

back to you. I'll lie; I'll tell stories about you and Victor; I'll make him believe what I *want* him to believe. For he's a man; and they're all blind, men are. He won't be able to see that you've always loved him, and always must!"

Suddenly she sighed, and sobbed, and fell a-crying like a little girl; she shook her head, and the tears flashed yellow in the golden sunset. Other drops kept coming and running down until her cheeks were all wet with them.

"I have to die," she was saying, "because I am hurt. So you see, I'm not the one—you're the one who is to have him. That's why I sent for you. The men repairing the telegraph line took the message. I paid them, and they took it. Forgive me. I only wanted to see if you would come. If you loved him, you would. But I didn't want you to. I hoped you wouldn't. There was Victor. You could have Victor—— And I, if you didn't come—— But it can't be. I'm hurt too much. The sun will go out. And I have always loved the sun!—— How can gray eyes have so much light in them? *They* are the sun. I go alone, into the dark, because I am hurt. But O, I have loved him! I have loved no other man than him."

As she spoke Harry North bowed down over her, and kissed her.

The sun had gone down.

She was not to know it, but as the afternoon faded, and evening fell, oblivion returned to Harry North, so that he would not learn for many days to come that Winifred had died. This new prostration of his, long enduring, was one which muddled time and