

“Hey for St. Mary’s!”

ing a pistol in one hand and a torch in the other. He and Margaret Brent met above the prostrate form.

“So you are here,” he said; “I thought you were at Kent Port, and I meant to seek you there. I killed that precious brother of yours.”

Margaret Brent paid no more heed to him than if he had been a fly in her path. She knelt by Elinor’s side, and finding the pulse beating still drew a breath of relief. Once more, however, she bent over lower still, and when she rose it was with a cocked pistol, which she pointed full at Ingle’s head.

“*If you move so much as a finger, I fire!*”

So amazed was the invader that he made no attempt to stir, but stood looking at the woman before him with ashen face and dropped jaw.

“Dick Ingle,” said Margaret, still with pistol levelled, “you have pursued me for years, first with your unwelcome love and then with malignant hate; you have lied about me to Thomas White; you have tried to ruin my life. Now you say you have killed my brother. Is there any reason why I should not kill you? Nay, do not move so much as a hair, or you are a dead man. I know how to shoot, and I have no hesitation in taking life. Answer me. Have you not deserved death at my hands?”

“The devil take my soul! — I have.”