

# The Prodigal of the Hills

## PROEM

THIS is the story of the life that was won,  
and the life that was lost; the death  
that had no sting, and the grave that had no  
victory. A man—tired, very tired, of a never-  
ending struggle with the other half of himself,  
had all but swung himself through that auto-  
matic, self-locking gate which stands on the  
Broad Road that is known as the Coward's  
Way to Peace. A weary woman—she had been  
but a girl a few weeks before—looked with  
eagerness upon an angry, foaming torrent, and  
longed to smother her young sorrow in the  
oblivion of its billowy depths.

But the Hand of God guided the steps of the  
man, and my tale has a different ending. For  
the one came—but enough here; the pages  
will reveal. For the other a period of service