

"And I talk United States, Chinook, and some Cree — we ought to get along almost anywhere," he laughed. "Let's leave this Europe business open. Now here's a really serious question: When our honeymoon is over — what?"

"I don't understand."

"Where shall we live? I can sell out here, if you like."

"But you wouldn't like?"

"I'd hate to," he admitted.

"I know. So should I. We'll live here, at Chakchak. It shall be our home."

"Would you be contented? It's lonely at times. The winters are long. You'd miss your friends and your old life."

"I ran away from both. I love your country because it's yours. It shall be mine, too. Look!" Away in the distance a tiny point of light twinkled. "There are the lights of Chakchak — our home lights, dear!"

Her hand sought his in the darkness, met, and clasped it. A star shot in a blazing trail across the velvet blackness of the sky. The first breath of the night breeze, cold from the mountain passes, brushed their cheeks. Save for the distant light the world was dark, the land lonely, silent, devoid of life. The great spaces enfolded them, wrapped them in silence as in a vast robe. But the old, sweet sense was in their hearts as they rode slowly forward — to the Light!