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against the chimney-stones. One thought had been uppermost in the mind of each, but both had avoided it in speech. Now Forrester spoke as though with a courageous effort.

"She's here, Mark," he said quietly. "At the Bluffs, I mean. She's been there ever since we came back."

Mark was bending over the fire, raking a bed of coals together. At the calm words he stood suddenly erect, feeling his every muscle drawing tense.

"Here!" he echoed. "She's *here*? Why, what——"

"She's teaching school, over yonder," Forrester said, with the same quiet. "She began it a little while after we got here. She meant to go back to her home, but she changed her mind and staid. I've been here too, all the time. She wanted the school, and I got it for her. I've done all I could, Mark."

"And what—what else? Tell me!"

Forrester shook his head. "That's all. There's nothing more than that,