



CHAPTER XV.



WHAT busy, exciting, tumultuous days were those that followed! It seemed as if life, after stagnating for a few months, were now rushing on at headlong speed. Dax went about with a new look upon his face, a new energy of manner, a new purpose in his heart. Hope had sprung into fresh life, and hope, as all men know, is the best tonic in the world. There had been more letters from Australia, full of technical details for the young engineer, and Dax was busy over them from morning to night, often rushing down to the works—his old dread quite forgotten—to consult the manager there upon some point which perplexed him. He was in some danger of overtaxing his slender stock of strength by these exertions, but he was so much more his old self than he had been before that nobody really scolded him. Every day he seemed to pick up a little lost ground. Even the arm seemed to take a fresh start, and though the