hotel, since she is discovered to be innocent of the crime with which she is charged?"

The sheriff bowed in silence.

"Mr. Drummond, you had better bring this young girl also. You perceive she has fainted," said Mr. Brantwell.

The elergyman, with Sybil, entered the carriage, followed by Drummond bearing Christie, and then the carriage drove rapidly away toward the hotel.

And the surprised and wondering crowd dispersed, to

spread the astounding news far and wide.

Sybil, like one in a dream, had allowed herself hitherto to be led passively wherever they willed; but at the entrance of Willard, she started like one who receives a galvanic shock, her face—a moment before like marble, grew crimson—her wild, black eyes lit flereely up, and turning to Mr. Brantwell, she haughtily demanded:

"Why is he here? How dare he ever enter my pres-

ence again?"

"My dear Sybil, be reasonable," said the minister, delighted that even anger should rouse her from her apathy, "Mr. Drummond has saved your life."

"I would sooner die than owe my life to him!" she

said, passionately.

"My dear Sybil," said the minister, soothingly, as he cast a deprecating glance at Willard, "you mustn't talk like this; it's very wrong you know."

"Let her speak, Mr. Brantwell; I deserve it all," said

Willard, bitterly.

His words, the sound of his voice, wrought a revulsion in her feelings, and she cried out, in a tone of passionate

reproach:

"Oh! Willard! Willard! how could you deceive me so? I loved you so much—so much, Willard, and yet you deceived me! Oh, it was cruel, it was base, it was treacherous, it was unmanly to trifle with a poor young girl thus!"

"Sybil, I am a wretch-I dare not ask you to forgive

me!" he groaned, in bitterest remorse.

"And she—she is your wife, is she net?" she said, fixing her flaming eyes on the pale, wan face of Christic.

"She is; but she had no part in deceiving you, Sybil; all the blame must rest on me. As I deceived you, so did I deceive her, villain that I was!" he replied.

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