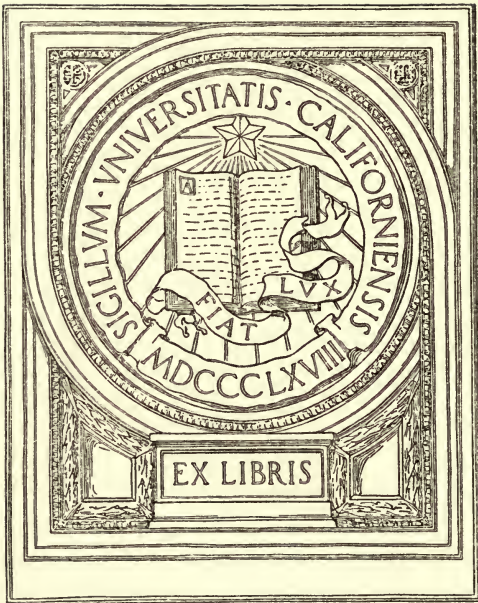

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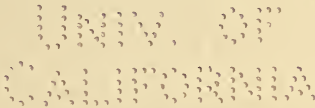
*“Down the narrow path came Glenn and her father,
with Rajah, the St. Bernard”*

Unbroken Lines

BY
HARRIET T. COMSTOCK



Illustrated
by
E. F. Ward



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TO THE
LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

I dedicate this book to
JESSIE FRANK COMSTOCK

She has watched the struggle of the "Unbroken Lines" to merge into one. She has felt the call of Love and Service and I know her good wishes and sympathy will speed this book of mine on its way.

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

New York City, New York.

SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE a young soul, just awake to the meaning of Life but never having experienced Life, were suddenly, and without warning, taken away by what we call death.

And suppose that after a space of time, in some still and peaceful Place of Choice, the soul were asked whether it would pass on to other, and new, opportunity or return to earth and learn its unfinished lessons.

And suppose that the soul should say: "I will return and learn. I will pay, for the experience, all that God demands."

Now what relation do our laws and codes bear to such a soul-quest? Do they hamper or assist? Do they recognize their own limitations and, while seeking the good of the many to the exclusion of the few, refrain from bitterness and prejudice?—or do they assume a responsibility and power that defeat the higher good of all? Do they, when all is said, exact of the soul what the Creator demands or what blindness and human weakness extort?

Do they tend to educate the soul or do they send it back to its Maker — crippled?

Suppose we think about it.

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UNBROKEN LINES

UNBROKEN LINES

CHAPTER I

IT WAS full noon of a golden October day. The stillness was broken only by the rhythmic strokes of an axe in the near distance, as it rose and fell, wielded by a strong and well-trained arm.

Towering around and about a little open space in the wilderness were mighty peaks, snow-crowned and glistening against the clear blue of the autumn sky. There were: the Monk—he was king of them all; the Lily—slim, tall, and aloof; the Twins—huddling close and connected, near the top, by a rocky bridge, narrow and rugged, below which lay depths of silent gloom; and the Giant's Tooth—jagged, cruel, and bristling near the base—with scrubby pine that curled back like a beard, exposing the grim fang.

The clearing was approached by a broad trail or road. It led up from a long, low, log-cabin dwelling which crept lovingly close to the curves of the foot hill of the mighty Monk which rose majestically over it like a protecting overlord.

The house, apparently, had begun its existence as a humble one-room shelter, but had expanded, as its owner's needs and ambitions grew, until now it num-

bered many rooms and boasted of wide piazzas, generous windows and doors, and two massive chimneys built of native rock.

Winding past the Lodge, the road continued, sidling off here and there to escape a bit of the woods or an innocent-looking brook. It kept to the open and the sunlight until suddenly it dipped into the canyon where it shrank against the rocky wall on the right as if afraid to look into the black cavern on the other side, and in the bottom of which roared a mad river—a frenzied river, caught in the darkness and fighting its way to the sea, far, far away, but whose call was in its soul.

In the sunlit space on the edge of the forest a fire burned brightly; over it swung a pot, boiling and bubbling and exhaling delicious odours that bespoke a feast. Beside the crackling logs stood a tall, slim girl in corduroy trousers, leather leggings, a much-worn Norfolk jacket, and a blue flannel waist, open at the throat. She might easily have been mistaken for a boy had not her cap been thrown hastily on the ground, thus releasing the wealth of hair which, in colouring, suggested the tints of oak leaves in the autumn when the sunlight slants through them. The face, framed by the rich hair, was thin and dusky; the eyes, wide and peering, took their shade and expression from their owner's moods and the hour's demands. Out of them looked all that the girl was, but they were waiting, hungry eyes—full of friendliness, faith, and joyousness.

This was Glenn Arnold, and she had come to the forest's edge to celebrate. She was eighteen. Since morning she had been quivering with a sense of

being alive; she felt full of power and a strange presentiment that something unusual was about to happen. She had always been alert and vital, but now she was aware of it; and there was a great difference. Everything looked changed. The wonderful scene that lay around her had been her only outlook since babyhood. She loved it; and she wondered, now, why it should seem like a new thing to her.

"It is because I am new," she finally concluded; and raised her eyes to the Monk.

For that special peak the girl had an almost worshipful regard. The snow on its summit was like a spotless cowl, and from it looked out a rugged, rocky outline startlingly like a human face. When the snow fell over the deep eyes the mountain seemed to brood; when it lifted, it looked gravely benign. There were times when a high, mad wind took liberties with the cowl and sent the soft snow flying like a huge plume; at such moments, for all its massiveness, the Monk appeared ethereal, playful, and most alluring.

Once, when very young, Glenn Arnold, seeing the mountain in such a gleeful state, had raised her arms and cried: "He wants me!" And someone—her father probably—had replied: "When your body is as strong as an Indian's and your eyes as true as an eagle's, you shall climb the Monk and give him his wish."

So the Monk was an ambition; an inspiration as well as a worshipped deity.

Year after year Glenn Arnold held to her determination to climb the highest peak on the range.

When she was twelve she had mastered the Lily. It had been a joy to follow her father up the unseen trails; to hear his praise and heed his command to go slow and sure, as a true mountaineer should. At fifteen, the Twins were conquered. Arnold had taken keen delight in this achievement of his girl, for she had discovered, on that climb, a new trail; had disappeared from his sight, finally to emerge on the rocky bridge near the summit. He had stood and gazed upon her, outlined against the blue of the sky, a slim, fearless figure. His pride and admiration struggled with his natural fear for her safety, but she had not seemed affected by the yawning depths below; her eyes had been fixed upward and across the abyss, and her laugh rang unafraid and mirthful.

“And now!”—she had declared after that victory—“now for the Monk!”

The Giant’s Tooth was discarded. Arnold never encouraged any one to climb that peak.

“There’s no view,” he explained, “and it’s an ugly, unfeeling mountain. I haven’t any use for a struggle that repays you with nothing but barked shins and lost temper.”

“Perhaps, now that I am quite old,” thought the girl by the fire, “Dad will take me up the Monk!” She waved a kiss to the rocky face far above her. Like all lonely mountain folk she felt for animals and objects a close human comradeship.

“What are you looking at?” she asked of the peak, with that feeling of something about to happen again possessing her. “What do you see—coming?”

Then she recalled, with a flood of tenderness, all

that this day of hers meant. Through the years, since she had *first* been told that her coming into life had meant her mother's going out of it, she had striven to make her father gladder because of her—not sadder—since she had cost so much. He and she had always devoted the day to a tender celebration. They approached it with reverent preparation, and devoted hours to question and answer of a time that was unclouded for the man, and hid in mystery for the girl.

“Some day, when you are old enough to take it all in,” Arnold had promised, “I’m going to tell you everything about her.”

As she had struggled to make her body strong enough to climb to the Monk's summit, so Glenn had sought to impress upon her father, year by year, that she was almost old enough to hear the beautiful, whole story of her mother.

“And to-morrow,” Arnold had said the night before; “to-morrow, if the day is fine, girl, let's eat in the open. I'll keep the afternoon free and—I'll tell you—the story!”

It had been thrilling to look forward to. All the morning the work had flown from Glenn's hands—flown, finished and well done. All the morning she had chanted—it was an odd habit of hers—in a clear, musical voice, of everything that caught and held her attention. She chanted to the dogs that followed her about; to the shy creatures of the woods that she and Arnold had tamed, and which—now that winter was near—were edging closer to the care of them whom they could trust. She had invented an entirely new song of praise to the mountains, excluding

the Giant's Tooth from her devotional state of mind, because it was, to her affections, an outcast, a mere spectre among the friendly peaks.

And the time had come! High noon! The fire leaping and curling about the pot; the fragrance of the crushed autumn leaves and the even sound of those strokes of her father's axe.

Glenn put her hands to her lips and called loudly: "Daddy—oh—ooh—ooh!" It was like one long and coaxing word.

Instantly the axe ceased its work. Presently down the narrow path came Rajah, the St. Bernard, followed by Tom Arnold, a massive figure, head thrown back and singing as he strode toward the clearing.

Arnold was forty-seven; a friend by instinct, a foe only from necessity. His friendliness knew no limit; his anger was to be avoided. Just now his face beamed with happiness and content. His girl was his idol; he had, from her birth, left her free to choose and decide her small affairs. He had often feared—often had his moments of doubt, when common sense and tradition lashed him at critical times—but in the end he always thanked God that he had kept his hands off and heeded the superstitious impulse that had been born in him at the time of the child's birth.

"It has come out all right!" he now believed. He felt it keenly to-day. "You can't unmake a creature like that!" he often argued as he watched his girl; "she's found her own trail, thank God, just as she found the hidden one on the Twins."

He called to Glenn as he drew near; she waved

back to him as one good comrade salutes another. Reaching the fire, Arnold stretched himself on the ground and leaned against a sturdy tree. Rajah, after nosing about Glenn, came close to him and awaited his share in the feast.

"Great day, this!" said Arnold, looking about. He was by nature both artist and poet, though he would never paint a picture nor write a line of verse. Something within him saw and heard, and through all his manhood years he had studied and read and worshipped at a shrine that his instincts had kept clean and holy.

"Isn't it, Dad?" answered Glenn. "And look at the Monk; doesn't he look knowing?"

"Looks almighty vivid. Girl, this coming year you and I will make a try at the old fellow."

"Dad!"

"I haven't forgotten; but it's going to be a sort of pilgrimage—just you and me. We'll take days for it—camping by fires and sleeping in sheltered caves. There's a lake up near the top as blue as the sky is now; flowers growing close, looking as if angels had planted them. Why, girl, I've guided many a man up the Monk—some of them good fellows and right minded—but I haven't ever taken one by a trail that I know and which leads, sudden-like, to the lake. I've saved that for you. It's a ticklish bit of way just before you come to the opening—you have to put all your thought in it—and when you first glimpse the lake it just about takes your breath away."

Glenn was standing open-eyed and radiant as her father spoke. Then she came close to him and bent over him.

"My Dad!" was all she said; but she kissed him in that odd, maternal way of hers which always made her seem so absurdly old and yet so pathetically young.

They ate quietly for a time after that. They were healthfully weary, normally hungry, and they were both coming close to an hour that needed strength and peace of mind. Glenn fed Rajah who, with dignified patience, had bided his time with one eye upon the remnants, while with the other, to all appearances, he slept.

At last, having packed away the dishes and replenished the fire, Glenn came close to her father—his face was hidden now by clouds of smoke from his pipe. He was puffing furiously—she sat crouched beside him, Rajah at her feet.

"Now, Daddy," she whispered, "*the story.*"

They were both a bit shy. It was like coming, at last, to a door which to one of them had never been opened. Arnold had stood guard hitherto. Within lay memories too sacred for even his child to know until she could estimate their worth. With the opening of the shielding portals the girl would see her mother with her own eyes—and youth could be so critical, so cruel! In the past, when Glenn had been told about her mother, she had been given only such things as a child should know of one whose going had deprived her of so much. But now she was to judge!

"Was my mother pretty?" she had often asked; and Arnold, from the depths of his own feeling, had replied: "She was beautiful." Perhaps Glenn might not think so! "And she was very good, Dad?" (There had never been any doubt in the tone of the query; it was, rather, an affirmation.)

"The best woman on earth, girl." But would Glenn accept that after she knew?

"The story, Daddy!"

The words seemed to find Arnold in the cloudy space that enveloped him; a far region, where he stood alone.

"I'll begin with the night you came, girl; the night that you came, and—she went. We can travel backward and forward after that, but that night stands out clear and wonderful—set, as it were, between her and you."

Glenn pressed her cheek to Arnold's arm. The arm was rigid as if set for action.

"It was the strangest night I ever saw; it sort of fixed itself in your mind. It was so still that you could almost hear the sap running down, leaving the twigs crackling and dry. The mountains looked near, and waiting—as I was! I was standing near the bedroom window, under the youngish pine clump; I could hear, but I kept looking up at the clouds. They were thin and white and loose, they floated and broke and then gathered together like a drift of snow. They were filled with light. I looked afterward in the almanac and found that there wasn't a moon that night, but it seemed as if there was one.

"Suddenly, as I watched those clouds, they opened and a star showed through. It seemed to be detached—just ready to drop—it was the most wonderful thing I ever saw. And then I heard—words—words. Someone was telling me that—that you had come and that—she was—gone!"

"Dad; does it hurt *too* much to go on?"

"No; I don't want to forget even the least part of it, girl. All through the years I have thought it over. It is good to talk it out."

"*Dear Dad!* Oh! what a wonderful beginning I had! And so, ever after, you got to fancying that the clouds parted to—take our mother" [Glenn rarely said *my* mother] "in, and let the light of the star down, to help me—since I was to have no mother. You called it *my* Light, dear, and you made yourself believe that it would guide me better than you could. Daddy, Daddy; why you have always led me; always I have seen you—just a little way ahead, never far—near enough, always, to touch and to call to."

Arnold raised his hand and smoothed the head resting against his arm.

"We've been great pals," he murmured—"great pals. You were a queer little creature from the start—big-eyed and knowing. I reckon *she* left a lot of herself to help you; the mother sense of her. Why, girl, you mothered things from the first; you'd even pat and comfort yourself just as if something within you were taking care of something else within you—something that was helpless and lonely. There were always two of you—always: the old you, and the little, young you. They were always up against each other—working the way out."

"Yes, Dad; I feel that. I know what you mean and you just stood off, looking on and—loving the two of us. *Dear old Dad!*"

Then there was silence. Arnold's hand was on the long-shut door; Glenn was waiting.

“But—*before* that night, Dad? You have never told me about—before!”

Every fibre of Arnold's body stiffened to the task. He had kept his girl safe for the knowing of what was to be known. He had vowed that she should learn the truth from him after he believed her strong enough to endure it.

“Where—did you find—our mother?”

“Down at Connor's!”

It was characteristic of Glenn that at first she spoke no word. She was picturing it all. She knew Connor's, fifteen miles down the trail. All that was unfit for the heights cluttered there. It was an evil place in the only settlement within fifty miles. Around it were grouped the general store, post office, and jail; the Court sat there on occasions of necessity. No church, no school, hampered the habits at Connor's. And there was only one kind of woman there!—all others made homes as far from it as possible.

“Yes, Dad?” said Glenn, at last. She had the first shock adjusted, but it had left her white and dizzy.

“She was a pretty, frail little thing,” resumed Arnold, determinedly. “I used to go down just to look at her. I couldn't keep away. Over and again I'd go down and stand and watch. I got to thinking that I kept the—worst from her. By and by she would come out—to me. She said she had to; it was like something—calling her. And then at last I made her come with me—away from Connor's. She wanted to, but she held back—for my sake. I took her to the minister's. I wouldn't listen to

anything she wanted to say; she wanted to tell me things; I wouldn't hear—I didn't want to know. I had to have her—had to keep her safe—and I didn't want anything else to enter in.

“Girl, I don't know how to explain. I can't tell it—in words—but your mother was a beautiful woman—a *good* woman! Yes, by Heaven, a good woman!” Arnold seemed defending the past from the strange, searching eyes of the girl at his side. “She left all—all the past that never rightly was hers—down at Connor's. When she got where she belonged—got to what was rightfully hers—she was good—good!”

“Yes, good!” Glenn echoed the words like one in her sleep who dreamily follows a voice half heard. “I'm sure she was good!”

“And—and before you came, girl,” Arnold went on, “she wrote all her little story. I can see her, now, sitting with her shining face by the fireside—writing, writing. She used to say that if I wouldn't listen I must read; but I didn't, ever! She put the papers, all tied together, in a drawer of a table. I never touched them but once, and that was the night she—she went away. I took them—and burned them. They made such white ashes—just white ashes.”

“Dad! that was—right! Thank you, Dad. Oh! how she must have loved you.”

“Yes—she did!” This came quickly; triumphantly.

“Once—it was the only time she ever talked much about herself—she said that if she had it all to do over again she would never be afraid. It was being

afraid to take life bit for bit that cowed women. She said they always began with an awful load of what was handed to them by others, and they hadn't strength to go their own way—the way God meant them to go—step by step—each step, no matter what it was, leading to the next. She said every woman ought to—to find her own——”

“Trail?” queried Glenn.

“Yes, girl; that was the word.”

“Dear, wise little mother!”

Glenn was not judging, she was quivering with sympathy. By the dying fire the man and the girl sat in silence at last. The sun sent slanting rays into the clearing. A chill crept in—it came up from the canyon.

“We must—go home now, Daddy!”

Glenn rose and stretched her strong, young arms; then she turned and clasped them around her father's neck. Looking full at him, a great tenderness transforming her face, she said:

“Daddy; I feel as if you had given my mother to me to-day. Always before she has seemed like something I had only heard of; now I *have* her!”

“Heaven bless you, girl! Heaven bless you.”

And then, for the first time, Arnold's voice broke.

And that was all of the story for which Glenn had waited; striven to be wise enough to understand. A brief, misty, little story that had ended in a heap of—white ashes!

But had it? Already curiosity, a passionate acceptance of a strange responsibility—near and commanding—possessed Glenn. When she went down the trail she almost felt her mother's presence.

CHAPTER II

SAM MORTON, astride his tired-looking horse, loomed in sight the evening of Glenn's birthday just as the sun was dropping behind the Monk. Sam collected the mail at Connor's and distributed it to the scattered people along the trail. Sam was good-natured and popular and, as no one else would assume the mail responsibility, he had accepted it—but with a clear understanding that he was a free agent. This was a local matter. If people were particular, they might go to Connor's themselves for their letters. No one, Sam least of all, objected to that; but if they availed themselves of Sam's services they must include his temperamentality. He was as independent as the wildest of the creatures of the hills; he worked when he felt like it. He made money easily, for he was clever; spent it frugally, because he was canny; and enjoyed life as it came along. He had no concern for his yesterdays, and only such interest in his to-morrows as they affected his to-days. He was long and lean, brown and good-looking. He laughed a great deal, throwing his head back and showing his strong, white teeth. His eyes flashed and gleamed. He took for granted that he would gain his way and, consequently, had little trouble in achieving it.

His mail bag hung limply at his side. The Lodge was almost his last stop. His own home, a mere

shack in a wild bit of woodland, was ten miles beyond. He saw Glenn from afar. She was standing in the doorway of the Lodge looking down the trail.

Since her return to the house she had been thinking of the trail, and Connor's and of her little, pale mother coming up to what was her own! It had all become so vital and real; a sense of protection for her mother had suddenly developed, and Connor's had taken on a new significance.

Once, when she was fifteen, her father had taken her to the settlement; he was obliged to go on business and he thought the change might amuse her, since she was too young to understand. At the end of the day she had opened the bosom of her blouse as if she were smothering and said:

"Dad, if it's all the same to you, I would rather celebrate up, than down!"

Connor's had left a bad memory where only pure ones had previously gathered. Something had warned her; shocked her. She had tried to forget Connor's. After a while she did think of it merely as a place from which necessaries had to be obtained, and from which one should then depart with the least possible delay.

And now? Well, she must draw her mother's memory away from that lurid place where innocent play became an ugly orgy. It was one thing to dance and make merry at the Lodge; but how hideous it had seemed down below!

Presently Glenn saw Morton and waved her hand in welcome. She was always a little afraid that Connor's would get Sam; it never had done so, but there was something about Morton that made her fear for

him. She recalled now that for more than a month the mail had not arrived.

"Well?" cried Morton from a distance, "looking for me?"

"Do you suppose," Glenn called back, "that I've been looking for you every day for weeks?"

"Don't be sassy!" Morton was at the door, now, and dismounted. "There's a box, here, for you; sixteen newspapers—your Dad certainly does go in heavy for knowin' everything in the world—and a letter!"

"The things have been long enough getting here." Glenn's eyes took on the "mothering" look that always brooded in them when they rested on helpless or hurt things, and for all his bigness and independence Morton made an appeal, from a hidden weakness, to her strength.

"Mails don't matter except at seed time and Christmas;" he flung back.

"How about birthdays, Sam?"

But Morton was ready for her. "That's why I'm here. I got something in my pocket for you, Glenn, and if you play your little tricks—get me something to eat, let me tinkle your mandolin a bit, and rest—why I'll give it to you!"

"Not for sale!" announced Glenn, tossing her head. "You may eat and rest and make a noise—for nothing." Then: "Are you going to stay all night?"

"No. There's a moon, and I want to be on the trail and in the open. Gosh! I said this mornin' down in the canyon, that I'd certainly go dippy if I stayed on another week. And he said to get out,

and so I did! Then I remembered the mail and went back to Connor's—and came along. I'm bust-in' tired."

Sam flung himself down on a porch chair. He usually approached a critical situation by assuming that his listeners knew as much as he did. It was flattering but confusing.

"Sam; *who* said to 'get out'?"

Glenn paused in the doorway. She was going in to prepare food but the words caught and held her. Just then Arnold joined them from around the house. He did not approve entirely of Morton—had never felt sure about him. Consequently, until he did, he was a little kinder and more genial than otherwise he might have been.

"Better come in, Sam," he said, "once the sun's gone, the cold gets you. There's a big wind on the way, too."

"Why, Dad!" Glenn looked around, for she had never yet got accustomed to her father's abnormal sense of hearing.

"Sure! I heard it back among the pines. The tops had caught it. Come in, children."

They followed him in and drew close to the hearth upon which the fire never died.

"People and weather are curious," Arnold often said; "they come when least expected. It's easier to be ready for them than to—hustle."

Glenn brought food, watched Sam eat hungrily, and then repeated her question as if she hadn't asked it before, while he tinkled the mandolin—his eyes dreamy and full of content.

"Sam; *who* said to 'get out'?"

"The chap in the haunted cabin." The words trailed along on a badly constructed tune. "It was 'long about three weeks ago that I saw smoke coming out of the chimney as I was riding up the trail, headed for here. It just naturally made me creep but I had to look in; and there, by thunder! was a man lying on a pine-needle bed thrashing around in as pretty a fever as you ever saw. Yelling, he was, and talkin' blitherin' rot; and when his eyes lit on me he named me some woman's name and took to cussing me good and proper for following him where I had no right to follow. The place was stocked up pretty well; there was plenty of wood, though the fire was long dead on the hearth. Jumpin' Jehoshaphat! but it all gave me a thrill—night just fallin' and that crazy chap heapin' all sorts of language on me, just as he'd been doin' to emptiness before I got there to catch it."

Sam paused to tighten up a string. His special interest in the tale now lay in the telling. His listeners were transfixed. Having got his scenery in order and the nerves of his companions tense he could afford to take breath. He was modest about himself, but at this point he was obliged to take the centre of the stage, and he became artistic, brief, and picturesque.

"Why, Sam!" gasped Glenn, "what did you do?"

"Lit the fire and brushed up some—after givin' the chap water and trying to make him understand that I wasn't any lady on his war path."

"And after that, Sam?"

"Took care of him. No chance of goin' for a doctor, for the next day he had a fancy for dropping off the edge of the precipice that was right handy to his

front door. You couldn't leave a man with that bug possessin' him, even to get a doctor. He kept telling me real earnest and confidential that he had got to the jumping-off place and didn't know what to do. After debatin' with him to no purpose, I just took him round the middle and dared him to leap! By gosh! after that he plain nestled down real embarrassin' in my arms and fell off to sleep like a nice-behaved baby. He wasn't much trouble after that, but he clung like a leech. If I left him he'd call after me and gave me to understand that when I got out of sight some kind of power pushed him again to the edge—but when I was near, things ran along smooth. He was some Christmas party, I tell you! I had to feed my horse and do the cooking stunts while he slept. And by thunder! I had to get my own sleep holdin' him like he was six months old."

Arnold had not spoken, but now he suddenly broke in.

"To think of such suffering going on near by and us eating and going to bed as if nothing had been the matter! Two fellow creatures beating off death in the canyon and us—not knowing. Morton, did he die?"

Sam was getting tired of the excitement. To him it was an episode of the past; the sight of Glenn—the warmth and the food—had dulled him to the dramatic. The commonplace now lured him.

"No. He was booked to get well, I only had to hold him tight while he was off his trail. He's safe enough now. When he got reasonable he was an all-right customer. Said he had only stopped at the cabin for business. He was headed for here; some-

one had told him about the Lodge. Said he'd written to you."

Arnold went to the table where lay the mail and took up the one letter from the mass of other literature. He read it, quietly, Glenn and Sam waiting. Then:

"Yes; this is from him. MacDonald Grey he signs himself. Wants to spend a winter up where they make winter. Now what in thunder does he mean by that—'where they make winter'? Sam; I bet the fellow's run away from a mad-house!"

"No; whatever he's running from it ain't that." Morton was positive, and on the defensive. "He's steadier than most, now that he's got his feet planted. He's a writer. Makes them yarns you like" (here Morton turned to Glenn); "he leans to ghost tales and mystery thrillers. Gosh! him and me used to set by the fire, when he was able to set anywhere, and he'd tell things to me that made me afraid to go to bed. It was great stuff. He said once he never saw or heard of a haunted thing but he went for it. He heard of the canyon cabin at Connor's—and he went for it on his way up here. Gosh! he was curious about haunts. He said most places—streets, houses,—folks, even—are haunted, and by Gosh he proved it! I tell you, once he was himself he was good company."

Morton laughed.

"How does he look, Sam?" Glenn's eyes were shining.

"Pretty measley. I say! talk about bony; he is bone."

"Is he young?" Arnold put in.

“Middlin’; and then again—he ain’t. I don’t know how he might look if he had some coverin’ on his carcass; all carcasses look sort of old. This mornin’ he happened to think about me and when I told him what I was, and did, he simply ordered me out and said he was going to toddle up to the Lodge in a day or two. I told him I’d warn you, and send a horse down the trail.”

Arnold walked about restlessly. “I think I’d better start down the canyon to-night,” he said. “I cannot sleep with that fellow staying on alone in the cabin. Some day that teetering old shack is just naturally going to slip over the edge. I wouldn’t like to have it on my conscience if it slipped to-night.”

But Morton and Glenn argued him out of this.

“I reckon,” said Sam, “that he wants to come up the regular way. He’s pullin’ himself together and he’s rather edgy about bein’ thought an ass. You see I told him what folks would name him, sneaking into that cabin and making trouble for us. I didn’t mean to hurt his feelings, I did it to spunk him up, but he’s touchy.”

“Well—come to-morrow,” Arnold concluded, “I’ll ride down and see how things are getting on. I’ll take his letter along as an introduction.”

At nine o’clock, with a full moon lighting the trail, Sam prepared to go on. Glenn stood with him beside his horse.

“Sam; it was splendid—what you did for the stranger,” she said, softly, raising her eyes. Morton mistook the mothering look for something else. He flushed.

“Shucks!” was all he replied.

"Weren't you ever afraid, Sam?"

"No. I wasn't afraid, but it was kind of solemn. I got to thinkin' of things in a queer way. It seemed as if I was fightin' something off—death, for one thing—and the man on the bed took to meaning a lot to me. He seemed mine! And then I passed the time by tryin' to fix things that meant the most—and setting aside things that didn't. It *was* solemn but I wouldn't have missed it."

"What things, Sam?"

"Well, Connor's for one thing. Connor's don't matter, really; Connor's is a joke, but you don't set much stock in jokes when you're up against the kind of thoughts that came in the cabin. And then—other things that a fellow does—when he lets go—but—" here Sam mastered his confusion—"the thing that did almighty matter, Glenn, was you!"

"Me, Sam?"

"Yes, you. You came real plain to me—and you fitted in. You fitted in and I saw you doin' things, the right things; and then I knew you was the fitting-in sort. You just filled up all the emptiness, and I knew that you meant most—of all! I don't think I had ever really thought before, Glenn."

Had Sam not been transformed by his recent experience in the canyon, Glenn would have scoffed at him now; but he had touched her sympathy, her tenderness, her sense of right. She looked mutely at him and did not laugh.

"Gosh!" Morton plunged on, "I know I sound madder than that chap in the cabin ever sounded, but I just had to blurt it out. There are times and things that are so big you can't tackle them, and you

might as well let 'em go. You *do* mean the most of anything, Glenn. I'd do anything on God's earth for you, knowing I'd be the better for it, even if I never got within gun-shot of you. I've seen you at last and felt that I knew the meaning of you; and that's something. You came out plain in the haunted cabin; I reckon *you* haunt me."

Never in all her life had Glenn been so touched. Her afternoon had set every nerve to quivering; her tenderness brooded over everyone, and now it glorified Morton.

"Old, Sam!" she said, "it's just as if you had shed something that had always hidden the real you. Before this you have seemed—well, like things that have always been in my life—things that *were*, and now you seem *you*; and I will have to get—acquainted! But the new thing that you are matters much—much. I am going to hold that right up before me all the time. Does that help, Sam?"

"It does—by God!"

Then Sam drew something from his pocket; it was a ring. A plain, narrow band of gold with a small blue stone set in tiny brilliants. Glenn looked upon the pretty thing as a child might; she reached out for it—took and laughed at its beauty, from pure delight.

"Will you give me a kiss, Glenn; it being your birthday and—and all that?" whispered Sam.

Suddenly the joyousness fled from the girl's face. She sensed a bargain; a compact for which she had no desire. She looked up, all kindness, but with the old, wise look in her eyes.

"I—I cannot wear it, Sam; not now. I'd like to keep it, to look at—if you will let me."

"But if you change your mind?" Morton looked hurt—disappointed.

"I'll let you know, Sam."

"And—and the kiss, Glenn?"

"I'll—I'll keep that, too; until I change my mind!"

Glenn drew back as Morton threw himself on his horse and dashed off. She waited to wave to him in the friendly, old way, but he did not look back. Glenn put the ring in her pocket, gave a tired little sigh, and went indoors.

Her father stood under the hanging lamp, which he had lighted, and in the hollow of his hands lay something that glittered like captured sunlight.

"It's got here in time!" he exclaimed, exultingly, as Glenn entered. "I was lying awake last night fearing that it might not. And, by the Lord Harry, it is handsomer than it looked in the catalogue; and often things do not. Remember that fancy vest, Glenn?"

"What is it, Dad?" The girl bent over the glowing handful.

"It's an amber necklace! The book said 'molten sunbeams'—not half bad, either. Let me see how it looks on you."

The big, gentle hands clasped the beads around the slim, brown throat.

"You look—yes, you do, girl!—you look like an Indian princess come back to what is eternally her own."

Arnold held Glenn at arm's length and surveyed her, deliberately. She seemed different to him—changed.

"I'm afraid"—Glenn's eyes dimmed—"I'm afraid

I'm going to cry, Dad. I do sometimes—when I'm too happy."

"You are happy, girl?"

"Oh! yes, Dad."

"And I haven't ever driven you, have I? I've left you free, haven't I?"

"Why, yes! you funny Dad. You've even left me free to be a—a little, wild, bad beastie, at times."

"Your mother wanted that I should—if you were a girl. The way I've come to look at it, Glenn, is like this: We often learn the biggest sort of lessons when we fall the hardest. Everyone has a right even to fall, if the fall is due him."

"You funny, funny old Dad. And now I know I'm going to laugh."

Arnold was deadly serious. He did not relinquish his hold upon his girl.

"Glenn," he went on, "something—maybe it is these beads—makes you look as if you were—a woman. Being a man, I don't know how to put it, but, child, I want you to know that being a woman doesn't keep you from being a—a human being; and there isn't a thing on earth, I don't care what any one says, that ought to clutch and hold you if it kills the human in you! I don't know why I'm saying this to you, but it was in me and I had to say it." Then he drew Glenn close; he saw the longing for him in her eyes. She rested upon his breast as she had done in her piteous, lonely childhood.

"I know why you say it, Dad," she whispered. "You want to keep me free—even if I am a woman—for my mother's sake. Why, Dad dear, leaving me free has made me free. I'm like the little chipmunk

on whose neck you put the rubber band so that you would know him. He went away, stayed away a long time, but he came back, always. You need never be afraid, dear. Something—maybe it is the light that came with my star—will make me find the right way back, no matter what happens. You think I've missed something because my mother—went. Perhaps I have; but I don't know what it is! *You've filled all the—the chinks, my dear, old Dad.*”

Arnold looked thoughtful. “This day has sort of pulled loose ends together, girl,” he said, standing by his chamber door. “The Pitkineses didn't withhold a friendly hand—after your mother went. You and Polly learned to walk together while the mother did for you both. If you have a call to share with Polly now, I'm not going to say nay—I wish——”

“What, Dad?”

“I wish, by thunder, that Sam would take a liking to Polly. The girl's slipshod but there's the making of something in her.”

They were quiet for a few minutes. Life had always meant these strange upheavals to them. There would be long periods when they travelled on a bright plane; then would come a change—lifting them together to a higher altitude. Then would come a time of readjustment; and so on again into the sunlight with the blessed comradeship.

“It isn't ever going to be ‘little girl’ Glenn again!” Arnold gave a laugh.

“No sir! But a nice, big lady with a necklace on her throat.”

They were emerging from their doubts.

“You'll have to be more polite to me, Dad.”

“Now that I know I cannot hurt you, girl, I may take to—to bullying you!”

“Try it, Dad; just try it!”

They were side by side at last.

“Go to bed, girl!”

“I was about to order *you* there, Dad.”

“Good-night, girl!”

Glenn took his face in her hands. “I see you—as my mother saw you,” she whispered, fondly.

“How, girl?”

“As the safest and best thing in life.”

Then, suddenly, as things often happen, she said:

“Dad, I’m going to get Polly Pitkins down here for the winter!”

“What for?” Arnold recognized the old obligation toward the Pitkinses but he always recoiled from contact with them.

“I don’t know. But I always—when I am happy—think of poor Polly—she has so little.”

CHAPTER III

THE next morning Arnold left the Lodge before daylight. When he started out he looked like part of a procession. He rode his own horse followed by another; and a shaggy little pack horse brought up the rear.

"I'll get the bedroom ready, Dad. Which one shall the stranger have?"

"The best one—the east chamber is the warmest for it has that south window we patched on."

"Do you want Rajah, Dad?"

"No; call him back. I look like a Noah's-ark outfit as it is."

"Come back, sir!" Glenn commanded, and if ever a dog showed disgust Rajah did as he turned tail.

"You ought to be back by middle afternoon, Dad."

Arnold was growing dim in the strange light of the morning.

"Depends on the stranger," came the words up the trail. "Like as not he don't know how to ride horseback. I may have to hold him on."

Glenn laughed at this and went indoors. The strain of the hardest day of the year was past. She was herself again—cheery, carefree, happy. And yet—not quite the same. A girl cannot reach eighteen, even among such surroundings as Glenn's, without Nature having its way with her. Her consciousness of herself the previous day had been a new sensa-

tion; it was a coming to the surface of something that had, from the beginning, been in the making. Normally, safely, Glenn had come to womanhood without shock. Then her mother's story had had a deeper effect upon her than she had at first realized. Only after hours of thought did she really comprehend its true significance. She had spoken sincerely to her father when she said, tenderly, that he had given her mother to her; she had been honest, too, in her sudden desire to accept her mother as she saw and felt that her father was doing; but she was glad—she knew it now—that her mother was dead! After a night's sleep she had awakened with that consciousness of relief. She felt older than her mother had ever been; keener as to consequences. She knew that she never would have been what she was had her mother lived! At first the thought frightened her, she shuddered at her disloyalty—then she was ashamed. But she had thrashed it out to a finish—she and her father stood guard over that poor, little, dead and gone mother—she must stay dead! Only so could she be safe; only so could Glenn do her duty by her. To think of her as alive was to shrink from her.

Arnold was to be spared the knowledge of the cruelty of his girl's youth; but it tore the girl, herself, brutally now that the strength of her father's faith was for the moment withdrawn.

After Arnold passed from sight the girl set the house in order, leaving to the last the eastern chamber. When she attacked that—and no other word expressed her shaking of pillows into spotless cases, and piling of warm, red blankets upon the bed—she

sang at her work in that chanting, intimate fashion that gave to inanimate things such a whimsical reality. She laid the fire upon the broad hearth as if performing a religious rite. She implored the little sticks to burn; she laughingly encouraged them to devour the larger ones. Only when the first log glowed ruddily did she leave the fire to evolve, according to the scientific laws that governed it. Then she tiptoed from the room, closing the door quietly behind her. Already she had accepted the new presence in the house as an accomplished fact.

She went to her room at the far end of the passage and stood before her mirror. She gazed at herself as if she were a new creature; unconsciously she was estimating her appearance from the expected stranger's viewpoint. Her soul-tremble of the morning held now no place in her thought.

"These beads," she murmured, "look queer with the trousers." She unfastened them and put them lovingly in a drawer.

"I'll wear dresses and beads together," she concluded.

Then, of a sudden, she was not seeing her reflection although she was looking full at it. A thought, an impulse, was taking possession of her; she must not advance, nor retreat—it would claim her soon!

Presently she smiled and nodded. It was all as clear as if she had long planned it. She would pack a basket with food, take the dogs, and go down the road toward the cabin in the canyon!

"Toward," was what Glenn thought, but her quick imagination leaped ahead. By cutting through a deep clump of pine—where the trees grew straight

and close and of even height, like a picked regiment—she could reach a short-cut trail that would lessen the distance through the canyon by many miles. What a huge joke it would be to reach the cabin before her father. What an adventure to meet the stranger first!

On second thought Glenn decided that she would not appear in the cabin until her father arrived, but she would be under cover and keep her eyes and ears open to whatever might occur about the haunted spot.

As soon as the plan materialized Glenn rushed to the doing of it. She packed a luncheon and carefully filled two bottles with hot coffee. Indeed as she worked she smiled to see how intuitively she prepared for two—"and the dogs" she thoughtfully added by way of compromise.

When all was ready she strapped the basket on her back and went outside. It was a bright and golden morning now, and the girl stood near the house and lifted her head, turning it this way and that.

"Where's that wind," she thought, "that Dad was hearing last night?" But she did not really scoff. Well she knew how the mountain wind came upon them, often like a veritable thief. Stealing around the peaks; creeping through lonely valleys and hiding in forests, it would suddenly descend upon a peaceful day or night, shattering it to fragments as one stood and wondered.

But this morning was as still as the previous day had been, and there was a golden quality to it that suggested warmth and joyousness. The dogs capered about Glenn. Even Rajah, seeing a chance for travel, forgot his dignity and capered. Bending for-

ward, he would quickly draw his body backward, while his huge front paws held to the ground. His eyes were comically beseeching. Having been forsaken by his master, he wanted to prove his faith in his mistress.

"Come on, Rajah," cried Glenn; "You may be necessary. This is a man-hunt."

Rajah at once took his place; now stately and calm. Not for him were wild gambols through the underbrush. His duty was to be ready for commands; he must be keen to answer any urge of that sense of his which penetrated the unseen; guided him to succour and defend.

Rags and Don, the ridiculous Newfoundland pups, scrambled about upsetting each other and endangering Rajah's poise.

"You foolish babies, come, too," Glenn called. "You are dusty, awkward nuisances, but you are so funny." The pups whined with pleasure and tore off.

This was no mere errand to the clearing; this was far-faring and promised adventure. The party started on down the sunny road that lay like a broad path from the heights to the canyon. The puppies began their usual idiotic pranks. They hustled off into bushes and behind rocks, skirmishing back with all the appearance of having seen and heard that which had caused their hair to stand upright. Glenn laughed. They were so absurd—that pair of inconsequent pups. Rajah hung his head; the pups bored him.

Keeping to the middle of the highway, swinging along in the slow, even stride of a true mountaineer,

Glenn began to chant as another might have sung. She crooned, as the Indians do, her impressions as she went along.

“Oh! road that winds and curves—do you hate to slip away into the cold dark of the canyon? Shame on you! Cling to the tall rocks, keep the sound of the river in your ears; at the other end there is light. Be brave! Cling to the tall wall of rocks; keep the river—roo—roo—roo—in your ears!”

Singing—breaking now and then into a whistle to recall the dogs—the girl came to the point where the road dipped suddenly into shadow. A massive wall of gray rock flanked the right side; a cavernous depth yawned on the other, from whose unseen depths arose the noise of the maddened river hurling itself along against every obstacle in its frenzy to reach the wide, open, sun-lighted spaces and the sea.

Glenn no longer sang. She walked with her hand on Rajah's head; the puppies forsook their senseless circling, and trotted sedately—close to their mistress. It was one thing to play at bravery in the sunshine, quite another to be stalwart in this dark and lonely place with that awful noise deafening one. And where was the day with its hint of summer? The cold sent a chill to the heart. Then, farther on, the wall of rock gave way to a wood whose blackness was specked with sunlight from the day that still existed far, far above the dim place.

Glenn turned into this forest. Beyond it the trail led to the canyon cabin. Rags and Don darted ahead again. This was less awesome than the road. They were gone for five minutes or so; then they came scrambling back with every appearance of

having been frightened to the torture-point. Even Rajah was impressed this time.

“You fool dogs!” Glenn exclaimed, shivering a bit in spite of herself, “if you hadn’t been acting like curs all the way, I’d pay some attention to you now. Stop! Don’t you dare whine and slink. Up there, Don; you too, Rags!”

The dogs obeyed to the extent of standing on all four feet, but they refused to go ahead. Their eyes glanced down the dim trail and then turned piteously to the girl.

Rajah waited for the word of command. He knew his duty, but he respected authority.

“Good, old chap!” Glenn said; “Go on, I’ll follow.”

Rajah was soon out of sight, but the crackling of underbrush as he plunged ahead was guide enough for the girl, with her two dogs now keeping as close to her heels as possible.

The minutes dragged along. Rajah did not return; nor did he give his call for which Glenn was waiting while her breath came quick and hard. She knew that, if there were cause, Rajah would call.

Suddenly the awaited sound broke the deathly stillness! With outstretched arms the girl dashed ahead; she took not one false step. She made straight for that quick, alarmed summons; and in a few minutes she saw—in a little open spot under an overhanging rock—the great dog lying at full length beside the body of a man!

Glenn ran forward and bent over the prostrate form. She was not conscious of any sensation at all, but she worked like a machine that was guided by

unerring wisdom. She saw, in a moment, that the stranger was not dead, but had either fainted or been stunned, perhaps by a fall. His head was near the rock; his hat had fallen off; and a gunny sack, which had been strapped across his shoulders, was twisted to one side.

Glenn worked quickly. She ran to a near-by spring for water; she bathed the white, thin, up-turned face until she saw the eyelids quiver. She chafed the limp hands; she implored the helpless man to make an effort; and when he responded by slight twitches of the mouth she opened her luncheon basket and took out a bottle of coffee which, happily, was still warm. With firm and patient hand she held the bottle to the man's lips and saw with relief that about one drop out of ten went gurgling down his throat; the others did not matter, although, even in that tense moment, the sight of the dark fluid on the white chin suggested unpleasant things.

Rajah looked on sedately and intelligently; the other dogs had drawn near and sat on their haunches contemplating the unusual scene with bland puppy eyes.

Then, after what seemed hours, the man gazed full into the face over his own! His head was now on Glenn's lap. There was a struggle, evidently, to grip and hold the moment of consciousness. Something must have been wrenched from the effort, however, for the lips smiled grimly before a blank nothingness claimed them again. This time the faintness, or whatever it was, passed quickly. Again the eyes opened, the lips and chin stiffened. Then the most inane words came from the man's mouth.

“Thanks, my boy,” he said, “but will you give me my hat? A man and his hat, you know! Queer, isn’t it, how they go together—out of doors?”

Glenn was so surprised at the foolish demand that without replying she simply reached for the hat and laid it on the man’s chest, since to place it where it rightfully belonged was, for the moment, an impossibility.

She knew who he was; she had the advantage and it gave her assurance as she regarded him. There was another brief lapsing, during which more coffee was offered, and, this time, swallowed. Presently the prostrate patient protested.

“For mercy’s sake don’t drown me with coffee. I’m all right now. Help me up, will you?” The irritable tone: the confusion as to her sex made Glenn smile.

She assisted him to an upright position; even put his hat, mechanically, on his head; then she laughed outright. The strain was lessening and the whole situation had a humorous appeal. The white, coffee-stained face; the cap awry; the weak body braced against the rock, the semi-circle of solemn dogs in the dim, shadowy space; and the deep silence, all combined to unsteady the nerves. The laugh irritated the recovering senses of the stranger: he looked angry.

“I must seem an ass! For Heaven’s sake call off the dogs, my good fellow; they make me feel as if I were a ghost and that they were watching for a chance to prove it.”

Glenn gave an order to the puppies. Rajah needed none. His immediate duty was done; he greatly preferred a noon-day nap.

The situation was becoming uncomfortable, and the man with a sudden sense of gratitude took it in hand. He began to talk—it didn't matter what he said—words would ease things up until he could get on his feet. The boy near him must be a factor in his immediate future, so it were wise to propitiate him. The sudden silences were to be avoided: they emphasized the situation.

"What are you doing?" he asked, and indeed there was genuine interest in the question.

"Making a fire. We're going to have lunch."

The sparks were already lighting the gloom; the smell of wood and food gave heart and courage to them both.

"It—it seems quite unreal, you know," the man murmured, and gave a nervous laugh. "Being ill, and alone so much, has played the mischief with my nerves. I swear I wouldn't risk my oath now on the thing I think I see. You and the dogs and the fire are real, aren't you? You are what you seem?"

"I don't know what I *seem*"—Glenn had her back to him; she was balancing a tin pail filled, apparently, with tormenting odours, over the blaze—"I'm real, so are the dogs, and the things to eat. Now, if you will try to stop talking and will take food and— and some *more* coffee, inside of you, you'll be able to go on, or back, or wherever you want to go. You can't stay here—and the days are short."

"Days? I thought it was night."

"No—it's a little past noon-time. The canyon is always full of darkness. But you mustn't talk until you've taken this food."

For a few minutes the man obeyed, and ate, at

first tremblingly, then more naturally. With innate courtesy Glenn also helped herself and the dogs to a share of the meal, and thus kept matters normal.

Suddenly the voice—much stronger now—broke forth:

“I wonder whether you can guess all that this means to a fellow who had given up?”

Glenn was nibbling at a chicken bone.

“Why had you given up?” she asked. Her eyes were lowered; the stranger for the first time noticed what a handsome boy it was who had saved his life.

“Well—I’d done a mad kind of thing and I lost courage. I don’t rightfully belong here, and I fancy I have been about as sick as a man can be—and pull out. A young chap found me in a rickety cabin—a kind of toy house tacked on to the edge of a cavern about a mile deep. He saved my life; just stuck to me until I was able to—to kick him out. I couldn’t hang on to him any longer. I found, after he went, that I wasn’t quite so strong as I had imagined, and then last night” (the man’s face twitched) “I had a dream! After that—I couldn’t stand the place. I’m MacDonald Grey,” the weak voice concluded faintly.

Glenn raised her eyes to the thin, quizzical face. The coffee stains caught her attention; she wanted to laugh, but held the impulse in check.

“Yes: I knew you. You see Sam Morton came and told us.

“I’m Mary Glenn Arnold,” she said, evenly. She added the rarely used “Mary” to impress her sex upon the amazed stranger.

“The devil you are!” he gasped. Her words had

stimulated him more than the food or drink had. "I—I beg your pardon," he added and then, he noted the form, eyes, colouring of his companion and strangled the second explosive as it rose to his lips. What a fool he had been! "I—I was making for your place," he said instead; and with a deference that amused Glenn.

"And the entire Arnold outfit is on the trail for you," she lightly added. She felt herself mistress of the situation and it was exhilarating. "But you mustn't talk any more," she went on. "You will need all your strength and mine to reach the road in time to meet my father. He has horses; he went down to get you. When he finds that you have left the cabin, he'll hurry back.

"Come, get up! So. Now, then, lean on me and—and don't open your mouth."

Grey staggered to his feet without question. He realized the importance of absolute obedience. He was dizzy and faint, but he clutched the firm shoulder offered for his support, and found, to his relief, that he could walk more steadily than he had expected to. There were moments, however, when endurance seemed no longer possible. There were obstacles in the way that proved almost insurmountable. Before a tree trunk, across the trail, Grey paused, the beads of sweat standing on his face.

"I'm afraid—I cannot!" he moaned. His legs felt like lead; to lift them seemed beyond his powers.

"The road is just ahead," urged Glenn. "See. I'll get over—you scramble."

And Grey scrambled. It did not seem absurd. That primitive use of hands and arms, as well as

legs, appeared most sensible and dignified. He was on the other side at last and dropped down, panting.

"Now rest," commanded Glenn, standing close and watching the white, set face.

"I'm—about—all—in!" The words came quivering up to her.

"No, you're not!" There was an appeal in the cheery response—"you only think you are!"

Just then the stillness was broken by the steady tramp and the quick breathing of mounting horses on the trail! Glenn darted away. She ran, calling as she went: "Dad, Dad!" In her relief she evidenced the strain she had been enduring.

When Arnold saw her, he raised himself in his saddle; his face was grave and troubled. As he neared her he cried grimly:

"Girl! I should have gone last night. While we slept the cabin rolled over the precipice! I've been searching for hours; the man——"

"Dad"—(and now Glenn laughed hysterically)—
"Why, Dad, the man's all right, he's up there by the road—waiting. He was coming to us—I found him. It's going to be something of a job to get him home—but he's safe."

Arnold made no rejoinder. What he had suffered during the last few hours had made his strong body weak. It called forth all his self-control to rally it for the immediate demand.

CHAPTER IV

THERE were times, during the week following Grey's rescue, that he closed his eyes and luxuriated in the fanciful belief—exaggerated, of course, by his weakness—that he had left his old, worn-out self behind him when he came up the trail from the canyon. By way of diversion he pictured how he might feel if he were suddenly confronted by the discarded husk. What would be his attitude toward it? Would he ignore it, temporize with it, or denounce it roundly, as a strong and rejuvenated man should?

A dream he had had in the cabin still lingered in his memory. In it his two selves played a part. The weaker, lying sick on the bed, was urged to rise and depart by the stronger self, standing guard. He liked to feel that his better nature had rescued him and having got him free from the doomed shack, had given him a new start on the upward way.

All this was whimsical and, perhaps, weak minded, but it helped to while away the time in the east chamber when he was not eating, sleeping, or watching Arnold and his amazing daughter pouring out the measure of their unselfish hospitality.

This unquestioned service, of which he was the recipient, often caused Grey to ponder.

“Why I might be a beggarly scoundrel for all they

know to the contrary," he thought. "Once I gained strength I might turn and rend them."

But right there another line of reasoning entered in.

"Would I, though? Would any one, but a demented devil, fail to respond to this method of treatment? And if the wretch were deficient, another course of treatment, different from one generally accorded him, would be resorted to."

And so the idle hours dragged along while Grey made mental muscle and gained physical strength.

He heard his host and the girl as they worked below stairs. He was aware, during one night in the east chamber, of a sudden and devastating wind striking the house. It had seemed to come out of a deep silence like the blow from the hammer of a mighty Thor. It had startled and awed him and he trembled under his blankets, recalling the cabin in the canyon. When Arnold entered the bedroom the morning after the storm he had a breezy and wholesome appearance—a big wind always had an exhilarating effect upon him.

"How did you like our little zephyr last night?" he asked.

"It seems to have cooled the air," Grey returned; "it was rather noisy while it lasted."

"Yes; it's taken the last vestige of summer."

Arnold walked to the window and looked out. He had come on a difficult mission. Never before had he been so confused regarding a stranger in his home. His summer guests were business propositions and regulated accordingly. To have a perfectly unknown man upon his hands for months,

during a season of the year when, of necessity, he must be one of the family, involved an entirely new handling of the matter.

Instinctively Arnold liked Grey; he seemed, in a way, a kind of salvage from what might have been an unforgivable neglect of duty. Then, too, Arnold was gregarious and the thought of having a good comrade—and he felt that Grey must be that—in his home while snow and ice held them all more or less captive, had a distinct charm. On the other hand it was not showing common sense to permit this, knowing as little as he did about Grey and being responsible for Glenn's peace of mind and extra duties. There must be some kind of understanding and yet to confront a sick man with his doubts and what might seem to be curiosity, went against the hospitable soul of Tom Arnold. For himself alone, he would have taken all chances rather than appear suspicious; but there was Glenn. To be sure the girl had expressed herself fully on the subject that very morning. She had been explicit and concise.

"I reckon he"—she pointed above—"is in for it up here, Dad, whether he wants to stay or not. I think it's great fun. But if, after he gets well, we don't like him, we can teach him snow-shoeing and point him down to Connor's." With this the girl slid gracefully and suggestively across the floor. But Arnold was not so irresponsible. It would be some time before a snow-shoe exit could be relied upon, and after the drifts began to form any other method was all but impossible.

So Arnold, by the window, grew uneasy. Grey, upon the bed, with the mental clairvoyance that was

his principal stock in trade, began to take in the situation.

"I was thinking," Arnold shifted from one foot to the other like an awkward boy, "that unless you meant what you said in your letter about staying up here for the winter, we ought, in a way, to consider. Once snow falls, it means business. Travel isn't easy; in fact no one, as you might say, moves about much."

