

fort. He then stepped into his own.

"I will take the lead, Shem. I am very sorry to leave the Tarn. I have lived the best month of my life here, and regret having to leave."

They paddled to the entrance of the pass, then all turned to take a farewell look at the only place Zell had ever seen, then on into the darkness. Lights were lit, and the journey out was not so silent as the journey in had been, and Terry found he liked to be with Zell better than alone. They ate, talked, laughed, and Shem and Terry took turns in sleeping. Then they floated into the cave at the mouth of the pass, and on into Deer Bay. Zell clasped her hands in joy to be in the sun again.

"Oh, Terry, if Zaneia could have come to see all this!"

It was moonlight before the roar of the falls told they were at Buckhorn.

"Terry Denver, I do not know the locality; it is twenty years since I was here. Will you lead?"

Poor Shem. His long seclusion was beginning to show. He leaned heavily on Terry more ways than one. The landing was made safely, and Terry led the way to the door of Mrs. Jones' home. The door was ajar, and around the table sat mother and children.

CHAPTER XII.

RS. JONES, will you keep us through the night? You see I have returned from the land of enchantment."

"Land sakes alive, how you scared me! Now, who'd a thought you'd a looked so well after being spirited for a whole long month. Were they witches, sir?"

"Yes, and here is one or two of them."

"Lordy! but you must have been to heaven, stranger, and lured away one of them shining angels. But sit down, sit down after your long trip."

"Will you keep us to-night, and can you supply us with a suit of clothes for Zell?"

"Now then, and would you change that angel into a mortal like ourselves?"

"Yes, will you say what you can do? She is not an angel."

"Dill, you take her back and put your new white dress on her. You are a size."

Zell had stood by Terry, looking from one to the other, then at the coarse surroundings, so different from her own dainty, silken-lined home. Now she looked up at Terry, her strength; let her hand rest on his arm a moment, then timidly followed the girl Dill into an adjoining room. In half an hour they had finished the toilet and came out to receive approval. Terry's eyes twinkled with amusement and there were symptoms of an outbreak of laughter, but tenderness veiled all. Zell had on a white dress of muslin. It was frilled and decked with blue ribbon bows. Her feet were encased in leather boots, heavy and coarse, and much too large for her. She took a step or two toward Terry on the bare board floor, then stood still, holding out her hands to him. She looked like a little one about to take its first step.

"Oh! Terry, I make such a noise, and they hurt, and this hurts, and all I have on is so stiff and hard."

Tears came fast, and so did Terry. She nestled in his arms, sobbing, sobbing.

"There, Zell, do not cry so. This is one of the many trials you must overcome. This is the first one, are you going to sink under it?"

"You will not let me sink. I tried to but you kept me up. Tell me, Terry, what am I to do with my hair? They cannot fasten it up, and they say it ought to be, that I am too old to have it blowing about my ears. What will I do?"

Terry laughed, but a sympathetic mist hid his lovely Zell from his sight a moment.

"Wait until the morning, then we will see what is to be done with your hair."

After an hour's talk and answering of the questions Terry felt inclined to answer, Zell retired and Shem and Terry

went to remove the contents of the caves to the house. Terry detained Shem at the water's edge a moment.

"Shem, wait. What is Zell's name?"

"Name? Why, Zell."

"Yes, but she must have another. Did you never hear Ishmael's name?"

"I never thought of that. No, I never called him aught but Ishmael. I never heard another."

"We will have to adopt a name for her, then. What shall it be?"

"Terry Denver, I am unfit to give thee advice. Choose a name thyself."

"Will we call her after Father Ambrose? He was, as she said, the only father she knew about. It is a pretty name, too, and she would like it."

"Then art always right."

"Then she will be to the world Miss Ambrose."

"Yes."

They finished removing the things from the boats, then they, too, sought rest. Shem, Terry, Mrs. Jones and Zell were all who appeared at breakfast in the morning. Mrs. Jones had an admirable knack of keeping all her fourteen children out of sight, but within hearing. The least call would bring the



"OH! TERRY, I MAKE SUCH A NOISE," desired one. After breakfast Terry said to Zell:

"Now, what about that offending hair? Will we cut it off, Zell?"

"Not one hair of it. Shem will look to that. Come with me, Zell. Oft have I arranged thy mother's."

"Terry did not mean that, Shem. Come, though, and do what you can with it. When do we go on?"

"In half an hour."

Before the half hour was up, Zell and Shem came from the room, hand in hand.

"Has he not fixed my hair queer. He says my mother taught him how to weave it so."

"Well, Zell, it is marvelous how he has succeeded in doing away with all your hair. Shem, are you sure you have not cut half of it away?"

