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ate pressure. Their eyes met, and he tried to speak, but the words would not come.

“Good luck!” he cried with a laugh, and turned away.

When he was gone, Mark took Dorothy's hand in his and led her to the doorway of their home, standing there with her, looking down upon her, feasting his soul upon her radiant loveliness, hardly daring to breathe or to move lest the wondrous spell might be broken. It was long before he spoke. Laying his strong hand upon her fair head, he gently turned her face to his, looking into her glorious eyes—well-springs of love and tenderness and trust. Stooping, he kissed her upon the lips.

“Dorothy! Wife!” he whispered. Then, his strong arm about her, he drew her within the cabin.

THE END