

The vibrant trembling of her body, close held in his arms, thrilled him; he could see dimly in the shadow the same old look in her eyes — the eyes of the girl he loved. The hour of their betrothal seemed to be his once more.

"I don't want to go home, Sam; I never want to see it again," she swept on. "I want to live here. Will you rebuild Big Shanty for you and me, dearest, and for Margaret and Billy? They love each other and ——"

He folded her in his arms.

"Kiss me again!" she pleaded.