

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING

into the porch. "Isn't that great!" she said. "There's the moon just rising. Come and look."

Clustering at the door they looked out, and enjoyed the display, saw the slabs of brightness breaking on the peaks, the great wedges of black-purple shadows; the taller pine-tops well lit up; the sudden dart of a moon-path across the lake, twinkling ghostly, with its effect of wavering silver discs, between the boundary bushes and scrub. The girls walked along the veranda; Sam strolled after them. Miss Walters descended the steps and stood below. To Sam there came a sense of having formerly lived that part of his life, of:

"I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell."

No one spoke. Nance stood beside him, the queer blanching moonlight on her; and then there came to his mind that night on the veranda at Henderson's with Mildred, and inwardly he writhed. That night belonged to another life, a drugged life.

"You're very quiet, Nance," Miss Walters said, looking up.

"I'm thinking," replied Nance. "I can't get out of my head the way Mr. Marsden looked at Miss Henderson when she was talking about *grit*. I believe he's so crazy about her that he'll go and ride up in a bucket. I do. I'm almost sure about it."

"What I didn't like was the way she spoke to you," said her friend. "That man Marsden shouldn't be such a fool!"