Tones convey shades to a keen mind. Grey knew, as surely as if the words had said it, that he was no unwelcome guest. With doubt concerning him removed, he felt sure he would be a most welcome addition at a time which, under the best of conditions, must be dreary. He smiled and began to like and admire his host in an entirely new way. Then, too, above anything else, he wanted to remain and experience something that appealed deeply to him. Rest, peace, the companionship of rare natures. And so he said:

"I meant all that I wrote; I mean it more than ever now, since I have tasted life up here. But see here, Arnold, I'm gaining by the hour and I would not inconvenience you for the world. I do not know the etiquette of the heights but I do know that I have no right to claim anything from you without, to a certain extent, explaining myself."

This manner of approach pleased Arnold. He drew a chair close to the bed and fairly beamed on his guest.

"I—hope you understand. You will, later," he said, genially. "It's one thing to drift about in the open and quite another to be jammed, like logs, as we are up here in winter."

“Quite!” agreed Grey, and lifted himself on his elbow to test his strength. “And a young girl in the bargain, too,” he added.

“Exactly!” Arnold nodded and felt morally sure of his man now, and Grey went quietly on.

“I’m a writer chap—one who has been fortunate enough to make his bread and butter by his trade—after the usual fight and learning to adjust myself. I’ve got a bit more, too, salted down, from a grandmother who managed to keep her faith in me.”

This effort to prove himself caused Grey to flush nervously for he saw that it irritated Arnold.

“I’m not lying awake, nights, fretting about dollars and cents,” Tom broke in. “Along that line it’s my religion to share with my fellow creature.”

“I’m sure of that, Arnold, but I wanted you to understand that I started up here on a purely business venture. I see now that if I stay it will all be quite different. Unless you permit me to be one of the family, so to speak, share your duties and all the rest, I’d be an infernal nuisance. On the other hand, if you can accept me—in a way, adopt me—I believe, honestly I do, Arnold, I believe you wouldn’t be sorry. I’ve done a bit of hob-nobbing in odd corners of the earth, with a good many sorts, in my time, and I’ve never been kicked out yet.”

They smiled genially at each other and Arnold hitched his chair nearer. He was going to offer his hand soon and he estimated the dividing space.

“I’m not running away from anything but myself, Arnold. I’m about the average kind of fellow, but—if I were sitting in your chair and you were lying here, I could take your hand, old man!”

That was enough. Out went Arnold's big fist and grasped the thin one extended.

"You're welcome, Mac."

Now when Arnold dropped the surname and took up the Christian name it was like knighting one. "Rise up a friend!" it meant. If ever the old title were to be resumed it would mark a drear day for somebody.

Grey settled back among his pillows. He was weary, but happily content.

"I'm from Boston," he added as an afterthought. Then, thinking that it might add to his respectability and entrenched position: "I'm twenty-seven years old."

Somehow this struck Arnold as deliciously amusing and, at the same time, conclusive and definite. Glenn at once seemed to shrivel into mere babyhood and became no factor at all in the new arrangements.

By the middle of the following week Grey grew ambitious and, taking advantage of an hour when the house was as silent as a tomb, he struggled into his clothes and made his way—pausing to take breath and gripping hold of everything that offered support—downstairs. When he reached the living room below he stood still and estimated the chances of getting across the space that lay between him and a deep, cushioned chair by the hearth. There was nothing to clutch at on the way and, should dizziness overpower him, he might make a spectacle of himself. It was pathetic but humorous, too. The humorous aspect braced Grey. He straightened his shoulders and—strode forth!

At that instant a most unexpected sound nearly caused him to fall; he did, indeed, stagger.

It was the tinkle of a mandolin impudently keeping time to his uneven steps! He was angry. No man likes to appear ridiculous.

"I didn't know you were around," he said, sharply.

"I'm not around, I'm here. Go on, Mr. Grey; the way you walk makes a new tune."

Glenn was sitting hunched up on a window seat under the stairs.

"Don't you think you're a bit unkind?" Grey stood still, closing his eyes, and struggling to regain confidence.

Then he felt the girl beside him.

"Here's the same shoulder you used before," she said, in tones so tender that all resentment died. "The chair has been waiting by the fire for days, Mr. Grey—just waiting for you."

Gray, without hesitation, accepted the offer of the firm little shoulder, and so he reached safety.

After a few minutes he was surprised to find that his efforts, instead of exhausting him, seemed to have given him strength.

"I've made some progress since the day your father and you half led, half dragged me across this room two weeks ago," he said, with courage. "I didn't care then whether I lived or died."

"And now?" Glenn was standing near the chimney, her arms were folded and her eyes were fixed upon Grey with intense interest.

"Oh! I'm keen about living. As a matter of fact, I've got to thinking I never have lived before."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing very important, I'm afraid, unless it was—making my way up here."

Glenn had a curious way of crinkling her left eyelid when she was amused but not sufficiently moved to laughter. It was very captivating and made her appear absurdly young.

While Grey was noting the charm of the girl in her rough clothing he was aware of several other things at the same time. He was picturing Glenn in different garments; woman's frills and ruffles. It was something of a sensation to dissociate her from trousers and flannel waist. Then the remarkable aspect of the room fixed itself in his brain.

All around the walls, where there were no windows, doors, or chimney, there were shelves with books. Good books, too, he knew that at a glance.

There were bright Indian rugs on the floor and artistic furniture—home-made but conceived and wrought by a master.

"I cannot account for it all, by Jove!" he suddenly exclaimed.

"What?" Glenn was making her estimates, too. Here, before her, was a man. Hitherto he had been a—well, a fellow creature—one that had been rescued and brought back to life. Seen now, clothed and sitting upright, he was something to be considered, weighed—accepted or rejected.

"What can you not account for?"

"Well, this room; your father; you—the whole outfit."

"Oh! Once you settle about Dad the rest is easy."

Again Glenn crinkled her eyelid and Grey had that sudden uplift of spirits. This was somewhat cor-

rected, however, by the girl, at that instant, raising her foot, in a quick, boyish way, and kicking a log back to its duty.

“Dad’s the only wonder. He began life by not belonging to any one in particular but everyone gave him a lift. He worked in a mine. He taught himself to read and write and then city folks began to notice him and sent him books. When he had money he bought more books and after awhile he bought a mine that everyone else thought was worthless, but which wasn’t. Then he bought more books and built a log cabin; the cabin was the beginning of this.” Glenn looked about her lovingly, proudly. “He guided men, quite wonderful men, every summer; you learn a lot that way if you are the good-friend sort.”

“You bet!” interjected Grey. He was being carried along in spite of himself.

“And then—my father met my mother.” Glenn paused and was about to hurry on, but, feeling that she was disloyal, she added: “My mother came from a long distance; she was a beautiful woman and—and so good and wise. She helped my father a great deal.”

“Of course!” Grey was watching the expressive face and his quick imagination put its touch right there—upon a high note. He asked no question, however, and the story ran on.

“My mother died—the night I was born. After that—a family came to live here—to help father raise me. I suppose I was rather messy at first, but the Pitkinse were messier, and when I was six Dad sent them off to their cabin up the trail and after that he and I made it out, somehow, together.”

A suspicious mistiness rose in Glenn's eyes.

"We must have been funny, Dad and I," she said, tenderly. "He made me little trousers by cutting out a paper pattern of his own and then slicing it down to my size. He taught me everything—cooking and climbing and taking care of myself and—and all the rest; and then when I was twelve years old a young professor came up here with a badly damaged constitution and Dad kept him for three years. He was quite well by that time and he had filled me with so much education that I couldn't think!"

Grey threw his head back and laughed.

"So many trees," he quoted, "that you couldn't see the wood, eh?"

Glenn thought over the remark and then said:

"That's awfully clever. I know woods like that. Yes, that is the way I felt, exactly. You see, whenever he thought of anything he just put it in my brain, and—there it was! When he went away I felt sort of choked and I told Dad I guessed it would take me the rest of my life to get the litter cleared up."

"I begin to see it all perfectly," Grey broke in. "You are quite right. Granting that your father is a wonder—and he's that certainly—the rest is easy."

"Am I tiring you?" asked Glenn.

"Good Lord! no. I am getting stronger by the minute."

"There's something I would like to ask you about; something the professor said."

"What was it?"

"It was about a procession. I have always known he didn't mean exactly what he said and it made

Dad angry. He told Dad that I ought to be sent down with my kind where I would have to march with the procession. That was the word he used: 'procession.' What procession did he mean?"

Grey's eyes were filled with merriment.

"I—somehow cannot imagine you keeping step," he murmured, presently, more to himself than to her.

"Then there *is* such a thing. What *kind* marches in it? Just what is meant?"

"A good many kinds; all trying to keep step; being cursed if they do not."

"Why, it must be very unpleasant. Why do they do it? Where are they all marching to?" Glenn was trying to sift the truth from the chaff.

"The Lord knows why they do it—and what they are aiming to reach. It's a beastly parade."

"I should think so!" Glenn was visualizing it. "What would happen if you ran or jumped—or just stood still?"

"Something too awful to contemplate."

"You are—making fun of me, Mr. Grey? You mustn't do that, you know." The girl looked her warning.

"Hardly that, Glenn. What your teacher-chap meant was that you were so different from the rank and file that life might be a little harder for you unless you learned to—well, keep step."

"I see." Then, after a moment's pause: "I'm afraid I never could. Never! If there were a big reason, I might try, but if there were not some reason, bigger than I, why, I'd just come back here where one does not have to—to keep step; where there is room to—fling around a bit. I say, Mr.

Grey, what do you think about coming outside and seeing the sun set? It's going to be great; it's been getting ready for hours—piling up clouds."

"You mean for me to—go out of doors?" Grey had accepted the invalid rôle more fully than he himself realized.

"Yes, I'll get a fur coat of Dad's. The air will make you over. Snow is coming and the air is always softer and kinder before the snow chokes it."

Afraid of seeming cowardly, Grey got upon his feet and plunged his arms into the great coat Glenn offered. The whole scheme reeked of madness, but he hadn't moral courage to refuse. Once out of doors he drew a long breath and held up his head.

"Want—the shoulder?" asked Glenn, impersonally.

"Thanks, but I believe I'll trust to myself for a moment. It's splendid to think that I can."

"Oh, you're quite well now," Glenn paced the piazza with him; "you are only finding it out."

"I must be a dub to have doubted. Come, let us try a turn on the ground. This is immense!"

So down the shallow step they went and with only the sky above them, Grey had a wild impulse to shout.

"Why, look at that peak!" he exclaimed, gazing at the Monk. "It looks as if it had got loose and was running."

"Yes, doesn't he?" Glenn glowed, happily. Grey's response to her mountains filled her with delight; she was growing to like him more and more.

"How do you think the Monk would look in the

procession?" she asked and set her eyelid to its bewitching trick.

"Very much as you would!" And Grey was not laughing now as he fixed his eyes upon her. Then Glenn turned suddenly her full, frank gaze upon him.

"I like you so much!" she said, kindly, generously. "I was afraid I might not when you were up and dressed. People are so different. But you seem to belong here; Dad said you did—but I had to know. I was afraid you would turn out to be quite awful when we were all shut away together. But you will not be."

They had accepted him, then!

"And now?" Grey awaited the answer with a keen curiosity.

"I'm sure—it is all right. We'll have great times. Winter puts you a long way ahead—or back! We read and talk and think. Dad says I always live two years every winter and slip back one every summer."

"I understand." Then, with inspiration: "Glenn, what do you say to this? If I write up here—and I mean to!—may I read what I write to you and your father, evenings?"

The girl drew her breath in sharply.

"If you only will!" she whispered. "I've dreamed of it. I've seen us all sitting by the fire; Dad and I listening, and you reading; and—and the stillness out of doors; and then being afraid to go to bed—as Sam Morton says *he* was when you told him things in the canyon cabin."

Grey was mightily amused. He was positively strutting. His new strength, the joy in being alive, set every sense tingling.

“By the way, what has become of Morton? I thought he might drop in, you know, to see how a fellow was getting on.”

Glenn's face clouded and her eyes fell. Grey followed her glance and saw that she was looking at a ring upon her left hand. Why this should startle him it would have been hard to say, but several of his emotions registered an entirely new set of impressions.

“Perhaps he has been here?”

“Yes—he dropped in.”

“Didn't he want to see me?”

“Well—not enough to waken you; you were asleep.”

“I—see!” Grey kept his eyes on the ring. Glenn caught his glance and flushed deeply.

“Morton is a great chap,” Grey made an absurd effort to be vague and impersonal—“a great chap. I owe him a good deal. I must get in touch with him. He said he lived near here. Perhaps in a day or so, I may be able to tackle the climb to his place.”

“Sam has gone to Connor's for mail and supplies,” Glenn replied and she turned the little stones of the ring away from view. “He'll be back before long but if you want to visit Sam you will have to learn to use snow-shoes.”

“Why, in heaven's name?”

Glenn looked up, sniffed, and—as if scenting something from afar—said:

“The snow is coming—and soon.”

CHAPTER V

GREY had never conceived of such a sight as greeted him several days later when, upon rising, he looked out of the window. He felt as if he, along with the universe, had been blotted out. Peering from his window he gazed into a white silence. It did not seem to move; there was no wind stirring; there was nothing. He felt oppressed, and, with the ignorance of the stranger, he wondered if he, or any of them, would emerge alive—for it was snowing in the mountains! Then, from below, he heard the blessed sounds of life and safety. Arnold was in high spirits carrying in wood, apparently, and stamping about noisily. Glenn was chanting gleefully an incantation to the very thing that was depressing Grey. She called it a “dear, soft blanket”—a “white wing”—a “kind breast to snuggle under.”

Then, suddenly, the spirit of the storm took possession of Grey as if by magic. He was in for weeks of this marvellous, white stillness; weeks when the world and all that went into the making of the world would be shut away. There would be hours by glowing fires—moments of intense excitement while meals were planned—for Glenn managed to invest housekeeping with a lively interest that extended to every member of the family. Already Grey had learned the difference between housekeeping and

home-making; had shared the joy of coöperation. Often, in the daily tasks with Arnold or Glenn, he would pause and chuckle as he pictured his old self contemplating this new being who prided himself on his wood-chopping ability and the ease with which he mastered details of importance in the kitchen. Besides the home tasks, Grey's hours at his table in the eastern chamber were beginning to be fruitful and gratifying. He discovered that his renewed body rose to the demands of his refreshed brain.

Since that first day with Glenn in the open, he realized that he was—well! He never slipped back, although he put his powers to great tests. He worked, often, far into the night; he slept the dreamless sleep of health; and, like a man cured of the drug habit, he looked back at his old slavery and felt a wholesome disgust for the trivial things that had kept him from his work and all but defeated his best qualities of mind and body.

He had, already, two completed manuscripts—short stories born of recent inspiration. He meant to read them aloud to Arnold and Glenn and then send them to the one friend with whom he meant to keep in touch during his absence—Beverly Train.

It was this friend who had originally driven him forth. She had demanded justice *from* himself, *to* himself. She stood guard now; she would not intrude until he signalled her.

“I must write to Beverly Train,” thought Grey, looking into the depths of the white stillness. “I will write to-day after I have read my things to Arnold and Glenn.”

Then into the quiet peacefulness rang a call from below:

"Mac; oh—Mac! Breakfast, sir; and who was right about the snow? It has hung back a bit to be sure, but it's here!"

Grey smiled. The use of his abbreviated name, by the girl, had been decided upon the night before.

"Two names for one man when we are all shut in together?" Glenn had said: "Just pure waste!"

How comical she had looked as she spoke, striding about like a jolly boy, meanwhile daintily serving the evening meal.

"*Mac*, my father would say. *Mr. Grey* would I say—it is all nonsense! What's a name anyhow?"

"Not much," Grey had returned, "unless it is one that sounds like a bit of landscape, as yours does. But by all means let us economize in titles. 'Mac' is short and to the point. A good handle to utilize when I'm wanted."

Glenn had, without a moment's hesitation, adopted it.

All that first day of the storm Arnold worked with a cheerful desperation that was electrical in its effect. It was as if he felt a sense of danger and must comply with all laws.

Wood, water, and oil were brought into closer range. Every suggestion of loose latch or window frame was looked after and the animals were fed early—the dogs given the freedom of the house.

"Looks like we were in for it," Arnold announced at supper; "it will get a good foundation by morning and then settle down into a regular, proper spell of cold."

The tone of authority impressed Grey. He no longer questioned his host or Glenn on certain matters. There might be delays, but their weather-sense was far-reaching and true.

And that evening they drew close around the hearth; the hanging lamp was lighted so that its rays fell upon the manuscript that Grey was to read. Arnold was smoking contentedly. Glenn, her eyes wide and shining, was settled among the dogs, as close to the fire as safety permitted. No one spoke for a time and outside the house something seemed pressing. Arnold said that it was the wind trying to push through the dense storm.

Then, quietly, Grey began to read. He described the cabin in the canyon. So vividly did he do this that Arnold raised his keen eyes. The words gripped him from the start. The artist in him was alert and responsive. *He* saw the bare loneliness of the grim place. *He* became the half-sick man from the practical east, who meant to disprove the tales of the old cabin but who, presently, became convinced that where men and women have lived and suffered, loved and died, something—like the fragrance of a flower removed—clings and materializes.

Arnold knew the history of the cabin. It was before his time that a man, greedy and beset by the idea that he had discovered a rich vein of gold, had brought his young wife to the canyon and, early and late, worked to discover what was not there. Refusing assistance, because he meant to possess all in case success came, he laboured on. The wife had died of loneliness and fear; the man, at last filled with disappointment and remorse, fled the scene;

and soon after, the mountaineers began to repeat the ugly tales that ended in branding the cabin and making of it a hated and feared place.

But Grey's story ran on. The sceptic who, single-handed, had taken upon himself the task of laying the ghost forever, stayed in the desolate spot; stayed until something happened! He took a photograph one day and, upon developing it, discovered that, off to one side, crouching near the hearth, was the outline of a woman's figure! Startled and horrified, he took more pictures. Again and again that unmistakable shade sat, as if dumb with fear, by the ash-strewn hearth.

By the time Grey had reached the end of his story, Arnold had tossed his pipe aside and Glenn was like a stone statue of flattering absorption.

And then they talked it over—talked of haunted lives, of haunted houses, streets, and sunny nooks; of people and places around whom memory—happy, sad, or tragic—held a vivid part.

"I expect," Arnold suggested, "that that poor soul kind of felt she hadn't done her duty and came back to straighten things out with her man. Now if he had done his full part toward her, he would have been—waiting. That's the way I look at it."

He was thinking of the little ghost that haunted his life—of his joy in working and living among the scenes where she had been made so happy. Glenn's life was unhaunted, as yet, and so she could give her full attention to the story. With a deep sigh she said:

"I reckon that when the cabin tumbled into the canyon the ghost was set free. I can just see her.

shaking off the dust and—and either following the river or—the birds.”

“That’s quite an idea, child!” said Grey, taking out his blue pencil, “quite a scheme.”

“Birds or river,” he jotted down in the margin. Then he said aloud:

“I couldn’t bear to leave the sad ghost sitting among the débris of the cabin, not even a shelter for herself while she waited, but I didn’t see any way of disposing of her. After all she had nothing to wait for. She was free to follow her own vision, at last, when everything that had caged her was—a wreck.” Then he smiled and added: “You two are some inspirers!”

And so the first reading came to a triumphant conclusion and they parted for the night; Arnold, to seek his haunted chamber where love, faith, and hope awaited him; Glenn, to the pretty nest under the broad eaves, where the toys of her strange childhood still held dignified court on a shelf near her bed; and Grey, to his eastern room where, by the fireside, he sat to think it all out and make a new ending of the story—before he sent it to Beverly Train. This he tried earnestly to do, but he could not focus his mind on it. His ghost arose and began its restless pacing. It was a small wan, inconsequential shade but, perhaps for that very reason, it had managed to cast over Grey’s life a dun shadow—had contrived to clutch in its groping fingers the very fibres of his being—and, because it had no legitimate hold, hung more tenaciously. Why the sudden confronting of his spectre should now so greatly disturb him he could not have told. He had grown used to its

existence—had, on Beverly Train's insistence, given himself a year in which to decide what he owed the Past and the Future. There was the year still to the good: he had only just entered the space of time. Why this strange consciousness of—a Presence? Why this quickening of his pulses—this unaccountable desire to lay now, without further delay, the haunting spectre?

"It is because— Grey almost spoke the words in his effort to reassure himself—"this simple, isolated existence takes me back to old times before things began to happen; things that I—bungled."

Then he glanced furtively across his hearth as if expecting to find *something* sitting there! He made an effort mentally, to get back to that time when, as a boy, he had lived his lonely life among strangers, on a desolate farm. He recalled his years of dreams and work and study. He wondered why it had not killed his liking for what he was now keenly enjoying.

"I suppose first impressions persist" he reasoned: "one forgets the small miseries; the general good holds. I'm not made for cities: I'm at my best in—the open!"

Again he glanced across the ash-strewn hearth and, by a trick of fancy, Glenn Arnold seemed to be sitting where, but a moment ago, his ghost had sat—the haunting spectre was among the ashes! At this Grey rose and began pacing the room. He gave up all thought of re-writing his story's conclusion. He had more important business on hand. "Right or wrong," he muttered, "I'm going to hold to the year. I may be a fool—but a fool, then, I'll be!"

Having accepted this humiliating, but comforting

prospect, Grey, to his relief, was able, after a few more restless strides, to settle in his chair by the table. He looked at his manuscript, temptingly lying at hand, and felt as one must feel who, while suffering from hunger, cannot eat. He longed for the oblivion that his work always brought to him, but he knew that such joy was not for him now. Ghost-raising exacted a penalty. He grimly began to—pay! For a full hour he doled out the toll. He tried to be just—just to himself and to others as Beverly Train had insisted upon.

What a friend Beverly was! What a power she held in the lives of the few who came close to her! And now Grey could afford to relax. This he did and a delightful drowsiness overcame him. One moment he thought he must get to bed; the next, he was standing in the middle of the room, cold and trembling! The fire had all but died—he walked giddily to the hearth and nervously fed the small embers that still held hope. In action, Grey became calmer, but still experienced the uncanny sensation of approaching danger. He saw the fire leap to life and then went to the window and threw up the sash.

The storm had ceased and the still whiteness was radiant with the light from a hidden but full moon. As Grey gazed into the empty space surrounding the Lodge, something black and quick-moving came into view. At first he thought that it was some wild creature seeking food, but as he looked longer he saw that it was a woman, gliding—not walking—toward the house.

So nerve-racked was he that superstitious terror gave way to positive alarm. His ghost took on

human and vital shape—it was coming out of its shallow grave—it was demanding what it had no right to demand!

There was a sound on the porch below—a stealthy opening of the never-locked door; then, soft footfalls on the stairs. Grey turned his face to his door expecting—he knew not what. Presently he became aware of the amazing truth that, whatever was abroad in the way of danger, it was not directed toward him. The steps went down the hall; they paused at Glenn's door!

CHAPTER VI

LIKE many healthy, normal creatures, Glenn Arnold slept lightly. Her conscious thought lay always close to that subconscious self that touched it delicately and truly when need arose.

The whispered call of "Glenn, Glenn" brought the girl instantly to a sitting posture. She was not alarmed; not even startled. She was wanted, and she merely awaited instructions.

The room was flooded with the unwavering, white light and the door from the hall was cautiously being opened. Then a little form crept to the bedside.

"Why, it's Polly Pitkins!" whispered Glenn, who showed no surprise. Had she not been planning for Polly? One look at the girl's face, however, warned Glenn that no mere longing for human society had brought Polly to the Lodge in the dead of night.

"Wait," she said and arose and put on warm clothing. "Now, then, Polly! Let's go down and sit by the fire while you tell me."

Polly was trembling, piteously. She had been steady enough while shoeing down the dangerous hillsides; she had kept her head calm and her nerves under control; but now she was breaking, and in her effort to regain the mastery of herself, she stifled a hard sob that almost choked her.

The two girls noiselessly went down the dark passage and stairs; they did not speak until they reached

the fireside. There Glenn knelt and, with firm hands, laid a log across the irons. At last she said, softly:

“Take off your wet things, Polly. Everything is all right now.”

Polly glanced toward the far door behind which Arnold slept. Glenn shook her head.

“When Dad sleeps,” she whispered, “he sleeps. But speak low, Polly, for there is some one upstairs who—might hear.”

“Who is it?—Sam?” Polly’s face went ashy white. She was thin and ungainly but there was a spiritual expression in her eyes that illumed her features and gave her, at times, a positive beauty.

The question brought Glenn to a sudden mental standstill; her mind stood fast and waited. Then, stealthily, she approached the girl crouching at her side on the hearth. She trembled a bit, but she was not wholly unprepared. Something had made her ready for this hour.

“Why did you ask that?” she said, slowly. Then, for the first time noticing the stains on the pale cheeks, she added: “You’ve been crying!”

“Yes. I’ve cried and cried until I thought I could cry no more—but I did.”

“What’s the matter, Polly?”

“I—I’m going down to Connor’s. I didn’t mean to stop—not at first—but I was dead tired and then I got to thinking that it wasn’t fair for Sam to have it all his own way; folks ought to know!” A fierce hardness grew in the stifled voice, a flash in the dim eyes. “God! Sam’s got to take *some* of the misery.”

Suddenly Sam and Polly stood revealed to Glenn as desperate and connected facts that must be ac-

cepted and dealt with wisely, lest they might threaten the safety of others. Glenn drew her breath in sharply. Her mother seemed to draw near; she had something to say—something to do for her daughter—something that no one else could do so well. She understood and Glenn, as her child must act for her! This was subconscious reasoning, but in the stillness Glenn was thinking fast and hard, and her mind clung to three words: “Polly”; “Sam”; “Connor’s”! Then the words merged together:

“Polly” and “Sam”—with “Connor’s” in the background. Then the words shifted and “Sam” was in the background and “Polly” and “Connor’s” mingled. When Glenn got as far as that, her horizon widened. Because she was her mother’s daughter, she grasped the hurting truth!

“You are *not* going to Connor’s!” was all she could think to say; but she was clinging desperately to something that she believed was still left in her suddenly shattered ideal of Sam Morton. Somehow she must lay hold of that and draw him back, back between Polly and Connor’s.

“Yes I am,” Polly whimpered; “there ain’t nothing else for me to do. You can always get work at Connor’s. I’ll work till they find out; and then”—she looked blankly at Glenn—“then—I don’t care what happens!”

There was no use in shirking. Glenn again drew in her breath. She did not want to delve into the secrets of life—she had believed she could escape with just knowing them by rote; but she had been wrong.

“Find out, *what* Polly?” she demanded, then waited.

Polly was too full of suffering to heed the question, but she raised her eyes, mutely to Glenn while that subtle soul-look filled them. Some day something might kill that look but as yet it was—pure.

Glenn understood! She dared not mention Sam Morton's name; she was trying not to think of it. This was Polly's secret—Polly's and hers. But suddenly the ring she wore seemed to burn her finger; she pulled it off and hid it in her pocket.

"I have to steal my fun," sobbed Polly at last. "Such as you, can wait till it comes to you. What have I got up at my home? Dirt and noise and—nothin' else. I—I went to Sam's cabin to play. That's all I did at first—just play. I told them at home that I came *here*, but I went to Sam's, when he was away, and made believe! I fixed things up and kept things clean and nice and thought how like a real home-place it was. Sam never found me out for a long time. Then he came back, sudden; and when he knew—he looked queer. He said he kind of thought—*you'd* been doing it."

Glenn shivered and laid another log noiselessly on the others. She did not speak.

"I got to hoping he'd care, when he saw how I thought about fixing things and having a home-place and all that; and—and by-and-bye—well, he didn't say anything much. I reckon I made believe, until I got myself believing it was all right. And now—" Polly's face was ghastly; her throat contracted and her voice trailed—"and now he says I flung myself at him; that he never meant anything like what—what *I* meant. And he says I am trying to scare him into—into marrying me, but that—

(Polly waited until she recalled the exact words) "but that I couldn't! That is—what he said."

Glenn still kept silent. She dared not speak nor move.

"But I—I didn't Glenn; I *didn't* try to scare him. I was only frightened myself. When I stopped making believe—it all came clear! When they find out at home that I lied and that I've been staying, off and on, at Sam's—— You know Father, Glenn! There's nothing else for me to do but get away before they find out."

"They mustn't find out!" Glenn leaned over Polly and touched her. Something in her tried to hold her back, but she disdained it; she drew Polly close—defiantly, gently. "Nobody must find it out—ever!

"Oh! Polly, I meant to get you here; I wish I had got you in time."

At this Polly laughed a dry, hard laugh. "I'm doggone tired," she murmured, "if you'll let me lie here for awhile, Glenn, I'll start on again before daylight."

Glenn drew a rug toward her.

"Put your head on my lap, Polly," she commanded. "So, now! See, I'll cover you up and you must try to sleep. I'd take you upstairs, but I'm afraid of waking the man who is here. He's been sick; and besides—I've got to think."

Polly nestled down and drew the rug over her thin body. "Oh!" she faltered—"oh, it feels good."

Glenn kept her eyes on the relaxed face—saw how childish and weak it was. The lowered lids hid the beauty of the redeeming eyes; all else was common-

place. The lips were prettily curved; the chin lacked character; the hair was light, with the dark and sunny shades that the sun had tanned and faded.

“Poor Polly!” murmured Glenn.

Then the eyes lifted and transformed the face once more.

“I—I don’t know how it was, Glenn, but it never seemed—bad. It don’t seem so now, but I suppose it will, by-and-bye. Maybe it would seem bad now—if I was good!”

The tears came slowly; they overflowed and ran down the soiled cheeks.

“Listen Polly”—and Glenn found herself speaking with an assurance that did not falter—“you’re to stay right here and act as if—as if nothing had happened. You can say you got lonely—that’s true enough—and that you came to me for the winter. And Polly—when Sam thinks it over” (here Glenn was gripping at an elusive ray of light that fixed itself on Sam) “when Sam thinks it over—things are going to to be different.”

“How, Glenn?”

“I don’t know. But they are.”

Exhaustion was overcoming all else in Polly; her lids dropped, the last tear rolled down her face, and then she slept.

Glenn braced herself against the chimney side and did not stir. More than anything else she wanted Polly to sleep. Presently, before the others awakened, she meant to get the girl upstairs, but for an hour or so—she felt she must be free—to think; to battle her own way into light.

She was surprised at herself. She wondered at

herself, now that Polly was, for the moment obliterated. She wondered at her lack of feeling. Why was she not shocked, angry, repelled? Instead, she was only concerned about how it might all end without any one—suffering. Why should any one suffer? When Glenn thought of Sam, she breathed a bit harder. When she had seen Sam last he had aroused something in her by refusing to see Grey; it had made her laugh and then feel sorry. She had promised him to wear his ring until he came back and then—if she had not changed her mind—she would kiss him! *She* had been making believe—*she!*

Sitting by the fire in the still, dark room, Glenn flushed and trembled. It was she, herself, for whom she felt shame. She had not meant to kiss Sam—ever! She had worn the ring to make things go gaily; she was pleasing herself for the fun of seeing Sam look at her as he had then looked! Poor little Polly had played fair—was willing to pay the price of that look in Sam's eyes.

At that point Glenn lost consciousness! She did not seem to sleep. She was aware of the weight of the girl on her lap; she felt the warmth of the fire; the rough, hardness of the chimney against her back. When her stiffened body would not longer be ignored she looked up. The morning light was filling the room; the night and its dreams were gone; and Arnold and Grey, in silent amazement, stood gazing down upon the two by the fire!

For a moment Glenn connected the whole scene with one of Grey's stories. Her mind was too exhausted to accept bare fact. Then she looked at Polly—and remembered!

How could she have been so careless as to fall asleep? How could she have slept when there was so much to do? Her only thought at that instant was to account for Polly without arousing suspicion of any kind. All that had driven her and the sleeping girl to this hour, and all that lay before, were in peril if she bungled. In seeking to make all safe, she spoke automatically as one does who repeats exactly what he does not comprehend.

“Dad; Polly’s going to marry Sam Morton. What do you think of that? She came down to tell me—she had to! I’m going to keep her until Sam comes back. Isn’t this just like Polly Pitkins, Dad? She’s got ahead of me. I was going for her—to-day!”

Arnold did not reply; he simply stared. But Grey came to Glenn’s relief. On the instant he sensed trouble!—trouble that must be strangled, if possible; held off, at any rate. He entered the lists with a keen relish. He did not know what he was fighting but he was ready to fight to the finish and help Glenn win, if winning was possible. He laughed!

The possibilities of a laugh are limitless. This one brought Arnold to himself. It cleared the air; sent doubt and suspicion scuttling. After all this was pretty much what Glenn had planned and he had hoped.

“Well, by the Lord Harry!” he gasped. “One of the Pitkinses, eh? Well sir, this has caught me napping—but it isn’t such a bad deal, at that!”

Arnold was conscious of a feeling of relief. He had not formulated any fear regarding his own girl and Sam, but he certainly drew a long breath, now. And just then Polly opened her eyes and sprang up.

"I—I must go!" she panted.

"Go? Go nowhere!" And Arnold laid his big, kind hand on the girl's thin shoulder. "Why child, I haven't half paid you and yours for what you did for me and mine when things looked mighty dark and difficult. See here, Polly, you stay right where you are and when that Sam of yours comes back, we'll fetch your folks down and have a wedding, so bless me! We'll show what we can do, eh? This is Mr. Grey, Polly—Mr. Grey from Boston; maybe he thinks we can't have a wedding up here; we'll show him!"

Polly rubbed her eyes and stared. Then she curtsied to Grey; the act was spasmodic, she had to do something. Presently her chin quivered—that poor, little weak chin! She looked at Glenn and the tears began to gather.

"Maybe you two had better go upstairs and finish the night out" suggested Arnold. But Grey entered the arena again:

"Nothing of the sort; what these girls need is to work off the excitement. Let's have a spanking breakfast to celebrate. How about it?"

Glenn raised her eyes to Grey—the look in them, for a moment, staggered him. It was the look of one who reached up to him for what he had to give.

And then began the daily life, with Polly Pitkins tossed in as an unknown quantity. She added zest and flavour, but she innocently enough, took too much attention.

Arnold felt it incumbent upon him to jolly the poor child—to picture her future in glowing terms. From all this Polly shrank shyly, affrightedly. Then

Glenn took to bullying her secretly. If she betrayed them, of course, everything would be lost, she warned the girl.

"You must keep on making believe, Polly. Sometimes you can get a grip by doing that. You see if you expect the best, and get ready for it, why you won't look or seem like the kind that can be downed. It is looking crushed that gives the whole thing away.

"You and I, Polly, have got to make the good in Sam seem so real that it will be ashamed to slink off! And when he sees you cheerful and expecting him to be the best kind of a Sam, why he'll *be* it—just because he won't dare not be!"

"Glenn, when I see him I'll die," Polly shivered as she stood apart with Glenn.

"What did you do the last time you saw Sam, Polly. When he—he told you?"

Polly tried to remember. She had struggled through so much since then.

"I—I cried," she began, slowly; "and then—yes, I remember now—I said: 'Sam, it ain't *you* speaking—it ain't'."

"And then?" Glenn's face brightened. "What then, Polly?"

"Nothing. I just ran from the thing he looked."

"Oh! splendid, Polly! You ran from what Sam *looked* that moment—but you're holding to something better. Now answer me Polly, sure and certain. You *want* to marry Sam, don't you? It isn't just because——" Glenn was no longer skirting away from life's crude facts. The girls looked full at one another.

"No—it aint!" Polly spoke fiercely; "making

believe was the happiest thing I ever did; I could go on making believe—always!”

Glenn turned her eyes away; she felt absurdly young and ignorant. It was Polly who knew the big things of life. Little starved and weak Polly Pitkins.

But Grey, realizing the tension, endeavoured to bring things back to the old *régime*. He grew quite boyish in his efforts to amuse; he instructed the others in games, more or less riotous. He insisted upon practising snow-shoeing—he had done some of that in Canada once and it came back to him as the knowledge of swimming comes back to a swimmer. He studiously divided his attention between Polly and Glenn, he felt very virtuous and wise until one evening Glenn aroused him by a whispered:

“Oh! thank you, Mac.”

“What for?” he blurted.

“For everything.”

Something new and vital was entering into the relations—it startled Grey and gave to Glenn a strange dignity.

The evening reading was perhaps the most successful pastime, for Polly was like a greedy child, then. The mere sound of Grey’s voice caused complete relaxation. She looked and listened, rapt in self-forgetfulness and peace.

Sometimes Grey wondered if she really took in anything that she heard, but she soon set his doubts at rest. There were certain things she referred to over and over again. One of Grey’s own stories particularly moved her.

“You don’t make them all wait till they are dead

and done for before you make them happy, do you, Mr. Mac? You make them all have a chance over and over, don't you! And then when they've learned, deep and proper, they are—well, just folks again. It's real fine to make the world that kind of a world."

And through it all—though no one voiced it—all knew that they were waiting for Sam Morton.

Who would meet him first?—when, and where, and how?

Arnold was indifferent; Polly shrank from the encounter; Glenn was determined to waylay Sam; and Grey was *equally* determined that he should. In consequence it was quite natural that he and she should meet on the trail one day and guiltily confront each other. The encounter put Grey on his mettle; he saw the fun of it.

"What are you here for, Mac?" Glenn spoke severely.

"The same thing that you are here for, child."

It rather squared Grey with himself these days, to regard Glenn as a child—a mere, sexless creature in trousers! The reiteration of the word was impressing the girl. There were times when she was conscious of her garments—this angered her.

"Don't be funny, Mac."

"Am I funny?"

"Sometimes. But where are you going?"

"Home, now—since *you're* on the job." Then he turned quickly and looked her calmly in the eyes.

"Child; you want Sam Morton to marry Polly, don't you?"

The suddenness of the attack took Glenn by storm.

There were times when she felt rather weak as she neared the vital moment. She needed backing.

"Yes, I do! Of course I do."

"That's all right, child. I only wanted to make sure. I'm rather inclined to think he *will* marry her.

Why this should comfort Glenn beyond expression she never could know, but she gave Grey a glance and a smile that sent him back to the Lodge with a sense of new interest in life.

There was no doubt in his mind now, but that Glenn, even more than Polly's affair, interested him deeply. He admired the determination and skill with which she held to some unknown but real situation. She had enlisted him: blinded her father and, unaided, was seeking to bring about a result that to her, appealed tremendously.

Very well! Grey decided that he was willing to work in the dark to procure what Glenn Arnold had set her heart upon. She had, without conscious change, become potent to him.

CHAPTER VII

GLENN met Morton a mile down the trail.

It was a clear, still day. The snow was covered by a lace-like design where light-footed animals had traced their pattered. The trees and mountains stood out, sharp and distinct, and the sound of Sam's up-climbing horse rang musically. Glenn stood by the side of the road, like a highwayman, new at her dangerous game. Now that the hour had come, she found herself unprepared. One thing alone she held to: Sam must, if possible, stand and deliver that which was best in him—that which she felt was there! He might offer less—doubtless he would—but she must insist. She must not be frightened; she must not be driven off.

At such a moment when the big things of life come to very simple people, the primitive use of words is resorted to; a few go a long way.

Sam, singing, came lazily along. His head was thrown back; he looked very handsome—very care-free. This hardened Glenn and spurred her forward.

Sam saw her; he laughed aloud for sheer joy. She had come to meet him! He dismounted, and as he drew near he said the one thing that was needed to give Glenn the strength required for her task.

“You—brought it, eh, Glenn?”

“Brought what?”

“The—kiss!”

Glenn held him by a long look. "Polly is at the Lodge," she said.

During the moment's pause, following this, a great expanse of country was travelled over by the man holding the horse, and the girl by the trail.

"Damn her!" muttered Sam. Then, desperately: "I suppose—she told you—all?"

"Yes, she did." And Sam knew that Polly had. His eyes fell for an instant.

"You—you don't know men, Glenn. It was—it wasn't all my fault!"

"I suppose—not. You see, Polly was making believe with all her might—girls are made that way; you weren't. That was the difference. Polly was—Sam, Polly was going down to Connor's; she said there was nowhere else to go!"

Then Sam made another mistake; he offered less than his best.

"Girls like Polly get to Connor's—sooner or later," he said. He had grace enough to flush crimson.

Glenn came nearer to him now—she was at close grip. She took his hands and said quietly:

"Honestly Sam, do you think *that* of Polly? Honest and true. Just as she is now—is she Connor's kind? That would make all the difference in the world."

Sam hedged.

"You are thinking only of Polly—not of me. What kind of a hell would it be for her if—if you made me marry her?"

"I'm not going to make you, Sam. But tell me—is she that kind?"

Then Morton harked back, though he struggled against the stark memories that arose—harked back

to the nights, when tired and lonely, he had reached his cabin and found the fire burning, the meal ready, and Polly making believe! How he had blinded himself—drugged himself—let himself go! But through it all rang the one great truth: Polly was *not* Connor's kind. It was only when Glenn became the greatest thing to him that he had aroused.

"It isn't up to a man to keep a girl straight when she's hell-bound, anyway," muttered Sam.

"Maybe not. But it's up to a woman. It's up to me!" Glenn's eyes blazed. She was her father's daughter—her mother's protector at last. She was her truest self!

"What do you mean, Glenn? You ain't going to play the fool are you?"

"I don't know. I'm going to keep Polly from Connor's."

They stood facing each other at close range. Sam realized that if Polly stayed at the Lodge—and he felt that she might—he must drift—where? That would be the code of the heights. The mountains had not open space enough around the Lodge, for him and Polly—apart. A cowardly impulse of self-preservation shook Sam. He was as wedded to his environment as the rock against which Glenn leaned. She had fallen away from Morton.

"There is something else," Glenn said simply.

"Polly is——"; she looked steadily at Sam. The effect of the look upon Morton was terrific. He was elemental; he suddenly comprehended. His character was like a crude collection of blocks. Each held a separate emotion; yearning, passion, or virtue. They had never flowed together or commingled; but

always, pervading everything was the hall mark left of his lonely, helpless childhood. Unfathered, he had begun life with his deserted mother. He had not understood, until long after her death, what it had all meant. After she went, the people in the small western town had, in turn, taken Sam in. From house to house, unwelcomed, he had passed with his beggarly little bundle of ragged clothing. Children, keen to detect differences, had made life bitter for him until at last he had run away from them who had made no effort to reclaim him. He had worked and starved—stumbled along until, from sheer strength of character, he had managed to get his head above water and reach the mountain heights. And now he looked blankly at Glenn. It was one thing to let a woman drift to Connor's—Sam had early grown to blame his dead mother for her part in his misery—but to let another child know what *he* had known and suffered! That was quite a different matter.

“You mean——?” Then, suddenly:

“My God!”

Glenn knew that he had surrendered. Something in her leaped up gladly. Again she drew near Morton and took his hands.

“Polly is still making believe, Sam; I guess she's that kind. And—and I've told them that you are—going to marry her. Dad's arranging the—the wedding.”

Sam's eyes had the expression that one might find in the eyes of a man who, expecting death, was given a life sentence. He was bidding good-bye to the free, glad open; the place of choice and happiness.

“That—that’s mighty good of you all,” he muttered, but even as he spoke, his hopeless words belied the straightening of the broad shoulders that had accepted the burden he had so heedlessly wrought for himself.

Then something of the old dare-devil came to the fore.

“I’ll be the dummy groom, all right. But Glenn, I want you to know—you’ve *got* to know—it was—the kid; and don’t you forget that! I can’t make you see it—but I meant fair with you, as Heaven hears me! Nothing meant as much as you until——”

“I understand, Sam. It will help us both.”

It was a Christmas wedding—Sam’s and Polly’s. Grey, later, wrote it into a good story—a story that brought a smile and a tear to many a seasoned reader, back among the commonplaces of life. Some people from outlying ranches came gleefully to the feast; the Pitkinses arrived in force—a proud, soiled, and irrepressible lot. A minister was corralled from a village fifty miles away. He was escorted by some rollicking cow-boys who made life hard for him, on the way up. They refused to have their souls saved, and would not let him keep his own free from contamination. They made him believe that they were as bad as they seemed when, in fact, they were the kindest, most genuine youngsters that ever harried a Necessity. That is what they dubbed the Reverend.

“Your name, sir, is ‘Necessity,’” they announced. “Folks can’t begin life decently without you and

they can't get out of it respectably, without you. Just plain 'Necessity'—that's your number, all right."

And then they swore a bit, loudly and merrily, and enjoyed themselves hugely. But once they reached the Lodge they were courtesy itself and grew quite sentimental and misty-eyed when the minister performed the ceremony.

Grey, standing at a distance, looked on and felt his own heart throb a little faster than usual. He knew that he was in the dark but he still had a feeling such as he had once experienced when, from a river bank, he had watched a lonely angler, below, poise, nicely, a glorious prize. The moment of doubt as to whether the trophy would be secured or not, had set his blood coursing through his veins; when it *was* landed he gave a shout of sympathy—a shout that no one noticed.

Something that Glenn had very much wanted, had come to pass. Grey was rather annoyed at himself for caring so much for what Glenn wanted. Perhaps there was something to say on the other side of the question—Morton's side.

Just then the minister waited for Sam's reply as to whether he would forsake all others and cling only to the pale, wistful creature gazing mutely into space.

"I'll do my best, sir!" was the amazing answer from the rigid-faced groom.

An electric thrill ran through the room; and then the ceremony proceeded without further hitch.

"By the Lord!" muttered Grey. Then he thought: "The fish isn't landed yet, by a long shot." He turned his eyes upon Glenn. She was looking at

him, pleadingly. He smiled and nodded. He meant to imply to her that it was all an amusing incident; nothing to be taken seriously—by *him* at least.

The thought reached the girl's trouble. It was more to her to think that Grey suspected nothing than to have had his keenest sympathy. To Glenn the chasm had been bridged—a catastrophe averted. The way on ahead might be difficult but it certainly could not be menaced by any such danger as had almost made her lose her faith in her little world.

The festivities lasted until late afternoon and then the guests departed—Sam and Polly, last of all. Surely no stranger couple ever set forth. Up the trail they went, side by side, hands hanging limp; their faces bent and no word passing between them.

“Sam sure came near making a show of the thing,” Arnold remarked turning from the door and closing it, now that the bridal couple had passed from sight. “And the boys from the ranches! Did you ever see such polite manners? They wanted to bu'st, but they corked it up. The preacher sees only hell and damnation for those chaps but I told him that he could take it from me that most of them would have stars set thick in their crowns when they reached Kingdom-Come.”

Then he turned to Glenn who was standing by the fire, her back to her father and Grey.

“Girl, you made me think shame for you when you came in with your togs on. You've got clothes—why didn't you wear them? Breeches and flannel shirt at a wedding and a girl inside them!” Arnold sniffed.

“Dad, the boys would not have known me in fix-

ings. I would have upset the meeting." Glenn smiled, wanly, as she spoke.

"They must think you haven't any," Arnold went on. "It's a waste of time for you and me to pick and choose from the catalogue if you aren't ever going to spruce up. You might have worn the beads, anyway, out of respect for me."

"Dad!" Glenn's eyes were tear-filled. Then she looked at Grey.

"I have beautiful things," she said, as simply as a child. "Dad sends for everything that is pretty; some day I will prove it. It isn't Dad's fault that I came just as I was to the wedding. At first I only thought of Polly; then—well I wanted everyone else to keep on thinking of Polly. It was Polly's day, not mine."

"I am afraid you might have divided the attention."

Grey tried to look indifferent but he was imagining the girl—as a woman. He was doing that more than ever lately. It always ended by a stern resolve on his part that when spring came he would go back to his own place! Surely nothing very serious could happen, even with his friendly weakness considered, before spring. And when Grey reached that point a contempt for himself steadied him. "Good Lord!" he argued; "why must a man or a woman eternally mess the sex idea with everything else? It's all right in its place, but it has a place; and that a man and a woman just happen to be together doesn't necessarily create a condition. Lord! Why can't I stay here and enjoy this life without——?"

But no pebble is thrown into the water without

causing a ripple that reaches the farthest shore. The vivid affair of poor Polly had stirred the depths of the lives closest to it and the ripple widened its circles and touched here and there, as it grew. It touched Arnold, making him more tender and kindly than was his wont with the Pitkins family. He recalled their unselfishness when his need had been sorest—he meant to do something for Polly. He decided that he would send her a broncho and a cow.

Grey felt the ripples as he sat alone in his room trying to write down his impressions while they were fresh in his mind. He fixed upon the phase that included Sam. He felt confident that Morton had been driven to marry Polly Pitkins. Why? Around that little word the whole thing revolved. Women were always so much more concerned with a danger close at hand than with that which menaced from a distance. But were they? And then Glenn came into line in her boyish dress and her elusive beauty. How splendid of her to have kept Polly's day intact when she might so easily have filled it with herself and her achievement! What a woman she would be some day when she lived, outwardly, her real nature. And then Grey visualized her and fell to dreaming. He did not write much on his story that night, nor for many days after.

The ripple touched Glenn. The next morning she came downstairs in an amazing gown which, the catalogue had informed her, was suitable for morning wear in the country!

Grey never could describe it. He had never seen anything in the least like it, but it had the power of transforming a boyish-looking girl into a very start-

ling young woman. Its power was impertinent and oppressive. It called attention to form and colour; it pronounced sex in clear terms; it placed Glenn in an entirely new position in regard to her father and Grey.

Arnold, viewing his daughter dispassionately, fell to assuming new duties. "You cannot slop around in a dress like that," he said; "let me carry the water. So! Now then; you wipe the dishes; I'll wash them."

This delicate distinction made Glenn smile and when she smiled both Arnold and Grey noticed, for the first time, that her beautiful hair was dressed rather ornately and that it left the nape of her neck bare and exquisitely white.

The morning gown gave place, a few days later, to another of deep, golden brown tint, which seemed to bring out all the unnoticed glories of Glenn's colouring.

If the girl had been disturbing in the morning gown, she was positively exciting in this one. Unconsciously, apparently, she arrayed herself and went quietly about her tasks. If her eyes were a bit brighter and sunnier Arnold attributed it to the fact that she was "grown at last."

But the continued attention to dress irritated Grey. It had a meaning which, somehow, seemed directed toward him. He resented this. He could not keep his eyes off the girl; she began to creep into his stories. He was afraid Beverly Train would detect her. He ended by not sending manuscripts to Beverly! "This will never do!" he said to himself. "What sort of an ass am I, anyway, to let myself moon—when there is absolutely nothing to moon over?" But there was

this new, woman-thing introduced into the isolation of the mountain winter; and it would not be ignored!

Then came the days when Grey sought to master situations; when he feared some act of Glenn's might turn him traitor to his determination to keep a year of his life clear. He wanted the present—nothing else. He acknowledged his own changed feeling toward Glenn; he called it by its right name, but he hoped, until the year was over, she would remain—a child.

He concluded to test her at some moment when he had himself well in hand. He believed the hour had come, one day, when he found her in a window seat reading a novel Beverly Train had sent for *his* consumption—certainly not for Glenn's.

"Where did you get that book?" he asked, sharply; then as if sorry for his brusque tone, he added: "You're too young to read such stuff."

"Why, I should think it is when you are young that you need it. When you're old, it doesn't matter, does it? It is true, isn't it, Mac?—this story, I mean."

Glenn's eyes had a deep, intense expression.

"True?"—Grey could not push away from him the faith and sweetness in the girl—"why yes, in a way. It's life."

"Then why shouldn't I read it? Why shouldn't I—know life?"

Grey sat down in front of the girl and leaned toward her, his hands clasped before him. "I don't see why you should know *all* of life; none of us do. If you happen to be set apart from the grime there is no reason for grubbing."

Glenn considered this, then said slowly; "Of course. But you see, Mac, you never know when you are going to stumble upon any particular part of life. That's the trouble. Now this girl"—Glenn touched the book—"hadn't the least idea what she was to go through after she met the man. It seems to me—" the words trailed gently, almost pleadingly—"it seems to me that men expect a good deal of women considering that they do not let them know, or want them to know, everything. It is this way"—and now Glenn leaned toward Grey; their extended hands almost touched—"this man, for instance, married the girl because he liked a certain kind of woman—a woman who hadn't the least bit of knowledge about life and—and things. Then, once he had married her, he expected her to be quite another kind. It doesn't seem fair. *Is* life fair, Mac?"

"Not always, Glenn; but, after all, life is pretty much what we make it. People are not fair, you know." Then—so abruptly that the girl fell back—he asked: "Glenn, why do you—wear these clothes?"

"Wear these clothes? Why shouldn't I wear these clothes? They are mine!" The purplish eyes grew dark and the mouth drew in at the corners. Besides, I wanted you to know that I *have*—clothes." "Is that all, Glenn?" Grey kept a close watch.

"Well, perhaps not quite all. You see, Mac, I—I wanted you to—to know that I am a woman. I was afraid that you—you might not—might not—you see!"

Through the crust of girlhood the primal force was pressing. It did not see, in Grey, at that moment,

the man; it saw merely *Man*, and every sensitive nerve quivered.

Then Grey, blindly seeking to set right a condition too delicate for any handling, said:

"If you had a big brother, Glenn; if *I* were your big brother at this particular moment, I'd tell you to——"

"What, Mac?"

"Well; stop reading that book, for one thing and and——"

"Yes, Mac."

"Slip into your boy-togs again for as long as they—they fit you." Grey laughed—a bit shamefacedly, to be sure—but he felt that he had saved the day and safeguarded the future.

Glenn rose quietly and held the book out to him.

"I only got as far as the middle, but that has given me a lot to think about. I am going up now to—to put on my togs!" She turned from him with a little crinkling of the eyelid.

Grey had reinstated the old relations but at the cost of much that he did not realize. What he had sent back, to its dark corner, would come forth again—and soon; but not for a second repulse from him!

The *ego* in the man believed that it could hold the perilously sweet condition safe until such time as revelation would be safe and sure. But a man's *ego* cannot always determine situations; the woman's *ego* plays its part too.

