

one. And then the real struggle began, and in the sweat of it they came upon their slighted honor.

They paid the passage money back. Every cent of it.

"Man," the old master had said when Charlie had come to inform him of his intentions of bettering himself, "Man, I should jolly well like to . . . ." He did not complete his sentence. What right had he to keep any man from doing the best he could for himself? He recognised more than a broken word in the move.

The "Drang" was a good deal stronger than Charlie, and came to all of them alike. That it came and had to be answered was not the thing, but the way in which the answer was given, and what the answer was going to be.

There is an old man out there but recently come with his daughter. They have bought twenty acres of land in the heart of the woods. Such woods!

He and the daughter have started to clear the land.

The two of them alone. With their own hands. She is a gentlewoman. He is a dreamer.

They are living on berries, and game, and fish, and a few groceries. With them it is a matter of faith. With outsiders a matter of years and cash.

The old man can never hope to see his nebulous farm take shape. His days cannot last out.

It is a tremendous thing to see a man caught at the throat by his own reaction. There was out there a man floating about on his enchanted isle in the Elysian