

him see. In a flash the past was translated for him.

He felt that he could not allow her to depart like that, without one word of comfort, or a confession of the self-abasement that he felt for his blindness, but his voice seemed dead in his throat; it would not rise to hail her. In a moment more she was gone, and the clatter of her mount's hoofs was dimming in the night.

Here was a new thing come to trouble him. It had the regret in it of knowing that Jo was honest, brave, generous and good, and that he had given her pain. But he could not love her, the other had possession of his endowment, and he had no more to give. Above the turmoil of regret, and blame which he attached to himself for having been blind so long, he knew that it would have been better for him if he had loved Josephine. There would have been none of this wild longing then, no wearying and outreaching of the heart.

He turned back toward the house, feeling disciplined, old. A little way from the door he paused, surveying the bleak scene, now softened like the recollection of an old regret under the mounting moon. The scars of their old explorations were there below him in the face of the naked hill, and beyond, the old derrick, standing guard over the last, deep bore.

It was given to the Heiskells, it seemed to him in that hour, to fasten their hearts upon, and waste their lives in pursuit of, the far, bright promises of