

Nature's deathless calm. Toward noon the clouds passed and the sun shone with dazzling brilliance; the perfumed breath of the woods and the earth was full of a sensuous languor. Again Mark bathed in the rivulet, ate his dinner with unabated appetite, and set off for the ferry-landing. He was rested and refreshed. He must make his settlement with Frick and take a square look at his future, he told himself. Prolonged idleness was not his part.

He found Frick elated over his careful tables of figures, that spelled success.

"Thirty-seven hundred and eighty dollars, Bailey," he said with quiet satisfaction. "Here's your statement. Check it off, and see if it's right."

A renewed sense of mastery came to Mark, as he tucked his money securely into his belt.

"And now what's the plan?" he asked.

"We'll have to wait a few days," Frick said, "until some new stuff comes up the river. Supplies are short here, after the