

"Sometimes I see a road of my own," Carlisle confided, "from the Pays d'en Haut to Hudson's Bay. Yes, and sometimes I even see the shoals of the bay gouged out and a regular fleet of ships sailing there. It's going to be as Thompson says, a country bigger than any individual, bigger than any institution, an empire in the end. Furthermore, it's going to be an empire no man can be ashamed of, Wayne. Why not have a hand in its making?"

Wayne shook his head, disconsolately.

"No, I'm going back when we reach Miehipicoten, back to the Wyoming Valley. It was unrest drove me out, Carlisle. It's rest, content, that's taking me home."

"But you'll come sometimes, come to see her?"

"Every year in the spring—when the wanderlust stirs! During the months I won't see her I tell you I'll be very lonely, Carlisle. But don't let her know that. Never a word. Look out—here she comes!"

She was coming out of the post with Thompson and Andrews and time was suddenly telescoped for Carlisle. He beheld her as he had first beheld her that evening she had stepped out of her father's canoe at Port Charlotte, and as he gazed at her he had the mystic feeling that this was that very moment. There had been no long, hard, danger-ridden months, no bitter blood feud, no deadly rivalry between.

Here glided her swelling-hipped, full-bosomed figure, erect, agile, supple in poise, with the graceful strength in the curves of the limbs, as it had