

vertebræ were dislocated and there were other internal injuries. Dick Durdle's hours were numbered.

That night a gentle knock came to the door of Farmer Durdle's house, and a pale, beautiful figure stepped into the lighted room. It was Maimie Moorland.

She had heard the sad intelligence and had come. She entered the room where Dick lay. At the sight of her, a wonderful light shone in his eyes, and a beauty, new and startling in its intensity, spread over his pallid yet unwasted features. Maimie stood motionless in the middle of the room.

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament."

The dying man spoke the words softly and lingeringly, with a smile of greeting on his lips; and his bright eyes were fixed on the woman he loved so tenderly. With a low cry Maimie was at his bedside, her face bent on the sufferer's hand.

"Oh, Dick, I love you, I told you so, but you could not hear me—and you saved my life, my brave darling," she murmured brokenly.

Dick's mother withdrew and left them together.

Dick raised the bent head, looked incredulously into the tearful eyes and saw a great love shining there.

"Is this true, Miss Moorland?" he asked, "and you don't care for this other fellow?"

"Harry Laidlaw?" said Maimie. "Oh, yes; I like Harry; but I love you, Dick."

There was a world of sadness, tenderness, and unavailing regret in the low-spoken words; and Dick in his great, simple heart forgot his own dire sufferings in pity for his love. He drew the sad face towards him until the girl's lips rested on his own, and then said, "I shall die happy now, Miss Moorland. God in Heaven bless you for the sweet words you have said. The accident was His doing and it saved me from a great crime."

Maimie looked at him in doubtful inquiry, but he enlightened her not. He lingered until the afternoon of the next day, and Maimie and his mother were with him when the end came.

His mind in the last dark hours frequently wandered, and at times he spoke—spoke of Maimie, and, incident by incident, apart and disconnected, told the story of his great love and passionate worship of her. Then he drifted once again into Wordsworth's haunting lines:

"And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

The dying voice ceased, the drooping eye-lids closed, and Dick Durdle's spirit was at rest.

The phantom was his, but he might not clasp it.