"No, he did not, and, Terry, it does not hurt, but feels quite nice, only—well, I feel quite tall, as tall as you are, Terry."

Shem laughed at having pleased Zell, and now the horses were ready and the journey home began; we will meet them in Montreal.

CHAPTER XIII.

HE train had just been relieved of its many passengers, and Terry was guiding Shem and Zell through the crowd. Numberless, indeed, were the comments on her beauty, and her coarse clothes did not escape notice. Terry so completely ignored all remarks you would have thought he did not hear, but now he stopped short. A voice behind him had said:

"If it were not for the woman I would say it was Terry Denver."

"So it is Terry Denver, Jack. I am so glad you are here. Stay with Zell until I get a carriage, then come with us. Zell, this is Jack."

Poor Jack stood staring at Zell, quite stilled for once. The irrepressible Jack was repressed at last, and by a woman. Shem stepped up close to Zell and drew her arm through his.

"Little one, art thou weary. Thou hast seen much, and thou hast stood it well."

"Terry was with me all the time; now that he has gone I am weary, weary."

She rested her head against Shem and Jack still stood staring at them, speechless. Terry returned and all went to the carriage he had secured. At last they were by themselves, away from others. Zell sat by Terry, and as was the custom, lay her head on his shoulder. This time Terry, in pity for her weariness, lifted her face and for the first time unsought by Zell took of those sweet perquisites of betrothal—a kiss. This act broke the bondage of speechlessness that held Jack.

"Great heavens, Terry Denver, what are you doing? I will have to have some proof of your identity, other than your looks after that—that kiss, or have you gone crazy like the cousin?"

"Well let me see what proof can I give you? Ah! now I have it. Jack, my boy, I did more than just appropriate a woman, I told her I loved her."

"Dear old Terry. It was not so much what you said that proves you are Terry, but that inimitable coolness of delivery."

"Here we are, Jack, never mind the delivery, help us out, we are tired."

The carriage had stopped at the private entrance to the hotel, and without attracting attention they selected a parlor with adjoining rooms for Zell, Shem and Jack. Shem had all through the journey clung to a carefully wrapped parcel. This he now gave to Zell.

"Go to thy room, Zell, then open this and dress thyself. Thou canst have thy hair released for this night, it will rest thee. Terry Denver, see to it that we are served privately to-night."

He followed Zell into her room, and in a short while sought his own. His dark face was very sad looking.

Terry gave orders to have all things brought to them, then he and Jack sat looking at each other as friends sometimes do after a long separation. Jack, as usual, was the first to wish a change.

"Terry, did you get my letter?"

"No."

"And have I to go over it all again? Dear bless me what a lot of work for nothing. Well, I told you if you left, I would fall in love, and so I did. But, Terry, I do not feel so lamentably silly now that you did the same thing. And

just think you told her so, too. Do you know when I saw you give her that kiss I thought I was a bomb about to explode. You did it so artistically though, it gave me an illustration I intend to profit by. That delicious little moment of hesitancy just before the consummation was, or is, entirely original, and so Terry-like. You always did all things slowly, but that somehow was not so slow after all."

"Hush Jack, you confuse me. Tell me of your own experience."

"Yes. Well, I fell in love ten minutes after you left. I was just putting away my handkerchief after drying the tears your leaving caused, when along the platform came a peach all rolled up in lace. At first I thought it one of those lovely glinting visions one sees at times when light shines through tears, and I blinked to clear my eyes, but no, it was quite real, lace and all. The sorrowful throbbing of my heart changed to a quick tattoo, to keep time with her steps, and all was lovely. I think I forgot you quite. Well, I met her; she met me. The gods were good and helped us. In a week we were engaged and in August we will be married. She left yesterday for a trip to England and my heart is very sad. Oh, Terry! she is an apple blossom."

"Well, Jack, I am glad you found comfort so soon. How do you like Zell?"

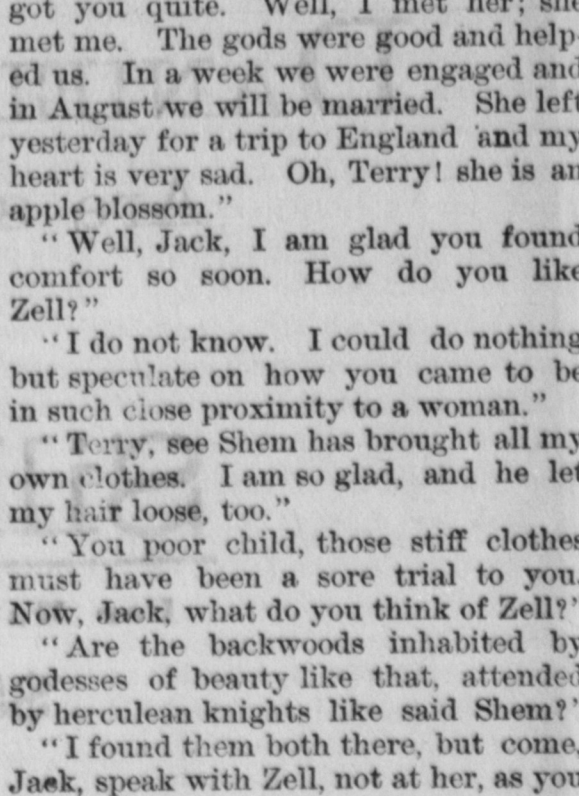
"I do not know. I could do nothing but speculate on how you came to be in such close proximity to a woman."