CHAPTER VIII

GREY told himself over and over again, during the weeks following Morton's wedding, that as soon as spring came he would go back to his place and stay there until he could return a free man. So long as he called it, and recognized it, *as* his place, he felt secure and at peace with his conscience. But the trouble was that Grey was merely drugging himself. More and more he was fitting into his new environment; developing an intense interest in things and people near him. His old self, native of what he chose to term his "place," was becoming more and more his subconscious self—a force to be relied upon for inspiration in writing, in keeping him right with his conscious self.

Grey became expert on snow-shoes and he often went away for days with Arnold. They slept at night in the shelter of rocks, with lurid fires, set in glistening snow, at their feet.

The two men grew closer until Arnold more often called Grey "son" than by any other name.

When they were away Polly would sometimes stay at the Lodge. These little breaks in the life of the Mortons, Gray looked upon with favour. He felt that the strain in the lonely cabin on the trail was lessened when the pressure was at times removed.

"You have the 'feel' of the trail," Arnold once said to Grey. "Now, there're men who get to the top,

and plucky fellows too, but they never have the 'feel'! You get to know the lack when you are with them."

Grey began to believe he was getting the "feel" of lives in a way that he had never known. It was not sympathy alone, nor a desire humanly to help; it was kinship, a common tie, and he often wondered why he had not felt it down among his own.

"I did not belong in the procession," he smilingly thought; "I was too apt to stop and get out of step. Up here there is room enough to let others pass—or wait with them."

Daily, Arnold referred to the summer, and of turning some of his guests over to Grey. He took for granted that Grey would remain.

"I'm tired of being the only one to guide them," he said; "there are times, and folks, who tempt me—there always will be; but I'd like to know that I could call on some trusty person, like you, Mac, when I wanted to remain behind."

Grey felt flattered. He determined, then and there, to give himself a summer. It would round out the year. He would then go back to his place and honestly confront life with a clear conception of exactly what he owed it.

Having settled that question in his own mind he permitted his roots to sink a little deeper into the soil; he became more and more interested in the Mortons, for instance. "The fish," he mused, "is not landed by a long wriggle."

Morton he had seen was a born rover. Spiritually, as well as physically, he was happiest when drifting. But Grey noticed that when Sam took time to pause,

his cabin home meant much to him. So Grey, rather boldly, conceived a plan which, while attracting Sam to his home place, would give Polly a joy she had never known and perhaps most of all please Glenn to such an extent that her twinkling eyelid would come into play. Grey often watched for the pretty trick. He was living on trifles—and living happily.

Poor Polly was feverishly making believe until her thin little face had become tragic and her weak chin was taking on firmness. But all the make-believe in the world could not put actual pictures on rough walls, nor give the grace of physical comforts to a bare, mountain shack. With the help of Beverly Train, who had a passion for playing middleman, a detachment of wedding presents found their irregular way up to Morton's. What joy and solace they brought could not be expressed, but Sam's shy grin and Polly's quick, grateful tears gave some evidence of what they meant.

Glenn made no remark. Since the day when she had handed back the novel to Grey and had resorted to her knickerbockers her attitude had been one that a watchful big brother might have applauded, but which Grey, in no wise, understood.

This should have pleased Grey, but it often disturbed him. At times it positively alarmed him. It well might be that he had misunderstood the whole situation and when he'd done his part—his conscientious part—he insisted upon calling it that—he might find that his backings and fillings had not concerned Glenn Arnold in the least! That she had never needed his protection from himself.

Thus does a detached life act and react upon small

happenings, but do as he might, struggle as he did to be sensible, the girl in the Lodge was always on the sky-line of Grey's future. Her tenderness, her strength, her sense of justice, and her high spirits, thrilled him; but most of all, the new sense of comradeship that Glenn evolved awoke new interests. And so he was off on the old line of hope, despair and silent resolve to hold to his ideals.

Hitherto women had largely touched his sympathy or compassion. They had been weak, or wronged, or exploited. There had been some call upon his protection, but here was a woman who reached out to him a frank equality that, to some men might have been repelling, but which was, to Grey, a singular attraction. "One would only have to love her!" he thought—"love her without qualifications or excuses. She would never keep you guessing, but her faith would mean all a man ought to ask for, from his woman."

It had been a slow progression on Grey's part, this development of his love and desire; but when he accepted it his life was suddenly transformed—and irrespective, too, of Glenn.

Of course this was all dangerous and the outcome of too concentrated a life. Unless he was prepared to take a definite stand he had no right to remain at the Lodge—knowing what he did, of himself.

One day Polly Morton let a little light in upon Grey's confused ideals. Glenn had asked him to go and bring Polly to the Lodge.

"Sam's off," she explained, "he stopped early this morning. Tell Polly my feet are twinkling." Grey laughed at the "twinkling" as applied to feet. "Polly

will understand. When we were very little and I got the twinkles, Polly never questioned. She did her tasks and mine while I—ran away! I evened up, when I came back. Polly always knew that I would. Lately I've had a fancy for doing something quite freaky and I'm going to get Dad to do it with me. We're going to walk by *night* and sleep by *day*; I want to see how the world looks turned inside out!"

"What an idea!" Grey was caught by the fancy.

"Isn't it great?" Glenn was in high spirits.

"It's—it's weird," Grey replied. Then he added: "But it's rather splendid. I'd like to—to share such an experience.

"If you were my father, Mac—or my *big brother!*—I'd invite you." And with that Glenn made a wry face at him.

Grey turned away. He knew the eyelid was about to perform and he did not care to see it—just then. So he strode off to Polly's.

He found her sitting by the window of her little living room, her hands idly folded over a workbasket on her lap. The door was open, just as Sam had left it when he passed out; something in Polly demanded freedom to follow. The woman hardly heeded Grey's entrance, though she did speak quietly to him.

"Mooning, Polly?" Grey sat down and looked at the little woman with interest.

"Queer thoughts come sometimes, Mr. Mac. They come, by themselves."

"Yes; they do. At least we are not conscious of creating them. But what particular queerness has caught you now, Mrs. Sam Morton?"

Her own name seemed to startle Polly—to fix her roving fancy.

“It’s—it’s about Sam, Mr. Mac. And I guess it is in us all alike—it is something that no one can get to, or touch and I reckon no one ought to, either. And when your love is big enough to see that, then, it’s odd, but the thing doesn’t fly off from you so much. It—well, it is not afraid any more and it trusts.”

Grey puckered his brows. He understood, but was puzzled by the realization that he *did* understand.

“The thing in Sam that likes to—to roam and be by itself,” Polly, seeing the pucker, became more definite: “it just was real afraid that I was going to lay hold of it, Mr. Mac; and at first I *did* want to—it was what I wanted most to get. It hurt cruel—when I couldn’t. Then, sudden-like I got to seeing there was something in me that held off from Sam. I couldn’t even talk to him about it, and if he had tried to clutch it—well, he couldn’t any more than I could clutch that something in him; and then I grew quiet and real happy and—and rested. After awhile, I can hardly tell you Mr. Mac, but it was as if Sam got to understanding, and now when he goes off—he really doesn’t seem to be off—off where I cannot reach him. I’ve worked it out in my own mind that the *two* soulthings in us—in Sam and me—have an understanding of their own; and that’s why.”

Grey did not speak for a moment. He looked beyond the woman in the chair by the window; he saw Glenn and the vital meaning that she represented to him. He believed that she, too, must understand! The thought was a comfort.

"Yes, you and Sam are," he said presently, "indeed all of us, every mother's son and daughter of us—holds the meaning of all the others—like a kernel." Then he got up and stretched himself as one does with a growing pain.

"Glenn's feet are twinkling! She said that you would understand," he spoke, abruptly.

Immediately Polly was changed. Her eyes brightened; her lips parted.

"I bet she wants to take to the trail on some fool lark," she said.

"That's about it"—Grey assented—"walking by night and resting by day. A mad idea, but rather Glennish."

Polly got up. As she did so her hands fell away from her work-basket and there, in full view, was something that has had power, always, to stir the heart. It was a tiny garment, absurdly fragile and dainty—a waiting shell; a hope to be realized; an evidence of a mother's faith in things unseen.

By a quick movement Grey grasped the basket and put it out of sight—he felt unworthy to gaze upon it; it was a holy thing! It explained everything like a flash of light. Very quietly, a little later, he and Polly went down to the Lodge.

Now whether Glenn had only made an excuse to get Polly away from home no one ever knew, but once she had achieved what she desired she made no mention of "twinkling" feet, and the freakish idea of the night walk was not referred to. The girls worked and often sat apart. When Sam returned he was urged to stay on at the Lodge and assist in some work Arnold had undertaken on a lean-to shed. Grey

felt himself pushed aside a little and he wondered if Glenn was wiser than she seemed, or—indifferent?

And thus the time passed—so rapidly, that, almost before any one had realized that it was near, spring came to the heights! It came rather violently, turning the streams into rivers and the rivers into dashing, roaring cataracts. The snow was torn from its holdings and swept away; sturdy bloom, which had been but waiting its chance, surprisingly raised its brave head and the mountains were radiant! The Monk was particularly jubilant; his white plume was daily flying.

Arnold went forth more often alone, for it was his habit, once winter was gone, to get a comprehensive idea of what had taken place. Sometimes he came back bearing in his arms a wounded or a sick animal—bear cub, or innocent-looking mountain lion.

“We’ll mend them up, poor creatures,” he would say; “but keep in mind what they are. Don’t forget the blood that runs through them. A lion is mostly lion, and it is apt to break out early. A cub gets to be a bear sooner than you might expect.”

This was interesting.

“Don’t you think you could train the bear and the lion out of them?” asked Grey.

“And if you did what would you have?” countered Arnold, looking amused. “I’ve tried it, but it isn’t satisfying. You somehow feel as if you’d spoiled a good job. There are sorts that can bend and yield—run close, yet never break—but not the genuine sort.”

“I guess that’s true,” Grey admitted.

It was in May that Arnold left the house one morn-

ing before the family was astir. For some reason Glenn when she appeared, resented this, rather angrily.

"I've known for days," she said, "that Dad was going to sneak away to the Monk. He wants to make sure that everything is safe on the trail, and then he means to take me. Just think, I've never been yet! But I don't *want* things made easy—I want to fight my way up, beside him. He had no right to—sneak off! It's been the dream of my life to go with him."

Grey laughed. "I reckon he knows what he is about," he suggested.

"He took the pups," said Polly; "they're missing. I guess he wanted to train them a bit."

"And Rajah?" queried Glenn.

"No, Rajah is plain sulking; he looks like you."

"Very well," Glenn suddenly declared, beaming. "Rajah and I will follow on, Mr. Daddy!"

"Do you want any other company?" ventured Grey, looking hopeful.

"I don't, really, Mac." Then, as if she relented; "But at three o'clock, if we're not back, you may come and meet us. You know the Monk trail, don't you? It's the worst."

"All right. In the meantime I'll get my cabin in order."

Grey had taken one of the near-by cabins and was giving it a permanent air that was most unconvincing whenever his projected leave-taking was under discussion. He had a bedroom, a study, and a kitchen; already the rooms had the appearance of a home.

At nine o'clock Glenn departed, Rajah at her heels;

a goodly lunch, in a gunny sack, hanging on her back.

It was a glorious day. The air was balmy, but keen. There was the smell of growing things at every turn. While Polly sang in the Lodge, Grey whistled in his cabin; but not for a moment did he forget that at three o'clock he might take to the Monk trail.

He made his own mid-day meal in his newly equipped kitchen. He was vigorously reaching out in every direction in order to be a "regular," not a foreigner. Surely such discipline would not come amiss in any walk of life, he argued.

The clock was barely through with its third stroke when Grey was on the trail. Polly looked after him; from the heights—and depths—of her wisdom she smiled, vaguely. The thought that she held made her happy, though the thing she thought about had brought her much heartache. With it all Polly felt—she could not express it, but she felt—that it was truly worth while. It held the meaning of life—life!

Grey—mounting, mounting, the worst trail of all—was thinking, more coherently, the same thought. This welling-up of fountains he had never suspected caused him both happiness and pain. It was something to know what real love was. It was not given to everyone to distinguish between the real and the unreal. The old conception that he had once held amused him. Even before his life had been twisted from its own course, he had had but a poor ideal compared to this simple creed, regarding love, that held him now. "It is civilization that has played havoc with the best that is in us"—he mused, stumbling on; "not having patience to wait until we're

needed, we patch up something that we imagine is real." This was all very comforting, viewed from his own point of view, but—lately—Glenn had puzzled him. It was not going to be all his own way—Grey smiled rather grimly. "Women at the best—or the worst," he thought "are complex."

And then he gave himself up to contemplation of the dangerous by-paths which, far too often of late, he had been longing to explore. With absorption as absolute as that of any youngster during his first love affair, he revelled in the delights of possibilities, all tinged by his desire. He found much comfort in the conclusion that such emotions as he was experiencing could never have acquired the power they had unless they were fed upon reality. Glenn might be complex; she might be wise and fine enough to shield herself from him; but he felt confident that from behind her defence-works, she suspected all his feeling for her; that she returned it, too, in her shy, sweet way; that she knew there must be some cause for his silence, and was willing to trust.

It was during these mental ramblings that Grey became aware that only Glenn's footsteps and Rajah's were before him. He wondered if Glenn had noticed that her father's prints had departed from the way? Or perhaps she knew of a shorter cut that would join the trail later. However, Grey was not following, or seeking to follow, Arnold; he had but one object in mind and was doggedly keeping to that. Glenn was too well trained to lose her head he knew.

When the day began to darken he had a moment of unrest; conventions held him at times, most unexpectedly. His first thought was for Glenn. Sup-

pose that, when he reached the rocks, he should fail to keep to her path!—a night on the mountains, alone, would be a test for nerves as strong even as Glenn's. Then again, suppose he did overtake her, and he and she were forced to seek shelter until morning! This supposition was alluring as well as disturbing. Grey recalled Glenn's wild fancy for turning night into day and his pulses quickened as he imagined the long, starry hours of the night—the awaiting the new day! However, for the present there was nothing to do but to plod on. This he did, but more slowly, for he was tired and it was becoming more and more difficult to see the tracks.

Presently Grey was aware of a great peace and happiness overcoming all his other sensations. He calmly contemplated the years on ahead. As his body mechanically pressed forward, so did his thought. He meant to live up to his ideals now that he had disentangled himself from the trivialities of his life. He meant to fulfil his duties and obligations; to prove that, to him, they were facts—not mere moonshine as many, among them his oldest friend Dick Carrington for instance, had often termed them. Grey had not thought of Carrington lately, but now he regarded him and his conception of life as directly opposed to his own. "Odd," he thought, "how two fellows, jogging along in pretty much the same road, can get such different views and come to such different conclusions."

Throughout all these idle conjectures, Glenn was spiritually beside Grey. Through her, his ideals of marriage, home, life-work, and all the rest, ran without check. As Sam Morton once had said, Glenn

“fitted in”; she was that kind of woman. And Grey felt that it was because she recognized in others the “something” which Polly had described as a thing not to be touched, that she was so satisfying. “And when the thing is not touched”—Grey thought, in the darkness, for it was quite dark now—“it grows unafraid and draws close to the same thing in others. It’s the big understanding of the best! It’s the only safe hold men and women have upon each other.”

And then, because he could not see any mark before him, Grey kept his eyes lifted. He was seeking, now, a light in the little half-way house. That was the next hope to which he must cling. He had been there, a few weeks before, with Arnold—on his rounds of preparation. “A night here is quite an experience for climbers,” Arnold had explained; “the sunrise isn’t bad from the doorway.”

By early evening, Grey knew he should reach the shelter. He would doubtless find both Glenn and Arnold there and they three would make a night of it. Alone, under the stars, he and Glenn might watch the night’s mystery. It would be the high point of his life, Grey realized—that moment when with love, self-acknowledged but secret, he could look forward to a certain line of action, severed, finally, from a mistaken sense of duty.

The last bit of the trail, before reaching the shelter, was the most difficult of all. It took nerve and muscle to master it, especially in the dark. And in spite of himself Grey was anxious.

Falling over rocks, sinking into puddles, feeling the way, he mounted higher and higher. He was long past the timber line. The stars above him were

superb; the sky had the blue-black colour that was such a perfect background for the snowy peaks. Presently on ahead, at some distance, he saw a point of light.

“The shelter!” he exclaimed; “and they are there.”

He went forward with renewed vigour. His weariness, bruises and lameness were forgotten.

CHAPTER IX

STRANGE to say, Glenn had not noticed that her father's footprints, early in the climb, had departed from the trail. So confident was she that he had gone toward the Monk, that after accepting this theory the matter had slipped from her attention. It was no easy climb at the best and it took a good deal of concentration to keep on the path—if path one could call the opening, cluttered with rocks, fallen trees and muddy snares. Rajah was non-committal. He would go, of course, but he had his opinion of that form of outing.

At noontime the girl and the dog were in the open, above the trees, on clean rocks. They paused to eat and to rest; Glenn made a cheerful little fire and became ridiculously joyous. "Rajah, when Dad sees us, he'll say a bad word first and then laugh after. He'll know that he cannot sneak from us!" But later on, in the afternoon, Glenn grew more serious. She realized that she could not make the summit; she would not attempt it. She could not hope, even, to overtake her father; she would have to wait for him at the half-way house. "He will come upon us in the shelter," she comforted herself; "and then, perhaps—Mac will fetch up! Rajah; I wonder if you are satisfied with just being—a dog?"

There was a strange light in the girl's eyes. If in spring a young man's fancy turns to love, how about

a girl's? If Grey's wells of primitive emotions had overflowed their well-constructed banks, what could be said of this rushing flood of life, and love of life, that were sweeping through this girl, whose sweet, free years had put no obstacle in its path? She had not reached the discriminating point—almost any one with love as an offering would tempt her. It was springtime and she was young. She even forgot Grey's repulsings—they did not enter into her present mood.

The story of her mother had opened the gate between childhood and womanhood. Sam Morton's crude touch had set something vibrating. Later, Polly's tragedy had brought a distinct note to the fine instrument of Glenn's imagination. The anticipation of Polly's baby had awakened the maternal, that lies so near to all love in woman. It had purified and given meaning to all the rest.

And now, ready for the master hand, with the world waking to the warm touch of life, Glenn—feeling, yet not knowing, love—toiled in the gloaming to the little shelter by the trail.

Her father was not there! He had not been there; he might not come all night! Not suspecting that he was followed, preferring the open to any form of cover, he would, undoubtedly, make his fire, find a hole in the rock and take his ease in his own way wherever night chanced to find him. Too late, this realization dismayed Glenn.

"It looks," she said, lighting the fire; "it looks, Rajah, old man, as if you and I—you and I—would have it all to ourselves to-night."

But as she spoke Glenn was estimating how long

it would take Grey to reach her. "He'll never turn back," she thought. "We'll eat the scraps"—she had saved them from her noonday meal—"we'll sit by the fire; he'll tell me a story." Her eyes widened and deepened; they were now the colour of the blue-black sky, but no one was there to glory in them.

It was very hot in the little shelter, and, lying curled up on the hearth, her head upon Rajah's willing body, Glenn fell asleep. She felt herself going—and made no effort to keep awake. She would hear any approach; it was only napping after all, until her father—or Grey—appeared!

And wandering close to the borderland of consciousness, a strange dream drew the girl relentlessly into its power. She seemed to be on the trail again—happy and refreshed. She seemed to know the way perfectly; a bit on beyond would be the ticklish strip of rock-path, just before you came to the lake whose water was as blue as the sky! And then presently she was *on* the narrow ledge of rock—walking cautiously, but with no fear. She did not raise her eyes—the sight of the blue lake might undo her. (Her father had cautioned her about this!) She wondered in her deep sleep, where her father was; he seemed to be near her, but out of sight. Safely she crossed the rocks and came—just as her father had said she would—upon the wonderful scene that he had kept just for her! It was marvellously beautiful and there were flowers close to the edge—such lovely flowers!—just as her father had described. But how lonely it was—and how still! She was waiting—waiting for some one. Was it her father?—or——? Then she

knew, sitting there by the water that she was waiting for Grey! Grey meant more even than her father! How strange that was! And it did not make her unhappy; it was as it must be—things always were, if they were not bungled. Her father knew that, as well as she. And just then she thought she saw a man coming across that ticklish bit of trail! He had his arms stretched wide, like one who was blind; he was feeling his way. Her breath came short and hard. It mattered more than anything else in all the world, the safe passage of that man upon the ledge! The dream became, at that point, a nightmare. And how slow the man walked!—how he swayed! And then he stopped short—turned wildly, and—fell—fell—fell!

After what seemed an eternity, the limp form lay at Glenn's feet. The body was lifeless—crushed—but the upturned face was calm and unhurt. She gazed amazedly upon it and saw that it was not Grey's face! It was a new, a strange face—one that she was never to forget. It was a face whose calmness, not even violent death could change. The opened eyes were calm, too—frozenly calm. They chilled Glenn even while sleep held her. The lips were set firmly and the chin was like iron in its rigidity.

Fascinated by the quiet, dead face, held captive by the spell that controlled her, Glenn was yet conscious of being glad because it was not Grey who lay at her feet!

And then she ceased to dream: she sank into oblivion and slept on and on.

It was while she lay thus, relaxed and at rest, that Grey reached the shelter and looked in at the small

window. The sight sent the blood coursing through his veins! His hand was on the latch——

Just then a curious thing occurred: Grey thought of Beverly Train! His hand fell as if a power had removed it. He was angry—helpless—amused. What did it mean? Why should he not go in? What else was there for him to do?

But he did not go in! "The year! You will never be sure, never confident, unless you hold to the covenant you made with yourself." The thought seemed to become vocalized. It rang in the silence.

Grey looked at the sleeping girl—so far beyond his reach and yet so appealingly near—and wondered why she did not waken?

There suddenly came a realization of the moment's meaning, and, with it, an overwhelming conception of himself that never before had been suspected. He had been caught in time—had been saved by what was best in him, from that which was less. He had narrowly escaped being carried away by passion but he had dared to believe, even in that humiliating moment, that he had meant no injustice to the girl. Nevertheless he acknowledged to his honest self that had any wrong happened it would have been because of that unseen power outside of himself.

There were times in Grey's after years when he was to look back at those hours and feel that they were the holiest he had ever known. He was to know, too, that they never would have been so, had he gone inside the cabin. In his blindness and self-sufficiency he had all but stumbled into the pit wherein have fallen so many who, like him, overestimated their strength. He, for the moment had been mas-

tered. In similar circumstances men and women had done deeds for which they had paid by years of remorse; Grey was in a deep sense understanding his kind with a sympathy born of similarity. While these fevered thoughts ran on—barely heeded, consciously—Grey was watching the sleeping girl—watching her, withdrawing from her, planning to guard her against harm—against himself!

At last he stepped noiselessly away. He found a crevice in a rock and by some sacrifice of comfort, began his vigil. He and Glenn were to watch the mysteries of the night—but apart.

But as Grey crouched in his crevice, the hours went majestically on. At last came the stirring; it was as if the command "Let there be light" were again moving the darkness; the mystery of birth was on the heights, and Grey watched it with a deeply religious thought. Quietly the high peaks signalled the day; they flushed and radiated with welcome. And just then the door of the shelter opened—Grey was watching it—and Glenn and Rajah came out. Troubled by her dream of the night and the call of the dawn, the girl stood with uplifted arms—like one waiting for a gift—or a burden! Her face was grave and tense. She was offering a prayer of gratitude, longing, and faith. "O God," she cried, softly, and the words reached the man in the rock crevice. It was an appeal to the Infinite—a seeking of the Most High.

Then the mood passed and the girl turned her attention to Rajah who responding to the instincts of his nature, was alert and on guard—his nose close to the earth. "Shame, sir! It's not like you to want

to harry any poor creature shivering in its hole in fear. Come in sir!" They went inside, but the door remained open.

Presently Rajah came forth, alone. He had chosen a moment when his mistress's eyes were off him. He came quickly, unerringly to the spot where Grey crouched. He came close and showed his teeth in that broad dog-grin of his that proved his sense of humour. Grey reached out and took the shaggy head in his arms; he looked into the humanly appealing eyes.

"It's a great joke, old chap, isn't it?" he whispered, "the greatest old joke that was ever set loose in the world. Go back, boy, go back to her; and be glad—since you do not know any better—be glad that you are the kind of dog you are!"

In another half hour Glenn came again into view. She had extinguished the fire and laid another ready to light. She closed the door, whistling to Rajah, and then she turned *down* the trail. She had no taste—now—for the peak; she was cramped, hungry, and lonely. Her dream haunted her; she wanted, more than anything else, home! A thin, filmy snow had fallen during the night and footprints were obliterated.

Grey waited until the girl and the dog were out of sight; then, indifferent as to possibilities, he struck out to the left of the trail; imperilled life and limb; and managed, at the end of an hour, to sweep around to the beaten tracks and confront Glenn as she wearily descended.

"You—so you *were* looking for me?" she asked, a gladness creeping into her eyes.

"Yes, child. Of course. I left on the last stroke of three."

"And you got lost? Poor Mac!"

"Well—only for a short time," replied Grey, slowly weighing his words.

"I was in the shelter all night, quite safe, Mac."

"Yes. And I was in a crevice of the rocks; it was quite splendid—the night, I mean."

Glenn looked up quickly. Her eyes grew alert.

"What rocks, Mac?"

"What rocks? Glenn; how can I answer that? When one is beyond the timber line, rocks are—rocks!"

"Did you follow me?"

"Yes. I saw your footprints part of the way. On the rocks, I lost them."

"But—but did you notice that mine were the only ones?"

"Yours and Rajah's; yes."

Glenn turned from him. Again he had pushed back to its place that spiritual seeking of her soul on its quest of life. She was hurt—dismayed.

"And—you let it go at that!" she said, quietly but with an injured tone. "You took chances; but perhaps it was because you did not know the danger!"

And at that something in Grey knew resentment. After all he had understood of danger, this was a poor return!

"Perhaps—I did not," he answered, rather grimly. And they made the rest of the way in silence.

When they reached the Lodge all thought of themselves was temporarily forgotten, for there sat Arnold, his foot in a tub of hot water, and Polly was

standing affrightedly beside him like a priestess at her rites. Arnold was using strong language—a rare indulgence for him—and when he caught sight of Glenn and Grey he burst forth with renewed energy.

“Slipped! *Me!*” he almost screamed. “*Slipped*, by the Lord Harry! *Me!* Forty-eight years I’ve kept upright and yesterday a pebble—a pebble!—turned me down like a crumpled leaf! I had to crawl—*crawl*, Grey, like a snake—for more than half a mile. Polly saw me and pulled me in, all the pep taken out of me.”

Arnold was suffering and, in his relief at seeing Glenn and Grey safe, he had let himself go.

“Dad, Dad! You poor, blessed, old, silly giant.”—Glenn was beside Polly and the steaming tub—“don’t go fashing yourself. This will teach you to be human with them who do fall. Run, Polly; get bandages and liniment. Now, then Mac, help me to bind up this old ogre’s ankle. We’ve got him now! This comes, sir, of sneaking off to the Monk alone! It serves you right for deserting me.”

“How did you know, girl?” Arnold was softening; he saw tears in Glenn’s eyes.

“By the light of—my star!” she whispered. But Grey did not understand.

“What did you think of me—not coming after you, girl?” The roughness was all gone now from Arnold’s tones.

“I thought you did not know, Dad.”

Then Arnold turned to Grey, “But *you* followed! You’re the stuff, son. Where did you find her?”

“He—he *didn’t* find me,” Glenn put in, hastily; “I made the shelter and stayed there by myself.”

“And you, Mac?” Arnold’s eyes were keen.

“Well, when I went as far as I—as I could see the trail, I got into a crevice of the rocks, took a smoke, and waited until I could get the lay of the land in the morning. I—I sensed that Glenn had got to the shelter. Indeed I made sure of that and——”

But a twinge of agony saved the hour. Arnold did not ask: “What rocks?”, nor: “How did you make sure?”

The days that followed were too full of Arnold and his needs to admit of any trivial affair assuming importance. Self-sufficient and unselfish in health, Arnold became a martinet in bondage. With his injured foot resting on a chair, he regarded it as a personal enemy—a thing detached from his healthy body and menacing all the future.

“God!” he confided to Grey; “this may make an eternal cripple of me. I’ve never had an ache or a pain in my life before.”

“Nonsense, Arnold. It’s only a sprain. Not a very serious one. But suppose I ride down to Connor’s and see if I can scare up a doctor?” In spite of himself Arnold’s attitude impressed and worried Grey.

“No, you don’t, Mac. I’ve seen enough of doctors. There’s only one that I would let touch me, or mine, and he doesn’t come until July; got a ranch twenty miles beyond Connor’s. Davis is his name; he *knows* how the Lord put the human frame together and what he made it of—the rest of the batch only *guess*. No guessing on me, son! I’d rather die here with that enemy facing me”—here

he shook his fist at his foot—"than let any gesser take another guess on me."

To Glenn, Arnold confided the belief that he was not long for this world and commanded her to write, at once, to a Denver lawyer, who had all his business affairs locked in a drawer in his desk.

"And I guess, girl, when I'm gone you'd better get down where that blamed teacher-chap said you ought to go."

"In the procession, Dad?" Grey was amused at the girl's smiling calm. She did not fear for her father.

"Yes, darned fool that he was!"

"Mac will be able to help me, Dad. We've talked it over. That nice Miss Train will teach me how to parade, I know."

This was made of whole cloth and on the spur of the moment. Grey laughed as he watched the effect upon Arnold. At once the nervous man made an effort to get control of himself. He saw through the ruse, and was ashamed.

"Well," he said, presently, with a twinkle of the eye, "Since you've done all the arranging, I don't know but what I'll give you a little more trouble—and stay on."

From that moment he began to mend. But other forces contributed to the result. Spring planting had to be attended to. Arnold had delayed it while engaged in the more congenial tasks of overlooking the trails. The need, now, was imperative. Sam Morton, on his return, was urged to lend a hand, and Grey bent his own back to the tilling of the soil in real earnest.

"You certainly are becoming a 'regular', son," exclaimed Arnold cheering him approvingly, "and it means more to me than I can tell you. Being tied here and helpless" [he glared at his foot] "my old life seems mighty fine to me and you are helping to make it possible. Just think of never getting to the tops again! Think of your soul climbing out of your carcass and going up and on, while the carcass just rots in the Lodge! If that was to be my fate——"

The sweat stood out on Arnold's brow. Glenn was standing by the fire place, at that moment—standing just where she had stood the day when she suggested to Grey to try a turn in the open, after his illness. Her face was whimsical, tender, and piteous—but a bit anxious.

"Dad," she said, softly, "why don't you try to stand—and see what happens?"

"Eh?" gasped Arnold, "stand on—*that?*"—he pointed to the slippered offender.

"Yes, Dad. Here are Mac and I ready to give a hand if you crumple. But the swelling is all gone, Dad; I honestly——"

Arnold was dazedly putting his foot to the floor. Gradually he rose, breathlessly—stood!

"Well by the Lord!" he gasped and took a step, paused; straightened himself, winced; tried it again and then, shamefacedly, confronted his audience.

"Do you know," he said to Grey, "I had an idea that there was a gap between me and my ankle. But"—he smiled,—"I see I am still joined together." Then he turned to Glenn: "And, girl; I guess we'll let those papers down in Denver gather a little more dust."

“Dear old Dad—of course we will!” Glenn was glowing and happy in her relief. “But go slowly, dear; you’re all right, but you haven’t been quite fair to your foot; it may resent it, you know—just at first.”

The little shoulder was within reach. Grey saw Arnold grip it with his big, tender hand, and the sight moved him curiously. He seemed to feel the firm, tender flesh in his own hand; he found himself closing his fingers, tight. He shut his eyes, still he could see that radiant head going before him leading him, leading *him*—not Arnold.

Grey was up to his old trick of dreaming. Feeling secure, he dreamed on. Where another man would have put his hope to the test, Grey’s faith never wavered. “And above all,” he insisted to his soul, “when I tell my love, it must not be shadowed by another woman’s misery—if I can help it.”

CHAPTER X

ARNOLD was a changed man. This struck Grey as consumedly comical, but the weeks of suffering—slight as that suffering had been—had flooded Arnold with a new light.

“Mac,” he often said, “I thought I was fairly understanding, but Lord! you cannot know *anything* until you’ve gone through it. Why, suffering and pain make black white and white black, without any consent of your own. Folks cannot be what they might be—when they’re throttled.”

Grey recalled the night at the half-way house and nodded.

In this softened mood Arnold harked back to the time when his wife had drifted out of life on the last wave of bodily torture. Then, quite naturally, he thought of Polly and her coming motherhood—a reflection that included Sam, in a strange way. Arnold had a strong desire to make Sam more considerate and gentle. He thought of many things that he, himself, might have done, long ago, if he had better understood pain—and pain’s effects. “Especially on anything so helpless as—as some women,” he concluded. “Sam will regret every heedless word and act when he stands apart while Polly fights her fight alone.”

And then Arnold looked at his own girl and his eyes dimmed. He saw in her—Woman! And with

that vision there came wide vistas, before which his spirit bowed humbly.

He wanted Glenn to know, of course, the heights and the depths of all that her nature craved; but he grew weak at the realization of the terrible price to be paid—in suffering. He began to have fears, too, that because of his selfish love and life, she might lack opportunity. Many things that the young professor had said came vividly back to him. No longer did he resent them; he grasped the wisdom of them; but he was helpless. How could he send the girl away? How could he go with her? Whither could they go to find—her trail? What *was* her trail, anyway?—and could any one find it but herself?

By all these signs Grey and Glenn believed that Arnold for the first time in his experience, was a victim of nerves; and, not being very wise, although exceedingly loving and devoted, they exerted themselves—to the exclusion of their own affairs—to supply his needs. Grey proudly led Arnold forth to view the results of his farming; Glenn got her mandolin out and invented several new chants that were designed for amusement—not criticism; and Grey's comments on them were a realization of the result desired.

The Lodge atmosphere, presently, became less strained; Arnold's nerves calmed; and everyone, even little Polly, showed relief. Grey gave some thought, now, to his own work, and his cabin. The latter was an expression of his needs—his tastes. Not a chair or book-shelf but filled a want. He could think out his problems before his own hearth as he could nowhere else; and his wide, hand-made desk

was cluttered with work that daily was attacked with vigour, now that Arnold was himself once more.

Glenn would wander in and out; she never disturbed Grey; often her silent presence was an inspiration. Sometimes she would bring her sewing and sit by his open door—rarely speaking, rarely looking at him, but filling him with a sense of her nearness. This consciousness of her presence had the power to clarify his thought and set it free—there seemed to be a mental stimulus flowing from the silent girl to the working man.

All this was very dangerous, though no one seemed to realize it. Arnold was never one to question a state of affairs that seemed to offer no cause for alarm. Grey was a man to whom life's experiences would always come slowly, because of his own determination to hold them off until he could accept them conscientiously. Glenn, with the heritage of her sex, was, perforce, silent because she dared not speak. Day by day she brought her offering to her secret altars and wondered, subconsciously, why they were not received. She did not question; she was happy, but she was perplexed. At such an epoch a false note might turn into discord all the pleasant tune of life, and early in June it struck.

Skirting their own problems, Grey and Glenn, as often happens, took the problems of others to illustrate the trend of their own thoughts. Polly and Sam were the convenient vehicles just then. They stood, in the narrow environment, for the eternal verities.

“I wish that Polly” said Glenn one early evening, sitting by Grey's door, “would not forget that she is Polly, as well as Mrs. Sam.”

"Does she forget it?" Grey asked. He was rummaging through his papers; their disorder annoyed him but he knew he would always be disorderly.

"Well, if she doesn't," Glenn went on, "she thinks it a virtue to make believe. I don't see why a woman cannot be—well—just herself. She always has to try to be what a man expects—in this case what Sam expects!" By keeping the line of thought focused on Polly and Sam, Glenn could better air her opinions.

"You're mighty wise, child, aren't you?" Grey gave a laugh and mentally tried to get beside Sam in this clash of ideas. There were times when he felt a strong sympathy for Morton. He knew that the poor fellow was trying to live up to the promise of his marriage day, but it must be devilish hard to be conscious always of Glenn's watch upon him.

"One has to be, when she has the Pollys and the Sams on her hands," Glenn replied flippantly.

"It's not up to you, my dear girl, to run the universe." Grey was thinking of Beverly Train's warning to him.

"Oh! well"—Glenn was determined to keep the conversation impersonal—"Sam hasn't the least idea what sort of woman he wants. Polly could afford to be the kind she likes best." Grey contented himself with a scoffing laugh.

Glenn went on, "Polly has the chance to make herself—since she is bound to try—into the kind Sam ought to want."

"He might not like it after the job was done," Grey argued, in the defence of his sex. "He has some choice, you know, as to likes and kinds."

“Yes; but if Polly really tried to be the best sort she knows how to be—good enough to have little children and to thank God for them—Sam ought to like that kind, oughtn’t he? You see, Mac, as I watch Sam and Polly it does seem to me that their chance of keeping each other would be greater—if they both had something bigger than themselves. They just get edgy, rubbing against their difficulties.” Conversation was becoming more serious. And now Grey came to the door and stood above Glenn.

“Wait until you are in love,” he ventured calmly—watching her keenly. “I think you ought to leave something to Love to work out.”

Glenn raised her eyes to him and he saw they were misty. “I know, Mac, and it makes one afraid. Love ought to mean—the wide-open door, oughtn’t it? But—so often—it seems to *shut* the door. And then I get to wondering what a man and a woman think—behind the door. After all, Mac, God *does* give to a man and a woman something that He is going to ask for, some day. It cannot be given to anyone else to answer for. I think that is why He made them—man and woman, just to help one another make that something stronger and better. Oh, Mac, I am so sorry when I see folks—folks like Polly and Sam—just wearing out, when they ought to be getting stronger.”

“Is there anything new up the trail, Glenn?” Grey asked this doubtfully for he felt that Glenn was merely using Sam and Polly as marionettes. She was pulling the strings—making them dance to her tunes.

Again he had the overpowering desire that he had felt the night when he had stood at the door of the

half-way house: to cast all barriers down between him and the girl near him. But again—as then—something stronger than his impulse and his longing stayed him.

Glenn, almost afraid of what she did not understand, in Grey's attitude, ran on a bit breathlessly: "I told Polly that I wished she and Sam would push each other out of the way, once in awhile, and live—well, sort of separate."

"Why, child, you're a regular rebel! You'll end by demoralizing the whole social structure, beginning with Polly and Sam, if you don't look out!" Grey laughed and sat down on the step beside the girl—he felt that he dared! "You'll turn the procession into a mob by such ideas."

"Will I really, Mac?"

"Girl, you 'won't be let'—as the children say! We all get attacks of taking a fling at the thing we call life—but I rather imagine Life looks after its own laws fairly well. You see, there are quite a lot of people coming after us and they must have something to do."

"But, Mac, we can—try."

"That's about all, child. Now I have a plan. Let's work with what we have—not bruise ourselves creating new tools. Let us begin, say, with Polly's eyes."

"What a funny idea, Mac." Glenn, more spiritually than physically, moved away.

"Her eyes are great, and they are getting greater. We'll live up to the eyes. I'm not so sure either you or I could change Polly much, *inside*, but we can dress her, outwardly; and Sam certainly does sit up

and take notice when anything new and pretty gets on his horizon. I heard a story once of how a woman got her husband's love back by wearing a pink silk dressing-sacque!" Glenn looked more and more puzzled. It was not exactly pleasing to find how easily Grey became absorbed in Polly. "Polly certainly looks a freak," Grey went on. "I don't know much about her soul, but I do know that her general appearance is sloppy."

"I never thought of that, Mac. She *is* dowdy." This came vaguely.

"I'm going to turn Beverly Train on her," declared Grey, swaying back and forth in an ecstasy of vision.

Beverly Train, heretofore, had been to Glenn but a medium for carrying out Grey's ideas as to furniture and hangings for the Morton's cabin; but now, Grey brought her humanly close. He wanted Glenn to know her—love her.

"I often think that God took the biggest heart and mind He had and put them in the smallest body that would hold them," he mused, looking far, far down the trail as if he saw his friend. "She was born with a hump on her back, too heavy for her poor little legs to carry, so she took, early, to a long wheelchair. She studied and grew very wise. That she survived, lived at all, is a miracle, but, having decided to live, she put her soul and mind to the task; and she has done wonders. She specializes in women and children; nothing stands between her and them; they adore her. Men, occasionally find her out, too. She studied law; her father was a judge. I've heard people say that he was the only *just* judge they had ever known. Beverly is rich and manages her

affairs alone. She has an old home in Boston and a wonderful place some miles out of town. She revels in flowers and she always has people to serve her who owe her about all they have in life—though she will not admit that. Her voice is the loveliest I have ever heard and from that chair of hers she covers a great distance. She reached to—me; and I'm going now to put Polly within range of her touch."

"Oh, Mac!" Glenn was half crying. "How I would love Beverly Train. I never thought of her otherwise than as—well, as a person, your friend, some one you knew. But now; why, she is mine—everybody's. What are you going to tell her to send to Polly?"

"I shall tell her nothing after I have put Polly where she can see her. Beverly will do the rest. I am going to write to-night."

It would be difficult to express what Glenn was thinking as Grey talked on of Beverly Train and Polly. She was interested, deeply touched, but also, in a sense, hurt. Grey in his efforts to please and divert was creating a distance between himself and her. He was not conscious of this, but she was; and it chilled her. It was all very fine—this effort for Polly and Sam—but Grey was overdoing it.

"I'll go over to the Lodge and leave you to write the letter," said Glenn as she got up and walked away. She seemed almost majestic.

"Why, Glenn, what is it?" Grey felt as if the girl had hit him. And then—because after all, as Grey himself said Life does look after its own laws—the girl turned her head and laughed merrily. The laugh marked the dividing of the ways.

"There isn't anything," she called back. "Why should you think there is?" She was driving him to the open.

"Glenn!"

But she ran on leaving Grey to wonder far into the night.

On the following day Grey and Arnold went for a climb. Arnold's ankle was about as strong as ever,—but the bare sight of a pebble in his path still had a bad effect upon his nerves. Grey accompanied him with misgiving. He had to go without seeing Glenn.

"People will soon be coming for the summer," Arnold said, "I must be in shape."

They made a successful trip and came in late and tired. Sam had arrived with the mail and Grey took his over to his cabin. He decided to prepare his evening meal and go later to the Lodge. He ate; and then, from healthy weariness, he fell asleep in his chair by the fire. He slept for two hours. Then, suddenly, he awoke—to find Glenn, sitting across the hearth, watching him with fixed and waiting glance.

"Good Lord, child! Anything the matter?" he asked, sitting up. Now that she was near him his moodiness passed. He had been hungry for her all day.

"Yes," she answered, slowly; "something *is*, Mac. A very queer thing has happened."

"What?" Grey was impressed.

"A man has come to the Lodge; some one from Connor's brought him up."

"Well?—what of that?"

"Mac, do you remember the dream I told you

about; the dream I had that night when I slept in the half-way house—alone?"

Grey vaguely recalled it; Glenn had repeated it to him and Arnold, after the excitement of Arnold's accident was past.

"Yes I remember it. Some one fell; you thought it was I, but it wasn't."

"Yes. Well, Mac, I told you that I should never forget the face that I saw in my dream. You and Dad laughed at me, but to-night when I was standing by the fire in the living room, that man came in! Mac, he has the face of the man in my dream!"

"Good Lord! girl, what are you talking about?" Grey was amused. "I'll tell you what is the matter with you: nerves! Now do not give way to them. Once you do, you're a 'goner.' Come; let us go over and take a second look at this stranger."

"Don't laugh at me, Mac. I know how silly I must seem to be, but—*really*—he does look like the man of my dream."

"Perhaps he looked as if he remembered you; did he, Glenn?"

"Mac—honestly—he did!"

"Glenn; you're good 'copy' if you are nothing else," Grey smiled into the serious eyes.

"All the same I'm not going back until after Dad and that man are through supper. I cooked it—and ran."

"All the better for me! Sit down, child, and I'll get something for you to eat. In the meantime let us talk this thing over. What sort of a chap is the stranger? Has he come to stay?"

"I heard him tell Dad that he'd come on bus-

iness. Funny, isn't it?—business! He's good-looking enough. He looks—well, he looks as if he *had* come for something!”

“Glenn; don't get a kink in your mind about a perfectly innocent tourist. Just give him the benefit of the doubt. He may not be the dreaming sort, but if he did have a tumble, in a dream, the chances are that it stunned him. Child; speak low, tread easy, let's keep him stunned!”

The spell was broken. Glenn flung her arms over her head. “I tell you, Mac,” she said, gaily, “you bring me around in great shape. I suppose I *am* a bit of a—a dub.”

After eating the meal that Grey had prepared, Glenn—quite recovered from her unaccountable shock—stole away to the Lodge, but Grey decided not to go over until morning. He was not interested in the stranger and, although he was no longer tired, he wanted to be alone. He stretched his legs to his fire; clasped his hands behind his head, and was not conscious of any connected thought. He felt that the air was growing chilly—the door behind him was open; he kicked a log into the embers and then drifted again luxuriously.

“Mac!”

The voice that spoke his name had a carrying quality. It was not a loud voice, it had all the quiet intonations of cultivation, but it also had its relentless power and determination. It seemed to bear, in its quiet demanding, all of Grey's past; it signified that it meant to hail him back to take up what he had dropped. It meant to imply: “It is no use to try to escape!”

Slowly Grey turned, then got upon feet.

"Hello, Dick!" was all that he said, but he looked the rest. Then, after a moment of reconstruction: "Sit down and—and give an account of yourself. How in thunder did you get here? Are you alone?"

Grey would not have been surprised if the man, now comfortably seated in a chair, had informed him that he was accompanied by all the company that had been thrown overboard when he had fled his past.

"Yes, I'm alone. Why should I have to account for being here, old man? When you crept into your hole you didn't pull it in after you, did you?"

"Lord, no. And it isn't my hole."

Grey's eyes were fastened on Richard Carrington's face; he was slowly recovering from the shock of seeing him, and details were coming into prominence. It must have been Carrington's face that had given poor Glenn her bad half-hour. His face was—*The Face!*

At this Grey was tempted to laugh, but suppressed it. He continued to stare, however, while Carrington was glibly accounting for himself. Grey barely heard a word but the "face" was taking on importance. It was a face of Family and of Money. Not that the Carringtons had ever handled much money—others did that for them—they themselves received money value, and it had set its mark upon the Face.

It was not the sort of face, Grey was thinking rather humorously, that could be kept dead. When you might least expect it the eyes and lips would open and warn you not to presume!

"And so you see," Carrington came to a climax, "I am combining business and pleasure." He took

a cigarette from a valuable gold case. Like his face and his ease of manner, it was an heirloom. "Got a bit rummy, you know. Another strike at the factories. I always leave them to Thompson. When I'm around he feels it his duty to consult me. If Thompson weren't such a master when I'm out of sight, I'd get rid of him for that habit he has of—of pestering. Once I'm off the map, however, he rolls up his sleeves and grits his teeth. I was going abroad, but something occurred that—that turned me this way."

"Beverly Train all right?" asked Grey. It struck even him as odd that Beverly should be the only one who seemed to matter, for his life had been lived down in the place from which Carrington had come.

"She's the same as usual. Night-blooming flower and all the rest. She sent for me a week ago. She"—Carrington, having smoked his cigarette to the exact point where he always discarded a cigarette, lighted another—"she wanted some one who knew you, old man, to tell you that—that Kathleen Maurey is dead!"

The room seemed to grow cold. The fire did not penetrate the chill; and yet it flared brightly, vividly. It leaped and made the place light—the cold place where ghosts walk! Grey got up and closed the door.

"Dead?" he said, simply, as he took his seat again. "Tell me all about it, Dick. I suppose Beverly had the details?"

"Yes. I believe she has confided them to you. Here is the letter. I do not know the contents."

"The letter?" Repetition seemed necessary in order to convince him.

"Here it is." Carrington held it out. "Beverly told me the bare fact—of the death."

Grey took the envelope, opened it, leaned toward the firelight and read, silently:

BEVERLY, DEAR:

You always held to something in me that you thought was *big*. I never believed there was anything big in me—anything really worth while—but the year, alone off here, has let something within me, grow. I guess it is the thing that only you saw.

I've been terribly lonely, Beverly—and ill. All my good looks are gone; everything is gone for which I cared. I know this, and all that is left for me to do—is the thing that I'm *going to do!*

I want you to tell Mac, some day, all about this letter. After he knows, his life will be safe; and he will understand that (in the only way possible for me) I helped to make it so. I wish that I had never caused him so much trouble.

Isn't it strange, Beverly, that a very bad woman can sometimes be good and a poor little fool like me can do, at the pinch, a rather fine thing?

I've been suffering with neuritis. The doctor has given me some sleeping medicine. At first he would only trust me with a little, but a week ago he went away, leaving a dozen powders with me: enough to last until he came home! To-night, Beverly, I am going—to sleep! They will call it something else, but I wanted you to know the truth. It has helped me to feel that—you will understand. It will square me with my conscience.

Pasted to the letter was a short notice from a Canadian newspaper.

Suddenly, on the 10th of May, at the St. Mark Hotel, Kathleen Maurey, late of Boston, Mass.

It was like Beverly Train, Grey thought, to put the whole secret in his keeping at once. Now that he was free she felt that poor Kathleen should have the

glimmer of glory that belonged to her. Slowly Grey crumpled the sheets of paper in his hand—a faint fragrance came from them. He knew the odour, it had a sickening effect upon him now, and he tossed the paper to the purifying flames.

“So that’s ended,” Carrington said, watching Grey’s face.

“Yes. That’s ended, Dick.”

“After all—it was the best thing that could have happened. I must say I did not expect such a sane outcome. I was afraid, old man—excuse me, but I was afraid you’d be an ass and let her get a strangle hold on you.”

“Were you?” Grey did not smile. “I’m afraid you flatter me, Dick. There have been times when I was afraid I wasn’t going to be—an ass.”

Carrington was not sensitive to subtleties; he was keener along more obvious lines.

“It was a devil of a mess, Mac, but because a fellow snarls up his life with a married woman, there’s no reason why he should continue to knot it—once they both are free. It’s an open game in most cases.”

“Yes, I suppose so—occasionally.” Grey was not paying much attention. He was thinking that as soon as he felt steady—he could go to Arnold and Glenn!

“I don’t imagine, old man, that it *was* anything but—well, the usual—was it? You’re not broken up, are you?” Carrington earnestly believed himself sympathetic.

“Dick—you won’t mind I’m sure—I’m devilish grateful to you and Beverly for dealing so gently with me—but there are some things that one—such

a one as I, at any rate—cannot go into. Let's agree to—to shut the door on it all, old man."

"Right! And toss the key on the scrap heap." Carrington was relieved. He hated complication—abhorred "scenes." The two men sat in silence for a few minutes during which both got their armour adjusted.

"Queer, isn't it?" mused Carrington. "I'm not subject to fancies" [he wasn't!]; "my life has, by inheritance, been rather exempt from any temptation to sidetrack my emotions or feelings. The beaten track has always seemed adventurous enough for me. But a few hours ago I got a jog."

"Yes?" Grey had to say something.

"When I went into the Lodge, a girl was standing by the fire looking, for all the world, as if—you may laugh, Mac, but as if—she were waiting for me! Women don't usually attract me—at least not until I know them well—but that girl fixed herself; and the queer thing about it was her—what shall I call it?—her familiarity! I suppose she looks like some one I've seen—known, perhaps, rather well. It will come to me. Does she resemble any one you know back home?"

"Lord, no!" Grey set his jaw. "That's Arnold's daughter. She is unlike any one who ever got her start—down where we came from."

"Ah?" Carrington, raised his eyebrows. That trick was an inheritance; it seemed to imply strange and rather reprehensible things; but he made no direct charge. Grey felt himself flush and angrily resented it.

"I think," Carrington said, presently, "I will turn

in. They've put me up in great shape at the Lodge; bath and all the luxuries of home, here in the wilds. I've heard of the place for years—always wanted to come—and here I am! Arnold suggested that you guide me to-morrow, as a starter. New job for you, isn't it? Arnold seems quite a character. I can't just account for him at the beginning; he and the girl do not quite agree with one's expectations of their kind."

"All right, Dick!" Grey had a mental yearning to kick his old friend from his cabin. "We'll go for a climb to-morrow; you need limbering. We'll take the Giant's Tooth first, I've never been up that and it's a comparatively easy climb."

"Beastly name. Sounds ugly." Carrington was at the door.

"I rather like it. Good night, old man. Hope you'll sleep well."

"I always do, Mac. I've made it a point to drop my sleep-slayers with my clothes. And you?"

"Sometimes I sleep in my clothes. It's rather an experience, now and then. Saves trouble in the morning."

"Lord, Mac! Don't. You might—revert. You know they say you can revert in a devilishly quick time. I saw the figures once—they staggered one who likes to believe that a long line counts."

He was gone at last! Grey opened the windows and drew a long breath. He was free; he would be able to take a clean love to Glenn. He could tell his story: his strange story. They would believe and understand. But he would wait until Carrington—went.

CHAPTER XI

GREY and Carrington took a day for the Giant's Tooth. They started before Glenn was astir and did not get back until late. Grey kept Carrington for supper and the two men spent the evening going over the experiences of their early friendship. This seemed to draw them together and spanned the uneasy hours of their first meeting. Eliminating all that was of real heart interest, they found much in common.

Carrington was a world traveller. While having his roots well planted in his home state of Massachusetts, he had always been able to cling, tenaciously, to other places, especially those at a distance.

There were certain French and some English spots for which he held a sincere liking.

"Some day," he confided to Grey. "I'm going to marry." He said this in the tone of a man who contemplated adding to a choice collection. "I'm twenty-seven and of course mean to do my duty, in due time. I have always kept it in mind; always, in a way, made ready for it. I haven't wasted myself—and I have my ideals. Under Thompson the business has boomed."

"I should think," interposed Grey, "that you would want the factories to bear your name, now that your father is dead. He had a sentimental idea about keeping them in your mother's name while she

lived. I've heard him say that; but he always wanted you to have the credit of any success you managed to bring about, and you certainly have made them rear their heads."

