NOVEMBER $21,1008$.
"Ah! my Wallace, let me go
(thee."
"What, dearest,", return





(16) 3
heaven's
witht the
jet me go.
ith the presence of my husband? Ah!
tme go " Impossibe, my lady!" cried Halbert. "You passe perte, my ly saty" cried hall hare and $y$,
fiight would awasen suspicion in
 ase and safety would bo dearer. to hin
han his own lifec and, most tikely, b.


## :

