

little wood, as Garret had instructed, why he was up and off before Joan had even remembered the message out of all else she had to say. And there they "had it out" together, alone, under the green tree shade, with the water from Halfway spring flowing as of old for both houses, with fair speech and good comradeship once more established between themselves.

The retrospect of the drear and barren road behind them, Amsey had made a short cut across, in that delightful Island fashion that had enabled Joan to cut the Gordian knots that had so bound old Halfway. And the wall between them raised so high by Garret Wisdom through the long years past, so high that it almost seemed they could scarce lay it low again in the few that were yet left them, he overcame in the same way.

"Don't let us try to level it, or to walk back the road," said he when the other sought to explain the things that had set them at naught. "We'll leave the past alone, and just crawl under in this little opening Joan has made for us, and travel on in a new path: for our natures haven't changed in this trice, and first thing we know we'll be having a fresh row if we talk it all over. We've both erred."

"I, the most," said Garret Wisdom gravely.

"Well, I'll let you have your way about that, I suppose, but in all else you've got to give up taking the lead after this," said the other in jocular mood to lift the shadow. "And as for our time ahead being long or short, I wouldn't wonder a mite if we'd get off fishing yet, once you're really limbered up again. Remember how we used to flock the stream together and envy the fish their fill of water day and night? Gad, Garret, but that 'thirst' we've all got is a strange thing, hounding us as it has from generation to generation. Orin has tried again and again to break it up in me, and didn't succeed. Yet here I am in sight of that old spring I'd have given everything I had, the last weeks, for a drink from, and