"Thompson has." Carrington had a strange humility about his business relations. "Besides, I like to keep the old name. Hale Mills has a significance that Carrington Mills would take long in acquiring. And then——"

"It's convenient when one wants to travel incognito?" suggested Grey.

"Exactly." Carrington puffed luxuriously at his cigarette. "After all, to a certain extent one's business is a private affair. Providing that you respect the rights of others, you may exact the same courtesy from them."

"Yes; that's true. I was only thinking"—Grey spoke detachedly—"that it's a temptation, these days, to express yourself in your—well, your job. Pass it on with your own mark on it; challenge the world, so to speak, with your own conception of the game."

Carrington laughed outright.

"That's all well enough with such one-horse jobs as yours, Mac," he said, indulgently; "when *you* put out an expression you've got to father it; it's no matter of choice. With my complex machine it's another matter. It's like an engine that has been built, little by little. Every man has had his turn at improvements, or new inventions. It's my part, as things are now, to choose my experts. Thompson is my master expert; he, in turn, does likewise down to the lowest cog in the wheels that go round and round——"

“And grind out the gold!”

“Exactly. Grind out the gold. And then I come in again and see that the gold circulates.” Carrington looked his content.

“And doesn’t get tarnished,” added Grey, stretching himself and yawning complacently. “It tarnishes so devilishly easy.”

But Carrington frowned. He was sensitive to disapproval. He could not see how it was possible for Grey to disapprove of him, or his well-run and well-paying machine. He thought for a moment and then good-naturedly said:

“You writing folk are the very deuce where money is concerned. There ought to be a National Committee to look after you. Fellows like you should pool your money; the Government should add more, and every one of you—good, bad, and indifferent—should be looked after!”

“By a Thompson, I suppose?” Grey was more alert.

“Well, by good business heads, at any rate.” Carrington was wholly at ease again.

Then Grey arose and, with the most charming grace, said: “You don’t mind if I turn in, do you Dick? I’m off to-morrow with Arnold and I need to be fresh. It means something to compete with him. If you like this fire better than the one at the Lodge, stay on.”

Then Grey disappeared into the bedroom and Carrington, without the least resentment, sat for an hour longer, musing alone. Then he started, contentedly, for the Lodge.

The next morning Polly came, to stay for as long

as Arnold and Grey should be absent. They might be gone longer than they had planned, for this was a business trip to a distant cattle ranch. Polly was a transformed woman. She wore the clothing that Beverly Train had sent, with due regard to the details of hairdressing and general neatness that Beverly, tactfully, had introduced into the directions. Sam often sat gazing at his wife in deep perplexity; he looked as a man might who had won, unexpectedly, at a lottery.

Carrington, watching his host and Grey depart, had a twinge of envy.

"Practise up," Arnold suggested to him; "get ready for a man-sized climb. You mustn't expect to eat your muscles at the first meal."

Carrington decided to avail himself of this advice. He had come equipped with all the latest paraphernalia for mountain life, and he meant to get some results for the money expended.

Glenn startled him, the day after Arnold's departure, by proposing to be his guide on his trial trips.

Now the idea of spending hours alone, with any feminine thing, in desolate mountain trails gave Carrington a singular sense of alarm. In his clean, well-regulated life, he acquiesced in all the code of his world, while not availing himself of its favours. He had recognized only two kinds of women, formerly: the kind that he approved—his mother was of that type—and the kind he did not approve. Carrington was not interested in shades or degrees. What he did not approve, he eliminated.

Glenn, however, could not be disregarded, and,

in his effort to classify her, Carrington was becoming interested—in spite of himself. The girl flouted all his preconceived conclusions. Her intelligence and beauty aroused him; her perfect poise and freedom defied his conceptions of the proprieties while they still commanded his respect. He was afraid to appear doubtful as to his relations with her, yet, at the same time, he was utterly at sea.

Such a condition of mind had been unknown in Carrington's orderly past, but it gave a zest to life, which he attributed to altitude.

After Arnold and Grey had departed, the Lodge—with the two women—caused Carrington a bad half hour. He viewed the situation as a personal affront. He could hardly be expected to roam at large, alone; nor could he agree to the alternative, namely to remain close to the house and mope; so, with a stirring of the senses, he decided to accept Glenn as a guide and—see what happened.

Several things happened—happened so rapidly that they left no time for meditation.

In the first place, quite innocently, Glenn revealed her innermost and hidden nature to this stranger whose vaguely familiar face gave impetus to her imagination. She could not free herself of the impression that he held some relationship to her which, while not understandable, was, none the less, real. She expanded before Carrington with a fearless sweetness that appealed to the best that was in him. She took for granted so much that was utterly foreign to the man, that he strove to keep up the delusion. All the solidly packed information that Glenn had

once acquired from her unappreciated tutor, stood her in good stead now. Carrington was amazed at the scope and quality of the well-trained mind. He could hardly mention a subject—and he mentioned a great many—that Glenn did not know something about or in which she did not show an intelligent interest. She was so sincere and eager that her questions were often the most subtle flattery to Carrington's pride.

Again, too, her charming disregard of sex appeal—for she frankly wore her trousers and shirt—made a peculiar impression upon her companion. It aroused—or, perhaps, created—an imagination that shook him from his moorings and left him dangerously free to find new ones.

There is given to everyone, at least once in a lifetime, an opportunity to be something other than his enemies and friends expect. Carrington's hour had struck. As his flabby muscles began to stiffen, his newly recognized imagination became a trickster, luring and deluding its captive, who was soon in chains and clanking them merrily.

Glenn could not possibly know the grim humour of the situation. She saw in the handsome fellow, gaily filling her days, a most charming and inspiring comrade. June throbbed with beauty and, while Arnold and Grey roamed afar, Carrington, for the first and only time in his life, became a simple and primal creature. Those days were, perhaps, the only really happy ones he had ever known. He felt the thrill that Pygmalion knew—the power that the creator of Frankenstein experienced—for he honestly believed that he had discovered the real Glenn

Arnold and that he had it within his power to breathe the breath of life into her.

Having got thus far; his mental vision was blinded by a force that was controlling him; he appropriated the girl, in a high spiritual sense. While feeling a bit dizzy at the prospect of the breath-giving, he also had twinges of doubt that added fervour to his dreams of conquest. Simple as he believed Glenn to be, he nevertheless detected a defensive attitude at times. As he advanced, she withdrew. Her laugh, and that maddening trick of her eyelid, held him at bay. The girl was a goddess—simple and primitive, undoubtedly, but a goddess!

At this point Carrington began to put forth arguments to his old ideals. "Here is a new element," he reflected, "that might, if introduced into the Carrington line, bring forth bewildering results! A being fresh from the hand of its Maker"—Carrington was losing his head—"ready for life! Here was he, Carrington, with all the power to form and guide this divine and clear nature; make of it a fine and a finished thing! It had all the possibilities of intelligence, charm, and adaptability; he had family, fortune, taste, and leisure. Other men of his class had tried the experiment; why not he? Some had failed, *he* would succeed."

Carrington tested his power.

On the third day he prostrated himself before the imagination of the girl; he let her see the influence she was exerting over him—this was most dangerous to such a nature as Glenn's—he anticipated her every wish and thought. To one who had never felt the need of protection—had always been sufficient unto

herself—the sudden realization that she was an object of intense concern to another, was little less than overpowering. Suddenly it was Carrington who was helping Glenn to climb, or steadying her across streams and swaying logs. The warm, firm clasp of his hand made her tremble; she developed weakness to tempt his strength.

By the fourth day Glenn was a Woman to complement his Man! In the lonely, divinely beautiful spaces, no disturbing thought entered to caution or warn. It had evidently been foreordained that Carrington, should know, in the time vouchsafed him on earth, an hour of madness! And so madly he fell in love with his idea of Glenn Arnold!

By the fifth day he had so completely succumbed to his master passion, that he drew forth from the girl what Grey had so unconsciously chilled; the groping instinct of the woman, not for its mate, but its interpreter. All Glenn's nature bent to the spell that held it. Her eyes became tender and submissive; her mouth, pathetic in its wistful sweetness.

Carrington was deeply moved. He felt that he held a sacred trust in his keeping; which, indeed, he did, and he never doubted his ability to carry out, in the girl near him, the work so well begun by her Maker. Of course Carrington did not think, or reason, in this fashion. He merely surrendered and—proceeded!

Now, even at such a critical moment, all might have happened differently had Arnold and Grey returned, or had Fate been less dramatic, but, on that fifth day, Glenn decreed that they should climb the Twins.

“I am going,” she said—looking her most tempting

self—"to show you my own, secret trail. I found it when I was quite young; I haven't even told Daddy about it. He was with me when I first came upon it, but I ran away from him and came in sight again only when I had reached the top."

Carrington held Glenn by the look in his eyes. "Are you going to run away from *me*?"

"No." Glenn dropped her eyes.

"I should find you wherever you went," declared Carrington; "I'm made that way—when things are worth while." And Carrington never felt more sincere in his life; therein lay the danger—to them both.

Polly watched the two depart. She shook her head. How she wished that Arnold and Grey were back! Polly was strangely full of misgivings; she felt aged beside the girl who had once settled *her* affairs for her in such a masterful way. "I don't just know what's edging me up," thought Polly; "but I am edged."

Still there was nothing to do but watch Carrington and Glenn pass from sight, laughing and talking gaily. "It's like he was two men," muttered Polly, turning to her work; "two men, walking along there by Glenn, and her not sensing it."

Glenn, however, was conscious of but one personality that day. Carrington rose to every call of her nature. He was tender and strong; he was humble and watchful. He made her feel that she was something precious and desirable—she, who had never taken herself largely into consideration!

They reached the Twins at high noon, made their camp fire, and ate their feast.

Carrington was so far gone in his madness by this time that he had but to close his eyes to visualize the girl in every phase of a woman's relations with a man. Having spiritually appropriated her, he viewed her progress along the course of her remaking until, bursting forth as a bright achievement, she at last reigned where the women of the Carringtons had always reigned—in a place prepared for them by the honour of their men! Carrington, to do him justice, was silently offering the unsuspecting girl the best, the highest, that he had.

At two o'clock they were on Glenn's secret trail.

"You see, sometimes I come here when no one knows," she explained. She was going ahead, lightly tripping from rock to rock, edging her slim body through crevices and laughing to see Carrington estimate his chances in following her. "You have done wonders since Dad went away; and only five days, too!" she flung back, gaily.

"Five days?"—Carrington was breathing a bit more quickly—"Five eternities, you mean."

"As—bad as that?" Glenn's lip trembled.

"As *wonderful* as that."

For a while they went on, silently. Then Glenn, approaching Carrington, said:

"And now—I'm not going to run away, really—but I want you to close your eyes. So!" She showed him, standing with her face to a rocky wall. "You must promise not to peep; I'm going to—to surprise you."

"I promise. Don't be long!"

It struck him, even in his new state of mind, that his present position, standing like a little boy with

closed eyes, was humorous to the last degree, but he revelled in the humour.

Presently he heard Glenn call. He turned and looked up. She stood where once she had stood before the horrified eyes of her father! She seemed poised between heaven and earth. The narrow strip of rock upon which she balanced did not look strong enough to bear even her slight weight. She was laughing, too, and waving her outstretched arms.

“Good God!” groaned Carrington. And in that second all that he had been about to clutch seemed escaping him.

And then, because he had always been able to command what he desired, he shouted:

“Come down!”

Glenn again laughed—the sound echoed and re-echoed in the sunny place. She swung one foot free and actually swayed to and fro. Carrington’s fierce passion for power came to his aid. He was angry because he was being caused suffering.

“How dare you take such chances?” he called. But again that sweet, mocking laugh rang out to him defiantly.

“What will you give me—to come down?” Glenn demanded, merrily.

And then the savage rose—rose with his club, the club that Civilization has evolved. It is the first and the last surrender of Caste.

“All that I possess. Anything you want!” And Carrington stood at bay.

“See! I will dance for you. What will you give me if I dance for you?” The savage possessed the girl, too. Now that she felt power, she bartered.

Carrington closed his eyes. He was dizzy and faint. He bent his head and—groaned. He dared not look again.

And then, after a black space of time, he felt a touch on his arm.

“Did I—frighten you? Did you care—really?”

At that the savage laid down his club and resorted to an even more primitive method of conquest. The woman was in his arms! Her head lay back and her uplifted face was still and lifeless. She was the frightened one now!

“Listen to me. I love you; love you! Do you understand, Glenn?—I love you! That’s how I care. You have got to be mine. Do you hear?”

Then Carrington kissed the quiet face. He kissed the brow, the eyes, and last, the mouth! A flicker like candle flame, touched the girl’s features.

“Kiss me. Kiss me, my darling,” entreated Carrington.

“I—I don’t know how.” The words came on a sigh. Carrington knew that she spoke the truth, and the knowledge added to his madness.

“See—I will teach you. Now!”

“Is—this—love?” The words came faintly; there were tears stealing from under Glenn’s closed lids.

“It *is* love, Glenn. I’ve never known it before nor have you!”

“It seems—as if I had known it—always—some-where else!”

Carrington drew her close. “I think, my beloved, that I am to be the one to—to give you—all things!”

“All things?—all things?” sighed Glenn, looking up. Her eyes were shining.

"Lie still, my sweet. Lie still until I get used to the feeling of you in my arms. How unutterably precious you are."

"It's so strange and wonderful!" Glenn clung now, and she found that the act transformed her. In so touching Carrington she appropriated him. "I think I must have fallen from the bridge," she went on, whimsically. "I think I must have died."

"And wakened in heaven? Is that it, my own?"

"I—I don't know. *Is* it heaven?"

"Yes; it is heaven, sweet—your heaven and mine. It took us—why, darling, it took us just five little days—to create it. Five little, mad, bewildering days."

"We—we couldn't make it in five days! It must have been waiting for us; we just found it," whispered Glenn, struggling to free herself. Reluctantly Carrington let her go.

Never before in all his life had he held a woman in his arms, excepting his mother. And yet, now, how empty they felt without the small, strange creature in them.

"I think I—I want to go home," Glenn whispered; "I wonder whether they will know me—Father, Mac, and Polly? Do I look very different?"

"I—think you do, child," answered Carrington, regarding her.

"How?"

"I—I dare not tell you!"

"Why?"

"Simply because I—I love you so!"

And at that instant Carrington was sincerely reverent.

When they reached the Lodge they found that Arnold and Grey had returned. The evening meal was waiting and the common things of life safely shielded the miracle that had been performed on the mountain.

After the meal was finished Glenn stole away. Grey had not come to supper. It was a puzzling thing to Arnold—this growing habit of Grey's to keep to his own quarters while his friend was at the Lodge. But Arnold was not one to pry; he concluded that the two younger men knew what they were about. They probably made up for lost time when they were alone. Certainly their attitude toward each other was most cordial.

Left with Carrington, Arnold filled his pipe, tilted back the chair—the two were on the western porch—and fell into that perfectly gracious silence that so fully explained his popularity.

Carrington was less at ease. He was trying to formulate some method of approaching Arnold that would not so startle him as to threaten the peace of the future. In the calm light of the early gloaming, to burst upon Arnold with the news that, after a week's acquaintance with his very simple little daughter, he, Richard Carrington, was madly in love with her and intended to marry her at once, was hardly to be contemplated. And yet, what other course was open?

But Carrington did not know his man. The force that had controlled Arnold at the time he went down to Conner's to love and watch a young, unknown girl—to guard her from the worst of things and finally bring her back to the Lodge—held him captive, still.

No matter how revolutionary a thing might be, if truth marked it, Arnold accepted it and dealt with it justly. So when, presently, Carrington said:

"Mr. Arnold, I have told your daughter to-day that I love her," Arnold was not shocked—he was merely taken off guard. He dropped his pipe, brought his chair to the level, rescued his pipe, and then asked that the remark be repeated. Carrington complied and added:

"This may seem like madness, after so short a time, Mr. Arnold; but it is a fact."

"Such things do happen," Arnold muttered; "but they always knock someone out—at the start. My girl—what did *she* say?"

"She—loves me!" Carrington was at his best. He was still obsessed by the memory of the afternoon.

"I suppose"—Arnold was trying to get his feet on solid ground—"I suppose—like death and some other inevitable things—this sort of happening never seems possible to one's self or his nearest; but if it is a case of my girl's happiness—I can get out of sight until I'm used to the idea. Of course you'll take time to get acquainted with each other." Carrington stiffened at this and said:

"I am prepared to give you all the data you desire, Mr. Arnold. Mac's friendship and knowledge of me and mine, ought to go a good way, and I think I do know your daughter."

"But you cannot expect——" Arnold choked.

"What?" asked Carrington.

"That I—I can give her up—suddenly, like this?"

"Both she and I, sir, have been swept from our

feet. I know how staggering this must seem to you. I can assure you that there are moments when I can hardly realize it myself. I think if you could believe that she fills my life—has taken possession of my every thought and desire—it would not seem so—so hard to you—to give her up. I'm about the last man that this sort of thing could happen to, Arnold, but it *has* happened!"

Because he was the man that he was, Arnold travelled, in thought, back to that hour of his life when, with Mary Glenn before him on the saddle, he had ridden twenty rough and perilous miles to a minister. At that time it would have been dangerous for any human being to have blocked the path!

"The girl's like me—and her mother!" thought Arnold; "what right have I to hold her back?" Then he turned frankly, simply to Carrington:

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Carrington; and, not knowing, I leave it all to my girl. She isn't one to stray far."

And then they talked—man to man—talked late into the night. With real delicacy Carrington spread his possessions before the honest gaze of Arnold. Meanwhile the heart of the father was relinquishing—and renouncing. Although he had always told himself that this day would come, he was still under the influence of the surprise of it all, but he was trying to feel glad that Glenn was to have all that was being enumerated—have her woman's chance at life; her Chance!

"The mountains will feel mighty queer without my girl," he said, finally, even while Carrington was depicting Glenn in her niche in the Carrington Hall of

Fame. "She must come back every year, Carrington. I'll have to put that in the agreement."

Carrington felt it easy to comply.

"I hope it's to be a long wooing, my boy? I reckon Love had to have its way, but there's ground to go over—for safety."

"I want to take my wife with me when I go, Mr. Arnold."

"And that is?"

Arnold felt the blood leaving his brain.

"At the end of the month."

"At the—end of the month? Why, that will be—the end of June, Carrington!"

Carrington smiled. "The month of months, Arnold."

"The end of June!"

The words sounded, as Arnold uttered them, like a dirge.

CHAPTER XII

WHEN Glenn left her father and Carrington she had no very definite end in view. She wanted companionship one minute; the next she wanted to be alone. She started for Polly—she had a sudden feeling of kinship for Polly—but before she reached her she saw, from a window, Grey calling his dog inside the cabin. Then she wanted Grey. He had annexed a dog to his establishment, and somehow, as he called the animal in, he looked lonely; looked as if he, too, needed companionship.

“I wonder why he keeps so to himself?” she thought, then a smile came. A slow, sweet smile, but it brought a tear in its wake. “Dear old Mac! but of course he won’t mind; he will not really care! I’m glad, now, that he will not.”

Glenn did not go to either Grey or Polly. She went upstairs to her small room; she locked the door after her! She sat down and took her toys from the shelf and regarded them with fond but renouncing eyes. “Not ‘Little Girl Glenn’ any more,” she whispered to a doll that Arnold had evolved from the root of a tree, “but some day—when I am quite, quite old, and very wise—I will bring my—my children here to play with you.” The eyes were misty—the cheeks flushed. “It’s wonderful, Susan Ann,” she went on, with a catch in her voice; very

wonderful how we just play on, learning while we play; and then, suddenly, something happens and—and we're not strangers in a new place at all! Now Dad and my mother made me understand; and you, Susan Ann, you taught me so much. And then a mighty love opens my eyes and my soul wide and I see that Love means men, like father. And—and little soft babies are just Susan Anns, with life breathed into them; and I am like my mother—I am, Susan Ann, I am! So wait very patiently, you dear old thing, and I will come back."

Grey never went to bed early. That night he sat by his fireside, his dog close at his feet, his outer door open, as usual, to the starry night and the possible guest. He felt ill-natured and inhospitable. He realized that if he kept on as he was going he would erect a barrier between his cabin and the Lodge. Of course his detachment appeared strange and yet he had no inclination to be genial. He wanted Car-rington off the scene!

Many emotions swayed him. He was deeply depressed by the news of Kathleen Maurey's desperate end. His conscience was clear, for he knew himself to be blameless, but he had yet to convince others of the truth of this. He knew his world fairly well. A year or two and he might, if he permitted it, be regarded rather sentimentally on account of his "romantic past"—which, actually, had no reality. This did not move Grey either way—he was singularly indifferent to estimates of himself. What did hurt and bow him was the picture that his imagination drew of Kathleen's last lonely days and nights. How afraid she had always been of the dark! How

she had always shrunk from death! And he had wanted her to do her big best and yet have love and life. "It was a big, a huge thing that she did—poor little woman!" Grey repeated to himself. "She was big enough to die; but I doubt if she ever would have been big enough to live—really live."

Then, passionately, Grey wanted to talk to Beverly Train—wanted it so that, had he not promised to remain for the summer at the Lodge, he would have drifted down to that dim, quiet garden in the eastern town and cast his troubles among the many already there. After that—he would be free to love. "Lord! what a mind, what a soul Beverly has!" thought Grey; "no kink in them. How like her to share the truth with me, knowing that the wound would be a clean one and heal. Yes, it will heal, without much of a scar—after a while, after a while. I'm glad I told Beverly all."

Then Grey considered Carrington. "Queer!"—he thought on by his fireside—"queer, how a fellow can chum with another for years without getting under the skin. Lord Harry! how I'd hate to get under Dick's skin. It's a good clean skin, too. It's the cleanness that I've liked. Nothing smudgy ever stuck to Dick; he kept a safe distance. I wonder"—(here Grey almost laughed outright—), "I wonder how Dick would look if he ever, by accident, got too near Smudge—so near that some of it stuck? I wonder what he would do?"

This easy wandering was diverting; it led to other and far-reaching points. Grey soon found himself feeling quite safe about Glenn, and was surprised that he should feel so! "Why she's as secure with

Dick," he reasoned, "as she would be with the Monk—or any other icy, inaccessible thing. I wonder whether they talk much—she and Dick; and what do they talk about?"

Then Grey chuckled, recalling Carrington's capacity, when he chose, of talking at people. He had a way of deluging one with information whether they desired it or not, if he happened to be in a talkative mood. Perhaps they did not talk much. Dick could be silent at times, and Glenn never regarded conversation as essential unless it meant more than talk; she was like Arnold in that. "I bet Glenn doesn't care whether he speaks or not!" mused Grey. "And I wonder how Dick regards her trousers? By heaven! I must get into closer touch with him. I, somehow, have got so used to the trousers that I haven't applied them to Dick. I wager they made him qualmish for a minute or two."

Grey recalled a remark of Carrington's and it had not sounded caddish, either, at the time. He had said: "I see all women through my mother, Mac."

"Mrs. Richard Carrington, Sr. in trousers, would be a show!" he thought—then Grey pulled himself up sharply; the picture he had conjured up shamed him.

And just then he heard steps coming up the path to the cabin. "Come in!" he called before the steps reached the porch; he wanted to appear more cordial than he felt.

Carrington entered. He was dressed in his proper outfit, designed by a firm that stopped short of—well short of the comic-opera effect. He was slightly grimy and ruffled. One's clothes were likely to be, after a day with Glenn on a real trail.

The general effect left upon Carrington's face by his late conversation with Arnold was confusing; he had a bewildered expression but an uplifted one, at the same time. He felt as he might have done had he been talking, for an hour or more, in a language of which he knew but an occasional word, and none of the local phrases.

"Sit down, Dick; you're not very friendly." This being hardly fair, Grey added: "at least we haven't seen as much of each other as we should have; we must get on the hills together, to-morrow." Then, rather interestedly: "When do you think of leaving, old man?"

"At the end of the month—at the end of June."

"You look 'all in', Dick. Has Glenn given you something too hard to do? It's the devil, isn't it, when a girl can give you trumps and aces?—you can't hold back and lie down on the job."

Carrington—legs stretched to the blaze, hands stuffed in pockets—regarded Grey as if he had never seen him before. It seemed strange, but, after the first plunge Arnold had been easy; Arnold was no fool; he would be an ugly customer if things were not straight. But Grey, now that Carrington estimated him, had an advantage that Arnold had not. He'd had a background of Carrington which Arnold lacked. Why this should cause Carrington a moment's unrest, he could not know.

"Mac"; Carrington clutched the bottom seam of his pockets; "Mac, I'm engaged to marry Glenn Arnold!" It sounded positively silly. If he could have added: "I've hidden her in a mountain cave

—she's mine," it would have seemed in keeping with things.

Grey turned his clear, steady eyes on his visitor and said slowly:

"What sort of damned nonsense are you trying to put over, Dick?"

Carrington tried to resent this, but failed. He resorted to subterfuge.

"Mac; do you remember that diamond I brought from Africa—the one that deceived everyone else? Do you remember it after I got through with it—had it cut and polished? I knew that stone, didn't I?"

Grey's steady stare was not encouraging. It denoted more interest in the man than in his achievements.

"I took that stone in the rough, Mac. I had faith in it and—in myself. I'm not much given to flights of imagination, as you know, but it seems to me that between Glenn and—and that diamond there is a distinct connection. I am going to have it set in her engagement ring."

Never before in his life had Grey known the stunned sensation that now overcame him. He felt the cruel injustice of a mistake that he could not right. He felt the walls crumbling but he could neither prevent the catastrophe nor warn those in peril. His own love was the insurmountable barrier. Because of that he dared not speak. Anything he might say would first have to bear that mark, and so lay itself open to wrong interpretation—even by himself. He felt stifled, angry and impotent.

"If you don't mind," he said, vaguely, "perhaps you'll tell me what you're talking about, Dick."

Carrington coloured. "Is it so strange to you, Mac, that a girl—such a girl as Glenn Arnold—should sweep a man off his feet? She's like that diamond, you know; it took me just twenty-four hours to see—well, to see how she would be when cut and polished."

Grey gave a mental shudder as if the knife and buffer struck his soul.

"And—and *you've* undertaken the job, Dick? Well, by God!" The world seemed a devastated wilderness!

Grey, at last, got a comprehensive idea of the crude elementals. Women were Sex to Carrington. Viewed alone as Sex, Grey began to understand Glenn's appeal. Her physical charm; her mental superiority to her "class," as Carrington would term it, could not fail to attract the nature of a man who longed, always, to possess what was rare or unique, and who craved power and achievement. This, in conjunction with Glenn's apparent influence over Carrington's sluggish imagination, accounted for what had occurred, but Grey was appalled at what he felt would inevitably be the result, when, in the light of full understanding, these two natures—separated by a world of difference, each strong and clearly defined—confronted each other in the open! He, himself, seemed no longer to exist.

"Yes; God helping me, Mac," Carrington was saying in a reverent tone, "I am, as you express it, undertaking the job!"

"Hold on!" Grey got up and closed the door. He had an impulse to keep Carrington to himself until he was through with him.

In the meantime Carrington was rhapsodizing:

"She's primal, Mac. She's divine. Think of her one, two, ten years hence! I am going to give her travel and all that wealth can provide. I am going to devote myself to her and watch her evolve into the All-woman type. And can you not think, Mac, with your imagination, what it means to me—a man sunk in the belief that there was nothing new, nothing untried—to come face to face with this woman who, by her very untested powers, can stir me to my depths—make me willing and glad to fling every restriction aside in order to prove my belief in her promise and my own—vision?"

It was at this point that Grey lost control of himself. He towered over Carrington.

"*Shut up!*" he commanded in so fierce a tone that he brought his bewildered companion rather roughly to a halt.

"What—did you say?" Carrington asked, confusedly. For no man likes to be hauled down by a force of which he is unaware.

"I said: 'Shut up!' and I've got something more to say to you." Grey flung himself into a chair. "Are you a damned fool, Dick?" he half whispered, though, somehow, the words gave the impression of being shouted. "Don't you know what's the matter with you? Why in thunder don't you call things by their right names?"

Carrington was indignant, naturally, but he was also most forbearing.

"Of course, Mac," he replied, evenly, "I can quite understand how a fellow like you—I don't mean to hurt you, old man, but your ideals of love and women do differ from mine."

This brought Grey to his senses.

“Yes; my ideals have been different,” he said, bitterly; “they are now. I never offered a woman a crazy passion and called it *love!* I never wanted to twist a woman out of shape for my own satisfaction, and then try to fool myself into believing I was doing her the big and noble thing. Why, Glenn Arnold”—emotion was almost choking Grey—“Glenn Arnold is like the air up here—like the snow; you cannot *make* her—she’s *made!* She may, Heaven knows—she may *think* she loves you. You’ve offered her something that she loves; she loves *Love*; but, man, it’s yourself you’ve got to fix up, for if she finds you less than Love has made you seem to be, she’ll turn from you without a moment’s doubt. Don’t, for her sake and your own, do such a damned rotten thing as to take that girl away, drugged, and then let her wake up—down there!”

Carrington rose, stiffly. He looked at Grey, cruelly—keenly. His glorified exaltation was destroyed and he meant to make someone suffer.

“You’re a poor kind at hiding your hand, Mac,” he said, brutally. “I see your cards now; and after the dirty deal you have just given one woman, I think it’s as well that I should get this young girl away as soon as possible. “You’ve got the father under control. I suppose you thought you were safe enough here in the wilderness, but I came at the wrong—or, shall I say ‘opportune’?—time. You might have been willing to keep this paradise for yourself. I stand ready to offer this girl the earth for her heritage. My love does not bind; it sets free. You’ve had months up here. Why—since you seem

so interested—why haven't you tried to do what I have done?"

Grey was white with rage. He went toward the door, paused, and then reflected. In that moment he had a glimpse of the future. He felt that he must not put himself beyond Glenn's reach! Nothing else mattered. That she would need him, he never doubted, and he must be prepared.

"Dick," he said, presently, "like everyone else in high moments, we're both right; and both wrong. Will you shake hands?"

Carrington stretched his own out at once. In the act, they unconsciously signed a pact with Fate.

Early the next morning Glenn went to Grey's cabin. She had seen him moving about. The love-light had not been dimmed by sleep; it had been brightened. The sight of the girl almost unnerved Grey, but he steeled himself for his part.

"It's a wonderful thing that has happened to me, Mac," she confided; "do you know?"

"Yes. Dick came over last night."

"May I make your breakfast, Mac? The other house is not astir yet. I wanted you just to myself—in the early morning. I wanted to begin the day with—you."

Grey could not speak but he set about gathering the food for a simple meal. He drew up a small table to the door where they could watch the coming, rosy morning.

"It was only yesterday," Glenn said, passing a cup of coffee to Grey, "only yesterday when I was just—Glenn! And then, Mac, I took my own little,

secret trail up the Twins, and I surprised—surprised Dick” (she spoke the name as if it were a hard one that she had just mastered) “by going out on the bridge. He was so frightened that he forgot everything—the common things—and saw only the person that he thinks I am; not *Glenn* at all, Mac. And now, all my life I am going to try to *be* the thing he thinks me, for it is so beautiful and it is so wonderful to be that thing. It frightens me; I never was afraid before.”

“Maybe you never needed, before, to be frightened, child.” Grey gulped his hot coffee.

“But you are *glad* about me, aren’t you, Mac?—glad that a sudden, great light showed me everything at once?” Then, after a pause: “I cannot tell you why, Mac, but I’d rather have *you* glad than—Dad!”

“If you are happy, Glenn, then I am glad.”

“I don’t see how I could be happier, Mac dear. Why, I love the whole world better to-day—because of yesterday. I seem to feel that everything is mine. Mac, this *is* love, isn’t it?”

The dear, clear eyes were upon him, and Grey, with all his yearning to speak truly to her, could not! He wanted to tell her how it would be when the lurid light of Carrington’s big bonfire died down. He wanted to show her the man that Carrington was—a straight, unbroken line down from an ancestry that prided itself on its lack of curves. And then a grim smile touched his lips. How futile any words that he could speak would be to this girl, drunk with her own ideal of love. Every damaging thing he might say would seem virtue; any doubt that he might

arouse would be directed toward himself, not toward Carrington.

Grey arose and went around to Glenn; he took her hands and drew her to her feet.

"You know what love is, child; you've got it straight enough, and it ought to illumine all the way on ahead for you."

"Thank you, dear Mac. Of course, I've thought about love as all girls do. I dreamed that it would reach me, some day, up here; but I never got any further. The idea of *me* going out into the great unknown world!—that never occurred to me, and now it almost takes away my breath! It's not in the least like what I expected, Mac; it's made me into something quite different—something strong enough to *do* things."

"You will be enormously rich, child."

"All the better to help with, Mac." But Grey looked serious. "A big world," Glenn chattered on; "and a big lot of money, and always finding out what people need, and giving it to them—just as your dear Beverly Train does. And then coming up here to tell you all about it; you will stay a little while with Dad, won't you, Mac? Why, it's a fairy story."

"I will stay, Glenn, until your father gets used to—to waiting for you to come back. I'll stalk through the fairy story just because I've got started in it."

"And oh! Mac; I shall have a beautiful home somewhere—Dick says I may make just the kind I want—and I shall have little children, and be the best mother to them that ever was. That's life, isn't it, Mac?"

As she stood there with the morning on her face Grey closed his eyes—for he saw that Carrington had opened the gate of life wider than he had intended. And Glenn was pushing in, not waiting for revelation. But he also knew that Carrington's hand was on the door!

Glenn was married during the third week of June. A minister tourist happened to be at the Lodge and this hurried things a little. There was no pretense of celebration. Polly's wedding had been magnificent by comparison.

Glenn wore an absurd gown that had been selected from a catalogue. It made Carrington shiver, until he realized how easily all that could be remedied at the first city. For ornament Glenn wore her amber beads!

Polly wept through the entire ceremony. Sam, who was temporarily at home, looked stunned and awkward; he stood by the outer door in an attitude that suggested flight. Arnold's face was bereft of expression; had his girl's life, instead of her happiness, lain in danger, he could not have looked more death-like.

Events had been rushed faster than he could control them. Now he felt that he ought to have held them back. He had listened, over and over again, to all that Grey had told about Carrington and his family. It had seemed all right—a little awe-inspiring, perhaps, when the solidity began to include Glenn.

Grey had been generous—since he could not be frank; but in the end he left Arnold in a more perplexed state of mind than he had found him in.

“It’s a sure enough spring freshet, Mac,” he said, shaking his head, “and I don’t seem to have been able to clutch anything to hold to on my way down. All my old landmarks have gone with the rest. When all’s said and done I have a feeling that my girl’s got what rightfully doesn’t belong to her; and yet I don’t see, even now, how it could have been prevented; I swear I don’t.”

Then Grey resorted to heroic treatment. “See here, Arnold; it happens now and then that Life reaches up—or down—and takes what it needs. It isn’t all Glenn, you know. It’s quite possible that she may make a big thing of Dick. Then again, anything as surprising as this must mean something. Glenn, I imagine, will be willing to pay the toll of the Big Highway.

“You don’t think anything can really harm her, do you, Arnold?”

“No! by the Lord, I don’t.” Arnold did not say this irreverently but as one might voice a prayer of gratitude, and he flung his head back proudly. After that he could, with some show of cheerfulness, see Morton drive the newly married pair down the trail.

Glenn’s last words had been full of joy and childish excitement.

“It’s just as if I had been given wings, Daddy,” she said, clinging to him. “I shall never be away for long. I’m to see the whole world—think, Dad, the whole world!—and every little while I’ll be back to tell you how it looks! Perhaps by my birthday I’ll be back and we’ll celebrate on the Monk. It’s a disgrace that we have never made that climb!”

Carrington, having seen his young wife’s capacity

for magnifying his powers, had taken an almost boyish delight in exhibiting them.

"There is nothing," he repeated, "that you cannot have, my darling. Your will is my law so long as—I am with you!"

"Oh! I never want to be away from you, Dick, dear. Why—you are my—what shall I say, dear?—my—my *self!*"

"Your husband, darling."

"Yes, my husband."

CHAPTER XIII

IT WAS in late August that Polly's baby was born and they called him Davey because Polly had always loved the name. He was a dear little chap, and, from the first hour of his life, his eyes dominated his face.

Sam was awed by the child's coming. Before his actual appearance he had seemed a vague reason for bringing about unwanted results. But, once he lay curled on Polly's arm, he became the convincing Reason for all things. Polly was transformed because of him—she had made him possible! The home must be guarded and made fit always—because of him. All Sam's unshielded youth rose up and pleaded—in little Davey.

Polly had to learn to be a mother; but the paternal in Sam appeared only to have been awaiting release. He hung over the child and, because he desired that the future might be secure, he worked with a kind of passion. He undertook greater areas, but his roving spirit was held in check by his yearning to note every change in his child.

Arnold, missing Glenn until his big heart ached, found distinct comfort in Polly's cabin. His old talent for caring for babies returned, and when he felt wee Davey's fingers clutch his thumb, he thrilled, as a woman thrills.

Grey had never, consciously, noticed babies individually but after viewing Polly's several times he asked confusedly:

"Are they all as different from one another as Davey is?"

And Polly, answering the question as if it had been lucid, replied: "Certainly *not*, Mr. Mac."

Grey smiled and reflected: "The fish is landed all right! Queer how anything so preposterously little and red and weak can grapple such a big proposition and—solve it!"

He wrote all about Davey to Glenn who, after a brief visit to the Carrington home in Massachusetts, was to be wafted overseas to England, where one of the pleasant places that Carrington liked was to be her home for a time. (The world was somewhat contracting during the "polishing" period.)

Arnold, also, wrote about Davey. And Polly wrote; and then, lastly, Sam.

He scrawled:

Once I said to you, Glenn, that no matter what you told me to do I'd do it—knowing it would be right. I kicked, some, over this tying of me up, but it was all right. I ought to have known. Davey proves it. He's got the biggest eyes you ever saw, Glenn. He looks like he could see the whole, eternal earth.

They all wrote about Davey's eyes—the big, far-seeing eyes. Glenn noticed this. "They look like I felt when I first knew he was coming," Polly wrote—"the time when I thought I had to go to Connor's. They are not frightened eyes, exactly, but watching-out eyes." Glenn was deeply touched by Davey's coming and she sent him some lovely and dainty gifts.

Her letters home were often puzzling. "They sound," Arnold said, "as if my girl were getting someone else to write for her. They are Glenn, but someone else besides." The bewildering changes, the beautiful clothes, the jewels, the people, were setting the girl's brain to a giddy whirl; and her letters proved it.

I haven't thought one minute since I left, Daddy. All day I go flitting about, and at night I'm so tired that I forget everything.

The world is really the biggest place one ever dreamed of, and it is crammed with the most amazing things that are not in our catalogue, Dad. I'm mighty glad that I have all those facts that my professor squeezed into my head; they come in handy. Every once in a while something happens and I pull out a bit of knowledge—and it fits! Then Dick looks so surprised and proud. I am afraid he feared that I was a sad fool—his love seems all the more wonderful on that account.

And Dad, I can keep in step with the procession! Sometimes I have to mark time, and Dick holds my hand; then on I go. The whole parade is so kind to me. They think I am like the air from my mountains. That's funny; but they mean it as a compliment. When I get a bit breathless they all stop and wait for me—at least it seems to me that they do. They never get angry, as dear old Mac said they might.

The roar of the sea frightened me, Dad. I heard it long before Dick thought it was possible. It is always in my ears, though now I am getting a bit used to it. When I am alone, or at night, it makes me cry. It is trying to tell me something that I cannot understand. It's the only thing down here that really makes me want to run away—home.

Tell Polly that no one can love Davey more than I do and I think he is opening his eyes wide, *trying to see me*, 'way down here!

Grey had a letter from Glenn that he did not share with Arnold. It was written just before she went abroad.

Mac, dear, it makes me very happy to think of you with Dad. If he were alone I couldn't cross the big sea that roars so—I just couldn't.

I shall be glad to get to that English house to which we are going. Dick has pictures of it; it has trees and quiet places to rest in. I'm whisked about so fast that I cannot touch things; I just look at them.

I hardly got to Dick's real, *own* home before I was in something with wheels—and off! Wheels are always waiting for me—nice automobiles and cars.

I'm very rich, Mac. I saw the tall chimneys of the place where all our money is made; it just flows out. "You turn the wheels," Dick says—at least a man named Thompson does—and whoop! out comes the money that makes the world go round—and me with it!

And such clothes as I have, Mac. Some of them make me feel queer. Dick says he cannot see why, since trousers didn't. I have glittering things to wear on my neck—not half as pretty as Dad's amber beads, though—and I do wear the beads often, especially with a yellow dress that matches them.

I have a tremendous diamond in a ring; Dick calls it the *Glenn*. He's very funny at times. He says this stone was mine before Time was! Now that is a joke, and I haven't found the answer yet. Don't tell Dick, but I do not care for the big diamond. I don't know why, but I don't. It tires my hand.

I've been so breathless and hurried since that day when I left home that I have not had much time to sit by myself and see myself; but I've had one blessed breathing spell, Mac. Beverly Train sent for me, and Dick let me go—alone! It was the most lovely, cool July evening—just light enough to see the purple—dark, you know! I went into the garden and I saw—very dimly (for she was in a long chair, half covered up)—your Beverly Train! Just at first she was a Voice—a beautiful, sweet, kind Voice. After a little while she said I might come near and see how little there was of her. But oh Mac!—she is big enough to fill a large place, after you know her. She put her dear, pretty hand on mine and she said some very strange things. She told me that I mustn't try *too* hard to please Dick, or I wouldn't. She said Dick wanted something, and that I must try to be and to remain that something. How odd it sounded! But I'm be-

ginning to understand, for whenever I slump—ever so little—Dick looks as if I had hurt him.

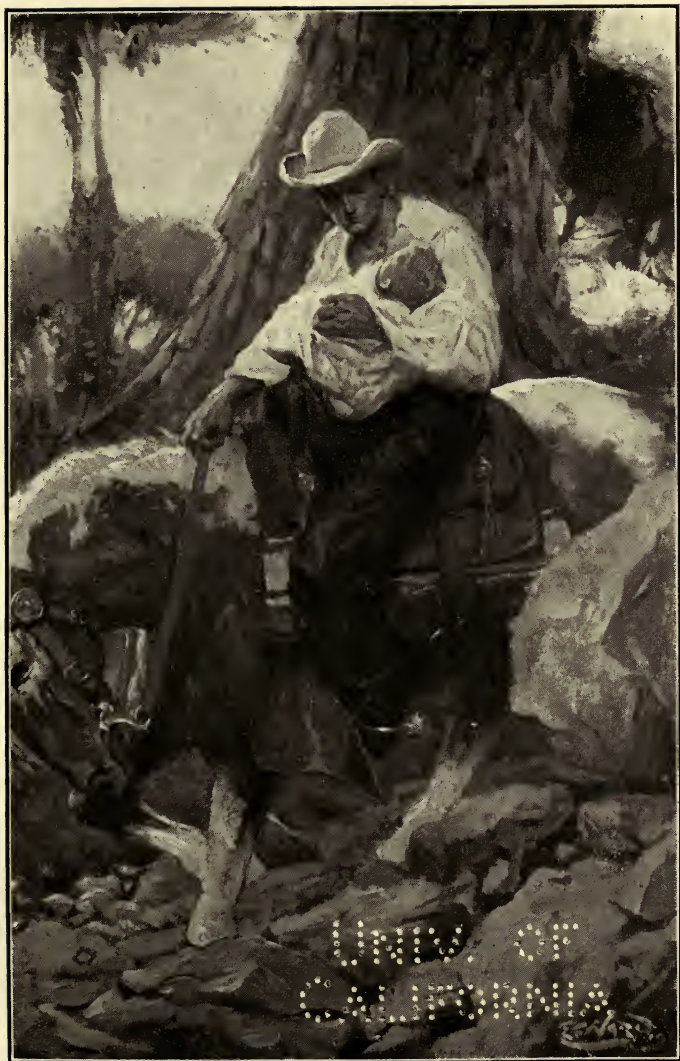
And then Beverly told me a good deal about you, Mac. I just sat and listened and cried, for I realized that I had not known you at all—the *real* You. She said that you were the first one who made her see what a coward she was to be ashamed of the way God had created her. You were, she told me, her first *friend*.

Grey did not show this letter to any one, but he re-read it, again and again.

Throughout that summer tourists came and went; when Arnold did not care to act as guide, Grey took to the trails. He had never been so well nor so strong in his life, and when once he and Arnold had got over the first sickening sense of loss they had felt at Glenn's going, they settled down, like the two congenial comrades that they were, and really enjoyed it. Grey did not do much writing, for the outdoor life filled all the waking hours; the rest were *forgot* like Glenn's weary nights.

Polly's baby was a sweet, tender undercurrent of delight. Davey was a beautiful child from the moment that the flabby, pink stage was past. He laughed at a remarkably early age, and took to any form of life that offered action and amusement. Above all else he loved to ride in Sam's arms when Sam travelled to the near-by houses. The soft little bundle, gathered close to Morton's breast by one hand, while the other guided the spirited horse, kept all temptation from the young father.

"You don't pass anything wrong over a little head like that," Sam explained to Arnold; "why, Davey's hair is clear gold, Arnold—clear, fine gold."



“The soft little bundle was gathered close to Morton’s breast by one hand, while the other guided the spirited horse”

NO. 111
ANNALS

But it was the beauty of the child's eyes that held them all. Those large, far-seeing, peaceful eyes! It was the *peace* in them that made Polly anxious.

"I never saw eyes like them," she confided to Grey, "they're too peaceful-like, Mr. Mac."

Grey was looking at the child lying in its basket-cradle. Suddenly he started. Then, when Polly was not looking, he made a rapid motion before the wide, clear eyes. The peace in them was unmoved. A sickening fear rose in Grey's heart.

"Polly, put Davey in his riding togs and let me see whether I can perform Sam's stunt with him on horseback."

"Oh! Mr. Mac, you surely don't want to be pestered with little Davey." But Polly really was hugely pleased.

"Yes, I do; I want to make Sam jealous."

And so Davey was put across Grey's saddle and trotted down to the Lodge. He slept part of the way, his pretty, soft face lying close to Grey's breast, and when he wakened and the sun shone on his eyes—the peace still held, unwaveringly!

A physician of high reputation was staying, just then, at the Lodge. The night before he had been relating some of his experiences among children: tests; remarkable cures—largely the correcting of inherited symptoms, taken in time. Grey, jogging along with the tiny, warm body in the hollow of his arm, and knowing that the moment was drawing nigh when his fears were to be verified or set to rest, experienced a sickening sense of helplessness and, at the same time, of power. If Davey were all right, then he must take his chances in life—with a boost,

now and then, out of pure kindness; but if he had been started with a handicap, and if science could overcome it, then Grey might step in. He had no longer any need for saving or planning for his own future. Here was something weak and small—something that Glenn would have loved and mourned over—right at hand for his helping. Little Davey of the hill cabin at that moment represented all piteous childhood to Grey and he saw him through eyes made understanding by the simple humanity he had learned on the heights.

Arnold and the doctor were on the Lodge porch, smoking. They had just returned from a climb and were in the best of spirits, swapping stories and roaring with laughter.

“Well, by all that’s holy!” exclaimed Arnold, suddenly; “if there isn’t Grey with Morton’s Davey on his saddle. What’s up, Mac?”

“Nothing. Just giving the kid an airing. I wanted Dr. Cornish to have a look at him; label him, as you might say, good, bad, or indifferent.”

“That’s a darned funny thing for you to do, Mac.” Arnold was serious and alert at once.

Cornish tossed his cigar aside and strode heavily over to Grey as he dismounted. He, too, realized that there was more in this little episode than appeared on the surface. He took the baby in his arms—those big, tender arms that children naturally nestled in. The grave, bearded man had a voice of thunder for sham or cowardice; he was merciless to brutality or lack of self-control; but where real suffering or helpless childhood was concerned, he was not merely a giant of power but a giant of gentleness.

As he took Davey he said quickly, with his quiet, professional air:

"Pretty little rascal for so young a baby. Good features, too. The bumps on the skull are all in the right places."

Davey had been napping, his eyes were still closed, but he snuggled in the strong arms, cunningly.

"Look up, sonny, let's have a peep into your windows and see what kind of a disposition you've got with this mouth and forehead. That's the boy!"

Davey's lids lifted. Those wonderful eyes lay exposed to the keen ones fixed upon them.

"Give me a match, Arnold." Arnold came up with one. "Light it. Pass it close in front of the eyes." Arnold's hand trembled.

Just then, unobserved by any one, Sam came around the corner of the house and stood still, perplexed by the scene near him.

"The—the baby is stone blind!" The words fell, not harshly but with a finality that cut like a knife.

Arnold gave forth a sound that was almost a sob, and turned away.

"But—we've taken it in time, haven't we?" gasped Grey, white and tense. "I've suspected this, that's why I brought the baby here. You can do something; suggest something. I'll stand back of anything that can be done, Cornish."

"Grey; this is a case of nothing to do. There is no sight!"

As if Davey disputed this he gurgled rapturously and reached forth his tiny hand, seeking something to which he might cling. Cornish seemed to be holding the child in the hollow of one of his huge hands; with

the other he clasped the waxen, groping fingers. He did not utter a word, but all the commiseration of the big-hearted gathered in his eyes as he gazed upon wee Davey.

At this moment Sam staggered forward like a drunken man. A fierce fire burned in his eyes.

"What did you say?" he moaned; "say it again."

Cornish turned and answered this new call.

"Brace up, Morton. It's hard, devilish hard, and it seems unjust, unfair; but you've got to face the music, man. The little chap is never to see. He's blind!"

Then Morton understood. His face grew old as the three men watched it in silence. All the gay, indifferent, debonair expression faded as if the hand of Time had blotted it out. In its place a sad resignation grew and grew. Turning to Grey, he said:

"Come back with me; come back, for Pity's sake, and tell Polly!"

Grey shrank. For a moment he felt that he could not; then he drew himself up.

"All right, Sam. I'll take Davey. You come on a little behind; we don't want to startle Polly."

So up the trail they went. The birds sang; the sun slanted through the tall rocks; the trees cast shadows, long and dark. Davey was in high glee. He cooed and gurgled and kept waving his little hands. Grey, lost in thought, let his horse jog on; looking far ahead—demanding, since all else had failed, that his imagination explore and find some way out of the gloom. From the distance the sound of Sam's horse came less and less distinct. The heavy heart of the young father was holding him back.

Polly was waiting at the cabin door. Her face was illumined. She had a beauty that was, at times, startling. Davey had created it. He had done more; he had awakened in the mother a clairvoyance of protecting love which was to outrun any effort that Grey might make to save her.

During the hours that her arms had been empty and the cabin deathly still Polly had had time to think.

“It was a queer thing for Mr. Mac to do—take a six-weeks-old baby for a ride!” So the thought began. “He’s keeping him a long time!” (Hardly a half hour had passed.) “He couldn’t be thinking of taking him to the Lodge—who would care to see the baby there?” Then, with a strange tightening of the heart muscles: “What’s the name of that big doctor at the Lodge?—the one that set a crooked leg straight, farther up the trail, and put strange fastenings on Mary Thomas’s girl’s back?”

It was then that Polly had run to her door. The house stifled her. “Davey! Davey!” she called, just to keep her spirits up. “Davey; come to mammy.” She seemed to see the pretty, soft, little face—feel the touch of the fingers on her aching heart. “You want Mammy, Davey, don’t you? Men are so daffy! Taking a lambie from its mammy for hours and hours!”

And then, when Grey did appear, she stood in the doorway. She had no strength to move her thin body, but the divinity in her—the divine that had

come with her child—guided her gently, miraculously.

Grey dismounted and put Davey in the arms of love; they clasped him fiercely. Then:

“Mr. Mac, you took Davey to that big doctor, didn’t you?”

Grey reeled back from the unlooked-for assault. He had barely words to answer the desperate appeal.

“Yes, Polly.”

“What for?”

Silence.

“What for, Mr. Mac? Is—is Davey sick? He couldn’t be, and me not know—*me!*”

“He—he isn’t—sick, Polly.”

“Is it his—legs?”

“No.”

“His back then?”

“No, Polly.”

“It—it can’t be—— Oh, Mr. Mac, it can’t be—his eyes?”

Grey nodded.

Polly did not faint; she did not tremble. She seemed, as Grey watched her, to be growing tall, masterful.

“Never see the light on the mountains—my Davey?” she crooned. “Never see the flowers when the snow goes? Never find the trails, all for himself, my Davey? Never see—me or Sam—oh! my dear God! What have we done that you should hide the light of day from my—Davey?”

Polly did not heed Grey, but behind him she saw Sam! Then she asked faintly:

“Does he know?”

"He knows, Polly." Grey drew back.

"And he cares so much—that, that he couldn't come, Mr. Mac. He had to be—alone?"

"Yes."

But Sam was at his wife's side a moment later. At her side as he had never been before. He and she merged and flowed together—in their child. They were one now. One for his care and protection. They must lead true, see clear, and interpret life to the boy as best they could.

Then Polly spoke. "Don't go, Mr. Mac!" For Grey was turning away with bowed head. He did not feel worthy to be in that place. "Mr. Mac, couldn't you talk to us? Can't you—sort of fix up something we can do—for Davey? A make-believe something? It would be better than—than nothing."

Grey thought that he understood. They didn't want to be alone; they were afraid to face, just at first the burden, the common burden, that had been laid upon them. So he sat down upon the step of the porch, and Sam stood near while Polly went to the pretty rocking chair that Beverly Train had sent her, and clasped her baby to her aching breast.

After awhile Grey began to speak aloud the thoughts that had been roaming, unchecked, through his mind.

"It's up to us"—how naturally he felt that he belonged to them all—"to make things a little easier for the boy than otherwise we would. He will need the rough things toned down. We can always tell him the best; perhaps he need never know the other."

Polly had ceased to listen, she was conscious only of the pressure of the baby's lips upon her breast.

