

## CHAPTER XXXVI

**T**HE next morning ushered in one of those days in June which make the spirit rejoice.

When Mary left Helen's, she thought she had never known the sky so blue, the world so fair, the air so full of the breath of life, the song of birds, the scent of flowers.

Wally was definitely out of danger and Helen was nursing him back to strength like a ministering angel, every touch a caress, every glance a look of love.

"Now if Burdon will only leave her alone," thought Mary as she turned the car toward the factory.

She needn't have worried.

Before she had time to look at her mail, Joe announced that the two accountants were waiting to see her.

"They've been hanging around for the last half hour," he confidentially added. "I guess they want to catch a train or something."

"All right, Joe," she nodded. "Show them in."

They entered, and for the first time since she had known them, Mary thought she saw a trace of excitement in their manner—such, for instance, as you might expect to see in two learned