

It was an inspiration to have such a listener. Under the encouragement of her sympathy I found an unwonted flow of words and ideas. Laughter and tears shone in her eyes as the ludicrous and sorrowful parts of my experience touched her by turns. And at the end I found—I really don't know how it happened—I found that I was clasping her hand and looking up into her eyes in a trance of intoxication from the subtle magnetism of her lovely presence.

For a minute we were silent.

"Oh," she cried softly, withdrawing her hand, and looking dreamily away, "I knew it was right—that it must be right. You have justified my faith, and more!"

"I am repaid for all by those words," I said. I am afraid I stared very hard at her, but it was pleasant, indeed, to look into Luella's eyes without any reservations or conscientious qualms in thinking of my duty to hang her father.

"You deserve a much greater reward than that," said Luella.

"I want a much greater reward than that," said I boldly.

I did not think the courage was in me. But under the magnetic influence of the woman before me I forgot what a poor devil I was. Luella looked at me, and I saw in her eyes that she understood what I would say.

I do not know what I did say. I have no doubt