

274 The Shadow of a Great Rock

Kansas and play with those Free Soilers for a while. They're having no end of fun, and it will be something different for me. This game's too slow for my taste. Frick's going to keep my money for me; he can take care of it a lot better than I can. But I want to play at something swifter—something gorgeous and interesting. Be quick now, and let me go, before the thing gets stale with thinking about it."

A day in June, and in the bridal freshness and splendour of the morning Mark stood at Dorothy's side upon the carpet of violets beneath the trees, listening in rapture while the simple words were spoken that made her his wife. Never was such a morning before since the world began, he was sure; heaven and earth seemed burnished to the brilliance of flame, decked with all the glories of Nature's immortal life. Never before was such a chapel as that of the spring woodland, aisled with the arched leafage