

There was no conflict now, but her being was thrilling with the joy of being conquered.

"Phil!" she whispered. "I think—I've been waiting for you—through the ages!"

A stern-visaged man had sprung from his chair, his hands clenched in fury; there were footsteps in the hall, and he stepped quickly to the door. The butler and his assistant stood before him.

"You rang for us, sir?"

He hesitated, and then waved his hand impatiently.

"It was a mistake. Clear out!"

He turned and looked back to where a maid was smiling as she looked up into the eyes of a conqueror. They had forgotten him.

A moment he stood there, the lines of his face softening. Then he tiptoed from the room and followed the retreating servants.