

The Lost Road

the man showed such feeling that the girl said soberly:

"Mine means that to me, too. I will never part with mine, either."

Lee turned to her and smiled, appealing wistfully.

"It seems a pity to separate them," he said. "They'd look well together over an open fireplace."

The girl frowned unhappily. "I don't *know*," she protested. "I don't *know*."

The next day Lee received from the War Department a telegram directing him to "proceed without delay" to San Francisco, and there to embark for the Philippines.

That night he put the question to her directly, but again she shook her head unhappily; again she said: "I don't *know*!"

So he sailed without her, and each evening at sunset, as the great transport heaved her way across the swell of the Pacific, he stood at the rail and looked back. With the aid of the first officer he calculated the difference in time between a whaling village situated at forty-four degrees north and an army transport dropping rapidly toward the equator, and so, each day, kept in step with the girl he loved.