

Hampden, with the aid of the towering spine and the sheer depths, had made good his words. They would never send him to the chair.

And with the passing of the wondrous face under the dishevelled gold hair had gone his last desire.

They hastily constructed another sling and added one more burden to the procession.

So at last and forever Walter Sandry came unto his own. There was yet timber in the Coast Country. The East Belt was all but free of its shadow. Those old hidden records should be unearthed through Hampden's boast, or he would file on it legitimately himself, for that confession of Frazer's recorded deed would invalidate the O'Connel filing.

His enemy was gone,—in shame and wrath and dishonour. He had won his fight.

That old crime, done in poetic justice under the Right Law of primal man, troubled him not at all, for he saw the glory of his father's face, heard his "I am at peace."

Beside him walked that love of which he had dreamed, the pearl of price which he had so nearly lost in his blindness. Before him went his tried friend, big John Daily, whose heart had shut on its own pain and opened to him the more.

At the camp waited the white haired general who was a mother to him.

Here was his life from this time forth, amid the