

"I know, I know," she said kindly. "You are so good; you were always so good; but I need no one."

Cameron glanced at the lithe, strong, upright figure striding along beside him with easy grace; and the truth came to him in swift and painful revelation.

"You are right," he said as if to himself. "You need no one, and you don't need me."

"But," she cried eagerly, "it was good of you all the same."

"Good!" he said impatiently. "Good! Nonsense! I tell you, Mandy, I want you, I want you. Do you understand? I want to marry you."

"Oh, don't say that!" she cried, stopping short, her voice disturbed, but kindly, gentle and strong. "Don't say that," she repeated, "for, of course, that is impossible."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Yes," she said, her voice still quiet and steady, "quite impossible. But I love you for saying it, oh—," she suddenly caught her breath. "Oh, I love you for saying it." Then pointing up the road she cried, "Look! Some one for you, I am sure." A horseman was galloping swiftly towards them.

"Oh hang it all!" said Cameron. "What the deuce does he want now?"

"We must talk this out again, Mandy," he said.

"No, no!" she cried, "never again. Please don't, ever again; I could not bear it. But I shall always remember, and—I am so glad." As she spoke, her hands, with her old motion, went to her heart.

"Oh the deuce take it!" said Cameron as the Sergeant flung his horse back on his heels at their side. "What does he want?"

"Constable Cameron," said the Sergeant in a voice