

stark forces of a virgin country. The cities were far away, remote.

He had heard the Winds of God upon the Sounding Board of the Hills and they had shown him Deity. He was no longer a questioner, an agnostic. He had come too close to the bare heavens.

Thus he was borne down the dripping valley, filled with a vast peace, content,—a Westerner at last.

"Sandry," whispered Siletz, as the procession wound up the slope to the cook-shack, lifting troubled, adoring dark eyes to his, "will it make any difference to you that I have no soul? Will my heart do?"

And Sandry could only hold more tightly the two small brown hands.

THE END