

now — this was the very time I needed him. Of course, he was a fool, but it sounded good to hear that kind of a fool talk. He said he would go somewhere and make a home for me, where I wouldn't be known and where we could start over again.

"He wrote me regularly and sent me money. Every letter would be the last, I thought. He seemed to travel all over the country, now working at one job, now at another. Never at his own, though. At last, he took up the linotype — got on some big paper in New York and was there several months. Next I heard from him was in San Francisco, on a paper there. Then came a letter from this place.

"I never heard from him without getting a fright, expecting to see that he had divorced me, or was going to. Any other man would. . . . I grew fond of that home idea, in a place where people wouldn't know my record. I just lived for the day of my release, when I could go back to Ch —

"Well, anyway," she broke off, harshly, "I got out six months before my time and started west meaning to surprise him. My money didn't last half as long as I thought it would, and by the time I got to White Horse, I had only enough for lodging and a few meals. So I tramped in.