"Terry, see Shem has brought all my own clothes. I am so glad, and he let my hair loose, too."

"You poor child, those stiff clothes must have been a sore trial to you. Now, Jack, what do you think of Zell?"

"Are the backwoods inhabited by goddesses of beauty like that, attended by herculean knights like said Shem?"

"I found them both there, but come, Jack, speak with Zell, not at her, as you



SHE GAVE HIM HER HAND.

are doing. You, my own friend, may call her Zell; her name is Ambrose."

"May call her Zell," mimicked Jack. "High and mighty as usual, old boy. Well, Zell, you are the most fortunate as well as the most beautiful woman in all the world. You have won Terry Denver's love. I believe you are quite worthy of it."

"Now you are nice. I did not like, I could not understand, what you said before. You like Terry, do you not?"

"Like? No, I love him; but, Zell, wherever did you come from? I can compare you to nothing but an angel who had tired of soaring above man and had condescended to descend to his level. Your dress and that hair—do you know you are dazzlingly beautiful! I feel quite awed when I look at you. Give me your hand, you may be only vapor."

She gave him her hand, and Jack looked into those dark eyes, made serious quite by their infinite depths. Earnestly for Jack he said to Terry:

"That is away beyond me. I can scarcely form a conception of her great beauty, let alone say what I think of her. I know, I feel, though, she is just what you deserve. You are great enough in soul to look into those eyes and find rest. They are beyond me altogether."

"I want you to take care of Zell while I travel those two hundred miles. We will get a house and settle you, secure a companion for Zell and make Shem comfortable. I wish you to entertain extensively while I am away. I would have Zell meet many people."

Then followed a recital of the seclusion Zell had lived in all her life.

"I told you something most unusual would come to you. So you wish Zell to see all kinds of men, to give them a chance to cut you out. It is just like you. I would get married first, then take the trip. I suppose if she did love someone else before you get back you would give her up as divinely as you did the mutton pie."

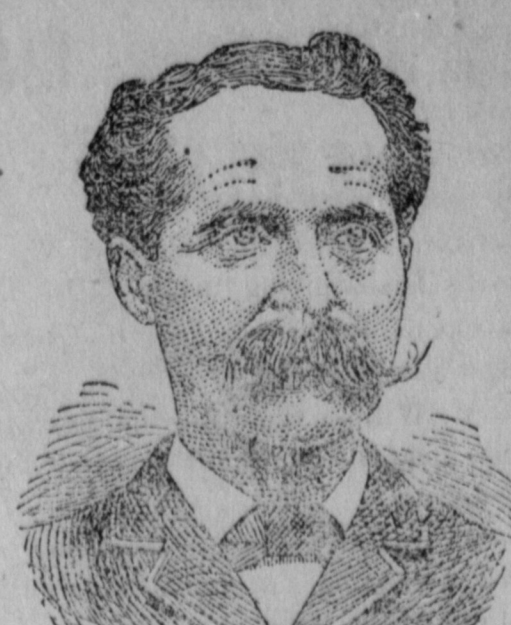
"I would not like to give up my Zell."

They talked until late, and Jack feasted his eyes on the "unwinding angel," as he called Zell. At the end of the week arrangements had been completed. A companion suitable for Zell was difficult to find, but a dear old lady had been discovered, quite by chance, who undertook the care and teaching of her. It was the evening before Terry was to leave, and he and Zell were engrossed in saying good-bye.

"Do not be so quiet; you make me sad. I will be back in thirty days at most. If you would only cry, it would be better than this voiceless grief."

"Alas! Terry, it is not only your leaving me that makes me full of sorrow, but since I have been here with Mrs. Odell, I find I am not as other women are. I am not a companion for you. What would I do if you tired of me?"

"Zell, what would I do if you tired of me? There was that handsome, dashing captain last night carrying war into our very home. What if Zell should find him more in harmony with her tastes than her Terry. Nonsense aside though, I love you Zell. I knew when I met you, and before I loved you, that you were not as other women are. In



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