

"I'm delighted to hear that," said Mrs. Wentworth. "Then you don't think it will make any difference to Mr. Harris?"

Peter Corrigan sat up suddenly, and picked up the letter again. He had not noticed to whom it was addressed. He re-read the communication, then glanced at his daughter through half-closed eyes.

"Why should it?" he asked sharply. "Has Harris been trying to get information out of your husband?"

His ever-suspicious mind was at work. Harris was the man on whom he depended for the successful flotation of his company; he had not committed himself finally, it was true, and though Corrigan felt confident of his support, he knew only too well that only a completed bargain is effective. Had Harris been seeking further information than that furnished through the usual channels? The letter Dorothea showed him was obviously an answer to some communication. What would be the effect on Harris as he learned that Corrigan's son-in-law, who might reasonably be expected to have inside knowledge, refused to invest in the company? To that there was but one answer. Yet how should Harris imagine that Godfrey Wentworth would testify against his father-in-law, even if he could? By the simple process of making it worth his while to do so, of course, and a poor man might be dazzled by a moderate inducement. Dorothea's next question confirmed this suspicion.

"Would Godfrey's opinion be worth anything to a clever man like Mr. Harris?" she ventured.

"My dear Dorothea, it is absurd for you to ask such elementary questions," said her father, impatiently. "You know perfectly well the value of such a letter as this to a man in Harris's position, and are shrewd enough to understand it would pay him handsomely to get what he thinks is reliable inside information that might prevent his losing thousands in

a bad or even worthless speculation."

"Would it be worth five hundred pounds?"

"H-mm! So that's the price, is it? It's worth it if he thinks so. Come, Dorothea, we may as well be frank with one another. What do you want? You didn't show me the letter merely to get my opinion, did you? I'll give you a cheque for five hundred pounds to cancel that note to Harris. I suppose that's what you're after."

"Is it worth five hundred to you?"

"If Harris is ready to pay that much for it; yes."

Dorothea tore the letter in two, placed the fragments in the envelope, and passed it to Peter Corrigan, who drew out and opened his cheque book. Dorothea placed a restraining hand on his arm.

"I don't want a cheque," she said. "That wasn't in the bargain. I want you to write a nice letter to the influential person in the Fraser and Foote's publishing office, to say how admirably fitted your son-in-law is for a post on their staff. You won't express it baldly like that, of course, but that is the meaning you will convey."

"What!" roared Peter Corrigan, gazing in angry astonishment at his daughter, who burst suddenly into merry laughter.

"Papa, dear," she said. "I'm afraid you ignored the fact that although I am now Mrs. Godfrey Wentworth, I am also 'née Corrigan,' as the newspapers put it. As I reminded you at our last interview, I was brought up on the story of how you came to the city almost penniless, and so won your employer's confidence that he advanced you a thousand pounds, yet it seems to cause surprise when I try to follow your example. I know that Godfrey can win distinction is his own line of work, just as you have done in yours, and he will do it, too, ultimately, even if you go back on your word now, and refuse to help me. For you did make a