

"He is working hard," she told herself. "When he is ready he will return to me."

Her faith remained steady from year to year. On every anniversary she was up at 6 and cleaning the cabin in order that it might be presentable for his appearance. And only when sunset came did a little despondency come into her heart.

It was on the third anniversary that Robert Lomax married a society beauty of his native town. It was on the fourth that he realized his hopes of happiness were broken. His wife was heartless, she cared only for social life, she valued him only for his money.

When that was gone, what would happen to him? That was the question that Robert asked himself as his competitors, seeing the arrival of a master among them, banded themselves together against him. Robert lived at the office now. For more hours than a factory hand he struggled in the toils that they were weaving about him, and again and again he burst them asunder.

It was strange, but those hours when he sat at his desk, telephone at his hand, were the hours when he began to think again of Lois Donaldson. He had not been into the woods since that time of his accident; now an overwhelming desire to see her again began to creep upon him.

But the months flew and he put such a thought resolutely from him. His enemies had leagued themselves for a final effort. - It was a struggle with millions at stake on either side. Robert was winning; but he made a mistake which able men have made. He trusted a traitor. He was sold by a member of his staff. He arose many times a millionaire. He left the office with hardly six months' income ahead of him.

His hopes, his plans were shattered. Yet singularly, his heart was lighter than it ever had been.

The house, which had cost a quarter of a million, was in his wife's

name. That would provide for her. And for himself, he realized that the five years' struggle had been a nightmare.

He went home and broke the news to his wife. She was incredulous, then she became hysterical.

"You have dragged me down to pauperdom, Robert," she wept. "What shall I do? How am I going to hold up my head among my friends?"

All her thoughts were of herself and the wrong he had inflicted on her. Robert listened patiently; he did not blame her, for he had married her with a full understanding of her nature.

When he returned home the following evening, seeing his name in huge type in all the papers as that of a ruined man, he found his wife gone and only a letter. She was leaving him, she said. She could not endure to remain the wife of a man notorious for his failure. She was going to begin suit against him.

Robert paid over all he possessed. He sold the house and gave her the money. The suit, which was brought in a western state, remained uncontested.

And the day came when he was a free man, with hardly more to his name than the clothes he stood in. And in his heart was wild rejoicing, for the years seemed to have slipped away and—it was just six since he had left Lois Donaldson.

Lois, on the sixth anniversary, had swept the cabin with more than her usual care. The few neighbors, who had begun to settle in the little valley, knew of her romance; they pitied the girl, but blamed her for clinging to a foolish hope. "He will never come back," they told her.

"He will come back," said Lois. "You do not know how busy he is in the city. When he has made a lot of money he is coming back to take me away."

They watched her leave the clear-