

Helena's Path

little upward and bowing his head to meet it half-way in its ascent. She felt his lips lightly brush the skin. His homage for Beach Path and his right therein was duly paid.

Slowly he rose to his feet; slowly her eyes turned upward to his face. It was ablaze with a great triumph; the fire seemed to spread to her cheeks.

"It's better than I dreamed or hoped," he murmured.

"What? To have peace between us? Yes, it's good."

"I have never seen your face before." She made no answer. "Nor you mine?" he asked.

"Once on Sandy Nab you passed by me. You didn't notice me — but, yes, I saw you." Her eyes were steadily on him now; the flush had ceased to deepen, nay, had re-