

AU REVOIR

right to hear—though it will make me seem—I don't know what, in your eyes."

"It's not my due at all!" she contradicted.

"I've only *butted in*; that's what I've done!"

"You've not butted in," he assured her, shaking his head. "All the way down the mountain I've hardly been able to answer Marsden's talk for thinking—for thinking about you. And say! There was nothing in that Miss Henderson business. Do you believe me? There was nothing in it."

"She's the most beautiful woman in Kootenay," said Nance, "and I can quite easily understand——"

"Rubbish!" Sam interrupted. "She's not beautiful, not even pretty, when you look right at her. But you are. And I only wish I was good enough to think I could go right home to the ranch and know I was working for"—her eyes were directly on him—"you."

It seemed he must work for somebody other than himself.

Till his last day he would never forget how simply, standing there on the smelter bridge of all places—which would surely worry the pseudo-romanticists who can only relish a proposal in a gondola—she slipped her hand into his, and said: "I am certainly very proud of you, Mr. Haig."

"Sam," he corrected.

"Sam," said she, and he had never known his name could sound as it sounded on her lips.

"I'll call you Nance when I feel half good