

much," she said. She saw again that love was not dead in his heart and the revelation frightened her. "You have been so good to me, 'Gene, and I don't know how I am ever to repay you," she hurried on, eager to pass the crisis.

"You—you c'n pay me in your own way an' in your own time," he said, looking intently at the ground, uncertain of his own meaning.

"We leave to-night," she said, "and I must not go away without—without settling with you."

"Settlin' with me," he echoed. There was no passing over the bitterness in his voice. "You are goin' to-night. Good God!—" he burst out, but the new habit of self-repression was strong. "I beg your pardon, Justine," he went on a moment later. "To-night?"

"Mr. Strong will take us to the train at six o'clock," she said. She had not looked for so much emotion. "'Gene, I owe you so much that I don't see how I am ever to pay you. Not only is it money that I owe, but gratitude. I have thought it all out, 'Gene, and there is only one way in which I can pay the smallest part of my debt, for the debt of gratitude can never be paid. I have sent for 'Squire Rawlings and—and, 'Gene, I know you won't misunderstand me—I am going to ask you