

hard on him—in your thoughts,” she pleaded. “It isn’t *he*, you know. It isn’t *he*.”

I knew. Oh, I knew! And that was the horror of it.

I waited, lingering futilely, to watch her up the pathway to her door. She opened it and stood in the frame of light, her back to me, looking at the tragical coziness of the little hall—and then, turning quickly, with both hands, almost convulsively, she threw the door shut—on her secret—on her sorrow—on her innocent shame.

O Utah! how shall you answer to mankind for the misery of such homecomings? How shall you cleanse yourself of the guilt of such martyrdoms? How shall you atone for the tears of my poor Ruth? For it is to *you* that she cried so despairingly: “What can I do? Oh, what can I do?”