

"The idea! I haven't a word to say against Margaret; but, compared with my girl"—

And he finished his sentence with a practical illustration of his frame of mind.

As he walked alone down the road, he reflected that Margaret had acted very handsomely, and he resolved to drop in and wish her good-bye. But as he approached the house his courage began to fail him, and he thought it better to sit on the fence, near the place where he had sat the night before, and think it over. It took a good deal of thinking. But as he sat there, it was destined that Yates should receive some information which would simplify matters. Two persons came slowly out of the gate, in the gathering darkness. They strolled together up the road past him, absorbed in themselves. When directly opposite the reporter, Renmark put his arm around Margaret's waist, and Yates nearly fell off the fence. He held his breath until they were safely out of hearing, then slid down and crawled along in the shadow until he came to the side-road, up which he walked, thoughtfully pausing every few moments to remark, "Well, I'll be"—but speech seemed to have failed him; he could get no further.

He stopped at the fence and leaned against it, gazing for the last time at the tent, glimmering white, like a misshapen ghost, among the sombre trees. He had no energy left to climb over.