them you were sorry for us," and the girl, still smiling upon the child. opened the door and went out with But when the door was Mr. Allen. shut, and both their captive and the girl were gone, gradually the senses came to the men. One sprang up crying-" Look out there and bring them back. We would not touch a hair of her head, or of his either, for her sake. Bring them back, I say, they will be lost in the storm." The door was thrown open, and they hurried out into the tempestuous night, while the wind, rushing in, blew the light from the dim candles. They cried out for the stranger to come back, to bring back the girl; they should not be harmed; but no answer could they get. The footsteps of the two, fast filling up, seemed to lead toward the road. but no further could they be traced, because of the rapidly drifting snow. Jim French suggested that they get lanterns and seek them, and if found, help them to her place; and this was done, but the searchers were obliged to return, not being able to find a trace of them through the blinding snow.

Not until the door was shut, and they were in the midst of the storm, did Mr. Allen realize into what peril he had permitted Cecile to come. He said, shouting in her ear because of the storm, "You must go back, Cecile; they will not harm you, and you cannot live in this storm."

But Cecile cried back, "I am coming with you; you must come to Martha's with me: it is a mile away and the road you do not know; unless I go with you, you also will be lost," and shaking his hand from her arm, she started as speedily as was possible along the road leading to the village, he hastening to overtake her.

She had a plan that, if thought necessary, he could at the village reach the east bound train which, passing through, stopped at five o'clock in the morning—before the lynchers

should have recovered from their drunkenness sufficiently to again seek the supposed horse thief.

Mr. Allen had no choice but to let her have her way, although he was in despair for her sake—the soft little

They walked, or stumbled rather, side by side through the drifts, the wind hurling the snow in their faces, freezing the breath on their lips and making speech impossible, he aiding her as best he might with his circling arm, at times lifting her over deep drifts, holding her tenderly the while.

But the time was long, and still there shone no village lights in sight. Still they struggled forward, buffeted, beaten backward, with blood turning to ice, as it seemed.

Suddenly there appeared dark objects through the driving snow, coming nearer to which they found a clump of fir trees.

"We are lost," Cecile gasped, and he only heard the word "lost."

"We have left the road—I know not where," she cried with stiffening lips that trembled. He cursed himself madly for allowing her to come for not carrying her back forcibly to Berry's. The little Cecile would die; it was nothing that he also would perish—that he did not think of.

It was found that the firs surmounted a little hollow, in the depths of which there was comparative calm. The snow that had drifted in had become hardened and bore their weight, and the thick green boughs shielded them from the fury of the blasts. And here they could hear each other's speech.

He stripped off his coat and wrapped it around her, while he sought with bared, numb hands to chafe some warmth into her stiff fingers. "Why have you done this thing for me, my poor little love," he asked with measureless tenderness, holding her close to him.

"Because I loved you so," she answered, looking up at him with dreamy eyes.