ham thought me as dead as the rest of you did."

Stimson nodded to the magistrate. "I heard what was read, and it is con-firmed by the facts I have picked up," he said.

Courthorne turned to Barring-Then Courthorne turned to Barring-ton. "I sympathize with you, sir," he said. "This must be horribly morti-fying; but, you see, Witham once stop-ped my horse backing over a bridge into a gully when just to hold his hand would have rid him of me. You will not grudge me the one good turn I have probably done any man, when I shall assuredly not have the chance of doing another." another.

another." Barrington winced a little, for he re-cognized the irony in the failing voice; but he rose and moved towards the bed. "Lance," he said, a trifle hoarsely, "it is not that which makes what has hap-pened horrible to me, and I am only glad that you have righted this man. Your father had many claims on me. glad that Your fath

glad that you have righted this man. Your father had many claims on me, and things might have gone differently if, when you came out to Canada, I had done my duty by his son." Courthorne smiled a little, but with-out bitterness. "It would have made no difference, sir; and, after all, I led the life that suited me. By and by you will be grateful to me. I sent you a man who will bring prosperity to Silver-dale."

Then he turned to Stimson, and his voice sank almost beyond hearing as he said, "Sergeant, remember Witham fan-cied I was dead." He moved his head a trifle, and the doctor, stooping over him, signed to the rest, who went out except Barrington. It was some hours later, and very cold, when Barrington came softly into the room where Dane lay half-asleep in a big chair. The latter glanced at him with a question in his eyes, and the Colonel nodded very gravely. "Yes," he said. "He has slipped out of the troopers' hands and beyond our reproaches—but I think the last thing he did will count for a little." CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXV. Witham Rides Away.

Witham Rides Away. THE first of the snow was driving across the prairie before a bitter wind when Maud Barrington stood by a window of the Grange looking out into the night. The double casements rattled, the curtains behind her moved with the icy draughts, until, growing weary of watching the white flakes whiri past, she drew them to and walked slowly towards a mirror. Then a faint inge of pink crept into her cheeks, and a softness that became her into her eyes. They, however, grew critical as she smoothed back a tress of lustrous hair a trifle from her forehead, straight ened the laces at neck and wrist, and ened the laces at neck and wrist, and shock into more flowing lines the long black dress. Maud Barrington was not unduly vain, but it was some time before she seemed contented, and one would have surmised that she desired to ap-

have surmised that she desired to ap-pear her best that night. The result was beyond cavil in its artistic simplicity, for the girl, know-ing the significance that trifles have at times, had laid aside every adorn-ment that might hint at wealth, and the sombre draperies alone emphasized the polished whiteness of her face and neck. Still, and she did not know whe-ther she was pleased or otherwise at this, the mirror had shown the stamp which revealed itself even in passive pose and poise of head. It was her birthright, and would not be disguised. Then she drew a low chair towards the stove, and once more the faint colour crept into her face as she took up a

crept into her face as she took up a note. It was laconic, and requested per-mission to call at the Grange, but Maud Barrington was not deceived, and recognized the consideration each word had cost the man who wrote it. Afterwards cost the man who wrote it. Afterwards she glanced at her watch, raised it with a little gesture of impatience to make sure it had not stopped, and sat still, listening to the moaning of the wind, until the door opened, and Miss Bar-rington came in. She glanced at her niece, who felt that her eyes had noticed each detail of her somewhat unusual dress, but said nothing until the younger woman turned to her. "They would scarcely come to-night.

"They would scarcely come to-night, aunt," she said.

Miss Barrington, listening a moment, heard the wind that whirled the snow



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