“We must make eyes for Davey,” Grey’s rambling words ran on; “fix things up a little better than they are. Make the mountains a bit higher and brighter, the days sunnier, the nights fuller of stars. Davey’s eyes must see only the best and finest.”

Sam groaned and buried his face in his hands.

“You mustn’t fail Davey!” said Grey, challenging the broken creature above him.

“Lord knows, I’ll try not to”; and Sam wept like a child. But Polly was singing—singing a low, swinging thing which Glenn had invented in that time when she and Polly played dolls together:

Bye-oh! little baby that God sent to me,
Just to have a good time and see what is to see;
And bye-oh! little baby-thing, by-and-bye lo, dear,
There’s lots of things to love and want, but nothing’t all to fear.

Grey rose, stiffly, holding his hat in hand. The look in Polly’s eyes was unnerving him.

“You’ll bring Davey to the Lodge, Polly, tomorrow?” he said. “I want Dr. Cornish to talk to you. He’s the Creator’s own man.”

“Maybe, Mr. Mac. Bye-oh little baby——” Then, suddenly: “You’ll tell Glenn, won’t you, Mr. Mac?”

“Yes, Polly. I’ll write to-night.”

“Tell her awful easy, Mr. Mac. She takes things hard, and she’s ’way off—alone now. She loves Davey even if she hasn’t seen him.”

“I’ll tell her gently, Polly.”

And then Grey mounted and rode away. He noticed, as he never had before, how rough the trail

was. He determined to have it made safe, to have the loose stones removed, the way widened. "I suppose a tough little bronco could be taught to carry a child, if they were both taken young; that is, if the trail were made easy," he pondered as he went along.

And that night Grey wrote to Glenn, who was still in England, taking a breathing spell. Very gently he broke to her the hard, hurting fact. Vividly he described every detail, for strangely enough he realized how alone she would be when she read the words he was carefully choosing.

We must make Davey's world for him, Glenn, the best world, ever! Already I am fixing you up for the little chap. You are going to be the fairy god-mother—slipping in when most wanted, bringing what everyone else forgot; in short, putting the finishing touches on.

Then I am going to start, at once, an experimental school for blind children—very young ones. When Davey is old enough he shall go to his own school and share whatever there is to share in his particular line.

There was a little more about Davey and then Grey put the question that lay in all their hearts.

And when, young woman of the gay feathers, are you coming back to us? Your father rather banks on your birthday, but you can hardly get here by October unless you take to those wings boastfully referred to on your wedding day.

Couldn't you manage to come and get snow-bound as—some one else did, once? It seems eternities ago, but it was glorious enough to remember.

With every word Grey's heart grew heavier. His effort for Glenn taxed his enforced cheerfulness.

The letter reached England when the autumn weather was anything but inspiring. Carrington brought it in with his own mail which had been more upsetting than usual. He was inwardly cursing Thompson for lack of firmness with the "hands." Carrington never thought of his factory workers otherwise than as "hands." Hands of the machinery; never minds, or souls—hardly even bodies.

It was costing a great deal more to live, since Glenn had been annexed. The cutting and polishing were expensive. Already Carrington was arranging to "set" his new jewel in the Massachusetts home. That would lessen the strain somewhat, and it was about time to settle down and live.

At that point Glenn across the hearth, cried softly: "Oh! oh! little Davey."

"Who the devil is—Davey?" Carrington looked up. His flare of passion was dying down but it still had heat and glow when it touched upon Glenn. "Is that a letter from Mac, Glenn? When in thunder is he going to get back into harness?"

"Little Davey is blind, Dick—blind!" Glenn was crying. Her tears never disfigured her—they rolled gently down her face and left no stain.

"Davey, Davey? Is he one of the dogs?"

"He's Polly's little baby—Polly's and Sam's!" A pain shot through Glenn's heart.

"The deuce he is!—and he's blind? That is hard luck. But don't cry, dear." Carrington came over and put his arms about Glenn; his touch and hers were still electrical.

"Dickie dear, couldn't we go—back—home? I've seen all the pictures in the world, and now I'm just

a small bit tired. I'd like to cuddle down and read the writing under the pictures and—and think them out."

"Funny little wife-thing! But we *are* going home, darling."

"Oh! Dick. But we couldn't get there by October—could we?"

"Hardly. I must leave things trim here. I'd like to run over to Paris before we sail. You ought to have the last word in gowns and hats. I want you to load up."

"Why, Dick, I'm simply buried in clothes. They weigh me down. The only thing in the way of clothes that I want, Dickie, is my old, patchy trousers!"

"Good heavens, child!"

"That's all I would really need—at home, Dick."

Carrington pictured Glenn in trousers moving about the old Carrington place in Far Hills; he never admitted the Lodge in the "home" category.

"Lord!" he half groaned. He wasn't any too sure about Glenn in the correctest things that Paris could evolve. She was startling at the best. She might take the Massachusetts breath by her grandeur, but the real kernel of her somehow had eluded the cutting and polishing. She had a transient effect—a suggestion of not belonging where he placed her.

"Dick, dear, please sit down in that big chair." Carrington obeyed. Glenn was luring him from the anger he felt against Thompson, even from his critical regard of herself. "That's a good boy. Now hold me close against your blessed heart; so!" She was in his arms, her slim, girlish form clinging close.

"I'm going to tell you a great secret, Dick. It will explain why I want to go—home." In the stillness the cannel coal on the hearth fell apart, showing the blood-red heart of the fire. "I want—the snow-white hills, and the quietness, and Daddy. It will be April when our baby comes, Dick, and often April is wonderful on the top of things. I would like—my baby to be born where I was born, in the room where I came to Daddy—and *you*, dear."

Carrington's arms relaxed. He could not speak. But through his surprised thoughts ran a new strain—an old, old imperious call. The woman in his arms no longer was the object of his love and passion. She had become an austere creature—the mother of his race! He didn't care for children—he was not filled with joy now—but he was filled with pride, and a new purpose.

He kissed the face resting on his breast—kissed it as a patriarch of old might have.

"What's the matter, Dick? Aren't you crazy-glad?"

"I'm—I'm very proud."

"And so you see—why I want—home?"

"My darling; you are to leave everything to me. We will stay right here! I would not risk your precious life, now, to any chance of accident."

"Stay *here*? Not—go home?" Glenn gasped.

"Do you love me, dearest?" Carrington asked.

"Oh! yes."

"Then give yourself absolutely into my keeping."

"Why I—I cannot, Dick—not absolutely."

"You must!"

"I—cannot." The first spark glinted off as steel

struck steel. "I—I wouldn't be worthy of being our little baby's mother if I did that, Dick. Just having one father and one mother seems hardly enough, when I think of—of the darling, but anyway it must have both of us—and as *both* as we can make ourselves."

This whimsical opposition had the effect of annoying Carrington.

"I repeat, Glenn, you must leave everything to me!" he said.

"And I—repeat" (Glenn was oblivious of the change in her husband)—"that I cannot; and that I should feel unworthy if I could."

CHAPTER XIV

GLENN grew very white and still as the winter passed. After accepting the exile that Carrington insisted upon, she never referred to it.

Science, and little else, stalked through her long days. She was considered—impersonally, largely, but she was considered—until her individuality almost perished. She was amused—scientifically. Carrington became her warder and keeper—carrying out the commands of Science while Science was off duty. But still she grew more white and delicately fragile.

Her own appearance interested her and her quaint humour flashed forth to Carrington.

“Can this be I? Look at my arms, Dick—just strings. And my legs—I’m afraid I couldn’t dance on the Twin bridge now.”

“I should hope not, my precious!”

“Dick dear, if I hadn’t danced that day, last June, perhaps—who knows?—I might not have been—here.”

“Are you sorry, beloved?”

“Sorry? Sorry that Love just caught me, when something, not my body, toppled over? I should think not! When you caught me, Dick, you opened life to me.”

“But you are crying, Glenn.”

“Well, Dickie, you see I’m not used to—to having

babies. I feel sort of—queer. After the baby comes, Dick; *then* may we go home, *please?*”

“What do you mean by ‘home’, Glenn?”

“Why, the Lodge, dear.”

“Your *home*, my dearest, is Far Hills. When you are able to travel I must take you there. Afterward—well, afterward, we will see.”

“Far Hills! Doesn’t it sound awfully distant, Dick? It—it sounds as if I never could reach it, no matter how hard I try.”

“I should like my—son” (the word slipped from Carrington unheeded) “to feel that Far Hills was *his* home.”

Glenn’s eyelid twinkled. It rarely did now.

“Suppose such an awful thing as a daughter happened to you, Dick; what then? Would you let the poor little mistake go to the Lodge? Daddy is used to—to girls. He wouldn’t mind.” Then, quite seriously: “I’d like our little child, dear, to play with Davey. Mac says he is wonderful.”

“Mac is still in the mountains?” Carrington frowned.

“Yes, but he’s going down. He says he’s going to his place, wherever that is, for Christmas. Polly and Sam and Davey are going to the Lodge to stay with Daddy. Mac has a new book coming out.”

“Has he?”

Grey’s books were all drivel to Carrington.

“Yes. He’s named it: ‘The Trail Called Easy’.”

“Has, eh? He’d better write another and call it: ‘The Trail Made Difficult’. Mac always took the easy trail.”

“Why, Dick; you sound most un-Dickish.”

This brought Carrington to his senses. Science had lain down laws regarding mental and physical environment.

England smiled early that year. April was quite June-like. Science did its best for Glenn, but it had largely disregarded Nature, and, single handed, it had a bad time of it.

There were black hours, when the door of life seemed closed for ever to the girl in the dim, quiet room. At such times her spirit—still held by a loose chain—wandered where neither Science nor pride of family awed it. It mounted higher and higher; it sang gleefully; it called the dear, old names and trod the familiar trails.

Then it was drawn back! Back to torture and fear. Again, when it was given rein, it fled to the one that had always left it free.

“Daddy! Daddy! I cannot find the way!”

Presently the light of Glenn’s star lent a ray to guide her back—this time to peace and safety.

“Here is your little girl, Mrs. Carrington.”

It was decreed, by Science, that a well-trained nurse, not Carrington, should give to Glenn her child.

“A—a girl!” The announcement was startling. “Why—why—it was to have been a boy, you know!”

Then because Glenn was too weak to cry, she laughed; laughed rather terribly, too, and people came quickly. And then she slept—slept so deeply that she did not dream.

The baby—Constance they called her, that being Carrington’s mother’s name—took her entrance into the world very calmly. She rarely cried, and rarely,

so the nurse said, slept. She lay and looked about; first blankly, then, very soon, with a serene air of polite interest. She amused Glenn very much when, at the end of two danger-filled months, she emerged, white, haggard, and deplorably thin, to face life with her child.

She seemed not to be the old Glenn at all. It was as if, in the Shadow, she had left her buoyant, strong self and came forth a wan woman with only one strong passion—love for her baby! Her attitude astounded and dismayed Carrington. She was not exactly indifferent to him, but she was distant. Tender she was, and often playful, but—detached.

Once he talked to her of her altered manner.

“Why, Dick, dear, surely you know how I love you! You gave me love and then—my child. You are the holiest thing in the world to me.”

“I’m not desirous of being a holy thing to you,” Carrington returned, wondering how such a thin, wraith-like creature could still be so lovely. “I want you as you were, my darling.”

“Ah, Dick, is a woman ever the same? The way was so far and dark, it took so long to get back. Once, when I seemed terribly alone, words came; they seemed to ask me whether I—I wanted to return? Then I heard the baby cry and—I had to!”

“Only for the child, Glenn?” Carrington looked hurt. The maternal instinct was not appealing to him; it had a plebeian aspect that was repelling.

“It seemed so then, dear old Dick. I felt responsible for it. I think women get very near to God when their babies come, don’t you? You see, they have to reach up, when He leans down to them.”

"I know you nearly died, my dear one, so nearly that I would not go through the agony again."

"Why, I would, Dick. Just for the feeling of the baby hands—after! Put the baby close, Dick. It *can* see, you are sure?"

"It can see all right, and hear. I guess she's all that one could expect." Carrington regarded his daughter critically.

"I don't think she's very pretty"—Glenn whispered this disloyalty—"I don't know much about babies, but Constance looks too—too finished. Mac says Davey has an adorable smudge for a nose, and dimples, and a mouth like a strawberry, and hair like the fluff on a duckling's breast; you just naturally call him Davey—not David. Why, Dick, lying here alone with Constance, I've tried to call her Connie; and I don't dare! Look at her nose; I declare it's like yours and just as good! What hair she has is dark and—and shiny. Her mouth has a firm look, and I bet she's going to have a strong character."

"You're a bit ridiculous, Glenn darling. Constance is a real Carrington. She looks like one of my grandfathers; the resemblance is striking, even to me."

"Does she, Dick? Isn't that awful? A two-month-old baby looking like an old gentleman. Was it the one who went to Congress—isn't that where you said he went?"

"Yes, Glenn." But Carrington did not laugh—he was gazing again rather intently at his daughter. She was an extremely ancient and severe-looking infant and he was planning a course of action that

would place the child in safe and competent care while, at the same time, detaching her from her mother. It would never do to have Glenn, before she was twenty, becoming—maternal! A young mother, correctly placed, was interesting; a baby, as a background, emphasized youth, but a baby in arms was unmentionable! and Glenn showed distinct symptoms of maternalism.

But little Constance Carrington soon took the middle of the stage in a most alarming and unlooked-for manner. Delicate from her birth, she very soon showed symptoms that demanded the best surgical care and nursing. During those days when the little life wavered faintly poor Glenn thought of Polly and her Davey. With heart-sick longing she yearned for the hills, for her father, for Polly, and for Mac. Sometimes she thought that if she could carry her baby to the mountains and lift her up to the sunlight and the cool sweet air a miracle might be performed.

Once she voiced this craving and belief to Carrington, but he set it aside rather impatiently. His life was disordered and confused. He wanted to get back to America, but certain treatment, which gave promise for Constance, must be continued and Glenn was in no fit condition for a long journey, anyway.

So for four years they remained abroad—Carrington going home twice during that time to insist upon more speed in the business.

“Good God!” he said to Thompson “have you any idea what it costs me to live, these days? Of course I want you to obey laws”—Thompson had insinuated

that perhaps he did not—"haven't I always obeyed laws? Aren't the shops and factories abreast of the times?"

"About." Thompson was a one-word man, when two words might have been used by others.

"Well—what then? I tell you, Thompson, I do not mean to cater to this rabble. When one considers what they came from! Good Lord! what do they expect? They never lived so well in their lives before. If they don't like it—why don't they go back; why do they stay?"

"American ideals." Thompson thrust in.

"American nothing! It's American peril that they want to be." Carrington was furious.

"Bad housing," Thompson muttered; "that's one of their complaints."

"Now see here, Thompson; my business is my business. I pay regulation wages, keep to the time schedule; but I don't intend to mix up in their domestic affairs. I own the property? What if I do? I will not discuss the matter along this line, and I'm *not* responsible for economic conditions! What I've come all the way from England for is to—speed you up. Put on steam, Thompson. It will mean a couple of thousand more to you."

And then Carrington went back to England for a year or so more.

It was the winter when little Constance Carrington was three and giving hopes of staying on, that Grey came down from the heights, leaving Sam, Polly, and Davey at the Lodge. He wanted to see how his "place" was getting on. He had deferred his trip

over and over again. Beverly Train had urged it now. She had written:

You're too young, Mac, to become a hermit; your books are too popular. Your play is being rehearsed; the dust on your furniture is too deep. People have almost forgotten poor Kathleen, and Robert Maurey has behaved himself so detestably lately that folks are beginning to wonder whether they did not stone the wrong dog. Queer, isn't it—how they throw stones first and do their thinking afterward?

I'm so afraid of being ashamed of having thrown stones, that I hold back until it is time for the placing of wreaths.

But most of all, old Mac, I want to see you. I used to think there was not enough of me for Time to waste in making me old, but I suppose I am not exempt, and once the process is begun, it will soon be finished—owing to my brevity.

And so Grey swung back to his old haunts. He was big and muscular and tanned. His eyes were clear and undaunted, he entered the haunted places of his past with quickened pulses, but a clean conscience.

The dust in his old rooms was a fiction of Beverly Train's brain; some one had kept them immaculate. His publishers were cordial; his friends—those he chanced upon, accidentally—glad to see him.

"You look made over," one or two remarked.

"I have been," Grey returned. "I've been where I could get all the air I wanted."

But no man could return, after nearly four years, and not feel strange in the once-familiar environment. It was as if he were trying to find land-marks for a friend—the friend being his old self. He seemed to be going about with a map and notes of instruction. The person he now was, had no particular curiosity, but he owed it to what he once had been.

He went where he had lived so long, to his grandmother's old house in the Back Bay; a cheerful family of youngsters was now living there. The narrow, grim little street amused him; how had he ever found it anything but cramping? Then he recalled that it had opened into the first love he had ever known and he remembered the surprising view of garden and river from the back windows!

In his own small apartment he feared that he might find Kathleen Maurey, but the fear proved groundless; she did not seem to have any part in the rooms—she had come and gone, as she had from his life—a brief episode of the years when he was finding himself.

For a few days Grey refrained from seeing Beverly Train—did not even telephone or write, although he had sent word from Denver that he was on his way eastward. He wanted to do his errand—fulfil his duty to his old self before he went to the one friend who, of all others, seemed nearest and closest to him, most like his own.

At last, one balmy day, he shed the dust of his past from him, got into some new and good-looking clothes, and started out for Beverly Train's out-of-town house. This was about thirty miles from Boston and on the broad highway. It was an old, colonial house set in wide lawns, and behind it were acres and acres of cultivated farm land. It was called "On the Way" and indeed it was frankly that; for, coming or going, one was almost sure to pass it if he journeyed through Massachusetts.

Beverly had inherited the place from her father, Judge Train. It had come to her with his blessing,

as had her orderly, well-balanced, and judicial mind. The little, cramped body was merely the casket—a frail one, at best—to hold the big brain and the loving heart.

The old judge, when about to depart from this life, had remarked, casually, to this daughter: “I know that you will carry on all my hopes for the place; it will give you something to do. When you are through with it, leave it to some one—or to some organization—that will continue along our lines. I’d like it always to be on the way to something.”

To that end, Beverly had devoted her lonely years and her clear thought. Trades were taught on her land; farming, weaving, and—in small cottages—up-to-date home-making. Little groups of girls and boys were gathered from the most neglected by-ways of life and started on the way. The green-houses, the lawns, the wooded parts of the estate, gave evidence of the skill of the “home products” as Beverly called them. The scheme was not charity in any sense; largely it paid for itself in service and production. And through it all, pervading it all, were the heart and the brain of the tiny creature in the long, wheel-chair. She was the spirit of the place.

When Grey entered “On the Way,” he was directed to the conservatory by a smiling little maid who, a few years before, had started out on the wrong way, but had been caught in time.

“Miss Beverly ordered that when you came, sir, you should just walk in and find her.”

And Grey knew where to go. The long chair was in the bright room where rare flowers bloomed and

birds sang. It was late afternoon and the western windows let in the last rays of sunshine.

The head against the back of the couch-chair, was crowned with silver hair, cut short and combed back from the broad, fine brow. The face was strong and delicately chiselled; the body, under the gay-coloured rug, like that of a child of twelve!

Grey, standing by the entrance, looked at the pathetic figure. His eyes dimmed; his throat contracted; he saw only the beauty of the spirit that was caught and held in the frail shell. Then he heard Beverly speak:

“Is that you, Mac Grey? I seem to feel you.”

Grey went forward and touched his lips to the smooth forehead.

“And now let me look at you, boy!”

Grey stood rigid for inspection.

“It’s all right. You haven’t confused stepping stones with stumbling blocks. It was hard climbing though, eh?”

“Part of the way, yes, Beverly. May I sit down?”

“There’s your chair. It’s been close to me ever since I heard that you were coming. And now Mac, tell me everything.”

Grey had photographs—they illustrated his talk—pictures of the great peaks, the lonely trails, the isolated cabins, the Lodge, even Connor’s. Then came the people: Arnold, Sam, Polly, and the wonderful face of Davey.

“Poor, little groping soul,” said Beverly, holding the picture in a better light. “I must get into touch with the boy, Mac. He and I have something to say to each other. It isn’t easy to hold all the longings

and the passion of life while you're on a leash, but it's possible to cut quite a caper in the limitations—if you know how."

"Yes; you must see Davey. And, Beverly, one of the things I came for was to carry you back to the heights. I want you to breathe that air, to see those people."

"I've thought of that, too, Mac. I am going, later, to talk to you about building a little cabin for me, near yours. I rather believe you'll spend a good deal of your future among the hills. I would like to be within ear-shot, and I think I could make the journey—with your help.

"Haven't you any pictures of Dick Carrington's wife?"

So suddenly did Beverly ask this question that Grey shrank back and all his barriers crumbled before the glance of the clear, blue eyes.

"No, Beverly."

"Mac, why didn't you fall in love with that girl?"

"I—did. Of course!"

"Why didn't you tell her so?"

"You know how it is with me Beverly—always dreams! dreams! dreams! At first I felt that I wasn't good enough, and I had to adjust that. Then I got to feeling that we belonged to each other, and I wanted to take to her (before I told her of my love) the cleanest thing I could in the way of pasts. I felt that I wanted Kathleen to see things as they really were; I wanted my love unshadowed—for Glenn's sake. Then Dick came—with the news. It rather knocked me out. And by the time that I came to my senses, Dick had swept everything before him.

Dreams have been my blessing and my curse, Beverly I always wake up a bit too late."

Beverly Train was watching Grey. Her small, cool hand reached out and took his.

"It's queer how a man like Dick can flare up once in a lifetime, isn't it, Mac? All the best of him caught fire. It will soon burn out, but while it lasts it will warm the best in that girl that he has married."

"I suppose so, Beverly. But Dick's a good fellow; I couldn't have stood it if he hadn't been. He has never bungled his life. It was a clean, decent thing he offered Glenn."

At this Beverly's eyes contracted, her smooth brow wrinkled from deep emotion.

"It was a hard thing he offered—a thing that nothing has ever got through. Mac, did you ever spill alcohol on marble and set it on fire?"

"No, Beverly."

"Well, it burns itself up; it's hot and fierce, but the marble isn't affected much."

"Come, come Beverly, aren't you a bit rough on Dick?"

"I don't think so. Dick, to you, represents *all* of the Carringtons, but they have been a tradition in my family. My father used to say that all his sharp edges were worn off by rubbing against the Carrington breed. There was an old minister grandfather so good, Mac, that he made hell seem a sanctuary. Then the line ran to judges; still good—so good that every criminal begged for mercy before he was accused, legally. Then they took to business; still good! Dick's good!—he's within all the religion and law of his ancestors—but his factory people are

always striking! They just naturally balk at his goodness."

Grey laughed. Beverly was a tonic to him. She was setting his confusion in order, voicing his thoughts.

"I suppose, owing to my being a prisoner, Mac," the low, sweet voice flowed on, "I have time to develop an extra sense or two. Beside the people that come to see me there stand dim shades of other people, and I hear words—words meant for my understanding. I have to have explanations in lieu of experience, you see. Sometimes the ghostly Shades frighten me. With Dick Carrington I always see his *good* ancestors keeping him upright. They will not let him lean over. I do Dick the justice of thinking himself madly in love with this wild thing he's caught, but Mac, his Shades speak louder than he. They cry out for new blood to keep the line strong. They point out the fine hope of this mountain girl—she has possibilities—but no price that the Carringtons can pay could buy Glenn Arnold!" A quivering excitement ran through the words.

"No, by heaven, no, Beverly!" Grey was impressed.

"Mac, dear, I never saw anything so pathetic as the girl was the day she came to see me. She was loaded down with *things* that Carrington had given her. She was like a child with her arms so full of toys that she could not appreciate them—did not even know what they were. She was overflowing with gratitude. Dick's love, she believed, had given them to her; she could not know that it was his—pride. Oh! I tell you, Mac, you cannot live as long and as lonely, as I have lived, without seeing

beyond the limit of your leash! Often the seeing hurts—but it is *my life*; mine!”

“And who” [Grey was bending close to the woman in the chair; she seemed to him a high priestess] “and who stood beside Glenn, Beverly, while she talked to you?”

“You, Mac Grey! You were no Shade, either. You looked good bone and muscle. You love Dick Carrington’s wife, still; and you must keep the love, boy. For, as there is hope in heaven, that child will find her way back to you!”

“This—this is scandalous, Beverly.”

“Bare truth often is, to folks not up in anatomy! But you and I, here alone, Mac Grey, can take our skeleton out bravely, boy.”

“Did Glenn strike you as unhappy, Beverly?” Grey’s eyes were deep and straightforward now. He craved all that he could get.

“No. She was dreaming. It’s Dick’s purpose to keep her dreaming—of the man that she thought he was. I’m wondering——”

“What, Beverly?”

“What motherhood has done for her?”

“Her letters are—all quite remarkable,” said Grey, slowly; “she lives for her child. Strange, isn’t it, how a girl like Glenn could bear such a delicate child?”

“It—it isn’t her child, it’s Carrington’s.”

“Oh, Beverly, that’s hard on them both. But in any case Glenn is making it hers.”

“She’ll never be able to, Mac. I have a strange feeling about the baby. It complicates—it can never solve.”

"I shouldn't like to think that, Beverly."

"It's true, all the same. See here, Mac, there are some lines that cannot merge. The Carrington brand, and Glenn's, for instance. They both come straight down the ages without a break. They know shades and tones, but they do not blend!"

"I'm afraid, now, that you are getting in too deep for me, Beverly!" Grey gave an uneasy laugh. He had experienced, before, the feeling he now had, when talking to Beverly Train. It was like sitting with one verging upon a trance-state.

Beverly did not heed his words, but a rare light filled her eyes.

"Mac; Glenn Arnold belongs to the Christ line—that battered, often unpractical line that has in its wake the highest and the lowest—all bearing the mark of their Leader on their foreheads no matter whether their heads be bowed to the dust or their breasts bared for the fight. They know no law but His law, they feel Him in all they do. His law is Love and Service."

Grey bent nearer; he no longer opposed. In Beverly's flight he caught the vision.

"And Dick's line, Beverly. What is his?" he whispered.

"His? Why his is the Pontius Pilate line. Law, law—the law of man! He uses it for a shield and a weapon. It is a bitter, hard, unbending line, Mac; and since the world began it has been at war with the other. They have nothing in common; nothing! The first is for ever standing, as He did, before the Judgment Seat of the Law; and the Law turns Him, and it, over to the mob! Oh, Mac, the heart of me

aches with the pity of it all." Beverly looked up, her eyes wet with tears, her lips quivering.

"Beverly, Beverly, how you have needed to talk!" Grey said, gently; and he laid his face upon the small hand in his own!

"Yes, boy; and now that I see you, I know that you have needed—to listen!"

"That's God's truth, Beverly."

"This Carrington business has upset us both, boy."

"Yes; terribly."

"When Dick was home last he came to see me. He doesn't often visit me—never, unless he wants me to do something for him. I did not like the look in his eyes. He is beginning to do his *duty* by his wife. Mac, when a Carrington takes to duty, the weak had better take to the hills! He is bringing his—his family home. He wants me to help him do his duty—stand by him, so to speak. His family and mine live too near—have lived too near for generations—to be secure unless we live in peace. But Mac, do you think that wife of Dick's is going to have her flame kept alive by Duty?"

"No!"

"Of course not! But she's given him a sickly girl when his ancestral pride and hope expected better things. She has failed him—the injury has cut deep. Duty comes to the fore—not loving sympathy."

"Poor little Glenn!" moaned Grey, burying his face in his hands.

"I'm not so sure, about her poverty, Mac. If she's only being fed on chaff, the sooner she knows it the better."

“Any disgrace would kill her, Beverly.”

“Disgrace? Yes, I think it would. She’d fly it as she would a plague; but she would call things by their right names, boy! She would know disgrace when she saw it, without Carrington’s line telling her. You could not pass a counterfeit off on her.”

“No, I don’t think you could.” Grey raised his face; there was relief in it, though from what he was drawing comfort he could not tell.

“Somehow all this talk doesn’t seem exactly right, Beverly, but it gives me strength I sorely needed.”

“We all sense truth at times, Mac; not seeing it should not prevent us from being ready. I know the Carringtons, root and branch, and no one of them ever did a madder thing than Dick has done. He has attempted the impossible! To a Carrington that means—an ugly fight.”

“This should alarm us, Beverly,” said Grey as he rose, slowly.

“No, it should merely prepare us. In a fight, numbers count; quick vision counts; love counts. They can sometimes outwit the law.”

CHAPTER XV

GREY spent six months among his former haunts. He enjoyed them, too. It was a thing not to be despised—this moderate, well-earned, fame of his. He went to see his play. Beverly Train was with him; they had a box to themselves and sat well back in the shadow. Beverly cried a little and Grey held her hand; he was thankful that so warm and kind a hand was his to hold. They celebrated afterward in Grey's room. Beverly was giddily indifferent to her own appearance.

"Cover up my legs, Mac, and let people beautify my head. Since you have no one else to do it for you, I'm going to see that you are properly chaperoned."

And how she talked and laughed and shone. How charmed the chosen few, men and women, were with her. It was a gala night, one to which Beverly always looked back upon as her climax.

"It will always be to me, Mac," she said, "the point that marked the Great Divide."

"Nonsense, Beverly!" Grey laughingly chided. "It marks—an open door."

"Perhaps. But I think I ought to tell you that, in case anything should happen, I've left everything to you." She spoke lightly, as her father had spoken before her, when he was about to leave life.

Grey stiffened at her words. Beverly, watching him, laughed him to scorn.

“Some one has to take the work,” she said, kindly; “it really cannot be left to itself. You’re not a shirker, boy, and you are a good friend. You are not without experience, either. I happen to know about that school of yours for blind children, and that home-place for old, and often forgotten, women!”

“The one is Grandmother’s idea, Beverly.”

“Come, come, Mac!”

“At least it is *for her*. The other one is for Davey. I’m trying experiments there; preparing for the day when Davey will need all that he can have. The way is deucedly rough for the blind kids, Beverly, unless some one clears the trail.”

“Yes, I know. And isn’t it all fun, Mac? This chance of being hands and feet for God Almighty? After all, ours are all that He has to use in this world. I wish you had more humour, boy. You ought to get some amusement out of the game.”

They both laughed at this point. Then Beverly went seriously on.

“Now I don’t want ‘On the Way’ ever really to arrive; I’d like to look back at it from wherever I may chance to be—and see it always—what its name implies. Some one with an imagination would have to be at the head. Sitting all these years in my chair, I’ve made this old place—my story. Boy; will you make it—what shall we call it?—a continued story?”

“Beverly; I’m not—up to it!”

“That’s your trouble, Mac. You’ve always made your mistakes by looking at yourself at the wrong moment! Lord, boy, you don’t matter. None of us do. Here’s the world’s work; go to it—give it a helping hand, if you have a hand! It’s the help

that counts, not the helper. Sometimes"—and here Beverly's eyes grew misty—"sometimes I think it is about time we began to take Christ off the cross and set Him free to be where once He longed to be—with his people. Why, a minister came here the other day to argue with me; he thinks me a great sinner, because I refuse creeds—*his* creed, he meant! He said I was taking Christ out of religion. I told him that I was only trying to put Christ in—that He'd been nailed to the cross and worshipped as a dead Christ too long—that I wanted to see Him set free!

"The poor clergyman left me with a check in his hand and with his head in the air. I was sorry about the head, for really he and I are nearer together than he guesses. One thing separates us: he does not *dare* to put his belief into practice; I do! And so, Mac, you must do the best that you can. You'll bungle, you'll get to places where you see only defeat, but I have no one but you, boy, and you must not fail me. And remember this: no good deed is ever defeated; at the worst it but gives place to a better one."

"I'll do my best, Beverly."

"You won't have to assume the responsibility at once. I'm going to try to get up to your mountain heights next summer and see what they can do for me. But, boy, when you do take over my story, I want you to bring into it the characters others have kept out. You see what I mean? The men and the women, the girls and the boys that are not exactly—labelled."

"I think I see, Beverly. The ones that others do not want; you want them here—the gleanings."

“Exactly. And above all else, make them happy. First of all, food and happiness; then, time to think it over. Don’t let any one ever *manage* this place, Mac, it has always kept clear of that. It’s *on the way* for everyone! A stopping place until they are strong enough to take to the road.”

“I understand, Beverly. The story must never shame its creator.”

Soon after that, a letter from Arnold hastened Grey’s departure. He wrote:

I suppose, Mac, you’re going to spend the summer *somewhere*. You’d better come up here and potter around. I’ve picked out a spot for Miss Train’s cabin; it has a great view—you can see everything without standing up.

Then, there’s Davey. We can’t make up stuff to suit him. He’s always calling out for “Unker Mac” when we get going wild about how things look. Mountains and folks are *facts* to us—but Davey won’t have facts.

So in July Grey travelled back to the heights. He wanted to take Beverly Train, but she shook her head.

“I’ll wait until my cabin is ready, Mac,” she said; and she kissed him as his mother might have kissed him, when she bade him good-bye.

Sam Morton was waiting for Grey at Connor’s. He had been waiting for two days. The big fellow was dumb when he saw Grey, but he had no need for words; his eyes were enough. When they were well on the way up, they talked a good deal, though, about Davey.

“Do you know, Mac, that kid can walk clear down

the trail from the cabin to the Lodge and never take a tumble?"

"He has sight of a kind about which we know nothing, Sam."

"He always says he can see," Morton spoke with deep tenderness. "I used to think it was bad business to doll things up so for Davey, but it's queer, ain't it, how you get to seeing things more beautiful when you make them out beautiful for other folks?"

"It's simply looking through Davey's eyes, Sam."

"I shouldn't wonder. But mountains ain't just rocks and gullies to me any longer, nor does Polly look like she used to; I just get wondering about that sometimes—when I'm holding Davey." Sam's voice trailed tenderly.

The two men went on up the road in silence for a time after that. Then Sam spoke again.

"God! but we're glad to get you back, Mac!" he blurted out.

Arnold was striding up and down his porch when the two came in sight, but he controlled himself, at once. He appeared, on the surface, to be quite care-free but he and Grey sat up late into the night, talking of Glenn and her child.

"I haven't held it against Mr. Carrington" [Dick had never been "knighted" by Arnold] "for keeping Glenn over seas. A sick child is excuse enough and I reckon if my girl can stand it, I can. But when she lands on her home shore if he don't forward the two to the Lodge, I'll have something to say! I don't want to do any man injustice, Mac, but I can't, as the Lord hears me, get nearer to Mr. Carrington than if he were but a tourist. Has it ever struck you,

Mac, that he might be wanting to—well, to *change* Glenn?”

“Do you think he could, Arnold?” Grey looked keenly at the older man. He was thinking of the talk with Beverly Train. Did Arnold, also, sense the truth—the lurking, hidden truth?

“No,” Arnold returned, and gave a grim laugh; “no, I don’t. But there might be a devil of a row before she convinced him. The whole thing was a damned queer performance, Mac. It was like trying to hit something in the dark. If it hadn’t been for my own experience of such things I wouldn’t have stood around like a stalked deer, but you ought not to risk too much on your own experience of life, Mac; I’ve learned that. You see you have to have the same ingredients to get the same results.” Grey nodded. “Mac; I want to tell you a little about—about my girl’s mother.”

This startled Grey, but he did not raise his eyes. He recalled the day, long ago—his first day in the living room of the Lodge after his illness—and Glenn’s light, quick reference to her mother. He had not thought often of the matter but it had rested safely in the pigeon-hole of his memory—the one labelled: “Arnold.” It was nearly midnight when the story drew to its close.

“I saw a hurt and bruised creature, Mac, at first, and I had an urge to help. There aren’t many ways for a man to help a woman—more’s the pity! And I wasn’t going to add another blow to the many that that little girl had got already. I’m no saint; Mac, there were times—and often I’ve bowed my head humbly before my God when I recalled them—when

I reasoned that if I took what I saw and saved it from the worst, I should be doing a mighty lofty thing—and leaving myself a loophole as well! Man has left himself too many loopholes that are not big enough for both him and the woman to crawl through, and so I just blocked mine! I took that little woman the same as if she had had a safe and white past that somehow had got blotted—and that not alone by her fault, by a long shot, whatever way you take it. I built on that; and I tell you that what happened was wonderful—wonderful! I left her alone—I meant always to—I'm not one to *half* do a job. I just watched and was within call. I learned more from that little woman than I'd learned—in all my life before! Learned what tenderness and love and sweetness were. She simply—grew! All that had been stunted, afraid, half killed, came out strong. First she learned to trust me; and then she never stopped until, with such a look as I never expect to see on another woman's face, she told me how she loved me! "I tell you, Mac, God doesn't always give us what we most want in this world—but He did give it to me!"

"And you've never regretted not reading the letter she left, Arnold?"

"Never but once; that was when Glenn came to womanhood. And yet, maybe it was best she did not know. We all have to chance such a lot."

"You're great stuff, Arnold, great stuff!" Grey was deeply touched.

"Just common stuff, Mac, thank God! Only some men never put the best in them to the test. They slump at the critical moment. Why, man, when

that little woman of mine loved me, no matter what lay behind, I'd have gone on to hell with her, if she'd been bent in that direction."

"As it was," Grey ventured, "you'd set her in the opposite direction."

"Oh! I don't know, Mac. I'm leaning to the idea more and more, that it's only when we get to thinking we can do God's work instead of our own, that we ruin things. I sort of let His job alone and waited. But what's the use of passing judgment when you haven't all the facts? We're all stumbling along and when one tumbles you ought not think it's because he's bad, or even wrong. He may only be weak, and that isn't a crime."

"No, Arnold, it isn't." Grey spoke with feeling. "There will be rare hours when you and Beverly Train get together."

"Queer!" observed Arnold, "but I've had the strangest feeling about Miss Train, since her cabin was begun. I've been working on it lately, at odd times, and it seems as if she were—well, having a say about it. I stop to get my leadings. It makes me laugh. I was going to put the fireplace to one side, but for the life of me I couldn't. It grew on me that Miss Train wanted it facing the door, like a welcome."

"That would be like her."

Then the two men arose and parted for the night. At the foot of the stairs Grey paused and said:

"Arnold, can you not feel the same way about—well, about God's work—where Glenn is concerned?"

"I'm trying, Mac. I've been trying ever since—her baby came."

The next morning, as Grey was standing at the door of his own cabin he heard a shrill, glad call:

“Unker Mac!—Unker Mac!—here I be!” And there Davey was, coming down the trail.

Davey had grown tall and strong. He looked like a child of seven. He had a wonderful sort of beauty—not spiritual, but rather the human, perfected! He was groping with arms extended, head uplifted; the morning light was on his fine face. Grey ran and clasped him in his arms. He didn’t kiss him, but he held him close and then carried him to the porch.

Sitting beside Grey, Davey poured out his confidences.

“Daddy made the mountains hard and—and crooked, Unker Mac.”

“Shocking! We’ll fix that up, right away. Remember about Thor and his hammer, Davey?”

“Yes, Unker Mac.”

“All right. We’ll send a wireless to Thor.” Davey chuckled.

“And Unker Mac, big Daddy Arnold said he didn’t know how the far-off girl looked!” Davey meant Glenn’s child.

“I’m surprised at Big Daddy. He ought to use your eyes, Davey. Now you tell me how Constance looks, to you!”

Davey’s face grew dreamy.

“I see her—just as tall as me. If we stand close we can see the same things. Her hair is shiny;” [only God knew how Davey was able to see the shine on things] “and so are her eyes. She laughs—much—and tells funny things.”

"She's a hummer!" ejaculated Grey.

"Yes; I want her a hummer, Unker Mac." The boy nestled close to Grey. "I never fall on the trail" [he went on clinging closer] "dear Unker Mac, it is so easy! And I *can* see. Something in me, sees."

And thus it was that the quiet detached life took up its steady way in, and around, the Lodge. People came and went. Grey guided, or stayed behind to cook and look after the place while Arnold led the way. They shared everything in the old, happy fashion.

In August a cable came from England: "We're coming home." That was all. A glad note of joy.

"What does that mean?" asked Arnold, his face twitching—"home?"

"I think"—and Grey had no twinge of conscience—"I think it means the Lodge, Arnold!"

But to Carrington it meant Far Hills which had been made ready, at last, for its mistress.

In late August Glenn and Constance, with a governess and an English nurse, arrived. Carrington watched his wife; he was constantly watching her lately—when he was with her. He saw that the sacred precincts of the Carringtons meant to her merely a place in her own country, where at last, she might cease from her journeyings and—rest! This hurt him cruelly for he had spared no expense in his efforts, not to please, but to impress her.

Constance on the other hand, rose to the surface in a most remarkable way.

"I like this!" she said, actually sniffing the air

of the rich, old rooms, "I like it better than anything I've ever seen." The child was absurdly old in appearance and thought.

Carrington flushed. His little daughter did not greatly interest him, but he softened to her now. He had grown to look upon the child as the symbol of unpleasant things. She had meant care, anxiety, expense, but—most of all—the cause of a certain subtle estrangement between him and Glenn. He could not understand the new relationship. It was as if Glenn were escaping him; leaving in his clutch nothing but the outer covering of the woman he believed was wholly his own. He decided as he looked at Constance now, to do what he once had contemplated—detach the child entirely from her mother, physically. In congenial environment the little girl might safely be left, he considered, to trained care; Glenn—at home, rested, and at peace—might then become herself once more!

Carrington had not perceived that Glenn had, at last, really become herself. She was his, he believed. He had watched and tended her. Of course her illness and Constance's care had worn upon her, but she was—she must be—the same; his! his!

But, to his discomfort, he soon found that when Glenn was absent, bodily, from Constance, her thoughts were the more determinedly with the child. It was not a passionate mother-love that held Glenn; it was more a sense of trying to be what she did not seem able to be. Little Constance had not a responsive nature, but she was keen enough to recognize her mother's superior qualities of tender service and she clung to her for that reason. She was a tall,

reedy child with very definite features and coal-black hair. She carried herself straight and with dignity. She rarely laughed, but she had a strange smile. It suggested that she knew more than she chose to express. A grim menacing sword hung over her of which she, of course, knew nothing, but which made others deeply considerate of her!

“If she lives until she is twelve,” the most famous doctor in England had said, “she *may* become a healthy woman.”

To Glenn this hope meant struggle, glory. To Carrington it carried a question. He had seen others of his race fade and die. It was not a pleasant sight. He, except for Constance, was the last of his line. His daughter's sex and frail constitution, had been a shock to him. One from which he was slowly evolving a stern resolution. He had believed that the introduction of such vitality as Glenn's would counteract the tendencies of his family—but when he reflected what motherhood had done for Glenn, what it had produced in Constance, he recoiled.

It was not easy, at first, for Carrington to relinquish the idea of family, but he cared not enough for it to pay the price. Having forced himself to accept what he chose to regard as inevitable, he turned all his energy to bringing his wife back to her first relations with him. He craved the stimulus she had supplied to his jaded imagination; he missed the amusement that her quaint humour and frank delight in his offerings once gave him. With pleasure he saw, once Glenn was settled at Far Hills, that health and much of the old beauty returned! She became playful too, and often delightfully joyous,

but he could but acknowledge that Constance, not he, had inspired the change.

"I must not—just because I want to—cry; I must not!" Glenn once said. "Constance must have all that she might have had if she had been well and strong. We've got to make her trail easy, Dickey dear, just as they have made Davey's." Carrington frowned. Then Glenn, with that grave, new look of hers, added; "Dick; our other children may be all that we could desire. I think they will help Constance, too. She must have all the joy possible, and companionship."

Carrington turned his calm gaze upon his wife and said quietly, but with slow emphasis:

"There will never be any other children, Glenn. I am the only one of nine children that survived. I had hoped——"

Glenn looked at Carrington, aghast.

"But, dear, there is often one frail child in a family. The others——"

"People should use their intelligence, Glenn—and their conscience—in such matters. I had hoped that the taint in my family inheritance had died out. It has not!"

"But Dick——" Glenn could not voice her dismay. She only looked helplessly at her husband.

"When you are older," Carrington said, "you will see the wisdom of my decision. I have consulted the best authority, Glenn. You will agree with me some day."

"Perhaps; perhaps, Dick."

Glenn turned away. Somehow she felt as if she were facing life, maimed. It would need all her faith

and love and hope to reconstruct things, but she was ready, maimed as she was, to make the effort. Vaguely she felt that she should have known—have had choice, before it was too late. “This must mean as much to Dick as to me,” she at last, however, concluded. “I did not know that such a thing could be.” Then: “I must find something to do—something that will keep me from thinking until I get used to it. And I must make Constance count more than ever.”

But this was no easy matter. There seemed to be nothing that was in crying need of her service. The old family portraits on the wall—they had been covered with gauze on her last, brief visit—frowned down any suggestion, on her part, of innovation or change. Carrington’s mother, especially, seemed to denounce her for wanting what her son deemed unwise. All the little dead Carringtons who had passed away before they could be made immortal on canvas appeared to reinforce their mother’s and their older brother’s ideas, by shadowy protest.

The elder Constance Carrington became a terrifying reflection upon Glenn and with amaze she heard little Constance say one day:

“I like the face of my grandmother.”

“Do you really, Constance?”—Glenn had asked. “Why?”

“Why? Why because she *is* my grandmother!” There were moments when Constance was abnormally old; almost shockingly so.

“Oh!” said Glenn and felt more an outcast than ever.

Before the grandfather who had gone to Congress Constance oftenest stood. Her father had told her

that she resembled this austere old gentleman, but, even with her inherent tendencies, the child could not quite accept the honour without compromise.

Glenn sought to comfort her.

“Father means *just* a likeness, Constance, not really that you look like him.”

“But I *want* to look like him!” The Carrington blood was up.

“Is that quite true?” Glenn asked. She was dismayed.

“Yes, Mother, because—well, because he *is* my grandfather.” Occasionally the child was hopefully young. At such moments Glenn wanted to fold her close and weep over her, or laugh with joy; but she never did.

Suddenly Constance said, quite as if her mother were a mere connection of the Carringtons by marriage:

“Have *you* any grandfathers and grandmothers, Mother?”

“Why—why of course, child; but they did not have their pictures taken!” This to Constance was funny, but she did not smile.

“That is too bad! Then you cannot tell how they looked?”

“They looked—well, they looked like folks, Constance.” Glenn was drifting in the open.

“Not—not like my grandfathers and grandmothers?”

“Heavens! no, Constance.” The outburst escaped Glenn; she hurried to any port in sight. “Wait until you see Granddaddy Arnold, Constance—then you’ll understand what mother means.”

But Constance had her doubts. Already she had assumed that if her father said that black was white, it was some defect in her own vision that made it *look* the reverse. But if her mother declared that white was black, she felt rather sorry that her mother couldn't tell fact from fancy.

A housekeeper of old standing commanded the forces in the Carrington house. She was deferential to Glenn, so long as Glenn observed her limitations. The maids were well drilled and rigidly respectful, but they left no loophole for admittance into the intimate home life of Far Hills.

Outside, on the grounds, things were about the same. A hoary gardener with a trained staff managed to suggest "No thoroughfare", "Do not step on the grass", everywhere, to the lonely young woman pacing the shaded paths and looking yearningly at plants that had been cultivated to the last degree—and who longed for the wild things of the hills.

"I wonder what I am expected to do?" Glenn thought and thought. For with no prospect of becoming a factor in the old place, she fell back, at last, upon something within herself—something that had been shut away for many a long day.

In September a hungry craving for the mountains overcame her. She wanted her father until the *want* made her almost ill. She wanted Polly and Sam and the beloved Davey; and she wanted Grey! She confessed the last want with quickened pulses. She wanted to be part of something—to have love and, yes: recognition! And just at that point she thought of her husband. She believed that she was not loyal. She must go to him and give him an op-

portunity to understand her present needs. He was busy—often worried. Business, that business away off below Far Hills—she could see the smoke on clear days from the tall chimneys—was very exasperating, just then. A certain man, named Thompson, was always coming up the hill and bringing disagreeable news. He made her husband irritable and often angry.

Glenn suddenly thought that here was a place for *her* to enter and become vital. She could not go away while Carrington was so openly worried about things; he needed her. She must make him know his need of her. With this in view she went to Carrington's business library. Carrington drew a sharp line between this room and the library proper. He did not go often to his factories, but when the tiresome details of the noisy place demanded his attention he met them in this room, built like an afterthought, on to the old house. It overlooked a broad sweep of lawn—a fitting barrier between Far Hills and those tall chimneys that sent curls of black smoke up into the air for so many hours each day.

There were times when Carrington felt an exquisite thrill as he gazed upon those chimneys. "If they *always* belched forth smoke, twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, how much gold would flow into the Carrington coffers!" he estimated.

And again, he put another conundrum to his Other Self as it sat in the swivel chair by the mahogany desk:

"How *nearly* twenty-four out of twenty-four dare Thompson wring and be within—safely and surely within—the law?"

And the Other Self, looking virtuous and calm, called his attention to the unfortunate fact that times had changed. The law was not all in all as it had been in his father's time. A very deplorable *Something* had entered in and perhaps he—the Real Self—had better investigate. But Carrington turned a deaf ear to this. He knew what it meant to show weakness. He might be obliged at times—at least Thompson was—to back down a bit, but a Carrington? Never! He'd wreak his vengeance in some other way if he were obliged to appear weak. They would know! Would they not? By "they" Carrington meant the people who made the wheels go around and the smoke go up.

Into such a state of Carrington's mind Glenn entered one September day. Her sudden resolve and hope made her appear more lovely than she had been for some time.

"Dickey, have the black butterflies got you?" she asked—this being her description of the "blues."

She came across the room to him and sat on the arm of the chair; it revolved. "Dear me," she cried, "this is no sort of chair to be lovers in, is it, Dick?"

"No, my darling." Carrington put an arm around her.

"I declare! There isn't a piece of love-furniture in this room, Dick." She looked about, critically.

"It's an office Glenn, dear. Business place, you know."

"I see." And she looked to where the black smoke soiled the blue sky. "Come outside, dear," she pleaded; "let us walk in the sunshine; I have something to say to you—a big, thumping something."

"Say it here, dear one; we'll walk afterward. This is the place of business, you know. We'll be lovers when the business is over. Sit down," he said, much as he might have to Thompson, and Glenn sat where Thompson was wont to sit. She looked very fair and sweet.

"I wish you'd sit squarely on a chair, Glenn" [Carrington was visualizing Thompson's solid appearance]; "you always have a transitory manner of sitting on a chair. You don't look—as if you had come to stay."

Then they both laughed.

"Oh, well, Dick, chairs do not mean to me what they do to many folks. I used to be on my feet a good deal, you know—and on horses and rocks and—and things——"

Carrington frowned, but did not speak.

"Dick!"—suddenly—"what is my particular—well, job—here in your home?" Glenn could hardly have framed a more annoying question as to form and fact. "What did—your mother do to make her life self-respecting?" she added.

This was a simple insult—although innocently projected.

"Glenn"—Carrington rose and paced the room; he was very good to look at, but very much disturbed—"My mother was mistress of her home!"

"But—but did she have Hannah?"

"She did, Glenn. She trained Hannah."

"I hope God will forgive her for that!" This frivolity shocked Carrington. "And—and all the maids? Did she do that to all the maids, too, Dick?"

"The maids are Hannah's business. Hannah is yours, Glenn."

"Oh! Dick—*my* business? Hannah, *my* business? Why, my dear boy, you do not know what you are talking about."

Now Carrington was not thinking of Glenn *as* Glenn, just then. He was considering her as business—as he considered Thompson. Suppose Thompson called him "dear boy" and told him he didn't know what he was talking about. What ought he to do? Undoubtedly he would be obliged to bring Thompson to terms!

"See here, Glenn," he wheeled about on his heels and faced her. She had, thank fortune! taken root, apparently, in the chair. She seemed—fixed.

"I've noticed how detached you've seemed. I have attributed it to the strangeness of your new life. Readjustment was necessary and I have been patient, but I advise you now, my dear, to *make* yourself a power in my home. You must compel Hannah and all the others to—to recognize you and respect you!"

"Dicky, I—I cannot! Won't you do it for me, please?"

"Glenn; be sensible!"

"I am, Dick. Deathly sensible. We may as well have it out. Constance isn't mine, really. I'm afraid of her nurse and governess—and they know it! The house isn't mine in the least, and Hannah and the maids know it. Dick; what *is* mine?"

She looked beaten and helpless. Carrington hated a—defeated thing! He turned his eyes away and

sought—to his credit—to reinstate Glenn, in spite of herself.

“I see what you mean, child, but all the things you complain of will really be your ablest helps when you get the grip of life. I want Far Hills to be a—social centre.”

Carrington reflected upon the impression his wife had already made upon the “calling” circle that had politely come to pay their compliments. Glenn had startled some, amused others, interested them all. She might, if properly directed, be a real power—simply because of her originality and adaptability. Her capacity for adapting herself was little short of genius, but she must always have motive and interest.

It was this doubt as to what *would* prove worth while to Glenn, that disturbed Carrington. He realized, at last, that Grey had, to a certain extent been right. There was something *intact* in Glenn that nothing he had done, or could hope to do, would dislodge; but, he reasoned, he could manipulate that intact characteristic. He *must* control it!

“I want my wife—later, my daughter—to be recognized as social leaders!” Carrington had to turn away. Glenn on the chair, unnerved him; made his ambitions seem so trivial that they might easily become ridiculous. “Hannah, the maids, Constance’s governess, and the nurse, are your—your machinery to——” He looked out of the window; so did Glenn.

“To make smoke—black smoke?” She queried. This was most unfortunate. Carrington stiffened and Glenn went on: “I don’t want any of those things, Dick.”

Carrington still meant to be just and firm.

"My darling; have you any idea, really, what you *do* want?"

