

"For—for your sake," he stammered.

"For my sake?"

"Yes. The life would not be so hard there. You would have comforts which you could not obtain here."

"And you would give up your grand work in the North, where you have had such success and so promising a future, for a—a woman? Surely you do not mean it!"

"But what would life be like here without the woman I love? It would be unbearable!"

"And would a woman be worthy of your love unless she were willing to share your lot wherever it might be? A true, loving wife would rather be with her husband in the midst of the fight, by his side to sustain and comfort him in his trials. Then, where love reigned, the little log cabin would be a more blessed spot than a palace where love was not."

"Constance! oh, Constance! can you give me that love? Could you be happy with me in a rough frontier town? Tell me. Tell me, do you love me?"

"Mr. Steadman——," she began.

"Not that! Not that!" he cried passionately.

"Well, Keith, then. Oh, Keith, I do love you! I have loved you so long, but I am not worthy of your love, and—and——"

"Darling! My darling!" he cried, clasping her in his arms and imprinting upon her lips the sacred