

table; "take it. It is yours. You earned it. And come and see me at my office, as you planned."

She stared down at the money. Then her eager hands reached out and clutched it. Her insouciance, her sparkle, her soaring self-confidence was restored to her in superlative measure.

The "Hornet" turned to Retta. "You had better go, too," he suggested. "I will be along as soon as I can leave here — No use leaving anything at loose ends," he added, as the two women left the room. "Let's get right down to it, and draft out that statement for Uncle William to-night." He looked at his watch. "It is early yet."

Whitefield demurred. "But I will need my secretary," he said. "He hasn't shown up this evening."

Muriel turned her head languidly over her shoulder. "Is it Everett you want, Uncle William? He's tied up in his office."

"Tied up? Great Scott!" Whitefield started for the door. The "Hornet" burst out laughing, and followed him.

The moment they two were alone, Colvin's arms closed about Muriel.

"Will you really help me build my life again?" he asked.

"Love of my life, we'll build a world, and a kingdom, and a home together."

"And when will you marry me, heart of my heart?"

"I told Uncle William that I was leaving this house to-night," replied the intrepid girl.