

time allowed properly to swing the deal upon which Fletcher and I are engaged."

"How much time?" questioned Colvin.

"Ninety days?" suggested the "Hornet." "That's long enough, isn't it, Uncle William?"

"Possibly. We can go into that later. I have your assurance, I suppose, Mr. Colvin, that there will be no prosecution of any kind, or action against me in the courts?"

This was the question for which Colvin had been waiting. "On one condition," he said. "I have no desire for revenge. I am seeking only my rehabilitation. And to obtain that, I must have a written statement from you which will contain the substance of those burned documents, and fully exonerate me."

"You couldn't well ask more, Uncle William," said the "Hornet." "Scandal soon dies, and South America is a long way off?"

There was a brief silence. It was broken by Hazel Phillips, who during this consultation had been sitting huddled in a chair, intently watching the face of first one man and then another. Now she stood up, buttoned her jacket, and straightened her hat.

"So ends my career in high finance." She gave a little, bitter, reckless laugh.

Whitefield turned with a start, and looked at her; he had quite forgotten her presence. A flicker of aroused interest passed over his furrowed face.

"Hold on," he said. "Not so fast. I keep my bargains. And don't think I'm out of it, either. I have said I would make your fortune, and I'll do it.

"I have a curiosity to see how far you'll go. Here," he pushed the fifty thousand dollars to her across the