SYNOPSIS.

the cayley, accused of a crime of the is not guilty, resigns from the residual from the sets a flying machine. While soaring the Arctic regions, he picks up a usily shaped stick he had seen in the sain's hand. Mounting again, he discount the residual from the resi effort, the girl spoke.

Fright, Lieut, Perry Hunter, turns but altered, Lieut, Perry Hunter, turns but altered, Lieut, Perry Hunter, turns but altered to the party of the sorting when a summer that the pay be surfocus yabaped sitch he had seen in the sames in summer than the bay. Descending hear the steamer, he media a girl on an loe floe. He learns that the pay he had the yacht has come Fielding and that the yacht has come Fielding and that the yacht has come Fielding and that he yacht has come Fielding and that he yacht has come Fielding and that he yacht has come Fielding and the same the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A siant rulating search ashore. After Cayley departs had not been coast. A siant rulating search ashore. And manded the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A siant rulating search ashore. And manded the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A siant rulating search ashore. And manded the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are hiddled to the coast. A siant rulating search ashore. And manded the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are the party. He velope that the ruffaan had committed the party. He velope that the ruffaan had committed the party. He velope that the ruffaan had committed the party in the party in the party. He velope that the ruffaan had committed the party in the party in the party in the party with a sprained capter that yet a susted a moment; then, when ne went of are surviving and the ruffaan had some fast of the party in the party season of the ruffaan had some fast of the party in the party season of the ruffaan had some fast of the party in the party season of the ruffaan had some fast of the party in the party season of the ruffaan had some fast of the party in the party season of the ruffaan had some fast of the party in the party season of the ruffaan had committed the party in the party with a party of the party with a party season of the ruffaan had committed the party in the

## CHAPTER XXII.-Continued.

The perception came to him as a memory, and in memory it seemed to be Jeanne's voice

Now, unless his wits were wandering, he heard it again, and it called his breath come a little quicker. name. He was half incredulous of its reality, even as he answered it. But she said, trying to keep her voice tricate himself from his planes, or one word, came the letters p-b-j-n-e-q." even attempt to get to his feet, he felt the pressure of her body, as she His voice was unsteady, and he knelt over him.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Signals. There were a good many days after that-not days at all, really, but an interminable period of night-which were broken for Jeanne by no ray of hope whatever. She kept Philip and herself alive, from day to day, and this occupation left her hardly time enough to think whether there was anything to hope for or not.

Much of the time Philip was delirious; sometimes violently so, and yet she often had to leave him. When she did so, it was with no certainty at all that she would find him alive upon her

At last the conviction was forced upon her that Philip was actually on er intervals. The frightful condition of his wounds began visibly to improve. Instinctively she resisted this conviction as long as she could, refusing almost passionately to begin to an almost intolerable pain with it. no apprehension—just as in a frozen limb there is no pain. But, as the possibility of his recovery became plainwhich his life was hanging became which she could not guard against graved with his initials." might cut the thread and destroy the hope new-born.

He was able, at last, after a long sleep and a really hearty meal of sustaining food-which she hardly dared give him-to get up and walk out of their shelter to the star-vaulted beach. Fifty paces or so was all he was equal to; but at the end of the little promgo back to the stuffy little shed which it . . . ' she beganhad been the scene of his long illness. The clean, wide, boundless air was made a nest of them on the beach, and there he lay back and she sat same way." down beside him.

"Do you remember, Jeanne," he

She locked her hand into his before

"I couldn't believe that night that I ding you suffer under it." wasn't dreaming," she said softly. "Nor I, either," he told her; "and,

somehow, I can't believe it now-not fully; -not this part of it, anyway." She let the sentence break off there, He had lifted the hand that was and there was a long, long silence.

silence after that. Then, with a little effort, the girl spoke.

"Philip, do you remember my saying what a contempt you must have

I'm sure they are not any foreign language; they are in a code of some

She did not turn to look at him, but she felt him stir a little, with suddenly aroused attention, and heard his

"The first letter was all by itself," the next moment, before he could ex steady. It was N-. And then, in "That means 'A coward," he said.

clutched suddenly at her hand. She could feel that his was trembling, so she took it in both of hers and held it tight. "It's a code," he said, "a boyish code

of my own. I remember that for a long time after I invented it I believed it to be utterly insoluble; yet it was childishly simple. It consists simply of splitting the alphabet in two and using the last half for the first, and vice yersa. It must have occurred to hundreds of boys, at one time and another, and yet-" his voice faltered. "Yet, it's a little odd that you should have stumbled upon an other example of it."

