

some of Hoffstein's gang are after it. They don't know yet who won it. Donovan covered Guy's tracks pretty cleverly. But they'll find out. It isn't a thing to keep."

She turned to him impulsively. "You take it, partner!" she said. "It was won with your money, and no one has a greater right to it."

"It is yours," he insisted.

She smiled. "Very well. If it's mine, I give it to you; and if it's yours, you share it with me. We are partners, aren't we? Isn't that what Guy intended?"

He smiled also. "Well—perhaps."

She put it into his hand and closed his fingers over it. "There's no 'perhaps' about it. We'll take it back to Donovan, and make him sell it. And when we've done that——" She paused.

"Yes?" he said.

She pushed her hand through his arm. "Would it bore you very much, partner, to take me back to England—just—for a little while? I want to see my Daddy again and tell him how happy I am. He'll like to know."

"Of course I will take you," he said.

"Thank you." Her hand pressed his arm. "And then we'll come back here. I want to come back here, Burke. It isn't—a land of strangers to me any more. It's just—the top of the world. Shall I tell you—would you like me to tell you—how we managed to get here?"

His arm went round her. "I think I know."

She turned her face to his. "By faith—and love, my darling," she said. "There is—no other way. You taught me that."

He kissed her fervently, with lips that trembled. "I love you with my whole soul!" he told her, with sudden passion. "God knows how I love you!"

She gave herself to him with a little quivering laugh. "Do you know, partner," she said, "I wanted you to tell me that? I've been wanting it—for ever so long."

And they were nearer to the stars above them in that moment than to the world that lay at their feet.