

“Once when I was a red-headed little snide of a pickpocket,” he announced, “I stole a mesh bag from a girl at a football game. That girl looked like you—or what I really mean is she looked like Faith—because she was just a kid then like Faith is now; too young to weigh things right. I robbed her and—since she looked like Faith—well—maybe, once more, you understand.”

Hope sat suddenly upright in her chair. “A mesh bag,” she exclaimed. “I lost a mesh bag at a football game at Cambridge. . . . It was because of its loss that I met my husband. . . . He found it in his overcoat pocket.”

Fogarty sat staring wonderingly into her face.

“Tell me now,” he demanded, excitedly, “was there a diamond pin in the thing, too, by any chance?”

“There was. It belonged to Tom Shell. . . . It was by giving it back to him that Barbour got his first job.”

The dance music stopped, but Fogarty sat staring at the woman in the chair at his side. Finally he said in a low voice, “You must excuse me, Hope, but I’m only a gent and I’m excited. I’ve got to say it. I’ll everlastingly, abso-blooming-lutely be damned!”

THE END