

little old house the Englishman had built so long ago.

As he let himself in, Bim came tearing to meet him. The firelight was still bright upon the hearth, and Brown sat down before it, leaning forward to look into the glowing coals with eyes which saw there splendid things. The dog came close and laid his head on Brown's knee and received the absent-minded but friendly caress he longed for. Also, with the need for speech, Bim's master told him something of what he was thinking.

"The look of her, Bim, boy, in those simple clothes—why, she was never half so beautiful in the most costly things she ever wore. And she's mine—mine! She's coming here—next month, Bim, to be my wife! Can you believe it? I can't—not more than half. And yet, when I remember—remember——

"And it seemed hard to me, Bim—all this year—my life here. I thought I was an exile—I,