

merciful and hide from me the picture in my dying moments! How vivid it all is! My Alice in his arms, his arms about her, and her head resting on his shoulder! Do you blame me for forgetting myself?

"Scoundrel," I yelled, "what are you doing, you cur?"

"'Ha, ha, ha, ha, mad are you? Well, you needn't interfere, she has forgotten you! She is mine now! You are out of it, let me tell you; ask her if you do not believe me.'

"Alice seemed entirely oblivious of anything unusual happening and, as I stepped nearer, I heard him say to her, 'Answer as I say, mind you.' Then I saw her eyes and the sight I shall never forget! Instead of the love-light I had been accustomed to see there, a steely stare met my impatient, inquiring look, a stare which deprived me of breath!

"Mesmerized," I cried after a full minute had passed, "and this is the way you win a pure woman's love! This is the way you have wronged an innocent girl, is it, you scoundrel?"

"Having said this I drew a revolver and fired.

"Then a scream and Alice fell! I had missed Wilson and shot my darling! I was at her side in an instant. She opened her eyes and saw me. Then how sweet the smile!

"'Where am I?' she asked. 'Where did you come from? Everything is queer. It was only yesterday that you went away, what brought you home so soon? Oh, the pain in my breast!'

"What could I do? The blood was dyeing her dress crimson and I was distracted. Wilson had disappeared as soon as he arose from the fence corner into which I had knocked him in my eagerness to get to the side of my darling as she fell.

"'Oh, I remember,' she continued after a pause, 'Mr. Wilson was with me and did he shoot me? Why am I here? How did I get here? Tell me, please.'

"You may wonder at my memory, Mr. Devery, but I will