"The next word was o-r-g-e-n-l-r-q." "That means 'betrayed,'" he said, almost instantly. "Was-was there any more.

"One little word, three letters, u-v-z.' But I know already what they the road to recovery. His delirium be- mean, Philip." There was a momentcame less violent and occurred at long- ary allence, then she repeated the whole phase-"'A coward betrayed him." She was trembling all over now, herself. "I knew," she said, "I knew it was something like that." Then she dropped down beside him hope-for the return of hope brought and clasped him tight in her arms "Philip, that was written around your Without hope there had been no fear, picture, an old picture of you it must have been, which fell out of your pocket when I was undressing you that night after your fight with Roser, the sienderness of the thread by coe. I recognized the locket it was enclosed in as Mr. Hunter's. I had often plainer, too. A thousand chances seen it on his watch fob, and it's en-

"It fell out of my pocket," said Philip, incredulously.

"Yes," she said, "that puzzled too, for awhile; and finally I figured it out. You must have found it-" "That night in Roscoe's cave, when was waiting for him. I had forgotten it until this moment."

"I knew it must be like that;" she enade he expressed a disinclination to said, "something like that. And wasn't

"Hunter's code as well as mine? Yes. We made it up together when bringing back the zest for life to we were boys," he said, "and we used him. So Jeanne brought out from it occasionally even after we left the the hut a great bundle of furs and Point. We wrote in it, both of us, as easily as in English; and read it the

Her young arms still held him fast. "Philip, he must have been sorry said, "the first time we sat out like a long time-almost since it happened. this, there on the ice-floe beside the it's an old, old picture of you, Aurora, and I told you how I had dear, and the ink of the letters is faded. He's carried it with him ever past can't come between us, and what since, as a reminder of the wrong he did you, and of his cowardice in let- time for you to take another nap. Are

"I suppose it was that from first." "I don't believe he ever meant-"

him later, from Roscoe's dart," I can still half-clasped in hers.

She assented, "Most of it, that is, Perhaps not quite all he knew."

"I don't know it all myself," he told her, "that is, I have filled it in with guesses. I knew about the girl. Hunter was half mad about her, and she, I suppose, was in love with him. Anylocked into his and pressed it to his way, he came to me one night—the lips before he spoke. There was a last time I ever talked with him-raging with excitement. The girl's father had found out about him and meant. she said, to kill him, and perhaps, her, too. Anyhow, she had forbidden Hunter seeing her again. We took a drink She was speaking quietly, her voice fly? Do you remember that, and the or two, together, before I started, and caressing him just as her hands were. I suppose he must have drunk She was like a mother trying to reas-

himself half mad after that; for he sure a frightened child. started right on my trail and did what you know. I have always supposed, I don't know-I think I may be gountil just now, that he had used my ing mad, perhaps. I know I wasn't name as his own with her, to screen dreaming. I thought so at first, but himself from possible trouble. But I know I'm not now." Then she felt that may not have been the case. He his body stiffen, he dropped her hand may simply have spoken of me as his and pointed out to the southern ho-

"The girl was in love with him, damage to either of us. And then, search his face, in sudden alarm. when it didn't blow over-when it got the fact that he hadn't spoken at first | with each word. would have made it ten times harder

"I suppose that's true," he said at planation a wonderful great, soft calm palm pressed the tears out of her but made no other answer. He turned "I suppose I might have saved seemed to envelop her. She slept him then, just as I might have saved there like a child beside him, his hand

think of a hundred ways that it might | It was Philip's voice that wakened save happened—the accusation against her. How long afterwards she did ne, I mean-without his having any not know. He was sitting erect on the part in it." Then he said rather ab- great bear-skin, and all she could see ruptly: "Fanshaw told you the story, of him was the dim silhouette of his back against the sky.

"What is it?" she asked, drowsily. 'Is anything the matter?" He could hardly command his voice

to answer.

