

my wishes fail. Unless you tell me you love this Indian, and that seems monstrous to me, this marriage shall never take place."

"It must, it must," she said, though her face was like marble, where it had been human before. "M'sieu, what is right must be done. I promised, and you were saved."

"Of your own free will? Rose," he caught both hands in a pressure that seemed to draw her soul along with it, "answer me truly."

"Of my will, yes, Monsieur." Her white throat swelled with the anguish she repressed.

"You have left out the 'free,'" but he knew well why she could not utter it.

"Monsieur, I think you would be noble enough to give your life for a friend"—she was about to say "whom you loved," but she caught her voice in time.

Was this heroic maiden the little girl who had run wild in the old town, and sung songs with the birds; who had been merry and careless, but always a sweet human Rose; the child he had taken to his heart long ago, the girl he had watched over, the woman—yes, the woman he loved with a man's first fervent passion! She should not go out of his life, now that God had made a space for her to come in it. Miladi he had given up to Laurent Giffard, she had never belonged to him in the deep sacredness of love. And as he watched her, his eyes seeming to look into her soul,