

began now to appreciate his prize, and his other successes grew insignificant and mean, like the bridge, and the pond, and the mill site. Feeling his glance, she turned her smiling face to him, bright and beautiful as the breaking morn, and he thought then that he had tasted what men call happiness.

With a rush and a roar, they swept up the incline, and McGuire, glancing up and down the river, said, as a man might say in a dream: "We're crossing the big bridge on the White Mail."