"It's that aurora, over there," he said. "No, it's gone now. It may come back. It's right over there in the south-straight in front of you.' "But, my dear-my dear-" she persisted, "why should an aurora . . Is it because of the one we saw the night you killed Roscoe? Is it that old nightmare, that it brings back?"

"No, it's not that," he said, uneasily.

rizon. "There," he said, "look there!" What and it would be natural for her to she saw was simply a pencil of white give her father my name instead of light, pointing straight from the ho-Hunter's, and make the accusation rizon to the zenith, and reaching an alagainst me. I suppose he thought titude of perhaps 20 degrees. Comthat I could, probably, clear myself pared with the stupendous electrical easily enough, without involving him. displays that they were used to seeing and that the whole row might blow in that winter sky, it was utterly inover without doing any irreparable significant, and from it she turned to

"No. no-look-look!" he command worse and meant ruln for somebody- ed, his excitement mounting higher

She obeyed reluctantly, but at what to speak at last. I might have help- she saw her body became suddened him. He sent word to me once, ly rigid and she stared as one when I was under arrset, to ask if I might stare who sees a spirit. For would see him, and I refused. I was the faint pencil of white light swung very . . . " His speech was punctu- on a pivot, dipped clear to the hori-

eyes.

"You aren't strong enough yet to be cry." Her voice was shaky and her about the strange-looking bundle you speech uneven. There were still some little half suppressed sobs in it. But she turned her face again towards the southern horizon. "If that's the army wig-wag I ought to be able to read it. Tom taught it to me years ago. Perhaps perhaps it is he who is signaling now."

"Was there a search-light on the Au rora?" Philip asked. "I didn't notice when I saw her." He tried to make the question sound casual, but his voice was hardly steadier than hers.

"Oh, yes," she said. "It was one of the things we laughed at Uncle Jerry for insisting upon, but he insisted just the same. It's a very powerful light, Philip," she said suddenly, after a little silence, "is it not plain impossible, that that we see over there? You know you said, and father said in his journal, that there was no possibility of a relief in the winter. Philip -Philip, isn't it madness-is it the ice madness?"

But before he could answer they heard a rifle-shot ring out in the still

"No," he cried, "the long wait is know they are in time." His lips trembled and tears glistened in his eyes.

It was lying under her hand. There were only three cartridges left, but she fired them all into the air. have in museums. Somebody, prob-Then, almost before the echo from the cliff behind them had died away, they heard a dim hall in a human voice-a voice that broke sharply as if the shout had ended in a sob.

"It's Tom." she said.

"Call out! It's your voice he'll want to hear." But it was a moment before she could command it. She called his name twice, and then a third time, with a different inflection, for a long, leaping flicker of firelight had revealed a little knot of figures rounding one of the great ice-crags that covered the frozen harbor. One figure, a little in advance of the others, dashed forward at a run. Jeanne sprang to meet him.

For a little while Cayley stood hesitating before the fire, just where Jeanne, in her impulsive rush toward their rescuers, had left him, then slowly, he followed her.

The party on the ice was moving landward again. Even at Philip's slow pace, the distance between them was narrowing. Jeanne and young Fanshaw were coming on ahead. He saw her stop suddenly and throw an arm around the man's neck. She was inughing and crying all at once, and there were tears in the man's eyes, too. Philip expected that. He knew that Fanshaw loved her. His memory of that fact was all that redeemed his memory of their encounter on the Aurora's deck.

But, what he did not expect, was to see Fanshaw suddenly release himself from the girl's embrace and come straight toward him. That was not the most surprising thing-not that, nor the hand which Fanshaw was holding out to him. It was the look in the young man's face.

There was a powerful emotion workno resistance, no reluctance. It was the face of a man humble in the preshis gauntlet and gripped Cayley's in her cheeks. hand. It was a moment before he

could speak. "It's only just now," he said "now that I see you here together, that I known all along that you were here with her, keeping her alive until we could get back to her. I've been the only one who has had any hope at all, and with me it's been a certainty rather than a hope. It's as if I had seen you here, together. I've seen you so a thousand times, but now, that I do actually, with my own eyes, it's hard dream. And then you'll go and find to . . . His voice broke there, these old wings in an attic, some There was a moment of silence, then where, and stroke them with your he went on: "You must try to forgive us. Cayley-me, in particular, for I'm the one who needs it most. We know the truth of that old story now. No, it wasn't Jeanne who told, it was poor Hunter himself, in a letter. He had written it long ago, and it was among his papers. I want you to read it sometime. I think, perhaps, when you do you will be able to forgive him,

