility, but he never knew how closely that statement coincided with the truth.