

at it with a half-fierce cry, clasped it tightly to her breast and dashed out.

Later, when Horace came back to a dim realization of what had occurred, he was conscious of her little figure kneeling by his side, and of the touch of her hands against his face.

"Joan, my little Joan," he murmured, "and you saved me when you could have freed yourself from me. What a wonderful, wonderful thing."

For answer, he saw the light of love in her eyes.

THE END

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