

"I mean to be just like him," Davy went on. "Do you think I'll ever be as strong as that?" he asked anxiously.

"It doesn't matter," said Mary, staring into the fire. "You can be as brave and honourable."

There was a knock at the front door. Brother and sister looked at each other in surprise.

"A sick Indian," said Mary.

Davy went to see. He closed the door of the room after him. Presently Mary heard a little cry, quickly smothered. Davy came in again breathless, and with shining eyes.

"There's — there's some one wants to see you!" he said shakily. "Oh, Mary!"

She ran out into the hall. The front door was open, and he stood there, broad-shouldered and bulky with much clothing, dark against the field of snow. He was bareheaded, and the moonshine was making a little halo around the edges of his curly pate. He held out his arms, and in a twinkling she was in them.

"Mary! My love!" he murmured. "I nearly went out of my mind wanting you. I've come back for you! Never to leave you again!"

Their lips met, and their tears ran together. Mary was the only woman who ever saw those hard blue eyes fill and overflow.