



By Marion V. Hollis.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"My eyes are so heavy, Mrs. Rivers," said the faint voice. "I wish you could talk me to sleep."

"How do you dare?" she answered; "how do you dare, Mrs. Rivers, to treat me as if I were a child?"

"I am same enough, Beatrice Leigh," said the faint voice. "I wish you could talk me to sleep."

"I will keep my secret until to-morrow," said Beatrice Leigh. "I will keep my secret until to-morrow."

"Remember," hissed Beatrice, as she passed her, "my last word to you was a curse!"

"The dead never return," was the grave reply. "You believe now that I am Beatrice Leigh?"

"It is not so! You have tried to kill my son, and my heart is full of indignation," said the faint voice.

"I am his mother—Beatrice Leigh," said the faint voice. "I am his mother—Beatrice Leigh."

"I repeat it," echoed the clear voice; "I am his mother—Beatrice Leigh."

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"I am his mother—Beatrice Leigh," said the faint voice. "I am his mother—Beatrice Leigh."

from heaven asked me. I will curse you, and hate you; but forgive you, so help me, heaven, I never will!"

IN THE QUICKSANDS.

ELI TAYLOR was a typical frontiersman. His father had been a pioneer and his grandfather had been killed by Indians.

The reason for this melancholy was at length made manifest. One day Mart Estel, accompanied by a stout, middle-aged man...

Young Tom Taylor had not inherited the gypsy love of change that had distinguished his ancestors. He was a sturdy, sensible fellow and wanted to settle down on a farm...

And so Eli Taylor in his 50th year started down on the bridge with Lena, his wife, and her mother...

It was a common mistake to judge of character wholly by the emotions, distress and affections. They form a large part of it, certainly. He who loves good...

Estel seemed frozen with terror; after a few seconds he laid his hand on the bridge railing and looked over his object being escape, but he found himself in the remorseless grasp of the quicksands.

Estel and Lena, for these were the names of the man and woman who were struggling in the quicksands...

Estel's saloon became a favorite resort with Eli Taylor, and he not only got drunk there, but the news reached his father that when Mart Estel found himself in tight box he knew how to fix the lock that will let him out.

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Lena saw that it would be to the advantage of all if she accepted Estel's proposal, but she firmly replied: "I am ready to die to save either my father or my mother, but it is too much to ask me to sell my soul!"

"I can help you by giving you the money," replied the young hunter, "but my belief is that these fellows are thieves and are playing a bluff game; if so, I think Tom and I can match them."

"It is this young Herron that Lena's love with," said Eli Taylor to his wife. "If it wasn't for him she'd have Estel and we could keep the place."

"Yes, on the bridge over Quicksand Creek," she replied. This was the bridge on the road leading from the farm to Canyon City...

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SERMONS OF THE DAY.

The Power of Love. The Successful Are Not the Most Brilliant. The Power of Love. The Successful Are Not the Most Brilliant.

But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud the son of Gera.

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