

ter than to marry the little girl and take up hand there and settle down. Must have been crazy, I guess! Imagine me, Phil Halsey, tied to an immigrant's daughter, who can just about read and write, and no more. Why all she knew about the world she had taken out of books!"

"Cheer up and have another drink, Phil!" answered his friend.

The months rolled by. Two years later Halsey's mother died suddenly. He was alone in the world. He was earning \$35 a week and promotion was in sight. He was making a good many acquaintances in San Francisco. He got in with a fast set. Often in the midst of some gay party he would look about him and suddenly the walls would disappear and he would see the lofty redwoods and the pure face of the little mountain girl.

"I shall love you forever, and wait for you," she had told him.

He wondered whether she had grown into life, of which she had never seen a part. He wondered whether she had married. Probably she had—some rancher, uncouth and ignorant as her father, no doubt.

He had often wished to see her, but somehow he was afraid. He was afraid that the little mountain girl had taken him at his word. He was afraid that she was waiting. But when he was 30 he had altogether forgotten her. Once, in fact, he looked out of the carriage window while travelling along the new spur line and had been surprised to recognize the mountain down which he had fallen. Then he had reflected that during the hour's wait he could walk over into the valley and see the girl. But he only went back to the game of cards which had been begun.

The valley thrived. For months after Halsey had returned the girl waited to hear from him. For nearly two years she waited. Once she had a vivid dream that a strange woman with gentle eyes came to her bed-

side and looked at her and put her hand caressingly upon her forehead. The woman reminded her oddly of Philip. That was the night his mother died.

The valley thrived. New settlers rushed in. Her father died and she was offered big sums for the land, but she clung to it, working it single-handed. "Some day this is to be Philip's," she said to herself. For his sake she studied. The uncouth little girl had become a woman fairly well educated and versed in the ways of life. All this was to be Philip's.

She told herself that on her 28th birthday, when she stood before her mirror and saw that youth was gone. And then for the first time she yielded to fear, and that growing sense of desolation that was always with her now.

"If he does not arrive when I am 30 I shall go to him," she said to her reflection. Then, very softly, "I shall go to see what sort of woman he has married."

Two years later a woman, well dressed, yet with an air of strangeness, stood in the office of the insurance company and asked for Mr. Halsey.

The manager looked at her strangely. "He has gone; he left us last year," he told her.

"Where can I find him?" asked the woman.

The manager parried her question. "Are you a friend of his?" he asked.

"An old friend," said Lily of the Valley.

The manager looked at her in surprise. Halsey's friend had not been of this kind, for the most part.

Lily looked at him with an intensity that disconcerted him. "If he is dead," she whispered, "tell me so. Don't keep me in uncertainty out of kindness. If he is dead it is better that I should know."

"He is not dead," said the manager. "You know where he is?" asked Lily.

He could not lie to eyes like those,