

was able to grasp him. After being dragged, it seemed hours, I felt that the horse stopped, then a blank.

"When I regained consciousness some five days later, the original of that photograph stood above me. She was a person such as I had never seen before. She seemed an angel indeed, sent from heaven specially for me. Seeing me staring at her like an owl in the light, she quickly colored up, and to hide her confusion said: 'Oh! I am glad to see that you have recovered consciousness.'

"I did not grasp her meaning at once, but her voice was so soft and musical that it thrilled me.

"Take some of this broth,' she added, and began feeding me.

"Well, I will not tire you with the details of my convalescence, but I shall never forget our companionship in those days. Then far sweeter were the days in the fall when we walked over the country together.

"One day she told me that her parents had written her to come home the next week. She seemed sorry, but that could not equal the storm of rebellion that swept through me. Why should this come to mar our happiness? I told her then and there of my love, and that she must be mine.

"She did not answer yes or no, but sorrowfully shook her head and said, 'It cannot be.'

"I never again mentioned the subject, but resolved to work for an improvement in my life without letting her know my purpose. I worked at various places for three years, and saved all the money possible. With this and more obtained during these four years I have obtained a college education.

"About her I have heard nothing directly since that time, but something tells me she is as true to me as I am to her."

Haswell paused.

"What is her name?" I inquired.

"Nellie Van Rennsaelar," he replied.

I started.

"What is it?" anxiously.