

ing, unjust, no doubt. He would put her out of his life, and forget her great eyes softened with the mist of tears, and forget her voice in the tender cadence of that old song, which came to the heart with so much comfort, and unfolded such a long, sweet vista of homely reverie.

"Just a song at twilight,  
When the lights are low,  
And the flick'ring shadows  
Softly come and go——"

But even as he resolved it came back to him, and would not be denied. Perhaps she was all that he had charged, but in the depths of his soul he loved her; perhaps she was not for him, doubtless her ambitions mounted far above him, but he must love her still.

"Why not?" said he to himself, throwing back his head, the moonlight on his strong, earnest face. And again, as if he challenged the answer, "Why not?"

Who was above him so high that he must despair of attaining an equal footing? Not any. He braced back his shoulders and filled his deep lungs with the soft, spring-like air, scented this night with the mingled perfumes which the mists of the morning had released from dry stem of bergamot, wild grape and sassafras. He was still master, he had been nobody's man. The world was before him, as full of opportunity as before, for all of that one which had