

enough now—to redeem them. What was that verse about—giving back the pledge when—the sun goes down? You read it. Mother used to read it—little mother! She will be glad, I reckon—she—”

Stuart was sobbing outright, with his arms about the boy. Rachel, with the letter in her hand, was as puzzled as those who had drawn out of hearing. Only the Indians stood close and impassive. Jack, meeting her eyes, smiled.

“You know now—all about—them—and Annie. That was why I tried—to keep away from you—you know now.”

But she did not know.

“You took his wife from him?” she said, in a maze of conflicting revelations; and Jack looked at Stuart, as she added, “and who were you?”

“He is my brother!” said Stuart, in answer to that look of Jack’s. “He would not let me say it before—not for years. But he is my brother!”

The words were loud enough for all to hear, and there was a low chorus of surprise among the group. All concealment was about over for Genesee—even the concealment of death.

Then Stuart looked across at Rachel. He heard that speech, “You took his wife from him;” and he asked no leave of Jack to speak now.

“Don’t think that of him,” he said, steadily. “You have been the only one who has, blindfolded, judged him aright. Don’t fail him now. He is worth all the belief you had in him. The story I read you that night was true. His was the manhood you admired in it; mine, the one you condemned. As I look back on our lives now, his seems to me one immense sacrifice—and no compensations—one terri-