

her!)—to give her a cheerful send-off, by way of happy omen? She is just engaged to Dallas Fraser.”

So, without word or glance, and with a face as set as death, he followed, and let Marie act her little farce with him by way of puppet.

Would it always be a farce—a tragedy? or a mere comedy of modern life, in which the tragedy is so well masked that no one need suspect the grim traits underneath?

Out there, before they reach the path of moonlight on the lake, Dallas turns round on Frank.

“It is he who is the hero,” he says.

“Head of all crysten knights, and never matched by earthly knight’s hands. But, Frank—the truest lover of a sinful man, that ever loved woman!”

A sudden dimness gathers in the girl’s eyes; but they do not fall under his own.

Dallas shifts his paddle into his left hand, and reaches out his right for Frank’s.

“They’ll be upon us in another moment—those people yonder—and yet you have not told me if you love me, Frank?”

How fair she looks, with that soft shining on her bright, uncovered head, as a sudden current sweeps them on into the moon’s path. Lighted up so, they are in full view from the other canoes.