

down and then flashed up again. This was the steady gleam of a lamp. The more she looked at it the more she wondered. In her anxiety she broke into a run, but soon paused, dropping back to a walk because she fancied she heard footsteps coming along the trail towards her, although she could see no one as yet.

Ah, what was that? She had a momentary glimpse of a moving figure that stepped between her and the light. Then it seemed to pause. A second later she heard a voice:

“Cynthia, is it you?”

“Jerrold!” she cried in unbelieving joy, scarcely able to credit the evidence of her ears. “Jerrold, is it really you?”

It was all gone—the fierce anxiety, the wearing apprehension; all the pain of doubt and fear swept away in an instant by the sound of his voice, and the touch of his hand when she reached his side. Then she cried a little, with her head resting on the empty sleeve of his coat.

“Your poor right arm!” she sighed.

“I can afford to lose it,” he answered gravely. “The loss is made up to me in the gain of seeing you again, and of knowing that nothing need part us now. Why, Cynthia, if there had been no other way, I would have bartered the sight of both eyes for the certainty of knowing I could come home to you and rest in your love.”