

and he pressed his
er, as if something

wasn't sent after
t's little I'd like to
le him to come to
. So I'm here on
on theirs. Though
we met each other
that, maybe, Pretty
. They'll little like
with dead in your
d of truth,—which
lips,—they'll go on

ed, and there was a
d to the others. A

"it is my duty to
foot will I stretch
ay No, and give the
ou."

e priest, "the woman
not die, as you shall
quiry. But she will
As for the other, you
hold is his own, and
he is now a sanctuary
nt towards the door.
o had been listening
frame and bursting
beside the table, her
pened. "See," said
injured and suffering."

"Ah," rejoined the trooper, "perhaps it is the woman who was riding with the half-breed. We found her dead horse."

The priest nodded. Shon McGann looked at the crouching figure by the table pityingly. As he looked he was stirred, he knew not why. And she, though she did not look, knew that his gaze was on her; and all her will was spent in holding her eyes from his face, and from crying out to him.

"And Pretty Pierre," said the trooper, "is not here with her?"

There was an unfathomable sadness in the priest's eyes, as, with a slight motion of the hand towards the room, he said: "You see—he is not here."

The trooper and his men immediately mounted; but one of them, young Tim Kearney, slid from his horse, and came and dropped on his knee in front of the priest.

"It's many a day," he said, "since before God or man I bent a knee—more shame to me for that, and for mad days gone; but I care not who knows it, I want a word of blessing from the man that's been out here like a saint in the wilderness, with a heart like the Son o' God."

The priest looked at the man at first as if scarce comprehending this act so familiar to him, then he slowly stretched out his hands, said some words in benediction, and made the sacred gesture. But his face had a strange and absent look, and he held the hand poised, even when the man had risen and mounted his horse. One by one the troopers rode through the faint belt of light that stretched from the door, and were lost in the darkness, the thud of their horses' hoofs echoing behind them. But a