

Justin Wingate, Ranchman

Sibyl's face and inanelly patted the pillow tucked under her head. Lucy was wiping away the blood that oozed from between Sibyl's lips.

"Come nearer, dear," said Sibyl in a weak voice, speaking to Mary. "Come nearer, dear; I want you to kiss me and forgive me. I—I—"

Her ghastly features became more pinched and ghastly; her hand wavered toward Mary's face. Mary took it and placed it against her warm, tear-wet cheek, in the old way.

Sibyl stared at her.

"I—I can't see you, dear; but you have hold of my hand. The room must be growing dark, or—or is it my eyes? The windows haven't been closed, have they?"

"The windows are open," said Mary; "wide open."

Sibyl still stared at her, while Pearl bustled into the room with cloths and a water bottle.

"It—it is growing dark to me. I'm dying, and I know it. My—my horse fell, and—and Clayton was with me; he is out there yet—where—where the cattle are."

She made another effort to see.

"Hold—hold my hand tight, Mary; and—and please kiss me, won't you? Hold my hand tight! I loved you, Mary—I loved you! Oh, I can't see you—I can't see you at all! Kiss me, and forgive me. I don't want to go into the dark! I always loved the light—the light!"

As Mary stooped with that forgiving kiss, Sibyl touched her hair with affection.