"That's done already," said Philip. 'No, not long ago-within the last few hours. Come, shall we go back to the

get to the Aurora." It was six months later, a blazing, blue July day, when the gunboat Yorktown lifted North Head, the northern shaw and his father had gone to the

bridge, but Philip and Jeanne, the other two passengers, remained unmoved by the announcement, seated as far aft as possible, the ensign, limp and his good arm tightened about in the following breeze, fluttering just over their heads. Looking up, they saw one of the

junior officers standing close beside are mad together, Jeanne, dear, and them. He was a dark-haired, darkwith the same madness; and if we are eyed, good-looking youngster, whose dreaming, we are living in the same frank adoration of Jeanne ever since they had come aboard had amused the dream. Did you read what it said? Fanshaws and secretly pleased and Oh, no, of course you couldn't-but I It's the old army wig-wag, and touched Philip, although he pretended always." it has been saying all sorts of things. to be amused, too. Spelling out your name most of the

They both rose and lounged back against the mil as he came up. "Glad to be nearly home, Mr. Caldwell?" said Jeanne. "You navy people regard any port in the States as home.

don't you?' "Oh, I'd be glad enough of a month's shore leave," he said, "if it weren't "I'm warm, soul and body, thanks she was, her head cradled against his this particular voyage. I mean-if it didn't mean that we are going to lose

She gave him a friendly little smile

to Philip.

"I'll have to confess," he said, "to used as the support for a really good the rudest sort of inquisitive curiosity brought aboard with you from the Aurora. It looks like some primitive Eskimo's attempt to build a flying-machine."

> "It is something like that," said Philip. "If you'll have it brought up here on deck I'll open it out to you." The young fellow's pleasure was almost boyish. "I'll have it brought at once," he said.

> The breeze was straight behind them and just about strong enough to compensate for the speed of the vessel, and the air on deck was quite still. With the boy's puzzled assitsance Philip spread his wings for the first time since that night when he had dived off the cliffhead to go in pursuit of Roscoe. The recollection was almost painfully vivid, and as he looked into Jeanne's face he saw the same memory mirrored there.

But young Caldwell soon brought them back to the present. He was no longer embarrassed or shy, deferential. Aerial navigation was, apparently, a subject he knew all about, He criticised the shape of the planes. the material they were made of, the over. Thank God they are here, Fire, curve of this, the dip of that—all in Jeanne! Fire the revolver! Let them the tone of an expert—and by way of summing up, he said:

"It's rather pitiful, isn't it? In way any primitive thing always affects me-like old locomotives they ably, believed once that that would fly. I hope he didn't believe it seriously enough to give it a real trial." "You don't think it would work,

then?" asked Philip. The young man laughed. "Dear me, no," he said. "It couldn't work." "At any rate," said Philip, "it's an

amusing curiosity." "Oh, yes; Indeed, yes," the young man assented, cordially. "I wish it the corner? If you should see four

were mine. Only I wouldn't try to fly His duties called him away then rather suddenly, and Philip was left



"He Was a Dark-Haired, Dark-Eyed Handsome Young Man."

to furl his wings alone. From the procing there, but no sign of any conflict, less he looked up into Jeanne's face, "Why, Jeanne!" Her eyes were bright, bright with unshed tears, and ence of a miracle. He stripped off there was a little flush of bright color

"Oh, I know," she said, with an unsteady laugh, "it's absurd to be indignant, but I wished-oh, how I wished, when he was so patronizing and so find it hard to believe. Because I've sure, that you might have slipped your arms into their places and gone curving, circling up, all gold and gleaming, into the air. I knew you wouldn't,

but I hoped you would.' "Jeanne, dear," he said, "you'll remember that always-my flight, I mean. But, sometimes you'll get to wondering if it isn't the memory of a hands, the way you did that night when I furled them first upon the icefloe beside you."

She looked at him quickly, wide eyed. "What do you mean, Philip? Not

that-not that I'm never to see you fly again?" He nodded.

