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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

My brazen face and cynical laughter, quieted the fears of both the Campbells and the Snyders. With a daring worthy of a better man and a better cause, I took all four men into the house and refreshed them with biscuits and wine. As twilight fell, we all parted with quite a show of good feeling.

Left alone, I soon renewed by determination to end my life before morning. Would I leave word on paper for the Campbells? No! not a line or a word. Would I write to Mr. Willis or my brother William? Not a line. What would I do with my money in the bank? The devil might have the whole lump sum. He might get the man, why not his money.

Well there was one thing left, and I would do that. I would get drunk and so make my end sure and pleasing. A second thought: no, I would not touch a drop of liquor, I was not a coward. I would die like a brave man without fear and without boast. As a brave man who through one misfortune after another, had lost all love of life, and who by carelessness of con-