

mebbe the Lord 'll be just as tickled as He was then."

"Yes, yes!" his wife sighed softly. "If I were a man, I should feel so too. But I'm a woman, and I want my home. This will be a wilderness for the women until they have made their homes and—and their graveyards—a place for the living and a place for the dead."

Cannon struck his great hands together with a helpless gesture. "Lord God!" he cried; "why can't we see ahead, an' know what's best? But I'm goin', wife—just once more. I've got to; I've got to!"

Forrester came too, sometimes, loitering about and looking on while Mark worked. He seemed to know no distress over the time to come, but faced it with his habitual air of amused tolerance. It was with a light, off-hand whimsicality that he spoke one day, as June drew near:

"Hurry up the wedding, Mark. I'm waiting for it. Then I'm going down to