

forward, and the roaring furnace, with doors wide open, was throwing out its ruddy glow. Then a long, shrill blast ripped the air, followed by another, and yet another. Far from the distance came back the echo, Nature's answer and welcome to the little steamer.

For several hours Keith sat in the vestry of the church, which had been his dwelling place since his return from the Quelchie camp. He was surrounded by his mail. Papers and parcels of books strewed the floor, while on the table was a liberal supply of letters. He had been busily engaged upon the latter, and they brought him varied news; this of joy, that of sorrow.

He rose from the table, when his eye caught sight of an unopened letter lying on the floor which had fallen from the table. Quickly opening it, he ran his eyes over the contents, and as he did so his face flushed. He sat down again, re-read the letter, and then remained for some time in deep thought.

At length he arose and wended his way to the Radhurst cabin. Constance was not in. She had gone to Old Pete's grave, so her father told him. Would he come in and wait for her return?

"No, thank you," Keith replied. "I shall stroll that way myself. I want to visit the grave, too."

As he drew near the spot where the prospector was lying he beheld Constance kneeling by the side of the mound, arranging some early wild flowers she had