

she did for the master. I tried hard not to allow my hatred of her to prejudice me in an estimate of her character, but I found nothing redeeming in her. I tried to tell the master that she was not the woman that he wanted for a wife, but he would not believe me. I could not understand how a man, who was considered one of the best editors in the State, could be so blind when it came to a woman. I saw this woman in her unguarded moments, when the mask was for the instant thrown aside, but I was unable to put in words what I saw.

“The master had, as you know, a very intense love nature. He would do anything for a friend, but was most unrelenting toward an enemy. The master possessed the love nature of a water spaniel, the fighting qualities of a bull dog. He was never afraid to espouse the most unpopular cause, if he thought the cause was just. When his friend, Senator Collins, was the most unpopular man in the State, and the majority of the papers were attacking him, the master was the only editor that dared to brave public sentiment and defend the Senator. Perhaps, considering these things, it is no wonder that the master failed to find the faults in this woman who he intended to make his wife.

“Nearly every afternoon last fall after the paper had gone to press, the master and I would go for a walk. He used to forget the cares of life during these walks. He would forget the heat and the turmoil of the great political battle that was then raging, the bitter attacks that were daily made against him because he advocated the return of Senator Collins to the United States Senate. And I, I would forget that an evil day was coming when Ruth and the master would be married; their home would never be my home, for I could not tolerate that woman. The open air and the exercise brought the health color back into the master's pale, intellectual face, and he used to say that these walks did him more good than all the doctor's medicines. He was frequently pointed out to visitors as ‘the man that made the *Gazette* a power in state politics.’ Was it any wonder that I was proud of the master?

“One afternoon, during our walk, I overheard the conversation