

## Cynthia Wins

We might have been passengers from Europe now, and the old camp-kettle or cooking-pot was packed into an overland travelling-trunk. Cyrus was my invalid Uncle Mike, and I don't believe even Long Jake would have recognized him. I had been wondering whom I could get to live with him when we reached here. By that time all fear had left him, and his one desire was to be left alone. He asked me to give him a little money for his everyday needs. I also opened an account for him at the stores at Beaver Crossing. I believed him to be entirely dependent on me, and I do not believe he spent a single cent of his own money from the time he first came here until he died. I came to see him as often as I could. I was bound by my promise to him never to speak of him. The man at the stores sent for me when my uncle, as he thought, got worse, and I was here when he passed away. He never even then breathed a word to me of having money to leave."

"Perhaps when death came near to him he forgot about the money," suggested Cynthia, and Jerrold said he thought it might be so.

A silence fell between them then. The logs in the stove made little snapping noises, but the hush outside the house was very profound to-night. There was a great quiet in the forest now that the wind had dropped.

One of the dogs sighed and moaned in its sleep,