

father of not caring much for us; but, if he risks ruin for our sake, he does care."

"Pooh! He's bluffing, too!"

"I am not certain of that. Anyway"—her face cleared; she beamed at him delightfully—"I should like you to make good, Jim, without horrid threats, without bluffing. Take me as I am, if you want me. You can earn a good living anywhere. I'm not afraid of a little poverty with you."

"You don't know what poverty is, Posy. I do. I'm afraid of poverty for the woman I care about."

"Do you mean that you refuse to take me as I am?"

Bathos and pathos are twins. James passed, with an unconsidered bound, from climax to anticlimax. He said irritably:

"Hang it all! I shall have to take your mother, too. Posy, we haven't time to argue this. Hunsaker will be here directly. Luck has thrust into my hands a tremendous lever; and I mean to use it."

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes, it is. I'm fighting for you, fighting to a finish. And ever since the world began, women have had to look on at such a fight——"

"And take the winner?"

She laughed derisively.

"I shall be the winner!"

"Come up and tell father so."

"Right!"

"Mother and I will look on."