

carry these remembrances to Eternity with me. All is vividly painted, nay, engraved upon my brain.

‘I told her I had come home to see her and met her here in Wilson’s arms. Then I told her how I had shot at him in my blind anger and how my aim had not been true and the ball had missed him and was buried in her breast. She looked at me but there was no sign of resentment in her glance and then she smiled and may I never forget that smile.

‘Never mind, darling,’ she said, ‘I am going on a long journey. You may soon come too, and then we will be so happy, much happier than is possible on this earth of care. Good bye.’

‘As she spoke she was clasped in my arms—folded to my heart in that strong, jealous, passionate embrace with which we who love would fain shield our nearest and dearest from even the shadow of evil. My lips were closed on hers and a sacred stillness followed, during which my darling’s soul took its flight and I was left alone.

‘I looked about me. Over the hill came a crowd of men, Wilson leading. They were after me! I was too dazed to realize it! On they came! All were running! Wilson had a shot gun which he pointed threateningly at me and still they came! I was crazed by sorrow not by fear had I sat there, her head in my lap, why I don’t know.

‘Suddenly it came over me that I must seek a place of concealment and I arose and ran. I went down the stream as fast as my legs and fear would carry me. The pursuers separated into two parties; the larger followed me and the smaller ran to where Alice lay.

‘The time which followed is almost an entire blank to me. Oh, the terror of feeling when I realized that I was cut off from home! I had no place I could call home! It seemed that a great hole had been torn in my breast! Alice gone, and by my own hand! Why, Mr. Devery, is it any wonder