

my eyes, when a horseman came riding towards me like mad.

"Heavens!" I cried. "It is the patroon."

My first impulse was to stop him. Then I remembered that he of all men would prevent me from entering the house. And from this meeting I took some hope. If there was an unwatched passage by which he could get out, I might enter by the same way.

Suddenly there leaped into my head a damning thought. He rode hard, like one mad with fear, looking neither to the right nor to the left. "What a coward," thought I, "thus to leave his daughter to her fate." Among all his crimes, he had ever clung to his one virtue, love of his daughter. Never, save when his infirmity was upon him, had he shown anything but the most loving tenderness to her. And now, at the great moment of peril, he had left her to ride like a coward for his own life.

He passed me so close I could have touched him. Perhaps his conscience stung him in spite of all, for I heard her name on his lips as he dashed by me.

"Miriam," he was saying; "Miriam, I give you all."

I turned to follow with my eyes this worthless coward who could think of his daughter and not stay and die with her. Two minutes later he was fleeing beyond the little patch of woods and within full sight of the mob. But they were so intent upon their attack that they did not see him at first.