

Cynthia Wins

"I meant to have such a good time for myself as soon as I could afford it," she said, as they paced slowly along the trail side by side. "That post that was offered to me at Banff would have made a good holiday possible for me, and I meant to take it out in winter sports. Then I heard how ill Prudence White was, and to pay my debt of gratitude so far as I could I went to nurse her, and that was how it came about that our paths crossed again. Do you not see that, but for that, we might never have come to know each other. I should not have found my mother's kin, and life would have been a very dreary affair lived all on my own."

"It is generally like that. Self-sacrifice does bring a very sure reward." Jerrold was silent while they walked half a dozen yards, then he burst out abruptly: "I reached Esquimault last night. I was too late for bank hours. I knew the cars started before bank opened in the morning, so I went round and demanded an out-of-hours interview with the manager, and he gave me the astounding information that you had been lodging enough money in the bank to keep me from want for the remainder of my days. He also showed me the will that Clear-eyed Cyrus left behind him."

"Then Mr. Ponder was Clear-eyed Cyrus?" exclaimed Cynthia with a start.

"What do you know about Clear-eyed Cyrus?"