

are two parties to every compact, and in this case I happen to be one of them."

She stopped and moved towards him. He took her in his arms, a look of rapture succeeding the look of wonder in his eyes.

Presently he put her away from him, and, squaring his shoulders, he said:—

"But let me tell you this, dear, before we go any further. I'm going to live down all the past, prove to you and everybody that I'm not what they think I am, that I'm not a catspaw, but a man; and when I've done that, and not a day before, Dorothy, will I claim you for my own."

Her face was radiant as she raised her lips to his.

"But I've claimed you, Kitt," she whispered softly to him.

To his surprise, he found himself laughing.

"But please remember that I'm not Kitt . . ."

Dorothy made a little moue and glanced archly into his eyes. She placed both hands confidingly upon his straight shoulders, and, as he gathered her in his arms, she looked up into his face and whispered:—