

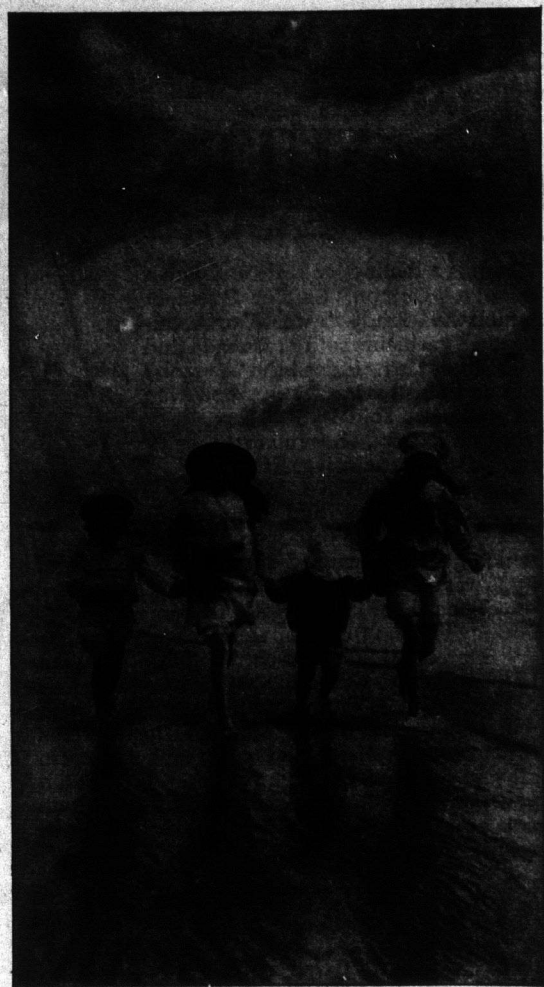
"Nymphs of the Ocean."

Negative taken on

"Wellington"

Extra speedy plate.

Half-tone from a print on Carbon Surface Bromide



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should. Of course, there's a chance that I might not be able to give you all that some men might—but I'm going to urge you to take the chance, dear."

He took the hand that rested beside him on the matted pine needles. At last she looked up and straight into his eyes, saying:

"What have I thought of you? I've thought about everything that's good, I guess. I've thought that it was impossible that you should ever love me, and that I must drive the very idea of it from my mind every time it came. And I have. At least I've tried to with all the determination I have. But I couldn't help thinking that you were everything that I could love in a man; that you could tell me more by just sitting quietly and not speaking than any man I have ever known could say by a great deal of talking. And you do love me. Oh! I hadn't dared dream it—not for a second! You never can know what it means to me, for no one has ever said that to me since mother died. Oh, if you'll love me always, and always tell me that you do, I'd be your wife and live in the poorest cabin in the mountains."

When they returned to the house the girl instinctively sought to release herself from his arm, but the Big Boss

