

jealous of him indeed, but a queer little pang came into her heart when Jerrold said:

“Don't begrudge me love, even if it is only the devotion of a dog. If you could only know how starved my heart has been, and how I have wanted love more than anything else!”

“How strange it should be so!” she exclaimed. “You always struck me as one having all things, and it was I who had nothing. When I was a child there was no one who cared for me except Prudence White; you were not so lonely as that.”

“As a child, no; it has been since I came to manhood that my trouble of solitude began. While my father and mother lived, I was the centre of their devotion. When they died, there was no one to whom I could turn except to Clear-eyed Cyrus, and he was then living away in the heart of the Rockies.”

“You have known him for a long time?” she said questioningly. She was realizing how little she knew of her lover's past, but that was not wonderful, seeing how little she had been with him since their betrothal.

“Yes, as long, or longer than I have known your uncle. I never even guessed that they knew each other though, until one day when I came here to see Cyrus, and he spoke of Sep Dayrell as a chum of his school-days. Cyrus had led a roving life. He had spent years in Australia, but he told