

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)



FLOOD of sad thoughts ran in his brain as he looked on her face, showing now more plainly than ever, in its death-like mask the pathos life had boldly traced, and pity for it all, fierce

remorse that he had by even a word, done aught to add to her suffering, made the tears creep into his eyes. He called her name loudly, or whispered it softly, and after a time that seemed eternity to him, Judith's white lids fluttered, unclosed and meeting the tear-wet glance bent on her, feeling the tender protecting arms around her, her first awaking thought was that she had died, and this heart happiness was her first taste of Heaven. But Bluebell's brown head over her, the great liquid eyes, almost human in their sympathy, fixed on her, would be, she sharply realized, no part of her hereafter bliss. She drew herself away from his clasp, and sitting erect, feebly pushed away Bluebell's head and glanced around bewildered. When her eyes came back to him it did not need his words to tell her how deep and lasting was his regret; but she said it was standing in the sun that had caused the faint, and there was no reason why he should take any blame to himself. After a while she rose and announced her intention of returning

home. She declined his offer to accompany her, and seeing she was suffering from excitement and wanted to be alone, he gently assisted her to mount Bluebell. With an effort to regain her natural self, she bade him good-bye and rode away.

CHAPTER VIII.

Filled with a variety of contending thoughts, Mr. Gray wended his way toward his hotel. A new element had entered into his interest in Judith Sanders. That she knew, or at least, had a suspicion who was the real murderer of Jake Sharkley he felt convinced, but that she should have kept silence during all these years while an innocent man languished behind prison bars was one of the greatest surprises of her character. That behind this silence lay a reason, he knew; but what reason, he questioned, could possibly be stronger than the divine claim of claim of justice? Always when thus perplexed he would turn to his ever-ready wheel and betake himself to the country; so, after the noon-day meal, and a brief rest, he started, following the old Maysville turnpike. Half-a-mile from the hotel rises the little white meeting-house, and directly back of it is the famous battleground where Daniel Boone and his brave pioneers met disastrous defeat from the hands of the treacherous Indians, who greatly outrivalled them in number, and in their knowledge of the weedy recesses of the deceptive hills and valleys. But