

ground. The pallor of his face was so marked that even she had observed it. He had not raised his eyes to look at her, but she had seen his chest rise and fall.

The third day after the funeral she faced Crawley in the barn-lot. With Celeste she was to leave that evening for Chicago and the time had come for settlement. She stood near the little gate that led to the barn-lot and he approached slowly, uncertain as to the propriety of addressing this woman in grief. It was to be his first word to her since he said good-by on the day that took her to Chicago with his money in her purse, the price of his horses. He had staked his all to give her the means to find Sherrod and she had found him.

"'Gene, I am going away," she said, extending her hand as he came up.

"Going away?" he repeated, blankly.

"Yes. Miss Wood has asked me to accompany her to Europe and—and I am going."

He was silent for a long time, his dazed eyes looking past her as if sightless.

"That's—that's a long ways to go, Justine," he said at last, and his voice was husky. The broad hand which had held hers for an instant, shook as he laid it on the gate post.

"It is very good of her, 'Gene, and I love her so