

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING

more. I was no wiser than before, and a whole lot more restless. At eleven o'clock it was awful, so I rang up Mr. Franklin again."

"At eleven I went up," said Sam.

They looked at each other, and their gaze lingered.

"Half an hour ago I rang up Franklin again, with the queerest feeling that whatever might happen had happened by then! He was in at last, and told me he had heard you were in town, but that you hadn't called at the *Grand Western*. And then—well, then I thought I'd come right along to the smelter. I didn't know what I'd ask them here when I arrived. I was trying to think that out on the way."

She stopped speaking, and found Sam looking tenderly down on her.

"Well, you see how it is," said he. "It's all right."

"I can't tell you how glad I am," said she.

"And I can't tell you how I appreciate—though you shouldn't have done it—your reason for going up. I can hardly believe it. Father always said you were crazy about——" she blushed, perceiving that if she went upon that vein she might appear to be making what she had no desire to make—a comparison.

"Crazy about Miss Henderson," Sam supplied the rest.

"Yes," said Nance.

"Maybe I was in a way," he admitted. "Guess I ought to tell you about that. Guess it's your