

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING

Not so long ago he had gone along a-dreaming of another girl's hand—not so long ago he had been all a-fever over Mildred Henderson, and now (it made him ashamed) he was—no, not a-fever, maybe in the difference there was solace for his shame!—but most sweetly haunted by Nance Webley. Yet out of respect for her (you already know him as a highly honourable man) he refused to dream of her. He did not think that he was worthy. He looked beyond all women's eyes, and faces, and their various glamour, to the ever-changing silver discs of the moonlight on the lake, and noted the effect of quiescence on the soaring moon-blanching mountain. The sheen of the moon drifted over it like an aura.