

The Man at Lone Lake

The sea-wind blew its salt fragrance in their faces, and on the crest of one of the waves a gull rocked to and fro with a flash of silver wings.

“We seem very, very far from the north country of the foot-hills,” Nance said, after a moment. “I often wonder how Wanota fares, and how life goes with the Sisters, and if things are well or ill with François. After all, I was sorry for François!”

The man looked out across the water and to the cloudy line.

“I did not tell you, sweetheart,” he said, “but I got a letter from the old priest of St. Elizabeth. I left it in New York, I think, that letter.”

She caught his hand. “How were they, every one, Dick?” she cried eagerly. “Was all well with the Sisters and little Wanota?”

He smiled down at her.

“All was very well with the Sisters,” he answered. “And with Wanota—and, yes—yes, I think, with François also.”