"Somehow, up there, with all the world below me, it never seemed real. Even you never seemed real, who were the only real thing in all the world. The earth was only a spinning fire? I suppose we had better wait ball, and there were no such thing as for another moonrise before we try to men. I wasn't a man myself, up there, not even-even after you had brought me back to life and given me a soul again. Somehow, to be a man one has to wear the shackles of mankind. I portal of the Golden Gate. Tom Fan- can't explain it better than that, but I know it's true."

> For a long time she searched his face in silence.

"You used to seem a spirit rather than a man to me," she said, "when I would lie watching you soaring there above me. And now-now it's I who brought you down."

"Do you remember how I told you once that a man like your father was worth a whole Paradise of angels? Well, I want to be a man, Jeanne, as near as possible such a man as he was. And I want to walk beside you

A shift of wind from astern overtook them and the great ensign flapped forward, screening them for a moment where they stood, from the view of the rest of the deck. With a sudden passion of understanding she clasped him close and kissed him. THE END.

Herring Always In Lead. Herrings form the greatest harvest of the ocean. More herrings are eaten than any other fish.

ery luxury and distinction, it included temples in which the inhabitants were encouraged to make costly sacrifices. The city of Pom; eli was nearly ruined by earthquake in A. D. '63, ety and licentiousness when in '79 it was overwhelmed by the ashes of

"There goes a man who got what he wanted for Christmas."

"And what did he most desire?"

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ONE ON THE OLD GENTLEMAN

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Absolute Fact Destroyed Force of Well-Meant Argument for Temperance.

On a pleasant Sunday afternoon an old German and his youngest son were seated in the village inn. The father had partaken liberally of the homebrewed beer, and was warning his son against the evils of intemperance. "Never drink too much, my son, A gentleman stops when he has enough. To be drunk is a disgrace."

"Yes, father, but how can I tell when I have enough or am drunk?" The old man pointed with his finger. "Do you see those two men sitting in men there, you would be drunk."

The boy looked long and earnestly. "Yes, father, but-but-there is only one man in that corner."-Lippincott's.

TOO HARD WORK.



"You are charged vives living."

"Well, I don't know whether they are all living or not, judge; I can't keep track of them all.'

His Thoughtful Wife.

"I hate to boast," said a Cleveland lawyer, "but my wife is one of the most economical women in the world. The other day she told me she needed it, by all means, but asked her not to spend a big bunch of money without letting me know about it. Well, the next day she said: 'The tailor said he couldn't make the suit for less than \$150. I thought it was too much, but told him to go ahead.'

'Well, I suppose it is all right,' I said, 'but why didn't you consult me first?

"'Why, dearle, I didn't want to spend car fare for two visits.' "I tell you, it's these little econo mies that count. eh?"

Flown. "Tough luck Jipson had."

"What happened?" "In order to keep his cook, he told her she might have the use of his touring car two afternoons a week."

"Yesterday she eloped with the chauffeur."

Expert Advice.

"How long does it take to learn to run an automobile?" "You'll need about three days to acquaint yourself with the working parts of the machine and a week to master

Dodging bad story tellers is one way of avoiding poor relations.

he vocabulary."

LUCKY MISTAKE. Grocer Sent Pkg. of Postum and Opened the Eyes of the Family.

A lady writes from Brookline, Mass.: "A package of Postum was sent me one day by mistake.

"I notified the grocer, but finding that there was no coffee for breakfast next morning I prepared some of the Postum, following the directions very

carefully. "It was an immediate success in my family, and from that day we have used it constantly, parents and children, too-for my three rosy young-

sters are allowed to drink it freely at breakfast and luncheon. They think it delicious, and I would have a mutiny on my hands should I omit the beloved beverage. "My husband used to have a very delicate stomach while we were using coffee, but to our surprise his stom-

ach has grown strong and entirely well since we quit coffee and have been on Postum. "Noting the good effects in my family I wrote to my sister, who was a

coffee toper, and after much persuasion got her to try Postum. "She was prejudiced against it at first, but when she presently found

that all the ailments that coffee gave her left and she got well quickly she became and remains a thorough and enthusiastic Postum convert, "Her nerves, which had become

shattered by the use of coffee have grown healthy again, and today she is new woman, thanks to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and the "cause why" will be found in the great little book, "The Road to Wellville," which comes in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of bumns interest.

