

by five years than at the time of their parting, with a quiet, contained dignity and power of restraint that bespoke a ripened manhood. In the first moments of their meeting Mark saw the difference, wondering at its meaning.

But he asked no intimate questions; understanding would come soon enough. For an hour they sat, while he told of what had befallen on the trail and of the outcome of the enterprise. Forrester spoke but little; sometimes it was plain that he was not attending to what Mark said, while his thoughts were fixed upon something, invisible but to his brooding eyes, deep in the glowing heart of the coals.

By and by Mark arose. "Supper!" he said briskly. "I've been forgetting. I'm near starving. Now you've got to do the talking, and let me work. What's been happening here? I have n't heard a word yet."

Forrester drew back into the shadow at the side of the fireplace, leaning