

on the staff of the *Revolversburg Democrat*, that you would turn out a very big man."

"Well," he mumbled, "I'm an afternoon's walk round the chest, and six foot four in my socks."

"I didn't mean that, Brand. Father once said that only a hero dares to tell all the truth."

"Doesn't pay," said Brand. "A few weeks of telling the truth have done for me. Three months ago I was owner and editor of the *Revolversburg Democrat*; now I'm a tramp. Doesn't pay."

"It does pay." She turned upon him, her eyes glowing with admiration. "It pays better than success, better than wealth, better than anything. When I read your wonderful editorials I knew that you'd be ruined; I knew that those wretched money-lenders, timber thieves, lying politicians, bad magistrates, hypocrites in high places, would get up and howl at you. I wasn't a bit surprised at your being shot, burnt out, driven out of the town, for why should you be better off than our Master, who died for the truth?"

He rose from the table, blushing scarlet. "Why, how did you find out?"

"Find out? Haven't you seen the papers?"

"Not for a month."

"You don't know how pleased the whole country is to hear of a journalist who dares to do his duty. Why, there were columns about you every day—'The Missing Hero'; 'Brand Haraldson, the modern Saint George.' Oh, don't you suppose it's praise; the papers have been laughing at you."

"What rubbish!" said Brand, scornfully. "The silly season is right early this year; but they'd sell their souls for copy." Then he chuckled. "I look like a celebrity, don't I?"

She sat down, loosening the buckle of her cloak, which