

THE VAGABOND

it took you four years to make the journey," Bulwer replied. "That is some satisfaction in this trying hour. As I read the Constitution, it was the United States *are*. Now it is the United States *is* by the decision of a court from which there is no appeal—that of war. I hope that I may serve the undivided country, which still includes the land of my fathers, as faithfully as I served the Confederacy. There is work—so much work to be done!" Here he threw off all reserve and seemed to share the Vagabond's enthusiasm. "And there is no one whom I would rather meet than you. You stand for an idea which the war has made me appreciate. I have often thought of you and what you said of the fascination of taking wealth out of the hills and turning it to the good of the race and the honor of the country. My mother is always singing the praises of another side of your character, which is still more important. I am going to Lynchburg for her this afternoon. And when I have taken her and Volilla back to the plantation and we have bread on the table again, you must come and tell us more about California."

"Miss Lanley is here with my company. I—I am going to furnish her an escort to Lanleyton. I—I am going with her, myself, if she will permit me."

"There is no Lanleyton!" Bulwer exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes, there is—or as good a substitute as can be made." The Vagabond explained.

"You are magnificent—magnificent! But—but that would make no difference with her."

"I knew it would not. I don't want it to—please understand me!"