

"Yes; but he came to me last winter and apologized. He was desperate with homesickness, and he went back to Russia. He told me that the place saved him: he has had a successful season. Palmer Jacks did work there that has set him solidly on his feet — oh, atrocious work, I admit, but he sells it and he's happy — I think he is even looking for a lady to marry him;" Candace's hardy brown face was all curled up in smiling lines. "And though he is still poor enough, he won't take the cabin for this year. Give it to some other poor devil, he says. Not much harm done there?"

"No," Lucy admitted.

"Some one will always have to look out for little Willing: it might as well be me as any one else. You can't say he isn't grateful. The Dabneys want me to build a cottage there and rent it to them; they must feel that they got something. As for Dana Malone — I don't think his cabin was wasted, little Lucy!"

A vision of what her life would have been if Dana's cabin had not been built brought Lucy to Candace's side. "O Candy, if we hadn't!" she cried.

"I thought as much. Well, now, what is your wish? Shall I go on lending the cabins? It isn't a brilliant record, I admit. I could rent them and pay you a good interest on the investment."