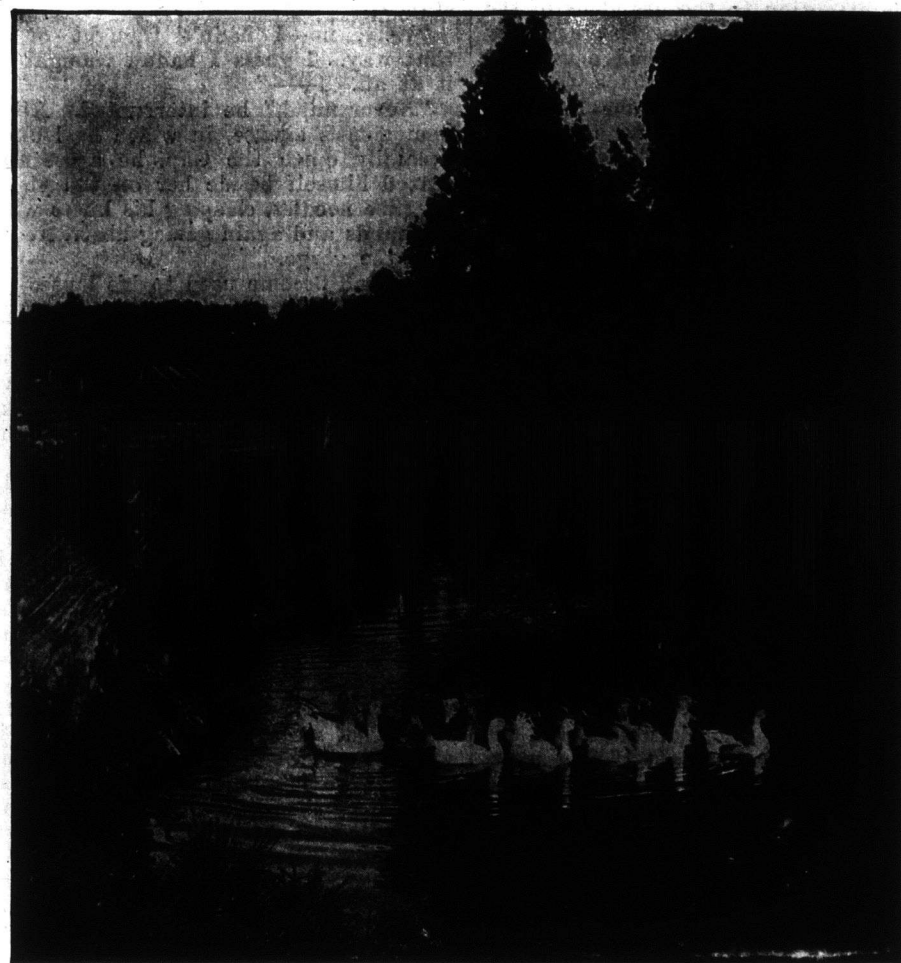
good than anything else in the whole world besides the fact that you love me and are going to be my wife day after to-morrow, when the last rivet is in place and the official inspection is completed. But I recognize that it's as much for you as for me that they have this feeling. I heard one of the old Irishmen say: 'Sae's a sweet little colleen that th' Big Boss be gettin', and just think dear little lonesome girl, we're going to be together always after the wedding.'

"But it just came to me last night," said Mary, "that you'll have to keep right on working—probably harder than ever—and that means you'll be gone from home a good share of the time. Couldn't I go too—and stay with you out on the job, the next time?"

"But you wouldn't mind staying behind if it seemed best, would you?" he asked, very seriously.

"Yes," she added with her queer little laugh, "I would. Years and years I've been without anybody who cared for me especially, and now I can't endure the thought of being separated from you for a month—or even for a week. Oh, it's sweet to be loved!" and the girl laid her cheek against that of The Boss and cried tears of joy.

The wedding of the girl and The Boss is history at the Gap. After it was all



A quiet morning among the shadows.

said: "No. I'm going to show them that you belong to The Boss, and that he's proud of you."

"Mrs. Stilton," said Carmody, his arm still about the girl's waist. "Mary and I are to be married the day the big bridge is finished. She is going to take you to Toronto to-morrow to help her get some new clothes, and I'm going to Montreal. I'll be back in four days, and then, if you'll consent, we'll have a wedding in your house. Of course, all the expenses of every sort—"

"Land alive!" exclaimed the gasping widow. "If the big bridge hasn't give us a romance like the ones in th' story papers!"

When the word reached the men that the completion of the bridge meant "wedding bells for the Big Boss," the impetus which it gave to the work was astonishing. There was so keen a desire on the part of the men to bring the date nearer that Carmody, on his return from Montreal, was obliged to resort to special measures of precaution and inspection to make sure that this enthusiasm did not result in a slight to the work.

"Mary," he said to her at their last meeting at Shoulder Rock, "the spirit which the boys down there in the camp have shown towards us does me more

over and the train was pulling into Montreal, the girl looked into the eyes of John Carmody and said:

"It's all been so strange, so exciting, that I haven't asked much about the little home that you have provided. Is there furniture enough so that we can go right into it to-night?"

"Would you rather, dear," he asked, "than go to a hotel, or stop with my friend John—even if it is just—"

"Oh, ever so much!" she declared. "No matter if it is just a room or two. It'll be our home and I can't wait till I get into it—not one night, even! Is there any furniture there yet?"

"A bed and bureau and a few chairs," he answered.

"And a kitchen stove?"

"Yes—a sort of stove that will answer the purpose."

The big blue eyes of Mary were dilated with wonder and excitement as John Carmody led her through the iron gate of the train shed into the station and thence upon the street with its babel of cabmen and cars and wagons.

"It makes me a little afraid," she said, drawing closer to him and clutching his arm more tightly.

"Why!" he suddenly exclaimed, "there's John's carriage. Stand here a moment and let me speak to his driver."