"Yes. I want Constance and you—just for my own—my own! I want to mean everything to you both; nothing else matters. I'll be very nice to your friends, Dickey, but I'll never care to—to lead them. Dick, dear, I wonder if I couldn't get close to you through your business? I'm rather good along that line. Daddy used to say that I had a head. Lately, I've thought, when you were worried and sad—after that awful Thompson came and went—that if I could *know* all about it, and tell you that we did not need so much money and *things*, you'd feel happier. Oh! Dick, other things mean so much more than the bought things. Let us go to my mountains for October, Dick—go and surprise Daddy for my birthday. We need toning up. We've all got our sea legs on yet. I want"—and here Glenn stretched out her hands—"I want—my folks!"

Carrington was frightened and angry. Frightened at Glenn's groping toward his business; angry at her craving for what he had been trying, for years, to overcome: her longing [he drew his lips close] for her folks!

By some sudden enlightenment he seemed to realize that all his effort, all his years of careful devotion had made no actual impression upon Glenn. She had not caught his true meaning; had not become convinced of his ideals; in short she had not become what he thought, in his easy confidence, she had become—the woman of his making!

"My dear"—he came close and towered over her;

he seemed to grow a foot as she looked up at him—"I must speak plainly to you. The women of my family leave the business of the family to their *men*. Kindly remember this. As to your wanting to go to your—your *folks* as you term them—I suppose that is quite natural; but you must see that *now* is not the time for such a visit. We have just come home. Until the home is an established and accomplished fact—I mean your part in it—I feel that it is impossible to—to go away. I mean to entertain this winter—entertain a great deal. I want you to be the mistress here. Spare no expense in—in becoming so. If you love me, Glenn; if you wish to please me—to be what my wife should be—you will set yourself to your task at once."

If Carrington had seemed to grow tall, Glenn seemed to grow old as she listened. Her hands tightened around the arms of the chair; her eyes shone dark and hard.

"I'll try, Dick," she murmured, "and if I am—am"—she wanted to say "good"; instead she said "successful—may we go to the mountains next summer?" She was ready to compromise, but not to abdicate.

"Perhaps—my darling."

"Oh, Dick, say 'yes'. Let me have that in view. It will be something to live for."

"All I can say, Glenn, is: '*perhaps*.' I would not like to promise and fail."

Glenn got up. She did not again suggest going out into the sunshine to walk. She said nothing. But, suddenly, with a flash of joy, she remembered Beverly Train!

CHAPTER XVI

BEVERLY was in her garden. The tall plants shielded her from the glare of the afternoon sun. There was a little table by the long wheel-chair on which were iced tea and cigarettes. All the small vices that helped to pass the time, Beverly availed herself of. She had been sipping and puffing luxuriously, talking now and then to the little maid who had once started wrong but had been caught in time.

“Margaret, child, if you want to marry Tom, my gardener, of course—marry him.” She was saying.

“But—oh, Miss Beverly—think what I once was!—and Tom does not know.”

“Child, Tom isn’t asking to marry what you once were; he’s asking to marry what your past has made of you.”

“It was you who—who made me, Miss Beverly.”

“Nonsense! Don’t be silly, child. What could a crippled, hunched-backed creature like me do for a strapping girl like you except to put you on the way? All that you were, child, made it possible for you to—keep on!”

“But, Miss Beverly, hasn’t Tom a right to—know?”

“I don’t see why! I declare, I don’t, not as a natural right. You might choose to give him your

past, my dear. I don't think he has a right to it. Do you know *his*?"

"That's different, Miss Beverly."

"I don't admit that. Now listen Margaret. Do you remember what I told you when you came here?"

"You told me, Miss Beverly, that I'd turned the curve in the road! That I had no right to look back—that I couldn't see much any way, and that unless I meant to go back and turn the curve again, I'd better—forget it!"

"Precisely. You've learned your lesson beautifully. Now, Margaret, you never have gone back to that curve, have you?"

"Oh, no, Miss Beverly; no!"

"Well, girl, I told Tom just what I told you. Just what I tell all who start on the way. I've forgotten, exactly what Tom's specialty was before he came here. Unless he mentions it, it had best lie back of the curve. He's a mighty good gardener now and you are the cheeriest, best little soul that ever made comfortable a helpless creature in a long chair. I'm selfish, clear through. I would hate to lose Tom's touch in my garden. I'd grieve to lose your care, child, when—when I am at my worst. If you and Tom can manage to stay on, and still have your own lives, it would mean much to me." Then Beverly turned sharply.

"Who is that coming across the lawn, Margaret? Have I not told Jane——"

"It's—it's Mrs. Carrington, Miss Beverly. You know you said, when she telephoned——"

"Mrs. Carrington!" gasped Beverly Train. "Dear God!"

Glenn came slowly. Every step was one of pleasure to her. The scent of the flowers, the peace, the song of birds, all made her happy; and she was going toward Beverly Train! Advancing, thinking herself unseen, Glenn showed her innate self to the eye watching her from behind the screen of leaves. No longer did the burden of "things" hide the real woman from Beverly's keen, spiritual vision. She saw the disillusioned self of Dick Carrington's wife. A brave, well-meaning self—but without one shred of disguise. And how thin the girl was—and how strangely calm! Beverly Train felt her eyes dim, but she wiped them quickly.

"Go," she said to her maid, "go and tell Mrs. Carrington where I am. After an hour—no, an hour and a half—bring the tea things."

A moment later Glenn was kneeling beside the long chair. Her cheek rested on the cool, little hand stretched out to her.

"May I sit on this stool—close?"

"If you are not too big and lofty, my dear."

"Do I look it, Miss Beverly?"

"No, you don't, my child."

Then they were quiet for a while. Beverly knew the girl had come, as others came, because she needed help. She must have time to set her troubles in orderly array before they were inspected. So Beverly waited.

"Mac used to say, Miss Beverly, that you could see farther and more clearly from your chair than any one else could see with—with a telescope."

They both smiled a little at that. It brought Mac into the sunny arena.

"Mac is rather fanciful as to language, isn't he?"
Beverly nodded.

"Yes, but he makes things real, too."

Then another pause, while Beverly smiled into the troubled eyes.

"I haven't come just to call, dear Miss Beverly."

"I should hope not. To ride from Far Hills such a warm dusty day, doesn't mean a plain call."

"No. I am—not quite happy, Miss Beverly. I do not want to make mistakes. I know that you have known Dick's people; I want to do all in my power to be—be like them, if I can."

"My dear, I tell you, at the start, that that is impossible. Besides, I think Dick married you because you were unlike them. Do you recall what I told you once—about keeping yourself the woman that Dick saw in you?"

"Yes; but—but I've grown, somehow, since then, Miss Beverly. I cannot make out whether I've grown worse or——"

"Better, perhaps?" Beverly put in.

"I do not know. Things are out of joint." Glenn was ready now, as the patient is, to lay her symptoms bare to the practised eye.

"You are sadly changed, outwardly, my dear." Beverly, too, was ready. "Absence from home; your little girl's illness; it all has told on you."

"Oh, Miss Beverly, it isn't that. My little girl is better; if she lives to be twelve she may be quite, quite strong. I'd love to care for her—help her win out—but they will not let me!"

"Not let you care for your child?"

"No; and I dare not insist, for it might hurt her.

If she were strong it would be different." Then, without any apparent connection: "Miss Beverly, Constance looks like her grandfather—the one that went to Congress!"

This ought to have made them laugh, but it did not. It threw a lurid light over a wide expanse.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Beverly.

"And—and she's proud of it, Miss Beverly—proud of it at the age of four. This may show you a little of what I mean."

The circle of light widened. Beverly Train again said: "Great heavens!"

"And the house, Miss Beverly; I cannot feel at home there. Do you know Hannah?"

"I know *of* her," temporized Miss Train.

"And the garden; well, the garden isn't mine, either. I—I'm rather lonely; I do not know what to do."

"And Dick—I suppose you still own Dick?"

At this Glenn shook her head.

"That's it. I don't! I think that only the woman Dick used to think I was, owned him—or the part he let her have. Dick is changed; I am changed. Mac used to say that I couldn't keep up with the procession—and I cannot!" Then Glenn explained and smiled a little sadly. "I don't think I want to keep up," she added, "but I'll try—if it's worth while."

"Worth while? Why, my dear child, you've *got* to keep up. You're honour bound."

"Am I?"

"Are you not, my dear?"

They were fencing. Miss Train felt her pulses

leap. The girl had mettle—she was glad of that.

“I am honour bound, Miss Beverly, if it is for a good purpose; but if I have to give up all the things that are sacred and best to me—for something that isn’t best for anybody—then I couldn’t call it honour.”

“And you think you could trust your own interpretation of honour, my dear?”

“I—I hope so, Miss Beverly. If it seemed honour to me—then, to me, it would *be* honour!” Very simply and firmly Glenn said this. “I want Dick and my child. I want to know that they are *mine*—that they know I am theirs! As it is now, I am just a person representing something.”

“I am afraid you will have to speak more definitely child.”

“Well, Constance prefers me because I give her something besides just—service. It’s that that she clings to. And Dick; Dick wants me to be something in his life that would not seem quite right to me, Miss Beverly, unless love prompted it. And it isn’t love with Dick; it’s something that goes with his name and his money and his—ideal. It isn’t real, dear Miss Beverly. Nothing has been real since I left my mountains. I’m the only real thing left—and I do not fit in.”

Then Miss Train drew Glenn close.

“You have come to me, my child, because you trust me?”

“Yes, dear Miss Beverly.”

“Because you feel that I can help you?”

“Yes.”

“Then I must not fail you! I could not live if I failed any one to whom I could give—help. You want the truth, my dear? You can take it—undiluted?”

“Yes—I can.” And Glenn did not falter.

“Then listen; I might withhold what I am about to tell you. I would, from many, because I could not trust everyone. I know you will be just; will give more than you will ever ask to be given to you. But for that very reason you should have all the light, for your guiding, that is possible.

“The Carringtons, my dear, are a hard line of men; their hardness has made even their love and honour hard. Their women do not last long. Their children, unless they are hard as their line, die early. Dick was the only one, of a large family, who survived. His mother died before she was forty; she had been dying all the years of her married life.”

Glenn’s face went white; her eyes widened.

“Pride of family—pride of everything *Carrington*—has been and is the key-note of them all. In women they see—the mothers of their children. All that the women can add in the way of charm, health, and subjection to their ideals, is that much gained. Unconsciously the men see in their women—a response to all that is in them. The line was growing thin, my dear. Dick had all that was left of it. Something in you drew forth the best that was in him; you were a new ideal. And so I warned you to keep yourself as you were. Oh, my child, if love, or suffering, could break through the crust of Dick Carrington, the justice and good that are there would save his soul alive! Are you big enough, strong

enough, child?—have you *love* enough to—to beat down the barrier?”

Glenn was breathing hard.

“I—I do not know;” she whispered.

“If you could only save Dick and your little girl—from the Carringtons, child?” urged Beverly.

“But—how?” Glenn’s tender nature was reaching out for the vague hope offered. She flung her late depression to the summer winds.

“You will have to follow your own light, my dear.”

“My own light?”

Then it was that Glenn remembered her star—her mother—her father, and the love that saved! If her father, in the name of love, could take her mother and save her from her past, could not she, her father’s daughter, in the name of *her* love, defeat those dead and gone men and women who had handed down their hardness, like a curse? Suddenly the warm blood ran quickly to her face.

“I see, dear Miss Beverly, I see now what Dick meant. I must do something, myself. Love has given me the big Chance; my love must fight for its own. I will fight for Dick’s best self—for my little girl; no one shall have them! I will be the sort of woman Dick ought to have—and love. I’ll be the kind of mother to Constance that can be trusted. But first I must know myself. And Dick was right, there, too, Miss Beverly. This is no time for me to go back to my daddy and the others; this is the time for me to learn to stand alone. Why?”—and here Glenn threw her head back joyously—“do you know—I made Sam Morton marry Polly Pitkins because I couldn’t bear to have life all darkened; and now

there is Davey to prove that I was right. Just think of me letting the dead-and-gone Carringtons conquer—when Dick and my Constance are at stake! If I could see clearly, even when things seemed very bad, for Polly and Sam, I can see clearly now! How could I ever have lost heart? I am so ashamed. I'm not worthy of what I have. Polly is a better mother than I am, Miss Beverly—just through her love. I've lain down when I should have stood up. I've been a plaything to Dick, when he should not have playthings. If a woman lets a man have of her what he should not have, then she should not cry out. I think I have always wanted things too easy. Oh! how you have helped me, Miss Beverly. You have let my own light into me."

Just then, across the lawn came Margaret with the tea wagon. On it was a bowl of exquisite roses.

"These," said Margaret smiling, "Tom sent, Miss Beverly. They are a surprise."

"Why, they are old-fashioned bridal roses!" cried Miss Train. "Where did Tom raise this particular kind?"

"He said that was his secret, Miss Beverly."

"Very well. Let him keep his secret, if it can produce such beauty as this. Come, Glenn, this is your party. Will you pour the tea? Plenty of sugar, my dear, and do not skimp the cream. I take all the riches of life that I can get. I am a selfish woman, first and last. When I see anything worth having I simply—appropriate it?"

"And then pass it on!" added Glenn. She was quite merry now and little Margaret was as full of

cheer as if no dark and perilous memory lay back of her, around the curve.

"Do you know," Glenn suddenly said, looking over the brim of her cup at Beverly, "there is something very wonderful about this garden?—I've just noticed it. The plants, the flowers are not—well, not such as grow at Far Hills."

"No. Another fad of mine!" Miss Train was merely sipping her tea for all its wealth of cream and sugar. "When any one says a plant cannot grow in Massachusetts soil, I send Tom, my gardener, for it. He puts it in the ground and—it grows! When they tell me that certain birds will not survive in Massachusetts surroundings, I send for the birds; and they stay and sing for me. You see, my dear, since I cannot go to the world, the world comes to me."

"Dear Miss Beverly! But you are going to my mountains. Dad has your particular little spot picked out; he and Mac are building the cabin—with Sam's help and Davey's. I had a letter from Dad yesterday: he says Davey is choosing the stones for the fireplace. He feels them all over; says that he *sees* them. How beautiful it will be to have you there, Miss Beverly."

"How beautiful it will be to be there!" Miss Train's face was radiant. "I will have my chair placed close to Davey's fireplace and then the dear child shall sit by me and let me look through his eyes. And at evening, when the purple and gold are particularly fine, I will wheel out to the side porch—you see I know all about it, Glenn—and watch the face of the Monk!"

The cup had long since been placed on the table.

Hypnotized, Glenn sat and listened while her inner vision—beheld!

“And you will be there, Glenn child, with that little girl of yours and Dick, God willing! It will be a great time for me!”

“And for—me!” The words came like a breath. “Dear Miss Beverly, the mists on my mountains are—lifting! I did not know, but really I have not seen them clearly since I left them—until now.”

It was nearly six when Glenn rode away. The heat of the day was broken; the swift-moving automobile sped over the perfect roads without jar or jolt, and the dignified figure on the deep, back seat, suggested that at last it had resolved to stay; to be one of the Carringtons—with a difference!

Beverly Train could not see her departing guest, but, with her thin hand shading her eyes, she followed her in thought.

“God help her!” she prayed; “but what have I done? Pitted that human, loving heart against the smooth hardness of the Carringtons. She has need of divine help. There is nothing to cling to—no rough edges to grip—nothing, nothing but smooth, polished hardness. The child will—fall off! And where then? Where then?”

“Come, Miss Beverly, the sun has set.” Margaret knew every shade on Miss Train’s face—she was brooding over the woman who had given life to her.

“Has it Margaret, child?”

“Shall I call Tom, now, Miss Beverly, to wheel you to the house?”

“Yes. Go for him, Margaret. Bring him here, yourself.”

When she was alone, Miss Train again followed Glenn who seemed, now that she had departed, to be so desperately alone.

“And that child at four being glad she is like her grandfather! And he was such a terrible old man. Father used to say”—here Miss Train smiled, grimly — “that it took all his spare time to mend the souls of the men that Judge Carrington had broken on the wheel.”

And then Tom and Margaret drew near; they were laughing softly—happily. Tom was big and freckled; his eyes and mouth were good and kind. He bent over Miss Train as if she were something sacred.

“Miss Beverly, ma’am,” he said, “I’ve got my girl to say the word at last. Will you give us your blessing and the promise that we may stay along with you?”

“That I will, Tom! And your girl; is she yours, Tom, really?”

“I’m thinking she is, ma’am.”

“You’d rather have her than any other?”

“Sure!” And Tom beamed at Margaret.

“You both turned the bend of the road, Tom; neither one of you has ever gone back. Are you willing to look ahead to the end?”

“We are that, ma’am!” Then, with a big laugh: “Back there, is bad dreams, ma’am—bad dreams—that’s what they be, and best forgot!”

“And best forgot!” echoed Miss Train, as her chair was wheeled carefully along. “I want you to marry soon, Tom. I’m perishing for some excitement—selfish, frivolous creature that I am!” She was murmuring to herself: “It must be an all-right wedding

too—just to prove now little we care for dreams, when once we are awake.”

And while Beverly was planning Margaret's and Tom's wedding, Glenn reached Far Hills. She was radiant. Her rich hair was blown from her face; her eyes were seeking—seeking their own! Carrington stood on the wide porch—his watch in his hand.

“You are a full half hour late,” he said—not unkindly, not impatiently—he was merely stating a fact. “Where have you been, Glenn?”

“To Miss Train's.” The look implied that she had been to the Mount of Vision. “She's so wonderful, Dick!”

“She's a strange personality, not very well balanced but certainly interesting,” Carrington agreed.

Glenn braced herself. She was about to make her first launch at the Carringtons—those dead men and women who still laid their hands on what was hers!

“What did you and Miss Train talk about, Glenn? Come—you may tell me during dinner. But first”—he looked at her—“hadn't you better tidy yourself?”

“No!” Glenn flung off her hat and gloves. She pranced—there is no other word to describe her action—down the long, wide hall. “I do not want to be tidy, Dick. I'm quite happy and jolly. Let us have our dinner on the porch. Indoors stifles me. Where is Connie?”

The nickname had never passed Glenn's lips before as applied directly to her child. Carrington was looking on in amazement.

“Constance has gone to bed, Glenn. You have

forgotten the time. And dinner on the porch? Why my dear, the porch is—is for breakfast only. Again, you have forgotten time.”

Then Glenn went close to him—put her hands on his shoulders in that pretty way she had of drawing people to her.

“I have forgotten time, Dick, dear. Time and every other unpleasant thing. I’ve come home—your own, dear, old Glenn—come home to my own. My own!”

Carrington was not listening to the words. He drew Glenn into the privacy of the dim library. He saw surrender and it pleased him.

“My—wife!” he whispered; and he kissed her breeze-touched hair. “You have learned to leave yourself in my hands, at last?”

“Why, no, Dick dear. I’ve learned to take what is my own—into my own hands.”

“And what is your own, beloved?”

“You and Connie and”—Glenn frowned grimly—“Hannah, and the gardener, and—well, all the rest! Some of the things have got to go, though, Dick! They’ve got to be weeded out. My own is your own and Connie’s. The rest—whoof!”

Carrington held her close.

“Beverly Train has excited you, my dear.”

“She has—inspired me.”

They did not eat upon the porch; they ate very properly indoors by tall candle-light. The serving maid was too well bred to gaze at her rather ruffled mistress, but she had her own opinion!

After, the rather disjointed meal, Carrington

walked and smoked in the garden, the old-fashioned garden where the tall hollyhocks grew. Glenn paced, happily, beside him.

"This would be a heavenly place for little children to play in," she said, dreamily; "Connie never really plays. I suppose it is because she has been fussed over so much."

"Fussed over?" Carrington recalled the price of the "fussing" and thought that it should be designated by a more dignified name.

"Yes. She ought to have children and dogs and—and—things. Just plain *things*. Things that no one can give her; things she *finds*. Didn't you have *things*, Dick?"

"I cannot remember that I ever had."

"Poor Dick! Well, we must make it up to you, somehow. I had loads of things that I never told Daddy about. I hid them—I don't know why; bits of glass and an old bottle that I dressed up like a doll; a picture I tore from the Bible—I liked it better *out* of the Bible. Dad never discovered the loss. We weren't much for the Bible, Dad and I—the old ugly part, anyway."

This was all rather silly, but amusing. Carrington smoked and revelled in the pretty creature at his side. This was what women should be—a man's solace! "She is coming around!" he thought and listened while Glenn prattled on:

"I want Connie to have *things*, Dick. I want her to have children to play with. We're keeping her greatest joy from her—her childhood! Nothing can make up for that. If"—here Glenn's eyes grew dim—"if she did not live to be—to be twelve, Dick I

still would want her to know what it means to be a child. I wouldn't like to have her go back to God without that."

"We can take no risks with a delicate child, Glenn. It would be pure madness. And as for other children, you know my views as to that. I have a deep responsibility there. A man has no right to bring helpless children into the world—children like Constance. We will not refer to this again."

"But oh! Dick, suppose—just suppose, dear—that we turned our backs on—on all the Carringtons; just let them—go! Then suppose we lived a new, better way, very lovingly, very simply—helping other weak things as Miss Beverly and Mac do—don't you believe, Dick, that God would—bless us? We might adopt children."

Glenn now stood quite still—her sweet face lifted to Carrington. "Just let the Carringtons—go!" and "adopt children" was what Carrington snatched from the words. "Adopt children!" He was positively shocked. Then he said slowly:

"Let go all that the Carringtons represent, fought, and died for? Why, my dear girl, you *must* be mad to talk as you are talking. Has Beverly Train been indulging in her wild notion? Glenn; remember this: I do not cast any reflections upon you or yours. Your splendid physique, your courage, your possibilities are not to be despised. The strain has come down pure, and for that there should be—gratitude, of course. But, on my side has been handed down something else—something that it is in your power to—to add to yourself, even if you must renounce the desire for children."

"Add to myself, Dick? I could only do that—in our children, couldn't I?"

"No. You are—a Carrington now! And I do not wish you to be too intimate—with Beverly Train." This was flung out as an afterthought.

And so, at the first attack, Glenn had slipped off the smooth, hard surface!

Pitifully, she looked up—not beaten, but dismayed.

"Take me in your arms, Dick, dear. So! Hold me close."

To this appeal Carrington could respond. He held her close—shutting, as he believed, all else out.

"To make me happy, content, proud, would that not be joy enough, to you, dear?" he whispered.

Carrington would have reeled back had any one suggested to him that he and a famous German philosopher were holding the same views as to women. But they were—with this difference: the German had reduced his to practical tests, while Carrington still veiled his in sentimentality.

CHAPTER XVII

THE days immediately following Glenn's visit to Beverly Train, were filled with sorrow. Constance had one of her bad attacks! Doctors came and went; new nurses took the place of the old; a hush fell over the big house.

Carrington was often absent; business, he said, demanded his attention. Another of the numerous strikes was on! And, as if that were not enough, an epidemic of fever broke out among the "*hands*." The hands took this, as one might expect, as another evil deed of their hated *Boss*—the boss who added to his unpopularity by using Thompson as a screen.

"Why don't he come out like a human?" demanded big Mike O'Ryan, the leader among the strikers. "Why don't he come out like a human, and let us all have a fling at him? Thompson ain't the worst. He don't deserve all the kick, though he's paid for being the buffer. What us all wants is—a shy at him on the hill!"

At this challenge, Carrington came down from the hill—he was no coward. He could afford to pay for a buffer, but if it came to an assault he was ready to take what, legitimately, belonged to him. With proud uplifted head and flashing eyes he walked, actually walked, through the little factory town. He seemed, by every gesture, to point to the handsome factory buildings—the stilled machinery, all of the

most modern type—and demand that justice be done him!

The wretched homes he did not feel were his concern.

“If men and women prefer to live in filth and disorder, they must suffer the penalty of filth and disorder. That is not my business,” he said to Thompson, with a hard glance of the eye.

“But they all pretty much work,” explained Thompson, “after they are old enough. There isn’t as you might say, any one to rightly handle the home-end.”

Thompson was getting tired of strikes. From his watch tower, he saw a new dawning, saw men waking up to the meaning, heard a stirring in the economic tree tops; but he could not arouse Carrington. Where the factories were concerned, he could get a response; but where the human element entered in Richard Carrington was as dead as his ancestors.

“Somebody will get hurt,” Thompson muttered. “It is bad enough when they hit for wages and hours; but when their kids die off like flies they get plug ugly.”

“And whose fault is it?” Carrington thundered; “they’re little better than beasts, Thompson, and you know it. Don’t they let their children work? I don’t go down and haul them in. They lie about their ages, you know that,”

“Yes; I know that,” Thompson admitted.

“Well, what are you aiming at, anyway, Thompson? Afraid?”

“Good heavens! No!”

“This is the time for a firm hand, Thompson. We

have weakened and weakened until they think they are riding the horse. If we win out, now—get them in harness again—make them knuckle down—we'll gradually, without their realizing it, work out a scheme for removing some of their dirt, perhaps. But Thompson, in this country, we've got to get our hands on the rein. It's the duty of every good American, and by God! I'm going to do my share!"

"But they all claim that they are good Americans, Mr. Carrington, that's the devil of it."

"All the more reason for showing them what a good American *is*, then!"

And Carrington walked about more freely and carried his head higher. The tradition of "blood" and authority is not easily cowed. The very sight of this unafraid man, striding alone among the noisy, unruly mobs, held the mob spirit in check. There was no opportunity to harm him without detection—he saw to that! and while they hated; felt, in a dumb way that he was responsible for their misery; they recognized what he stood for. Right and Wrong swayed this way and that on both sides of the question, and the only people who could bring about an understanding kept proudly, defiantly apart.

At Far Hills, two miles away, the Shadow rested menacingly. The house was so still; so empty. There was nothing for Glenn to do but watch and wait, apart from the trained authority that held sway in the sick room. Carrington's absence was an added hardship; the necessity, Glenn did not understand. She supposed that Thompson, choosing a difficult time, was making his demands again.

With nothing else to do, Glenn thought and

thought; and if Satan does often find mischief for idle hands, a Higher Power, likewise, finds holy deeds.

It was a little seamstress from below the hill who caught Glenn's ear. She was mending and darning the linens and laces that, once a year, were given into her hands. She was rather a cheerful little person, but easily moved to tears. She knew about the sickness in the far wing of the big house; she sympathetically gazed upon Glenn and then ventured a word of good will.

"Of course, Mrs. Carrington, it is hard, but Miss Constance will get well. The nurse says she is better. Now, if it had been the fever——" The girl paused, her eyes were frightened eyes.

"What fever?" asked Glenn. She was glad to talk to any one so gentle and kindly as this small sewing person.

"That which is raging down in Hale Hollow, ma'am."

"Hale Hollow? Where is that?"

"Where the hands live, Mrs. Carrington. You see they are quite ignorant and dirty, though they can't be blamed for the ignorance. But the ignorance accounts for the dirt and—then the fever just naturally comes, as one may say."

Glenn looked troubled.

"I hope everything is done for them that can be done," she said.

The little woman withdrew into herself. It was not for her to point out how really nothing was done.

But Glenn, walking alone in the garden of the tall hollyhocks, thought and thought of the fever in Hale Hollow. She recalled that once, when she was a very

little girl, fever had entered Connor's, and her father had ridden down there to make sure that the people were cared for. Glenn had wanted to go with him, but to that he had objected. "You couldn't do anything but catch it," he had explained—"but I'll see that those children down there have a fair show. I couldn't look you in the face, girl, if I didn't."

Then Glenn thought of Constance; she was slowly emerging from the Shadow. She thought of the nursing, the care, the love that protected her child.

"I believe," she mused, "that I'll walk down to the Hollow and find out for myself. I'd feel a little better when I looked at Connie."

It was a warm autumn day and Glenn, dressed in her white linen gown and simple white hat, looked immaculate and fresh. Her face was thin and pale. Anxiety, a baffled sense of defeat, where Carrington was concerned, had set their marks upon her. She had lost the vision of Beverly Train's garden, but she still held to her resolve to fight on.

The Hollow was not difficult to find. The first person she asked, dazedly directed her. Then he carried to groups of muttering men the astounding fact: "The Boss's missis is aiming for the Hollow."

Now the Hale factories and purlieus were skillfully set apart—physically and spiritually—from Far Hills. The time is long past when men live close to their business. No one, unless bent on special errands, ever had need to seek the Hollow. If a traveller desired to see a model factory in full play, the Hale factory was what he should see! It had baths, and a tennis court, and several other modern forms of blinders. Surely, after witnessing such per-

fection, details would be impertinent. The Hollow was a detail.

Out of the shabby street, as Glenn entered, came two hearses, each bearing two diminutive caskets. They looked absurdly small, those last little beds, to be in those ugly black things. The carriages were too large for the caskets, just as the world had been too large for the tiny bodies shut away forever from sight.

Glenn's face grew paler, sadder. Then she picked her way down—always down—the filthy street. "It is horrible for people to live so; they should not be allowed to live so. Someone ought to"—she was thinking and just then a frayed and discoloured streamer of white caught her eye, on the open door of a wretched hovel. A man stood on the threshold—a hard, ugly-looking man—and he was staring rather wildly at Glenn. She was not afraid, but she was strangely awed. This was worse, far worse, than Connor's. Something was very, very wrong here. She went up to the dirty, bearded man.

"Some one is dead here?" she asked, softly. "I have just heard how much sickness there is in the Hollow. We'd like to help, if we can."

"Help!" he roared the word; it sounded like a clap of thunder; "Help! is it?"

Glenn drew back.

"Is it your child who is dead?" she asked, and with some dignity.

"Yes; it's jis Maggie. What's that—to you?"

"Any child is something to me. I have a child; a sick child." Glenn trembled.

"Oh! Yer have, have yer? Well, who is watchin'?"

out for it while you are soiling your pretty togs down here, where yer don't belong?"

Glenn's face flushed. Only deep sympathy, and a belief that the rude fellow was crazed with grief, held her to her desire to help.

"I want to do what I can," she pleaded, slowly. "I have only just heard how things are. I'm rather a stranger here, you know."

At this the man gave an ugly laugh.

"And they've kept all from yer, eh? Lord! how some one will catch it, when they find that you've escaped."

"Is there anything I can—do?" A strange feeling of impotency was overawing Glenn. Suddenly the man's face grew fierce and crafty.

"Yes," he hissed; "come in and *see* what you can do. Maggie, her is past the knowing; you can't help Maggie. But there's Ben and the baby. They're burning up with hell fever. Come in and welcome, and get the lay o' the land! There's plenty to do in the Hollow."

Glenn took a step forward, but at that instant a woman came from the rear room and stood beside the man. She was the most wretched creature that Glenn had ever seen; her knotted and work-worn hands were clasped across her flat bosom, from which the dying lips of a baby had drawn the last drop of mother-food.

"What's up, Mike?" she asked. And then her eyes fell on Glenn.

"Her!" bellowed the man; "she's come to help—to *help*, by God—and she's going to get her chance. Come on yer Ladyship—come on and welcome!"

"Mike, you can't do this!" The woman's hands came from her aching breast; they stayed the man. "You can't let her in here, Mike. She has—one of her own, you know!"

"And why, then? Why not let her know to the full? Why not let her carry the evil—where it belongs?"

"Mike, Mike, you are clean mad, man. 'Tain't *her* doings, and you know it well."

"T'warn't Maggie's either, you fool, but Maggie had to pay. Come on, my lady, come on! Stand back, Kate—where's your manners?—Come in, come in, my lady."

The man held his wife back, leaving the passage clear for Glenn. She went forward as if something were daring her to prove herself.

"Stop!" The woman strained at the brutal hold upon her. "In the name of Heaven, ma'am, don't come in. It's catching—it's catching!"

"Curse you!" and with that the man flung the woman from him. "That's why we're as we are—shielding them as shouldn't be shielded."

And then through the moment of doubt and fear a sound came—a long, strange sound full of voices with a word now and then. It came nearer and nearer; a mob of excited men and boys, guided by the man who had directed Glenn to the Hollow, came in sight.

"There she is! there she is! The Missis!"

They came close—stood still—that body of human beings with anger, fear, laughter, and hate on their faces.

Glenn looked at them, her back against the house. The man in the doorway was cursing her, cursing

everyone, but the woman was beside her. Somehow the dirty little white streamer had been caught in Glenn's hand.

And then, down the narrow street came Carrington and Thompson! The sight brought back the blood to Glenn's cheeks; she breathed once more.

Carrington came through the mob with long, striding gait—Thompson was close behind. The crowd parted—was deadly still now. Carrington took Glenn by the arm.

"How did you get here?"

"I—I walked here, Dick. I only just heard. I wanted to help."

"She wanted to come and help!" The man in the doorway broke in. His eyes were flashing; his mouth curled back from his teeth. "She's welcome; she's welcome to share what we have. I gave her free of the house."

Carrington thought Glenn had been inside—his face grew hard and cruel.

"O'Ryan," he said in a half whisper, "you shall pay for this. "I'll send you to the penitentiary, so help me God!"

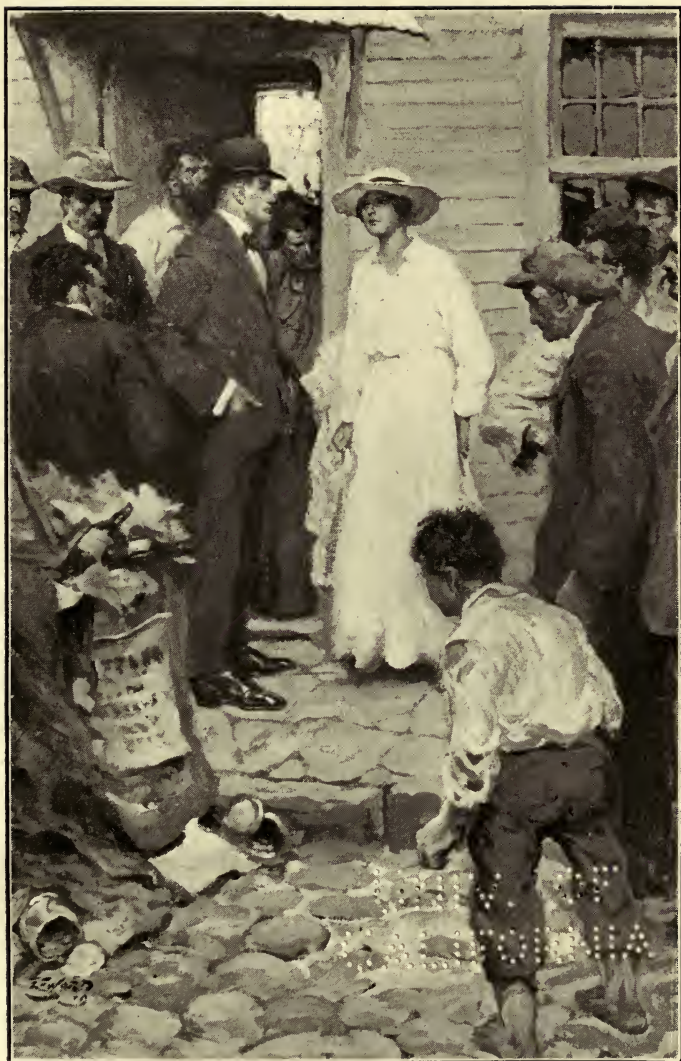
And then O'Ryan laughed. The sound was horrible in that place of death and fear.

"But the woman, Dick; she would not let me go. She kept me back!"

Carrington did not hear this. He was deaf to anything but vengeance.

"Thompson," he commanded, "go for the police; take that scoundrel——"

He got no further. A pistol shot rang clear and sharp in the pause—and Thompson fell!



“How did you get here?”

“I—I walked here, Dick . . . I wanted to help”

“Damn it!” yelled O’Ryan from his place; “you’ve got the wrong man!”

Glenn had never fainted in her life, she did not faint now, but her brain refused to record further. She remembered going away. She recalled that, in going, she pulled the little white streamer from the door; it was clutched in her hand. Some one—it was probably she, herself—said; “I am sorry” And another voice—a woman’s—replied: “Oh! my God; my God!”

And then, there was the warm sunlight as Glenn and Carrington mounted the hill to the big house. They did not speak. There was nothing to say. They had only to go—up and up!

A nurse met them at the door—a calm-faced, white-capped girl.

“Miss Constance is much better,” she said in a cool, even voice; “she wants her mother.”

“Mrs. Carrington is ill—Constance must wait.” It was Carrington who spoke, and his voice, too, was cool and even.

“Can I do anything?” the girl asked.

Then Glenn recovered herself.

“Dick; if Constance wants me—has asked for me—I must go to her!” she asserted, in a new and firm tone. “I will change my clothes, bathe, make myself safe; but if she wants me I must go to her.”

CHAPTER XVIII

GLENN stayed with Constance all night. Through her own suffering there glinted a ray of brightness; for her child's demands seemed to hold a new, a finer note. The little thin arms pressed her weakly but they held her close.

"Are you tired, Mother?" the feverish voice whispered.

"No, darling!" Glenn was not conscious of weariness.

"Then, please hold me on your lap. Don't nurses ever have laps, Mother?"

"Why yes, dear, of course."

"They say laps are not for little sick girls, but, Mother, your lap is so—so resting."

Glenn took the child defiantly; held her even when her own body ached from the new, but beloved burden, laid upon it. She did not sleep—except as she lost consciousness now and then, her head bending over her child's—but she thought, thought, thought. That hour, beginning with her vague idea of giving help in the Hollow and ending with the pistol shot, seemed to be the wedge that drove apart her ignorance and opened to her all the misery and injustice of the world.

That is how it seemed to her. She wondered, now that she had looked, why she had not, at least, heard the call of all the suffering and wrong. Abstractedly

she knew that it existed. Here and there it had flashed upon her as she was being carried on by the Force that had uprooted and blinded her. But that it lay at her doors; that it rose, as the black smoke did, against her fair sky; that she, and hers profited by it!—there was the shame and the grief.

Day after day, year after year, while she and her dearest had lived in freedom and happiness, these others—these wretched ones in the Hollow—had made life easy for her, meanwhile cursing her and that which she represented.

“No! I do not represent the evil!” That is what Glenn kept repeating. “I do *not* represent the evil. But I must prove it—prove it!” She pressed Constance close. Had her child come to her with her awakening? Was she bringing promise into the new day?

And then, as morning broke, Glenn saw her way! Not alone would she go out of the dark; she would go with her husband and child!

“You have shot the wrong man!” At first those words had stunned her. The wrong man! Thompson had fallen. She had not heard whether he was dead or not. And the curse was hurled against the shot which had missed its mark. There was no doubt in Glenn’s mind; her husband—hers—was the one man whom the mob wanted!

Horror followed insensibility. Nothing pleaded for Carrington—nothing! In that blinding awakening Glenn took no middle course; knew no mercy. That misery in the Hollow had been permitted; that men, women, and children should have been forgotten—left to death and suffering and hate—while every

one, with help at hand, had stood apart; that was enough for her. Spiritually she was with them in the Hollow, though every impulse of her superficial self revolted from them.

But, little Constance, in her new and strange appeal, softened Glenn. By some magic the child pleaded for the father. Relinquishing her own characteristics she seemed to offer hope of him. The dead Carringtons had made the hard, cruel wrong possible. Little by little the crust had formed until the cry of suffering could not penetrate; but love, if it were strong enough, surely love could triumph. Beverly Train had said that it could; and, now that little Constance had proved it, why, why should there be despair?

And with this new courage Glenn faced the day.

"Can you spare mother, Connie?" she asked when the child, rested and refreshed, lay back among her pillows.

"Do I have to, Mother?"

"Mother has something important to do. Don't you want to help me do it, by sparing me?"

"I don't want you to go, Mother, but I can make myself spare you. Don't be long."

"No; mother promises. Kiss me, dear heart." And Constance complied—rather stiffly, to be sure, but readily.

"I'm going to get well fast, Mother, and when I am quite, quite well, I want——"

"What, dear Connie?"

"I—I don't know—but it seemed in the night as if I *did* want something."

“When mother comes back, you may remember, dear.”

And then Glenn went to her room. She bathed and dressed carefully. The marks of suffering and sleeplessness disappeared under the touch of love and hope; still, all the pitiful devices that the toilet could add were resorted to.

Glenn would have spurned such artifice, had she been going to win anything for herself—but now! Why now, she was going into mortal conflict against Wrong. She was going to save her husband from the curse of hardness. Together, in the name of their love and their little child, they would go on together!

And so Glenn went to her husband.

He was in the business library. It did not matter; she wished that they could have been in the open; out under the lovely autumn sky. But places, she insisted, were what people made them. The door leading to the library was of heavy oak; there was a curious knocker on it; one that she and Carrington had bought abroad because of its quaint carvings; it was a cross of iron, black and ancient. Glenn held it in her hand and paused. She had yet something to answer her soul. Her eyes deepened; her mouth grew stern. “And if he will not go on with you—what then?” Something questioned. “Then I must go—alone! I cannot, I will not be party to the wrong!” Again something questioned: “You are prepared—to make the sacrifice? With only what you know, you are prepared to take your stand? And her soul answered: “I—must!”

Then Glenn knocked! The sound was not loud,

but it had power to make the woman outside the door, and the man in the room beyond, start nervously.

“Come in!”

Carrington was standing at the window but he turned sharply as his wife entered. He had been looking at the unstained sky. The factories were still empty which meant not merely money loss, but defiance.

Just for the moment, Glenn, by the door, wondered why her husband had not sought her during the night? It had not occurred to her before—but it was strange. Had she known of the anger and revenge that had held Carrington captive during the black hours, she would not have wondered.

His hate and sense of outrage had blotted her out. Now that she was within his home, he could give his undivided attention to the shocking occurrences of the hour when she had wandered forth—bent on folly. “Folly!” he termed it—adding a cruel adjective. With all else that he was enduring he must combat the impression, on Glenn, that her folly had evolved.

Carrington had read the writing on Glenn’s face. He could not ignore it. Of course he could soon make her see things his way, but he hated explaining and defending his position. He had tried to set his private affairs definitely apart from his business, yet, with all his care, his wife had blundered in where she had no right to be and had caused untold mischief.

The only gleam of light in the darkness was the belief that yesterday’s happenings would hasten the breaking of the strike. That shot would turn public opinion; an explosion of any sort generally did turn

public sentiment, which drew the line at violence. Thompson was not dead; he would live, they said; and so, after all, Glenn's part in the unpleasant episode was the next to take up. And here she was, ready to listen to reason!

Carrington gazed upon the slight, girlish form in its pretty white; his face grew calmer as he noted how fresh and sweet she looked.

"My darling!" he said, crossing over to her, "to think that you should have witnessed that horror—you!"

Now that he was near Glenn, Carrington felt relief. She might have been made ill by the excitement. The knowledge that she was not going to complicate the situation by—scenes, softened his attitude toward her. Her youth and beauty touched the only emotion that he had ever permitted to escape his control.

"My beloved!" he whispered and almost drew her within his arms—but not quite!

At that moment Glenn shrank back. It was a recoil and it startled Carrington.

"I'm glad that I saw," Glenn said. "You see, I might never have known if I hadn't gone. I think God took the only way with me—to make me know!"

"You are overwrought, my dear. Do not let us talk about it now—as soon as Constance can be moved—we will go away and forget it all."

"Go away! Forget it! No, no! We will stay right here and remember it until it is all wiped out! Why, Dick; think, dear, think. They are *our* people, ours! They give us all we have, and they ask so little; and yet we have let them become—like

that!" With a tragic gesture Glenn pointed out of the window—and down, down!

Carrington's jaws set as they always did when sentiment invaded business. He did not know how to approach that small, white thing near him. Thompson and other meddlers were different.

"Of course, child," he said, presently, "you do not know what you are talking about; the shock has, very naturally, swung you into—into space. You must trust me. Why, little girl, you make me laugh. Do you know what you are up against? You are beating your poor little heart and brain against a very unpleasant, but an age-old condition."

"Perhaps"—and Glenn's eyes darkened—"perhaps I am; but if I can make only a little dent, it's worth trying for. Besides, I've *got* to and I want you to help me, Dick. I want you to help me to understand, of course; but in the end we must do something."

"Help you to understand? Help you—to *do* something?" No wonder Glenn made Carrington stare. He thought she was mentally unbalanced.

"Yes; we must clean up that Hollow; take hate out of those men's hearts; make the women bless you, instead of—of cursing you; save the children——" She got no further. Carrington raised his hand.

"If you are ill, you must have attention. If not, I forbid you to talk—even to think—as you are now doing."

"I am not ill," Glenn said, slowly; and she sat down in Thompson's chair with a finality that was alarming. There was no transitory suggestion about her now. She implied a definite state of affairs that

defied opposition. "And you may forbid me talking, Dick, but you cannot forbid me thinking. Perhaps it would be best for you to know what I think before——"

"Before—what?" demanded Carrington, who sat on the edge of the desk.

"Before we go any further."

Then was Carrington's opportunity—his one, and last, great chance. Could he have reasoned with the quivering, hurt brain of the girl; could he have told her that, in another way, the weary world was awakening to the truth that had stuck her so violently—that it was reaching out, slowly, cautiously, to readjustment—all would have been well. She would have recognized his need of her, her need of him; and, though she might have had to abdicate the absolute stand, she could have gone with him on his slower, saner way.

But Carrington could not avail himself of his opportunity. First, because to admit that would have been to admit that he was not in the line of progress. Only superficially, legally, was he falling into step—all his instincts were against it. And again, he did not—would not—admit a woman, his wife least of all, into that kingdom over which he, and them like him, must rule supreme!

All the subtle dangers of the age seemed to be represented by that little, defiant creature in the swivel chair; but most of all—Sex was menaced. Sex and all it stood for, in Carrington's code. Such situations are not new. They are the blaze marks along the trail of time. Man and woman contesting the right of way over what belongs to both!

“Glenn; we must now, and for all time, understand each other!”

“Yes, Dick; that is why I am here.”

“What you ask is—is impossible! It would be the greatest wrong we could do those people in the Hollow, even if we attempted it.” Carrington sought to be just; believed that he was. “They must hew their way up; no one can do that for them. The more you do for them the more you brutalize them. You saw that—yesterday. Thompson with a bullet in his hip is proof of it. Thompson was their friend; see how they appreciate him!”

“They—they did not mean to shoot Thompson; they meant to shoot *you*. You; are you their friend, Dick?” Glenn’s eyes were growing dark.

“Their friend?” Carrington sneered. The idea was revolting. “Glenn; we will not discuss such a question.”

“We must, Dick; or I must draw my own conclusions. I want to be their friend, Dick. I can understand them. You see”—she said this simply but with proud dignity—“I come from the common people—just plain folks. You come from the other kind. Oh! Dick, in the night I thought that perhaps God had let us love each other, so that, together, we might find a way to help those poor creatures in the Hollow.”

Carrington was not listening, but when there was a pause, he spoke aloud his own thoughts.

“Why even if your ridiculous ideas could sway me, child, I would have to remember the greater duty I owe to my fellow-men; men of wealth and brains, who have made this country what it is!”

“What is it?” Glenn suddenly interjected. The question had an ugly effect upon Carrington. It forced him to recognize the rebel in the chair.

“What is it?” he repeated. “What is it? It is your country and mine. The greatest on earth. Have you anything to complain of? You? And do you think I am going to permit my wife”—Carrington was dissociating the strange being in his swivel chair from the *wife* of his making—“to make a laughing stock, a disgrace of herself and me? Do you think I am going to permit you to—to act the fool? I will not argue this thing further. I am shocked beyond words at your attitude. I would not have believed it possible!”

Then as such moods sometimes come in the most troubled hours, Carrington softened.

“You love me, Glenn, do you not?” he asked, and his lips actually trembled.

Glenn gazed up at him. The sudden change took her unaware; appealed to her mercy—her old belief in him. She was so mentally tired, too—so near the end of her endurance—that she was tempted, as women often are, in the name of love. How easy it would be to let go!—to fall into his arms—accept all the kingdoms of the earth from him—fling all responsibility upon him! She was his wife; bore his name; held his honour in her hands. To defy him would mean to abandon him—leave him alone to face the disgrace he most dreaded. She owed him so much—so much; the beautiful things of life, the ease, the luxury. No one would blame her; she was his wife; her *duty*—

And then, with yearning and soul weariness tempt-

ing her, Glenn bent her head! Carrington sprang to her:

“Beloved!” he whispered, passionately.

“No!” Glenn stood up. She warded Carrington off. “I see, now, what it all means; what you mean; what I mean. Those people in the Hollow mean only money to you, Dick. They mean—something else, to me. Something I dare not forget. And I—up here, Dick—I mean pleasure to you; a thing to come to and play with—when there is time! I mean—I must mean something else or I could not love you and I would despise myself! I know that I am ignorant, but what I saw yesterday is a wrong. I may not be able to help much, but I’ve got to try. I cannot forget. You owe more to those people than you owe to—to the thing you call business. They are yours, no matter what you say. We can help, in our own little place, even if the big world cannot understand at first; it will by-and-bye. Dick, Dick—let me keep you and my honour!”

Carrington was white with rage.

“How dare you profane all that is holy?” is what he said in words; but his expression disowned her!

“Because it is the truth, that is why I say it!” Glenn was like marble now.

“It is a lie. Some one, Beverly Train probably, has put these monstrous ideas in your brain. You could never have got them by yourself. You do not realize what you have said, but I tell you, Glenn, you have uttered words, in the last few moments, of which any decent woman would be ashamed. Now you must listen to me. I have rights, thank God, that you must respect. In the eyes of the law you are

mine! And since you are, I shall protect what is mine—defend it from your mad and ignorant assault. I do not overlook that you are overwrought and have been played upon by some one madder than yourself. I am going away on business. You will have time to get control of yourself and come to reason, but for your guidance, while I am gone, I must insist upon certain things. You are to remain quietly here. You are not to see, nor communicate with Beverly Train. I do not intend to have my family honour tampered with by any one and the sooner we all recognize that the better!”

Glenn was deadly calm.

“All right, Dick,” she said, slowly, “Good-bye.”

The telephone rang just then and Carrington turned to it. That message had power to drive lesser things from sight.

“This must be good-bye,” he said with annoyance; “I must leave at once.”

Then, from force of habit and because he believed that he had disposed, finally, of all nonsense, he came to Glenn in quite the old way.

“Good-bye. Be a good little girl. Remember you are——” He was about to kiss her!

“Don’t touch me, please,” Glenn said; and she pushed Carrington away.

“I didn’t know that you had such a surly streak in you, Glenn. I’m surprised and a bit—ashamed, child!” he said, majestically. “You are going to let me go away—go to the doing of a very difficult and hard thing—without—a kiss?”

“Yes. Good-bye.” As she spoke Glenn passed from the room.

An hour later Carrington went to give his evidence against the strikers.

Glenn went to Constance. She was quiet and smiling. Her eyes gladdened when the child turned to her eagerly.

"Miss Constance is much, much better," said the nurse. "Temperature and pulse normal. She has eaten a good breakfast, too."

"She ought to be able to—to travel before long?" Glenn looked eager, but controlled.

"Oh! yes. Mr. Carrington said he wanted her to have a change as soon as it was safe. The doctor says in ten days at the farthest—she may go. Children respond so soon."

"I—I—don't want to go away!" whined Constance. "I like it here. I haven't got enough of it—yet."

"But—if you went with—with mother, Connie?"

Then Constance said one of those things that make children often seem so weirdly uncanny. She beckoned Glenn to her, pushed her hair back from her ear, and whispered:

"With you—alone, Mother? Not even father or—or these?" She looked quickly toward the nurses who were comparing charts.

"Just—mother—alone!" Glenn's heart beat fast.

"I'd like"—here Constance whispered softly—"I'd like to see—*your folks*, Mother. The ones that didn't have their pictures taken. Once father told me——"

"What, Connie?"

"It was a secret."

"Very well, then."

"But maybe some day it will not be a secret. Then I'll tell you.

"But can *this*, this going away be a secret, Mother?"

"Yes, oh! yes, Connie—a *sure* one."

During the next week Glenn longed for Beverly Train but she did not go to her, nor did she write.

"It must be a sure secret," she said to herself. And her eyes grew sad and weary.

CHAPTER XIX

THERE had been a mountain storm. One of those sudden downpourings of water that are so unlike the ordinary rain of the lowlands. Then had come the wonderful clearness. The mountain peak stood out sharp against the blue and seemed to draw near and become friendly.

The Monk was in high glee. His white plume stretched in waving grandeur behind him; The Twins and the Lily shone in the late afternoon sun and even the Giant's Tooth was less unlovely than usual.

"Soon" Arnold said, "comes my girl's birthday. God! Mac, I don't seem to be able, this year, to do without her."

Grey had eaten his evening meal at the Lodge. Arnold, at times, worried him. There was a new, a thin line about the mouth. The hair at the temples was quite white.

"Perhaps we'd better send word for her to come," Grey suggested.

"Lord! Mac, she might think I was sick. I'm not sick; I never was better. Glenn has enough to stand as it is. It doesn't seem right, for such as she, to have an ailing child."

"The Carringtons have always had a lot of weak children." Grey said this as if it ought to be a comfort.

"It's a thing we ought to have known—long ago," muttered Arnold, with a vague groping that he could not put into explicit words. "When Carrington told me of all his belongings, he should have included this."

Grey drew his brows into a pucker and sought to be just.

"Many of them, the Carrington youngsters, just flicker out; the families are rarely large. Dick managed to put up a stiff fight, and he won out. He cut loose from the fussing and puttering; he just wouldn't be held down; he survived. At school and college he put up the bravest sort of face. He was pure pluck."

"Umph!" muttered Arnold. He did not want to be unjust to his son-in-law, but it irritated him to hear anything in his favour. He disliked being obliged to consider him in any sense. "We haven't had a letter for a couple of weeks, Mac." Arnold referred to Glenn. Carrington, of course, never wrote.

"No, we haven't. But Sam's due to-morrow. Unless the rain has cut the trail up too much, he'll be here."

"We'll see what the mail brings," Arnold pulled out his pipe; "after that we'll have another pow-wow."

"I'll sleep over here, if you say so, Arnold." Grey wanted to write in his cabin, but Arnold tugged at his friendliness.

