

had hoped to realise in a few weeks or months enough profit from her supposed investment to carry out her designs in comfort.

There was no doubt that she had recognised him; his act of partial restitution had almost surprised it from her in words. But the silence that she had kept seemed to tell him that the past was forgotten, that his place in it had become a blank. He was without the comfort now of looking forward to the day when they should meet; the future would be without the sustaining stimulation of that hope.

She had an eagle's heart, his father said, recalling in his bitterness her slow, sad words of accusation. Yet the tears which sprung in her eyes as she rose and looked into his face seemed to tell him of something gentler than that. But she had not spoken, she had not smiled. She had shut him out of her heart like a stranger.

Now he must begin again without the warm light of that exalted dream. But it was sweet to have had it, even to lose it, and brave to know that it had held him up, head to the storm, like a stout ship, when he might have faltered in adversity but for its great, white light. He had made his leap, and he had fallen short. Now he must begin again, back, farther back, than two months ago, when he left that place with the fresh blood of his slaughtered flock in his nostrils. And that without the hope of her.

He shook himself to fling off the sombre thought. She was one in a world of women, heartless, exact-