only find horror of death, or die a thousand times in the dread of it.

heart is yours forever; but never come-never come agaiu!'

"'I shall come again,' said I sturdily, 'and my coming will be speedy. It may be prudent, in view of the danger to you, to go away now for a I would spare you from the horrer we might find in the forest little time. road, between here and your home. But, never, not for an hour, until I can take you with me, never would I go if my enemy were a day light foc,

"'I tell you, Roscoe,' she said solemnly, 'he will never be a day-light for. We can live lonely, singly—each one for the other's sake. Some time, when you are old, weak, broken—when other men have won away the honors that once were yours, you may think of my life as more nearly on the level with your own than it can ever be until then. And after this world there is another-

"I had my arms around her. I strained her hand against my almost

breaking heart.

"'But my way-my way is over the road we came. Never come that

"And, well, I have never since set foot in that road. I never shall. I kissed her tenderly once, for the third-'
"And last time," said John.

"And watched her go her way. I can shut my eyes, even now, and see her still—see her down the manualit slope, down into the dark valley, down to the turn in the road, and so out of sight-"

"Forever!" said John

CHAPTER V.

"How long I sat there in the moonlight," continued Valentine, "I don't know. You see I don't know what time it was when I parted from the woman, and sat down on that fallen tree-trunk to commune with myself. I think, though, it was fully an hour, and quite time for Miriam to have gotten home, when I had a certain, sudden suspicion regarding the paper she had given me. The doubt of the paper grew out of my certainty as to the love of the woman. The poor thing cased so much for me, so my vanity said, that she would do anything, even resort to trickery to save me.

"So I went down on my hands and knees, hunted in the semi-darkness until I found that precious paper, and laboriously, read it all again. Fool, fool that I had been! The desperate man had threatened no one but me. Miriam, counting on the dim light by which it must needs be read, had

written the postscript herself.

"I rose to my feet, some angry exciamation on my lips. I was half undecided as to what I had better do. Should I go as I had promised? Or should I follow the woman-and take my chances?"

"As men must under such circumstances!" continued John.

"I took out my watch. I glauced at it. My blood seemed to turn to ice in my veius. Was death so near? so certain? and I so unready? The hand had passed the mark XII. It was already past midnight. A new day had come to the old earth—the new day in which it was elected that I must die!

"There was a sudden stir in the thicket at the right of the road. There was a stir in the thicket at the lest. My limbs failed me. I could not flee. Besides, what would have been the use? You cannot hide yourself from the eye of God in the day of your death. Not all the devils in hell can avail against you until your days are done; not Heaven's angels can save when the appointed day shall come. I said a swift prayer—beginning with some childish formula my mother taught me long, long years ago, and ended with some madly impromptu plea burdened with the name of my matchless Miriam. I turned away my head, so that I might not see, as I saw once, the moon glitter and glint on a murderer's weapon. I closed my eyes. I folded my hands, and—
"The fellow didn't kill you!" cried John; "you know he didn't! Why

will you work one's feelings up like this when nothing came of it?"

"There was a sudden rush from the thicket to the road. A man dashed

up to me, leaned sgainst me, threw himself upon me.

"The deadly rifle spoke through the frightened silences, and the man who had stood by me went down before it. He had given his life for mine

"I heard the guilty man, and the foiled and disappointed one, go crash-

ing through the underbush, throwing his rifle away as he started on his mad retrest, and cursing and swearing as he fled. I suppose no doubt can exist as to the identity of the man who did the deed, though I have never. looked into the face of Leon Kerrall, and never shall-not until the judg-

"I stooped over Jack Targon, dying Jack Targon, and listened for his

few and hurried words.
"'I loved her so well, be said brokenly, that I regarded her happiness as my greatest good. I-I have saved your life-at the expense of my own -because she loved you! Remember what she has cost, in this world of

ein and suffering, and—be—very—good—to—her—'
"Good to her? Good to her?" shricked John, jumping to his feet and gesticulating violently; do you know what I think you deserve for deserting her after all that? I—I— But English won't express it! I'd like to have fate play that last scene again, with me in the role of villian. I think I'm a better marksman, even by moonlight, than Leon Kerrall was. What became

of him?"
"He gave himself up to the authorities the next day, accusing himself in his cell within a week."

"And so ends the story?" demanded John, as Valentine relapsed into

"And so ends the story! By the way," hastily pulling out his watch and hurrically consulting it, "my wife will be looking for me. Her head

ached; she wanted no supper; she said she believed she would rest better, for an hour or two, if I'd leave her to herself instead of staying and trying to talk to her. Come back to the parlor car, gentlemen, and I'll introduce you !"

"Your wife!" groaned John, "why, you incomparable villian, you deserve a worse punishment than my imagination can picture-marrying another woman after your experience with the one of whom you told us. I

I shall repudiate your acquaintance."

A chuckle swept over Valentine's voice, a twinkle stole into his eye. "I married a forting it since," he said, "my wife's maiden name was Miriam Manton."

'Well, I'll be hanged,' ejaculated John, "no man seems to get exactly his deserts in this world."

"Then you'll find yourself mistaken."

" How ?"

"You'll not be hanged !"

"Oh!" said John.

"We've had nearly half our honeymoon in the field," said Valentine, making love between fights in the prettiest political battle I have ever seen. We're going home, now that the contest is over, to finish the month in quiet."

"I congratulate you. You've doubtless tried the only plan that will help a defeated candidate to see the silver lining in the could of political

discomfiture. Such a woman as you have described would, it seems to me make a man as happy anywhere else as he could be in Washington."

"I—I think so, too," said Valentine, at the end of the car, and his hand already on the door knob, "but we must take the bitter with the sweet. I had a clear majority of over a thousand rotes over both my competitors taken together!"

CHAPTER VI.

"I thick Receive Valentine is the luckiest man I ever knew," said John' when the door closed behind that individual.

I bowed my head. I had nothing to say.

"And th t I've made a bigger fool of myself than usual."

" Well, I doo't know." said I.

That was all I had to say.

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