"No, no! Shucks, Mac; I'm all right. Go and spin out your yarns. I'm just getting old, I reckon. Had my own way too much. Always someone stand-

ing handy to pass out the sweet stuff when I cry. Good Lord! boy, if the worst comes to the worst, I can get down to my girl! If Mr. Carrington's house isn't big enough for me, I have the price of a hotel bill. Come spring, I don't know but what I'll travel down with you, Mac, and sniff the lowlands. We might bring the whole shooting match up with us for the summer. Miss Train's cabin is ready for her. She ought to come."

"Big idea, Arnold; big scheme. We'll do it! And now, old man, turn in early."

"Maybe, maybe, Mac; but if I don't, I'll be sitting here—smoking and thinking."

Grey went to his cabin. The evening dropped down early over the peaks. It was a starry evening; the heavens were full of the light of the stars, and a hush had followed the storm.

The fire upon the hearth was bright and the living room was, at last, to Grey's taste. Books, papers, and a few good pictures, caught the eye at once. Couches, chairs, and rugs added to the comfort of the home-like place. The long, narrow table near the south window was littered with the fruits of Grey's recent labours. Among the drifts of paper was a photograph of Glenn, taken before her child's birth, and while life seemed still a dream to her.

Grey sat down to his table. For a few minutes he indulged himself; he gazed upon the face of the woman for whom he had learned—control. She would always be the one big thing to him; and, because of that, she came first. He had never got in her way; he never meant to. But he meant—and here he muttered the oath: "So help me God"—

to be ready should she need him! He had a strange impression that she needed him now—needed him so that she dared not write.

It was eight o'clock when Grey began his work. He was not conscious of time after that until something startled him. He glanced at the small time-piece on the table—it was eleven o'clock!

He had left his door, as always, open to the night—he had meant to keep an eye on Arnold's bedroom window. He turned suddenly, and there, close to the door way but just outside, stood Glenn!

Her clothing was mud-splashed; her face very white; her hands were pressed over her mouth as if to hold back all the surging words that might express her emotions. The eyes told the story, though!

"Come in!" Grey simply gasped the words. Then he went forward and took her hands into his and led her to the hearth. The shock had given him alertness; it had not dulled a single sense.

"Glenn; I'm not—not mad, am I?"

"No, no Mac! You're the blessedest, safest thing I've seen——"

"Now, then, child, that's settled! Keep quiet. Your father mustn't see you, just as you are now. You're rather—well, startling, my dear! See, I'll shake you up an eggnog—and here are some biscuits. Lord! Glenn, but—it's great to have you back." Getting into action steadied Grey. He was so alarmed that he dared not take time to think.

Glenn sank into the easy chair by the hearth and shivered.

"Don't close the door!" she suddenly cried when Grey went toward it; "don't, don't!"

"Want air? What in—— Who brought you up from Connor's?"

"Sam. He didn't want to—I made him. He was going to wait until to-morrow, but I made him come—to-day."

"Where is he?" Grey feared he had gone to the Lodge.

"He's gone up to Polly and Davey. He will bring the mail to-morrow. It can't matter—about the mail."

"No, of course not—now that *you* are here!"

The mail seemed to be something tangible to talk about.

"There wasn't much anyway, Sam said."

"It will keep!" Grey was shaking the cup desperately and watching Glenn in a dazed way that bewildered her. "See, Glenn, drink this!" Grey held the rich, foamy drink to her lips. "It will set you up, child."

She leaned back against his arm; she let him hold the glass and as she looked at him—the tears rolled down her pale, thin face. Then as the blood began to course warmly in her veins, she half sobbed:

"It's all over, Mac, dear—the dream!"

"Don't talk now, Glenn."

"I must, Mac. I must tell you. Then I'll go to Daddy. You'll go with me—to him—won't you?"

"Yes, of course. Now be quiet until you can think straight, Glenn."

"Why, Mac, dear, I am thinking straight. It took me years to do it, but I can do it—now." Then, after a pause: "Suddenly I saw that I did not love—Dick! The thing in me that had loved him died;

or else, he never was what I thought he was. All at once he stood out clear—clear as the peaks. After that—I had to come. I would have died, Mac, or gone mad, if I had stayed. It is over! Quite over!”

Grey saw and felt that it was. On this meagre evidence he was convinced. He assumed a new attitude. He no longer sought to soothe the weary woman on his arm. He was not conscious even of his old love for her—he was merely standing beside her; saving her, protecting her, not permitting her to be her lesser self.

“Glenn, dear girl, I see that something big has happened to you; but you are not fit to decide now. A rest up here, time to get an all-round view; that’s what you need. But good Lord! Glenn, you’re not the woman to desert your child, no matter what Dick has been ass enough to do.”

“No—oh! no! I couldn’t ever do that, Mac. Why I’m just beginning to *get* Connie. I couldn’t of course—desert her!” Glenn smiled bravely.

“Of course not!” said Grey, drawing a sigh of relief.

“I—I brought Connie with me!”

“What?—what did you say, Glenn?” Grey withdrew his arm, gently. Glenn looked up at him.

“I brought Connie with me. She’s on the porch. She was so tired; I wrapped her close—she’s sleeping. I had to come alone to you, Mac—just at first—and Connie is safely sleeping.”

“My God!” The words escaped the tightening lips. This juggling with the mighty things of life, in such crude fashion, almost took away Grey’s breath.

“Did—Dick—know?” he gasped.

“He was away. I just—came. I had to, Mac before he got back. You know when you’ve come to the end—have finished and there is nothing more to say—it’s useless to—to go all over it again.”

Against this elemental regard of all that was deemed holy and accomplished, Grey could not prevail.

“Let us get Constance,” he urged, in quite as simple and primitive a way as Glenn had spoken.

He put out his hand to steady Glenn as she rose to her feet. It all seemed like a nightmare, but it must be got through, somehow.

There was a deep, wide couch on the porch; often Grey slept out of doors. The pillows and blankets were still left ready; and among them, sat Constance. She had awakened from her sleep of exhaustion and was rigidly inspecting her surroundings with deep, silent awe. This trip with her mother, had upset all the ideals and ideas of her life. Nothing now surprised her.

“Connie, this is Uncle Mac. Look, dear! And—and this is mother’s home, at last.”

Constance turned her great, dark eyes on Grey. She gave the impression of curtsying. She would have done so had she been on her feet.

“Say: ‘Uncle Mac,’ dear.”

“Uncle Mac,” the thin, tired voice repeated. Then: “I’m very hungry.”

Grey took the little child in his arms, and followed Glenn into the house. He closed the door after him—there was no reason for leaving it open now!

“What can we give her to eat?” Grey asked,

after depositing his frail burden in the chair by the hearth.

“What—do they give Davey?” Glenn had felt the responsibility of Constance’s food more than anything else, on the trip.

“Milk and eggs”—Grey recalled Davey’s simple fare with relief—“and toast.”

And then he set to work, eagerly, to prepare the meal; action helped to clear his mind. Presently he was able to laugh, as he saw the child in the chair, watching his every move.

Constance ate what was put before her, solemnly and daintily, then she thanked Grey for what he had done, with the grace of a woman. Later, she fell asleep. Grey laid her upon his bed in the inner room. Then he went to the window; dimly he saw Arnold—still sitting by his own fireside—and smoking.

“Glenn”—Grey turned to her; “I think we must go to your father.”

“I’m ready, Mac.”

They passed silently across the dividing space between the houses. They went in unannounced to Arnold. He turned when he heard the steps; he was standing in the middle of the room when they entered. The lamp was still burning; the fire was dying down.

Glenn did not speak. She only stood and looked—hungrily, thirstingly—at her father; and he looked at her as if seeing her in his sleep.

All the change in her, the broken look of her, rushed forward and met his aching love for her, sharpening it until like a blade, it flashed into speech.

“May God Almighty deal with him and his as he has dealt with mine!”

The sorrow, the passion, the agony of Arnold called to something in his girl that had been all but killed. His want of her, his fear for her, were the first needs of her strength and tenderness that had reached her since she left him.

The pallor softened in her cheeks; her dull eyes grew bright and compassionate. She rushed to him and clung to him as though saving him from a devastating blow.

"Daddy darling! Don't, don't take me so hard. It's all, all right now. I had to find my trail, dear, just as I did on the Twins, so long ago. You remember, Daddy? I left you; you could not see me. I found my own trail—but I came back! I came back!"

Then Arnold folded her close. Folded her and himself away from the cursed thing that had harmed her. He crooned over her—disregarding Grey. He whispered words of love over her, but would not let her speak a word of explanation. No thought of law or conventions entered his mind. His girl, he knew full well, would not desert a duty while hope lived in her. If hope had been killed—then she had done the right thing; she had found her way back!

"And the child?" he asked at last. "The child, my girl?"

Then it was that Grey turned and left the room. He came back presently with the sleeping Constance.

Arnold looked at the small, refined, dark face. He tried, Heaven knew, to find one trace of Glenn—of anything of his—in it, but failed. He saw, as very few others ever had seen—Richard Carrington!

"God help her!" he exclaimed. Then: "She's young, Glenn, very young."

The following days were weighted with emotions too deep for words.

Arnold—simple, direct—had no confusion as to results. Glenn had come home. Later he meant to know all, but at first he would not let her talk.

“It’s a mighty good thing,” he said, gently—and oh! how gentle he was in those days—“after a storm, to calm down a bit until you can tell it without—getting excited.”

Glenn looked adoringly at him.

But with Grey, the matter was not so unhampered. For a woman to walk out of her husband’s home with their child, during his absence, was a grave matter, especially when the child was painfully delicate. And the break appeared to be definite, on Glenn’s part. Carrington was hardly the man to have his private possessions wrenched from him without—getting them back! In this matter, and justly, he had serious grounds for indignation and resentment.

The whole affair, in the aftermath of calm reason, had all the appearance of grave danger. Grey certainly could not be accused of sympathizing with Carrington on general principle, but he saw his point of view, now. If the thing were not so tragic, it would be comic.

Little by little Grey had got from Glenn a pretty comprehensive idea of the trouble. There had, undoubtedly, been rather an illuminating scene after the Hollow episode, but when all was said and done, it could not justify what followed. On the other hand, Grey saw, with ever-growing conviction, that the episode was the climax of years. It was the blinding, shuddering Conclusion. Looking at it from

every point of view it remained the invincible proof of final understanding between two strong natures. Thus argued the practical mind of Grey, while his love, well under control, made its plea to his sympathy.

Then, when justice presently began to grow dim, Grey was frightened. It was no time to desert justice, Heaven knew! And yet, no mere going back to Carrington would settle this ugly business. Grey realized that, eventually, and he recalled Beverly Train's prophecies.

The Lines had drawn close—the Line of Law; the Line of Love. What would follow?

“A letter will come,” thought Grey; “a commanding ultimatum.”

“What then?”

“The lines never merge,” Beverly had said. “In the end the Law will cast Love to the mob!”

With the thought Grey's mouth grew firm and his eyes deep.

Perhaps Carrington would come, personally, to collect his property; that was a later fear. At such a prospect Grey shuddered, for he pictured Arnold's part in the scene—Arnold with his plain, unadorned code and his passion for his girl!

Perhaps—and here Grey threw his shoulders back—perhaps, in a grand and majestic manner, Carrington would push Glenn legally from his life. In that case—and then Grey's mouth tightened again. It was, after all, a vicious circle.

But the child? Through her, Carrington at the last, might seek to crush Glenn. There, he had the lash well in hand. In the sickly, unprepossessing little girl, lay the darkest danger of all.

But in those first days—Grey alone, apparently, was tortured by these fears and doubts.

At first Constance was seriously affected by everything. Her journey; her fear of the strange place; the altitude and her—homesickness. It gave cause for worry to them all.

“She’s not sick,” Glenn said; “she has had attacks ever since her birth—but this is not one.”

And while they hung over her—little Davey felt his way down the trail and came to the rescue.

His beauty and appeal helped to lessen Glenn’s tortured anxiety for Constance. The little boy reached out and touched the sick girl’s face and she aroused to interest. Presently she grew stronger; watched for Davey; went to meet him on the trail—and then took a new lease of life!

Davey clung to his preconceived ideal of Constance. He stood beside her and found that they *were* of nearly the same height! She fell short of his hope in her manner. She was not jolly and she never said funny things, but Davey concluded that that was because she was ill.

“You *are* a hummer!” he insisted.

“A—*what?*” asked Constance.

“A hummer!”

“What’s that?”

“It’s—it’s something I made you!”

“You’re a funny boy!” and then Constance laughed. So rare a thing was this that everyone was touched by it; all but Arnold!

“I don’t like her laugh,” he confided to Grey; “it has no joy in it; it is just a—a—sound.”

From the first his aversion to the small, dark child

was deeply painful. He struggled with it—hid it, for the most part—but could not conquer it. Had Constance belonged to any one else but Glenn, she would have awakened his pity and sympathy, but that she was part of *his* girl, seemed monstrous; abnormal.

"I don't like her eye," he further confided to Grey. "She means mischief."

At this Grey actually turned upon Arnold. His fear of results made him more emphatic.

"It's not like you, Arnold," he said, "to wrong anything so helpless and young. Besides, man, she's yours—your blood runs in her veins. You're not decent."

"What little blood the child has," Arnold rejoined, "isn't mine; take that from me, Mac. And if I feel at odds with her, what of her feeling toward me? She told me not to touch her the other day; she—smiled at me as if she were a thousand years old."

"She is—more or less, Arnold. That's the trouble with her. It's up to us to make her forget it and start her afresh." Then they spoke of Carrington.

"A blessed scamp he is!" thundered Arnold. "Letting his wife and child slip through his hands and never peeping. A cad, Mac, a cursed cad." Arnold was getting, little by little, the story of the past.

"Arnold," Grey looked grave, "Carrington will peep, never fear. He'll reach out, too, take my word for it; but he'll do neither until he is—*sure*. We might as well be ready."

"I'm ready," Arnold rejoined, grimly. "I've been ready from the moment I first looked at Glenn; he cannot come too soon for me."

When Glenn's birthday drew near, Sam, Polly, and Davey went to the Lodge.

"We must celebrate, Daddy dear. Let us have a party for Constance. Think! she has never had one."

Then it was that Glenn conceived the idea of giving her own old toys to her little girl. For some unknown reason she had not taken Constance to the little room under the eaves. Arnold had kept the door locked and she had not wanted to ask him for the key; but now she did. Arnold handed it to her but made no comment. Taking Constance by the hand, early in the morning of the birthday, she led her upstairs and to the pretty room.

"This is mother's old room, dear, and mother's blessed old toys; I give them all to you, darling—because it is my birthday!"

The surrender was very touching. Glenn gave the impression of youth; the little figure beside her, of antiquity.

"This is Susan Ann, Connie"—Glenn took the doll made of the tree root; "she taught me how to love real babies."

"Did she?" Constance drew back; "I think she's very ugly, Mother. I—I don't like her."

"Oh! Connie." Glenn showed her hurt.

"And the other things"—Constance swept them with her keen eyes—"they—they make me afraid, Mother. Come out and shut the door! I don't want these things."

"Why, my dear little girl!" Glenn was almost crying but she saw that Constance was seriously disturbed. She was trembling, pitifully.

"I—I don't like the mountains, either, the child

was saying; "they will fall on me some day. I am afraid of—of things. When are we going home?"

All the light died in Glenn's face.

"Why, darling, *this* is home!"

"It—it isn't *my* home!" The defiant flash in the child's eyes daunted Glenn. She did not speak.

"I—I do not like grandfather Arnold, either!" Constance, now that she was at bay, observed no obstructions. "I'm not his—his folks!" The last word held a world of meaning.

"Constance; you mustn't talk like this." Glenn tried to be severe.

"Why not?" This was put simply. A mere desire for information.

"Come, dear," Glenn led the child from the room, locking the door after her. She did not reply to Constance and, like one stricken, she went downstairs.

"Daddy," she said to Arnold, handing him back the key; "Connie doesn't want the toys—not just now. We'll have to have our party without them."

Arnold did not speak, but he turned from Constance with added aversion.

They had their little party on the piazza of Beverly Train's cabin. That was Grey's idea.

"If any one could straighten all this mess out, Glenn," he said, "it would be Beverly."

"Yes, I think she could, Mac. Any way she would love to have us play near her cabin."

So they played, as best they could, through the golden autumn afternoon. Davey had never been

more whimsical nor delightful than he was then. He gleefully told them what he "saw." He was roguish and fanciful. But, best of all, he made Constance laugh that strange laugh of hers, which disclosed so little, and held so much.

CHAPTER XX

MAC," said Arnold one day to Grey, "that child"—he glanced over to where Constance was sitting by Davey on the piazza of the Lodge—"means mischief. There is something awful in anything so small and weak having the power she has."

"I cannot understand you, Arnold, where Constance is concerned," Grey replied. He had a worried, an alert look at times; Carrington's silence had the hanging-sword effect upon him. "I wonder if you are not dealing to the child what is really not her due? It's not like you, Arnold, to hold a grudge against any one, least of all against, as you say, anything so small and weak."

"I know, Mac. That's the way I talk to myself. There are times when I keep away from my own bedroom—I don't feel fit to enter. I would be ashamed to face Glenn's mother, but you don't suppose, do you Mac, that I wouldn't right myself, if I could?"

"I repeat, Arnold, I cannot understand it." Grey was annoyed.

"Just fancy that youngster"—Arnold contemplated the offending Constance as once he had contemplated his sprained ankle; something apart from himself—"just fancy her being able to fill whole hours of my time, wondering about what's she up to!"

“Why not leave her alone, Arnold, until she springs something? She’s quiet and tractable enough, Heaven knows! I wish she would flare up once in a while.”

“Exactly! So do I. If she did, we’d get a line on her temperature and, by the light of the flare, be able to see a bit more plainly.” Arnold laughed. “The fact is, Mac, I don’t feel easy when my eye isn’t on her. The whole thing in a nutshell is: she’s like her damned father!” Arnold let his emotions escape him, his face grew stern and white. “Mac, what does that scoundrel mean by letting a situation like this exist and not mutter a word?”

Grey was chopping wood—he paused now and went over to Arnold by the big saw.

“I wish that I knew, Arnold,” he said, sympathetically; “the thing is wearing me out, guessing! There are times when I take the best view of it that I can. I know Carrington could not acknowledge a wrong easily; he is too cast-iron. But he may know that he *is* wrong, and is waiting for the first move on Glenn’s part. If that’s his attitude it’s at least half way decent for him to leave the way perfectly open to her. And after all, on the surface—looked at as the world looks at such things—what has he done to deserve what Glenn has done?”

“I don’t believe you hold to the belief you’ve just aired, Mac; you’re trying to make the best of a bad bargain.

“*On the surface!* Good Lord, boy! What do you mean by ‘on the surface’? You and I knew my girl; we saw her go away with that man; we saw her come home! I haven’t let her talk long, about the

past. When Carrington shows his hand she'll have to talk and once will be enough. But I saw her come back! I saw the marks of what he did to her, and by the eternal God, Mac, he's got to set her free! I don't care how the World thinks about such things!—There's another guess coming to the World when women tell what they think about the blows that hit them hardest. Glenn has got to get free of that man who twisted her soul out of shape! If there isn't a law to cut her free, then by Heaven! she's got to smash the law. There's only one cause for divorce under heaven! Only one Mac—and it isn't the one we talk about! A woman might love a man who beat her, or who was untrue to her. She could cling to him and be a good wife to him and a happy one, too. A man could—I know what I'm talking about—a man could hold holy a woman that—others had tossed aside. But if a man or a woman don't want to live with wife or with husband because of things the world couldn't understand if it tried—the soul-twisting kind of things—that is enough!"

"I—I don't know, Arnold!" Grey's eyes were troubled. He did know; but he was clinging to the old raft, while Arnold was struggling in the open. "I don't know. It would be a dangerous law that left folks—such a wide gate to get out of."

"What do you gain by shutting them in, Mac? Look at Glenn—look at her! I tell you most of the marriage and divorce laws were made for people who do not need them. They who do, either kick over the traces or—drop in the shafts. My girl meant well toward life; she did her part. I know that, without word of hers. If she hadn't she would

never look the way she does—and her man has, under the law, got a strangle hold on her! He's got to set her free, Mac, or——”

“None of that, Arnold!” Grey sprang to the defense of that which they all held most dear. “You're the last man to do anything so—so cheap as that,” he continued, for there was murder in Arnold's eyes.—The primitive in the man was rising dangerously.

“Maybe, Mac, maybe, but I was never one to bear strain easy; nor is my girl; and her man and his child are master-hands at putting on the screws.”

After this talk things ran along rather more smoothly at the Lodge for some days. Nothing was said of Carrington, but the silence that held him, while weighted with apprehension, held also a new force determined to combat any move from out of the dark.

Little Constance rallied. She refrained from further reference to her home, but she gave the impression always of being a visitor. She had moods when she would sit staring at Arnold as if he puzzled her. He would grow impatient and he often asked:

“What you thinking about, child?”

“You,” she would return calmly.

“Well, what do you think?”

“A great many things.”

“Such as?” Arnold made a noble effort to be genial.

“Do you want me to tell you?”

“I do.”

“I think you don't like me—because I am not your” [Constance paused in order to impress her amazed listener]—“folks! Davey is your folks

and Mother, and Uncle Mac—but I'm not. And I think it is very mean—for I cannot help not being your folks!"

Arnold was so dumfounded that he could not reply to the small accusing creature sitting opposite him, her elbows on the table, her elfish face held in the palms of her little, thin hands.

"I felt," Arnold later explained to Grey, "as if I were a guilty wretch. I wanted to take the child in my arms and cry over her—but I couldn't!"

What Arnold did say, once he could speak, was:

"Why—why don't you try to be my folks, Constance?"

"I don't know. Maybe I do not want to be; maybe I—cannot be," the child had replied and then she gave her peculiar laugh that sounded as if it came from the concentrated and embittered indifference of ages.

"Run out and play!" Arnold commanded, impatiently; "there's Davey over on your Uncle Mac's porch. Hustle away and try to be a good little girl."

This sounded so puerile when directed toward the dignified little soul deliberately making her exit, that Arnold found it possible to laugh and dismiss her from his thoughts—for the time being.

Grey had gone to Connor's on business. He had gone with Sam, two days before, and Glenn was calling on Polly the afternoon of Constance's confession to her grandfather.

Arnold, making sure that the little girl had gone to Davey, returned to his reading. An hour passed; then two hours. Arnold found that the room was growing chilly. He arose and put several logs on the

fire and glanced at the clock. It was half past four. "Where are those children?" he wondered. He went to the door and called. There was no reply. "Queer!" he muttered. He went outside; there was no trace of either Davey or Constance.

A few minutes later Glenn came down the trail. Almost at the same time, Sam and Grey were seen mounting the hill, their horses loaded, and taking the last stages of the trip easy.

Arnold showed his anxiety over the children and the others shared it. After a little deliberation they started, in different directions, to search. They were all, however, still within hailing distance when the two runaways came into sight from the woods behind Beverly Train's Cottage.

Arnold called: "Here they are!" and soon the three were at the Lodge where Davey—white, haggard, and silent—sat apart and Constance, her lips in a straight line, her dark eyes flashing, confronted her grandfather.

"I—I cannot get them to speak," Arnold said. "I wager she has"—he did not say "they have"—"been up to mischief."

"Where have you been, Connie?" asked Glenn, kneeling beside her little girl. "Tell mother."

"Walking."

"Where, dear?"

"In the woods."

"What were you doing there?"

"Walking!" The little dark face grew hard. Glenn knew the signs.

Then into the confused silence, a great sob of suffering broke from Davey. He was sitting with his

small hands gripped close, his fair face hung upon his swelling chest.

Constance looked at him with contempt and suddenly commanded:

“Tell! I don’t care.”

There was a pause. Then Davey sobbed:

“She’s taken my—my mountains away; and the—the stars and—and everything! She says—everything is all—lies!”

From her seat, where she sat crouched like a gnome, Constance spoke:

“And so it is! It’s wicked, just because he’s blind, to tell him things that are not true. I told him how mountains look, and how his father and mother look, and stars, and my mother, and—everyone!”

“Oh! Constance, how could you?” cried Glenn. Davey’s white face smote her heart; but her own child’s hardness hurt her soul!

“And now,” poor Davey sobbed, “I don’t know what to do.”

Arnold without a word left the room, Sam leaned over his boy—his helpless passion seeking to shield, but not seeing any way to do so. Grey felt a strong desire to lay his hands on the defiant child beside whom Glenn stood grieving. The savage instinct, however, left him at once and again, as he had often felt before—he was up in arms to defend Glenn from suffering or loss; defend her against her child!

“Come, come!” he exclaimed in a tone that broke the abnormal by its healthy note of normality; “are you going to let a little girl who doesn’t know what she’s talking about, take your mountains and

stars from you, Davey? Shame on you, man, to believe anything against us who love you!"

Davey stifled his sobs—this was a new side-light.

"She said——" began Davey, but there was hope on his little stained face. . . .

"They *are* lies!" shouted Constance, her eyes blazing.

"Come here!" When Grey commanded—he did not often do it—people attended. "Come here, Constance!"

The child walked deliberately to him.

"It's a pretty mean thing to say what you've said unless you are sure." Grey spoke calmly to her.

"I *am* sure, Uncle Mac!"

"Have you looked—with Davey's eyes?"

"He—he hasn't any!—that's another——"

"Quiet!" Grey laid firm hands on the thin shoulders; "Davey has eyes—and you know it. You are not speaking the truth. He has beautiful, clear blue eyes."

Constance stared.

"Well—he hasn't—he cannot——"

"Constance; suppose *you* look with Davey's eyes." Grey still held her. "Now, close your lids down, so! What do you see?"

"Nothing!"

Nor did she, poor child!

The word brought a stifled cry from Glenn. Constance's empty childhood held no visions or fancies with which to people the long, dark hours when pain kept sleep away.

"Try again, Connie. I will hold your hand."

Grey was in deadly earnest. He knew that much—much—was at stake.

And then in the stillness Constance tried again. Having nothing of her own she fell back upon Davey's visions and they seemed to materialize back of her lids. Presently her lips quivered.

"You're not so sure, are you, Connie?" Grey drew her closer.

"No. Uncle Mac!" Constance meant to be just.

"All right! If you're not sure, you'd better wait until you are."

And then Grey turned to Sam.

"Let me have Davey for a day or so," he said; "he and I have some business together."

The danger was averted—Glenn took her little girl away to her bedroom and Davey went to Grey's cabin where, as man to man, they talked it over.

The days that followed almost blotted out the anxiety concerning Carrington's silence, so weighted were they with the effort to restore to poor Davey his faith and joy, and to bring to Constance a glimpse into the garden of her own bleak and unknown childhood. Glenn watched the working of Grey's magic imagination. Never had he given to his most serious work, the concentration that he put, now, upon the task he had undertaken.

Davey responded sooner for he had love and health to build upon; poor Constance was a different problem. What had she? But presently her own lack touched her; her "difference"—and that cut deep. She closed her eyes; she clenched her hands; she tried to *see*—with Davey's eyes!

When she was with Grey or the boy, she could see—a little—and it quickened her pulses.

“It’s like something—hiding!” she confided to Grey. She was excited and pathetic. Even Arnold was touched by the unexpected turn things had taken.

And then it was that little Constance Carrington’s childhood began. She no longer laughed in her vague way at Davey; sometimes she laughed *with* him when he praised her for some little success in her upward course. What they confided to each other, no one questioned for presently Grey relinquished his authority, and watched the working of the divine in both children.

Davey had his blessed visions back tenfold, and with them a new and manly courage; a determination to “show the stuff that was in him,” as Grey put it. And Constance, with her imagination lighted, saw far and still farther. She asked, by-and-bye, to have her mother’s toys; she touched them with strangely yearning hands. She looked questioningly up at her mother and whispered:

“You do have to have Davey’s eyes—and then!—why, Mother, you see little babies in Susan Anns, don’t you?”

And after that, Constance never spoke of going home. She played gravely—almost shyly. She followed Grey about as if, when with him, she felt safe. She watched for Davey’s coming and often met him half way on the path known as Davey’s Trail. Sometimes, in the night, she crept from her bed, which was in her mother’s room, and nestled in Glenn’s arms. Once, she whispered the secret that Carrington had unwisely entrusted to her.

“Father said,” she whispered, “that your—your folks were—different; but they aren’t, Mother; they only *seem* so, until you know. It isn’t a secret any more, because it isn’t so! Sometimes I think Father *doesn’t* know everything!”

This was not said bitterly or harshly, but with a touch of compassion.

“Mother’s own little girl!” cried Glenn; and she drew the child closer, resenting fiercely the intention Carrington had when he put the thought in Constance’s mind.

“Poor Father doesn’t know *everything*, Connie; none of us do. But did Father say that that was a—secret?”

“No—but I knew that it was. Something makes you know secrets.”

“Yes—darling; something does.”

And they fell asleep with their arms about each other. The secret had lost its sting.

CHAPTER XXI

CARRINGTON'S fortnight had stretched into a month. He had not written to Glenn at first because he considered that she had acted in a most silly and childish fashion—he'd forgotten precisely what it was all about—and had best be left to herself for a few days. His own days certainly were difficult enough! With his high sense of honour it was extremely hard for him to tell what he knew about the strike and the shooting of Thompson and, at the same time, keep well within the bounds of actual facts.

He expected a letter from Glenn at the end of the first week—one of those queer, little letters of hers that always gave the impression that she had slipped in bearing the letter in her hands. But no letter came.

Then Carrington set his jaws. Of course *he* could not write first. What had he done? And she had refused to kiss him good-bye—had looked at him as no good and tender woman should ever look at a man. What could the girl be thinking of to dare so much?

Next he reverted to Glenn's beginnings, from which he had brought her into the wide Place that was his. What had he not showered upon her? How little she seemed to realize her great uplift. There had been times when Carrington had liked that about

his wife—he could never have stood a cringer. But nevertheless he would like her to show some appreciation.

But what a comical, sweet thing she was, take it all in all! That *was* funny, her wanting to clean up the Hollow! The shock had frightened her. She was sentimental, but warm hearted. That was right for a woman! Some day, Carrington decided, he would let Glenn play Lady Bountiful. It would ease her conscience and add to his glory. He couldn't show any weakness himself, but he'd let Glenn have a certain sum to spend and show herself to the—"hands."

The second week brought no letter and then Carrington put sentiment aside. He hurried his business. Just before he left he received a telegram from Glenn:

I am taking Constance away. She is all right.

Carrington's face turned ashy—not with fear but with anger. He calmly finished all that he had to do and went back to Far Hills, giving no intimation that his wife's whereabouts were unknown to him.

He listened to all the housekeeper had to say—and she said a good deal! He went quietly, when not observed, through the empty rooms, hoping to find some trace or message. He noted how little had been taken from closet or drawers and he came presently to the conclusion that Glenn had gone to Beverly Train's. This was not pleasing—he had commanded her to the contrary—but it was better than some other things.

Having reached a definite idea, Carrington com-

posed himself and called on Thompson who was in the hospital. Here he got something new to think about. Thompson informed him that unless, after his recovery, he were allowed to run things on a fairer basis, he'd quit and have done with it.

"Got a bad scare, Thompson?" Carrington was annoyed, but he meant to be reasonable.

"No; but I got an argument, all right. I'm not going to stand in front of another man's bullet. I'm willing to take what's coming to me, but nothing more."

Carrington did not like the tone.

"It was a devilish bad shot, Thompson, but you must dome the credit of feeling that I wasn't slinking. I was there."

"You were there, then, yes. But I'm not going to be so close to you again, Mr. Carrington. It doesn't pay! Lying here, I've done some thinking on my own account. There are dirty doings among the men, no doubt—all sorts of mischief and the rest—but the wrong isn't all there, by a long shot. And there isn't ever going to be any understanding until we all get into the thing together."

"You know my ideas on this line, Thompson, I'm not likely to change them. You'll think better of this when you get out. Bread and butter is a good argument, too, old man. Wait until your wife has her say." Carrington tried to be light and pleasant as was proper in a sick room.

"My wife is the one who has put me clear on this," Thompson rejoined; "women think differently from us, Mr. Carrington, but that doesn't mean that they're wrong, always."

Thompson said this with a certain timidity. His recent accident and illness, his confinement and time for thought had given him the new slant that perplexed and annoyed the man who listened. Carrington was tolerant, but disgusted with it all.

"After all, I see no reason for bringing women into this, Thompson; such ideas as they have are—meddlesome. You and I realize that it takes more than a surface glance and book-reading to tackle this problem."

Then Thompson raised himself, propped on his elbow. He was a big, red-headed man with a firm jaw and steady eyes. He'd come up from the ranks—had been a boy in the older Carrington's reign.

"See here, Mr. Richard," he said with a rough kind of impressiveness, and reverting to the name he used to call his present employer; "boy and man I've hung to your business. What I am, it has made me. Your father saw something in me—at times I think it was the *worst* in me—to build on, and today I'm on both feet, with something in the bank! I'm not ungrateful. I want to hang to you; I want to see you, sir, at the head of the lines; but for some years past I've seen what you haven't seen, being close, as you might say, and listening, as one has to. The world is tackling this big, ugly wrong that somehow has got wedged between the—the men who have *got* and the men who *helped them get* and want to share! I don't know just where the wrong is; neither do the under men; we're all fighting in the dark and doing bad work. But there are men, Mr. Richard—men as big as you and richer, too—who are flinging

themselves into the fight, meaning to—to find out; and if the Lord lets me live, so help me, I'm going to join up with them! Maybe, having risen from nothing, I have something to tell them, and then I can carry back to the men—such men as O'Ryan and the poor devil who shot at you and hit me—a word that may help."

Thompson sank back, pale and trembling. He had given out all that his days of lonely pain and isolation had evolved. Carrington's face hardened, until it looked like a mask.

"Having made your pile," he said—slowly, hurtlingly—"having got all you can out of us, you are ready to—to—what shall I say, Thompson, that will show what I mean and no more?—well, turn your knowledge over to them who will pay you better? All right! You know me, Thompson. I go just so far and then nothing can wring another cent out of me. You've reached your limit with me, unless you—become *worth more!* Think it over. I never try to change a man's final decision, but I'm not going to take advantage of a sick man, either."

Then Carrington stiffly bowed to his manager—his *late* manager—and strode from the little white room, where Life and Death had had their conflict.

The autumn day was unheeded by Carrington. A sense of injustice filled him and blinded him. He could see nothing but ranting in all that Thompson had said. He deplored the fact that certain men, of whom Thompson had spoken before, were showing the white feather and openly proclaiming that they meant to test new methods; "experiments" they termed it.

"Of course it is rot!" Carrington thought as he angrily got into his automobile. "Brains and money *must* rule. The sooner the rabble realize that the sooner we'll get somewhere."

No more weary and heart-sick man ever lived than Carrington as he drove home. The stately old house—the evidence of years of culture and refinement—stood empty, for him. The rare furniture and works of art were dead things—hardly ever noticed except that they gave "atmosphere." Something that he had bought and paid for had eluded his hold: Thompson, Glenn, his hope of family. What was it that money could not buy? What was the One Big Thing?

At that moment Carrington longed for Glenn as he never had before. He wanted the *woman of her*. The subtle sweetness and grace that were untouched by the sordid things that meant Business with its worries and perplexities. Why couldn't women *see* the high place that men had toiled to secure for them? Why could they not be content? Carrington could not—even then, in his softened moment—realize that, while there was the Hollow, women, some women—the best, thank God!—would find it sooner or later. It was not that they did not see and love the high place for which men had struggled, but they must have their men worthy to share that place with them—or, they could not, would not, pay the price.

Alone, in his library, sitting in the gloaming, the telephone at his elbow, Carrington that evening *almost* called up "On The Way." He, now, had no doubt but what Glenn and Constance were there.

His pride went down before his heart-longing for Glenn, and then he understood. It came to him sharply, clearly. He wanted Glenn, as he wanted his business: on his own terms. He was never doubtful as to what he wanted; he selected—carefully, thoughtfully. His life would always be empty and aching, unless he had what his nature required. He did not mean to have *two heads* at the factories; he did not mean to have two active personalities in his house. There *must* be a Final Authority—everywhere; there could be no peace without it. For that, the whole struggle tended: he *must* be Master first. After that he could give—lavishly—but first he meant to be understood, once and for all! He decided to go the next day, in person, to Beverly Train's.

He went. The day was fair and warm, but Beverly, however, was indoors. No one knew it but Margaret, and she dared not mention it, but Beverly was ill!

Now when Miss Train was ill there were no symptoms except that she could not sleep. Those long, wakeful hours were quiet ones; the tiny creature on the big bed, in the big room, in the big house, simply lay open-eyed, waiting for the morning. What she saw—who can tell? What voices came to cheer and comfort—who could know? But she was not afraid or restless. Her fair past, the past she had made rich from her long wheeled-chair, pressed close to her in those darkened hours. Little Margaret always was near. Beverly could not refuse the sweet desire to help.

“But child, there is nothing to do,” she would say.

“But Miss Beverly, dear, if I could just *know* that, then I would feel all right.”

So Margaret had a couch by the window in Beverly's room and it was *over* her, *through* her, that Miss Train found her way to the people she had helped on the way.

The morning of Carrington's call, Beverly had been wheeled down by her gardener, Tom, to the library. The room was a bower of bloom. When Miss Train could not sleep, poor Tom expressed his sympathy with his rarest and choicest flowers.

Beverly was writing letters. She had just finished a long one to MacDonald Grey. It had made her tremble a little, had left her starry-eyed. She loved Grey as mothers love their sons—as women love their true mates. She loved him in all ways that had been denied their rightful expression.

"And now," she was thinking, "I must get that child Glenn here. She's stayed away too long. Something is the matter."

Just then, Jane, the warder of the front door, stood in front of her mistress. Jane was tall and gaunt and fierce looking. "All the better to hide the golden heart of her!" Beverly always insisted.

"Mr. Richard Carrington, Miss Beverly; wants to get in." Jane spoke as if Carrington were pounding on the portals.

"Very badly, Jane?"

"Yes'm. I'm wondering if you can stand him?"

"Oh, yes. I'd rather enjoy him." Beverly smiled into the grim face.

"You had a poor night, Miss Beverly." Jane somehow gave the impression of gathering the frail creature to her bosom.

"All the more reason for a rich day, Jane. Show Mr. Richard Carrington in."

A minute later Carrington was sitting close to the long chair. Even he, in that quiet place, cast off non essentials; they were too puerile for that presence.

"Well, Dick; you honour me by a call during business hours. How well you look and your clothes are beautiful."

"Beverly; Glenn and Constance are here." Carrington affirmed this. It startled Beverly, but she did not betray herself.

"Are they?" she asked, "why didn't you bring them in?"

Carrington drew his brows together.

"I hope, Beverly, you've talked some reason into—Glenn. The child is still—what shall I say?—untrammelled by conventions."

"Is she? The last time I saw her—some months ago—she seemed trammelled to the earth by them. I've been hoping that she'd either cut loose, or got the conventions by the throat. You and I, Dick, know well enough that conventions are only to scare people with—just bugaboos. Glenn had an idea they were flesh and blood."

"She and Constance are not here?" Dick brushed the mere talk aside.

"No."

"Where are they?"

"I haven't the least idea." Beverly's eyes were growing deep and searching. She meant to get more than her companion meant her to have, and she was ready with more than Carrington would want to hear—if her surmises were well founded.

"I've been away a month—important business. When I came home I found Glenn gone." Carrington vouchsafed.

"Is that all?"

"She sent a telegram, simply stating that she was going away."

"How like her!" Beverly laughed. "But her letters must have told more."

"She wrote none."

"And you?"

"Nor did I."

"Oh!" mused Beverly, and her eyes bored into Carrington's reserve.

"If you do not care to talk to me of personal things, Dick, suppose we find another subject. Look at my flowers. Tom is a wizard."

"I have not come to talk of flowers, Beverly. I thought Glenn was here."

"Well, she isn't; and I do not know where she is. She probably did not want me to know or she would have written."

"May I speak quite openly to you, Beverly?"

"Yes, Dick." Even as she spoke, a tightening of the mouth muscles was evident.

"It's—it's rather repulsive to be obliged to, but you are the one person possible."

"Thank you, Dick."

Then Carrington gave a modified, but true, version of the Hollow incident and Glenn's "absurd" conversation the following morning. Beverly kept her eyes lowered; she never took an unfair advantage of a confessional.

"The trouble is, Beverly, Glenn and I have never

rightly understood our relations. Our future happiness depends upon a clear acceptance. When I first saw her, her beauty, her superb health and native fascination, bewildered me——”

“You bought her more or less—on a chance.” Beverly spoke so low that Carrington was not sure that he had heard aright. What he thought he heard, made him flush angrily.

“I mean,” Beverly went on, “that your senses saw something very rare; you had to have it! You trusted that, afterward, you could do the rest—make a nice little soul and conscience for the girl, just the kind you approve; put her where you wanted her and always be sure of finding her there! Poor Dick! Why God had given her a beautiful soul before you ever saw her, and she’d grown a conscience as stiff and unbreakable as your own. All that was left for you to do, my boy, was to love her enough to let her find her way to God—or whatever you choose to call this scramble of life—with you near enough to guide her by the touch of sympathy.”

“Sympathy?” That was all that Carrington could snatch from the low-spoken words.

“Good Lord, Beverly! I couldn’t sympathize with her notions. They were unformed and vague, at the best, and utterly wrong at the worst. That was natural, of course. I expected her love and sympathy to appreciate me and mine.”

“Perhaps they might not have suited her, Dick. Her own, upon development, might have been more to her liking. Besides there might have been more goodness and wisdom in hers than you could possibly know, unless you took time to investigate.”

“Beverly, we are beating about the bush; getting nowhere. It is a waste of time. My life, my inheritance, must count against Glenn’s inexperience and limitations, without explanations. What does it all mean—unless it counts?”

“Nothing.” The word was a mere breath. All the disapproval of the Trains for the Carringtons, was rising.

“She is my wife! She must learn the meaning of that, from now on.” Carrington looked determined—youth seemed to pass from his face.

“Wherever she is, she shall come back and learn that lesson!” he added.

“Probably what you bought, may be got back, Dick; though I doubt even that. The child is as simple and true as a savage and undoubtedly as fierce, when roused. But suppose you got her body back, my boy, what would you do with it if all the rest was left behind?”

“Her body might teach the rest—the lesson!”

“You’re not so low as that, Dick. No Carrington could stand for that sort of brutality.” Beverly gave all quarter due the race that Carrington represented.

“She is not going to bring disgrace upon my name!” Dick glowered.

“Be careful that you do not do that yourself, Dick!”

The two were ready for conflict now. The fencing was over.

“What do you mean, Beverly?”

“See here, Dick, you’ve got to hear it just as I see it. You’ve come to me; not I to you.

“I’ve seen your wife—just twice. The first time I saw her she made me love her as I might love—a wild thing capable of being cultivated but not changed into something different. She was yours then—yours! The next time I saw her, soon after her return from abroad, she was *her own*, again. Her own, but seeking *you*, seeking but not being able to find you. She had no place—the real *she*—in your heart, your life, or your home. She knew it; I knew it. You wanted her for one thing only. She, providentially didn’t recognize that, but I did. She wasn’t willing to pay for what she in no wise sensed; she wanted something in you, in her child, in the *garden* even, that needed the best in her. She wanted to be used for—for something worth while. That scene in the Hollow—oh! can you not see it, Dick?—was her last hope. She had penetrated to your business, touched your people, saw you revealed by that pistol shot! She did not turn from you; she rushed toward you. She saw a chance of service—saw a golden opportunity for the best that she felt was in you. Oh! Dick, it is not too late; do not fail her! Do not bring her back. Go to her! Go humbly—as none of your people has ever gone to anything. Be bigger than they. If anything should count to you from the past, it is their failure. Oh! my boy, there are visions of the valley as well as of the mount. If you would know the meaning of things, get close to that little girl of yours.”

Under this assault, Carrington had sat rigid and white. Beverly had taken small heed of him or she would have seen the utter fruitlessness of her endeavour.

"Failure!" was all that Carrington uttered. Then: "So that is the way *you* see it. You! Perhaps you have so interpreted it to my wife?"

"You know better than that, Dick. Don't juggle."

"I never do that—as you will soon see."

At this Beverly raised her eyes and calmly surveyed him.

"If only something—suffering, love, even a great sin—could get through your crust, Dick Carrington, I believe you would be a good man."

This was too much. Carrington laughed.

"Oh! I know," Beverly went quietly on, "I know your interpretation of '*good*'! Your forbears held the same idea. They were so *good*, that they made evil appear—beautiful. They were so *good* that they felt qualified to take justice and mercy out of God's keeping and twist souls into shapes that fitted their own ideas. What other men and women did—the poor, human, bungling creatures, trying to get close together, learning through suffering and disappointment—your ancestors called that *sin*. Why, they were so *good* that they did not know the need of God! Oh! if there is a commandment about bearing false witness against men, what can be said of bearing false witness against God?—making Him out to his children, what He is not? And that is what your forbears did!"

Carrington wanted to get up, to go away, but he was too stunned to move.

"Dick Carrington; find God—somewhere, somehow. Learn what goodness really means; and then go and tell your wife, your child, your people in the Hollow! They'll listen quick enough. Foolish,

weak, and sinful though they may be, they'll know the truth. But I warn you against using any kind of—force. That has failed—the whole system proves it. There's something else, Dick; find it!"

Carrington had come for his wife. Failing in this, he had sought sympathy, advice. Instead, he had been flayed, until every emotion of his mind and body flinched under the outrage. Outrage!—that was what it was, nothing less.

"I can hardly be expected to make a reply to your tirade, Beverly," he said, presently, controlling himself creditably. "Your family and mine have run along the same level for so long, that it hardly behooves us to fly off at a tangent now. Let us forget what has just passed. I can only suppose that you are too ill to be accountable for the words spoken under excitement. There are certain aspects of the matter I came to see you about, however, that you have touched upon with some wisdom. I do not want my wife back unless she comes of her own accord. It may be that she has gone to—Grey"—the brute was writhing in Carrington—"I've suspected that. He's been hanging around rather suspiciously. Well! she shall learn all there is to know of him and then she shall—choose! In the meantime I will *not* give her her freedom. What hold I have upon her, legally, I shall avail myself of. And I mean to get my child!"

And now it was Beverly's turn to shrink as others had before the Carrington ideals of justice, mercy, and goodness. She did not appeal to the man before her—she knew now, the futility of that—but she said wearily:

"Glenn has not gone to Mac; you may be sure of that. You have hurt her too deeply, I fear, to permit of her seeking help there. And as for what you know about Mac—what do you know?"

"Poor Kathleen Maurey might be enough." Carrington's eyes flashed virtuously. Pale and trembling, Beverly turned to her desk and from a drawer took some loose sheets of paper.

"Read this," she said, quietly; "it is a copy of the letter you took to Mac years ago. You thought that Kathleen simply died. Now read the truth!"

Carrington read, conscientiously—reread a part of it. Then his lip curled.

"No blameless man ever gets into just this sort of trouble," he said, slowly, and with a curious look of perplexity rising in his eyes. "The appearance of evil has weight; there must be some fire where there is so much smoke." The platitudes slipped out easily and Beverly smiled an almost sad smile. "What does it all mean, anyway?" Carrington blurted out impatiently.

"If I should tell you the truth, Dick"—Beverly said quietly—"you would not understand. It would be as easy then, as now, for you to push the facts aside—because they would not fit into your code. Besides"—here Beverly sighed—"I did not show you that letter in Mac's interest. His conscience is clear. I merely desire you to have the opportunity of making no further, or more cruel mistakes with your wife.

"And now we come to your child," she went on,—"*Yours!* You have Glenn there, Dick and *you know it!* You do not want Constance. What can you

hope to do, for or with, that delicate creature whose only chance of life and happiness lies with the mother she has never been permitted really to know? But if, in your goodness and justice" [contempt rang in the words] "you drag her back, you will—and again *you know it*—drag the body, only, of the mother after her! In that case, I trust that Almighty God will, at last, have his will with you, Dick Carrington! . . . And now I must ask you to go. We have no need of each other—no need."

Carrington rose, bowed, and left the room. When he was gone, Beverly covered her face with her trembling hands and wept as she had never wept in her life before.

CHAPTER XXII

CARRINGTON, even after his call upon Beverly Train, took no action. That was his way; the way of his forefathers. He would strike in his own good time; perhaps when his victims least expected it. They might even breathe freely, thinking themselves safe—and then the blow would fall.

Carrington, first of all, had to smooth his own ruffled feathers which Beverly had so unpardonably disarranged. It did not take him very long to do that. A brief survey of his ancestral honours, a classification of Glenn's absurd position and really laughable display of ignorance, brought him to a comfortable state of mind.

"A fine condition," he thought, "when a wife can leave her husband's home, taking his child with her, with no greater cause than that she does not approve his way of conducting his business!" This was humorous. Then: "A nice exhibition she would make of me, if I gave her rein, poor child!" A stealthy plea for Glenn entered just then: "Poor, warm-hearted, uncontrolled child!" Carrington thought on—his emotions swaying him. And finally the overpowering belief in power came to his support.

"She'll soon tire of her wilderness. After all that I gave her she will not be able to settle down to that from which I took her!"

At this point Carrington was quite himself. He

made sure, by private correspondence with a lawyer in the West, that his wife had gone to her old home. That fact being established, he proclaimed it, wherever it might carry weight; only he added a bit of fiction: "I could not go with Mrs. Carrington, but I felt that the quiet and rest might benefit her and Constance. I expect to go to them in the spring."

Having set his stage, Carrington turned to nearer matters: the still-unsettled strike, the replacing of Thompson. For, upon recovery, the manager resigned from his position and had the effrontery to accept a new one with a firm which—and Carrington really believed this—had chosen the advertising scheme of *Reform*. "He'll get all that's coming to him!" thought Carrington, fiercely. Outwardly though, he schemed to overthrow any opposition that threatened his business supremacy.

But, in spite of everything "the shade from his own soul upthrown," darkened Carrington's days and lonely nights.

Beverly Train was right. There was something hidden in him which, could it have been set free, would have made of him a good and lovable man. But there was no struggle of Right and Wrong in him; how could there be struggle, when one force was not even admitted as having existence?

It was merely the "shade upthrown" that darkened the waiting time—not the soul itself. The soul was steeped in content. Carrington was in constant touch with his family lawyer. He had two legal advisers. One for business; one for private affairs.

Of course Glenn had nothing whatever on her side to support her outrageous behaviour—legally speaking.

“The thing for you to do, Carrington,” the lawyer said, “is to demand the return of the little girl. There is a twofold reason for doing this. Undoubtedly the mother will return with her! Besides, your plea for the child—we can make it very convincing, not in the least harsh—will reach Mrs. Carrington’s sense of justice. She will be glad to know that you need the child, and her!” This seemed most plausible and the letter was framed; first in the lawyer’s office; then, in more intimate form, in Carrington’s library.

“I will wait until after Christmas, before sending it,” thought Carrington, and decided to go, himself, to Florida for a breathing spell. The strike had been temporarily settled; a new manager, with convenient conceptions of business, was in control; and the smoke of the tall chimneys once more stained the blue sky.

To show his good intentions, Carrington sent Beverly Train, who was reported as too ill to see any one, a most expensive basket of fruit.

“I’ll make it up to Glenn and Constance next Christmas,” Carrington said to his shaded conscience; “I could not, consistently, break into the breach just now.”

And so the silence grew longer and denser and while Arnold fretted and Grey feared, Glenn thanked God for the rest and calm that held no finality, but still insured her peace.

“Do you suppose the scamp means to—simply to—drop Glenn?” Arnold asked Grey.

“No, I do not!” Grey, replied quickly; “he’ll take some definite course, Arnold. He probably has it already planned—but he’ll choose his own time; he’ll make everything sure before he shows his hand.” Grey no longer put up a defence for Carington.

“He’s a damned, cold-blooded cur!” Arnold retorted, and the look came to his eyes that Grey dreaded.

But Glenn, as the days ran on, fell into a dangerous state. With every reason for unrest, she rested—body and soul. With legitimate duty and calls unheeded, she listened to others that, legally, she had foresworn. The snow came in November—that white stillness that had so affected Grey when he first saw it. It shut disturbing things away; it held them all close in a perilous intimacy.

Again Grey wrote—and read aloud what he had written—though the east chamber knew him no more! Alone, in his cabin, separated from the Lodge by its well-worn path, he fought the fight of lonely but loving men. His love was of the quality that could renounce and still survive, but, with conditions as they were, it fed upon manna which fell from a perilous source. From the outer chamber of his brain, thoughts unfathered by his true self, stole in, unsolicited. They would wander for a time with fateful lure, and then the stern righteousness of the man throttled them.

“A cursed sort of love to offer a woman who has been fed on stones,” he reasoned; “if she ever does

know love again, it's got to be the right sort—so help me God!”

And God helped him.

Grey wrote fiercely. He turned his conquered foes to good account; he showed them for what they were, and called them by their right names. He erected what seemed to him an altar of the True Love—and he laid himself upon it as his first offering. He revelled in fantastic bouts for Davey and Constance. With the little girl's success in recovering her childhood, he was put to a big test. There were no half-way measures with Constance. Her starved nature drank in the glories that could only be fully seen through “Davey's eyes.”

Davey, himself, with faith in God and man once more restored, throve mightily. He caused Grey to prepare Sam and Polly for the time, not far ahead, when the boy must be sent to learn all that science had achieved for such as he. Sam looked grim but nodded approval. Polly's eyes dimmed—her arms reached out impulsively, already feeling the emptiness.

“The boy has a wonderful mind,” Grey comforted—“it would be a crime to withhold anything from him.”

