

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

brace. "Do not cry so, my darling," and he stroked her hair with loving hand.

"I must—I must—it is the first time I have given way," gasped Nancy between her sobs. "Oh, Bob, you don't know how I have wanted you; to feel your strong arms about me; to know"—her voice sank—"to know you love me in spite of all——"

"Love you!" the man's voice was rough with the intensity of his emotions. "I love you so it frightens me. God! Why am I so helpless? You are more precious to me than all the world, and I can do nothing."

"Do you call it nothing to offer to die in her place?" asked a quiet voice behind the lovers, and Lincoln, who had walked into the room unheard, closed the door.

Nancy's eyes shone like stars. "Did Bob do that?"—forgetting greeting in her excitement.

"Yes," replied Lincoln, seating himself on the edge of the bed and placing his tall hat beside him.

"You will let me, Mr. President," pleaded Goddard vehemently. "I am blind—helpless—my life will be no loss—I have served my country—while she——" Nancy clung to him in sudden