## BARN DOOR WORTH SAVING

Farmer Dockridge was hastily awakened to the dead of night by Aif, the farm servent, who told him the barn the horses and lend them out

trousers, rushed into the kitchen, grabbed up a screw driver and ran

opened into the corn bin. Alf had succeeded in getting the

stuck to his task until he had finished it, and emerged from the burning barn carrying the door just as the roof fell in.

"That's a good deal of risk to take for the sake of saving a bit of firewood," commented a neighbor who had been awakened by the flames and had run over to see if he could be of any use.

"Firewood!" exclaimed Farmer Dockridge, pointing to the pencil it is assumed from this that their marks that covered the door. "See but he them figgers? There's all my bust-

ness accounts for the last six years. That door's worth more than the whole barn!"-London Telegraph.

Find Petrified Women.

In the course of the excavations which are still being made at Pompeii

the body of a petrified woman has been discovered. On the body were jewels of great value, including bracelets, necklaces, and chatelaines, and

the jewels are two clasps, each composed of twenty-one pearls in a cluster. These clasps have both an artististic and an archaeological value, for nothing comparable with them has Pompeli. Pompeli, on the Neapolitan Riviera, was founded about 600 B. C., and down to the time of its destruction, A. D. '79, it was a sort of Romesuper-Mare, frequented by the aristocracy, if not by Caligula and Nero, wearer belonged to the patrician in whose honor it erected triumphal class. Especially remarkable among arches. Fed from the capital with ev-

been found before among the ruins of but it had returned to its former gay-

Farmer Dockridge Rescued It From the Flames, for It Bore His Acout to the barn. sounts for Six Years.

The roof was burning flercely, but he dashed into the building and began with frantic haste to unscrew the hinges of the smooth pine door that

horses out safely, and the sparks were falling round the old man, but he

"Fanshaw Told You the Story, Didn't He?"

ated now by longer and longer pauses, I zon, rose aagin and completed its cir

hand to save a man-a man who had back and forth from horizon to hori-

the rest of his life in hell." He shud- to turn back upon itself-sometimes

her.

did.

But it was Jeanne who went to erect once more, pulled off one of her

Somehow, since that last ex- heavy gauntlets, and with her bare

She sat there beside him, breath

less, almost lifeless with suspense

while that pencil traced its course

zon, stopped sometimes on the zenith,

continuing through unchecked. At

last her breath burst forth from her

in a great sob. She turned and clung

-it can't-it can't!"

-what you think you see?"

down against his shoulder.

"Signals," she gasped out.

light-from a search-light."

"Philip," she said, "it can't be that

"Tell me-tell me what it looks like

She stayed just where she was, cling-

ing to him, cowering to him, as if some

thing terrified her, her face pressed

He drew a long deep breath or two.

"Well," he said, his voice breaking

in a shaky laugh, "if we are mad, we

time. What it just said was, 'Cour-

CHAPTER XXIV.

Unwinged.

shoulder, but, presently, she stood

For awhile she stayed just where

age. They are coming."

but still Jeanne waited .- "Very sure cuit to the other side.

the correctness of my own

attitude then. Correct is, perhaps, the

exact word for it. I wouldn't turn a

been my friend, too-from living out

dered a little at that and she quickly

would have seen and done then. And

if you did wrong, then it's you who

have suffered for it-you who have

paid the penalty. You have paid for

the thing you left undone as well as

for the thing he did. But we must

not talk about it any more, now.

You're not strong enough. I ought

not to have spoken of it at all, but,

somehow, I couldn't wait any longer.

"Just this much more, Jeanne, and

then we will let it go: You see now,

don't you, dear, why I said I never

could go back to the world, never clear

myself of the old charge at Hunter's

expense - Perry Hunter's expense-

now that he is dead; and don't you see

that that's as impossible now as it was

It was with a half laugh and a half

"Oh, my dear," she said, "what does

the world matter? This is the world

here. You and I. The space of this

great bear-skin we are lying on. The

else is there that matters? Come, it's

you warm enough out here, or shall we

when I first said it?"

sob that she kissed him.

go back to the hut?"

to you," he said.

sleep.

"That was long ago," she said. "You

can see now what a God, perhaps, to him wildly.

laid her hand upon his lips.