

enne were left alone. In intense interest he listened to Vivienne's caressing accents as she addressed the unhappy, agitated man before her.

"So you wish me to go away?" she said.

"Yes," he muttered, "I do. Go now while I have the strength to say it. I am a ruined man."

"Dearer to me in your ruin than in your prosperity," she murmured; "will you, can you drive me from you?"

"Yes," he ejaculated with white lips, and leaning one hand against the wall to steady himself, "I can. Go."

"Good-bye, then," she said softly. "I am too proud a woman to force a man to keep his promise. Good-bye," and she sauntered slowly away.

But that glance over her shoulder! The Indian choked back a barbaric explosion of laughter as he saw it and watched Armour hurrying after her so quickly, that he caught his foot in the silken train of her gown, with a cry of irrepressible love and despair, "I cannot let you go."

Then there was a long silence. "All right now," muttered Joe gleefully. "He much huggum and kissum. He no go crazy like ole man. He marryum in church with flowers and girls to wearum white," and quietly obliterating himself among the shadows of the house, he went in peace and contentment to his camp.