

"You're so young, Miss Linda, you don't know. . . . I'd give my right hand to believe different, but I can't! It wouldn't be best . . . not for you."

November's tone moved me more than Linda's passion. He was a man fighting it out against his own heart. I knew well the power of attraction Linda possessed, but somehow I had not guessed how it had worked on Joe. When I came to think of it, I understood how blind I had been, that the influence was inevitable. It was not only her beauty, it was more than that. November, untaught woodsman though he might be, had found in her the answering note to his own high nature. I had indeed been right in so far that he had not dreamed of aspiring to her, nevertheless the episode would mean pain and loss to him, I feared, for many a day.

Once more I heard him.

"Don't you think I'll be proud every hour I have to live that you was so good to me, Miss Linda? I shan't never forget it."

"Joe, I think I hate you!" she cried, and then the quick tap of her footsteps told us she had run into the house.

There was absolute silence for a minute or two. At length Joe sighed heavily and with the slow