

THE WONDER WOMAN

wonder—girl!" I hesitated, and then exultantly I murmured: "A wonder woman!" and turned and beat a hasty retreat to the cabin.

Arrived there I sat down rather breathlessly on the steps. I saw light at last!

It was under the stars that night that I told Wanza of my discovery. Joey was sleeping peacefully indoors, watched over by Mrs. Olds, the doctor had just left, after assuring me that my lad would soon be convalescent, and Wanza and I walked on the river-bank.

"Wanza," I said, "is that a russet-backed thrush singing?"

"I think so, Mr. Dale."

"His notes are wonderfully liquid and round, aren't they?" I gave a sigh of pure happiness. "I feel like a 'strong bird on pinions free,' myself to-night. I feel emancipated—as though life were beginning all over for me. I am in love with life, Wanza. I want to awake to-morrow and begin life all over."

"Do you, Mr. Dale?"

"Isn't the world beautiful washed in this moonlight! The sky seems so near—like a purple silk curtain strung with jewels. But it is quite dark here beneath the pines, isn't it, Wanza? I have to guess at the flowers under our feet.