

And to the Coogans come sometimes letters from a far-western farm to say that things are well and that prosperity has come to one who signs himself — facetiously it always seems to Mamie who reads the letters to her husband — as Pale Face Harry.

And so the years have passed, and it is summer time again. The fields are green; the trees in leaf; the flowers in bloom. And there are visitors who have come again to the scenes of yesterday — a man and woman — and between them a sturdy little lad of eight. They stop at the end of the wagon track and look out across the lawn.

It is still and peaceful, tranquil — and to them comes the soft, low murmur of the surf. Slowly they walk across the lawn, and pass beneath the splendid maples — and pause again.

The cottage is like some poet's fancy, hidden shyly in its creepers and its vines; and seems to speak and breathe in its simple beauty of the gentle soul who once had lived there — and loved his fellow-men. It is as it always was, open, free for all to pass within who wish to enter; for loving hands have cared for it, and grateful purses, opened to its needs, have kept it as — a Shrine.

But they do not enter now, for Madison points to where the sunlight, as it glints through the trees at the far end of the cottage, falls on a slender shaft of marble.

"Let us go there, Helena," he said softly.

And so they walked that way, past the trellises