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CHAPTER XIX

A LOST DISCOVERY

IF ONLY there were some way to bridge the miles between them and safety!

Purdy put aside the thought, set the machinery so that the end might be delayed as long as possible, and went over to Marie. In his heart was a measure of contrition. How his foolish brain had fought against her.

"I was so afraid!" she whispered. "But—I'm not, now."

Here was just a simple woman, clinging to him for strength and comfort. And he was the one in all the world that she wanted to cling to. Her face, her sign of returning courage, told him that. The thousand questions, as yet unanswered, seemed of very little consequence now.