

Better take it! Better take it! It's—endorsed."

James hesitated, casting a furtive glance at Posy. She met his eyes bravely; and he knew that she saw him unmistakably as he was. Quinney flipped the cheque with his finger.

"Better take it—quick!"

James took it, and fled.

IV.

Posy fell weeping into a chair. It is significant, perhaps, that Susan for the moment disregarded her daughter. Joe seemed to fill her eyes and the room. She fluttered towards him, stretching out her hands, calling him by name.

"You are—wonderful!"

The old phrase fell inevitably from her lips. He was acclaimed as the senior partner, rehabilitated. She did not entreat forgiveness, because she divined proudly that he would not wish *his* wife to humble herself.

Quinney kissed her joyously.

But Posy's bitter sobbing spoilt the sweetness of that kiss. Husband and wife remembered guiltily their child.

"Come you here, Posy," said Quinney. "Come to your old dad, my pretty!"

She obeyed him, hiding her head upon his shoulder, feeling the pressure of his arms, and then hearing his voice:

"I've paid more for you, Posy, than any