

the first mile your fate would be similar to his. And he touched the animal with his foot.

"Try me—try me!" said Christie, springing from her seat. "Heaven will give me strength in this hour. Oh, Willard! hasten!"

With a speed as great as it was unnatural, Christie started forward, and Willard, with a last despairing effort, accompanied her, expecting every moment to see her fictitious strength give way. But no! it was as if a new spirit had entered that slight frame—for as she never could have walked in her days of perfect health and strength, she walked now; never for one moment faltering, until the first dawn of morning grew red in the sky. But with its first blush, Willard felt the faint hope that had hitherto buoyed him up die entirely away. Walk as they might, he felt it would be high noon before they could reach Westport.

"It is all useless, Christie," he said, pausing abruptly. "It is no use trying, we can—never save her!"

"We will save her—we shall save her!" exclaimed Christie, with a strange kind of exultation. "Hark!" she added, "do you not hear a carriage approaching?"

Even as she spoke, a cloud of dust arose, and the thunder of wheels was heard rapidly approaching.

"Saved!" she cried, joyfully. "Praised be God!"

Willard sprang forward to intercept the driver, and saw a large country wagon nearly filled with people.

"Can you take us to Westport? Our errand is one of life and death?"

Something in Willard's tone startled the man; but after a moment's stare, he replied:

"Yes, jump in."

Lifting Christie in first, he took his seat beside her, and again dashed off.

"Hasten!—hasten! for the love of God!" cried Willard, passionately.

"I'll do my best," said the man. "I want to be in time for the execution, anyway."

On they fled. Mile after mile was passed; but, to the excited mind of Willard, they seemed going at a snail's pace. Did the sun ever rise so rapidly any morning before as it did on that? Eight o'clock, and still ten miles from Westport.