But while the white silence held them close, stifling presentiment, blurring the future—something that all felt but dared not name—bided with them. It was Fear; fear for Constance. She grew thinner and more colourless; her voice took on a thready, quivering note, quite new to it, and it called out for Davey constantly. Only when Davey was present was the little girl happy. Davey's “eyes” and Grey's im-

agination hypnotized all that heredity had done for the child. The baffled coldness and hardness shrivelled and, in their place, grew a most appealing gentleness and sweetness; but the frail body did not seem capable of responding to the new demands made upon it. The warmth of love did not nourish it; rather, it weakened it. The effort to undo what had been done was too great a strain, and those who looked on grew to accept what no one voiced—the early passing of little Constance.

“Davey,” Constance would often say when alone with the boy, “you do like me, don’t you? I *am* a hummer am I not, Davey?”

“You’re getting hummier every day!” Davey replied. The fear that held the others, was as wings to the boy’s new feeling toward his little playmate.

“It’s beautiful to be what you want me to be, Davey. Once”—here the thin voice trailed mournfully—“I wanted to be like something inside of me, but now I feel that I am inside of things—all warm and cosy. And at nights, Davey, when it is dark and still, the mountains seem—taking care of me instead of wanting to fall on me. And while they watch, the loveliest things come into the dark—between the high peaks!”

“Yes,” Davey nodded, sagely, “I told big Thor about you, and Thor told Uncle Mac that he would crack a crevice right through the mountains so that special things, straight from Wonderland could get through—just for you and me.”

“Oh! Davey, how kind. Last night while it was dark and still, Things came. They were such funny

things. Don't tell, Davey, but they were my grandmothers and grandfathers all dressed up in jolly clothes, and they said that they wished—they'd never had their pictures taken!"

"That *was* funny," Davey admitted, for his relations with pictures had always been pleasant. "What did you tell your grandfathers and grandmothers?"

Constance laughed softly and replied: "I told them—I'd try and forget the pictures. And then, Davey, they danced about—really they did—even the one who went to Congress."

Glenn could not, for all her sense of peace, leave for long her plain duty.

"Mac," she confided to him one day, "Constance frightens me."

"She frightens me, too." Grey dared no longer hide the fact. "I think we'd better get the best doctor we can, Glenn."

"Yes; but Mac, she ought to have her father. I can see my own way clear; I have no doubts, but Constance complicates things. Dick—is her father!"

"For that, Glenn"—Grey's jaws set—"let us wait until after Christmas."

"All right, Mac, but I want to tell you; I must tell Daddy, too, that if—if Dick takes Constance—I must go, too. It is the child that counts. I am only beginning really to see Constance."

"Glenn; you have your own rights." The possibility of a reversion to the old régime made Grey wince.

"I know, Mac. I know *this* is my place, but I could follow my baby if needs were! I couldn't, Mac—I hope God will forgive me—but I just couldn't

let Dick get control over Connie now that I have won her from—from the Carringtons.”

Grey understood; he made no reply but he turned his eyes away. He had recently had a letter from Beverly Train of which he had said nothing. And as he recalled it he heard Glenn's voice softly saying:

“Dick is punishing us, Mac; or he thinks he is. He isn't. That's the sad part about Dick—he misses so much and doesn't even know it. He has a code and he follows it—even when he is all alone—and somehow he gets the idea that the results desired are bound to come. Poor Dick.” Then, quite suddenly, and with a quick look about: “Mac; I'd rather that Connie would *not* live to be twelve—if she had to be like her father's people!”

“There, there! Glenn. You've had a bad time of it in your own way, and you are not equal to fair dealing. Now after Christmas——”

And then they all devoted themselves to Christmas.

The Mortons and the Pitkines and some lonely chaps from an isolated camp, and two or three bewildered homesteaders were corralled for the celebration. Arnold took the children into the forest to choose a tree.

“Is there one as high as the highest peak?” asked Davey. Constance looked about.

“Yes, just one, Davey. It's here. Come and see it—with your eyes.”

Davey touched, with his sensitive finger tips, the stately fir and then, with a laugh, he “saw”—saw stars hanging on it—and Davey's stars were very different from the stars of ordinary folk. They had

a quality of *shine* that was almost breath-taking. He saw strange and marvellous toys—toys, that by a mere trick, were transformed into breathing, thinking creatures with opinions of their own. This always made Constance laugh. Nothing was ever so funny as Davey's wild cats that the fat bear cubs made ashamed of being wild!

Toys came, as if by magic, from Beverly Train. She had a positive genius for interpreting Davey's ideas. She even managed the reformed wild cats and the revivalistic cubs. There were toys that squeaked and toys that were acrobatic; there were toys in embryo—waiting for the magic of little fingers to give them form; and there were toys fashioned by the rough hands of mountain men and women. These last-named were given place by Beverly's wonderful things—near the tree, on Christmas Eve.

So much stronger had Constance seemed, under the excitement, that Glenn and Grey felt safe in sending word to a Denver doctor to wait until after the holidays for his visit to the Lodge, but late on the night of the wonderful tree, Constance alarmed Glenn by a quick, hot touch upon her face.

"Mother dear," she whispered, "the crevice in the mountain is closed! Things do not get through."

Glenn knew Grey's story, so she folded the child close and said:

"Mother is here, Connie; Mother will try to wake Thor up."

"Never mind, Mother, you will do. I just didn't want to be all alone."

"All right, dear heart!" Then, to herself: "God

forgive me if I've taken any chance. We'll send, tomorrow, for the doctor."

"Can any one hear me, Mother?" Constance was murmuring—her feverish lips close to her mother's ear.

"No, dear little Connie!"

"Mother; it tires me so to—to try and see things all the time."

"Well, do not try, childie, just look at things as they are."

"When I do that Mother, it hurts! I see my old grandmothers and my old grandfathers and—and Mother, I never *did* want to be like them, but I thought I had to be. And—and—Mother, I didn't love my father most—but it seemed that it was right. I always loved *you* most—Mother!"

"Don't talk any more, dear." Glenn's face was wet with her own tears.

"We're all quite happy now, aren't we, Mother?"

"Are you happy, little girl?"

"Well—almost. I wish my big grandfather Arnold thought I was—his folks! I told him that—that I didn't know that I wanted to be—but I *do*, Mother."

"Why, my darling, you *are* his folks!"

"But Davey is—is *folksier*, Mother, dear."

"Connie, dear, Davey is not grandfather's folks at all." Glenn felt that she must make this clear if she could. The thought troubled her.

"I think he is, Mother. Uncle Mac could make you know what I mean.

"Next to you, Mother, I like Uncle Mac."

Glenn thought the child was growing calmer, so she humoured her:

“Do you, lambie?”

“I wish”—then with abandon—“I wish he were my father!”

“Oh! Connie; hush!”

“But you said no one could hear, Mother—except you.”

“But—I do not want to hear, Connie.”

“Why not, Mother?”

“Because—well, after me and Uncle Mac, who comes next in your love, little girl?” Glenn breathed quickly as if she were running from some unseen peril. The black, shining eyes were growing sleepily misty.

“Davey; then all the others; then my big—grandfather Arnold—and—and”—the lids drooped—“and—my father!” Glenn drew the child closer with a passion of awakened suffering.

“Oh!” she murmured, “if only she had not put him *last*. I dare not, I dare not cheat him of Connie—and I know now that, if I want to, I can! I have got her away from the Carringtons—but her father—her father! I dare not keep her from him.”

The doctor came, after Christmas. He was the specialist of whom Arnold had such a high opinion, Davis by name. He looked and listened. He stayed three days, then said, with that infinite gentleness that seeks to soften a deadly hurt:

“She isn’t going to live to be twelve, Mrs. Carrington.”

Glenn shivered. She was alone with the doctor—she had bared the past to him, in her effort to help her child.

“And will—it—be soon?” she quivered.

"I am afraid so."

"Could—could anything be done? Would she be better—in her home?—her father's home?"

"No. And the journey, now, would be impossible for her."

"Oh! doctor, have I done wrong?"

"Emphatically—*no*, Mrs. Carrington."

"I will write to her father, to-night."

"That is only right. I'll take the letter with me to-morrow."

The letter went. It passed one from Carrington, on the way up. Carrington had decided, just before starting for Florida, not to wait until spring for his ultimatum, but to put it squarely up to his wife at once.

Constance, however, was to evade them all. She did not get up after Christmas. She was *tired*. Her old attack did not appear; instead, it was a new development. The child lay quite still, for hours—looking, looking beyond them all, at something that they could not see. After a few days the "*something*" absorbed all that was left of her. She grew fretful—uneasy.

"What is it, dear?" Glenn whispered.

"I—I cannot—find the way!" This came on a half sob.

"What way, beloved?"

"I—I don't know."

Then Grey tried his magic, but it failed. Davey came; but his "eyes" could not discover the hidden trail; nor could all Glenn's love and anguish.

"Daddy; you try!" she pleaded. They had car-

ried Constance into Arnold's old bedroom because that was on the ground floor.

So Arnold came, rather clumsily; he could not even then hide his feeling toward the child, but he bundled her slight form in a blanket and took her to the window. He sat in the deep, old rocker where Glenn's mother had once sat and dreamed of her coming baby.

The shade was raised and the night was a white and wonderful one. It had soft, flying clouds and—a star! Arnold felt his heart beat quicker as memory stirred him.

"What do you want, child?" he whispered. Constance lay quiet—her eyes fixed on Arnold.

"I—I want to be—your—your folks!" The weak voice trailed pitifully.

"You—you *are* my folks, little girl."

"Really?—truly? You're not seeing me with Davey's eyes?"

"No—with my own!" Then Arnold found that he could not see the child at all, his sight was dimmed. He looked away—looked out into the night. Through the mist, that star, just over the youngish clump of pines, seemed to detach itself—get free! Long rays stretched down from it. It was like a trail that led up—and out! Mechanically, Arnold got upon his feet and held the frail body outward as if offering it to—unseen arms.

"Our girl's little one!" he muttered; "our Mary Glenn's baby!"

Then the room became very quiet. Arnold still held the light form, outward. Glenn, with aching eyes, stood close but could not speak. She saw her

child's eyes close peacefully; the firm, little mouth relax, as it never had done in life. Then the face on Arnold's breast became young and tender!

And thus Infinite Love took the little girl—the last of the Carrington race!

Just then Grey came into the room and went to Glenn. For a moment he did not sense what had happened. It was always so with him in Glenn's presence; she absorbed him.

"I have a letter for you," he said.

"From Dick?" Glenn did not turn her head.

"I think so."

"It has come too late!"

"What!" Then Grey looked at Arnold and the child.

The small, dark face, lovely in its peaceful rest, had undergone a marvellous change. Arnold watched it—fascinated. Then he spoke, as from a distance:

"Glenn, Mac, come here!" he commanded. They came close.

"Look! Never forget. God's ways are mysterious; beyond finding out. The child is—like your mother, Glenn. There was never a trace before, but it is here now—from brow to chin. She, your mother, has been near us—has left her touch——"

The strong voice broke, the arms trembled.

"Mary!" Arnold whispered, reverently. And then he turned to lay the little burden upon the bed.

CHAPTER XXIII

A TELEGRAM followed the letter to Carrington. Both were forwarded to Florida where, in gloomy detachment, the lonely man got through the long days and nights as best he could. He was bitter and morose. He dwelt much upon the ingratitude of men, and the one woman upon whom he had lavished so much! He put the emphasis always upon the high points, eliminating all other aspects.

He thought of Thompson who had been permitted to rise from obscure poverty to—success. He did not admit that Thompson's success was due to his own powers, aided by the older Carrington's recognition of them and utilization of them for his own, not Thompson's, advancement.

"In this country any man worth his salt, can rise!" muttered Carrington. With well-trained modesty, he ignored the factor that had helped and guided Thompson. Then the common horde received their share of Carrington's scorn.

"Damn the scoundrels who have been permitted to get the bit in their teeth! We must have command again; we must do the driving."

Finally Carrington brought his wife before the Judgment Seat of his stern code. With his flare of passion gone, he regarded her, perhaps, more clearly than he had ever done before. Now that the convic-

tion was surely gripping him, that she meant to be as stubborn as he, he set his jaw and clinched his hands. He saw her as *Woman*, just as he saw his work people as *hands*. Both were flying in the face of God and man and must be controlled. What had the world come to when the lower classes dared to stop the wheels of commerce and women walked out of their husbands' homes—taking the children—without cause or grievance? For by that time Carrington had almost forgotten the scene in the library; he had never grasped its meaning. He only remembered his years of devotion—yes, he called them that, and believed it!—his generous showering of wealth and luxury upon Glenn. “Base ingratitude!” he muttered and before the bar, Thompson and Glenn stood side by side, with the common horde!

Suddenly, Grey came into focus. Through all the years of early manhood, Grey had managed to wedge himself in between Carrington's creed and his creedless philosophy. In school and college it had always been the same. But now he had grown to hate and fear Grey. While he had believed him a dreamer of dreams—a man outside the pale of real men—he could tolerate him; but that interview with Beverly Train; that letter she had shown him, had, somehow, unsettled him about Grey.

“The fellow casts a shadow where there is no substance!” thought Carrington. “And then sneaks off, refusing to play the game. Let him roll up his sleeves and *work*, instead of writing fairy stories and defending helpless women!” Here Carrington sneered. “Let him find what business means—instead of passing around the hat!”

Still, against this onslaught, Grey's image stood firm and menacing. So would it always stand, the harassed man knew. From boy to man, Grey had been a strange opposing force to Carrington. Without money, without effort, he had obtained what Carrington could not secure and now he had become a menace.

In this mood Carrington received Glenn's letter concerning Constance and her willingness to bring the child home, should Carrington command her to do so.

"I have no right to keep Connie from you, Dick," so the words ran; "you are her father."

This made Carrington smile, and his smile was not good to look upon. "Coming to terms!" he thought; "getting tired of the simple life. I thought this would be the outcome!" And he felt how wise he had been to wait, in patience, holding all curiosity in check.

"Very well!" he thought on; "we'll work through Constance," and Carrington reflected upon the far-sightedness of his personal lawyer.

But while Carrington was taking a long breath, congratulating himself upon his masterly handling of a delicate matter, the telegram came from Grey.

Constance died last night. What are your wishes?—GREY.

It was like hurling an added insult for Grey to put that question. "His wishes!" How dared they permit *Grey* to ask that? At that moment Carrington had no wishes, except for—revenge. He felt defeat—unjust, unmerited defeat—but still, defeat.

In his loneliness and impotency he recalled Beverly Train's words: "I trust that Almighty God will, at last, have His way with you." Carrington was above superstition and he had never felt the need of divine help in his affairs—nor had he ever recognized divine interference, but he recalled the words! They haunted him—angered him—made him more defiant than ever.

He got into immediate communication with his lawyer, and Grey received a telegram:

Mr. Carrington desires that the body of his child be sent to his home at once. It will be buried in the family plot.

Grey read the message to Glenn as she sat alone beside the bed on which rested the straight, quiet form of her little girl.

"Her body!" she said, looking pitifully up at Grey—"her poor little body! Just the dust, Mac, that is all; just the dust is all—Dick can take. The rest—her spirit, her real self—they will stay here always, free and happy."

"And you, Glenn—what will you do?—go—too?"

"No, Mac. I mean to stay right here, and keep the beautiful memory of my little girl safe. I have done all that I could do—for Connie!"

With this she bent over the waxen form. Grey turned away.

A day later the body of little Constance Carrington was sent to its father—just the quiet body.

Then there followed another blank time of waiting. Surely Carrington would write—or come.

He wrote. He had been shocked beyond expres-

sion at Glenn's barbarity in refusing to accompany the body of her child. He certainly had not anticipated such an act and it drove him to the wall. When the horrors of the private funeral were over; when he could somewhat control his outraged feelings—he wrote.

With all the law of the Medes and the Persians—and the Latter-Day Saints—he assailed his wife. She had gone, he informed her, beyond the bounds where a man could, with any degree of self-respect, cooperate. That being granted, Carrington drew his sword, striking at every foe in sight. Until Glenn returned to his rightful authority, he refused support. His door stood open to her—upon *his* terms; those terms to be discussed in Massachusetts!

He would never grant a divorce. There was absolutely no ground and he would stand firmly upon his rights and uphold the decencies of American ideals.

Glenn read the letter two or three times. She could not think very clearly. Since Constance's little body had gone upon its lonely journey, it took all Glenn's strength to keep the living memory of the child clear.

"Daddy," she said, wearily, at last; "Daddy, here is a letter from Dick. I wish you and Mac would read it. Somehow I do not seem able to take it in."

Arnold "took it in"; and so did Grey. "It's our turn to keep silence and let him do the guessing," grimly muttered Grey.

"Mac," Arnold's eyes blazed, "if that scoundrel thinks that his living-dead hand is going to crush the life out of my girl, he's got several guesses coming."

“What are you going to do, Arnold?”

“First: wait till Glenn comes to herself. Second: I’m going to—get her free!”

“How?”

“It’s the waiting spell, now, Mac. We can afford to wait. He won’t give a divorce, eh? What if *she* demands one—outside Massachusetts? There are other states besides Massachusetts, though he doesn’t seem to know it.”

“But will she, Arnold?”

“We must wait and see!”

And so they waited. Winter is the waiting time of the year. Under the deep snows, life most abundant stirs and grows. The sap creeps upward, as the spring draws near, and often from the longest silence and shadow issues the rarest Fulfilment.

And so it was at the Lodge. Everyone had some one else to consider—and so each grew stronger, more reliant. Everyone was looking forward to a definite something that seemed near, though unseen.

Polly and Sam felt that Davey must soon go to that mystic shrine of which Grey had spoken, and which bore Davey’s own name.

“And the breaking would be too hard to bear,” Polly confided to Sam, “if we hadn’t seen the good a child can do Davey, and how lonely he is with the child gone from his life.”

“It sure is wonderful,” Sam replied, “how we get trained for what is to be. And I’m thinking, Polly, that when we stop trying to run our own ideas, bigger ones run us. Just suppose——”

And then sitting in their cosy room, which Beverly

Train had made lovely, they supposed, and supposed, while their eyes grew wide and deep and till their hands—at last—reached out toward each other!

“Davey will never be held back by us, Sam.”

“Never!”

“And Sam, the baby that is coming, it will come in summer just as Davey did. This new little baby will keep Davey’s place warm and welcome and our hearts loving and thankful.”

“It’s wonderful—the ways of life. Wonderful! And, Polly, there’s a sad little slip of a thing down at Connor’s—that oughtn’t to be there. She’s doing kitchen work now—but she’s too good-looking for the kitchen and——”

“Sam—fetch her away! As God is good to us, fetch her away!” Polly pleaded.

“I thought you’d say that, Polly. And the girl will help you when you need help. Some won’t come from Connor’s, but this girl is afraid of the place already!”

“Bring her, Sam, while she is afraid!”

“Done!” cried Sam, and he flung his head back bravely.

“And I’m hoping,” Polly wandered on, “that this new baby of ours, Sam, will be a girl. Glenn and I were talking it over, and Glenn said—she’s terrible deep-thinking these days, Sam—she says that if it is a girl we must name it Constance, and that maybe God will let *her* Constance have a bit of a part in her—and live a little child on earth—which she never rightly did on her own account.”

“Curious!” muttered Sam, “curious; but I had the same idea—only I was afraid to speak it out.

That poor little creature of Glenn's ought to have reached out a mite farther than what she did, before she was ended."

At the Lodge Glenn spoke seldom of her child. Once she said to Grey:

"If I cried at all, Mac, it would be because I ought *not* to cry. She was so little to be so old; so weak to have been so terribly strong. Just think, Mac, of a little child knowing childhood for so short a time that it—tired her. Mac, dear, what does it all mean?"

Grey could not answer—he was busy on his own problems. He wrote day after day; he exercised out of doors; he dug deep into the unseen corners of his nature and applied all the sternest methods known to him in stiffening his moral fibre. He knew that he was going to act, presently, and he meant to have done with all pros and cons before he entered the fray.

Glenn and Arnold, side by side, reached out now and again to touch each other, but both were treading their own trails. It was almost laughable at times to find that they had been running parallel and close, in the silence.

"I'm coming to the conclusion", Arnold said one day, looking toward Glenn, "that it would be a mighty good thing for me to spend some of the year down among my fellow creatures. I'm considerably more young than I am old, and I may not take this cut through life again. It's common sense to see all you can, on a trip that you pay so high for."

"Oh, Daddy!"—and Glenn smiled up at him—"I have been thinking that, too. I'm considerably more old than I am young, I guess. You get that way,

Daddy, after Hollows and—and things like that. Since Connie went, I understand what those little frayed, white ribbons on doors mean! I'd like to help a little—if you were near, Daddy dear."

"And we might get some of those Hollowites up where the air is better," nodded Arnold.

"Yes, Dad; and we could make the air better down there; Miss Beverly Train does."

"That's right," Arnold nodded again. "If some folks mess the work the Lord gave us to do—that means just so much more work for others!" he said, grimly. Both he and Glenn were thinking of Carrington, though they never spoke his name.

And then in late March, Sam brought the mail one afternoon and jogged along up the trail saying as he rode off:

"I've got company, on ahead. A small young person from Connor's, Peggy Shaw by name. She's riding the pack pony. Polly needs some one and this youngster was outgrowing Connor's and——"

Glenn came close to him and reached up her hands.

"Sam!" she said—Polly had told her of the small, young person—"you make me believe in God's love."

When Glenn returned to her father and Grey she found Grey's face white and drawn.

"Beverly Train is dead!" Arnold explained; he was standing, hat in hand, beside Grey.

"Dead? Beverly Train? Why——"—Glenn's eyes filled—"why, Mac, how empty the world seems—already—without her! In one minute—we know it."

And indeed, standing there with the first real touch of spring on their faces, the world did, sud-

denly, feel a sad lack; felt as if the sun had gone under a cloud.

“Here’s the letter from Margaret,” Grey said, slowly and with an effort; “read it. There is another from Beverly to me. I must take time for that, later. The shock has rather used me up.”

And yet Margaret’s few words were gentle and calm—the mere fact was the shock. The realization that they must do without something rare and fine. Poor Margaret’s scrawling letter said:

She told me not to write till ’twas too late for you to come to the funeral. She wanted you to remember her as she was.

She wasn’t sick, Mr. Mac, she was feeling better and that day, it was a real warmish day, she asked Tom to wheel her down to the shelter where the first flowers are. Tom had a real feast for her. She laughed and clapped her hands just like a kid and then she said she had a fancy to take a nap among the flowers. I covered her up warm and then while I worked around with Tom, I kept my eye on her.

It was like she was dreaming something awful pleasant, Mr. Mac. She kinder smiled and once she laughed outright and both me and Tom got up at that and stood close by her. Sudden she opened her eyes and looked straight at us—but she saw more than us! She looked surprised and glad and she said as soft as could be “Well!” Just that one word and she laughed again and that’s all, Mr. Mac, except she looked beautiful as a baby in her coffin and the minister, as once didn’t take to her, came and cried over her and said wonderful things—and her people came, people like me and Tom and some neighbours and since then we’ve been fearful lonely but trying to keep on, just as if she was looking.

The sheets dropped from Glenn’s hands. She reached out to Grey.

“Mac,” she whispered, “we must all keep on—just as if she were looking.”

“Yes, Glenn, we owe her that.” And Grey clung to the hand in his.

By his own fireside, late that night, Grey opened the envelope that had been enclosed in Margaret’s letter. He found that it contained slips of paper; detached thoughts written, now and then, as they had occurred to Beverly and jotted down carelessly, as if more for reference than for permanent data. They had evidently run over years; some were in pencil and difficult to decipher. Grey read:

My brain, my emotions were not stunted, Mac, nor my desires. That was the hard part. I wanted all that other women want, but I knew from the beginning that I could not have it. I used to wonder why God didn’t drug my soul while the body went through the furnace. People do not think always how such as I can be, inwardly, what more fortunate women are.

I think my father understood. He made the most of what I had. He trained my mind; taught me his ideals and hopes; made of me the machine to work them out after he was gone. That was better than nothing. I learned to bless him for it. He taught me the love for people; he taught me the laws of *things* and people. He used to laugh and say: “Beverly, you will never be able to plead before a wordly court, but God will listen to your brief.” I have done the best that I could, Mac, and I’ve had some pleasure out of it, too. It became a game to me—the snatching of men and women from their own laws.

I learned, as my father learned, that fallen men and women were but poor souls going in the wrong direction—but going! Once you helped them up, they generally got their bearings. Sometimes it took a good many tumbles, but that meant faith and patience on our parts.

How afraid people are of their stupid laws. Afraid to mend them; afraid to smash them.

Well, Father and I took folks as we found them, and did the best. We were always more afraid of the ones who never tumbled, who never thanked God that they had been saved the worst! Generally, those who walked too straight failed to see what was

on their way. Sometimes they crushed what they should have stepped aside for.

Grey read on and on. The rambling thoughts, on the scraps of paper, were the guide-posts along the crippled woman's painful way.

At last came the one dated but a few weeks before Beverly Train died.

Mac, with the exception of my father, you have been the only man in my life who really needed me—knew how I needed him.

I have played with you—with my love for you; I have been in fancy, your sweetheart, your wife, the mother of your children. Then *your* mother; fighting your battles, glorying in your victories, for oh! you have been such a bungling, human creature, you poor dear!

And lastly Mac, I became your friend. The highest, finest thing a woman can be to a man.

And so, since I must soon go—and I hope it will be from my garden when the flowers are there, and Tom and Margaret, those dear, faithful comforts, near me—I want to tell you, less cold-bloodedly than my lawyer will, that I leave everything to you as I warned you that I would! You will think, at first, that it is a heavy burden that I have laid upon you; but, dear boy, it is *not*. Once you put your hand on the wheel you will find that everything will glide easily over the tracks. God has seen to the tracks! He is a good God, Mac; always remember that—it will guide you when you seem most lost. Man may try to deceive you about God—but God is good!

This dear old, stopping place "On the Way," keep it as it is! Margaret and Tom will stay. I've made it possible for them to go, but they will remain, I feel sure.

You will find—to your surprise, no doubt—that I have many such places—north, east, south, and west—as that cabin of mine on your heights. I always wanted to go and see them but I always knew that I could not—on wheels. But with wings!—ah! Mac, what may not happen? I want people, always, as guests in my little homes, and I've rather chuckled over the thought that,

when they least imagined it, I would run, or fly in, to tell them how glad I am about it all. They will not hear or see me, but all the same I believe that they will feel me there and be the happier for it.

And now, just as I bid you good-bye and ask Heaven to bless you, I am going to fly in the face of all the laws of man—and those that man *says* are God's.

I do not think you can do my work alone, Mac. It was never done so well after Father went. It needs both man and woman, and I want you, somehow, to get Glenn to help you! No man has a right to strangle a woman by his clutch on her. If he tries to, his clutch must be pried open—I mean Dick's clutch. I once told you that the worker did not count against the work; he doesn't, either, in the best sense. Some day, use this argument to Glenn—if all else should fail. And, Mac you must tell Glenn about Kathleen, you owe her that—owe it to Kathleen; to your work.

Grey folded the scraps with reverent hands and put them in his desk. Then he went to the door, opened it and flung it wide to the still, fragrant night. He looked over to the knoll on which Beverly's cabin stood; a white, filmy mist floated over it—as a spirit might—in passing. The place did not seem empty or bereaved; Beverly seemed to have come at last where most she longed to be—near the only man, besides her father, who had known her need, had voiced his need of her.

CHAPTER XXIV

AN INCIDENT, slight in itself, can often set the world to singing—fill it with golden sunlight. MacDonald Grey's return to the Lodge, after an absence of three weeks, had accomplished this. He had gone away to attend to the affairs of Beverly Train and he had taken Davey with him.

Davey was to enter upon his life work, also, and like a gallant and faithful adventurer he had hidden his fears and doubts, as children do—and had departed sitting on the horse in front of his father, for Sam had gone with them as far as he could.

Grey, upon setting forth, had said: "I cannot tell how long I shall be away. It all depends."

"Of course," Arnold had replied.

"Of course," Glenn repeated. But the Lodge seemed unutterably lonely even before Grey was gone.

And then, without announcing his return, Grey had appeared.

"Glad to see you, Mac," Arnold cried. And his joy was obvious.

"Oh! I'm so glad!" gasped Glenn. Then she added, calmly: "There was not much to do?"

"Enough to fill the rest of my life—but I—I had to come back!" With this Grey drew his brows together and hurriedly talked of Davey.

"I think," he began, "that the pathetic bravery of very old people, and of children, is about the most tragic thing on earth. I can remember my grandmother making her big effort to keep up with life, and poor little Davey did his best to catch up with it. Never a tear—unless at night; always a smile. Always 'seeing' things, finding the lights and shades where I saw only the substance. I went to see him every day at the school. He's going to get love and comradeship there; they took to him at the start. Gradually he let go of the past—and touched the future. When he did that I knew that he was all right."

They talked a little longer of Davey, and of Beverly Train's orderly legacy.

"It's like a place—left ready." Grey concluded. Then he got up abruptly and started for his cabin.

"I haven't slept much lately," he explained; "that always knocks me out."

After he had closed the door, Arnold remarked: "Queer how some folks just naturally—belong!"

"Yes," Glenn replied, "but I wonder if others always think of the—the cost?"

Arnold made no answer. He was simply glad to get Grey back and he went whistling from the room.

Then it was that Glenn noticed the glad, golden quality of the day and also her desire to—sing! The realization frightened her and all the danger of the situation came upon her as it had during Grey's absence.

"The cost—to everybody!" she thought, and trembled. While she could accept Grey believing that her growing love for him was alone to be con-

sidered she had clung to the dear safety of his presence, had leaned upon his strength—but his words: “I had to come back”—the weariness of his face—caused her own need to shrink and fade. She saw Grey! Saw him suddenly, as if Beverly Train were talking of him as she had, long ago, in her garden.

“You see,” Beverly had explained, “he had suffered so much himself that no call of any human kind could escape him. He was often taken advantage of for that very reason, often miserably misunderstood. What he gave impersonally, he gave so joyously and fully, that people sometimes took it personally. That made trouble and he was too simple and direct to protect himself. You should have seen him when he first came to live with his grandmother!” At that point Glenn found herself smiling at the picture Beverly had drawn. “His grandmother had never forgiven his mother’s marriage. Mac’s father was the sort that it was hard to forgive, I grant. A miserable wretch, but after all his mother suffered the most and the old lady’s hate should not have extended to poor Mac. But she was afraid to get in touch with the man she loathed and so she never saw Mac until after his father died. He had been living on a farm—ill-used, overworked, and tragically lonely. How he ever kept his splendid courage, his dreams, and his hopes, I never could tell; but he did. He got some education too: did the work of other boys in return for books and instruction. With this equipment he confronted his grandmother. Ragged, dirty, frightened—but carrying himself as proudly as she—he came to town. He had a perfect genius for making friends and he conquered his

grandmother at once. She let herself go where he was concerned; tried to spoil him, but couldn't. He was head on for making the best of his new life just as he had made of his old. He was bound to learn, and he is still at it!"

Standing by the window, looking toward Grey's cabin, Glenn at last saw—only him! She drew her father, the Mortons, herself, away from him. She looked at him and thought of him and knew that he loved her! Her eyes dimmed. She wondered how long he had loved her—loved her as she loved him?

"I know now that I've always loved him," she thought. "It was something else, before, and now—it is too late!"

With that the hold that Carrington had upon her tightened; it pressed all the inherited beliefs and prejudices into evidence. The shrinking of a good, pure woman made a coward of her—she could not see Right because of the cloud of witnesses for Wrong. She dared not take the courage of her own heart's knowledge into account because what *seemed* right and just in her case, was the easiest, sweetest thing—the thing she wanted to do! She battled with her knowledge of Carrington—her convictions. She set them against her love, her desire for service, her belief that beside Grey, she could best do her life work. But in the end the ugly truth remained that she wanted freedom from Carrington in order to give herself to Grey. Grey was near: he obliterated Carrington. "If Mac had only cared—back in the beginning! Oh, if he only had!"

And yet with all this sudden pain and doubt the day still was golden, and Glenn's heart wanted to

sing. *He* was there—just across the little space! There lay the well-trodden path over which he had wearily gone!

And then quite without any definite thought as to why she was going, Glenn went out and walked quietly to Grey's cabin door. He must have been weary to the verge of exhaustion for he had sat in the chair by his desk and bowed his head upon his outstretched arms! His hat had fallen off—this brought back to Glenn the memory of him as she had first seen him and the appeal made her heart beat faster. Grey was evidently sleeping—for he was motionless.

There was no fire lighted upon the hearth, though the wood lay ready. The autumn day was warm out of doors in the sunlight but inside the house a chill lingered. The door was ajar. Noiselessly Glenn went in and struck a match. She thought this would rouse Grey, but it did not. She set the flame to the shavings and watched the quiet man, undisturbed by the crackling.

Then a sudden fear shot through her heart! Suppose that he was *not* sleeping! Such things *did* happen! She ran to his side, she bent and listened. He was breathing—evenly, deeply. He was still in the bright world where the sun was—the blessed songs—the world in which she was!

And then Glenn noticed that a sheet of paper, dropped from the relaxed fingers, lay spread open as if for her to read. She did not mean to read it, but her own name caught her eye. Then, she knew!

And, Mac, you must tell Glenn about Kathleen. You owe her that—owe it to Kathleen; to your work.

For a moment Glenn felt as she had felt in her long-ago dream in the half-way house when she had expected to look upon Grey's face at her feet and had seen—a stranger's! In all her thought of Grey—her belief that she knew him—no woman had ever entered in to confuse her ideal. She had never even considered it and the shock she experienced, now, instead of driving Grey from her—brought him nearer. This, had her experience done for her! Almost she laid her hand upon his bent shoulder! Then she quietly sat down on the opposite side of the desk and waited!

Grey's dog stole in; looked about and gravely stretched himself beside his master's chair. He, too waited. The fire crackled cheerfully. The sun crept around to the west window and there was a path of light between it and Beverly Train's cabin. Over the bright way Memory led Thought and big things became pitifully small and worthless, while little things grew massive and compelling. In the silence, merely emphasized by the slight sounds, the creating forces of life, unimpeded, held sway and suddenly Glenn, spiritually, stood guard over Grey. Already, before she knew—she understood and believed in him.

Then, slowly, Grey raised his head; and his eyes rested upon Glenn. She smiled, and so did he, though his was a puzzled, dream-racked smile while hers was divinely clear and serene.

Grey did a mad thing. He spoke as if he were continuing his explanation as to his return:

“Because I—love you! I had to come.”

“Yes, Mac dear. And now tell me about—Kathleen.”

Instantly Grey's fingers clutched the sheet of paper.

"I—I was going to," he said, quite simply and not evincing any surprise. He and the woman near him, were in the grip of the inevitable. "I meant to tell you long ago—right after she died. Dick brought me word of her death, when he first came. It—well, it rather shocked me—and before I got my breath—you see, Dick had—got you!"

"Yes, Mac dear, I understand. I wish that you had told me!"

"I—couldn't."

"Perhaps not. I suppose I had to—to go my way. But Mac, please tell me now."

"Kathleen's husband divorced her. I was the co-respondent!"

It was like Grey—since later he must take a different position—to hurl the ugliest fact at himself first. It gave him a sense of decency and self-respect and he faced the flicker in Glenn's eyes with positive relief. He wanted to be hurt a little—even if he did not deserve it.

"I'm listening, Mac."

And so she was—listening and looking over toward Beverly's cabin where love and faith hovered and gave confidence!

"It was such a lying, dirty mess, Glenn that there was no outlet—I had to go through it. Kathleen was a friend of Dick's—she and her husband. They had the sort of house that people went to—young people. Maurey, the husband, was jolly and all that—but he was a beast. He treated his wife infernally and my contempt for him was— I'm afraid

I cannot make you understand this—but it was misunderstood by her, by Kathleen.”

Glenn was listening to Beverly Train as well as to Grey. Beverly seemed to draw close, determined that no creeping doubt should hold part.

“Yes, Mac, dear,” was all she said.

“I stayed away, and she could not comprehend why I did so. I hated to seem a cad and I was sorry for her. Suddenly Maurey took a new turn; he became decent to his wife; seemed to—well, like me better. I was fool enough to hope that I had helped her; that he was not such a scoundrel as I had believed.

“After my grandmother’s death—and that happened just then—I took rooms in town near Beverly Train’s place. I was working hard and feeling rather lonely. Thinking everything was safe at the Maurey’s I kept going there, on and off. Maurey was full of life and Kathleen sang well. It all helped pass a time that was rather rough. Then I began to sense something that I couldn’t understand. I did what I should have done long before—I packed up my work and took myself to the mountains without telling any one of my going. I left the key of my rooms with a poor chap who used to go there to study. Then”[at this Grey straightened himself and his eyes hardened] “then the devil took a hand in the game! I suppose a scoundrel, a weak little woman, and a young ass were too good a combination to toss aside without playing a trick with them.” Grey laughed.

“I wish you wouldn’t laugh like that, Mac, dear,” Glenn said. The sound hurt her. It had a defiant

tone as if to confront mistrust on her part—and oh! how she was trusting him; brooding over him.

“Forgive me!” Grey said and leaned toward her.

“You see, Maurey wanted to get rid of his wife and I was the best tool at hand. The poor girl had written some letters to me that she had never sent—just wrote them, and put them in her desk. She sent others—quite blameless ones—but Maurey got the secret ones. The ones that I received could hardly count against her; besides I had never kept them. There was a scene. Of course Maurey had his plot well developed. He accused his wife of all the vile things he could think of; laughed to scorn her denials; said he would bring suit. Then he left the house, taking enough baggage with him to convince Kathleen that he meant all that he had said. This all came out at the secret hearings of the case.

“In despair, after the brute had gone, poor Kathleen thought only of me. She was nearly mad with fear, remorse, and grief—she did the one fatal thing and every evil power seemed to help her along. She came to town—they were living at their summer place. She had little money and she explained to me later that she had meant to have dinner with me, warn me, and then stand the brunt of things herself. But you see, I was in the mountains. She telephoned and was simply told that I was out. She then went to Beverly Train’s—only to find her house locked and empty. By that time cab fare had about eaten up what little money she had and desperately, she rushed to my place and, seeing a light in my windows, dismissed the cab, told the man in the office that she was expected, and came upstairs.

The boy who was using my books was there! He was about to go out. He knew Kathleen and when she told him that, not knowing that I was away, she had asked her husband to meet her in my rooms, he left the key with her—she arranged to give it to the office man—and went off quite satisfied.

“To add to the infernal plot a big thunderstorm was raging—one of those terrific crashing kinds that unnerve the hardiest. I knew—I was out in it. A telegram had summoned me home that day, and I was drenched to the skin when I reached my place. I saw a light in my bedroom window—I thought Clarkson had decided to remain over night. I had an extra key. I went in, tearing my soaking coat off as I crossed the darkened living room. I called out that one of us could take the couch—and then” [Grey’s face twitched] “Kathleen and I faced each other at the bedroom door! She, thinking she was safe for an hour—having decided to return home on the last train and face whatever there was to face—desperate and worn to the edge—had taken off her heavy gown, poor child, and lain down upon the couch!”

“Yes: yes!”—Glenn spoke as if she were running hard, her eyes were dilated—“and then?”

Grey bent still further forward.

“A knock! Maurey had followed her, of course. I turned up the lights—and opened the door. There was nothing else to do.”

“No—of course not,” Glenn panted. “And then, Mac?”

“Oh! not much more. There was a man in the hall. Maurey came in; the fellow, outside, waited.

I told Maurey to get out or I'd kick him downstairs. He went, after—giving warning.

“In due course there was the trial—it doesn't matter about that. Maurey got what he wanted.

“I saw things clearly enough then—saw everything! Poor Kathleen went to Beverly Train—and then it was that I came—up here. I was so utterly done up by the whole wretched business that the easiest way out seemed to be to offer what protection I could to Kathleen. Nothing really mattered and the poor child was at the end of things. But Beverly struck a new note just there. She” [Grey smiled, wanly]—“she demanded, as she put it, justice from myself to myself. She made me promise to wait a year. I promised.

“Then”—Grey's eyes now were wretched—“then three big things happened: My sickness, you, and—and Kathleen's death!”

“She—she died, Mac?”

“Yes; she couldn't stand it—she died.”

Glenn was crying, softly.

“I had meant”—Grey went on—“to go to Kathleen at the year's end—and make a clean statement. I wanted to give her the opportunity of seeing things. I wanted—Oh! Glenn I wanted *her* to know *you*, so that I might offer you the sort of love you deserved, and which I was able to offer—if only truth were known. But—Kathleen died. And Dick came.

“That's all, Glenn—except that I—love you. Beverly's work needs us both——”

Grey waited; his eyes clung to Glenn's; she reached out and took his hands that were stretched toward her.

“And Beverly’s work is God’s work, Mac,” she said, tenderly—devoutly. “Just as you wanted to bring your best and dearest to me so I want to bring my best and—and safest to you and this big work. Oh! Mac; it would be so easy—to just *take*; but I cannot make another mistake—I must see and see—and know. In the end—we must be fit for the work, either apart or together.”

“Child; is there anything greater than love?” Grey breathed hard.

“Yes, Mac, I think there is. One must be worthy of it—or else—— Can you not see, dear?”

“Yes—I see. But—what can we do?”

“Dear; you must rest and then—go away! I must be alone—not even Daddy can help. I must—be sure; and I never can be—while—while I see you, Mac.”

“Child, the thing that entered into your life is—a waste.”

“Mac; I must be sure!”

They drew closer; tried to smile—and Grey said, gently:

“You are right. I will go away. But you must—make yourself just *to* yourself.”

Grey spoke a little longer, bravely put the man-view forth knowing full well it would not overpower Glenn, but trusting that it would help her in her struggle.

CHAPTER XXV

AFTER all the years, Arnold and Glenn, with Rajah following close, had undertaken the Monk climb.

They had taken three days in the doing of it; they had brought food and fuel; they had made of the trip a veritable pilgrimage, and had timed every detail to a nicety. The weather was perfect. Full, throbbing autumn, with the clear skies and warm days. As they neared the brooding face that had held so real a place in Glenn's life, she smiled up at it as if greeting a dear and longed-for friend.

The three would reach the last stopping place after nightfall; they had planned to see the sunrise from the top.

"Are you tired, girl?"

Arnold's eyes were on the face near him.

"Oh! no, Daddy. It does not seem as if I would ever be tired again. All the way up I've been laying down burdens. I feel so light at times, that I suspect—wings!"

Arnold's eyes were troubled and so he turned them away and did not speak.

"Laying down, dear old Daddy, some of the things that—that our mother used to say—had been handed down to women. You remember, dear?"

"Yes. I remember, girl." And so he did—every word and look.

"I began to lay down burdens before I left the Lodge. That ache about my little girl, Dad, somehow it grew less when I saw the new Constance lying on Polly's arm. I suppose a woman never gets over the feel for babies, once she has—known. It's like the feel of the trail, Daddy."

Again Arnold nodded.

"When I saw Polly's dear, new baby I could not help thinking that my little girl was going to have another—a fairer—chance down here. Perhaps it is not quite right—I do not know—but I'd love to think so; and any way, it will make me more understanding about Polly's Connie. Women, I think, should see their own babies in all babies. This I am sure of: the *hurt* that was left when my little girl died, seemed to pass when I held Polly's child; the blessedness remained." Glenn's eyes grew dim.

"And what else have you laid down on the way up, girl?"

Arnold flinched before the tears and the smile that accompanied them. Besides, he was longing for confidences.

"There's to be a big talk on the top, Daddy."

Glenn caught his arm and held it fast. She was thinking of the mass of burdens that had *not* been cast aside; were still—when she permitted them—hampering her wings.

When she and Arnold, on their way up, had come to the "ticklish bit" just before they reached the blue pool, Arnold, clinging to the old fancy, had said: "Now close your eyes, girl." But Glenn replied:

"Daddy, I'll lay my hand on your shoulder, but I must keep my eyes open! You see, while my body

has been getting ready for this climb, my eyes have, too."

They had both laughed at that and the need for careful going had left the surprise of beauty safe. When danger was past and they stood beside the flower-edged lake, a cry of joy escaped Glenn, and then, with a quick in-drawing of her breath, she realized that a strange familiarity, not due alone to her father's off-repeated description, held her. It came flooding in upon her consciousness—the memory of her dream in the half-way house!

The lake, the flowers—they were as she had seen them in her sleep. So vivid was the memory that she raised her eyes almost expecting to see a tottering figure upon the perilous bit of trail over which she had just come. And then, with sharp realization, she felt that all that had earlier come into her life was as dead as her dream-man had once been!

Arnold believed at this moment that it was her delight that held her speechless; but it was her inherited burdens that claimed her; shook her confidence in herself; blinded her by the dust of prejudice and suggestion, and shut Grey away.

She recalled her years of effort, when love and faith supported her in the belief that she could, eventually, win against the Carrington hardness and coldness. She felt how futile such effort had been—would always be unless Dick could be brought to see that his position was an impossible one for a woman to respect; at least the kind of woman that Glenn honestly desired to be—had the right to be! And still she dared not turn toward love, the burdens toppling over upon her, bowed her to the dust. As Carrington-

ton's wife, what rights had she? Once, having made a blind promise, what was the honourable thing to do? He would never change—nor could she! Why did women unthinkingly make promises that no human being could, with sincerity, fulfil? Why should life's door be closed to a man or a woman because of the failure to do that which lay not in the power of either to do? Who would be benefited by it—what good could result—if she went back and tried again?

Glenn knew that love was dead between her and Carrington; could plain duty hold them? And if it did—to what would it hold them? Was she catering to a world that did not understand or——?

She pictured the cold, empty years of pretense and acting—the useless show and the restless journeyings. She felt the hideous hold that the Hollow and its meaning would have upon her; the gnawing knowledge of misery that she must pretend not to sympathize with. And against this—stood God's work.

And then Glenn's soul cried out its bitter world-old cry: "What have I to do with thee?" She pushed Carrington from her. Nothing! Nothing!

And it was not, she knew, because another, a clearer vision of love had entered in. The world might not believe this—but it was truth. And if, being truth, she must deal with it as Grey had dealt with his mistake! The world must not count against the truth.

And so it was that, beside the blue pool, Glenn struggled silently with the inherited burdens of women, not knowing, as she struggled, that, until women themselves interpreted the meaning of the inheritance, they would always remain burdens—

never flaming pillars to guide them into the Promised Land.

A day and a night Arnold and Glenn camped by the pool.

"Some things that you have longed for all your life, Daddy, disappoint you," Glenn had said the day they took to the upward trail again, "but this"—she opened her arms wide to the loveliness—"this has been far better than I dreamed."

Arnold was content; he did not suspect burdens. He had faith.

Quietly they mounted—resting, camping—and the marvellous weather held. Then they came to the last point where safety ended and, in breathless silence, looked down upon their world which already—although they stood in the full rays of light—lay in purple mystery.

"At last!" whispered Glenn, "at last, Daddy, after all the long years!"

"Here we are!" Arnold tossed his head back.

And there they were—man, woman, and faithful dog, grouped like a heroic design against the snow-covered rocks. Blankets and carefully carried food and fuel lay at their feet; they seemed alone in a newly created world, with their small supplies standing between them and annihilation.

"Wind or storm," cautioned Arnold, "might finish us."

"There will be no storm," murmured Glenn.

"I don't think there will be," Arnold added—"not for a couple of days, any way."

And just then Rajah raised his head, sent his sixth sense out into space, and gave a low, long whin-

ing cry. It was not fear, nor pain, but it thrilled the eerie place and faintly echoed again and again.

“For beast and bird hath seen and heard,
That which man knoweth not,”

quoted Arnold reverently, as he bent to smooth Rajah's head.

“We must be saving with the wood, girl,” he presently said, becoming practical. “We had best eat and sleep; the night's warm, and the shelter of the rock will protect us. The sun rises early when one is atop of the world.”

“And we must catch the first glimmer of tomorrow, Dad—the first, faint call.”

They ate sparingly, giving Rajah his full share. They were tired and, for all their brave achievement, the vast loneliness of their position filled them with awe. The fire flickered and all but died; then Arnold laid on another stick—he dared not let the warmth and glow fade utterly.

Wrapped in blankets, huddled close to the blessed embers, trying to sleep, an hour passed. The night now held them; the stars seemed near; the brooding face of the Monk shadowed them, and presently Arnold was aware that Glenn was speaking. He was not startled; her words ran so into his own thoughts that the mere voicing of them did not interrupt the flow.

“When I realized that I loved Mac, Dad, I was not afraid. I knew it was love, for it met all the great want within me. All my life I had been reaching out for love and—and I made a mistake, first.

How could I know? How can girls be sure, ever, until they know the difference of their—their wants? When I came back with Connie, then I knew, Dad—knew in my soul how it was. But because Mac had never told me, I thought he was safe—and I—I couldn't do without what he meant to me. Not just then. All last summer I let myself lean on him—and then he went away and the loss seemed more than I could bear. When he came back he told me!—told me how, through the long years while I was learning, he had loved and waited. When I saw his kind of love!—why Dad—I had to——”

“You—sent him away!” Arnold spoke from a deep sense of personal loss.

“I—I had to, Dad. There was nothing else to do, was there? Not until I—was sure?”

Arnold made no reply. In the dark he hid his face.

“But before Mac went, Dad, he said things that—that haunt me. I thought that I would forget them, But I do not forget them. When one does right, Dad, why doesn't peace come?”

“It does!” This came, muffled, from the blanket.

“Mac told me how he needed me—how his work needed me. He told me something Beverly Train had said about workers not counting against God's work. He told me that I had no right to stay here and—and shirk; that is what he said: ‘shirk’! He said that I knew what was to be done and that” [here Glenn breathed hard]—“and that I should either go back or—begin again, somehow!” Glenn withheld Grey's secret. Just now it was his and hers!

“He has the right of it!” Arnold said.

“Dad, Dad, what can I do?”

"There's no man in all the world that has a right to answer that for a woman when she comes to a turn in her life. She must answer to her Creator some day; it is up to her to square herself with her conscience."

"Dad; you seem to be pushing me off alone into—the dark."

This was no confession, no plain talk; it was soul crying out to soul.

"And so I must, girl—push you off from me; but not into the dark. You always had your light, girl. Don't forget that."

"It's darkened now, Dad. I cannot see."

"Have you tried, girl?—tried to see with your own eyes—your woman's eyes? Have you cast off all that has been handed down to you?—laid your own life open and looked at it? If so, the light will come!"

"I want to do right, Dad—right!"

"Of course you do. You must do right, and then you'll have peace."

"Mac said that I was behind two doors, Dad; that Dick had closed one, and that he (Mac) stood by the other; that I must either make Dick open life to me—or I must let *him*. But Dad, I know that there is another door—one that I myself can open—and pass through, alone. You'd come with me, wouldn't you, Dad?"

"Yes. I'd keep as close to you—as I could!"

"But—Yes; I know. Dad, I'd be often alone—and oh! so lonely—because, because you see—I want love. I'd be crippled at the best—doing my work less well—for happiness counts, Dad."

"It does!" This came emphatically from Arnold.

"But perhaps I have no right to—happiness, Dad."

"Why?"

A silence followed. So long did it last that Arnold thought Glenn, exhausted, had fallen asleep. Then:

"It's why? and why? and why? Dad. Life is just that. Why? Why? Why?"

"It's not all that"—this with conviction from the dark—"there are some thundering loud '*Beauses*'!"

"Oh! Dad; if I didn't want Mac so, it would be easy—but I want him! Not only for my love and his but because I know that all his work and mine—and Beverly's—must be God's work. I know this Dad, I do, I do!"

"That's *one* '*Beause*,'" Arnold ventured.

"Yes; so it is." Arnold thought Glenn was crying; her voice trembled.

"I see, Dad—I see! I must choose. I, a woman, must choose and pay the price, but I must not let any one else pay."

"That's only square, my girl, until the choice for yourself is made. After that, if there is love enough, you can share the expense."

"Dad; what a comfort you are!"

"How so?"

"Just because you—are! I'm alone, Dad, but I know you are near."

They did not speak again for several hours. Glenn was conscious of Rajah's warm body pressing against her; once she saw Arnold rise quietly and lay a stick on the few glowing embers. Then more stillness while thoughts crowded in; blended in dreams and then became thoughts again.

Without surprise Glenn, Arnold, and Rajah, suddenly—or so it seemed—found themselves standing close together, their faces toward the east!

“It is coming—the day!” breathed Glenn.

“Yes!” Arnold replied, though neither he nor Glenn could see it.

Rajah again gave his long, low, whining response to that something that called to him.

The man and the woman shivered.

Imperceptibly the blackness moved—it was motion first, not colour. Then it was no longer black, it was a nameless shade full of life. No bird or beast hailed it—in majesty the peaks welcomed it. Then came the quivering rose, creeping up and up the snowy wastes. The rocks showed black. Far, far below lay the place where men and women worked and loved—were born and died—and where their little stories ran along from morning until night; such tangled, unfinished stories! There lay graves and tiny cradles—there lay the Hollows and the Pleasant Places.

Glenn reached out her hand. She did not look at Arnold, but she wanted the comfort of his touch.

“Daddy, do you remember the dear old song: ‘To-morrow will bring the light’?”

“Yes, girl. Your mother used to sing it.”

“The light has come Dad—my light. And Dad, this is my birthday!”

“I thought you had forgotten, girl.”

“No, Dad.”

Then Glenn stretched out her young strong arms—the palms upward, as if holding something in offering. The morning was full upon her face. So

had she stood that day at the half-way house when Grey watched her from his crevice in the rock. As if she recalled the place and her mood again, she spoke in a reverent, hushed whisper:

“God! God!” The words weighted with yearning and beseeching, sounded faintly. Then:

“I want my right to love and be loved; I want little children—mine, mine! And who shall deny me? Who has the right to deny me?”

Arnold’s eyes were blinded by tears—but no word escaped him.

Presently, standing tense and looking afar, Glenn seemed to re-live her dream bit by bit. She saw the perilous strip of trail; the bewildered tottering figure whom she believed was—Grey. She saw the still, dead figure at her feet. Dead, dead!—but Grey was alive, waiting with his great, patient love.

“Mac,” she murmured, still with out-stretched, empty hands. “I am—coming. Why should I not? Why? Why?”

THE END



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